MANDY BUSBEE

An Episode of Domestic Life in the Mountain Region of North Carolina.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

I rode down the mountain from the forge through "beauties numberless." Nearnoon I came to a little cabin and stopped to see if I could get a cup of coffee and something for Captain Speed. A man responded to my hello, a tow-headed, stolid-faced mountaineer of the most inferior type.

Yes, I could get some coffee, as soon as Beeny got home. Beeny'd jest gone over t' git some sarvis berries an' he c'u'd see her comin' now.

So I sat down and waited, while he took the captain away to administer physical refreshment to him.

The woman came in presently, with a boy of about three hanging to her skirts, regarding me with speechless terror.

She set to work to stir up the fire, and, while stooping over the embers, burst out suddenly:

"He knocked me down an' kicked me, an' I jes' lef' 'im. He wanted me t' git up an' git wood, an' make far', an' I jes' wouldn't do it. Didn' do me right, nohow; an' when d'e hit me, an' kicked me, I jes' lef' 'm an' went to pappy's."

"Indeed!" said I; but she needed no encouragement to go on, as she had required none to begin. She was bursting with her subject, and the full cup overflowed at a touch.

"Yes, I did. I jest walked out th' door an' lef' ever'thing jest as 'twuz. He didn't 'low I'd go till he seed me on yan side th' gate, then he 'lowed ter little Gyart, 'run after yer mammy an' tell 'er ter come back;' but I never let on I heerd 'im. Th' next day I wuz a packin' a sack o' co'n by ter mill fer pappy, an' he seed me, an' sez to Gyart, 'Bawl, honey! Bawl's loud ez ye kin! Jes' holler an' cry fer yer mammy ter year ye.' But I never come anigh. An' I jes' stayed 't pappy's tell he come an' asked me ter come home."

She sat the coffee on to boil, and then added triumphantly: "He dassn't ter say nothin' hardly ter me now!"

I don't know what "he" may have confided to Captain Speed while watering and feeding him, but we both set forth refreshed and gay, and reached Moseley's, my friend's house, and the present end of my journey, in mid-afternoon.

The next day was Sunday, and while Flora and I were sitting in a little log meetin'-house, waiting for preachin' to begin, a woman walked past us with a pretty baby on her arm. I looked at her a minute doubtfully, the round face, big light eyes, and great coil of black curling hair, then back out the door. Sure enough, there against a tree leaned my tall, good-looking mountaineer of the forge scene three years ago. He was much handsomer now, with his hat pushed down on the back of his head, the dark curly hair over his forehead, and a different look of parlor and refinement about the whole face. The preacher came in just then, and I didn't get beyond asking Flora if she knew the pair, to which she replied with a smiling nod and a gesture that promised future disclosures.

When we got home I told her where I had seen Mandy and Jim, and how I had always wondered about their subsequent career.

"Why," said she, "you have got the prologue of our little neighborhood tragedy.

"They came here onto pa's place last February. Jim's a good stone-mason; and he built great quantities of stone fence to keep the creek out of the bottom lands, and some smoke-houses and spring-houses, too

"Mandy was smart and nice; kept her little two-months-old baby in clean white dresses, and seemed to be a good, hard-working woman.

"One Saturday in early March Jim and his five darkies were working hard to finish the creek wall, as it was evidently coming on for heavy rain. It was raw and damp, and Jim promised the darkies all a big drink of whisky around if they would get the wall done before night. They finished about 5 or 6 o'clock; he brought out a two-quart bottle of whisky, took a drink himself, and handed it around to the darkies. Then—mind you, then—he went in the house and offered the bottle to Mandy, sitting before the fire holding her baby. These women like a drink almost as universally as the men; but the insult was that he should offer the bottle to her after the darkies had drunk from it; so she took it from his hand and pitched it over behind the back-log.

"Whether the man has such a desperate temper, or had taken enough whisky to make him ugly, I don't know; but he tore down her great mass of hair, and, winding it around and around his hand and wrist, bore her head back against the chair-back, all the time striking her savagely in the face with his free hand.

"She first swung the baby down and out onto the floor by its long skirts; then she writhed and twisted herself out of the chair. Groping about for something with which to defend herself—he, all the time, holding her by the hair and beating her over the head and face—her hand came in contact with a low shelf, on which lay a sharp meat-knife. This she seized, and commenced plunging it into him wherever she could reach him. The struggle had begun at the fire-place, but had gradually worked around till he finally fell near the door.

