

A Tennessee Wedding.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) correspondent of the Chicago Times some time ago attended a wedding at Sam. Lowell's cabin on Sand Mountain. People came on foot and on horseback from all parts of the mountain, for the Lowells were "sassy folk" and had a comfortable cabin with ten acres of cleared land.

It was early in the afternoon, but a number of visitors had already arrived. The women were in the house holding consultation as to whether the bride should wear her bonnet or not during the ceremony and assisting her in the preparation of her trousseau, which was the finest ever seen on the mountain. The dress was made of white muslin, and around the waist was a wide yellow sash, with streamers almost reaching the floor. This was the pride of Mandy Lowell's neart; it was wider and longer than any sash ever beheld in that neighborhood and the color was brighter. She insisted on wearing her wedding hat; "else what ternal good war thar in a-buyn' of it?" she argued. It had been brought all the way from Atlanta, and had been added to after it came until it was a wonderful work of art. The high crown was supported by an immense white bow; around it was a beautiful red ribbon, while the streamers were of the brightest blue. On one side was a green bow, and on the other side a scarlet one, each of which was fastened with an immense silver-plated pin. The idea of not wearing this hat at her wedding was not to be entertained for a moment.

While the women were discussing the details of the dress and preparing for the wedding supper, the men were standing by the fence, each with one foot resting easily on the lower rail, while they whittled at the posts and talked of the times when they were young and courted the maidens who were now their wives. The bridegroom had gone twenty miles over the mountains to the country seat after the necessary license. The squire who was to perform the ceremony walked meditatively back and forth in front of the house, looking quite uncomfortable in the dancing-boots which he had put on for the first time since his last marriage service ten years before.

The day was fast drawing to a close when the bridegroom rode up with the license. He was clothed in a deskin suit, to which he had evidently not yet become accustomed. It was the only suit of the kind that the village store had, and the creases showed that it had long remained in stock before it was sold. The coat was too large and the pantaloons too short, but, as the merchant said, "that made no difference; it wouldn't be worn more than once or twice a year," and to Tom Tilford's eyes they were the finest clothes he had ever dreamed of owning. He dismounted and received the congratulations of the guests in advance of the ceremony. He entered the cabin, and the bride blushing retreated into the impromptu dressing room, which had been made by hanging a sheet across one corner.

"I knowed you'd get ketch'd," "It stands to reason that no man couldn't go with Mandy 'thout gittin' stuck," "I think you'll make as peart a couple as was ever hitched," and other rough but well-meant expressions greeted him as he entered. The bride's mother acted as hostess, and in the midst of her cooking would run, with flour still on her hands, to bid her guests a hearty welcome as they entered. The cabin consisted of only one room and a loft, while a shed attached to the room served as a kitchen. The floor was of puncheons, and lime had been placed in the cracks and packed tight with a mud for the dancers. An old man stood in one corner with a violin. He was to furnish the music, as he had done at every wedding in that region for many years. The women, on entering, arranged themselves around the room; the men, when the first greetings were over, would repair to the front fence.

When supper was ready all gathered around the table, but eat sparingly, for the squire gave the caution: "Don't yer go to eatin' too much, for the big supper go to eatin'; not as I keer for the things, but I don't want yer to spile the big supper." After the meal the dishes were cleared away, and the wedding was announced. The squire placed a Bible and a copy of the Revised Statutes on the table, and said "This ere court will come to order. Tom Tilford, stan' up. Mandy Lowell, whair nir ye?" The bride appeared from the dressing room retreat resplendent with her hat, the objections to which she had overcome. She blushingly walked up to the side of her lover and seized his left hand in her right. "See hyar, that won't do," said the squire. "You must jine right hands for marriages left hands is good only for divorces, and ye don't want to be divorced yet, and ye chucked at his wit. "Now, both on you chucked at his wit," he added, "jine right hands; that's right," he added, as they complied with his directions. "Now let loose and hold up yer right hands and kiss the bible." This was done.

"Tom Tilford, do you solemnly swear to take this yar woman, Mandy Lowell, as yer lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, to love and cherish, until death do you part, and with worldly goods dower her according to statoots made and provided? Say 'I do.'" "I do," Tom responded.

"Now, Mandy Lowell, do you solemnly swear to take this man for yer lawful wedded husband until death do you part, and to love him and take keer of him and obey him according to Scripture and statoots? Say 'I do.'" "I do."

