



**Manicure Wins a Rich Husband.**

**N**EVER again will Miss Roberta Hein be compelled to polish the finger nails of customers. She has been married to Eberhard Faber, millionaire pencil manufacturer of 545 Pearl street, New York. Miss Hein is young, good looking and a blonde; her husband is almost 60 years old and a widower. The Fabers are occupying suite 960 in the Waldorf Astoria. They were married in Atlantic City on April 20, and Mr. Faber's brother has received the former manicurist into the family with open arms. There were no Faber children by the first marriage.

Behind the wedding of Mr. Faber and the manicure lies a romance of New York life. Manicures are likely to have many admirers who whisper sugary words over the wrist pads, but it isn't often a man goes to the length of elevating a dresser of fingertips to the high estate of a millionaire's wife.

Miss Roberta Hein was the head of the manicuring department of a pharmacy in Sixth avenue. To that position she had worked her way from an apprenticeship. Not alone was she unusually pretty, but she was clever, and her services were of great value in the manicure rooms.

She had come from Kansas City with her mother and younger sister three years before. Roberta obtained a situation in the rubber department of the drug store. She cast longing eyes on the dapper young women in the manicure shop. She thought it ever so much more amusing to polish nails than to sell hot water bags. At last Miss Hein asked if she could not be a manicure. At a small salary she was admitted to the department. Her advance was rapid and soon she became the most skilled worker in the shop.

Her "tips" were large and she dressed in the best taste. Her gowns were simple, but of fine quality.

One fine day an elderly man, of rugged appearance and the last person one might suppose would haunt a "beauty parlor," sauntered into the manicure shop. He was Eberhard Faber, who happened to be up town early. Mr. Faber said he did not know what to do until it was time to dress for dinner and fate seemed to guide his steps to the shop. He asked for a manicure. Miss Hein said she would have somebody attend to him.

"But I want you," said Mr. Faber. "I am the superintendent, not a warker any more," she replied, "but I'll do your nails if you wish."

She rang the bell for the scalding water and sat opposite the customer. As she plied the file on Faber's nails she chatted about the weather and the theaters and then about the world in general. As he listened to her Mr. Faber became interested.

"I'm in the habit of attending to my nails myself," he said, "but I'll come again if you'll do the job."

Sure enough, a few days later he appeared again. This time Miss Hein worked on his fingers for more than an hour. When she had finished he asked: "Can't you do them all over again?"

Miss Hein laughed. He came again in a few days. That time he introduced himself and told the girl she could look him up, because he wished to see her often. He won Miss Hein's confidence at the start and soon he and she were dining together in Broadway restaurants and go-

ing to the play afterward. Miss Hein became the most envied young woman in the shop, especially when she appeared in the dead of winter with a mass of violets at her waist. Five-pound boxes of candy came every week from Mr. Faber and these Miss Hein shared with the other girls. He always appeared before the shop in his red automobile or a cab.

In February Faber offered his heart, hand and large fortune to the manicure. She accepted. She said to her friends, "I really love him." But she did not divulge her secret until early in April, when Faber insisted on an immediate wedding.

**Ghost Puts Off Wedding.**

With hands uplifted as though pleading, and with eyes burning with the old-time affection, the ghost of her former husband appeared to Mrs. Clarence B. Ives of Waterbury, Conn., just on the eve of her marriage to George B. Rankin of East Windsor.

Mrs. Ives was in the sitting room of her home, east of Union City Knitting Mill, when the spectre called upon her. Of course she swooned. Those who heard her cries were quickly to the rescue, carrying her into the sewing room on a sofa.

"Oh, I know it was Clarence. The same bombazine necktie, and the little chin-wisp of reddish-brown hair, and the same kindly look. He isn't a bit satisfied, either, and I am so troubled in my mind."

The foster sister of Mrs. Ives announced to the prospective bridegroom that the marriage would not take place; that Mrs. Ives had had a premonition that a postponement would be best for all concerned.

Mr. Rankin is seriously disappointed, but extremely hopeful.

**Girl Duck a Bridegroom.**

Rosa Moser and John David, who live a few miles west of Nashville, Ind., were married at the home of the bride's parents. After the ceremony the young couple entertained a host of young folk from the city and neighboring farms, and among them were the bridesmaids, eight pretty but mischievous girls, who resolved to make the night a memorable one by an unheard of prank.

Late in the night, when the guests had all departed, the mischief-making girls returned to the house of the bridal pair. They invited the young fellow outside in the yard, and, seizing him, tied him on a rail, carried him several blocks away to a creek, and dumped him into it.

As he scrambled out, a desperate conflict took place. The eight girls pounced on him and he handled some of them quite roughly. In the scuffle his right arm was thrown out of joint and a finger broken.

**End a Long Wait**

After a wait lasting forty-five years, Benjamin Gerhardt, of Logansport, Ind., has claimed the woman of his choice, Mrs. Amanda Harness.

Forty-five years ago Gerhardt and Mrs. Harness were sweethearts. They had a quarrel, and shortly afterward she married Jacob Harness. At that time Gerhardt was a young man and had bright prospects for a future. When he learned the woman he wished to become his wife had married Harness he quit work, and since that time he has been unemployed. He always wore good clothes, however. Dur-

ing the past two winters he conducted a gambling room at Young America.