"A moment later some of the negroes came running to the house in terror, yelling and screaming that Mis' Busbee had killed her ol' man.

"I caught Mamie by the hand and hurried to the Busbee house, but when we came to the door Mamie turned and ran, after one glance, back home, where she locked herself up with mother.

"It was a terrible sight. There, almost across the door, lay Jim in a perfect sea of blood, groaning frightfully; and a little back of him stood Mandy, her black hair all streaming about; her big, light eyes looking blank and confused; her white face cut, bruised and bleeding, the dripping knife still in her hand; her own and Jim's blood all over her.

"The baby lay where she had put it down, and its little face and dress were all daubed with blood, too.

"'Ring the big bell for father,' I said to the darkies, and three or four grabbed the rope and pulled as if for life.

"I knew something ought to be done, but I couldn't gather up enough courage to touch the groaning, bleeding man. I got a pillow and put it under his head. Mandy never spoke a word, but, still looking at Jim with those big, light, staring eyes, went and got up the baby, cleansed the blood from it and hushed it. Father came running with a face of awful terror, thinking, I am sure, that his entire family was being massacred from the way the alarm was rung.

"He soon had Jim's coat cut off, and was dressing his wounds, while one of the darkies got on a fast horse and ran for the doctor. I left father and the boys taking care of Jim, and took Mandy and the baby home with me to get her bruised and bleeding face and head bound up. She looked and acted like a stunned, stupefied thing, never saying a word except when addressed.

"When questioned about the matter she told us the story just about as I've told you, without the faintest sign of emotion or natural feeling. All night we sat by the sitting-room fire, listening and waiting for news of Jim. The doctor had gotten to him at about 8 o'clock, and was still watching over him. It was impossible to say whether he would live or die.

"At every slightest sound from that direction Mandy would get up and go silently through into the dining-room; there, standing at that long window that looks toward her house, she would listen and watch—she must have done so every quarter-hour all night.

"Jim lived, as you see; she nursed him most faithfully, and there apparently hasn't been any trouble since."

"Don't you suppose she really loves him, and suffered frightfully beneath that stolid exterior?" I asked, trying to infuse a little romance into Flora's rather bare and uninviting story.

"Oh, you know these people," said she, after a reflective pause. "They are strange creatures. I couldn't tell then, and don't know yet, whether she really cared much about him, or was only afraid he might die and something be done to her for killing him.

"You know not one in a dozen of these poorest and most benighted people has any moral sensibility or shows any natural feeling.

"Why, last summer there was a poor old man up toward the Roan, dying of some painful disease. One of his sons used to come every day to get a little ice for him. One day I went out myself to unlock the ice-house, when he said apologetically that he hated to make me so much trouble, he had 'lowed th' ol' man 'd be dead befo' he come the last time 'stid 'er troblin' me agin terday, but he wuzn't dead yit!

"It is the exceptions that show any feeling or have any aspirations, and these exceptions prove the rule.

"They are the most hospitable creatures in the world. They will feed you with the last bite they have in the house, urging you to accept it, but will cheerfully steal your very eyes if you leave them around within reach when they come to see you."

Flora said they had an old fellow in their neighborhood who used to steal her father's sheep and bring the pelts to him to sell.

Suspicious as wild Indians, too, they are, and will hardly ever give you a direct answer, but reply in shifting evasions. I have even seen them direct a person the wrong road.

A friend once sent one of these women to me to sell me some things, and gave her a note for me which said. "Watch this woman. She will steal anything that she can get her hand on."

She came and sold her stuff, but do you suppose she mentioned the note? Not she. She couldn't read herself, but carried it on down to the settlement and got it read to her, but never made a sign, and treats both my friend and me with the same stolid indifference she did before.

ALICE MACGOWAN.

MOSELEY'S IRON MOUNTAIN, N. C., July 20.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Our Plutonian Genius.

Lo! how malignity,
Linking with dignity,
Up through half-speaking,
Fierce, blazing tongues of earth,
Leaps from the lungs of earth,
Leering and shrieking,

Writhing and whirling, and
Winding and swirling, and
Swooping and soaring;
Seething and glaring, and
Rolling and flaring, and
Rushing and roaring!

Back from the force of it!
God's at the source of it!
See how it lunges!
Figuring fires of hell,
Mocking the ires of hell,
Madly it plunges!

