

## Right Man in The Wrong Place

'Who is that pretty young girl you just bowed to?' said Capt. Bigg to his friend John Arminger.

'Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpoole girl?'

'I remember the eldest Miss Stackpoole—Freddy—the one who hunts; but I should never dream of calling her a girl. And what possible connection has she with your charming friend?'

'A very close one, as I will tell you if you keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpoole became engaged to a fellow called Herford, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpooles all my life; we belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulation and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got 23—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday, at half past two o'clock.

'But this is all beside the question,' protested Capt. Bigg.

'It is not—it's the main part; so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a good deal surprised. I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpooles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth buttonholed me and breathlessly asked: "Friend of bride or bridegroom?"

'Bride,' I answered.

'Here you are, sit this side,' and he shoved me into a back seat, next to an old gentleman who sat by the door, and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face and wore an old-fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.

'I looked about me and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?'

'I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met and he said:

'"A friend of the bride's, sir?"

'Bless you, yes,' I answered, 'know her since I was in pinafores—'

'Since you were in pinafores,' he repeated, and he seemed rather taken aback.

'Why yes,' and I was thinking of adding that she was ten or twelve years my senior, but, most fortunately refrained.

'He stared very hard for some time and then said: "I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here? Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?"

'You are aware, Briggs, of my fatal passion for a practical joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. So I answered:

'Oh, yes, I think I can point you out two or three well-known characters.'

'Thank you,' he replied. 'I am a country grandfather, as you may see—and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow, with the gold spikes in her bonnet?'

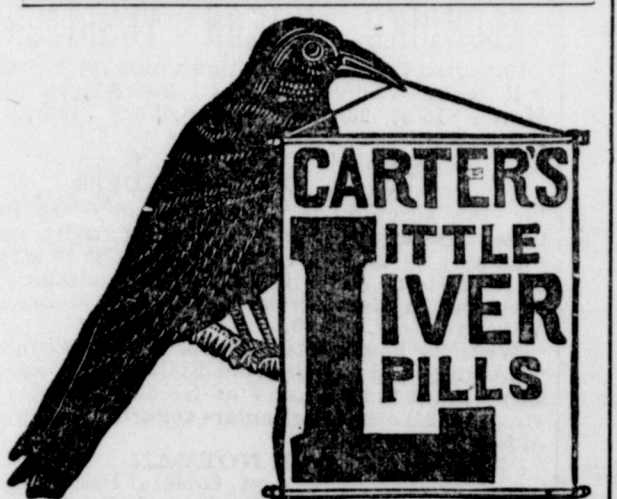
'Oh, that,' I promptly returned, 'is the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here incog at present—just a visit to her dressmaker.'

'Dear me! Why I always thought Mother Nature was her modiste,' said the old man with twinkling eyes.

'Oh, no, she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings, and rarely touches raw meat.'

'And, pray, why did she honor this ceremony with her presence?'

'Because one of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl diver. He is called the King Fisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid, post.'



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'Thank you, I see. Now, can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?'

'With pleasure,' I answered. 'The short one is Henrik Ibsen and the other is Lord Salisbury.'

'Dear me, this is most interesting; and the lady in the wonderful mantle?'

'Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her, in spectacles, is the Spanish Ambassador—Don Jose Manolo; he is a celebrated waltzer, and his fandango is a thing to see.'

'I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hello! I think she has come,' he added, craning his neck.

'Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and whispering and organ pealing, the usual procession of choir boys. Then the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown—a girl of nineteen, splendid as lace and diamonds could make her, leaning on the arm of a boy of 20—not my bride, but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids, in white satin frocks, white feathered hats and carrying immense bouquets of red roses; and the procession passed, leaving me dumfounded. I was an uninvited guest at the wrong wedding.

'My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that door of escape so I determined to sit still, and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation.

'The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation and the girl you saw just now bow to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as Grandpapa—and said:

'How silly of you to sit so far down dear; you couldn't see.'

'Too hot up there,' he said.

'She behaved like a true British matron and never shed a tear,' she continued, as she pinned on his favor.

