

OLD FASHION ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em, And they're sort o' faded; Yit the doorway here, without 'em, Would be tensesome, and shaded With a good old-fashioned shadder.

OLD DRIVER'S STORY.

Yes, I can tell some strange stories, and they are true ones too. A good many of the tales to which you listen are made up expressly for the occasion, and originate from the imagination alone.

A man who is constantly carrying money, and often large sums generally has some adventures in the space of a score of years—just the time I drove the stage from New Brunswick to Mountain Creek, a distance of fifteen miles.

One night about the middle of December, I was awakened from my sleep by the howling of old Bruce. I arose and dressed myself, and went to the woodshed where he slept, and found him in a dying condition.

I kept perfectly still, and remained in the dark, watching for further developments. In an hour or two after his howling had ceased I heard stealthy footsteps outside the shed, and through a small knot-hole I saw the form of a man.

There came a stranger to the village of New Brunswick by the name of Edward Marston, a very slick appearing fellow who made friends with nearly everybody. It was never quite just known where he came from, and no one seemed to know where he went to when he left.

Just how Marston obtained his living was a mystery, for he had no visible means of support. He claimed to be doing business for some insurance firm, yet it was quite certain that he did not receive sufficient compensation from this alone to obtain a livelihood.

His glib tongue and familiar way of addressing people gained him many admirers, while they repelled a few who were more discerning and cautious. This fact alone, I believe, saved me from being robbed and perhaps murdered.

The fellow lived very near to my own residence—so near that he could keep watch of all my movements; while I in turn kept my eyes upon him. I think he mistrusted how matters stood, and so tried in a variety of ways to win my confidence.

Thus matters went on for some time. He occasionally rode to Mountain Creek with me, although for what purpose I never knew positively.

There was a bank in both New Brunswick and Mountain Creek, and it frequently happened that large sums of money were sent from one to the other in my care. I did not hesitate to take these packages, being generally well paid for it; I was then young and strong, with an unlimited amount of confidence in my own strength and shrewdness in emergencies.

There arose in my mind the thought that matters would soon come to a crisis, and I began to watch the fellow more closely. I gathered the reins in my left hand and slipped my right into my overcoat pocket in which I had placed my revolver.

My companion talked constantly, it was somewhat difficult for me to reply to his incessant chatter, so I gave up the attempt and let him rattle on. But somehow I did not enjoy his talk. I felt sure the fellow was nervous, in spite of his efforts to conceal it.

Onward we went, I constantly on the alert, and Marston's tongue going at full speed. As we were descending a steep hill where thick clumps of hemlock bushes grew upon both sides of the narrow road, Marston endeavored to draw my attention to a point on the right by asking if I observed the bushes stirred as if by some animal.

Mountain Creek, and I nearly always did this responsible business.

I have forgotten to mention that I owned a large bull dog that often accompanied me upon my trips over the mountains and he too was under perfect control. He never molested people unless they were upon forbidden ground, and then he was a terror.

When I was carrying more money than usual I took old Bruce with me every trip, and he generally rode by my side upon the outside of the coach.

It was toward the end of December, and as little snow had fallen, I still used the large old summer coach, which was pretty heavy to be drawn over the rough, hilly roads.

Several of the payments of the unusually purchased land became due about the first of January, and I think Marston knew this. About the first of December a stranger suddenly appeared in town, and everybody at once became suspicious of him.

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Instead of looking in the direction he indicated, I glanced at the clump upon the opposite side and saw a man very distinctly. I at once recognized the evil looking stranger. He held a revolver, but as Marston sat between me and him, it occurred to me that he would not shoot.

Suddenly Marston seized the lines from my left hand and dropped from the high seat. The horses stopped and then I heard a bullet whiz past my head. I had my revolver pointed toward the fellow, and I shot three times rapidly in succession.

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Typical of Blaine.

Is the Blasted Hickory That Marks the State-ship of Blaine—This is His Only Monument—Like the Great Tree His Life was Blighted in a Single Flash—Symbol of His Physical Experience.

Of all the many places of mournful interest in and about Washington, the spot to which the most visitors resort from all parts of the country is the grave of James G. Blaine, of Maine, in Oak Hill cemetery, on Georgetown Heights.

It is not adorned with any sculptured monument or ambitious marble shaft. In fact it is marked by no headstone at all, however modest, but merely by an inscribed tablet at the foot, and a blasted hickory tree, riven by lightning, at the head—in token of the strange fatality that blighted his high career.