Upward the gleaming mass,
Outward the streaming mass,
Mighty, terrific,
Flashes a story of
Strength and the glory of
God, the Omnific!

Ages expanded and
Progress commanded, and
Man, skillful-handed,
Caught up the gift of earth;
Out through the rift of earth
Force was disbanded.

Lo! how malignity
Bows to benignity,
Driven asunder
Down through our scenery,
Boon to machinery,
Mind-guided wonder!

Farewell to ravishing
Splendors where lavishing
Nature had crowned us!
Art will arouse and fold
Glories a thousandfold
Grander around us!

Down with the drill, and let
Other wells thrill, and let
Torches and laughter
Blazon and ring to the
Blessings that cling to the
World's hereafter!

Out of the tombs of the
Past and the glooms of the
Bygones, thou clever,
Inscrutable friend of man,
Flow till the end of man—
Flame on Forever!

—Tucker Woodson Taylor.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Evening.

The drowse and dream of the afternoon
Hath waned to the golden space,
When stars are aglow in azure sky
And weariness heart of grace
Doth take. O the tired feet grow light
To music of distant bells.
To tender voices that lisp "good night,"
To the prayer and song that swells
'Round the hearths of home, near and afar;
The murmuring cadence deep
Glows as the glow of a distant star
Ere the gold heads go to sleep!
Ere the angels ring the blessed chime
That tells of labor done;
The woof and web of Day's weary time
That stands in the loom all spun!

—E. S. L. Thompson.

MUNCIE, Ind.

To an Old Apple-Tree.

Those maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee:
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple-tree!

Oft hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
And once a sword-lunge of assailant thunder
Slashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease and battle
Have scathed, and crooked, and crippled all thy form;
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy nakedness hang rags of snow;
May charitable Spring, the gracious giver,
O'er thee her mantle throw!

She will; and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shalt drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In robes of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from winter's gloom
Thou issuest, with the young trees, glad as any,
As quick of green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thou quiver'st in the sunny
June mornings to the welcoming of song,
And bees about their business of the honey
Whisper thee all day long.

Thus thou art blest and blessest—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.

—Coates Kinney, in August Harper's.

The Way to Sleeptown.

The Town of Sleeptown is not far,
In Timbuctoo or China,
For it's right near by in Blinkton county,
In the State of Drowsylina:
It's just beyond the Thingumbob hills,
Not far from Nodville Center,
But you must be drawn thro' the Valley of Yawn,
Or the town you cannot enter.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown!

He starts from the City of Odreame,
Thro' Boohoo street he totters
Until he comes to Dontery Corners,
By the shore of the Sleeping waters;
Then he comes to the Johnny-jump-up-hills
And the nodding Toddlebom mountains,
And straight does he go thro' the Vale of Heighho,
And drink from the drowsy fountains.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown!

By Twilight path thro' the Nightcap hills
The little feet must toddle;
Thro' the dewy gloom of Flyaway forest,
By the drowsy peaks of Noddle;
And never a sound does baby hear,
For not a leaf does quiver
From the Little Dream gap in the hills of Nap
To the Snoozequehanna river.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby goes to Sleeptown.

Away he flies over Bylow bridge,
Thro' Lullaby lane to wander,
And on thro' the groves of Moonshine valley
By the hills of Wayoffyonder;
And then does the fairies' flying horse
The sleepy baby take up—
Until they enter at Jumpoff Center
The Peekaboo vale of Wakeup.
And this is the way,
They say, they say,
That baby comes from Sleeptown!

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Hollyhocks.

The hot days fold spring's tender petals down,
But even while we say, "The blooms are done,"
Lo! through the tangled garden cometh one
Clad, all unconscious, in her quaint old gown.
Perchance the old-time days we might forget
If hollyhocks ne'er set themselves ablow—
Ne'er like old dames and squires moved to and fro
In stately measures of the minuet.
Now art thou welcome, O thou old-time bloom,
Thou and thy friend, the fennel at thy side;
Our hearts like those in olden times are wide,
And in this new-day summer is there room;
So let the old flowers and the new join hands
In happy gardens through the waiting lands.

—Lucy E. Tilley, in Harper's Weekly.

Innocent.

New York Sun.

"Who wrote the Psalms?" asked the superintendent severely.

And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry. "It wasn't me, sir," she said.

THERE WAS NO CEREMONY.