'Now, Gwen, you must decorate my companion,' he said, indicating me. 'He has been first-rate company and pointed me out all the lions and honesses; yet there was a look in the old man's eyes that I did not precisely understand.'

'As Miss Gwen reached across to me her basket of flowers was upset and over the gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate.

'When the wedding cortege had filed by there was the usual rush for carriages. Now was my chance. I rose, resolved to slip off, but so did my venerable companion, who pinned me firmly by the arm, saying:

'You may as well look after me. We are going to the same place. I'm a lame old chap, and want an arm—I should have said a leg. Before I knew where I was, I was being carried off in a swagger brougham, behind a pair of grand steppers; destination, Cadogan Square.

'The house was smothered in flowers and crammed with guests; my old man of the sea clung to me like a limpet and to my great dismay appeared to know every one. We passed through the picked masses, with a word here, a joke there and I gathered that his name was Sir. Duncan.

'It was no news to me that he was Scotch.

'In the drawing-room he had another word with Gwen and then he remarked to me, with a malicious grin, "Well, I don't see the Queen here yet, nor the playwright not even the dancing ambassador. What has become of them?"

'What was to become of me was of far more importance, and, finding that my companion was making straight for the happy pair to tender his good wishes, and being an absolute stranger to both, I broke and fled, hoping to lose myself in the crowd to find some efficacious means of escape, even were it through the kitchen and scullery. But the mob, surged towards the presents, carried me along in spite of my struggles and I found myself figuratively "cast up" in front of a table covered with magnificent diamonds.

'I counted no less than three tiaras, as many necklaces and of stars, suns, birds, bracelets, bows, a great multitude. The surrounding company appeared to be almost exclusively Scotch and either intimately acquainted or of the same clan. Personally, I had never felt such a complete outsider in the whole course of my existence! There was one other man who stood close to me and who appeared a stranger to all, and this afforded me the only crumb of comfort offered by the entire situation.

'As I stood, gazing blankly at the diamonds, he gave me a premonitory nudge, and then addressed me in a low voice, but with elaborate courtesy:

'I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of the bride?'

'No! I cannot,' I answered, shortly.

'Then, perhaps, you can oblige me with the bridegroom's name?'

'I am sorry I am unable to assist you, I said, very stiffly. I noticed that as his eyes wandered from me to the diamonds and then back again, they wore a very suspicious expression.

'But, this won't do, you know,' he whispered. 'I've had my eye on you this good while—you swell crackmen are getting too fond of wedding parties! Where's the diamond bracelet and three stars that were taken last week at Lady Banks's reception—eh? and the two valuable rings and the Spanish point founce, from Mrs. Fleming's in Lancaster Gate, and, you know, you are not above a few apostles spoons, or even a pair of nut crackers! You see I've caught you; I've had your description and photograph.'

'What the deuce do you mean?' I asked, and I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window.

'I mean that I'm a detective officer, of No. F Division and that I'm going to hand you over to my men below, who will take great care of you and escort you in a cab to Bow street, where you will be searched and charged. Oh, we have been expecting you for some time.'

'I made a feeble and utterly futile effort to escape, but he said: "The less trouble you give the better for you, as you know of

old. You come away quietly; don't go and make a row and spoil the party," and he gripped my arm as in a vise.

'I say, stop,' I said. 'Here's my card,' and I lugged it out and handed it to him.

'Mr. R. Arminger, "Arminger Park, Wilts."

'The Apex Club, Pall Mall.'

'He read aloud and then calmly remarked:

'Oh, yes, of course. I'm up to all these little dodges. I wonder you did not take a title.'

'But I am Mr. Arminger, I swear.'

'Is there any one in the room will swear to you?'

'No one. I have come by mistake to the wrong wedding.'

'So I should suppose,' he sneered. 'And you've made this mistake once too often.'

'Our altercation had been carried on in a window recess and no doubt if anyone noticed us at all, they suppose that we were two dear friends enjoying an animated conversation after a long separation.

