

WEDDING IN BASUTOLAND

DESCRIBED BY AN OBSERVANT ENGLISH GUEST.

The Bride's Elaborate Attire and the Native Guests' Lack of It—The Parent Who Gave the Bridegroom Away—Serious Misgivings When the Bride Took a Sneeze.

From the London Daily News.

When I arrived at Jonathan's village that morning was away with a band of his young men, so that I could not see him, though I was to witness a wedding which was being held when I reached the scene. I was taken through rows of naked, grinning savages of both sexes, to be introduced to the bride and bridegroom, whom I found to be a pair of mission converts. When I saw the pair the shock nearly shook my boots off.

The bride, a full-blooded negress, was dressed in a beautiful white satin dress, which fitted her as if it had been made to her measure. It would not meet in front by about three inches, and the bodice was laced up by narrow bands of red silk, like a foot-baller's jersey. In her short woolly hair she had pinned a wreath of artificial orange blossom. Down her broad back there hung two gauzy lace veils, big enough to make it not for a cow camel in summer. It was not fixed on to her dress, nor to her wreath but was tied on to two little kinky curls at each side of her head by bright green ribbons, after a fashion of a prize little of the draught order at a county fair. Her hands were encased in a pair of white kid gloves, man's size, and a pretty big man at that.

When I was introduced to the newly married man, I put out one of those sloped hands into mine, and, stirring up air of coyness that made me feel cold all over, for that hand in the kid glove reminded me of the day I took my first lesson from Laurence Foley, Australia's champion boxer, and he had an eight-count on me (that Heaven on that occasion). In her right hand the bride carried a fan of splendid ostrich feathers with which she brushed the flies off the groom. It was not enough to have brushed away a fly, for he would not have minded it, but it looked a touch in that giant net.

THE GROOM

The bridegroom hung on his bride's arm like a fish on a hook. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers braided up to show that he wore socks, shoes, white gloves and a high-crowned hat. He carried his bride's white silk gingham in one hand and an enormous bunch of flowers in the other. He tried to look neat, but only succeeded in looking silly, hypocritical and awful uncomfortable. At times he would look at his new spouse, and then a most unsightly expression would cross his face as he would push out his great thick lip until they threw a shadow all around him, or his dazzling white teeth and let his great blood-red tongue lol out until the chasm in his face looked like a rent in a black velvet screen with a Cardinal's red hat stuffed in the cleft. He may have been full of saving graces—full of piety and running over—but it was not the brand of Christianity I should care to invest my money in. When he caught my gaze riveted upon him he tried to look like a brazen plucked from the burning; he rolled his eyes, as if black eyes skyward, screwed up his left which ran across his face and said he called a mouth, until it looked like a crumpled doormat, folded his hands meekly over his breast, and comforted himself generally like an advertisement for a mission society.

THE BRIDE'S SNEEZE

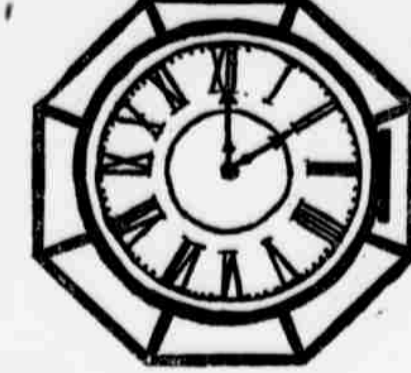
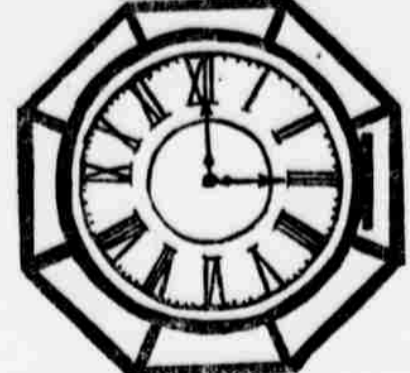
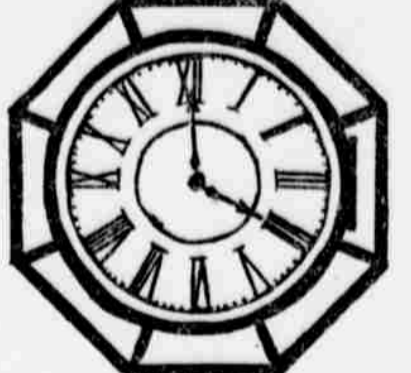
From him I glanced to his "pau," who had given his arm away and seemed wretched glad to get rid of him. "The pau" was dressed in pure black from head to heel—just the same old suit that he had worn when he struck this planet, only more so. He was quite naked of anything and everything in the shape of dress, except for a long ring of horn, which he wore on top of his head. He did not carry any parasols or fans or gawgrams of any kind in his great muscular fists. One hand grasped an iron-shod assegai and the other a long spear, and he stood as if he were a man of war, where they rested. He was not just the sort of a father-in-law I should have hankered for if I had been out on a matrimonial venture; but I would rather have a lion of the old heathen than a man of his "civilized" son, for with all his faults he looked a man. A chum of mine who knew the ways of these people had advised me to purchase a horn of snuff before being presented to the bride and bridegroom, and I had acted accordingly.

