

AT LONG DISTANCE.

A LEGAL MARRIAGE WITH THE PARTIES SIX THOUSAND MILES APART.

Telegraphic Nuptials a Colonial Idea—Power of Attorney to Represent the Husband at the Wedding—Wives Do Not Forget Little Sweethearts.

The oddest marriage in the history of South Africa has just taken place in Holland. The bride and groom were the trifle of 6,000 miles apart, and yet all the clergy of the world would not make the tie between them more strong than it is today.

The circumstances surrounding the case make it almost an international marriage. The bridegroom was Ernest Van Trotsenburg, the head of the State telegraphic department. The bride was Miss E. H. Morsman, a resident of Amsterdam, Holland. It was in fact a marriage by proxy, with the aid of the cable. The circumstances were so odd that they are well worth relating in detail.

All arrangements for the marriage had been made by letter and cable, the time having been agreed upon, the difference in time being between London and Amsterdam being allowed for, and each party knowing at a certain moment just exactly where the other was, and what it was prepared to do. In the Hotel Kruger, the bridegroom and his friends met. A wire from the cable had been run to the room, and the arrangement had been perfected whereby it was possible to secure direct connection with Amsterdam, and, therefore, it was almost as easy for the bride and groom to speak to each other as if they had been in an adjoining room with the door open.

There were ten friends accompanying the bridegroom, who sat beside the little table of the cable operator, and when the proper moment came sent a message saying that he was all ready and anxious to become the husband of the young woman. Mr. Van Trotsenburg knew that in her pleasant home in Amsterdam, Miss Morsman and a party of friends were awaiting the cable from him to begin the ceremony. The bridegroom had given a friend of his in Amsterdam power of attorney to act as his proxy at the wedding. This proxy made the responses for the bridegroom and grasped one end of a glove belonging to the bridegroom, while the bride took hold of the other.

It is this feature of the marriage by proxy which gives it name, "the glove marriage." One of the numerous technicalities of the Dutch marriage law renders the holding of the glove an absolute necessity. If this action is omitted, the marriage is not legal. Only two cables are necessary nowadays, one stating that the bridegroom is ready to begin, and the other from the bride saying that all is over and that the change of name has been successfully accomplished. Then the bride has a wedding breakfast, at which the proxy, who is really the best man, assists her. After that the young wife goes aboard the steamer and sets sail for the land upon which her husband resides.

In this instance, the wedding breakfast at Amsterdam was an extremely elaborate affair, and the dinner given by the bridegroom in Pretoria was one of the most notable events of the sort that has occurred here in many a long day. Both events were rendered more joyous by the constant interchange of cablegrams in both ways, messages of congratulations received and sent, and words that were relative to future bliss were whispered in the ears of guests and brides through the medium of electricity.

The practice of marriage by proxy dates back to the old Dutch days, far back of the time when the Flying Dutchman first began to scour the seas. In those times it was quite a fashion for the young colonist to go to a far away land to found a home, and then, when he had laid that foundation, to send back to the old country for the Fraufern who had promised to be his bride before he left his native soil.

Now there were several drawbacks to this method of uniting sweethearts. In the first place, it often happened that when the young women had been told it was time for her to start, they began to think of what leaving home meant. Incidentally, came thoughts of the young men whom she would also leave. The chances were that she was favorably inclined towards some of them. Then, too, these young men were on the ground and the prospective groom was several thousand miles away. Therefore the young man at home had a much better chance than the young man with the claim far away. So it happened that instead of leaving home to get married, his heart would get married and stay at home.

On other occasions, the lady would obey the summons of her lover to the extent of taking passage and actually sailing on some good ship. In the old colonial days the voyages were long. There were quite a number of passengers and generally numbered among them were attractive members of both sexes. The sweet heart, being a woman, could no more avoid taking an inventory of the attractions of the young male passengers than the average woman of to-day can pass a drug store without desiring ice cream soda. It is one of the most inevitable features of a long voyage; that the passengers aboard the vessel become exceedingly well acquainted. The limitations of the ship are small and the passengers must necessarily see very much of one another. Therefore it is no surprising, inasmuch as inconstancy is said to be another name for woman, that the sweetheart en route to her promised husband, finds the companionship of a handsome prospective colonist so fascinating that before the voyage ends, she has decided to enjoy to the fullness thereof as long as life exists.

The instances of the sort quoted happened so often that the people perceived that something had to be done about it. The list of the broken hearts was growing at such a tremendous rate that it actually affected the prosperity of the colonies. So the civil and the clerical dignitaries put their heads together and arranged a plan for marriage by proxy.