'You come quietly,' he repeated for the third time and as I saw no other alternative, I obeyed. As we crossed the great landing, outside the reception room, I noticed my old man of the sea, sitting on a divan. He touched me with his stick and said: "Hello, going already? Won't you wait and present me to the Queen or Madam Bernhardt? But I was too furious to reply. However, my companion stooped down and whispered something and showed him my card.

'The old fellow glanced quickly at it, then at me, and exclaimed: "I thought I knew that nose! Why, you must be the son of Teddy Arminger who was my old tag more than 50 years ago—you are Arminger, of Arminger, eh?"

'I bowed profoundly. Apparently, I had to thank my father's nose for my liberty! The Arminger nose had a widespread celebrity, but it was the first time that its reputation had been of use to me!

'Mr. Hook,' to the detective, 'you are quite mistaken for once. Pray resume your duty.' Then to me: "Come here and sit by me and tell me all about yourself."

'You are growing more and more like your father every moment,' he chuckled; 'he always got white when he was angry. You poked fun at me, young sir, and I paid you out by bringing you here against your will. Now we are quits, Gwen come here,' he said; 'this gentleman, Mr. Arminger, is the son of an old friend of mine. I give him into your custody; he wants to escape, but don't allow him to stir. I hold you responsible.'

'Miss Gwen, delightfully ignorant of my narrow escape from the custody of the policeman, in a surprisingly short time restored my good humor, not to speak of my self respect. She conveyed me into the refreshment room, commanded me to distribute cake, presented me to the bride (her sister), and in short was so amusing, unaffected and light hearted that I remained her slave for half an hour.

'Well, that was something like a surprise party!' exclaimed Capt. Biggs who had been interested to the point of silence. "And the other function?"

'Had taken place at the same church at the same hour on the previous day. I had made a mistake in the date, but about one thing there will be no mistake, I swear—I'll never go to another wedding as long as I live.'

'Oh, yes, dear Jack, you will, to your own. And here they are, grandpapa and Miss Gwen, coming back again and grandpapa is going to stop and speak to you.'

'This acquaintance promises to extend further than the lady's smile for Mr. Jack Arminger will be one of the guns on Sir Duncan's moor this season—London Telegraph.

**A BROKER BROKEN.**  
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**Mountain Post Storms.**  
Mr. Fitzgerald, who led an expedition to the Andes in order to climb the loftiest mountain in America, Mount Aconcagua, describes the peculiar effect of the wind on

the upper part of the great peak, which he ascended in January, 1867. The rock is soft and rotten, and immense clouds of dust rise from it, at times completely obliterating the sky. Rain never falls on the mountain, and the water carried up by the climbers for drinking purposes was frozen, and had to be thawed out when wanted. Yet two hours were sometimes expended in getting a fire to burn.

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**AN EVANGELIST PRINCE.**  
A King's Son Gives Up Rank for Love and Religion.  
Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden and Norway, who resigned his place in the line of succession to the throne in order to marry Miss Munk is conducting revival meetings in his father's domains. He sings gospel hymns

and his wife accompanies him on the organ or piano. In the rural districts of Norway and Sweden the pair have succeeded in arousing much religious fervor. Prince Oscar, besides being a great singer, is an exponent of moving force and always stirs up his audiences to religious enthusiasm.

The Princess was a daughter of a Norwegian gentleman of English ancestry and has always been religiously inclined. Before his marriage the Prince was a commodore in the Swedish navy, and while always of serious bent was much like other young naval officers in his walk of life. The Prince and the Princess are of the Lutheran persuasion. While the marriage of Prince Oscar to Miss Ebba Munk was not popular with the royal family, it was with the people, and when the happy pair went to Christiansand, the chief port of Norway, they were received with a great popular demonstration, and all the shipping in the harbor was decorated with flags. Prince Oscar's grandmother was a daughter of Eugene, the son of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Viscount de Beaumont. Prince Oscar was married in 1888. He and his wife are on friendly terms with the royal family though their evangelistic work is not looked upon with favor, as some members of the family think it is not dignified for a prince to go about the country holding revival meetings.