The Carelessness of a Prospective Bride That Prevented a May and December Match.

Chicago Mail.

They were discussing a forthcoming marriage, in which the groom was old and rich, the bride young and beautiful, at the club the other night, and, of course, there was something said about the lady's motives in allying herself to a man of the age and physical unattractiveness of the prospective groom.

"She's mercenary," said one gentleman; that's the only explanation, and if the colonel marries her he's dead sure to bring upon his head constant prayers for his demise. He ought to know it, but you all know there's 'no fool like an old fool.' Praying for one's death may not bring it about, but it would be slightly unpleasant, I imagine, for a man to know that his wife most devoutly desired his exit from this world of sorrows and a consequent probating of the will. I remember one case, though, where an old man found out the true status of his young fiancee's affections just in time and blocked her game completely.

"It was in Boston several years ago. The old man was a friend of my father's, and worth two or three millions. At sixty-five he became infatuated with the beautiful daughter of a society widow of moderate means, and paid her devoted attentions. He finally won the girl. They were engaged and the old fellow was ridiculously ecstatic. He insisted on an early marriage, and the coy maiden consented.

"She and her mother went to the old fellow's magnificent house during the preparations for the elaborate wedding, and were comfortably installed. He showered presents on the girl, and she drove his horses all about selecting her trousseau and making the farewell single-lady calls on her friends, all of whom were delightfully envious of her luck.

"But one night the castles de Espagne that this estimable young woman was constructing were all swept away at one fell swoop. They disappeared like dust before a wind, and arid commonplaceness took the place of their gilded and graceful beauty.

"It all happened by an accident, as such things generally do. In the spacious grounds of the old man's establishment was a pretty summer-house. One evening about 10 he was sitting out there smoking a cigar, and probably ruminating upon the happiness soon to be his. The bride-elect had gone out to an evening party of some sort near by in the same street.

"While yet the old fellow sat she came into the yard, and she was not alone. A young fellow was with her, and they came toward the summer-house. The old man heard words of tender endearment and remained quiet. The young people entered the summer-house, sat down near the door, and proceeded to exchange osculatory favors and words of love, all unawares of the presence of the lady's antiquated betrothed. Naturally he remained silent.

"Well, they talked, and talked, and talked about the future. Lover's dreams, perhaps, but dreams with schemes in them. The old man heard how much Clara loved her George, and how when he died, which was to be very soon, she would come into a fortune, the size of which was very accurately estimated, and, how, when the marriage had taken place, George dear was to be gratified in more ways than one, the promise including a payment of his debts. Finally the lovers separated, and the girl went into the house. The old fellow, stunned by what he had heard, remained in the summer-house and reflected.

"When he had recovered his senses fully he went to bed and schemed. The next day an artist received a 'rush' order. It was for a picture, life size, of an old man sitting in the gloom of the far interior of the summer-house, while two young people in close embrace and earnest conversation sat near the door. The figures were from life, and done from photographs. The picture was completed in ten days. It was rough, but excellent in its very crudity. It came home, and was framed and hung at the foot of the bed in the old gentleman's handsome sleeping apartment.

"When the hanging was completed the was-to-have-been groom, with a sly, inward chuckle, sat down, wrote his check for $25,000, and sent for his fiancee and her mother. They came and he showed them the picture.

"Before the girl could either cry or speak and before the old lady could swoon, this foxy old party took the check, handed it to the was-to-have-been partner of his life, and explained:

"'Here, Clara, is my check for $25,000. You can get it at the bank this afternoon. That's as much as any court would possibly award you for breach of promise on my part. The cancellation of the check will be evidence of your receipt of the money. This picture I shall keep here as a daily warning to a foolish old man. The carriage will be at the door for you and your mother in half on hour and your trunks will be delivered when and where you desire. My advice would be for you to sail for Europe on a little trip at once if you desire to escape unpleasant gossip and inquiry, for I do not hold my sleeping chamber sacred from either my intimate friends or my servants. Good morning.'

"She took his advice and George went to Europe too. I don't know whether they were eventually married or not. I know the old fellow is yet a bachelor, and one of the most convivial and jolly of his class."

A COWARDLY DUELIST.

He Fired Before the Word and Was Shot Dead by His Antagonist's Second.

Detroit Free Press.

