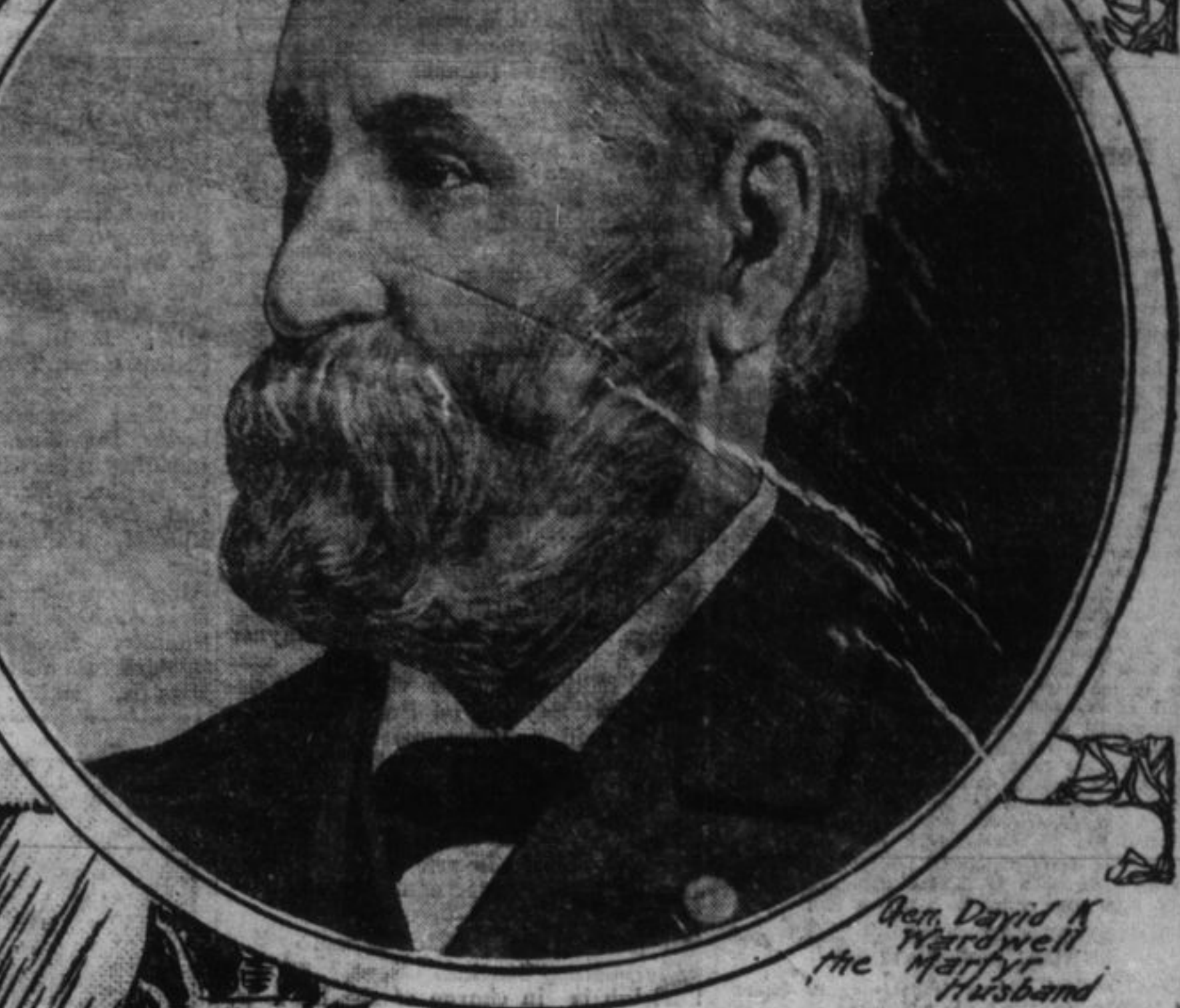


"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"



Mrs. Wardwell, the wife afflicted with leprosy.



Gen. David K. Wardwell, the martyr's husband.

The Pathetic Devotion of the Wardwells That Defied Dread Leprosy

When an unpretentious coffin was lowered into the grave at Tombstone, Ariz., the other day it was the visible sign of the departure from earth of one of the knightliest souls that ever adorned the annals of history.

