and overcoats. Over Carl's bed hung framed pictures of Napoleon and Lincoln, and a patch of sandpaper on which Carl struck matches.

There was—there would always be—a stand on one side of the bed holding a jar of salted peanuts, and on the other side a spittoon. Practicability, Carl informed me, then and there, was what he liked in a home—plenty of hooks to hang things on, and spittoons where they were needed. My bridal struggles against that spittoon resembled the crusades of Carrie Nation.

There were mountains of gifts waiting. My second shock of my homecoming was the one I had when I opened a package I thought was a wedding present, but which proved to be a gift for Carl, accompanied by a note promising eternal passion. I discovered that it was from the girl who had presented the roses to Carl on the day of the balloon race. How I wept! Carl only commented mildly, "You shouldn't open things that don't have your name on them, honey."

A few days later, the donor of the gift sued Carl for breach of promise. So I completed my honeymoon period waiting for the verdict, knowing all of Indianapolis was seething with the scandal, and feeling myself an embittered and disillusioned woman. Carl lost the case and had to pay the lovelorn lady a substantial sum to heal her wounded heart, while I bitterly reflected it was mine that was broken.

"You don't love me!" I sobbed.

"I do love you, little wench. I wouldn't trade you for two skunks."

I believed him. I cheered up. He loved me, and I knew he did.

And it was true, all Carl said. Only he had been a man, and a fascinating one, long before I was born.

There would always be lawsuits, I discovered. Inventions, patent rights and damages were forever involving Carl in court action. Most of them were about Prest-O-Lite, but there were plenty of others. Once he was sued for pulling a man down from his wagon who was beating a horse and thrashing him with his own whip. The man whose mules were killed by Carl's street car; the man who broke his leg when startled by Carl's elephant