

FORTUNATE MR. PRENTICE.

He Will Wed Daughter of America's Richest Man.

John D. Rockefeller Has the Happy Habit of Presenting His Daughters One Million When Married.

Miss Alta Rockefeller, whose engagement was recently announced, is the second daughter of the Standard Oil king and is about 30 years of age. She is naturally reserved and quiet, never having aspired to social life as it is generally understood by society people. She is a proficient musician and is master of several languages.

When her home was in Cleveland, she and her sister, Miss Edith, used to lead the singing of the Sunday school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church. They also taught University Settlement classes, and since the family have taken up residence in New York Miss Alta has had a Sunday school class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, to which the family belong. She has traveled extensively and is very fond of out door sports. She is an expert swimmer and skater. During the cold season the court around her New York home is flooded and made a private rink for the use of herself and friends. Miss Alta has one brother, John D. Rockefeller, jr., and two married sisters.

Miss Rockefeller's fortune is variously estimated, but it is assured that, like her two married sisters, she will receive \$1,000,000 on her wedding day as a gift from her father.

Mr. Prentice, the bridegroom to be, is also wealthy. His mother was the daughter of John Parmlee, the founder of the firm that does the bulk of the baggage and express business in Chicago. His father is S. Ardell Prentice, a well known attorney. The prospective groom is 35 years old. He was graduated from Amherst in 1885 and from the Harvard Law school in 1889. He was attorney for the Illinois Steel Company and is the author of a very successful work on interstate commerce and on international law. At present he is practicing law with his father.

Miss Alta met Mr. Prentice at the Chicago home of her sister, Mrs. McCormick, shortly after the latter became a bride. She was engaged once before about eight years ago to the Rev. L. A. Crandall, who was at that time the pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland. He was a widower twice the age of Miss Rockefeller, and for that reason the engagement was broken off by her father.

Consumption in England.
The numbers of those slain in the South African war are insignificant when compared with the numbers of those who, since the war began, have died in Great Britain from consumption. No fewer than 20,000 persons have succumbed to the ravages of this deadly disease during the last four months.—London Standard.

Self Tying Shoestrings.
"Frequently there are inquiries made of the patent office in regard to a shoe or self fastening shoestrings," remarked a patent office examiner to a Star reporter, "and really I believe that anything in that line, if at all practical, would produce more money than the mines of the Klondike. Shoe manufacturers have been on the lookout for such an invention for years, and it would be interesting to see how they would bid against each other for the invention should it develop. The shoe manufacturing concerns are represented by a number of clever and competent attorneys, and they keep a sharp lookout for anything in their line that turns up. There have been a number of inventions in the matter of self-tying shoestrings, and patents have been issued, but they were not practical or not susceptible of improvement."—Washington Star.

The White Plague.
The east is never free from leprosy, and Russia is always dreading that the white pest may cross her borders. Occasionally, though not often it creeps into the homes of the aristocracy. A certain grand ball was given at St. Petersburg during the spring of 1898. Among the guests was a young and beautiful unmarried countess. A gentleman asked one of her relatives to introduce him, received an assent and danced with the lady several times. Later, as they stood in an exposed portion of the ballroom, the gentleman said:

"This draft is injurious. You should be careful of yourself, for I see there is a slight eruption on one of your shoulders. Oh, it isn't marked enough to spoil your beauty. But I, you know, am a physician. Have you, by the way, any other little spots like this elsewhere on your lovely skin?"

"Yes," replied the lady; "I have a few. And I wish, doctor, that you could give me some medicine for them."

"It would afford me great happiness to do so," was the gallant reply. That night the countess did not return to her home. All search for her resulted vainly. It was not until many weeks afterward that her agonized parents received a letter which told them that their daughter was in the X-leper asylum and that all attempts to see her must prove futile.

The parents begged piteously to have her immured at her own home in a tower which she alone would occupy. Anything was preferable for them to the living death which they felt now to be her doom. But no entreaties availed. The gentleman who had danced with the young countess at the ball had been a disguised police agent, and she will end her days in the terrible lazar house whither he had her conveyed among others accursed like herself.—Collier's Weekly.

Women Live too Fast.
Members of the Hundred Year Club enthusiastically applauded a declaration by Mrs. Almon Hensley at a meeting of the club last night that American women are living at too fast a pace. Mrs. Hensley, who is president of the Society for the Study of Life, said that nervousness is the national disease of American women.

