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THAT SUIT CASE.

Ruth Kenyon was talking earnestly to the girl who sat next her in the train from Northampton one June day. "No; everything is over between John Baker and me," she was saying vehemently. "Frances, I sent that gentleman an invitation to the junior prom two months ago, and he not only never answered the letter, but went to the prom with another girl. Such rudeness! I've sent back all his presents and never want to see him again. But, for that matter, I suppose I shall as I get home. He lives just next door and always goes home as soon as college is out."

"Why, Ruth," suddenly ejaculated her friend, looking out of the window. "Here's your station. Hurry, dear, or you'll be late. Good-by, and we'll meet again at Smith in September."

"Poor John Baker, Jr.! I pity him when they meet," she added to herself, as she watched Ruth seize her umbrella and suit case and hurry off the car.

Farrington, the driver of the old yellow coach that connected the little out-of-the-way town of Thorndale with the rest of the world, was looking up and down the platform. His old eyes brightened when he saw Ruth. "Ben hopin' yer'd come on that train," he cried, taking her baggage checks. "Jump right in. There's only one other passenger and I reckon you know him."

He opened the coach door and the girl stepped in. With a crack of the whip they were off, almost before Ruth had time to recognize in her fellow-passenger—John Baker, Jr.

"Good evening," she said, coldly.

"Good evening," was his equally chilly reply. John Baker became at once absorbed in the evening's news. The coach jolted on over hills and hollows.

"Pears to me," remarked old Farrington, putting his head in the window, "ye ain't got so much to say to each other as usual. Your folks goin' to meet yer at the village, Miss Ruth?"

"They don't expect me tonight," Ruth answered brightly. "But Jerry always



"RUTH," HE CRIED, "ARE YOU BADLY HURT?"

comes down about this time for the mail, and I shall ride back with him."

"John goin' with yer?"

"If he likes," she said, stiffly.

"I shall walk tonight. I'm not going directly home," came decidedly from John Baker, buried behind his paper.

"Oho!" said old Farrington, softly. He shook his head once or twice, but said no more. "Don't see your wagon hereabouts, Miss Ruth," he ventured to remark as he handed down her suit case at the end of the route.

"It will be right along, and I'm in no hurry." And she sat down on the postoffice steps to wait. John Baker strode off without a word.

The minutes passed, but no wagon came. After a time the postmistress came to the door. "You ain't waiting for your Jerry, I hope, Miss Kenyon," she said, "for he said this morning he wasn't coming down again today."

"Thank you," replied the girl, with rather a vexed laugh. "Then I must walk." She picked up her suit case and started down the long, dusty road.

The spirits of our college girl drooped as she prodded on in the hot summer twilight, from time to time shifting from one hand to the other her heavy dress suit case. She began to think resentfully of all she had crammed into it at the last moment, particularly of seventeen different photographs of the same Yale junior, all of them dated before that junior prom.

Then there was a sharp step behind her. Looking quickly back, she confronted—John Baker.

"Ruth!" he said, angrily, "they told me you had started, so I followed. This is no place for a girl to be alone." He glanced about, at the gathering darkness. "Let me carry that suit case; it's too heavy for you."

Ruth Kenyon suddenly straightened like a ramrod, and her eyes flashed, but she made no answer. John Baker's wrath blazed higher. "Miss Kenyon, I must find out what all this outrageous treatment of me means. I will not stand it any longer."

"I will not discuss the matter now. Mr. Baker," she broke in. Baker wid-

ed a perspiring brow and gave up in despair.

The walk seemed endless, but at last the Kenyon house appeared at the end of a long pasture, which was separated from the road by a high stone wall. Before John Baker noticed what she was going to do, Ruth had turned, placed her suit case on top of the wall and climbed up herself.

How it happened neither of them never clearly knew. Instantly there was a rolling sound, a crash, and a moment later John was over the wall lifting the girl's prostrate figure from the ground. In his excitement he forgot everything except that the girl he loved lay motionless before him.

"Ruth," he cried brokenly, "are you hurt badly? Speak, dear!" At his words she staggered to her feet. "I'm not hurt much. That case made me slip," she said, but her lips were pale and trembling. "Thank you," she added, as he handed her a letter which lay on the ground where she had fallen.

In the bright moonlight she read the address written in her own handwriting, Mr. John Baker, Jr., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

"John!" she cried, suddenly facing him. "Light a match." And a minute later, "John Baker," she sobbed, "it was all my fault. I thought you weren't a gentleman for not answering my invitation to the junior promenade, when I never mailed the letter. It must have been in that suit case all this time. Can we ever be friends again, John?"