When the ceremony of introduction was over and I had managed to turn my blushing face away from "Mia" and the bevy of damsels, as airily clothed as I, I offered the snuff box to the happy pair. The groom took a tiny pinch and smiled, but, though committing some deadly sin, the bride, however, poured a little heap in the palm of her hand about as big as a hen's egg, regardless of her face which she was pale as a sheet. She proceeded to snuff up her capacious nostrils with savage delight until the tears streamed down her cheeks like rain down a coal heap. Then she drew back her head, spread her hands out palm downward like a mammoth duck treading water, and sneezed. I never heard a human sneeze like that before! It was like the effort of a horse after a two-mile gallop through a dust storm. And each time she sneezed something connected with her gear tipped or got away, until I began to be afraid of her. But the wreck was not so awful as I anticipated, and when she had done sneezing she laughed. All the crowd except the green laughing, and the sound of their laughter was like the sound of a sea on a cliff-crowned coast.

NATIVE BEER

A little later one of the bridesmaids whose toilet consisted of a daily morsel of beads and a copper ring around one ankle, invited me to drink a draught of native beer. The beer was in a large calabash, and I felt constrained to drink some of it. These natives know how to make love and they know how to make war, but, as my soul liveth, they don't know how to make beer. The stuff they gave me to drink was about as thick as boarding house cocoa; in color it was like unto milk that a dirty maid of all-work had brewed in a wash-tub and settled soup dish with an unwashed