When it was proposed to Prince Oscar that his marriage with Miss Munk would be a morganatic one he refused absolutely and abrogated his place among the princes of royal blood. He said he would be Prince Bernadotte, as his great-grandfather, the private of marines, was, after he had carved out his principality of Ponte Corvo with his sword. So the king, by royal proclamation, transformed him from Prince Oscar of Sweden into Prince Bernadotte. The prince was born in 1859 and the Princess is a year older. Five years ago the Grand Duke of Luxembourg made him Count of Wisborg. The Prince's mother is a sister of the Grand Duke of Luxembourg and he approved of the match.

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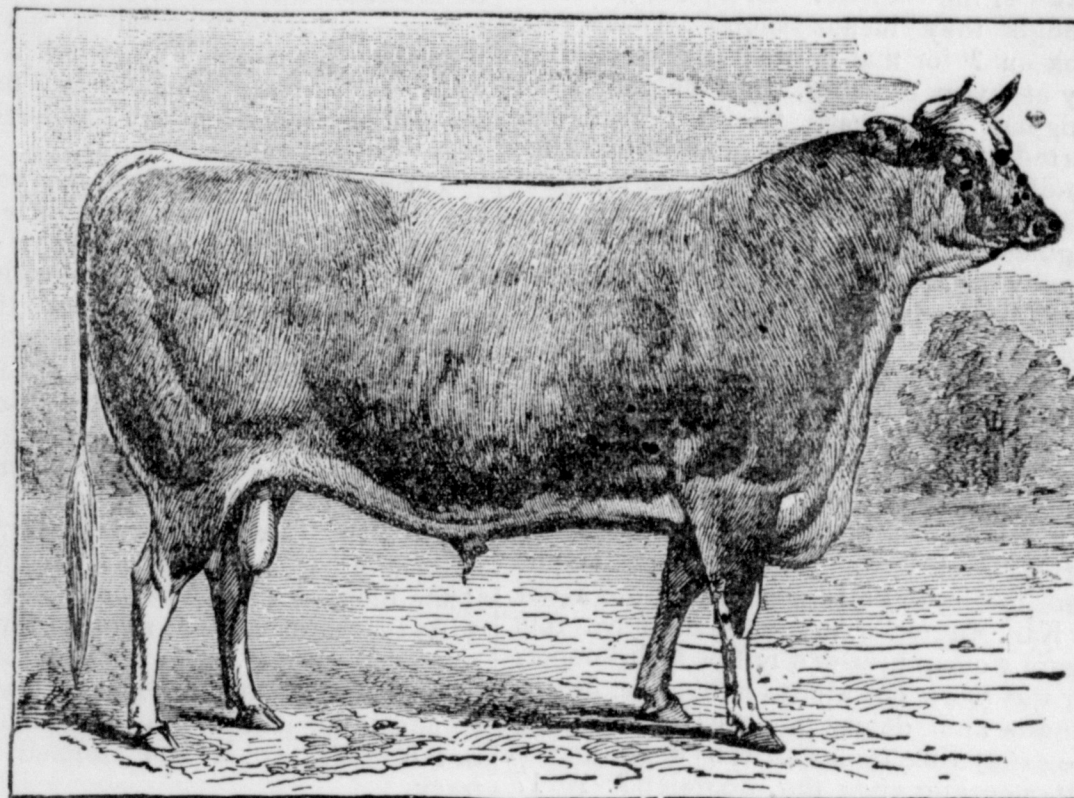
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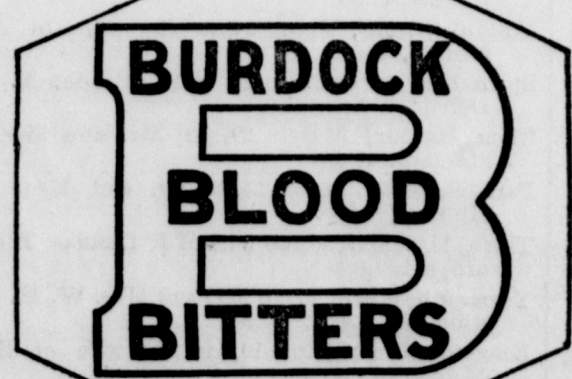


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