He was very gray, very tall, very angular, with a stoop to his shoulders and a suggestion of weakness in his step as he passed slowly along the pavement before the hotel windows. Yet there was about him a dignity that no one could overlook, and when he turned his eyes to the right or left it was with a keenness which told that thirty years or so ago those eyes must have been ill for an enemy to meet.

This was Colonel Robertson, of a certain Southern city, which shall be nameless. We were sitting idly over our cigars and heard his little story before the little group broke up and we went our several ways for the evening.

Here was a typical representative of the old and false social system of the South. He was once rich; in spite of all vicissitudes he is to-day well to do.

In the years before the war he was a leader at the bar, a leader in society, a leader in the church, and a man of the most exemplary private life.

He owned slaves, and deemed it but right that he should own slaves, but he treated his black chattels better than many men treat their wives and children.

Every night and every morning in his household his sonorous voice might have been heard reading the words of Holy Writ or raised in supplication to the throne of Grace. Many times, no doubt, this same voice has rung out: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Yet this man embodied in himself so fully the ideas of the society in which he lived, that in his youth and prime he was a noted duelist. More than one man has thrown up his hands, dropped his weapon and gone unshriven to meet his Maker as tribute to his steady aim and his cool and fearless judgment.

A week or a fortnight later the Colonel's feet have led his family flock to the familiar pew in a church, and he has prayed to the Lord to forgive him his trespasses as he forgave those who trespassed against him, believing that in some occult way an offense against personal honor must stand before the Almighty as an exception to divine rules. Colonel Robertson never gambled, never drank to any excess, never brawled; never sought a quarrel; but when the quarrel was forced upon him he was quick to resent and implacable in seeking his revenge.

I will tell you the story of his first duel. It was back in the fifties, when he went from his plantation, accompanied by a young and beautiful wife, for a few weeks of recreation in New Orleans, which was then the center of Southern gayety and fashion during the winter months.

The two had been at the hotel less than a week when one night a man who shared their table came in flushed with wine and made some offensive remark in the presence of the young wife.

The Colonel remonstrated, when the remark was repeated in aggravated form. The offended man at once arose, led his wife away from the table to her own room, and, returning through the corridor, met the culprit. A staggering blow in the face laid the latter prone upon the floor.

An hour later a challenge had passed and been accepted, and at sunrise the next morning, without a word to his wife, the Colonel went out to fight his first duel.

He was seconded by a gentleman from Atlanta, already gray-headed and a personal friend of his own as he had been of his father. When the retired spot selected was reached, the ground was quickly paced off, the men placed in position, and one of the seconds said: "Gentlemen, I will count three, then drop my handkerchief. At the fall of the handkerchief, fire."

All was ready, the Colonel's second stood behind him and a little to the right, and he who was to give the signal was midway between the contestants and just out of range.

"One!"

The men stood intent and motionless as statues with arms extended and weapons leveled.

"Two!"

Not a movement of a muscle.

"Th—"

The weapon of the stranger flashed, a lock of hair fell from just below Robertson's temple, and a few drops of blood trickled down his ear, which had been but just touched by the passing bullet. Before anybody could notice this, before he himself realized his narrow escape, there was a sharp report from behind him and at the side, and his antagonist staggered backward, dropped his weapon and fell dead. Colonel Robertson turned instantly to his second, who was coolly replacing a pistol in his pocket.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

The quiet answer came: "I do not shoot men in cold blood, but I give no quarter to mad dogs. I suspected this cur from the first and was ready for him."

So it will be seen that the hands of this tall and dignified patriarch were not sullied with blood when he fought his first duel.

THEODORE PARKER.

Reminiscences of a Man Who Met Him in Italy in 1844.

Dr. Francis Parkman, in August Harper.

On an evening in February, 1844, being then at Naples, a wandering student from Harvard, I was seated in the dining-hall of a hotel, when a man at another table attracted my notice. He was about thirty-five years old, with a bald forehead, spectacles, a thick, short nose, slightly suggestive of the busts of Socrates, and a large bucolic mouth. Opposite to him sat a young and pretty woman, with a fresh complexion and a look of extreme shyness.

"Where have I seen that Scotchman before?" I asked myself.

The supposed Scotchman presently looked at me, then whispered to his companion, who glanced timidly across the room and shook her head. The man soon after rose, walked in an awkward way to where I sat, and said, bluntly:

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"You are from Boston?"

"Yes."

"I think I ought to know you. My name is Theodore Parker."