It was the last meeting of the Hundred Year Club before the summer vacation. Theodore Sutro presided over the gathering, that filled one of the parlors of the Hotel Majestic. Mrs. Hensley's paper was the feature of the evening. Her subject was, "Nervousness of American Women." She said: "Women were not intended for business. It is a disgrace to our civilization that women should jostle and elbow men at the doors of public offices. Not that her mind is not equal to mastering details; on the contrary, she is capable of learning Choctaw or mastering mathematical problems, but that is not her place. "I do not refer to the exceptional woman. Where nature has shown a strong bias in favor of one distinct line of work it would be absurd to let the matter of sex interfere with the accomplishment of a special mission. But the crowd of wretched, anaemic typewriters, clerks, saleswomen, fighting always a moral battle because of inadequate wages, physical unsoundness and contiguous temptation, is a melancholy sight, and one that we trust to a future of wiser and more rational social and economic custom to set right. "Women need air. Don't be afraid of drafts. "Women need exercise. Hanging on straps in street cars or pushing around a bargain counter is not exercise. Wear a pedometer during a day spent in this way and see what a short distance has been traveled for the resultant weariness. If more women shopped as men do there would be fewer nervous women and more bright, cheery homes. "Our women are resorting more and more to narcotics and stimulants to keep themselves keyed up to the necessary pitch. Besides the effect on themselves personally, a serious question arises: Are there not enough temptations to surround the youth of the coming generation that we must sow in them the seeds of intemperance and sensuality, through the careless selfishness of the young women of today? "I have never known or heard of a single great woman, a woman who ever did a real work for her country, her race or religion, who compressed her waist or squeezed a number five foot into a number four shoe." Mrs. Hensley said that if men would buy corsets and wear them a month the object lesson would cure their wives of tight lacing.—N. Y. Herald.

George Elliot and Her Doll.
No matter how famous a woman may become it is certain that when she was a little girl she had not one doll, but many and loved them all with a deep and passionate devotion. And in every case the doll is worthy of such affection, for never yet has any doll been accused of "cupboard love." George Eliot was one of the greatest women writers of England, and even she owned several dolls. It is said, however, and somehow or other we can believe it of her, that she took to them only now and then. There were intervals of cold indifference, during which the dolls suffered the severest pangs of unrequited love. But she immortalized one of her dolls to make amends for her neglect, for Maggie Tulliver's doll, that wanted a head, a leg and an arm, was the "living picture" of her own doll, Fetiche.

When in trouble, Miss Tulliver used to retire to the garret to cry and knock nails into the poor body of her wooden baby. And George Eliot in later life was led to admit that she used to behave to her own doll in this inhuman way. Where is that doll now? Where are all the dolls whose lives of pathetic patience have been crowned with tragedy?

Hospital Patients Leave.
Everyone at the hospitals was busy this morning and from the doctors to those who sweep the floors, no one had time to talk. The reason of all this was that the Canadian had upon her lists 13 passengers who have been patients in the hospitals for a more or less extended period, and who were aided by the government in getting back to their homes. Nine of these, all convalescent, were taken from St. Mary's and four from the Good Samaritan hospital. One of the latter has been a hospital patient for a year past, and from the day of his entrance to the time of his departure, has never walked. He is James Brown, and his malady is, or was, in the first place, scurvy. The books of the Good Samaritan hospital bear the name of a patient who was discharged a day or two since, who had not so far to go to get home. The name is Mrs. Alexander Black, of Last Chance, and her home coming must have been an event of more than ordinary interest to her husband. Anyway, she brought him a promising looking son and heir, born during her stay in the hospital.

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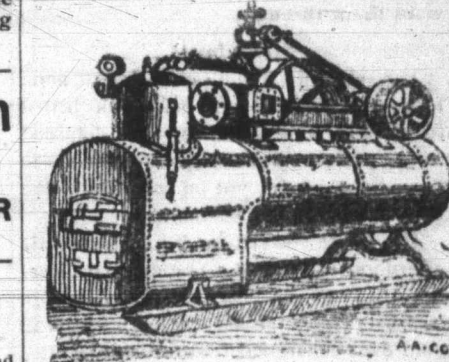
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