# FEMALE WOMAN.

## Old Rocky Pays His "Double-Breasted" Compliments.

### Elder Newberry Under the "Rod of Chastisement" — The Awkwardness of Woman with Her Mouth—One Poor Boy's Hard Luck.

Woman is a monstrous curious thing. She is most in generally always pritty. In my own day and generation I have seen the time when anything from a check sunbonnet or a bunch of calico, to a little piece of red ribbon tied in a bow knot, looked plum beautiful to me. And them that ain't to say pritty are more than probable to be good and sweet, or a great blessin and comfort to the old folks, or somethin along that line. But when a woman does take the bit in her teeth, as it were, and pitch out and try her level blamedest to be mean, she can be the gonebyest most meanest thing that ever breathed the native air and cumbered the soil of this great country.

**"According to the Scripture."**

Durin his last visitation amongst us—the night before he left on his return back to the old settlement—Ben Chris Weaver spoke forth and told me a whole long rigamarole in regard to Elder Newberry and the scandlous hard times he has been havin at home this past summer.

"You remember what the Word says, Rufe—the Lord chastiseth them He loveth," Ben Chris went on. "Well, the more I see of Elder Newberry and his wife the more I think about that Scripture and the great gobs of truth in it. If there ever was a good, honorable-minded man—a meek and lowly follower of the cross anywhere in all the regions around Panther Creek, I do verily believe that Elder Newberry is his name. The rod of chastisement was over the elder three years ago when he took up a fool notion to git married for the secont time. It was over him when he made his arrangements to mix clothes with the Widder Summers, and the Lord has been layin it on thick and fast and furious henceforwards ever since.

"Understand, now, Rufe, it is none of my infernal business how heavy and frequent the fatherly hand of chastisement is laid on Elder Newberry, or what scandlous hard times the elder has there at home with his home folks. For a common thing I don't go around and mix and muddle myself with no sich a messment. And I wouldn't be talkin with you right now touchin the elder's troubles and tribulations only from the fact that his old lady she broke out in a public place this last summer, and for a little more she would have busted up the big protracted meetin over at Ebenezer church.

"The elder, you must recollect, is one of the mainest pillars of the church and stands way up at the head of his class.

"I don't know—I don't reckon anybody knows for certain—what in the round created world the old lady means, but she has tried her level durndest to pester his natural life outen the elder. Some people say she lows to make the road so hot and dusty till the elder will either give up the fight and die, or pack up a few duds and run away from ho[me] and leave everything to her—which know, Rufe, he is right tolerable fixed in regards to this world's go[ods]. And by gracious, for a little while at Ebenezer that day it did look t[o] like the rantankerous old female t[hat] was elected. The elder keeled over dead faint on the first rattle out o[f the] box, and everybody thought he comin across with his last load of p[...]

**Under the Rod.**

"There ain't no tellin, Rufe, wha[t the] elder's wife had done in the main before she brought on that scan[dlous] big rippet and confusionment ov[er at] Ebenezer. But at any rates it w[ould] seem like she had took the job of w[eaning] the elder from his Bible and the ch[urch]. As for her, she don't take no sto[ck in] the church one way or another, an[d] don't even make out like she has go[t] religion. I have seen some men, that could sorter somehow worry along through life without the comforts and blessins of religion. But when I see a woman which, to hear her tell it, she don't need anything like that, I am bound to think that the devil is still doin business at the old stand.

"Now, it seems as if the elder, in his gentle, contrite way, had stood up as best he could under the heavy chastisement to the extent that he didn't even read his Testament only in the dead hours of night or on the sly. But somebody had to draw the line somewheres, and when the old lady give it out that Sunday mornin that the Newberry family didn't have no business chasin around after the preachers and the protracted meetins, the elder he raised his bristles and spoke forth. By the blessins of God he would put on his long-tail coat and go over to old Ebenezer church in spite of hot weather and high water—if it give the eternal jim-jams to the whole entire female creation. And, by gracious, he mounted his nag and went.