MODERN INVENTION.

The Modern March of Progress the Farmer Will Hold His Own.

In modern life one of the most striking features that has been and is being developed more and more rapidly is the interdependence of the members of the human family. As the population increases, the hermit or quasi-hermit life so frequent years ago, when the farmer for months in the winter saw hardly any faces except those of his own family, and when he conducted his farming operations in almost complete independence of the rest of the world, is fast becoming an impossibility.

In old times the farm was a self-supporting world in itself. The wells, springs and cisterns supplied water; the domestic animals got all their food from it, and it produced its own fertilizers. By rotation of crops, by letting land lie fallow and by the use of fertilizing material produced on the farm, the land was kept fertile. Rain descended from the clouds without any human agency. And the conditions are very different. The farmer's children wish to compete with city children in education and in general culture. But outside of the personal aspect, of which this is but one element, modern conditions affect his life in a much broader sense. The tendency now is to work the soil in large areas devoted to a single crop, and to use machinery in all farming operations.

For many years past the American farmer has been busy adapting the most ingenious machines for cultivating the ground, for sowing the seed and for harvesting the crops. On account of the inventor's work the Western farms, with fields of wheat reaching to the horizon, cultivated by steam drawn plows, and whose crops are harvested by great machines drawn by teams of many horses, have become a possibility. The great cereal crop of the United States is due to the mechanical invention.

In the same order of things is the modern fertilizer. For different crops different fertilizers are made in factories. As the great natural sources of phosphoric acid were exhausted, the European agriculturist has developed the finely-ground slag of the basic steel process. The farmer depends no longer on the barnyard, but purchases his plant food in the most approved form, made in factories from the most unpromising sources of supply.

The Atlantic coast is patrolled by steamers whose occupation is the carrying of mackerel or hony fish. After the oil is extracted from these fish, the farmer has a claim on what is left as a source of nitrogen for his crops. South American nitrate of soda is another source of nitrogen. The German makes supply him with his potash and the blending of all the elements is effected in the fertilizer factories, whose processes are guided by the most exact chemical analysis of the materials. Even in the matter of local transportation the farmer is being taken care of. The electric road, to whose operations, needless to say, rights, so many highways have been surrendered, bids fair to revolutionize the aspects of rural life. It is believed by many that the electric road will eventually haul the farmer's products to the cities or railroad stations, and the improvement of country roads has actually been discouraged by those who believe in the highest development of this form of traffic.

Where the process of development of modern life will end, it is hard to see. The farmer, who would seem to be the last to be subjected to modern scientific advancements, is really speaking relatively the one most affected. Mechanical, chemical and electrical science have changed his entire status. Among inventors the farmer is recognized as the dull of wits and slow of invention. Man may learn to dispense with soul, and his spirit engine may be replaced by the motor which during the last decades has replaced them. Windmills and waterwheels represent the utilization of cosmic energy, and mankind may be driven to a more extensive use of the mechanical powers of nature. But for food production, it is some of the most advanced, for it is the soil for many years to come must be the only resource. Synthetic chemistry has made enormous advances before it can produce palatable food. Already it has done something in producing glucose and saccharine as sugar substitutes, but until the synthesis on the large scale of carbon and hydrogen is effected, the synthetic chemistry will be inoperative. In the modern march of progress, the farmer will hold his own. The changes in his processes, the abolishment of the quiet rural life, and of the farm as an almost self-contained unit of existence, are brought about by the devotion to his interests of the enlightenment of the world, and the world in its turn is more and more dependent on him.—Scientific American.

Iron Plates at White Heat.
"While I was in Brussels a few years ago," said Dr. T. L. Taylor, of Boston, at the Lindell recently, "I witnessed a restoration from apparent drowning in one of the hospitals that struck me as particularly remarkable. A man had been upst in a rowboat, and was only recovered after a considerable time. An eminent physician in the city applied all the remedies he could think of, but a fortnight of life manifested itself. As a forlorn hope, or last resort, the doctor proceeded to apply plates of iron, heated to a white heat, to the upper parts of the body, near the more vital organs. After a short time, to the utter astonishment of the assistants, faint signs of breathing were observed, and in course of half an hour the man came to life, and was finally fully restored, the only inconvenience sustained being the result of the severe cauterization which his skin necessarily underwent."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Art and Nature.
The aesthetic Frau Von St. had contrived to secure the leading role in a well-known theatre, and a great favorite with the ladies, as her companion at the supper table. The lady displayed unlimited conversational powers, and her enthusiasm waxed more fervid as she proceeded. "Tell me how you feel when you have played the part of Romeo," she whispered. "Hungry!" replied the actor, with the most artless and indifferent air in the world.—Dahleinkalender.

