

A FICKLE FAIRY.

BUMPS A SAILOR BOY BATHING IN THE BRINY AT BONDI.

Falls in "Luv" at First Sight.

**BOLTS TO BANANALAND BY BOAT—
SNARED BY SLEUTHS AND SENT
TO SYDNEY—SICKENS OF HER
SAILOR SWEETHEART—
AND LETS THE LOR
LOOSE ON HIM.**

Myrtle Ivy Krausmann, a fresh-faced miss of 16 summers, is a young lady who was not under the bed when good looks were being distributed, and who has been endowed by Nature with a well-knit figure, and more than a fair share of intelligence to boot. She had had a fair education, apparently a worldly as well a scholarly one, and this, coupled with her natural adaptability and acuteness, would enable her to buy and sell most girls of her age, without the slightest trouble; also a good many men, her seniors by several years. These few complimentary observations are but a preface to a strange story of how she fell in love with a rough and ready, horny-handed, coarse-spoken, and coarse-visaged sailor, several years her senior, and on finding that her affection was reciprocated, did all in her power to bring about

AN EARLY MARRIAGE,

and, as the story books and atrocious novels say, "live happily ever after." The story of how she failed in her object, and eventually found that her love, like the levantine lodger, had shifted to another

eventually found that her love, like the levitating lodger, had shifted to another quarter, was told to Judge Docker and a



RALEIGH M. WALSH.

jury at the Darlington Sessions on Wednesday morning last, when her jilted Romeo, Raleigh Mallinich Walsh, was arraigned on a charge of having taken Myrtle Ivy Krausmann, a female under the age of 21 years, to wit, 16 years, out of the possession and against the will of her father, Nathan Krausmann, with intent to marry her.

Mr. Herbert Harris conducted the case for the Crown, and Mr. James appeared for Walsh, who pleaded not guilty.

Myrtle Krausmann tripped into the witness-box and told her tale. In effect, she said that on

ONE SUNNY SUMMER'S DAY,
some twelve months ago, while she was

some twelve months ago, while she was splashing and squealing in the surf at Bronte Beach, she struck up an acquaintance with sailor boy Walsh, and before the day was over discovered that she was heels over head in "luv" with him. After that eventful day she frequently met him, and her "luv," which at first was like the dim flicker of a candle, was fanned into a blaze like unto that of a brightly-burning bonfire. On the Sunday preceding the never-to-be-forgotten 15th April, the unlucky 13th, was the date, she was billing and cooing on Bondi Beach with Walsh, when that estimable gentleman suddenly startled her by saying that he was thinking of leaving Sydney, to search for work and wean. The matter was then dropped, but on the following Monday he said to her: "I am going to Brisbane to-morrow, and you

MUST COME WITH ME.

as I will not go without you." It was all so sudden that it sent her wits wool-gathering, so she said she would think it over and give him her decision on the following day. On the following morning when she met him she told him that she had decided to accompany him to Banana-land, providing he married her before she shook the sand of Sydney from their soles.

It was arranged that she was to go to Brisbane with him, and after he had given her the money she went and purchased her ticket under the name of Miss Black, at Walsh's suggestion. When about to leave for home to pack her port, Myrtle told him that she might not be able to get away, as her mother was at home, but Raleigh said he could easily overcome that obstacle by sending a telegram to her mother to get her out of the way. Feeling as happy as a man who has just come into a fortune, she left him and went to her home, and shortly after a telegram arrived for her ma. Ma read the telegram, and this is what she saw:

for her. She saw that the telegram, and this is what she saw:

"Come at once, urgent--Levy, George-street."

Ma went at once and so did Myrtle, and met Walsh in the city. He said to her: "There is

NO TIME FOR A MARRIAGE

this afternoon; notice must be given." Her heart fell with a flop, but rose again when he produced a form and told her that they could be married as soon as they arrived in Brisbane, as the form was available in any other State." That night she and Walsh boarded the Wyandra, and after an uneventful passage arrived in Brisbane. However, that was the beginning of the end of her romantic adventure, for they were met by a detective, who lugged them, or rather Myrtle, along to the Detective Office, and told Walsh to skedaddle. From there she was sent back to Sunny Noo South, where she arrived on the 21st of April, and was met by her parents, who took her to their bosoms and forgave all.

When cross-examined by Mr. Jones, Myrtle said that she occupied a cabin of her own on the way to Brisbane, and said it in a very emphatic manner, too. It was not she who planned the whole affair, but





MYRTLE IVY KRAUSMANN.