**Striped with Many Stripes.**

"In orderment to be plum fair and square with everybody, Rufe, you must keep in mind that the elder was all sorts of a fool about the time he took and married his secont wife. And durin one of his bad crazy spells it would seem like he had bought the old lady a fine silk dress and a tremendius fancy hat to match with it—which they tell me the layout cost him a little better than $30. My notion is that in playin the fool so promiscus with his secont wife before she was even bridlewise, the elder was bringin down the rod of chastisement and raisin blue stripes on his own back as it were.

"Anyhow, when the elder rid off towards Ebenezer church that Sunday morning the partner of his old age had the devil in her more bigger than a mule. She put right in, she did, and climbed up into her best Sunday clothes, and powdered and primped herself clean out of sight. Then she mounted a mule and lit out for Ebenezer. But when she got down there on this side of Murder Creek she met up with a crazy nigger woman by the name of Long Liza. The old lady got down and dismounted and made Long Liza retire with her to the swamp. And right there they pulled off and swapped clothes from top to bottom. It was all over within ten or fifteen minutes. Long Liza she went switchin on up the road with all of Miss Newberry's silks and satins and laces and ribbons and other finery hangin on her lean and lanky frame, whilst the old lady, rigged out in Long Liza's few dirty rags, mounted her mule onct more and pulled out for Ebenezer.

"There was a tremendius large crowd out that day. The preacher had took his text and was workin up into a weavin way, when lo and behold Miss Newberry swished in with a great swash. Everybody thought on first flush that it was Long Liza—pore thing—in one of her bad crazy spells. But bless gracious she waltzed right through the mainest part of the congregation, switched around to the amen corner and backed herself into a seat side by side with Elder Newberry. About that time the elder and everybody saw what was what and who was who. In the confusionment which followed the congregation forgot where it was and all about the sermont, the preacher had to take out and quit, and as I said before the elder he fainted on the spot and fell over in it. It then took all the brethren, with two hours of hard work and three buckest of cold water, to fetch the elder out of that dead trance. In the main time the old lady she had went out and mounted her mule and rid on back home. And late that evenin when a wagon driv up at the Newberry place with two or three of the brethren, and the elder sick unto death as they thought, lo and behold there she was hiked up out on the front porch as big as life, settin cross legged with a few of Long Liza's clothes on, and smokin a pipe to beat six bits."

**Awkward with Her Tongue.**

But you talk about woman—she is likewise also sometimes powerful handy and awkward with her mouth.

Joe Shaver, after a long lingerin spell of the slow fever, took and died one day last week. He was the oldest son of the Widder Shaver—which she has only got one son left, and his name is Billy. Joe was the mainest man on the place—tall and strong and handsome—bright and stirrin in business—the prop and stay and comfort of his old mother—whilst Billy is one of these little cotton-headed, hatchet-faced boys—18 years old, but no bigger than a minnit. He has got such a pale, puny, gal-like appearment about him till blamed if it don't make me feel sorry about somethin to look at him.

That night after Joe died a crowd of young people went over there to hold a settin up in respect to the last mortal remains. The widder she was all bowed down in the dust and ashes of her grief and desolation, and cried and talked and took on powerful.

"It is one of the most strangest things to me in all creation," says she, be[...]ars, [...] and [...] oth- [...] and [...] only [...] and [...] m— [...] dn't [...] s in [...] st in [...] now [...] eral [...] s till [...] peo- [...] pres- [...] d off [...] when [...] awk- [...] t bad [...] Lou Pickens.


[...] Periodic & Tonic.

For the [...] fevers [...] and [...]

[...] CELEBRATED PILE OINTMENT.

For the Cure of Piles.

Directions—Apply on the piles [...] times a day, when there is much inflammation [...]


