THE FASHIONS.

BLACK and white are certainly in fashion, but in stripes and pekins and not in checks.

ECRU lace is popular, and with net and insertion will form exquisite collars, yokes, berthas and skirt trimmings.

THE plaited and rosetted collars of chiffon are still to be seen; in fact, the lavish use of this material bids fair to last all through the summer.

THE fullness in gigot sleeves is disposed in gathers or plaits at the shoulders, the distended effect being attained equally well by both modes of adjustment.

SLEEVES for plain day dresses are always worn long, sometimes too long. Some end in the form of the mouth of a blunderbuss or of a flute, and are most unbecoming.

"You will notice that I have you on the string," said the boy to the kite. "Yes," answered the kite. "And that is what makes me soar."—Indianapolis Journal.

WE speak of some men as all wool, probably because they shrink at nothing.—Boston Transcript.

"THE curious thing about my business," said the mosquito, alighting softly upon the nose of the sleeping victim, "is that it's more fun to go to work than it is to stay to hum."

AN ALIBI—"Where were you when the assault occurred?" asked the judge of the victim. "Sure'n O'i dun' no', yer honor. He hit me so hard O'i couldn't say."—Harper's Bazar.

"Do you think that Blickens would deceive a friend?" "Of course not. None of his friends would believe a word he says."—Washington Star.

THE pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—Fuller.

REVISED VERSION.—Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also rip.—Yale Record.

RUFUS SANDERS.

The Sage of Rocky Creek on the Wishy-Washy Man.

The "Mainest" Trouble With Drury Griffin. Captain Bunting of the Long Creek Horse Guards—Through the Dark Valley.

(Copyright 1895.)

In every condition—in religion and in politics—it will pay a man to choose sides and pick his flag and then stand by the colors. As for me, I would a whole lot rather be somethin or other oncst a year and let everybody know it than to be nothin in particlar the year round. In my day and generation I have covered lots of ground and seen a heap of sights, you understand, but I have never yet seen a wishy-washy man that didn't back himself into a great fret and confusionment before he quit. If he is one thing today and another thing tomorrow and somethin else the next day he is more than probable to draw a blank before the game runs out to a finish.

The Most Unhappiest

Man now in regards to religion, about the most unhappiest and changeful man I ever run up with was old man Drury Griffin, which he used to run a little water mill down on Deer Creek. He was a middlin good farmer and the bulliest sort of a mill man, but somehow or somehow else he never could git along smooth and easy with his church. In religion old man Drury was jest simply two or three times too many for himself. He didn't have the necessary stickin and stayin qualities, whereas he was forever and eternally floppin around from the fire into the fryin pan and back again.

Old man Drury started out when he was a right young man by takin stock with the Old School Baptists over at Cool Spring church. Everything run smooth and easy with him for six months or a year, but late along in the summer they held the reglar three days meetin at Cool Springs, with feet washin on Sunday. Right then and there old man Drury got his back up and kicked over the traces. He didn't believe in feet washin and he wouldn't have no finger in the pie. He didn't make out like he was smarter than the preacher, and he couldn't give any scripture for makin the kick. He jest simply didn't believe in it and he never expected to believe in it if he lived nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

The church then got together and sent a committee to wait on Brother Griffin and talk some sense into his head if such a thing could possibly be done. But it was all vanity and vexation, you understand. Old man Drury got his dander up higher and yet more higher till presently the committee had to give him up as a bad egg and a gone goslin. He stuck to it that he was a genuine Primitive Baptist, borned and bred and brung up in the faith, but he wouldn't take no feet washin in his'n.

The committee reported the general results back to the church, and after short talks from various and sundry members touchin the pecurious conduct of the wayward and wanderin brother, it was settled that the case would go over to the next reglar meetin, hopin maybe old man Drury would git back into the fold. But instid of that he got worse and worse and still more of it till finally at last the church had to turn him out and put up the bars behind him.

A Cussin Methodist.

By this time, you understand, Drury Griffin was mad with the whole world in general, and Cool Springs church in particlar. The more he talked about it the madder he got till the next thing anybody knowed he was cussin worse than a stage driver. Along in protracted meetin times the followin summer all of a suddentlike he bloomed out as a full-blooded Methodist and got his name on the books over at Bark Log church. He was fightin mad with the Old School Baptists and wanted to git as far away from them as possible jest for spite, whereas he run slap out to the other end of the rope. It was a monstrous long jump, but Drury made it at one leap.