Upon the coffin plate were only the words, "Gen. David K. Wardwell, U. S. A., Retired," with the dates of birth and death. The life story of the man who lay within—a story of conjugal devotion seldom equalled—was left to be written.

Pathos, tragedy and undying love make up the story of the closing days of General Wardwell's life. It was a story that had been scantily told in news despatches, a story of a devoted husband who spirited his leper wife away from a hospital in Los Angeles and fled with her into the deserts of Arizona, so that he could minister to the afflicted one without the annoying supervision of health authorities.

As long as he lived this veteran of two wars, burdened with poverty and the weight of eighty-odd years, was faithful to his marriage vows. When he died, his last thoughts were of his leper wife, unconscious in an adjoining room of the little desert cabin that had become their only home. Later she was returned to the Los Angeles hospital.

"Greater love hath no man than this!" Such would be the most appropriate epitaph that could be placed upon General Wardwell's simple tombstone.

Mrs. Wardwell had been ill for a long time. Her skin was dry and harsh. Her flesh was chalky and in places was covered with scales.

She arrived at Los Angeles one day this summer. While walking on the street she grew faint. Then she fell unconscious. At the receiving hospital police surgeons diagnosed her case as leprosy. For the sake of the public safety she was ordered confined in the detention ward at the county hospital, isolated, separated even from her husband.

General Wardwell, grieving alone at the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, lost all hope. He had feared his wife had leprosy, but was determined to stay by her side until death parted them. Now,

it seemed, all his sacrifice was to be in vain. As strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians are the regulations governing the public health.

Then it was that he planned his flight. Communicating with the prisoner at the county hospital, he arranged the details of the escape.

In the silent watches of the night the aged veteran approached the grim walls of the hospital. From a half-darkened window shone a timid ray of light.

That was her room. He whistled softly, and the curtain was moved aside.

He placed a ladder beneath the window and holding it firmly while she stepped out he soon had her safe in the shadows of the big palms.

Now to escape. A carriage was in waiting, and in this the couple sped to the railway station. Tickets had been purchased in advance, and within an hour or two were on their way to the Mexican border.

All was confusion the next morning at the hospital when the authorities learned a leper had disappeared. Health officers rushed here and there searching in every nook and corner of the city for trace of the fugitive. Two days later a letter came. It read:

We will soon be in Mexico. We will die together. If you separate us again we will both end our lives. (Signed) WARDWELL.

Considering the circumstances, the authorities of the health department believed they could do no better than allow the pair to go their way provided they did not endanger the health of other persons.

After reaching the Mexican border the couple turned back and sought seclusion in the hills near Tombstone, Arizona, where Mrs. Wardwell's brother owns a ranch and a small shack far out in the hills. From Tombstone came a letter to the adjutant of the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle. In this letter General Wardwell said he would never see the home again and he asked for a formal discharge from the institution. The letter continued:

We are safe here. There is a cabin awaiting my wife and me far out among the hills, where no one will see us and

where no attempt will be made to part us.

Down at Sawtelle where the couple lived before the woman was committed to the hospital, they tell tender stories of the love the aged general bore for his young wife, some forty years his junior. Mrs. Wardwell was a beautiful woman until disease wasted her body, sprinkled her hair with gray and drew lines of pain in her face.

General Wardwell was the first to suspect that his wife had leprosy. He knew she had once nursed a relative suffering from the disease, and even when he married her it was with the thought that some day the disease would fasten itself upon her and bear her away to the grave.

When her condition became worse, Mrs. Wardwell realized that almost beyond question of doubt she was stricken with a fatal malady, a malady that would drive her from home and friends and make her a wanderer on the face of the earth. But she feared most that she would be separated from her husband.

She confided this fear to her husband, and in full knowledge of what it might mean he took a vow never to leave his wife, but to live and die with her. She suggested that she give herself up to the authorities for an examination. Rather this, she said, than that she should be suspected of being a leper, arrested secretly, examined, and hurried off to die in some leper asylum.

General Wardwell protested, but on the day she fainted in Los Angeles it was believed she was on the way to give herself up. Early in the morning of that day he left the vine-covered cottage in Sawtelle to go to Los Angeles. The great mental strain under which she labored caused her to faint when within a block of the police station, and she was carried into the receiving hospital. It was there that Police Surgeon Wright proved beyond doubt that she was a victim of leprosy.

