



ACCIDENT was the primary cause of Miss Jane Doane and Mr. Percy Whellan being married in the dark. The wedding took place in the Church of St. John, Jacksonville, and everything had proceeded smoothly when, just as the clergyman was interrogating the bride as to her willingness to take Mr. Whellan as her wedded husband, the gas went out and the congregation was left in inky darkness. Several attempts were made to light it again, but as it was evidently turned off at the meter the result was hardly successful.

The bride, who was superstitious, declared that it was a warning to her, and considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining her permission for the continuation of the service by the aid of a couple of candles. At the conclusion of the ceremony, when the wedding party was gathered round the well lit supper table, a good many jokes were cracked at the expense of the bridegroom, who, however, took his chaffing with good grace.

Young Man Backed Out.

In Gloversville, N. Y., where many bright young women are employed in the glove trade, one who is popular among her associates in Daniel Hays & Co.'s factory offered to assume the name of a young man also employed there. He promptly accepted and left his work to get his hat and coat. The young woman donned her hat and coat and prepared to accompany him, but at the last moment he decided not to marry. He acknowledged that the girl had more courage than he. Now all the other girls in the factory think that he should live and die a lonely bachelor because he lost an opportunity to marry one of the most charming girls in the shop.

Walked Ten Miles to Be Married.

The county clerk at Bowling Green, Ky., issued a marriage license to Richard Neighbors and Miss Mary Woolbright, and it was a very unusual wedding in some respects. The parties walked in from their home near Stahl, a distance of ten miles, with the mercury but little above the zero mark. They had decided to come to town and be married, and intended to ride in a wagon, but it was so cold that morning that they concluded it would be more comfortable to walk, and struck out with about a dozen friends and walked the entire distance. They were married in the county clerk's office, and the whole party left after the wedding to "hoof it" back home. The bride is a very pretty and demure little girl of about 19 years of age.

Married in Jail.

It may not be a particularly bad omen to take a bridegroom out of jail. Common sense and not superstition might argue against that. Miss Mina Bennis of New York has defied them both. Her sweetheart was in the Ludlow Street jail. She married him there and has just secured his release. Morris Tannenbaum, the young man she has married, had been in the prison since October on a charge of breach of promise made against him by Mrs. Frida Rosenthal, a widow twice as old as himself. She brought suit for \$10,000 damages. A civil process was issued and he was put in jail.

Tannenbaum had been engaged to be married for six years to Mina. They had known each other since childhood and only

waited until they were of age to be married.

When Miss Bennis' friends told her that her fiance had made love to the attractive widow, Mrs. Rosenthal, she refused to believe it, and said that she would attack to Morris even if he were in prison. She called to see him and was glad to hear him say that he never promised to marry the widow. Mina said that she would do all she could to help free him from prison. She offered to marry him in jail and he agreed.

Meantime, Miss Bennis sought the services of Lawyer Samuel Rosenthal, who is a cousin to Mrs. Frida Rosenthal. Nevertheless he consented to help the girl all he could.

Mina, accompanied by a rabbi and Rosenthal, visited the jail, and there, in Tannenbaum's cell, she was married to the man she loved.

It took the first week of the honeymoon to straighten out the legal entanglements, and now that everything is ready Tannenbaum will be taken to the Tombs to be formally released.

Girl Marries Former Employee.

There is the case in Troy, N. Y., in which Miss Ellen Watson, once an operative in the knitting mills owned by Thomas Breslin, who has married her employer. Cautious folks might say that Cupid ought to have thought over this match more carefully, but he didn't, and the two are happy, so who cares?

The marriage was the result of a romance which began when Miss Watson as a trained nurse attended Louis Breslin, the son of her former employer. Young Breslin's father met the nurse during his daily visits to his son, and on one of these occasions she told him that she had worked in his knitting mills and had left the work to become a trained nurse.

The employer became infatuated with the young nurse, and after a brief courtship asked her to be his wife, he having been a widower for over twenty years. The proposal met with her acceptance and the approval of her parents.

The wedding took place in Bennington, Vt., the home of the bride, and after the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Breslin returned to Troy, where they held a reception for all the employees of the works.

Man 60, Bride 22.

The beauty of this story is that it proves that an old man has just as good a chance nowadays as he used to have.

Because Henry Baker was past 60 years of age and had gray hair; because he had a daughter who never again will see 25 and a son who has children, and because the habits of a widower were firmly fixed upon him, the citizens of the town in which he lived laughed when he fell in love with Miss Clara Rockenfeller, aged 22.

For years Mr. Baker had been known as the "Squire" at Streator, Ill. He was a magnate, the owner of the big "general" store and many acres of land. No one ever thought he would marry again. But five months ago folks began to notice that he was spending much time in the company of Miss Clara Rockenfeller. Baker's daughter began to notice it, too. And so did Theodore R. Rockenfeller, the father of Miss Clara.

At first everybody laughed and declared it was a good joke. Then Miss Baker said it must be stopped, as she did not enjoy

the idea of her father making himself ridiculous by courting a girl young enough to be his granddaughter.

