



Waited Fifty Years to Wed.

MRS. MARY A. ADAMS, 70 years old, has left the Brooklyn Methodist Episcopal church home, where she lived for the last six months, to marry a farmer on Long Island, who has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday and who was her sweetheart more than fifty years ago.

"When I was a young girl," says Mrs. Adams, "I had a sweetheart. We loved each other dearly. Somehow or other we drifted apart. There had been some slight misunderstanding and years after that I married Mr. Adams. My old sweetheart got married also, but all the time I knew that he was intended for me and I for him.

"We never met in all these long years. But when I went to Huntington this summer I happened to see him. He had changed and so had I, but we had not changed so greatly that we did not recognize each other. He told me that he had lost his wife about three months before. I told him that I had been a widow for several years.

"The old love warmed again and my sweetheart wanted me to get married right away. I told him that we had better wait a year on account of the fact that but a short time before he had lost his wife. He finally consented to wait, but not a year. And now I am going to marry again. I always thought that some day we would be happy again just as we were when we were boy and girl together."

"Maid of Honor" a Man.

In the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn, took place recently a wedding at which a man who had been a school-mate of the bride was the "maid of honor." The bride was Miss Adaline Weber, and Raymond F. Barnes, of Rahway, N. J., was the bridegroom. Walter W. Travis was the bride's attendant. It was a pink-and-white bridal. Rev. Dr. Barnes, an uncle of the bridegroom, officiated.

Mr. Travis led the bridal procession up the aisle, taking the part that usually falls to the maid of honor. He was followed by the matron of honor and the bridesmaids.

Miss Weber, who is one of the belles of Brooklyn and daughter of a retired broker, told why she selected Mr. Travis. "You see," she said, "he and I have been friends all our lives. We were chums at school and when my engagement was announced I decided he should have a prominent place at my wedding. I had selected the bridesmaids, intended to make one the maid of honor, but it seemed impossible to select from the six, and then I thought of Mr. Travis. I asked him and he accepted and there you are."

Equal to the Occasion.

After the last old shoe had fallen on top of their carriage the bride looked up tenderly into the proud young man's eyes and said:

"I feel awfully nervous and silly. It will be so horrid to have everybody staring at us and whispering that we are just married. Let's act as if we had been married a long, long time, so they won't suspect."

"But I'm proud of it," he said, slipping an arm around her and drawing her lovingly close to him. "I'd like to stand on a housetop somewhere, darling, and shout so that all the world could hear it that you are mine—my very own—my sweet, adorable, beautiful, superb wife. It won't

do any good to try to fool them. They'll all know it the minute they see us. I couldn't keep from looking happy, no matter how hard I tried. But leave it to me. I'll fix it so they won't stare at us or whisper about us."

After the train had started Arthur looked up the conductor and had a short conference with him. Then the proud groom returned to his wife, and the official, standing at one end of the car, said, waving a hand toward the happy couple:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am requested to announce that they have just been married. They are anxious to have it understood that they are not at all ashamed of themselves, and they don't propose to pretend that they are old staggers. I thank you one and all for your kind attention."

After their fellow travelers had all stepped forward and shaken hands with and congratulated them the men crowded into the smoking car and the women turned their backs and Arthur declares that it was just like having a private car.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Devoted Lover in Prison.

McDaniels' devotion to his fiancée, Mrs. Anna McKernan of Belleville, Ill., brought him into troubles little less serious than those endured by lovers in historic days when knights were bold. McDaniels and Mrs. McKernan have been friends since Mrs. McKernan became a widow, a little more than a year ago. Recently the health officers decided Mrs. McKernan had small-pox and insisted upon quarantining her residence. A policeman was placed on guard with instructions to allow no one to enter the house. In a short while McDaniels heard of the quarantine and at once declared he would go to her bedside to care for her. As a precautionary measure he had Health Officer West vaccinate him. When McDaniels presented himself before the quarantined home the policeman refused to allow him to enter. McDaniels pleaded with the officer, and finally positively refused to leave. The officer then arrested him. Before Justice Wangelin McDaniels was fined \$100 on the charge of evading the quarantine law, and because of fear that he had been exposed to the disease he was fumigated and confined in an isolated cell to remain for twenty days to await developments.

Long Time Between Weddings.

A case with the affecting features of Enoch Arden has come to light in the mountain regions of Tennessee, where a man and wife have become reunited after a separation caused by the war between the states and continuing up to a short time ago.

John Hargrove and Matilda Batson were married in 1860, and a year later the husband was one of the first to enlist in the confederate army for service in Virginia, and at the first battle of Bull Run he pursued the flying enemy so hotly that he was lost from his comrades, and made prisoner and confined in Pennsylvania until the close of the war.

His wife mourned his supposed death for two years and then married another, who was killed in the last days of the confederacy, when she again married. The first husband returned south and found his wife with her third love, and returned to Pennsylvania, not wishing to mar her happiness.

He worked hard and acquired property,

and two months ago learned that his wife had been for some time a widow, and at once came south to claim his bride of the '60s. She was much astonished and confused, but matters were soon arranged, and another ceremony settled the couple to housekeeping.