There followed the commitment to the hospital, the long sorrowing vigil by the bereaved husband and the flight to Mexico.

The story of how General Wardwell, a grizzled veteran of two wars, wooed and won the beautiful Isabel Cole is still told and retold by the pioneer American residents of Cananea, Mexico, as they sit about their doorsteps in the fading twilight.

It was eighteen years ago that General Wardwell, then only a lieutenant colonel, first met Miss Cole. She had heard frequently of his gallantry, his dashing bravery. She had been told that he was a hero of the Civil War, that he had been rewarded for heroism display at the battle of Gaines' Mills, when, with a few men, he charged to the very mouths of the enemy's batteries.

She tossed her pretty head when she met him, expecting that he would be vain, full of conceit or gruff and soldierly. Instead, the man she met was quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly, one whose least desire was to talk of himself or his reputed bravery.

They fell in love almost at the first and his suit was looked on with favor by all—but there was a taint, a shadowy menace blackening the girl's future,

The Molokai Leprosy Colony Which Mrs. Wardwell Hoped to Reach

and this she must tell him. She had nursed her brother for two years—her brother who had died of some strange disease, which, she whispered, some had said was leprosy.

Grizzled David Wardwell laughed at her fears. In the rosy light of his first love what could the black shadow of leprosy do? "Why," he told her, "if you had the leprosy now I would marry you. Without you I care not to live. With you I am ready to face anything the future may bring forth."

And so the veteran of two wars and the beautiful girl were wed. They lived in Cananea for a few years and fortune seemed to smile on the happy pair.

Six years passed and illness came to the young wife. No pronounced symptoms, just a general feeling of languor and weariness. Both feared, but neither would speak of the shadow that was impending. They decided to go to California, thinking the balmy air of the coast region would prove of benefit to the invalid.

They moved to Sawtelle eight years ago. The wife grew worse, and the strain of nursing her sapped the veteran's strength. More misfortunes came. Their money dwindled away, and at times they were but little removed from absolute want.

A small growth appeared above one of Wardwell's eyes. He almost hoped he had contracted the dread disease which now, he felt assured, had seized his wife. But such was not to be his fate. The growth was diagnosed as cancer, not necessarily fatal, but torturous, and blinding.

Mrs. Wardwell's ailment increased in severity, and now it had become all but impossible to prevent discovery by the neighbors that the woman was in reality a leper. Wardwell prayed for death rather than detection, for the latter would mean separation worse than death.

When he saw that secrecy could be maintained but little longer, Wardwell began to make inquiries regarding lepers, their treatment and probable length of life. He was told the usual custom was to send such afflicted ones to Honolulu, whence they were conveyed to Molokai. He read of the miserable existence led there by the sufferers, and he determined, come what might, he would keep the secret of his wife's disease, or, failing in this, would fly with her to Mexico.

When Mrs. Wardwell fainted on the street and her condition became known, her husband proposed to take her to the Molokai colony.

When she first came to New York his room mate was a young man who had just been taken on one of the evening papers as a reporter. After he had been there a short time the editor informed him that his job was to consist in getting a short daily interview with "some celebrity."

That sounded pretty good to the young man. So the first day he sallied forth and had no difficulty in landing, John Kendrick Bangs. Afterwards he waylaid Cyrus Townsend Brady. In short, for a week or so the daily celebrity interview went on swimmingly, and the editor was delighted.

Mexico. His request was refused. But love lent him aid and soon they were housed in a lonely hut in the desert of Arizona.

When the wife's affection was recognized as leprosy, a friend said to General Wardwell: "Why don't you get a nurse for your wife? It must be terrible to be at her beck and call day and night."

"The look that the old fighter gave in response was one of utter amazement, as he replied: "She didn't marry a nurse. She married a husband. She did that when she was young and pretty and could have married most any one she wanted to. She trusted me then, and you bet she wasn't fooled either."

So old David Wardwell, hero of many battles in which men's blood was shed, chose the path of loving devotion and duty. While he lived, he cared for his leper wife with the utmost tenderness. When he died she was fortunately unconscious. After his burial, as there was no one to care for her, she was removed from the Arizona cabin and returned to the county hospital at Los Angeles.

How can the love that endears be expressed better than by the devotion this old warrior gave his heart's companion who, as his bride, was to be always his bride?