Oncst upon a time me and Joe Nick we went way down there in the river country to a break down dance. For a common thing Joe Nick would hang out around the edges till the other boys had their fun and got ready to go home. But somehow we had managed to get him in the house that night—right in there amongst the girls, where they was so thick till you couldn't hardly stir em with a hot poker. And as the music and the dance went on and everybody else was havin such a heavin good time, Joe Nick braced up sufficient to take a hand in the proceedins. He didn't know a livin soul in the house but me and three or four other boys. But when they called the next set he pranced right up to Miss Mamie Lou and ask her if she would dance with him. She felt back a little, but then she saw how it was and went on the floor with him. Whilst they were waitin for the music to start and nobody else was talkin, Joe Nick spoke up in his loud, manly voice to Miss Mamie Lou and said, says he:

"You must scuse me, miss, for askin you to dance with me when I didn't know you and you didn't know me. I wouldn't of ask you if I could of got anybody else."

Well, bless gracious, Miss Mamie Lou she got mad — which nobody couldn't blame her for that—and wouldn't dance nary single lick with him. Joe Nick fooled and fumbled around for a few minnits and then went out and rid off towards home, cussin his luck with every breath.

RUFUS SANDERS.

**Kentucky Journalism.**

Col. Bludd (of Kentucky)—I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation, but I have to attend a law suit.

Friend—I did not know that you ever had a law suit. What is it about?

"The editor of the Blue Grass Bugle stated that I was a low down, drunken loafer."

"And you, of course, have sued him for libel?"

"Not at all. He has sued me for assault and batery, and the worst of it lies in the fact that he has a case against me."—Bay City Chat.

**Campaign Times.**

The bugaboo and the roorback
Were strolling on the way,
When the roorback met the bugaboo
And passed the time of day.
Says the bugaboo to the roorback,
"I hear you're doing fine."
Says the roorback to the bugaboo:
"Me? I'm working overtime!"
—Indianapolis Journal.

**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.**

He had put on his hat, coat and gloves, and was about to start for the club, to spend the evening.

"Hold on!" said he to himself. "I must kiss my wife before I go. Business before pleasure!"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

**Often the Case.**

And this deplorable fact
You have had occasion to note,
That the one who is saved, as a general thing,
Is the fellow who rocks the boat.
—Chicago Trubune.

**Been There Before.**

Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's Musicale)—Mercy! What are all these wash-boilers and flatirons, and things in the parlor for?

Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished those things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.—N. Y. Weekly.

**She Was Made Up.**

Lord Notcham—Just go and inquire if her ladyship is nearly ready to drive out.

John Thomas—Yes, my lord.

(An interval elapses.)

Lord Notcham—Well?

John Thomas—The lady's maid informs me, my lord, that her ladyship is not quite ready. Part of her has been accidentally mislaid.—Judy.

**Distinctive Facts Wanted.**

Mrs. Mover—What! Don't you remember Blank street? Why, we went there two or three times to look for a house.

Mr. Mover—Huh! Name some street we haven't been to looking for houses and perhaps I'll remember it.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Equal to the Occasion.**

"Waiter," sharply spoke the guest, "I ordered Roquefort and you have brought me Swiss. You ought to know that's not just the cheese."

"Yes, sir," replied the imperturbable waiter, making the desired change and slapping down a larger check, "that alters the kese, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

**Gloomy Prospect.**

"You're somebody now," said the neglected horse, looking through the inclosure at the prize pig, "but one of these days somebody will invent a sausage that can be made of the cast-off pneumatic tires of bicycles, and your name will be Dennis, too."—Chicago Tribune.

**Lots in the Same Line.**

"Jinks has the air of a man of considerable importance. What's his particular line?"

"Oh, nothing much, except telling other people their business and giving us all pointers on how to run the government."—Chicago Post.

—Chicago Record

AUTUMN SCENES ON THE FARM.
WHAT COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS ARE DOING AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

**Turn About.**

"Robbed the landlady of the boarding-house where he had lived for years?"

