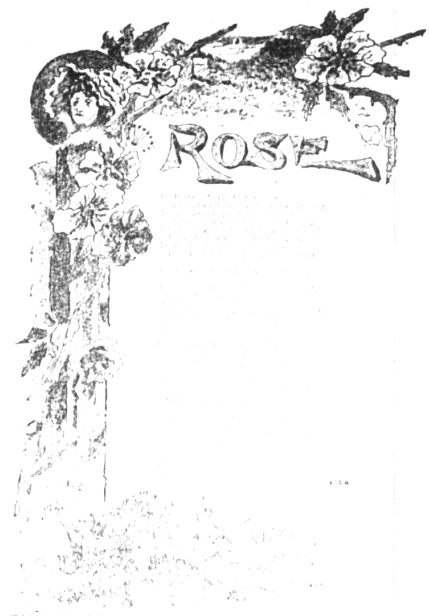

Her Ideal.

It is a long way from Corinth to Texas, but Rose Hudson, a young woman of Corinth, has gone to Texas to marry a man whom she has never seen, but who has corresponded with her for some time. It was the wish of her parents that she should begin to keep company with some one of the young men who were paying her attentions, but Rose was obstinate and refused to do so. She declared that she would marry the man of her choice or die an old maid. Finally her parents consented to her going to Texas to meet the man of her choice, and if they were pleased with each other to marry him.

Rose left Corinth Wednesday morning, and that night she was married to her correspondent, Mr. Hudson, at Mexia, Texas. Mr. Hudson is a well-to-do farmer, and Rose is very much pleased with her husband. Rose is a handsome young woman, and is highly accomplished. She is a graduate of the Corinth high school, and has taught school for several years. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hudson, who live on Fourth street, Corinth.—Corinth (Miss.) Special to Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"Is it true, Cynthia, that you are going to marry a man you have never seen?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Why, certainly. I want to get married, and I'm not particular about the man. I'm willing to take my chances with the rest of the girls."

"But don't you think it is rather risky?"

"Risky? Why, no. I'm sure to get a husband, and that's all I want. I'm not going to be an old maid, and I'm not going to work. I'm going to get married, and I'm going to have a good time. I'm going to have a husband to wait on me hand and foot, and I'm going to have nothing to do but spend money. I'm going to have a husband to buy me pretty clothes, and I'm going to have a husband to take me to the theater and to dances and to the opera. I'm going to have a husband to take me to Europe and to Coney Island and to the Catskills. I'm going to have a husband to do everything I want to do, and I'm going to have a husband to give me a good time generally. I'm going to have a husband to—"

"I should say not."

"But I want you to learn to do that. Go to work earnestly and learn to love me every bit as much as I love you. It will not be an easy task but I want you to put aside all this ideal nonsense and go honestly to work at it."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, when you have done that, I expect you to marry me and live for the rest of your life a happy, contented woman."

"And suppose I fail to fulfill your expectations?"

He sat so still for a moment that her excitement began to die away.

"Suppose I have already fallen in love with my ideal, how could I put all that to one side?"

Have you," he questioned gently.

She nodded shyly.

"Then you will be very happy," he said, "for I am very happy after waiting a month for you. Come, arouse and welcome your husband."

Then Rose left her worldly ambitions in the past, and, holding out both hands to him, stepped into his presence. Then she knew that love was the greatest thing in the world, and that she had found it.

Rose is still turning around with a happy face, but not upon the ideal husband. She has settled down to the real one, and will not change again.

Almost a month in Pittsburg, N. J. Then she will depend upon the weather. Thirty days was given from Paris, I've come to warn you of the danger of standing at that time. I have the warning and I'm here. Now, in the name of God, I implore you to flee from the wrath to come. Flee to the mountains, lest you be consumed. Flee to the mountains, I say, flee to the mountains!"

Then the preacher sat down, and the congregation sang a hymn. Then the preacher arose and said: "Let us pray." And he prayed that God would help the people to flee to the mountains, and that they would not be consumed. Then he