Walsh, and it was he who supplied the money to purchase her ticket. Well, she did say at the lower court that Walsh said, "Will you come with me?" while she had said that day that he had said, "You must come with me," but there was not a great deal of difference after all, was there, in the two phrases? When the detective laid his heavy hand on her shoulder at Brisbane she assured him that she had sloped from home and mother of her own free will, had paid her own fare, and had taken her port to the boat by herself; but, of course, that was only a fairy tale she had told to shield her sailor boy. After she arrived back in Sydney, she wrote a couple of letters to Walsh, and in one of them told him that she would rather be shot or drowned than be away from him. She wrote a letter for him to copy and send to her dad, imploring him in dramatic terms to allow him to wed his daughter. (Mr. James read the letter, and Myrtle, with a sunny smile, remarked: "Very dramatic, isn't it?") When they

parted in Brisbane, Walsh went on to Mount Morgan, where he worked for some time, then returned to Sydney. When he arrived in Sydney he went to see her father, and it was arranged between them that the engagement should continue until he was in a fit position to marry. He came to the house frequently, and played cards, etc., with them, but

FINALLY HER LOVE

with them, but

FINALLY HER LOVE.

like the levanting lodger, shifted to another quarter, and she jilted him. Then the proceedings were taken.

Nathan Krausmann, father of Myrtle, living at Charles-street, Enmore, said he did not give Walsh authority to take his daugh-



ELLEN KRAUSMANN.

NATHAN KRAUSMANN.

ter away, as he was away at Orange when his daughter sloped. When Walsh saw him with regard to marrying his daughter, he told him that the engagement could go on, but he would not give his consent until his position was a little better. He employed him for some time.

Ellen Krausmann, wife of the previous witness, said that when she arrived home, at about 2 o'clock on the 15th April, her daughter handed her a telegram, which she

daughter handed her a telegram, which she read, and then went off post haste in search of "Levy, George-street," but, needless to say, did not find him. When she returned from her fruitless search, she discovered that Myrtle had packed her traps and departed, so she informed the police. While the levitating lovers—Myrtle and Raleigh—were in Queensland, she received the following wire:—

"Myrtle detained Brisbane against wish; good intentions. She left own accord. R. Walsh asks your permission to marry at once. Please answer at once. R. M. Walsh. Salvation Army Home."

In answer to Mr. James, the mother said that Walsh was given employment by her husband. He said that he had spent £8 odd on her daughter, and wanted it returned.

For his defence, Raleigh Walsh, who described himself as a seaman, told a different tale, and put a different complexion on the whole affair. He said that he met Myrtle while

BATHING IN THE BRINY.

and was immediately smitten with her charms and she with his. He frequently went out with her, and on the 13th of April, whilst at Bondi with her, he mentioned that he was thinking of going away. He met her on the following day (Monday), and told her that he was leaving for Brisbane on the Tuesday, and she said, "Wherever you go, I go," but he told her she must not do that, as nothing but trouble could come of it. The matter was then dropped, but when he met her on the following day, at the Railway Station, she went with him to the Botanical Gardens, and there asked him to marry her before he went away in the afternoon, and to take her with him. He refused to do this, however, and erased the matter from his mind, but, lo and behold! before the boat started he ran slap up against her on the wharf, she having purchased her ticket for Queensland. She ex-

against her on the wharf, she having purchased her ticket for Queensland. She explained to him that she had sent a telegram to her mother to get her out of the way while she packed her port, and also told him that she purchased her ticket under the name of Miss Black. He never gave her any money, nor did he at any time so much as ask her to leave home and travel to Queensland with him. They occupied separate berths on the way up. After he returned from Queensland, the engagement was renewed, but not for long. One night when he took her to the rink she skated with several other young fellows, but when he

asked her to glide round with him he received

A PAINFUL SURPRISE,

for she refused point blank to do any such thing and said, "I am just about fed up with you." Despite the fact that she intimated that she had lost all her old affection for him, he did all in his power to win her "luv" once again, but he might just as well have saved himself the trouble, for she, unlike old Barkis, wasn't willin'.

The jury didn't believe Myrtle's version of the somewhat romantic escapade, and brought in a verdict of not guilty. Walsh was then discharged, and with a springy step hurried out of the court, evidently well pleased at having got out of a tight fix into which he was drawn by a passably pretty peri.