But it want many months before they had him up before a church meetin over at Bark Log charged with sayin things unbecomin to a good member of the Methodist church. To put it in plain United States he had been cussin to beat six bits till the church couldn't stand it no longer. When they brought Drury up Elder Smith took the case in hand and put in some straight questions.

"Brother Griffin," says he, "the news has come to the church that you have been cussin and carryin on till it is a plum scandalation. The church is bound to keep her skirts clear and unspotted from the world. Have you got anything to say as to why you should not be treated like a weak and wayward and wanderin brother?"

"I will own up to cussin a little around the edges," says old Drury, but as to my general walk I am willin to show records with any man in the church. I am as good a Methodist as you are Elder, but whensomever I git right mad I maybe mought cuss a little. I have heard tell of cussin Methodists all the days of my life, and my notion is that the best of Methodists will cuss a little when you stir 'em up and git 'em good mad. My mainest weak pint is for cussin, but on general principles I am as good a Methodist as any of the committee. Methodist, Methodist is my name, and Methodist will I die."

They wanted old Drury to take it all back and say he was sorry, but he couldn't see it that way. He went on from bad to worse with his weak pint for cussin, till the church got together and throwed him overboard, and the old ship sailed on and left him.

From Pillow to Post.

For a long time after that Drury stuck to it that he was way yonder a better Methodist than any of the crowd that had turned him out. He then give it out that he was goin to build up and establish the true Methodist church. He went out in an old field clost by Bark Log and knocked up a pine pole cabin, which he called the True church. He put in a pulpit and made some benches and bought a Bible. Then he fell in with Parson Zeb Newton—which you understand Zeb had been turned out for ridin the circuit with a squealin chestnut sorrel horse—and put him in to be the preacher of the true church. But it soon come to pass that the True church didn't draw like Drury and Zeb thought it would. Zeb was the preacher and Drury was the church, and there they stood. As time went on they found out that they want turnin the Christian world upside down any to speak of, so they held a few private cussin matches together and adjourned the meetin and took out and quit.

Well, as time went on old Drury put his name in with first one church and then another till he didn't have no where to go. He put in with the Presbyterians but soon got his back up because they set down to sing and stood up to pray. He lowed that want in line with his notions of religion, so he pulled out and quit.

The next thing anybody knowed he had jined in with the Episcopal church, but he couldn't stick there six months. He lowed dancin was worse than cussin accordin to his doctrines, and besides that they didn't do nothin in church but read prayers and sing songs, and kneel down and git up, and then git up and kneel down. So he "riz and fell with 'em" as long as he could stand it, and then dropped out into the cold world oncst more.

The plain unwashed truth is that any church and all the churches was too good for Drury Griffin. The mainest trouble with Drury Griffin, you understand, was the general all-around cussedness of Drury Griffin. He lived on to a good old age, made plenty of money and left his folks in good fix. But he died out of the church and out of sorts and out of line with the whole entire human family. And he died for the good of his country.

Here lately I have seen and heard a right sharp about the soldier boys trapsin around and goin off to their summer camps and drillins. It puts me in mind of Captain Steve Buntin and his soldier boys, and the Saturday evenin drillins they use to have. Steve Buntin stood I reckon about six feet and three axe handles in his socks, you understand, and covered all the ground he stood on.

Soon along in durin of the first year of the war the boys over on Long Creek fell in together and got up a soldier company they called the Long Creek Horse Guards, which Steve Buntin he was the Captain. They had their reglar weekly drillins every Saturday evenin, and whilst they didn't raise no scandlous big lot of fuss and feathers they meant war and war meant fightin, and when the time come they fit like so many tigers all the way from Sumpter's battered walls to the famous apple tree.

But I started out to tell you somethin more in partielar about Crptain Steve Buntin and the drillins him and his men use to have. It was then in the summer time, you understand, and all the work stock about the farms was busy peepin through their collars and pullin the plows and wagons. So consequentially Captain Buntin and his boys had to hook up their brood mares and ride over to the old field where they had their drillin grounds. And naturally of course there was a young colt followin along at every mare's heels. The boys had made Steve their Captain because he stood way up yonder higher than they rest and made a monstrous fine appearment on a horse. But as to Steve, he didn't know no more about military matters than a mule knows about mathematics. He didn't know but for general orders, and I recollect till yet how he use to give them out to the boys. He needed two to start and then two to stop. In orderment to start up the drillin he would say:

"Company —— attention! Ride your horses."