Last fall Jacob Harness died in the Cass county poorhouse. His widow, now 85 years old, went to Young America to live with a son. She met Gerhardt, the old spark of love was rekindled, and they were married.

**From Jail to Altar and Back.**

Whether or not 1904 has brought much comfort to the leap year young woman, it has certainly produced in Europe an epidemic of convict weddings—indeed, since the year dawned it has been scarcely possible to take up a continental paper without reading of some dramatic pilgrimage from the prison to the altar and of the progress of the bridegroom, after a too brief honeymoon, back to jail.

A typical case was reported a few weeks ago from Budapest. A man named G— had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and a pretty girl, Etelka S—, who had known the prisoner for some years, vowed that she would commit suicide forthwith if she were not allowed to marry him. In vain her father tried to dissuade her from her project. All his pleading was useless, and at last, through his lawyer, he made representations to the minister of justice to the effect that his daughter's mind would give way unless her wish was granted.

As the result of this request the convict was granted an hour's freedom, and, with a warder for best man and an escort of police, the marriage took place. As soon as the ceremony was over, however, the bridegroom was marched back to prison again, his wife bidding him an affectionate goodby at the iron-barred door.

**Weds Childhood Playmate.**

A romance which had its inception in Texas several years ago came to a happy conclusion in Mattoon, Ill., last week, when Paul Adams of San Antonio married Mrs. Anna Hagan at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Hagan, whose maiden name was Anna Long, lived in Texas when a child, and one of her young playmates was Paul Adams. Years passed, Mr. Adams married another and Miss Long became Mrs. Hagan. Her husband died a few years ago, leaving one son. The young man was taken ill with pneumonia, which developed into consumption, and Mrs. Hagan took him to Texas. They stopped at San Antonio and fate brought Mrs. Hagan and the playmate of her childhood together. Mr. Adams had lost his wife a short time previous. He was attentive to the widow and her sick boy, and when death relieved the latter of his suffering his was the voice which soothed the grieved mother.

After Mrs. Hagan came home a correspondence was commenced between the widow and widower. The result was an engagement and the fixing of the date for the marriage ceremony. Mr. Adams will take his bride to San Antonio, where he has a position with a southern railroad company.

**Married a Second Time.**

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Henz of Washington have just been married a second time. In 1894 they eloped and were wedded in Rockville, Md. Six years later they disagreed and separated, a divorce following. Subsequently they saw a good deal of each other and just before last Christmas became engaged again. The young woman's father did not look with favor on

this proceeding, so they eloped again a few days ago, going to Rockville, where they were reunited by the same preacher.

**Runs Away to Avoid Wedding.**

Miss Jennie Wright, who is 18 years of age, ran away from her home in Louisville and went to St. Louis to the home of her aunt, Mrs. L. L. Veasey of 4372 Finney avenue, because, she alleges, her mother beat her for refusing to marry the man who had been selected for her.

Miss Wright worked in the exchange of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph company in Louisville. John Mayer worked there also, and he fell in love with the girl, who did not return the affection. Mayer had made a good impression on the girl's mother, however, and Mrs. Wright was determined that her daughter should marry him, according to Miss Jennie's statements.

"My mother would beat me when I said that I would not marry Mayer," said Miss Wright, "and I decided to write to my aunt, Mrs. Veasey. I wrote her about two weeks ago, and stated the facts in the case. The result was that my aunt made arrangements for me to come to her home. I left Saturday night and stayed over Sunday with friends in Louisville. I do not care to state who these friends were, but they were very nice people. I left Louisville Saturday night, and arrived here Monday morning.

"Meanwhile I was, of course, missed from home and father and mother, it appears from the Louisville papers, have been making a thorough search for me, and, according to newspapers at home my mother has made very strange statements. I left home simply because I was mistreated for not marrying John Mayer, and my aunt was cognizant of my every move." Mrs. Veasey corroborated the story.

**Weds His Housekeeper.**

Stephen M. Weld, of Boston, aged 64, a millionaire manufacturer and a veteran of the war of the rebellion, and who six years ago was left a widower with four grown up children, has married his housekeeper, Susan Waterbury, the daughter of a Boston clergyman. The ceremony, performed in a little parlor on West Cedar street by Bishop Lawrence, was quiet, exclusive and unexpected. The bridegroom's sons and daughters have evinced no displeasure and attended the ceremony. The couple are now on their honeymoon.

**Two Brothers Wed Two Sisters.**

From the standpoint of names an absolutely unique wedding was that of two sisters, Gertrude and Viola Baldwin, who were married at Wading River, L. I., last week to two brothers, Shirley and David Baldwin. Two cousins, Florence and Nettie Dayton, attended the brides as maids of honor. William F. Van West and his brother George A., were best men.

**Divided and Reunited.**

After having lived together for over thirty years, John Kissick and his wife were divorced in Philadelphia in 1896. Kissick after a time acknowledged that he had been in the wrong and wanted to be remarried to his former partner. The latter said that if he remained of the same mind for a few years she might consider the matter. His regard grew stronger as time passed and last week the pair were wedded once more. The groom, a prosperous blacksmith, is 62 years old, his wife being four years his junior.