Jonas Long's Sons' Friday Afternoon Sales

 Sale No. 1 At 2 O'clock	 Sale No. 2 At 3 O'clock	 Sale No. 3 At 4 O'clock
In the Basement The great February Sale of Housefurnishings closes with the Hour Sale of Friday afternoon. That the end may justify the means, we have prepared an unusual program of offerings for the hour. Don't miss them. Parlor Brooms for 19c —These are first quality, 3-tie split Brooms, of good size, splendidly made; handles rubbed and polished smooth. Never sold for less than 30c and 35c. Friday at 2 o'clock for One Hour. 19c Porcelain Plates for 3c —Here's a fine chance to replenish your stock of plates or to get a complete set for every day use. Finest White Porcelain Plates in all sizes, all perfect. Friday at 2 o'clock for. 3c Mrs. Potts' Irons for 75c —Every woman ought to have a set of Mrs. Potts' Irons, and we make it possible for you to buy them cheap on Friday. The genuine Enterprise—best on the market at any price; fully nickel plated. Complete set consists of 3 irons, handle and stand. For just One Hour Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. 75c Agate Preserve Kettles for 29c —These are twelve and fourteen (12 and 14) quart sizes of very best Peerless Enamel and Agate ware. Lipped Kettles that would be cheap any place at double the Friday price. 29c Agate Tea Kettles for 39c —Listen to the chorus of these Kettles on Friday—they'll hum a lively tune, Nos. 7, 8 and 9, all large sizes, you'll notice. Made of best quality Peerless Enamel and Agate Ware. Cheap at 85c. Friday for One Hour at 2 o'clock. 39c Wash Bowl and Pitcher for 59c —A great sale—the greatest of the day in the basement. Finest White Porcelain Wash Bowls and Pitchers of nice size and good shapes. For just One Hour at only. 59c	On the Main Floor Another Great Sale of Rugs, 39c —Probably three to five hundred people were disappointed two weeks ago, because they could not get one of the Floor Rugs that were sold at 39c, though we thought there would be enough for all. Another great lot of them for this week, the same kinds and styles, very large size as you know. To go at 3 o'clock for. 39c Big Sale Torchon Laces for 4c —The finest lot of Laces ever offered in Scranton at a price. Machine-made Torchons up to five inches wide and down to the very narrowest. Many of them with insertings and edgings to match worth up to 12c a yard. For One Hour Friday at only. 4c Big Bargain in Kid Gloves at 60c —There are just forty-one dozen of them and they must all go in one hour. A phenomenal bargain, consisting of real Kid Gloves in every shade of tans, modes, reds, browns; also black and white; two-clasp, fine finish, cheap at \$1. One Hour at. 60c Finest Wash Goods at 12c —Better make the wash dresses now while weather is so fine, then they'll be ready to wear. For Friday we offer a few thousand yards of new Foulard patterns in Soie Celeste, a handsome and sheer 30-inch cloth and an exquisite fabric for waists and dresses. The biggest value of the season for One Hour, at per yard. 12c Victoria Suitings for 48c —The Dress Goods sales attract more people perhaps than those in any other department. You always find the greatest values possible there, not only in the sale goods but in regular goods. For Friday we offer just fifteen pieces of 54-inch Victoria Suitings, made of the best quality Angora wool, which is noted for its purity of dye and finish. All the new shades for dresses and waists, including cadet blue, red, navy, garnet, gray, green, brown, black, mixed greys, browns and tans, our regular 75c quality. For One Hour at only. 48c	On Main Floor Another Great Shoe Sale, \$1.00 —These are Misses' Shoes, the same as you will go into any other store in town and part with a dollar and a half for. They are made of genuine dongola kid and best box calf, in both button and lace; made with leather counters, inner and outer soles, newest shapes and all sizes, guaranteed every pair. Just One Hour at. \$1.00 Fine Embroideries for 4c —Mostly narrow edges, but so rich and dainty in style as to appeal to every lover of fine embroideries. Just the thing for trimmings. All new designs and patterns that sell in other stores up to 10c. Friday for One Hour at 4 o'clock. 4c Children's Sleeping Garments, 17c —Every child should wear them, but they have never had a chance at this price. Knit from fine cotton, perfect fitting and sold all over at 30c and 35c. Friday for an hour. 17c Renaissance Scarfs and Shams, 35c —The greatest offerings of the day. A magnificent lot of fine Renaissance Long and Short Dresser Scarfs and Pillow Shams to match; very handsome cut-out, open work patterns of new and rich designs. Cheap at 75c. For just One Hour at only. 35c Doylies to Match: At the same hour we shall sell the Doylies to match the Scarfs and Shams, in two sizes, 7-inch and 10-inch; all of them beautiful work. Cheap at 15c. For the Hour at only. 6c Fine Dress Lining for 12c —These are not the bargain kind in any sense, but your choice of our regular lines of Percales, Silesias, Nearsilk and Spun Glass, in all colors as well as black and white. Splendid value as you know; for just One Hour on Friday, at per yard. 12c Good Table Damask for 25c —A big lot of Gernap Linnen, Table Cloths with fancy red borders; very pretty and uncommon quality. Sold in no store for less than 39c. For One Hour Friday at only. 25c

Jonas Long's Sons

forever. It had neither body nor soul in it, and was insipid as a politician at a prayer meeting. Some of the singers got glorious merry on a pair of mangled cabin-wood, with the whole crowd of men and maids circling around them, stamping their feet, kicking up clouds of dust like a mob of travelling gents.

The Philanthropists.

I'M VERY mischievous," said Lady Emily, reading her chin on her hands and staring at the fire. "Why, what's the matter?" I inquired, anxiously. "Oh, I ought to be," she added with a sigh. "Brightened. That's quite different," I said. "On a miserable sinner, and Don't Penton's worse than I am." "Incredible," I exclaimed. Emily looked at me sharply. So, to prevent a regrettable misunderstanding, I added: "The whole thing, I mean, of course." My sister sighed again, and asked: "Will it be girls," she said. "I agreed with her." "I went to church yesterday evening with Doris, and Mr. Fraser preached, and made us feel awfully wicked. So we were a disgrace to civilization."

Certainly, I did not want mingling I was not a Sunday school.

"The glare faded at the sound of Emily's voice, though I fancied the fire was still smouldering, and he continued:

"She has turned her spinning wheel into a bicycle—I involuntarily closed my eyes; it was so like a sermon—and admits man's superiority by imitating him."

"I have cycling," said Emily sharply. "I woke up again."

"Oh, well—yes—of course—it must be very nice," stammered the unfortunate young man.

"That's punctured his tire," whispered Miss Penton to me. "She is inclined to be rather shabby at times. However, I paid little heed to her remark; for the curate had said, softly, to Emily:

"We'll have a random!"

"Why did he talk like this?" Why was his hand resting on the arm of Emily's chair? What was he rather shabby at times. However, I paid little heed to her remark; for the curate had said, softly, to Emily:

"We'll have a random!"

"Why did he talk like this?" Why was his hand resting on the arm of Emily's chair? What was he rather shabby at times. However, I paid little heed to her remark; for the curate had said, softly, to Emily:

"We'll have a random!"