"Yes. Stole $200 in money and ran away."

"He was a most ungrateful thief."

"I don't know. The other boarders said it was simply a case of tit for tat. She cooked his hash and he hooked her cash."—Chicago Tribune.

**With a Personal Application.**

Mr. Meeker—Did you know, my dear, that the scientists say it is the female mosquito that bites?

Mrs. Meeker—I have no doubt of it. Probably she had to support herself while her lazy husband is down town talking politics.—Chicago Tribune.

**Good Advice.**

"I'm in a serious c'ndishun, phys'cally," remarked Col. Redbeake, as he urched into a drug store at three a. m. 'Wash'll I take?"

"I would advise you to take a hack," replied the man behind the counter.—Buffalo Express.

**Wouldn't Suit the Furniture.**

Doctor—No wonder you are sick. Open the blinds and let the sunshine into your room.

Fair Patient—Mercy! It wouldn't harmonize with this expensive furniture. Sunshine is disgustingly cheap.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Easily Explained.**

Husband—I don't understand why it should always take you two days to make your purchases.

Wife—Simple enough, my dear. I must have one day in which to buy things and the next day in which to exchange them.—Fliegende Blatter.

**The Benefit.**

Algernon—For a long time I was in doubt whether to kiss Miss Maude or not.

Alfred—Well, what did you do?

Algernon—Gave her the benefit of the doubt.—Washington Times.

Mrs. Letitia Loretta Walker, of Steubenville, O., has been a widow for 71 years. Her age is 111.

**Living in Hope.**

"I haven't had a ride in a carriage I don't know when," complained Mrs. Jaysmith.

"Never mind," replied her husband; "just have patience. Some of the neighbors will have a funeral one of these days."—Bay City Chat.

**Johnnie Found Out.**

"Little Johnnie opened his drum yesterday to find out where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from Little Johnnie."—Pick-Me-Up.

**A STRAY SHOT.**

Young Archey—Aw, no. I don't like to see a man too stout, but these spindle-shanked dudes disgust—

Miss Freshly—Yes? Excuse me, Mr. Archey, but a stray arrow has passed through the calf of one of your legs.—Bay City Chat.

**Out of Balance.**

"It always depresses me dreadfully to meet a bicycle scorcher."

"Why so?"

"I hate to see a man's legs work so much better than his brains."—Chicago Record.

**Well Directed.**

"Here, my boy, how can I get to the ferry landing?"

"Walk."—Detroit Free Press.

# ARP ON DROUGHTS.

## Philosopher Takes Time, Too, to Talk About Grandchildren.

### Politics Get a Word Also—Sage of Bartow Moralizes on the Financial Question and Says Repudiation Makes Him Tired.

Cobe was right. Cobe said we would have rain about the time the drought broke up. Cobe is a man of opinions. I asked him one day how his nabor, Mrs. Jenkins, was, and he said: "She is powerful sick—she is, shore. If she lives till morning I shall have some hopes for her, but if she don't I believe she will die." The long drought has broken at last, and we are all grateful, even if we are not happy. Hard times are on us and a hard winter just ahead of us, but old folks can look back and say it is not as bad as war. I thought that this full moon in conjunction with the equinox would bring us rain, but I wasn't counting on quite so much conjunction in family affairs. The autumnal equinox brought a telegram from Florida announcing the birth of another grandson, Ralph, Jr., and before I could answer the dispatch here came the little girls over the hill—all out of breath and wild with excitement—"Mamma has got another little boy, whoopee! the sweetest little boy. Oh, my, ain't you glad, grandma?" Why of course we are glad. When four girls come right straight along in a row it's time for a boy—a boy to grow up and wait on them and defend them and protect them. Two grandsons brought by the same equinoctial gale. Just think of it and ponder. And the old cow has found a heifer calf, besides—a little fawn-eyed Jersey. What's in the wind? And so this little chap over the hill answered the Florida telegram and said: "William Aubrey, Jr., sends greetings to Ralph Smith, Jr., and says hello! how do you like it? Your little cousin." And so it goes, multiplying and replenishing according to Scripture. Two more for parents to love and cherish and work for and pray for and hope for. Two more to fight the battle of life and have some school boy fights, too, I reckon. Two more to have joy and sorrow mixed, and to bring grief or gladness to their parents. Well, it's a hard time to have an increase in the family, for nowadays even an infant is right smart expense, but Cobe says "everything is adopted and there never was a 'possum born into the world but what there was a 'simmon tree close by." So let them come. "Hang out your banners on the outer wall, for the cry is 'still they come!'"