Won His Bride by an Egg.

"On this day, the day of our wedding, I shall eat nothing but eggs, for it was through an egg that I won my wife," said George Malcolm of Cleveland, as he ordered a dinner which consisted of eggs in every style and description known to the chef of a Chicago hotel.

"I have said that it was because of an egg that I first found the woman who has since become my wife," he continued, with a glance at Mrs. Malcolm, "and I will tell you how it occurred. Just one year ago yesterday I arrived in Chicago and registered at the Wellington hotel, while making a pleasure trip in the lake region. The first thing that I ordered was an egg, and on receiving it I found in dainty penciled lines on the shell, 'Rose Edmond, Aberdeen, O.' I wrote to her the following night, and today she is my wife," he added. "That is why I am so partial to eggs. Can anybody blame me?"

Mrs. Malcolm admitted that she had written her name upon the egg, but said she little thought at the time it would win her a husband. "It was while packing eggs to be sent to Chicago," she said, "that I thought it would be fun to write my name on one of them and see if I would ever hear where it was sent."

The Usual Way.

An interesting romance culminated in a wedding at McKeesport, Pa., by which James S. Munroe, a well known resident of Pittsburg, became the husband of Miss Devina N. Duncan of Dundee, Scotland. The happy couple were wedded at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rae by Rev. James Walker.

Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Rae, who are close friends of the bridegroom, went to visit at the home of Miss Duncan in Scotland. They took with them a photograph of the McKeesporter, and in some manner Miss Duncan saw it and immediately fell in love with the original. Through the Raes a correspondence was established that resulted in the exchange of photographs, and an engagement followed, with the result that when Mr. and Mrs. Rae were ready to come home Miss Duncan made arrangements to come with them. They were met on their arrival here by Mr. Munroe, who was introduced to his future wife and accompanied her to the home of Mrs. Rae.

Preparations for the wedding were speedily completed and the couple were warmly assisted in every way by friends. Mr. Munroe is connected with the National Tube mills.

Romance of a Rescue.

Captain Charles Busch of the Lincoln park (Chicago) police last week married Mrs. Margaret Russell, well known in Chicago society and is wealthy, whose life he saved in Lincoln park. The friendship was begun when Captain Busch rescued Mrs. Russell from a runaway.

The race between the runaway team and Captain Busch on horseback occurred May 27 and extended a third of the distance of the length of Lincoln park. The captain of police was riding leisurely through the park when he heard a woman scream. He

was then near the Lake Shore drive, and he urged his horse into the drive to find himself almost in the path of a runaway team of horses. As the horses and vehicle swept past him he saw the woman swing open the door of the cab and prepare to leap.

Realizing that she would be hurled to the pavement the police captain shouted a warning, and, putting spurs to his horse, was in close pursuit of the vehicle, which swung threateningly as the frightened team swerved from side to side of the roadway.

When the bathing beach was reached Captain Busch was even with the carriage. He again shouted to the woman not to jump. He was gaining steadily, and when he became even with the heads of the runaway horses he reached out and seized the bridle of the nearest one.

This move added new fright to the team, and they jumped to one side. Captain Busch held fast to the bridle and was jerked from his mount. He still retained his hold as he was being dragged over the pavement, finally bringing the horses to a stop. Then he fell half-unconscious. Throughout his convalescence, from the effect of two broken ribs, Mrs. Russell took many opportunities to testify her gratitude and Captain Busch pressed his suit.

From Grave to Gay.

The little god Cupid in his wildest vagaries probably never invented a more unique plan to aid a loving couple than that used by Forrest Moore and Miss Mabel Pullen of Cleveland, O., a few days ago to elude the watchfulness of parents and be united in marriage.

The black draped funeral car of the Cleveland Electric Railway company was the vehicle used to outwit the parents of both Moore and Miss Pullen.

The groom had been employed by an undertaker. He had been engaged to Miss Pullen for some time, but their intention of marrying did not meet with parental approval. The question had been debated thoroughly in joint family councils and always with the same verdict—that the couple were entirely too young to think of marrying. As the prospective bridegroom is 22 years old he failed to see the reasonableness of this decision. He persisted in his attention to the young woman in spite of what the parents thought and said.

He met with only a kind but firm opposition to his desires from everybody except the young woman. Finally he became taken with the idea of an elopement, but was at a loss to arrange the details so that the parents on both sides would not suspect.

In some way the said parents got an inkling that something was up and they put a guard over the girl. Just then a friend of both the young people was kind enough to die. Moore's employer was the undertaker engaged and Moore was to assist in the services. In that he got an idea.

Miss Pullen could get permission to attend the funeral. Her parents would not think of connecting a funeral with an elopement. He secured a license. Both were on the funeral car when it started for the cemetery. On the way back they stopped at the home of a minister, who married them. Then they took the next car and went home.

In a few days their secret became known and the parents were wise enough to laugh at the way in which the funeral baked meats had set forth the wedding supper. They forgave their erring children and everybody is expected to live happily ever afterwards.