WERE I THE SUN.

'Tis always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways.
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledging snow,
Were I the sun;
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow.
But hurry, messes on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paitry toys,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employ;
But I would favor solid joys—
In short, be the world for boys.
Were I the sun.
—Amos R. Wells in St. Nicholas.

ROMANCE IN HER MSS.

Mr. Barrould, editor and proprietor of Smart Quills, stood by the fire in his private office biting his lips; his foot impatiently tapped the fender and his brows were knitted.

Here it was, within six weeks of Christmas, and the "Christmas number" was not yet out. Such a thing had never happened to Smart Quills before.

It was all due to the carelessness of one man—the man who always wrote the comic story for the extra number. He had had the stupidity to get an attack of pneumonia before writing the comic story.

"Young lady, sir," said the clerk, "wants to see you. Said you were busy; she said she wouldn't keep you a moment."

"Show her up," with quiet resignation.

The girl—she was nothing more—raised her eyes in a shy, frightened way to his, and then dropped them. Mr. Barrould started. Where had he seen eyes like those?

"I've brought a manuscript," she began, falteringly.

Mr. Barrould did not speak until her eyes were lowered again, and then he said, gruffly—more gruffly than he intended—"It should have been sent in the usual way. I do not read all manuscript that comes."

"Oh, I did not know. At least mother told me to post it, but I thought it would have more chance of being read this way. It will take it away again."

"What is it—a story? Comic or sentimental?" he asked.

"It is not an ordinary love story; it is not sentimental."

"Give it to me. I will have a look at it."

The girl's pale face flushed.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "The address is on it? I shall let you have my decision in a few days," was all Mr. Barrould said.

"Mr. Barrould"—timidly.
"Yes."
"I suppose I mean—that is to say—are you do you want a lady typewriter?"

Mr. Barrould did not want a typewriter girl; they had one down stairs they had not work for more. He said so, and then asked if she were one who could have lessons and am now anxious to get work. I know shorthand, too," then wistfully, "I can type quickly, Mr. Barrould."

But the editor was silent, and in another second she was out of the room and down two flights of stairs.

The clerk was right. She was a lady without doubt. Evidently one who had "come down in the world," but one with gentleman stamped on every feature, despite the rubbed jacket and somewhat shabby skirt.

Mr. Barrould suddenly called down the tube which communicated with the room below.

"Hullo! One of you go after the lady who was here just now, and ask if she'd mind speaking to me for another second. Also order another typewriter."

But even after he had engaged Miss Mackay to come and "typewrote" three times a week he did not feel content. Two eyes would keep coming between him and his work. It was useless to attempt anything.

It was long since he had seen eyes like these, but twenty-five years ago just such another pair, with the same unattractive gray depths, had looked into his, only those had been raised in all the sweet trustfulness of love, while these to-day had been shy and frightened.

There was a blot on the past of Mr. Barrould's life. A blot of wrong done to a woman and a girl's heart broken by his hand.

Once, long, long ago, there was a girl who had loved him better than all the world besides. Then a woman came between them, and Mr. Barrould threw aside the true gold for glitter. When he discovered his mistake it was too late.

He came back with the words to plead forgiveness on his lips, but only to find his sweetheart gone—no one knew whither.

And now he had engaged a typewriter girl—for whom he had no work—to come to the office just so that he might look in her eyes and be reminded of a girl he had loved and flitted, and whose memory he would love until he died.

"Miss Mackay, may I ask if you have written any stories save that which I used for the Christmas number?"

She did not know how often he asked a question just that she might look at him. It was now close upon the 25th of December, and she had been in Barrould's employ for over a month.

"Yes, I have one ready, which I thought of sending in to the paper in the usual way," she replied.

"Ah! Well, look here, Miss Mackay. I believe Mr. James is rather busy just at present, and it might be sometime before you could have an answer. Suppose you bring it on Friday and I will have a look at it myself."

So when Miss Mackay came on the next day but one she brought with her the manuscript, and as soon as she was settled at her work, which, by the by, would have suited Mr. Barrould just as well untended, the editor drew the story from its blue wrapper and began to "look over it."

"Something caused him to start and bend close before he had read half through the second page.

He had read only a few bold strokes, only two or three paragraphs, but they bore the editor of Smart Quills far away and away until they set him down once more in an old village—how plainly he saw it all!