Not even a mound or mouldering heap of earth marks the level of the sod, and nothing whatever, except the inadequate suggestion of the foot-tablet, indicates the identity of the sleeper below. This is not the result of neglect or indifference; it is rather in strict accordance and loyal compliance with the passed statesman's own expressed wish.

Such is the tomb of him who, in his day and generation, was a leading figure in American statescraft; the foremost champion of the level of the sod, and nothing whatever, except the inadequate suggestion of the foot-tablet, indicates the identity of the sleeper below.

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of 1876, which filled him prone as suddenly and completely, for the time being, as a bolt of lightning would have done. And from that fatal day, too, his brilliant fortunes began to decline, and with them his darling hope of becoming President.

Three times he was doomed to defeat for the Presidential nomination—the first time, a few days thereafter, in 1876; and again in 1880 and 1892—and once in 1884, to defeat in the election, under exasperating circumstances, after winning the nomination. Then came his falling health, and close upon that hurried a host of family sorrows and losses that broke his heart.

The death of his favorite son, Walker, was a stunning blow, likewise the death of his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger. His sudden resignation from the Harrison Cabinet and the representation of his name to the Minneapolis convention have since come to be regarded generally as the unconsidered lapses of a very sick man from his moorings.

The quick illness and death of his son Emmons Blaine, from the effects of over-exertion in his interest at that convention, capped the climax of his heart's woes.

After that, except for his public appearance in support of the Harrison ticket in a speech at Ophir Farm, in October following, his retirement as a broken invalid was complete. A cruel, thwarting fate seemed to pursue him with relentless enmity.

He was indeed one of those "whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," until in his hopeless misery, all unspoken, his existence appeared to himself exactly like that of the tree in Oak Hill—blasted and blighted by a bolt from the sky.

The Cabinet officials buried there are Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's famous Secretary of War, who died in 1859; John Henry Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War, who died in 1856, and William H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy under Garfield. Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase's body was interred there at his death in 1873 and remained until 1887, when it was removed to Ohio.

Among the Rear Admirals is the redoubtable Charles Wilkes, who as Captain of the Union warship, San Jacinto, early in the Civil War, forcibly removed Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners to England and France, from the British mail steamer Trent, crossing the Atlantic.

Besides these are the graves and statues of W. W. Corcoran, the noted financier and philanthropist, who founded the cemetery in 1847; his friend, John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home"; Bishop Pinkney, the eminent Episcopal prelate, and Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric Evangelist of early Washington history.

All these graves and monuments command attention, but interest in them is completely overshadowed by the greater interest manifested in the grave of Blaine.

How soon we forgot! It is only 31 months since the man from Maine died in Washington, and yet the time of that event has already become hazy and indistinct in the popular memory.

For a month subsequent the grave was guarded by a detail of special watchmen, at the urgent request of Mrs. Blaine, through her solicitude lest a robbery or other profanation of the dead should be attempted. A few weeks afterward the little marble footstone was set up, and the spot has remained unchanged ever since.

But the worn sleeper rests well beneath the hickory tree. Close beside him are two hearts of his own flesh and blood. Near him repose the bones of men worthily distinguished in arms, letters, religion and philanthropy.

At this season the surroundings are particularly attractive. The greenest grass covers him, and fresh flowers are cast on the spot daily by those who most loved him. The grand old oaks, whence the cemetery takes its name, too wave their giant arms above him in the passing breeze, and stand like animate sentinels guarding the place of his sepulture.

Far off to the southeast, in full view, gleams the white dome of the Capitol, the scene of many of his triumphs, and down in the ravine below, the gurgling waters of Rock Creek mean for him.

Mr. Blaine's idea was that nothing could so fitly mark his own grave as this tree. The fancy was altogether his, and to his mind the blasted shaft, with its withered top, typified perfectly his own life.

In this the philosopher and student of political history may find pathetic and melancholy material for speculation and reflection. Was it his personal ambition only that was blasted and blighted, like the tree? Or in addition, did the statesman see in it a symbol of his physical experience as well, and also an emblem of his heart's affections? Possibly all three.

It is well known that he actually did receive a stroke or paralytic shock in Washington on the threshold of the Congressional church, just on the eve of the Republican National Convention

For and About Women.

Piques are not so hard to iron if one only knows how. They should be ironed while evenly damp over flannel upon the wrong side, as should all embroideries. The cords of the pique and the raised work of the trimming sink into the pile of the flannel, giving the irons a chance to smooth out all the spaces between. The result is that the right sides come up like new with the pique corded, not flat and shiny, and the wrought work standing up in relief, as it was meant to do.