She blushing faltered her assent. "Then, by the power vested in me as justice of the peace, I declare you Mr. and Mrs. Lowell—I mean Mr. and Mrs. Tilford—and what God and I, as justice of the peace, elected by the honest voters of the county, has put together let no man put asunder if he doesn't want to get hitched by the whole settlement. I will now kiss the bride accordin' to good old custom."

A Dangerous Log.

A sudden escape from unsuspected and imminent death sometimes reveals such startling coincidences that to the man who believes in the infinite watchful care of God over human life, it seems as if he had specially intervened to afford protection from fatal danger. The following incident is of this character. It happened to two young ladies from Boston, who last summer visited a brother in Kansas. The weather, for the first three weeks of their stay, was very hot and dry; every bit of verdure was parched with heat and whitened with dust. One afternoon it turned suddenly cold and damp, yet without rain.

For warmth and exercise the two young girls went for a walk along the railroad track. They went two or three miles, and then sat down to rest on one of the many logs lying near the track. "I've got some matches in my pocket," said Emma, at length. "Let's SET THIS LOG ON FIRE, and get warm."

The suggestion was approved by Sadie, and the dry butt was soon blazing quite merrily, for the hot sun had rendered it like tinder. The two girls climbed upon the log to avoid the smoke, and stood holding their hands out to the small cherry flames. They remained thus several minutes. Sadie then sprang from the log and impulsively said, "Oh, come on! Let's try a race down the track. That'll make us warm."

She began to run calling out, "Here, Emma, catch me if you can." The sister, thus challenged, followed Sadie in a merry chase. They had not gone a hundred yards when they were startled by a loud detonation behind them. They stopped in alarm and looked back. A cloud of smoke and debris was rising from the logs. Splinters and bits of wood were thrown some distance beyond them.

"What was it?" asked Emma in terror. "Twas an awful explosion or something like it," answered Sadie. The two girls stood—not daring to move fearing—they knew not what. Everything was quiet afterward, the cloud of smoke drifted off, and at length they ventured cautiously TO RETRACE THEIR STEPS, and seek an explanation of the mystery.

"Twas the log we were standing on," cried Emma. "It's blown all to pieces." Scarcely a trace of the log the girls had left burning was to be seen. The logs near it were split and splintered, and the ground was torn up as if by some gigantic plow. There had evidently been a tremendous explosion. The sisters looked on the havoc, with white, awe-struck faces. "What if we had been here?" said Sadie. "If we'd stayed two minutes longer on that log," said Emma, "we must have been killed."

They afterward learned that some workmen employed on the railway had hidden a package of blasting powder in one of the hollow logs, and had not taken it away. It was a strange coincidence that the two girls should have selected and set on fire that particular log. But it was yet stranger that that sudden impulse to flee should have come in time to save them. Three minutes, one minute even, and would have been too late.

How the Palm Speaks.

Small hands reveals themselves by magnitude, grace, generalities. The pyramid and monoliths of Egypt and the temples of India were planned and superintended by a people celebrated as having the smallest hands in the world. The model Greek hand, as shown in the ideal statues, is large, with a moderately thin palm and a prominent thumb.

The medium-sized hand, in fair proportion with the body, is the hand that will do or delegate the doing best. The hard hand indicates one who easily puts forth continued action, endures in physical effort, and delights in energetic activity. The elastic or sinewy hand loves rapid skillful activity. It is characterized by energy rather than endurance. Soft hands belongs to one who labors with fatigue and weariness. In all occult matters the thumb plays a prominent part. It indicates the intelligent will. In general, a large thumb shows decision of character, persistency of purpose, therefore it is apt to belong to one likely to succeed. A small thumb shows one who is vacillating and uncertain in his aims, intermittent and changeable in his efforts.

Short fingers indicate one who sees the parts, appreciates the details, and understands the minute. Slightly tapering fingers indicate one growing in the direction of ideality. Fingers lying close together, so that no light is seen between them, especially if the fingers are irregular, suggest avarice, secrecy, and generally selfishness. Famous instrumental musicians, celebrated marksmen, skilful gymnasts and artisans are apt to have square finger ends. Pointed finger ends attest a person fanciful, erratic, romantic, impractical, changeable, sometimes unreliable—always peculiar.

Long nails indicate a peacemaker, one who will bear much for the sake of quiet, and is steadfast in friendship. Short nails belong to one who will assert his rights. Large white half-moons at the base of the nails announce a frank, open-hearted

person, who naturally speaks his thoughts and tells his plans and purposes. He may keep a secret, but it requires an effort. The naturally secretive person is not apt to have any sign of half-moons. Pale spots on the nails, especially near the base, indicates disease of the nerves and an inclination to melancholy.