Then he would ride off ahead and lead the boys round and round, back and fourth across the old field for hours and hours. Then by-and-by in orderment to come to a stop he would say:

"Company —— halt! Suckle colts."

But whilst there want no stars and stripes or fancy trimmins on Captain Steve Buntin, when his country called him in dead earnest he showed down like a thoroughbred, and I reckin no doubts the most gonebyest fighters that ever raised the rebel yell was the Long Creek Horse Guards.

Through the Dark Valley.

The news come through Aunt Nancy Newton from Panther Creek one day last week to the extent that old man Dabny Grayson was dead. It want to say in no ways surprisin to me to hear that old man Dabny had passed on through the dark valley, you understand, but it put me in mind of what Blev Scroggins loves to say—"some folks have sense, whilst others have fits."

Old man Dabny had been a stirrer from base, and a stirrer from his youth up. By hard work ond clost figuration he had managed so as to git ahead of the hounds and buy a good farm and raise up a fine crop of children and save some money. Raley nobody couldn't blame old man Dabny—accordin to the hard fight he had to make—but he was famous as the clostest and most stingiest man in all that region of country.

Two or three years ago a stranger from somewheres up North went down through the Panther Creek settlement and tarried over for a few days. By-and-by he put in and bought forty acres of land from old man Dabny—in woods and hills and hollows over on the creek—for a hundred dollars. In tellin me about it old man Dabny was braggin powerful on the trade.

"That land aint good for nothin, Rufus, except to hold the world together," says he. "The timber is scrubby and whilst there are some big springs over there, even to the water aint fitten to drink. Blamed if the water don't jest naturally stink, and it smells like rotten eggs."

But the stranger from somewheres up North want gone nowheres, you understand. He soon give it out that he had found the bulliest sort of sulphur water on his land. Then he went off and worked up a boom, and come back and sold out to a crowd of town men for two thousand dollars, which they are now fixin to build a big hotel over there and take summer boarders.

And that was what ailed old man Dabny Grayson—he got the news and I couldn't keep from thinkin about the big things he had missed. Up to that time he was hale and hearty, but after that he moped and moaned till the last shower come and he had to take out and quit.

RUFUS SANDERS.

IN the year 1890 iron mining was carried on for commercial purposes in twenty-eight states.

He Will Not Drown Himself.

(*From the Troy, N. Y., Times.*)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburg, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war, and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes and a past aide de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter, he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me together with others to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100-mile ride and sunstroke was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism. A completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia and constipation are about gone, and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up, and I could not straighten my leg out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven, I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy, and that I can sleep nights, you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful pressure from my head, and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

What Distinguished Him.

Miss Castique—So you are engaged to that Mr. Atkinson, are you not? Now, tell me honestly, what can you see in him that distinguishes him from all the other men in the world whom you ever met?

Miss Pasee (with unlooked-for frankness)—He asked me to be his wife.—Tit-Bits.

Easily Accomplished.

Mrs. Sunklands (an Arkansaw matron)—I hear tell that Jim Clayctah says he's goin' to move his family back to Gawgy as soon as he kin settle up his affairs.

Mr. Sunklands—Settle up his affairs? Why, Lawd! All in the world he's got to do is to po' a gourdful of water on the fire and call the dawgs.—Puck.

What the Fad Will Come To.

Jane—If you please, ma'am, as it's my night out would you mind lending me your bicycle?

Mistress—Oh, certainly, Jane, take it by all means. And if you look in my wardrobe you'll find a pair of last season's knickerbockers, which you may have if you like.—Boston Home Journal.

The Cannibal's Quandary.

"I don't know what to do with that chappie we got out of the last shipwreck," said the chief to the cannibal king.

"What's the matter?"

"If we take his cigarettes away from him he'll pine away and get thin."

"Let him keep them."

"Then we'll spoil the flavor of the stew."—Washington Star.

The Trustfulness of Love.

"You know, dear," said Miss Dolyers, frankly, to her accepted suitor, "you know we get none of papa's money while he lives."