Nothing To Do. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker recently sent in a petition to the Denver city council and neglected to name her occupation. A man was sent to supply the deficiency. "What is your business?" he asked. "Housekeeper," answered Mrs. Decker. "That ain't no business," declared the man. "Well, I collect my rents, pay all my own bills, am father and mother to my child, and take care of all my business," Mrs. Decker added. "Do you have an office downtown?" asked the man. "No, I do all my business from this desk," Mrs. Decker explained. "Well, that don't count," he informed her. After Mrs. Decker explained that she was the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, composed of 800,000 women, was on all sorts of national committees—in fact, one of the busiest women in the country, he said, "I'll put you down as not doing nothing."

Bound To Be Celebrity. Lyman Beecher Stowe, grandson of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and grand-nephew of Lyman Beecher, tells this story on himself.

When he first came to New York his room mate was a young man who had just been taken on one of the evening papers as a reporter. After he had been there a short time the editor informed him that his job was to consist in getting a short daily interview with "some celebrity."

That sounded pretty good to the young man. So the first day he sallied forth and had no difficulty in landing, John Kendrick Bangs. Afterwards he waylaid Cyrus Townsend Brady. In short, for a week or so the daily celebrity interview went on swimmingly, and the editor was delighted.

But soon the work began to get more difficult. Celebrities either were too coy or weren't at home. He got several reproofs at the office for failing to hunt them down, so he grew desperate. On one of his most desperate days he entered his room, found his room mate, Mr. Stowe, there, and smiled mysteriously to himself. Then he began asking Mr. Stowe questions—what were his views on municipal politics? on the business situation?

Puzzled but unsuspecting, Mr. Stowe gave his views at some length.

The next day the evening paper above mentioned came out with this: "Our Daily Interview with a Celebrity. Lyman Beecher Stowe on Politics and the Business Situation."

"Well, you've got nerve!" Stowe informed his room mate when the latter got home that night. "How dared you pass me off as a celebrity?"

"Lyman Beecher Stowe," said the graceless reporter, "do you suppose that anybody seeing your name would think you were anything else?"

Rough On The Metropolis. A New Yorker died and went to his "eternal home."

This man walked around growling, as most New Yorkers do, finding fault with everything, and saying that he couldn't see that heaven was much better than New York.

"Why, say," he observed to a shade who happened to be near, "this place is

all undermined with dynamite, just like New York, and when you're not blown up you are being ground to death in some sulphurous subway or other. I don't see the use of coming to heaven anyway."

"Excuse me, my dear boy," said the shade to whom he was talking, "you have made a slight mistake. This is not heaven."

NOVA SCOTIA ROBERT RAIKES

Opened Seven Years Before One in England.

It may interest readers to know that the first Sunday-school in Nova Scotia was established at Lyons Brook, Pictou county, Nova Scotia, some seven or eight years before the Raikes movement in England—which began in 1780.

The Robert Raikes of Nova Scotia was James Davidson, who came out from Edinburgh to Pictou in 1772. Soon after his arrival he commenced a day school at Lyons Brook, about three miles from the place where the town of Pictou now stands (then a wilderness). In order to meet the religious wants of the people he collected the children on Sunday for religious instruction.

A newspaper published in Pictou fifty years later paid the following tribute to the work of James Davidson: "Here this worthy man taught school seven days of the week and, to our shame be it spoken, the Sabbath was more sanctified then, when there was no place of worship except the school-house where James Davidson taught and prayed than it is now when churches are in abundance even at our doors."

Navigable Sewers. Describing the new St. Louis sewer in its October number, Popular Mechanics says:

The main section is 20 ft. in diameter, with main sections ranging from 27 to 48 ft. in diameter. The main section and its two branches extend over 4 miles and will drain more than 6,000 acres of land.

There are many longer sewers than this one, and there are drainage systems, not sewers, which drain much larger tracts of land; but there is no sewer in the world that combines such great size with extent of area drained.

A Mississippi river tug-boat could easily steam through it. The article is illustrated.

Onward And Upward.

They were on their honeymoon and were climbing the Schnuppelgipfenspitzen peak, and she stood above him some twenty feet.

"What ho!" he gasped. "What do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long white streak, stretching like a paper ribbon back almost to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "I'll bet it's that blessed hotel bill overtaking us!"

And they proceeded onward and upward.



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