

A Wedding in Basutoland.

When I arrived at Jonathan's village that warrior was away with a band of his young men, so that I could not see him, though I saw his son at 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 fired at her out of a gun. It would not meet in front by about three inches, and the bodice was laced up by narrow bands of red silk, like a footballer's jersey. In her short woolly hair she had pinned a wreath of artificial orange blossoms. Down her broad back there hung a great gauzy lace veil, big enough to make a fly net 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 filly of the draught order at a country 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 shackled matron she put one of those gloved hands into mine with a simpering 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-ounce glove on (thank 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 vast enough to have brushed away a toy terrier, to say nothing of flies, but it looked a toy in that giant fist.

The bridegroom hung on his bride's arm like a fly to a sugar stick. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers braced 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 meek, but only succeeded in looking sly, hypocritical and awfully uncomfortable. At times he would look at his new spouse, and then a most unreasonably expression would cross his foxy face; he would push out his great thick lips until they threw a shadow all around him; open his dazzling white teeth and let his great blood-red tongue loll out until the chasm in his face looked like a rent in a black velvet gown with a cardinal's red hat stuffed in the centre. He may have been full of saving grace—full up 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 brand plucked from the burning; he rolled his great velvet-black eyes skyward, screwed up the slit which ran across his face and which he called a mouth, until it looked like a crumpled doornet, folded his hands meekly over his breast, and comported himself generally like an advertisement for a mission society.

From him I glanced to his 'pa,' who had given him away and seemed mighty glad to get rid of him. 'Pa' 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 of it. He was guiltless of anything or 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 of gewgaws of any kind in his great muscular fists. One hand grasped an iron-shot assegai and the other lovingly fondled a battle axe, and both weapons looked at home where they rested. He was not just the sort of a father in law I should have bankered for if I had been out on a matrimonial venture; but I would rather have one limb of the old heathen than the whole body 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 'Ma' and the bevy of damsels, as airily clothed as herself, I offered the snuff box to the pair. The groom took a tiny pinch and smiled sadly as though committing some deadly sin. The bride, however, poured a little heap into the palm of her hand about as big as

a hen's egg, regardless of her nice white kid gloves. This 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 out 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 ripped or gave way, until I began to be afraid for her. But the wreck was not quite so awful as I anticipated, and when she had done sneezing she laughed, and the sound of that laughter was like the sound of the sea on a cliff crowned coast.

A little later one of the bridesmaids whose toilet consisted of a dainty necklace 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 been stirring around in a soiled soup dish with an unwashed forefinger. It had neither body nor soul in it, and was insipid as a policeman at a prayer meeting. Some of the niggers got glorious merry on it and sang songs and danced weird, unlucky dances under its influences. But it did not appeal to me in that way; possibly I was not educated up to its niceties.

The wedding joys were of a peculiar nature. Bride and bridegroom, linked arm-in-arm, marched up and down on a pad about twelve yards in length; a nude minstrel marched in front and drew unearthly music from a kind of mouth organ. Girls squatting in the dust en route clapped their hands and chanted a chorus. The bridegroom hopped first on one leg and then on the other, and tried to look gorgeously happy; the bride kicked her satin skirts out behind, pranced along the track as gracefully as a camel; behind the principal

actors in the drama came a regiment of youths and girls and the antics they cut were worthy of the occasion. Now and again some dusky Don Juan would dig his thumbs into the ribs of a daughter of Ham. The lady would promptly squall, and try to look coy. It is not easy to look coy when you have not got enough clothes on your whole body to make a patch to cover a black eye, but still they tried it, for the sex seemed to me to be much alike on the inside, whether they dress in a coat of paint or a coat of scal-skin.

By and by the groom took his bride by the arm and made an effort to induce her to leave her maids of honor and 'trek' to ward the cabin which henceforth was to be her home. The lady pouted and shook his hand off of her arm, while the maids laughed and clapped their hands, dancing in the dust strewn sunlight with such high-kicking action as would form for any ballet dancer in Europe. The young men jeered the groom and incited him to take charge of his own. He hung down his ebony head and looked sullenly, and the bride continued to 'pout.' Have you ever seen a savage wench pout? Verily it is a sight worth travelling far to see. First of all she wraps her mouth in a simper, and her lips look like a fold in a badly doubled blanket. Then slowly she draws the corners toward the centre, just as the universe will be crumpled up on the day of judgement. It is a beautiful sight, the mouth which, when she smiled, looked like a sword wound on the flank of a horse, now when the 'pout' is complete looks like a crumpled concertina. The groom again timidly advanced his hand toward the satin covered arm of his spouse, and the 'pout' became more pronounced than ever.

The white of one eye was slyly turned towards the bridesmaids, the other rolled with infinite subtlety in the direction of him who was to be her lord and master, and the pout grew larger and larger, until I was constrained to push my way among the maids to get a look behind the bride. For I fancied the back of her neck must surely get somehow into the front of her face. When I got to the front again the 'pout' was still growing, the rich red lips in their midnight setting looked like some giant rose in full bloom that an elephant's hoof had trodden upon. So the show proceeded. At last one of the bridesmaids stepped from mid her sisters and playfully pushed the bride in the direction of her home. Then the 'pout' gave way to a smile, the white teeth gleaming in the gap like tombstones in a Highland churchyard.

I had been a bit scared of her 'pout', but when she smiled I looked around anxiously for my horse.