Care in Diet.

Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most celebrated English physicians, takes very advanced grounds on the subject of the eating habits of modern life. He says that from facts coming constantly before him he is obliged to accept the conclusion that more mischief in the form of actual disease and of impaired vigor and shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits in eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks, considerable as he freely acknowledges that evil to be. Indeed, he declares it to be his conviction that more than one-half of the diseases of the meridian and latter part of life among the middle and upper classes of society are due to easily avoidable errors in diet. He points with emphasis to the fallacy of the generally accepted idea that the growing stoutness of middle life is due to vigor or an index of healthful conditions. The typical man of 80 or 90 years, still contains a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations.

A Fable for Young Wives.

Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a married woman's happiness after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. It is in the power of a wise and good woman to make a lamb of the greatest bear that ever wore whiskers; while by a foolish treatment the process may be reversed and a generous-hearted creature, with all the capabilities of a lion, may end in being a bear or a wolf. A wife must tread on her husband's temper first as cautiously as a prudent boy does upon recently formed ice. Only when she has learned where the slippery humor of her husband will bear and where it will break can she perform with safety those graceful evolutions by which a devoted wife achieves greater triumphs than ever Bonaparte did by his artillery. Wise old Plutarch, descending on the topic, very appropriately brings in the old fable of the traveller, whom Boreas, with his obstreperous blasts, tried to disrobe of his good great-coat, but the result was quite otherwise, the more violently Boreas puffed his cheeks the more closely the man wrapped his cloak about him. But what Boreas could not achieve with all his strength the sun did with a few slight touches of his genial beams. The man was so overcome by the softening influence that he flung both cloak and tunic away. So let no woman so foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a rough way what she can surely gain by genueness.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

The Popular but Dangerous Sport in Which Australians Indulge. Kangaroo hunting is the sport in Australia, writes C. F. Holden in the Philadelphia Times. The dogs used are a large and finely developed variety of greyhounds, bred and reared for this purpose, as the kangaroos and rabbits are alike considered pests. The largest kangaroos measure at least eight feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and in good condition will weigh over 200 pounds; so they are powerful animals, and to be dreaded by the hunter who has no means to complete the capture. The large kangaroos are often called "boomers," and show extraordinary pluck. One started by a hunting party ran 18 miles before the fleetest pack of kangaroo dogs that could be found, and was then only caught by being literally trapped. It ran the 18 miles in two hours, and then being driven out upon a spit of land, took to the sea and

BEGAN SWIMMING

for the opposite shore. The sea was running high and the current swift, yet the brave animal swam two miles of the distance before it was forced to give up and turn back. One would think that after such an exhibition of bravery the animal would have been spared, but, sorry to relate, it was killed.

When cornered the big kangaroo is a dangerous enemy; it turns and strikes down dogs and men with its powerful hind feet, the knife-like toe inflicting terrible injuries, often fatal. A kangaroo when attacked by dogs has been known to snatch up one in its arms, leap into the water and hold it under. As another dog rushed to the rescue the animal passed the dog beneath its hind feet and prepared to receive the new enemy and drown it in the same way. Such a method of dealing with foes shows much more intelligence than is generally

CONCEDED TO THESE ANIMALS.

These curious hoppers, skippers and jumpers are called marsupials, from the fact that they carry their young in pouches. At first the little ones are very helpless, scarcely more than an inch in length, and as soon as born are placed in the warm pouch, where they remain for many months, presenting often a funny spectacle with their heads thrust out of the pouch and reaching down perhaps to nibble the grass as the mother leaps slowly along. The little kangaroo retains its home in the pouch for eight months and then goes out of doors for all time. Our common frogs and toads are among the remarkable jumpers. Some of the frogs will make leaps of 8 to 10 feet with favorable circumstances. This they accomplish with their long powerful hind legs, that are as well adapted to accomplish the work as the legs of the kangaroo. They are completely defenceless and this

jumping faculty saves them from their enemies. Perhaps the most marvellous leapers of this group of animals is a little tree-frog found in India. Some years ago a distinguished naturalist was travelling through the woods of Lower India, when he observed a curious little object come shooting down from a tree, making a deep curve, then rising and attaching itself or alighting upon another. A native gun-bearer rushed forward and caught the object, which proved to be a "tree-toad," but certainly a curious one, you would say, as its toes were connected by a web, and as it leaped into the air they were spread out, forming little parachutes that tended to support the animal in its jump or leap and aid it in accomplishing long distances from tree to tree.