Her objections received the support of Mr. Rockenfeller, although the latter admitted that he "didn't care a rap how ridiculous old Baker made himself appear."

Mr. Baker retorted that he didn't care a rap, either.

Therefore, the courtship went on. Miss Baker plotted to outwit her father, and Rockenfeller plotted to keep Miss Clara to himself. But all the plotting went for naught.

The other day there was a quiet little wedding at the Stratford hotel in Chicago. Baker, his face wreathed in smiles and his bent shoulders covered by the smoothest broadcloth, led his bride of 22 before the Rev. Samuel Miller of Streator and the two were made one. Mr. Rockenfeller's objections had been overruled at the last moment and he came to see his daughter married. Miss Baker, however, was not present.

"Did you have to run away from your daughter?" Mr. Baker was asked.

"I can't say that I ran, because that wouldn't be the truth," said the old gentleman, modestly. "But I got here in time for the wedding. So did the minister, whom I brought with me. No, my daughter did not stop me at the train."

Mr. and Mrs. Baker left for California on their honeymoon. Before they return to Illinois they will spend considerable time in the Holyland. They will also travel in Europe.

When Love Was Blind.

When the famous young Countess Potocka was at the zenith of her career and half the royal and noble dandies of Europe at her feet, a cloud suddenly dimmed the luster of her fame. A young Austrian woman had appeared upon the scene whose beauty, it was whispered, surpassed that of the Potocka. What might have been the result of a clash between two blazing stars of their magnitude will never be known, for scarcely had the reigning beauty learned of the advent of so dangerous a rival when even she herself shared the universal feeling of pity and tragic interest in the fate which had overwhelmed the new star, whom we will call Mme. X.

The unhappy woman contracted smallpox, and the dreadful disease not only left her with the usual disfiguring marks but marked her features so that she had become an object of ghastly, almost loathsome, appearance. She at once retired from society, of course, and even among her immediate relatives constantly wore a black veil, mercifully sparing them the torturing sympathy which her horrible deformity aroused. But all this time the law of compensation was working out one of the prettiest romances to be found in history. Just prior to her illness she had reciprocated the ardent passion expressed for her by a dashing young cavalry officer, and a betrothal had been announced on the eve of his departure for the wars.

On losing her beauty and becoming a repulsive object, Mme. X. wrote to her fiance, releasing him, and she was trying to learn how to bear this added grief when one day, as she sat in her boudoir unveiled, she heard the young officer's voice demanding to be admitted at once.

Rushing to the door to prevent him entering, she leaned against it, crying out—"For God's sake, don't come in—I'm—O, have they not told you?—I am a wreck—

It will be impossible for you to see me." "True," replied the officer, with a merry laugh as he pushed open the door and entered. "It will be impossible for me to see you—for I am totally blind."

He had his eyes blown out by an exploding shell, and thus it came to pass that to the one, of all on earth, to whom she cared to be beautiful she would forever seem as beautiful as ever. Not often does the ill wind bring such a dramatic compensation in its track.

Wooded and Won over the 'Phone.

There is a woman now resident in Liverpool who was wooed and won entirely through the telephone. Her maiden name was Miss Constance Pratt, and for more than a year she was in charge of an exchange office not a hundred miles from Manchester.

Her unfailing good temper, her melodious voice and her musical laugh, which could be heard when she was endeavoring to smooth down a particularly irascible subscriber, must all be credited with having helped to attract the attention of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

This gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, afterward declared that he used purposely to "blow up" the girl at the exchange in order that he might have the satisfaction of hearing her fly into a rage. But the more he scolded the pleasanter became the voice of Miss Pratt, until Mr. Smith began to think that anyone gifted with so remarkably sweet a temper must be a little out of the ordinary, and he pictured himself the kind of countenance which should go with such an amiable disposition.

Finally he determined to satisfy his curiosity and one afternoon entered the exchange and "interviewed" the woman in charge.

After that visit he called her up on the 'phone more frequently, and when not busy Miss Pratt would converse with him for a few minutes, and even indulge in some mild flirtation, though she afterward denied this. In less than three months from the time of calling upon her, during which period they had never again met, Mr. Smith rang the young woman up and offered his hand, heart and \$50,000 per annum; handsomely agreeing that if the "full particulars" with which he would furnish her later, were not satisfactory she would have the option of "returning the goods."

Under these conditions Miss Pratt, like a sensible woman, accepted the proposal, and, everything turning out satisfactorily, the couple were married two months later. The bride begged that as many as possible of the telephone girls who were with her at the exchange should be invited, a request which her lover readily granted, and it is said that the number of congratulations which were sent by telephone exceeded in number anything in the memory of the oldest operator.

As in Days of Old.

Morgiana had just discovered the forty thieves.

"Don't you think we should take their pictures for the rogues' gallery?" asked Ali Baba.

"It would be quite useless," she replied, "I have done them in oil already."

Proudly pointing to the fatal jars, she displayed her ability in putting up preserves.