"No," said he, springing forward with a cry of joy. "We can't be simply friends. It's got to be something more than friends this time, Ruth."

John Baker paused on his front doorstep before going in that night to look up at a bright light in the house next door. "Poor girl, she did hurt herself," he said gently. "And it was all on account of that plaguey suit case. But I was desperate, and it gave me a chance to tell her how I feel about us two, anyway." He laughed softly, then opened the door and went in.—Boston Post.

HIS OWN DEATH NOTICE.

It Didn't Exactly Flatter the Conceited Man.

"Some people are so crazy to see their names in print," said an amateur cynic the other day, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "that they would be willing to die if they could only read their death notices." "Did you ever actually know of a case of that kind?" asked an old reporter in the group. "I can't say I ever did," replied the amateur cynic. "Well, I have," said the reporter. "The star actor in the little affair was a lumberman, and a pretty well-known lumberman, too. He doesn't live hereabouts now, and I suppose it would be safe to tell the story. This lumberman conceived the idea he was a very valuable and popular citizen in the community where he lived. The hallucination was unshared by any of his fellow-beings, but it had such a firm hold on his mind that on one occasion, when he was in New York, he decided to wire home that he had been found dead, merely to get a chance to peruse the eulogies he felt certain would appear in the local papers. He intended, of course, to telegraph later on that it was all a mistake. Well, he sent the first message, signing some fictitious name, and awaited developments. In a couple of days the local papers came to hand, and when he read them he nearly had a fit. They had at once adopted the theory that he died from the results of a big spree and printed a spicy resume of his past career to support the hypothesis. They also intimated that the community could struggle along very nicely without him. After he had digested these pleasing tributes he concluded not to send the other telegram, but to return in person and pay his respects to the editors. I have forgotten now which licked, but the affair was the talk of the section for months and effectually cured the lumberman of any hungering for newspaper notoriety. By the way, this yarn is letter true. The incident occurred in Texas.

Something About Shoe Laces.

It seems ridiculous to think that fashion regulates even the sort of shoe laces one wears, but it does to a certain extent at least. The very smartest shoe lace is wide, the wider the better, is of silk, and most notable of all, has no metal tags at the ends. The strings should be tied in a large bow and the ends allowed to hang out, when the footwear gives all possible evidence of being up-to-date. They look very pretty, these laces, but one wonders what their effect would be on the temper if, tipless as they are, they had to be laced and unlaced whenever the shoes were assumed. Happily they are used only in low footwear, and are so long that they may be loosened sufficiently to allow the foot to slip out, so this trial to the temper is avoided.

Whisky for Powder.

Among the principal consumers of corn whisky is the British government, which used 124,000 gallons last year in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

MYSTERY OF JOHANN ORTH.

His Mother Died Believing Her Son to Be Alive.

The saddest episode is that known as the mystery of Johann Orth, one of the most remarkable romances in the dynastic history of Europe in this century, says the Strand Magazine. The Archduke John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had fallen in love with an actress and singer, Ludmilla Hubel, whom he married in spite of all family opposition, renouncing at the same time all his rights, privileges and rank and assuming the name of Orth, after one of his castles.

The romantic marriage was celebrated secretly, but in a perfectly legal manner, by the registrar of Islington, and was witnessed by the consul-general of Austria in London. Johann Orth next bought in 1891 a fine ship in Liverpool, which he renamed Santa Margarita; and so anxious was he to guard against the vessel being recognized that he stipulated that all drawings and photographs of it should be handed over to him, and these he burned with his own hands.

Moreover, he caused all portraits and negatives of himself and his wife to be bought up at any price, and these were likewise destroyed. We are giving here only absolute facts. Shortly afterward the ex-archduke and his wife set sail for South America, and the vessel was duly reported to have arrived at Montevideo and departed for a destination unknown. But from that moment every trace was lost of the ship and all on board, no news as to her having ever been heard, although many a search has been made along the coast by order of the emperor of Austria and his government.

Adventurers and treasure-seekers have been at work, as it was well known that Johann Orth had on board over a quarter of a million pounds in specie; it is believed that he intended to have

bought an estate in Chile with the

money, and to have settled there, but

that the vessel foundered off Cape Horn during a terrific storm, which raged off the coast shortly after the ship had left.

From time to time since then the most startling rumors have been set afloat about the missing prince having turned up, one being that he

had been one of the leaders of the Chilean rebellion, having divided his treasure among his crew, burned his ship, landed on a lonely coast, etc.