A Cool-Headed Horseman.

The Philadelphia Enquirer says:—Miss Bessie E. Kilpatrick, of Sacramento, Cal., a most daring horsewoman, who was brought up amid the wild broncos of Texas, met with a singular accident in West park on Tuesday afternoon. She was riding a Kentucky three-year-old mare, just broken to saddle, in company with her brother, Col. Kilpatrick, and Miss Frost, of North Seventeenth street, when the mare shied at a piece of paper on the roadside. The girl broke, and with one bound the mare dashed forward. Miss Kilpatrick for a second lost control of the animal, and was away like the wind. As she found the saddle slipping from under her she shouted to her brother, "Halt your horses! Don't follow me!" and leaning forward grabbed the mare by the ears. The saddle slipped down, and with a sudden plunge forward she threw her hand over one eye of the mare, which turned half-way, and Miss Kilpatrick then slid to the ground, still holding the reins. The animal attempted to run, but the young woman had grabbed the bit by the ring, and by the time her brother and friends reached her she had quieted the animal and was laughing at the escapade. Asked if she was not afraid, she replied:—"If I had been afraid I should have been killed. I only wanted to get my hand over Jennie's eyes, and then I knew she would keep quiet. Oh no; there is no use in being afraid." The girl was re-fastened and she continued her ride.

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

It is stated that Queen Victoria is studying Hindustani. A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings. Clara Morris says society actresses have brought discredit upon the stage. Six American ladies were presented to the Queen at her last drawing room. The healthy American matron is a loving and lovable creature, says Max O'Rell. Women may practice medicine in Russia provided they treat women and children. Lady Arnold, wife of the author of the "Light of Asia," died in London recently. Fatti is said to have formerly adopted as her own child the daughter of Nicolini, who is about 16 years of age. Ouida asserts that no man or woman can possibly write more than four or five admirable works of fiction. Mme. Louise von Schiller, who has just died at the age of 85, was the daughter-in-law of the famous poet of that name. Miss Carter, a California school teacher, took half a day off recently and made \$10,000 in a real estate deal before the sun went down. On her last birthday the Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave a theater party at which there were as many guests as there are years in her age. Among the curiosities of the Queen's railway journeys are the time tables supplied to her Majesty, these being printed on hand made paper with gilt edges. The Drexel Industrial College for Women in said to have been endowed by Mr. Drexel with the sum of \$1,000,000. It will be in full operation in about eighteen months. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett says that there is so much excitement in the air of New York that she has been compelled to go to Washington to complete her play for the Lyceum Theater. At the last representation of Adrienne Lecouvreur by Sara Bernhard in Milan, she was called before the curtain at the end to receive a gold medal from the Dramatic Society of Italy. The Holloway College for Women at Virginia Water, near Windsor, appears to be nearly as absurd an institution as the Academy of Laputa. It has altogether cost £800,000, and is fitted up for the accommodation of 250 students, but I hear that the number does not actually exceed forty, which is at the rate of £20,000 per student.—London Truth.

The lady students of the St. John Ambulance Association of Birkenhead, England, outnumber the gentlemen. These pupils are not mere students of physiology and hygienic rules, but are practiced in the art of bandaging, removal of injured on stretchers and arrest of bleeding. Most of the lady students have joined the association from choice. Some of them are wealthy and independent, and a few, like the Duchess of Westminster, are titled.

Pointed Wit.

He—I saw a picture to-day that impressed me very much. It represented a soldier who was charging the enemy and advancing directly upon a bayonet in the hands of one of them. She—How I should like to have seen it. I like men who come to the point.—Yankee Blade.

One of the Results.

Customer (angrily)—Look here, Hafton, what do you mean by sending me this coal bill a second time? Why, man, I paid that bill a month ago and got a receipt for it! Hafton (consulting the books)—Um! Ah! Yes, I see. Well, don't mind that, my dear fellow. You see, my son was graduated from a business college, and this is some of his double entry bookkeeping.—Puck.

A Lost Treasure.

First Sweet Girl—Oh, did you hear the news? Mr. Nicsefellow, who is engaged to Clara Vere de Vere, hugged her so hard last night that he broke one of her ribs. Second Sweet Girl—Just my luck. I might have had him myself.—Philadelphia Record.



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