We are getting old, my wife and I, but we can welcome a few more grandchildren. I would like to live on a few years for their sake and chide them when they do wrong and praise them when they do right. Sometimes my chiding hurts their mother's feelings, but I don't care. Mothers spoil the boys and fathers the girls, and so it takes a hard old man like me to express my sentiments regardless of feeling. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little. Some time ago I threatened to spank a little grandchild to make her behave, and she looked astonished and indignant as she replied: "Mamma say me too 'ittle to 'pank." And she was, but the threat did her good. When school days come it takes a power of watching to keep the children straight. They not only leave their lessons, but soon catch on to all the slang and bad words and devilment that other children know. In fact a fond mother who has the worst boys in town told me her greatest trial was the association that her children had with the bad children in the public school. Poor woman—mistaken mother. It would be dangerous to hint to her that her boys were the talk of the town. I remember that about 30 years ago an exacting fraction teacher thumped one of our boys on the head with a book and called me a numbskull. I didn't hurt him much, but it hurt his mother, and she hasn't got over it yet. I don't know what made her the maddest, the "numbskull" or the lick. That is one good thing about the public school system—the teacher is not afraid of the parents, and it is one bad thing, for if he is a partial teacher or a fractious man he ought to be afraid.

A few more weeks of politics, and then we will have peace, at least for a season. How many lies have been told no man knoweth, but they are all recorded, and St. Peter keeps the books. I read the New York Journal and the Constitution every day, and when I get through I know that Bryan will be elected. Then I read—unwillingly—the World, and my faith weakens and my props are knocked from under until the next day. And so it goes. I elect Bryan and Sewall every morning and unelect them after dinner, and it's hurting my digestion. But I'm mad with these gold debaters who keep preaching honest money and talking about repudiation. Dogon 'em, confound 'em! They have depreciated my little property 50 per cent. already. I borrowed $500 on a town lot three years ago when it was worth $1,000 easy, and now I can't get half that sum for it. It has shrunk from an acre to half an acre. It won't pay my debt, and I can't hardly get the money to pay the semi-annual interest. That's a fact. Everything is shrunk but debts and grandchildren. Now, just put me back where I was—pour it back in the jug, and stop all this talk about repudiation and honest money. Do the money lenders want the earth? This strife is between the borrowers and the lenders—the poor and the rich—and all we ask is a restoration of the currency—an equalization of values. Repudiation, indeed! Money represents values, and the debtor class will gladly surrender as much property as the debt calls for, if the property is valued at what it was when the debt was made. After the war notes that were given during the war were scaled according to the law passed by the legislature. They were reduced to a specie basis. A $500 note could be paid with $100 or with $50 or with $10, according to its date. That was right, and it was not repudiation, either. And now if a man or set of men conspire to take away from me one-half the value of my property, let him scale his debt to meet it. Let them place me where they found me. That's justice. It makes me tired to see these bankers and money lenders swell up and talk about repudiation. It's all a one-sided business. "You take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard." They say turkey to me once. But all's well that ends well.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

# SMOKELESS POWDER.

### Large Orders Placed for It by the Navy Department.

Smokeless powder promises to revolutionize naval warfare. After several years' experimenting, the authorities of the war and navy departments claim to have found a formula which, they declare, will give this government the strongest and best powder known to the military powers of the world.

