



**First Aids to Matrimony.**

**T**HE Salvation Army in New York City has organized a bureau to assist people who want to marry and haven't the wherewith. Through this bureau couples that wish to marry can get furniture for a four-room flat for \$10, the bridegroom can get a wedding suit for \$1, and the bride obtain a "trousseau" for the same amount. The "first aid to matrimony" bureau is an important part of the regularly organized work of the army's industrial home. It is there that cupid's assaults on the heart are robbed of terror by placing within the reach of the poorest of wounded ones a means of living together. And what is true of the institution located in Hell's kitchen is also true of the two Salvation Army industrial homes in Brooklyn and the fifty others scattered throughout the country.

The work of fitting out brides and bridegrooms is made possible by the Salvation Army's system of collecting cast off clothing, furniture and household goods from the homes of the wealthy and well-to-do. These collections fall within the province of the industrial homes. At the one in Hell's kitchen a large furniture van and large single horse wagons are maintained for the purpose of collecting all the clothing thus obtained. It is disposed of at the home, most of it being sold at auctions, which are held twice a day. But the furniture and household goods are placed on sale at definitely fixed prices in two stores, which have been opened for this object.

At the homes and at both of the stores brides and bridegrooms are favored customers. They do not have to attend the auctions to obtain clothing, and at the stores they get the pick of such furniture as there is on hand.

One dollar entitles the bridegroom to a presentable suit of clothes, a stout pair of shoes, a decent hat, and all the white shirts and underclothing that he needs. For \$1 the bride usually gets a silk or satin dress that once graced the form of some woman in high life and is little the worse for wear, shoes and a hat or bonnet that is carefully selected as most becoming, and all of the underclothing that she needs. Then comes the payment of \$10 and a visit to one of the stores, where the young couple apply themselves with enthusiasm to the task of fitting up their home.

A parlor suit, a bedroom suit, and a dining room suit, kitchen utensils, beddings, dishes, carpets, and a few pictures are included in the price, \$10.

**Romance in a Convent.**

Here's a romance that began in Austria, reached across the Atlantic and involved the lives of ten persons accused of murder. There is a kidnapping in it, a secret cell in a monastery, a girl who follows her lover across the ocean and a happy wedding to crown it all.

Schnur lived as a boy in Dumbrowa, Galicia, Austria. He grew to be 19 years old, ambitious, but poverty stricken. He had been brought up as a Jew, but a strong anti-Semitic family in his native town offered him 800 gulden and a bride if he would join the Roman Catholic church. Schnur at first resisted and then consented and disappeared from his home.

Now all this didn't suit pretty Rebecca Giltzen, a Dumbrowa girl, who had been Schnur's playmate from childhood. She loved him and had promised to be his wife when he had won enough of fortune to pro-

vide a home for them both. She raised a tearful voice of protest when Schnur disappeared, and his relatives began a diligent search for him.

The young man was finally found almost a prisoner in a monastery. His relatives stormed the old stone building and took Schnur away with them. They took him secretly, first to Vienna, thence to Rotterdam, where they secured his passage on a steamer for New York. Word of his sailing was cabled to his brother Joseph, who lived at 140 Suffolk street, and who met him on his arrival.

The anti-Semitic element in the Dumbrowa section of Austria caused a report to be circulated that Schnur had been murdered by his relatives because he had renounced the faith of his fathers and become a Catholic. His father, uncle, two cousins and six other relatives were charged with his murder. The prosecution called witnesses, who swore that Schnur had been killed and his blood offered as a sacrifice during the Passover. The ten prisoners were sentenced to die.

Schnur's aunt, who knew of his presence in New York, cabled that he must return at once to Austria. The entire east side was aroused over the peril of Schnur's relatives and the effect their deaths might have on the religious situation. Dr. Marcus Neustaedter of 111 Rivington street, called mass meetings at which money was raised to pay Schnur's passage back to Austria.

The Austrian authorities were summoned to view him on his arrival, and after this ocular proof that murder had not been done his relatives were freed from prison. Rebecca Giltzen was one of the first to greet him. The young lovers planned that Schnur would return to America and earn money to send for his bride. He again disappeared and none knew Rebecca's secret.

Schnur arrived in New York a year ago and worked incessantly, denying himself to save money for his sweetheart's coming. Three months ago Rebecca disappeared from Dumbrowa. It has just become known that Schnur and Miss Giltzen were married recently in the home of a friend in New York.

The wedding was kept secret, as Schnur's friends feared that he might be persecuted for the part he played in the drama in his native land.

**Won Bride by Telegraph.**

The electric spark of love in the life romance of M. R. Gates of Peoria and Mabel Farrell of Gilman, Ill., was carried over a telegraph wire. Both are telegraph operators. Gates is night dispatcher and Miss Mabel was night operator. They became acquainted by their conversation over the telegraph wire, and they had plenty of time through the long vigils of the night to whisper "sweet nothings" to each other. Only in their case every operator on the line could hear their courtship. Consequently their terms of endearment necessarily were platonic rather than fervid. But they found opportunities for meeting and one day early this month they met by appointment in Galesburg and were married.

**Cowgirl and Cowboy.**

Today in Trinidad, Colo., will occur a marriage that will be of interest to a large number of western people. On that day Miss Mattie Stuart of Folsom, N. M., known all over the west as one of the bravest cowgirls, will become the bride of O. L. Grimsley, the champion rough rider and cowboy. The ceremony will be performed

by Rev. B. F. Lawyer. Miss Stuart is one of the best horsewomen in the west. Last January at Oklahoma City she won the half-mile race for cowgirls.