"I have seen you," said I, with a gleam of recollection, "at my father's house, with the other ministers of the Unitarian Association."

"Ah, yes; that's it. I remember you now. I never forget anything or anybody. But what are you doing at Naples? I thought you were in college at your books."

I explained the matter to his satisfaction, and he introduced me to his wife. On the next day we went up Vesuvius together.

It was the opening day of the carnival, and entering the Via Toledo on our return we found that great thoroughfare filled with an obstreperous mass of humanity. A long file of dragoons, seated motionless on horseback, stretched down the middle of the street, and at the sides were two lines of carriages slowly moving in opposite directions, while incessant volleys of plaster confectionery were exchanged between the crowded balconies and the throngs below. Our barouche fell into line with the rest. Suddenly the driver, pointing down the street with his whip, cried out, "The King! the King!" And there, in fact, was King Ferdinand, discharging that part of his royal functions which consisted in encouraging his people to amuse themselves. He was a tall, large man, robed from head to foot in a loose black gown, and looking more like a minister of religion than a masquerader as he sat bolt-upright on a sort of triumphal car. In his hand he held a hollow, cone-shaped implement of brass that might hold something more than half a pint. This was constantly filled by an attendant with large sugar almonds, hard as pebbles, which his Majesty thus flung to right and left among his subjects. A few years after, flinging bomb-shells instead of sweetmeats, he earned from a grateful people the name of Bomba. In the same line with us, and a little in front, was a gaily decorated car filled with nobles of the court in masks. They stopped when they came opposite the King; the royal car stopped also, and a hot battle ensued, each side lustily pelting the other for a minute or two, amid a universal roar from the delighted crowd. Then the illustrious combatants saluted each other, and the two processions of carriages began to move again.

When the King was in easy range of our barouche, he discharged a volley of his sugar almonds at Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who sat on the back seat. One of them hit Mrs. Parker in the face, and the rest fell rattling into the carriage. Parker and I gathered them up. I tossed one of mine at a girl in the balcony above, and she replied with a handful of plaster confectionery, extremely well aimed. Parker reserved his shot for other objects.

A priest in a broad-brimmed hat, looped up at both sides, was pacing among the crowd, with the complacent gravity of one who felt that his person was sacred from assault. To the consternation of his wife, Parker threw an almond at him and missed him.

"Never mind," he said, "there'll be another soon; there's plenty of 'em."

In a moment he saw one more solemn than the first, and at once prepared for action, in spite of his wife's anxious remonstrances. It was a well-fed father, with a double chin.

"Don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes," said I, plagiarizing the order of Israel Putnam at Bunker Hill.

He took the hint, let the enemy approach till within a few yards, then let fly, hit him hard in the nose, and at once drawing himself up gazed solemnly into vacancy through his spectacles with an air of superiority to the follies around him, while the priest glared about in fury to find the author of the outrage.

SUMMER STYLES.

What Fashionable Women Are Wearing at Seashore and Mountain.

New York Evening Post.

India silks with beautiful rose clusters on pale cream grounds are among the cool and charming dinner dresses worn this season. They are trimmed with cream silk laces and flowing pink ribbons. Transparent Vandyke points of lace are let into the sleeves, the bodices are half low, and the skirts gracefully draped and demi-trained.

The combination of velvet with all species of tissue will continue to be a feature of costumes for day and toilets for evening wear the summer and autumn through. Ribbon velvet is plentifully used in conjunction with clairette, India silk, foulard veiling, mohair, tinted crepons, silk muslins, tulles, challi and a host of similar textiles, these laid in clusters to simulate stripes formed into choux and rosettes, as bands and straps for the corsage and sleeves, and in quadrille effects upon yokes, girdles, vests, plastrons, revers and cuffs.

The art and beauty of the latest summer tints and dyes are a delight to the eye, and to fully appreciate them one has only to look back upon the ugly greens, brick-reds, butternut browns, and similar crude colors of long ago. A fine idea of what these were can be gained by a study of the pieced quilts and "log-cabin" silk coverlets treasured in many households as proofs of the handicraft and patient industry of our ancestors.

Some of the white flannel costumes for the beach are made with Stanley jackets and shirt-waists of twilled surah, these in white also, with gold brier-stitching down each side of the wide front pleat. A loose surah belt in many soft folds reaches nearly to the arm-pits. This belt hooks at the back under the jacket, but the folds are first run through a very long buckle of gold, which is set diagonally across the belt just in front. The skirt is in the full straight English form now so fashionable.

