

DOWN ON ROCKY.

Rufus Sanders Among the Living and the Dead.

Parson Lester and Abner Hunter Have "Gathered Up Their Feet, As It Were"—Only One "Winnin' Pint"—Good Time to Quit.

Here lately in the past few days two of the most wisest known men in all this scope of country have gathered up their feet, as it were, like Jacob of old, and fell in line with the great and silent majority—old Parson David Lester and Abner Hunter. Everybody will miss Parson Lester from his familiar place amongst the scenes and things of this feeble old world.



He Met "Hell-Roarin Bill." But whilst old Parson Lester was kind and gentle and patient with all mankind—never looking for a rucus and never givin any grounds for one—if a man was out lookin for a fight, but not partial anxious to find one, I would advise him to take the other fork of the road before he got to the Lester place. They tell me that onest upon a time in his young and wayward days the parson was bad medicine and tremedius big doses—hot stuff and a whole passle of it.

Before now everybody in the regions around Rocky Creek have heard tell of the time when old Parson Lester and "Hell Roarin Bill," from Georgia, met up together at the Panther creek bridge on the old Stage road. Hell Roarin had took up a fool notion in the meantime that he was predestinated to be a great fighter, and to hear him tell it he had started a little private graveyard of his own back there in Georgia, where he come from. Anyhow, with his heavy drinkin and hard cussin, he was a holy terror to the surroundin country.

Here lately I have been thinkin a right smart in regards to the best time of year to quit. The best time to quit cussin and drinkin spirits-of-cats-a-fightin is jest before you start. The best time to quit eatin is when you git enough. The best time to quit work is before you git too tired.

"Light off that horse, old Saddlebags, and dance a few steps for me," says Hell Roarin with a loud voice as him and the parson both rid up and met together right there at the bridge. "Reckon you must be mistaken in the man," says the parson. "I am a preacher, and I can't dance."

"This is Hell Roarin Bill from Georgia, and you will consequentially have to dance," says the holy terror. "It don't make a continental bit of difference who you are or where you come from," says the parson in his slow, steady way of talkin.

"Then, by the grace of God—as a meek and humble follower of the Cross," says the old parson, "I call upon you, Hell Roarin Bill, of Georgia, to take one of these weapons and save your life."

In the maintime old man Tommy Pickens and two of his boys had driv up to the bridge on one side, whilst Bunk Weatherford and Lige Rummels rid up on the other side, and all stopped to see the show out.

"Has the gentleman from Georgia been to breakfast this mornin?" says the parson.

"Well, then," the parson went on, "know all men by these presents that I, David Lester—called and sent forth and predestinated from the foundations to preach the Gospel to a lost and ruined world—do now command Hell Roarin Bill from Georgia to humble himself in the presence of mortal man and eat dirt."

"Naturally of course Hell Roarin didn't want any dirt for breakfast. But it was dirt or die, so he took the dirt.

"And now finally at last," says the parson, "as a plain American citizen, I would request Hell Roarin Bill of Georgia that the day and hour have come for him to move his washin out of this peaceful and pleasant country henceforward and forever."

And then Hell Roarin moved. As to whether he returned back to Georgia or went on out west to build fresh graves in a new country, the witness could not say for certain.

But old Parson Lester—always good and kind and gentle, but takin no draggin from any mortal man—lived his life out right around in the settlement where he was born and bred and brung up. Now his works do follow him—particular that famous dancin lesson which he taught unto Hell Roarin Bill from Georgia down there at Murder Creek bridge—and everybody will miss him from his familiar walks amongst the scenes and things of this green and fleetin world.

Only One "Winnin' Pint." For somethin better than a week—since the golden Indian summer day when Abner Hunter died—I have been tryin to think of somethin good to say in regards to his name and memory. Well, Abner Hunter was a mighty good man to have around the sick or the dead. If he was worth a continental for anything else in this round created world I don't know what it was.

And now since Abner Hunter is dead and gone the common way of all human flesh, I am glad that I can look back and find one winnin pint in his general character.

A Good Time to Quit. Here lately I have been thinkin a right smart in regards to the best time of year to quit.

The best time to quit cussin and drinkin spirits-of-cats-a-fightin is jest before you start.

