

HOW FRITZ WON HIS BRIDE.

BY ADOLPH SCHWARTZ.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER I.

Fritz von Koppenfels was well educated, but so far had missed his vocation. Me was not a bad fellow; nevertheless, his father, Jacob von Koppenfels, had against him so many foolish acts upon the notch stick that he had refused to give his good-for-nothing boy any more money.

But Fritz did not allow his hair to grow gray on account of this. He had a small inheritance from his deceased mother, and upon this he for a while managed to support life. In the meantime he busied himself with this and that, and wrote much, and dreamed of literary fame; but so little stir did he create that he earned less than he needed for daily use. Thus one day he reached a point when existence became void of interest; he was hungry and his money was all gone.

Discouraged, he roamed the streets of Berlin alone, and went sauntering "Under the Lindens." This is an agreeable enough occupation when one engages in it to assist the process of digestion after a full dinner or supper; but when a hungering stomach and an empty purse are your companions—well that is a different matter.

Fritz cared little in which direction he went.

"Where shall I pass the night?" he asked himself again and again, without finding any answer to the question. His landlord had that morning demanded the key of his room and locked the door behind him. He had no money and no lodging place. There was left him only the right to draw himself.

In a melancholy mood he left bustling Frederick street, and wandered aimlessly along until he reached Kaiser Wilhelm street.

"So! I am near the palace," he thought.

He took the turning by the palace, huddled himself up under his high coat collar, buttoned the top button closely, and casting a searching glance into the shadows of the tree groups, muttered:

"Yonder would be a good place to sleep."

"Hey, mynbeer!"

Fritz hastily drew back. It was the first time in his life that he had been frightened. A man approached him.

"Do you want to earn a thaler?" Fritz knew not what to say.

"I am in pressing need of a messenger, and have sought one in vain," said the stranger. "Take this letter quickly to the address of the person who is awaiting it. Here is a thaler. Please make haste; the matter is urgent."

Before Fritz had recovered from his scare he felt the paper and the thaler within his hand. The stranger had already departed. He immediately drew near the first lamp to learn the address.

"Fraulein Erna S., Beargarden street, No. 10."

"A woman, of course!" he said to himself. "Ever the woman draws all. Love's service brings none bad bread."

With speed Fritz made his way toward Biargarden street. The house designated was soon found,

and he stood before the great door of an elegant residence, of which every line exhaled wealth and good taste. But the house was dark—not a window displayed a light. His heart beat a little as he rang the bell. With his hand still upon the bell-knob, he waited.

"At the worst, if I but give the letter to another, the writing exonerates me," he murmured.

The bell had sounded. Almost immediately the door opened, and Fritz was drawn into the darkness of the great hall. A hand held him fast.

"Fraulein Erna expects you, young sir," said the serving man in a whisper. "Please come this way. I will lead you. Be silent—please be silent. The master is sleeping."

Noiselessly he led Fritz up the velvet-carpeted stairway. A door opened above, the subdued rustle of a woman's dress was audible, a hand was laid on his, and Fritz suddenly felt two soft arms entwined about him, a soft feminine body clinging closely to his breast, and warm, sweet, feminine lips laid upon his bearded mouth.

"Fritz, my dearest, only Fritz," he heard a gentle voice saying within his ear, "all is now well. Papa is pacified, mamma is consoled. Oh, how fortunate I am!"

Fritz began to grow warm. That there was a cruel mistake here was quite clear; but how was he to properly extricate himself from the dilemma?

The young lady left him but little time to decide.

"Come, Fritz!" she whispered. "You must be hungry and weary. I have your room ready for you." The soft arms which held him within their embrace pushed him away with gentle force. "You will find supper there, also."

Fritz attempted to speak. "Please do not talk Fritz. You speak so loud. Papa will know your voice if he hears it. He only this morning consented to have you here again, yielding to me. It will be all right tomorrow."

The hand left Fritz's neck, and once more the warm lips of the lady were pressed to his. A door opened before him.

"Goodnight, Fritz; tomorrow all will be well."

A gentle pressure pushed him forward; the door closed; Fritz was alone in a commodious chamber. A lighted lamp stood on the table, and he looked smilingly about him.

"Well, it is much neater here than at Mother Greensward's out of doors, and my sleep will be more restful," he thought, glancing at a bed with silken hangings. "But the scene tomorrow morning will be comical. Holy smoke!"

On the table was set forth a delicious supper. Seating himself, Fritz prepared to enjoy it.

"I must certainly have come to the wrong address; but, meanwhile, Fritz, let us eat."

Wine was included in the repast. "This Fraulein Erna must be a practical maiden," laughed Fritz; "only by doing justice to this goodly supper can I reward the sweet girl for her kindness."

He ate and drank till satisfied; then went to bed.

The early morning had already flooded the room with golden light when Fritz awoke. Hastily leaving his couch, he dressed himself.

"Now the circus will begin," he thought, a little anxiously. "Now

you must, Fritz, arm yourself with coolness and eloquence." A knock sounded on the door. "Enter!"

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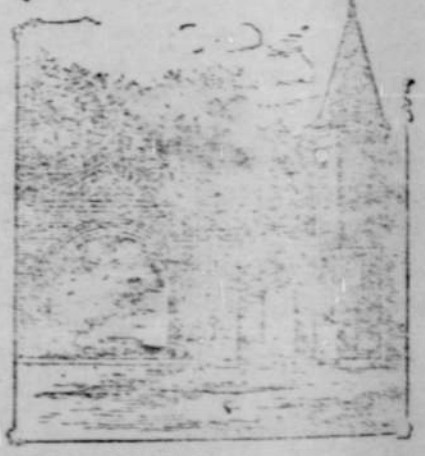
CHAS. H. HACKLEY.

The most beautiful spot in Muskegon is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley, and in all Western Michigan there is not a name better known, and among the studios and those interested in deeds of philanthropy, "his name is known and admired. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune, which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse-strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and pierced by stone walls, and emphasizing with their whiteness the green of faultlessly kept lawns. Its crowning pride is towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a poem in granite—with its 60,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school, like a bee-hive with its 500 children. Other elegant buildings testify likewise to the liberality and munificence of this man who has pulled wealth out of the forests of Michigan.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again, and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a correspondent of the Press, Mr. Hackley explained the secret of his transformation, and to his friends who have known how he suffered, it is indeed a transformation. "I have suffered for over twenty years," he said, seated in his private office, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgia and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life look very bleak. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I did not wish to be humbugged, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of medicine in Canada. The reply I received was of a stouter character than the printed testimonials, and it gave me faith in the medicine. "I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was three or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery, and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery, and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people, and can only too glad to tell others of health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say much for what I have done for my people, but I have no doubt that from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to improve life and richness to the blood and restore vitality to the system. They are an unfailing specific for such ailments as become chronic, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous debility, the effects of a grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scurvy, chronic constipation, etc. They are also a specific for such ailments as irregularity and loss of weight. They act on the liver and restore the flow of bile to the gall and yellow bile. In cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature, there are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.



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