"I quite understand that, my precious pet," replied the young man, with the light of love in his eyes. "We will invite him to live with us, put a folding bed in his room, and hope for the best."

Something to Be Proud Of.

"This box isn't the regular size," said the woman who had purchased some strawberries.

"That box, ma'am," replied the vender impressively, "is the achievement of statesmanship."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a compromise measure."—Chicago Mail.

Incompatible.

"You want a divorce from your wife, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What grounds?"

"Incompatibility. She and the cook are quarreling continually."—Detroit Tribune.

The Coming Pop.

Winebiddle—There is one reform the emancipated woman will insist upon when she gets into power.

Callowhill—Name it.

Winebiddle—She will make every year a leap-year.—Judge.

A Scientific Answer.

An intelligent boy in the national school of a large and popular town in Lancashire on being examined, among others, by the commissioner, was asked: "Do you know any of the effects of heat and cold?"

"Yes, sir; heat expands and cold contracts."

"Good, my boy—you have answered well; now an example."

"Why, sir, the days in midsummer are the longest and in winter the shortest!"—Once a Week.

Love on the Bike.

He sighed: "Give me my answer now."
She said: "Kind sir, my heart is mine."
But when she spied that brindle cow
With crumpled horn and horrid low
She gasped: "Dear George, I'm thine!"
—Judge.

Would Take No Chances.

"Shall I return his presents?"

"No. He might be mean enough to accept them."—Life.

Right You Are.

Glass houses are usually held together by the beams in one's own eye.—Life.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Tennyson's mother was always regarded by him as a model for all other mothers. He once said: "The training of a child is woman's wisdom."

—Capt. William Penn Stedman, who is employed in the agricultural department at Washington, asserts that he was the real captor of Jefferson Davis at Irwinsville, Ga., May 10, 1865.

—George Eliot's portrait represents her as having a remarkably unprepossessing face, with heavy nose and chin, and thick, badly-shaped lips. She would be pronounced positively ugly.

—John Chrysostom often spoke of the tenderness of his mother, and quite as often of her beauty. He believed that the eloquence which gave him so wide a reputation was inherited from her.

—Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II., was singularly gifted, both in person and intellect, but in spite of her beauty and her good sense, she was never able to win the love of her dissolute husband.

—Byron Sturtevant, a grocer of Port Clyde, Me., is said to be the most obliging man in Maine. Recently one of his neighbors wanted his horse for the day. Mr. Sturtevant needed the horse in his delivery wagon, so he let him have the horse, and wheeled his groceries about town on a wheelbarrow, going in some cases as much as a mile.

—Gen. Sam Browne, as he is familiarly known, is one of the few men who took a prominent part in the stirring events in the early history of Colorado. He was born May 12, 1822, in Pennsylvania, near the battlefield of Antietam. While a captain in the regular army he resigned and was appointed assistant registrar of the United States treasury.

—Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, was on the verge of starvation, actual death staring him in the face, when he made his first success. His recovery was due to the lady who is now his wife. He lay in a garret, slowly waisting away with typhoid fever, when a poor actress living in the same building took pity upon him, nursed him back to life, and afterward introduced him to the theaterical world.

—When Will Allen Dromgoole, the southern novelist, applied for the place of engrossing clerk in the Tennessee house of representatives several years ago she signed her application to a member of the house: "Will Allen Dromgoole." The answer she received ran as follows: "Dear Bill—I got your letter all right and would like the best in the world to give you a job, but I'll be d—d if I vote for any man while there are so many deserving and charming young women looking for a position of the kind." The woman took the hint, set the representative right and received the appointment.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, by turns abolitionist, woman suffragist, patriotic poet, prose writer and philanthropist, is, perhaps, most prominently regarded by the women of America as the stanchest sort of an advocate of the formation of women's clubs. "I think these clubs have accomplished a vast amount of good," she said recently. "They have had a wonderful educational value in broadening and quickening the opportunities of women to gain knowledge. Persons unfamiliar with the inside history of clubs whose membership is exclusively feminine would be surprised to learn the number of good, serious ideas that one usually gains by an afternoon's attendance on them."

HUMOROUS.

—It is all right to dot your i's, but the wise man will go a long distance out of his way to escape crossing a pink tea.