The best time to quit eatin is when you git enough.

The best time to quit work is before you git too tired.

And the best time to quit smokin your pipe is before you set smethin on fire.

Old man Berry Ringstaff fell out with his pipe and quit it one day last week. But he was a few minutes too late.

It was a clear and gusty day, you understand, and the old man had started to town with a bale of cotton on his ox wagon. The wind took and blowed the fire outen his pipe onto the cotton, and the whole thing was in a light blaze quicker than you could say seat with your mouth open.

The Good Book tells us that there is a time for everything. And blessed is the man that knows a good time to quit.

A Little Surprise at Home. Von Blumer—I had the most singular thing happen to me the other day. Did you ever go into a man's place to pay a bill you owed him and find him out? Plankington (emphatically)—No, sir. Did that happen to you?

"It did. I had a notion, or rather, I nerved myself up to it, to settle up some bills that I owed. So on my way up from the office I dropped in to see my fishmonger."

"And he was out?" "Correct. Then I tried my grocer."

"Right. Plenty of shopmen, but no proprietor. Of course I left word that I called in to settle up, but wanted to see the proprietor first. Dispute about bills. See?"

"Oh, yes; that strengthens your credit."

"Exactly. Then I called to see my butcher, and I'll be hangd if he wasn't out also!"

"By Jove! But you were in luck!" "No, I wasn't."

"Why not?" "When I got home I found all of them waiting for me."—Western Figaro.

Jews Live Longer Than Gentiles. The vital statistics of London are the authority for the statement that on an average the life of a Jew in that city is twice that of a Gentile.

ARP ON ELECTIONS.

Sorry Bryan Was Defeated and Now Demands Prosperity.

He Is Tired of Elections—Says They Upset the People and Bring on Mental Worry—Wants Terms Made Longer.

It is a good time to write some more "meditations among the tombs," or "an ode to melancholy," or a few verses like: "This world is all a fleeting show." The election is over, and the bad news keeps coming and the heavens are weeping and everything is going wrong.

Oh, my poor, bleeding country. No cook, and the rain just pouring down. Mrs. Arp made no sign, so I slipped out of bed and dressed and tiptoed out to the culinary department. I fired up the stove and put on the hominy and coffee and fed the cow and brought in some wood, and get everything ready for feminine hands before I awakened them.

One thing I rejoice at, and that is the election of a republican congress to cooperate with McKinley. Let there be no excuse for the winning side, and if they do not revive the industries and prosperity of the country within the next four years then they must step down and out or they will be hurled from power as Jupiter hurled Vulcan from the Olympian heights.

Now let us have peace and rest. I sincerely wish that McKinley could stay in office for a term of ten years and then have to retire for good. The presidential term is too short. It takes all of one year to grease the machinery and get it in running order, and then two years for work, and the last year is devoted to mending fences and fixing up for another election.

Another cape, which is much longer, has a buttonhole made about 12 inches back on either side of the front. Through these holes straps attached to the edges of the cloak pass and fasten at the back. This arrangement permits the cape to fall below the waist line and is a much greater protection than could be imagined unless one has tried it.

NOT INCLUDED.

He Wanted No Inferences Drawn from His Courtesy.

The honest farmer had attended the political meeting in order, if possible, to get some light on the disputed question of what honest money is. The arguments of the candidate had failed to convince him, and when, after the speech was over, an informal reception was arranged, he turned to go away without availing himself of the chance to personally meet the principal man of the occasion.

"Aren't you going to shake hands with him?" asked one of the managers of the meeting.

"Nope," was the reply. "I guess I'll move on home."

"But you ought not to miss this opportunity to get acquainted with a man of so much prominence."

"I guess he won't lay awake nights grierin over it if I go right along about my business."

"On the contrary, he told me that it was his sincere wish to meet every man here and grasp him by the hand."

"Wal, I don't agree with what he says. But I ain't got nothin' agin him personally, an' I wouldn't have him go away feelin' hurt for the world. He don't talk much different from lots of fellers that's come around promisin' ter do wonders for us farmers of we'd only vote for him. But I don't cherish no spite, I'll go meet him, but there's got ter be a proviso. I'll extend my hand to him an' I'll let 'im grasp it. But he might ez well understand 'just ez last that my leg don't go along with it."—Washington Star.