With a smokeless powder, fleet commanders will be enabled to maneuver in sight of one another, execute dangerous tactical movements and be kept at all times under perfect control by the admiral commanding, through the system of flag signals. The entire fleet drill book will probably be overhauled and allowance made for the ease with which signals can be used in battle.

In a few weeks the navy will purchase upward of 1,000,000 pounds of the new powder for the vessels in service, and this will be followed later by still larger orders until there is a good stock on hand for all emergencies. At present the factory at Newport cannot furnish the powder as fast as the ships require it, so that it will become necessary for the department to send its formula to some private powder manufactory in order to facilitate deliveries and increase the supply.

The last war shows that during some of the great fleet evolutions in the south ships frequently ran afoul of one another through their inability to navigate properly when obscured in smoke, and that many a mistake was made because the signals could not be seen from the flagship. There were instances, also, when one vessel fired on a ship of her own squadron, believing her to be a ship of the enemy.

With the new powder 20 vessels might engage with an equal number, but every ship would be able to read the orders of the admiral accurately. The same number of vessels in an engagement where the present black, slow-burning powder was used would develop a smoke cloud which, in five minutes after the action began, would practically shut out of sight each vessel from the other. The confusion on board when the men are not able to see those at the next gun is said also to have led to mistakes resulting in some instances in the loss of the vessel.

The adoption of the new powder by the army will necessitate alterations in the tactics applying to operations in the field of battle. The infantryman who fires with this powder at once obtains the advantage of having a clean field of fire.

But, on the other hand, he is unprovided with cover, either natural or artificial, there will be no protecting cloud of smoke to conceal him, and, should the enemy have found cover, he, on his side, is more vulnerable than when the smoke showed his position. The supposition that troops can be exposed to fire without knowing whence it comes is more or less fanciful, in the opinion of Gen. Miles and the best military tacticians in Washington.

It is admitted that with the suppression of smoke the advance against a position will no doubt be somewhat more difficult than formerly, but the danger will not be greater until within 500 or 600 yards of the enemy. Beyond this point, when distances can be judged with less difficulty, when the errors of aiming are small, and where the trajectory of the bullets of the new army gun will be altogether dangerous, it will make little difference, the experts say, whether smokeless or non-smokeless powder is used.—Military Gazette.

**German Rule in Alsace.**

The Elsasser Journal relates an almost incredible story of the Prussian "Bureaukratismus" with which the German officials rule the provinces regained by the war of 1870-1. A schoolmaster of Schittigheim in Alsace was seized with cramp while bathing and would have been drowned had not one of his colleagues sprung into the water and at the risk of his own life saved the life of his comrade. In almost any other part of Europe the brave rescuer would have been rewarded with a medal. In Alsace he was rewarded by a prosecution for bathing at a prohibited spot, condemned to pay a fine and two marks fifty pfennigs costs. This goes far to confirm the saying of a French critic: "The Germans would rule Alsace and Lorraine better if they had a little less strength and a little more wit."—Westminster Gazette.

**Twins Settled Their Differences.**

Mr. and Mrs. Milkegan, of La Grange, Ind., were hopelessly divided on the question of politics. Mr. Milkegan is a republican and his wife is a democrat. There is no telling what might have happened had it not been for the appearance on the scene of an accommodating pair of twins. It was decided to name one of the little chaps William McKinley and the other William Jennings Bryan and this proved a happy solution of the difficulty. How many thousands of married couples have been kept together by children!

**Gold in Coal Ashes.**

The ashes of coal from the mines of the Transvaal coal trust and other companies in South Africa have been analyzed recently, and found to contain nine pennyweights of gold to the ton.

—No woman smiles as sweetly on her husband as she smiles on her lover.