Silk batiste toilets are very popular at the various summer resorts. A dove-gray batiste, combined with a rich, delicate design in white lace, forms an ideal gown for a sultry summer evening. Some exquisite tints in pale rose, mauve and primrose yellow appear among these diaphanous and beautiful fabrics. Mauve and primrose also appear in artistic tintings among the toilets of crepe de chine, made with Greek draperies that open to the belt on the left side, over embroidered accordion-pleated flounces of white lisse, that rival lace-flouncing in popularity.

There is a prevalence this season of the beige, ecru and brown tints which, in tones innumerable, are exceedingly fashionable both in dress and millinery. Not only is brown itself prominent, but all its kin, from golden bronze to every shade of wood-nut, mahogany, cuir color, coffee, cream and tan, to say nothing of maize, pure yellow, apricot, primrose, buttercup and all colors showing a trace of a yellow or bronze hue, particularly olive, fawn, amber, and mastic shades with a glint of gold in them, which have been so highly favored in the world of art and fashion abroad.

The belted round waists continue in high favor, and are made in various ways, the simplest and one of the very popular forms being the old-fashioned model seen in portraits of our grandmothers, with many rows of fine gaugings both front and back. Many fabrics arranged in this style are made up without linings; the waist is thus more easily and perfectly fitted, and is worn over a half-low silk underwaist. The dress-maker generally prefers having a lining of batiste or silk sewed in with the seams to strengthen them, but this does not do well with wash-dresses, as the two different materials will not shrink in the same proportion after being laundered. Another pretty waist very much used by those who have slight figures has the top laid in fine brier-stitched pleats to represent a pointed yoke. The sleeves are pleated and stitched to correspond, these pleatings just above the elbow on the full sleeve, and again at the wrist above the flaring cuff.

Although the majority of the sensible women have in a great degree overruled the dress-makers who have insisted that a short walking-skirt is passe and unfashionable, and in the end prevailed against their protests against shortening the demi-train now imminent as a sidewalk-sweeper, there are enough who have adopted the walking-skirts of senseless, untidy length to prove that fashion has still a formidable army of blind, enthusiastic, plastic followers, lead where she may. The wonder sometimes is whether, if the "goddess" decreed that women should adopt the cap and bells for church costume, or that they should appear upon the promenade attired in ballet costume, with skirts to the knees, the public would not speedily be treated to this new departure by a complacent band of short-skirted votaries. This sight would be no more offensive than that of the view of a semi-long skirt after a week's wear upon our streets—a frayed skirt-hem, tatters, garbage scraps, tobacco ends, mud and gutter filth—strong language, but euphemistic expressions can hardly be employed in describing the precise state of a dress cut as fashion dictates, and let to trail in the dust and ashes. Perhaps a few emphatic truthful words may have a little effect toward checking this minor crime of seriously threatening filthiness.

The Biggest Sucker Still Alive.

Philadelphia Press.

Possibly there was an error in the report published a day or so ago to the effect that the biggest man in Illinois had died. At all events, we don't believe that William M. Springer takes any stock in such stories.

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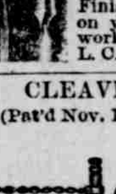

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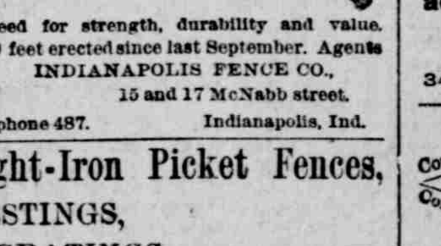

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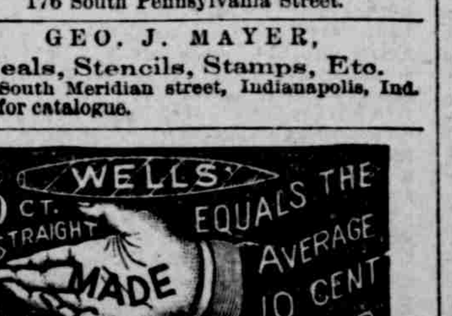

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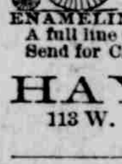

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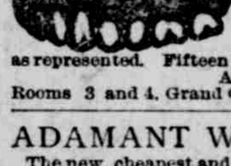

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