But closest of all stood out a house with plain whitewashed walls and diminutive walk leading up to the door. He could almost fancy he smelt the honeysuckle that used to climb the walls and peep around the corners of the windows; and there, in the shadow of the doorway, leaned a girl, her brown hair lit up by streaks of gold, and her gray eyes gazing wistfully at the sunlight, as she dreamily wondered what life, with all its mystery, would hold for her.

"What's the story?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I did Mr. Barrould. That is to say, I wrote it at mother's dictation."

"You what? Tell me about it, girl!" the editor cried, hoarsely.

And then Miss Mackay gave her story in brief. There was no asking for sympathy, no craving for help; by a few short sentences Mr. Barrould was made aware of how her father had trifled away and squandered his fortune and died while she was yet a child, leaving his widow almost penniless; how the mother had struggled and worked in order to support herself and child, and how a yet more serious calamity had overtaken them, that of Mrs. Mackay's slight falling gradually until at last she became totally blind; how they had managed to gain a little by Mrs. Mackay's stories, and how now Jesse was, in her turn, doing her best to work for them both.

"Ah," he said, when she had finished. "I never knew she was married. But Mary blind, you say—little Mary blind?"

But the tylist did not catch the words; she had resumed her tapping on the keys.

"Does your mother know you came to me?" he asked.

She answered in the affirmative.

"Has she ever spoken of me? I—I knew her once—long ago—before she was married."

But no, the girl never heard Mr. Barrould's name mentioned. Was he sure it was not another Mary Ogilvie he had known? Her mother had never spoken of the friendship, as she would have otherwise done.

"Miss Mackay," he said, very suddenly, "are you aware that it is very dark, darker than usual, this afternoon? Suppose I were to see you here? You have a long way to go, and our paths do not lie apart so very much."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you, Mr. Barrould; thank you so much all the same; I shall be quite safe. And then, too, Mr. James sometimes accompanies me most of the way. He lives near us, you know."

Mr. Barrould coughed. He did know; he knew very well that James lived in quite another direction, quite close to the editor's own house in fact.

"Miss Mackay," he said, in desperation, "would you mind if I were your escort this evening instead of Mr. James? I—I should like to see your mother."

A long way it was, too, or it seemed so to Mr. Barrould, but at length they stopped in the narrow street and Miss Mackay led the way up countless stone stairs, right to the very top flat.

A woman sat by the fire. She must have been pretty once, but now she was faded and weary; life had gone hard with her. But to Mr. Barrould she was still young and beautiful; she did not seem faded. As they entered she raised her head and turned her sightless eyes in the direction of the door.

"Is that you, Jesse? You are home earlier to-night, dearie, are you not?" Mr. Barrould took a step forward.

"Mary, my beloved! Is it too late? Can you forgive me after all these years?" He fell on his knees by the chair.

"Jack!" she said tremblingly, feeling vaguely for his hand. "Jack!" Jesse could not understand it all, but she slipped out of the room and closed the door softly behind her.

Half way down the stairs she met the sub-editor, who was coming up to ask her a question that he had been trying to put for some time, but for which he had always lacked the courage.

"Then they went for a walk and when they came back the sub-editor had an important announcement to make as the editor.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

What We Are Coming to.
Teacher (to applicant for admission)—Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination for smallpox?
"Yes, sir."
"Have you been inoculated for diphtheria?"
"Yes, sir."
"Been treated with diphtheria serum?"
"Yes, sir."
"Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps, scarlet fever and old age?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you your own private drinking cup?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you, and never use any but your own pencils?"
"Yes, sir."
"Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Johnnie, you have met the first requirements of the modern sanitarians, and you may now climb over yonder rail, occupy an isolated aluminum seat and begin making P's and Q's as your first lesson."

Sealing Cans by Electricity.
A new application of electro-depositing is in the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of wine and chemicals.

Lawyers work in the cause of justice; doctors in the cause of mercy.

THE WEEBITTLES IN WASHINGTON.



The Weebittles admire the beautiful shrubbery in the White House grounds.

FIND THE GARDENER AND HIS WIFE.

THE WEEBITTLES IN WASHINGTON.



The Weebittles visit the Congressional Library.

FIND THE LADY THEY MET.

THE WEEBITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



The Weebittles arrive at the Pennsylvania Depot, Philadelphia.

FIND LADY FELLOW PASSENGER.

THE WEEBITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



They pause to admire the City Hall and surrounding buildings.

FIND THE...