After a little more viewing the blissful pair marched cabinward, with the whole group of naked men and maids circling around them, stamping their bare feet, kicking up clouds of dust like a mob of travelling cattle.—[London Daily News.

Dog's Leg to Save a Man.

Here at last is an original dog story. Every one has heard of dogs saving lives and putting out fires, but it remains for a little San Francisco black and tan to give away its leg. A dog's leg is at present in the process of being grafted on to the ankle of Mr. C. F. Brandstedt. The operation is in progress in Ward M of the City and county Hospital of San Francisco. It is said to be the first time this peculiar form of grafting has ever been attempted.

The patient, who will hereafter be part man and a very small part dog, had two of the bones of his leg badly smashed. The bones were set and the wound healed except for one bone, which refused to knit. The bone had to be removed. A young dog of good birth and habits, weighing about twelve pounds, was secured. The man's leg was prepared aseptically. It was then treated with cocaine, thus enabling the patient to sit up and watch the operation with unconcern.

The dog was etherized and one leg was amputated above the joint. The ends of the two bones to be joined were carefully drilled for the silver wires which were to bind them together.

It was necessary for the wound to be allowed to heal for two weeks before the remaining portion of the dog's leg was amputated. The dog was laid outstretched, facing the patient, with chin and forelegs resting on the man's leg. The dog was tied in such a way that it always lay horizontally, whether the patient lay down or sat up.

Convicted by a Typewriter.

A typewriter was the strongest witness for the prosecution in a case of attempted poisoning just tried in New Zealand.

The prisoner, Henry Vincent Styche, was charged with trying to murder his wife through the agency of Dr. Sherbown Clayton.

The doctor told how he had received a typewritten letter describing a woman in chronic ill health who had said that she would just as soon be dead as be sick all the time.

The writer added that if the doctor should be called to attend this woman and

if she should die £200 would be sent to him three months afterward. If the doctor agreed he was to advertise in the local papers for a dog cart.

The police had the dog cart advertisement published, and almost immediately Styche's wife called on Dr. Clayton for treatment.

Styche himself called on the doctor and spoke about treatment for his wife, for whom however, he seemed to have great affection.

Dr. Clayton thereupon showed Styche the typewritten letters he had received. The man betrayed himself by his agitation, but nothing was done by the police. The evidence was not all in.

There was only one person, however, who could describe the peculiarities of the machine in the prisoner's office and who could swear that no other machine could in probability have such a combination of peculiarities.

Styche confessed that there was a joint insurance policy for £300 on his own and his wife's life. He declared that he did not need money, that he and his wifeloved each other deeply and that she had gone to Dr. Clayton of her own accord.

He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years in prison. This is the first time that a typewriter has been called in as a witness in a murder case.

A Scientific Robber.

F. W. Bond, who has just been jailed in Denver for highway robbery, is perhaps the only scientific highway robber in the world. He has studied his work, has reduced it as nearly as possible to a science, is looked upon as an authority by his fraternity, and is of course regarded by other robbers as a model.

Last week he confessed the three crimes for which he is now in jail. In discussing his methods he speaks as if he were giving a dissertation on some scientific subject.

'A man,' he said, shortly after his arrest, 'who has been in the business a short time soon drops crude and dangerous methods of holding up people and does it in a strictly scientific manner. The majority of people think that the way to rob a man is to hide in a dark alley and when the victim passes jump out at him and make him throw up his hands. 'Why, if we did it that way every one would break and run and we could not make a cent.

'The way I operate—and I think every good man in my line does as I do—is to walk slowly along the street until the circumstances favor the work at hand. When I reach the man I wish to rob I cover my face with my arm, if there is any chance for him to see my features, resting my gun over my wrist. If I am alone I cannot always do this, for I must use my left hand to reach for valuables.

'When two operate together the work is much easier. Then both can conceal their features and at the same time do the work nicely. I always let the man who is most nimble do the searching.

'As to the life of the highwayman, I took it up because I had no steady occupation.'

A Lady Mountain Climber.

Mrs. Fauny Bullock Workman, an American woman, has reached a greater elevation above sea level than any other woman in the world. She climbed to the summit of a lofty peak in the Himalayas in the neighborhood of the Skoro La Pass—a peak that towers above the sea more than twenty-six thousand feet. She is the first woman who has undertaken serious work in the Himalayas and Karakorams, those peaks on the backbone of Asia that overtop Mont Blanc by at least ten thousand feet. She and her husband, Dr. Workman, have just returned to London after their dangerous adventure.

Mrs. Workman tells of one adventure particularly thrilling. For five days her party was encamped in the neighborhood of the Skoro La Pass at an elevation of over seventeen thousand feet. Above the camp towered the lofty peak. At its base was an immense pile of debris, consisting of mud, timber and huge stones, many of the latter weighing tons. The little party had just moved from their camp to a plateau a few hundred feet, when with a mighty roar hundreds of tons of debris swept down the mountainside, completely engulfing the former camp site. 'Had we remained in the position ten minutes longer,' says Mrs. Workman, 'our bodies would have been broken into a thousand fragments.'

His Opinion.

'Do you mean to say that you have walked all the way from the town in which you last played?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, 'I always walk when there is an opportunity. The trouble about the drama of today, sir, is that its exponents put in too many hours over dull, prosaic time tables when they ought to be meditating on Shakespeare.'



A PLEASANT HOUR.