Though a vast majority of skirts are untrimmed, not a few of the newest creations show signs of alteration in this respect. Flounces appear on many smartly-made gowns brought from Europe, and it is said that when trimmed skirts again prevail, flounces will provide the leading garment. At present two narrow flounces, hardly more than frills, are used. Three or five rows of satin ribbon, black, white or colored—whichever the gown calls for—always impart a dainty finish to skirts of suitable material.

Collars and cuffs of batiste, or India lawn, edged with narrow ruffles of yellowed valenciennes lace, are much in favor and freshen a costume wonderfully.

The majority of the new bodices seem to have the opening under the arm, with the fullness of the material plaited into the waist in front—a most becoming fashion to a slender figure. Another popular way of cutting the waist lately is to have a very square pouch-like effect in front, the folds turned up an even line, and showing a deep waist-band.

This style gives a still more slender look to the hips; in fact, everything is done to make the bodice broad and fluffy as possible and the hips and waist small. Amateur dressmakers will do well to remember these rules—short sloping, sleeves very wide and short, bodice full and a great deal trimmed, waist well defined and hips fitted perfectly smooth. Whatever the design or cut of a fashionable gown of the season, these should be the characteristics.

Once there was a foolish woman who continually mistook brass and other inferior articles for gold. She derived much innocent satisfaction from her credulity. And once there was a wise woman who knew that of all things that glittered very few were gold. And because of her scepticism she let much precious metal escape her.

Fashion has done strange things in her time, but the strangest effects are generally due to incongruity between dress and its wearer. If a little judgment were exercised, and short women would not wear hats and gowns which need the stature and carriage of "daughters of the gods," and the grandmothers of sweet seventeen, we should hear far less complaints of "vagaries" and "eccentricities," the extravagance of the much maligned Dame, who tells us what to wear, and who ought to tell some of us also what not to wear.

The woman who permits her laundress to put an atom of starch upon any of the baby's clothes is now looked upon as a provincial from wayback.

The following hints may be useful: Constant use of rouge makes the skin both thick and yellow, and the skin, once injured, is almost impossible to cure. A red nose is not an agreeable addition to any face. Tight lacing and cold feet are too often the cause. If the eyes are strained and inflamed with sleeplessness or fine work, apply to the lids soft linen wrung out in boiling water. Apply this as hot as can be borne, and relief will be felt in half an hour. Warts on the face are specially disagreeable to have. Rub them with raw potato, or steep fresh beef in vinegar for 24 hours, and then apply at night.

Miss Bruta Grace Boyd is known as the Grace Darling of the St. Croix. She has charge of the Lodge Light, located about six miles below St. Stephen, N. B. She won her title twelve years ago by saving, alone and unaided, two sailors from certain death, a deed of bravery recognized by the Dominion Government, which presented her with a lifeboat and a gold watch.

Every woman should be taught at an early age the difference between dignity and sullenness, reserve and rudeness. She will find the distinctions valuable in later life, not only in shaping her own conduct, but in rightly gauging the characters of her acquaintances.

Fashion is not often kind to the poverty stricken ones in her domain, but this season she has made a decided move in our favor, by smiling upon the old-fashioned alpaca gowns. For this material means much to us. It has that soft, shimmering effect sought for these days, and is very serviceable, also, since it does not crush or wear rough. In fact, it is an ideal material for one who must look well to the wherewith she will be clothed.

If you wish a charming gown get one of white alpaca, with perfectly plain skirt and tight-fitting waist. Have it made with a plain stock collar. Have made, also, a jacket, of blue serge. The jacket is shorter than those worn last year, and is gored below the waistline. It has peculiar square revers—the upper ones of the white alpaca—which are slashed and edged with braid.

The hat worn with this costume is of rough blue straw. Into the trimming is introduced that combination of blue and green which is so fashionable.

If, however, you wish to wear the gown on dressy indoor occasions you may cross the bodice with a Marie Antoinette fichu of some delicately colored chiffon, or you may wear a broad sailor collar, and with it a front of soft, lacey material, and so on.

Given such a good foundation, it is unnecessary for me to tell the ingenious American girl what she may do with her gown.

The contemplated erection of a monument to the memory of General Hancock by the people of the South is one of the most graceful and magnanimous incidents in the history of the country since the civil war. It leads us away from our prejudices, and reminds us that Lincoln's "malice toward none and charity for all" has struck deep in the Southern heart.