His own mother, who died only a few months ago, believed her son alive to her very last hour, and expected his return. The Swiss government is of a very different opinion, and assumed the death of the archduke, and paid over to Frau Orth's next of kin a large amount of money, which Johann Orth deposited, as a settlement for his wife, with the Swiss authorities before his departure, and there is little doubt that the Santa Margarita lies at the bottom of the sea, and that all on board perished.

Racing for a Wife.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely next to murder is the marrying of a girl against the express wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the girl, nor does she often know who he is, but her parents inform her that her hand has been applied for. Then on a day appointed, the girl, her parents and friends, meet together and sit at meat, with the suitor and his intended opposite to one another, so that they can view each other's faces and converse freely. When the feast is over the company repair to an open space, where "the race for a wife" is to be run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed a third of the distance in advance of the starting point. If she be fleet of foot, and does not care for the suitor, she can easily reach the goal first, and if she accomplishes this, he may never trouble her again. If, on the other hand, she wishes to have him for a husband, she has only to lag in her flight, and so allow him to overtake her. If she be particularly struck with him and would signify to him that his love is returned she can run a short distance, then stop, and turn, and invite him with open arms.

The Kaiser Writes an Oratorio Book. The current number of "Le Menestrel" is responsible for the statement that the German emperor has blotted forth in one more direction. This time he has written the libretto of a religious oratorio which will be produced at Berlin in the autumn. It is not stated whether the Kaiser will compose the music for his poem. It is at any rate certain that among his multifarious journeys and occupations he cannot have had time to study music theoretically or thoroughly. We still have memories of his fearsome "Hymn to Aegir," introduced to this country, with dolorous effect, by Hayden Coffin. But "Le Menestrel" is generally correct.—The London Mail.

Then He Knew.

Professor (describing ancient Greek theater)—"And it had no roof." Junior (sure he has caught the professor in a mistake)—"What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment)—"They got wet, sir."—Stray Stories.

SAYS EARTH IS ROUND

AND HE MAY BE THROWN INTO PRISON.

Sad Condition of Affairs in England—Sir John Gorst Accused of Intention to Teach False Precepts—City of Portsmouth Excited.

It is painful to read that Sir John Gorst, the head of the British educational department, is in serious trouble and has been threatened by Mr. Ebenezer Breach and other taxpayers of the city of Portsmouth, in the kingdom of England, with prosecution under the "imposters" act.

It seems that the schools of Portsmouth have been teaching the damnable and heretical doctrine that the earth is a sphere. Sir John's attention has been called to this dissemination of seditious and treasonable doctrine, but he has refused to correct the abuse. Ebenezer and his friends know, of course, that the earth is as flat as a pancake. They have been patient with Sir John, and day after day have allowed the false teaching regarding the shape of the earth to go on, but can stand it no longer.

They say, to see their children corrupted with this most "heretical doctrine," as the complainants call it in this protest.

Sir John Gorst has many

political enemies, and even his

political friends do not always agree with him; but the depth of his depravity was not known until he was unmasked by

Mr. Ebenezer Breach and his friends.

Sir John may cavort about parliament

and deceive some people, but when he runs up against a body of respectable

British taxpayers, the bulwarks of the

throne and the guardians of the constitution, it is another matter.

Such new-fangled ideas as that of the earth being a sphere he may impose upon the

trivious persons who riot in the un-

godly city of London, but not upon the

taxpayers of Southampton.

Ebenezer and his friends mean business, and have served formal notice upon the

Portsmouth school board that the

teaching that the earth is a sphere

"cannot be allowed to continue under

any circumstances, plea or explanation

whatever," and that it must be abandoned under pain of the "punishment

for schism by the law provided.

After having stamped out the dastardly

doctrine in the schools of Southampton,

the committee announce that they will

next go up to London and bring the

London school board before the courts,

being well advised and informed that

the same doctrine regarding the shape

of the earth is also taught in the Lon-

don schools.

Sir John, meantime, is to be brought to court and prosecuted

under the "imposters" act" aforesaid.

Now, the "imposters" act" is a part of

the British constitution, probably

no one knows what is, and what is

not a part of that nebulous thing—and

provides certain pains and penalties,

such as forfeiture of estate and burning

at the stake, if recalcitrant.

Ebenezer and his friends are

worthy and reputable

citizens and mean business.

If necessary they will light the fires of

Smithfield again for the wicked Sir

John. At last accounts Sir John was

still at large, and so was Ebenezer.

A MUMMY MYSTERY.

Remains Found of Woman of Gigantic Proportions.

There has just come into the pos-

session of the Historical Society of

Kansas a most interesting and remark-

able relic of the days when giants trod

the earth. The relic consists of the

mummified body of a woman of gigan-