A Costly Luxury. The complexion specialist had found an opportunity to say a word to the summer girl.

"I can remove that tan," she said, with a slight show of professional pride.

"Remove it!" The summer girl showed her astonishment.

"Why, yes," replied the complexion specialist. "I assure you it can be done."

FASHION AND FANCY.

Ladies' Wraps for the Coming Cold Season.

The coming season will be marked by a lavish use of exceedingly bright colors. Military scarlet will be one of the prominent features of the cold-weather costumes. Red hats, red cloaks, red dresses, red trimmings of all sorts, are in the ascendant.

The interest of womanhood is just now turned toward outside garments, and everybody is wondering what is coming next. Among the styles shown are square-cut box coats that extend 10 to 14 inches below the waist-line.

A garment modeled somewhat after the fashion of the old-time redingote is shown among the best importations. One model is of moderately heavy cloth, and is lined with iridescent satin.

A novelty is a long coat of broadcloth in two colors. The body of the garment is of tan color, the trimmings of black. The collar, deep cuffs and lapels are of black, and black bands are stitched down over all the seams, and a wide trimming of the broadcloth turns back from the front on either side.

The ulster is to be the general all-around useful cloak of the season. A few ulsters with capes are shown, others are merely the fitted garment. Many of them are lined throughout the waist and the upper half of the skirt portion.

Another cape, which is much longer, has a buttonhole made about 12 inches back on either side of the front. Through these holes straps attached to the edges of the cloak pass and fasten at the back.

Fur collars and wide lapels are also used on these West-of-England broadcloth capes, and short capes of broadcloth or velvet are lined with ermine and trimmed with rose ruchings of silk or velvet.

Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop.

"Well, upon my word! dat man hash de fashest beard I ever saw. I shaves him dis mornin, shaves him at dinner-time, and he come back now, mit his beard so long as it never wash!"—London Tit-Bits.

The common wild grape is best far this. Boil soft and strain the grapes through a sieve, a pound of sugar to a pound of pulp.

Sam Jones Philosophizes on the Two States of Mankind.

Neither Conduces to Happiness or Misery—Greedy and Avarice Despoil Character—Indigence and Prodigality Equally Harmful—The Golden Mean.

These are relative terms, and the difference between the two is very small when properly estimated. A man feels as uncomfortable who has eaten too much as the fellow who is hungry.

WANT AND LUXURY.

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There is nothing in poverty or riches which of itself conduces to the happiness of man, and not much in poverty or riches to make us miserable.

It is the nature of man to lie down and take it easy when you pension him. Very few men have enjoyed their wealth. A very wealthy man once replied to a neighbor who told him that his son would spend his money faster than he had made it.

What a man has or has not has about as little to do with his happiness as the dog star has to do with the tide. I know many very poor people who are very happy.

Evolution of the Pin. Thorns were originally used in fastening garments together, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

British Sun Dials. A sun dial made for London would be useless for either Paris or Edinburgh.

Favorite Oriental Dishes. In India the flesh of the elephant is a favorite dish, while in Arabia the horse and in Egypt the camel are eaten with relish.

mer for their health. Poor people are not troubled with their rich kin visitin them and worryin them. Poor people have to move often, but they don't have much to move. Poor people are never burglarized nor robbed.

The rich and the poor ought to be in deeper sympathy with one another. The fellow who eats too much ought to divide more liberally with him who has had nothing to eat.

WINGED SEEDS. The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wafted by the breezes.

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion "clock," or a head of thistle-down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit.

Evolution of the Pin. Thorns were originally used in fastening garments together, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces.

British Sun Dials. A sun dial made for London would be useless for either Paris or Edinburgh. The altitude of the pole star varies with the latitude, and hence is greater at Edinburgh and less at Paris than at London, and as the stylus must always point to the polar star, the angle it makes with the dial plate must vary with the latitude.—Chicago Chronicle.

Favorite Oriental Dishes. In India the flesh of the elephant is a favorite dish, while in Arabia the horse and in Egypt the camel are eaten with relish.