—"Yass," said Cholly; "the guvnah gives me money to burn, but I don't do it, y' know. Going to the races is quickah."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Stout Lady (at street crossing, to policeman)—"Could you see me across the street, officer?" Policeman—"Sure, ma'am, I could see ye tin times the distance, aisy."—Tit-Bits.

—Father—"What do you mean, sir, by hugging my daughter?" Jack Ford—"I was merely obeying the Biblical injunction to 'hold fast that which is good.'"—Harlem Life.

—She (on her voyage)—"What is that place down there?" He—"Why, that is the steerage." She—"And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—Boston Traveller.

—Why does the poet look so sad?
Why is his life a wreck?
He always gets his poems back,
And never gets a check.
—Somerville Journal.

—Freddy (five years old)—"Boys keep away from me." Chorus—"Why, what's the matter?" Freddy—"The teacher said I was sharp to-day, and you might get cut."—Harper's Round Table.

—Tommy—"May I have some bread and sugar, mamma?" Mamma—"Why do you always want bread and sugar, and never bread and butter?" Tommy—"Because, mamma, sugar's only worth five cents a pound, and butter's about forty."—Harper's Bazar.

—Jack had been to the barber shop with his father. On the way back he asked, "Was that charlotte russe he put on your face?" "No, my son," was the reply. "That was lather." "Oh!" said Jack. "I wondered why you let him whittle it off without tasting it."

—A Portuguese artificer who was suspected of free-thinking was at the point of death. A Jesuit who came in to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said: "Behold the God whom you have so offended. Do you recollect him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man; "it was I who made him."—Argonaut.

—One of the city's bright lawyers said a clever thing the other day. He was seated with a group of friends and one of the parties present persisted in monopolizing more than his share of the conversation. As the men separated one of them said to the lawyer: "That——knows a great deal, doesn't he?" "Yes," replied the lawyer; "he knows entirely to much for one man; he ought to be incorporated."—Chicago Mail.

—"Maudy," said Farmer Corntossel, as he set down a bucket of spring water and leaned against the doorpost, "ain't the Goddess of Liberty a female?" "'Course." "Ain't Queen Victoria a lady?" "Certainly." "Ain't all our ships called she?" "Invariably." "Ain't the statoo of freedom in the feminine gender?" "It is." "Well, what do you 'mancipated women want, anyhow, the earth?"—Credit Lost.

ALBERTA—"I do wish it were not the custom to wear the engagement ring only on the third finger of one's left hand." Alethea—"So do I. I can't get more than half my engagement rings on at one time, now."—Life.

MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.—Colton.

IF you would shine in the world, be a bootblack.

WHAT is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

THE success of a church-choir singer is after all, a matter of chants.

"DID you go to church yesterday?" "No, but I did the same thing. I took a nap."—Life.

A LOVING heart incloses within itself an unfailing and eternal Eden.—Richter.

A MEDICAL writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

IF you want to learn just where a man stands, follow him into a crowded street car.—Texas Siftings.

"I CONCLUDE that's a fly," said a young trout. "You are right, my dear," said its mother, "but never jump at conclusions."—Household Words.

CIRCUS men turn everything to their own advantage—even a handspring.

LIBERTY is a principle; its community is its security—exclusiveness is its doom.—Kossuth.

A RICH St. Louis girl is about to marry an Indian. Fortune seems to favor the brave.—Texas Siftings.

HE—"I've a good mind to kiss you." She—"You'd better mind what you're about."—Boston Transcript.

LITERARY men are a good deal like hens. The author lays a plot and then the editor sits on it.—Texas Siftings.

IF Solomon lived in these days the bright young men would ridicule him unmercifully.—Atchison Globe.

WOULD they could sell us experience, though at diamond prices, but then no one would use the article second-hand.—Balzac.

DEAR summer maiden, I would say
The nicest way to woo
This season is to swing all day
In a hammock built for two.
—Judge.

"TALK about tender-hearted children," said Anna Post, rocking reflectively in her chair, "I never saw anybody to equal the Marshall boys. You couldn't ask either of 'em to fetch in a pail of water, but he'd burst right out crying."

"WHAT must precede baptism?" asked the rector, when catechising the Sunday-school. "A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.—Ex.

IN nine cases out of ten the man who has riches paid too much for them.—Ram's Horn.

THE language of flowers—$, $, $, $, $.—Puck.

A. N. K., F 1563