**He Was a Jolly Sailor.**

There's something about a life on the sea that makes the sailorman jolly and lovable, whether he is 18 or 80 years old. This is true in the case of Henry B. Merrill, an old whaling captain of Greenport, L. I. He is 80 years old, and two weeks ago married his housekeeper, Mrs. Sarah J. Rogers, a widow of 60. Captain Merrill has led a roving, interesting life, having been around the world three times, landed on the eastern coast of Russia, on the coast of Alaska, stopped six different times at the Sandwich Islands, crossed the equator sixteen times, rounded Cape Horn four times and helped to kill 150 whales. He was also a forty-niner and saw life in the California gold fields.

**Can't Help Loving a Hero.**

What girl doesn't love a hero? Thomas Taaffe of East St. Louis a year ago saved Josie Touchette of Centerville from a negro highwayman who was trying to rob her of a diamond ring. Taaffe stepped between the negro and the girl. Both men had revolvers and both began shooting. Neither was hurt, however, Taaffe only receiving a bullet hole through his hat. The negro ran away and Taaffe escorted the girl to the home of her friends. She was as pretty as he was brave, and every girl who reads this knows already how it all ended. They were married last week, of course.

**Won Bride and Bet.**

"I'll bet you \$1,000 you can't do it." This was the remark made some months ago by Mrs. Charles Patton of The Highlands, near Erlanger, Ky., to her daughter, Mae Evelyn Patton, who declared she could marry Harold Barcroft White without her mother's knowledge. The couple were betrothed, and the wedding was not to take place until next fall. The girl, however, accepted her mother's bet and the contest was on. Mrs. Patton kept an eagle eye on her daughter, and the daughter and her lover were constantly watching for a chance to win the wager. Last month their opportunity came. Mrs. Patton invited a large party, including Mr. White, to visit the battlefield on Lookout mountain. In the confusion of leaving the hotel the young couple disappeared for a few minutes. When they came back they were man and wife, the girl flourishing her marriage certificate and gleefully demanding the \$1,000. Mrs. Patton is the wife of an official of the Southern Pacific railway and is rich, so she could afford to pay the \$1,000. Besides, a fashionable wedding would cost her much more than that, anyway.

**Romance and Pathos Mixed.**

There is something pathetic in the romance of Edward O. Smith, chief clerk of the West Shore railroad at Weehawken, N. Y., and Carrie Reed. They were married after a courtship of eleven years. She waited all that time until he could provide a home for her. Their wedding day was on Tuesday and on the following Saturday night he was asphyxiated by gas in his room at Union Hill, where he had gone on a business trip.

**While Waiting for a Train.**

Policeman John Downs of the Gregory street station, Jersey City, was approached in the Central railroad station by Watson

L. Kulf and Sallie C. Hochert, of Landsdale, Pa., who said they wanted to get married. They desired to leave for Philadelphia on the 6:05 p. m. train and wanted the ceremony performed before their departure. It was then 5 o'clock.

Policeman Downs learned that his friend, Justice of the Peace Frank Lehane, who is an enthusiastic base ball fan, was at the Jersey City-Toronto game at West Side park. He got the justice on the telephone, and Lehane hurried over to the railroad station.

He married the couple in record time and they caught the train. One of the witnesses was George Gore, former center fielder for the Giants and now a railroad detective.

**Noted Woman Farmer Married.**

A wedding of more than usual interest has come to light long before it was the intention of the interested persons to make it public. It was that of Mrs. Anna McCoy and Cornelius French, which took place at Havana, Ill., February 25.

Mrs. McCoy has been regarded as a prize in the matrimonial market. She was known as the "champion woman farmer of Illinois." No other woman in Illinois has accomplished as much, and by her prowess with the plow, the ax, the ox goad and the frying pan she has demonstrated her ability.

Mrs. French was born of German parentage in Decatur about thirty-five years ago, and, having health and unusual strength, took to outdoor pursuits. While visiting in Kansas City she married a young farmer named McCoy. They returned to Illinois, but after a few years of unsatisfactory life with him she discarded him and three years ago obtained a divorce.

Thrown upon her own resources, Mrs. McCoy rented timber land north of Virginia and set about making a home for herself and her parents. Ax in hand, she attacked the forest and after clearing the land hewed the logs for her cabin. Unaided she erected it, made the doors and windows, shingled the roof and finally plastered the walls.

Then she sowed seed and harvested crops, reared stock, marketed the products of her farm and gained the reputation of being the best farmer in that section.

She was a famous cook and last summer volunteered to superintend the culinary work of the Mann hotel during the temporary absence of the chef.

While thus engaged she saw an advertisement for 100 telephone poles. She dropped ment of the Cass County Telephone company the ladle and skillet and once more grasped the ax and went into the woods in her overalls, and chopped, trimmed and delivered the poles in a manner to make a "mere man" look incompetent.

It was then that Mr. French, whose father's farm adjoins that of the plucky Mrs. McCoy, met her. He watched her hew trees and manage a yoke of oxen. He ate her food and fell deeply in love.

He proposed and followed up his suit with such energy that he led her to the altar, she stipulating that the wedding be kept secret until she had fulfilled certain business contracts. Mr. French is only 23 years old and is exceedingly proud of his wife.

Mrs. French is a pretty, fresh-faced woman, and not mannish in any respect, although she wears men's garments when engaged in outdoor work.

