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THE FAMILY STORY

DADDY JOHN'S NEW CLOTHES

THERE had been a royal fire in Daddy John's cabin, and there was still a great bed of glowing coals when his daughter Liz called him to dinner. Daddy warmed his thin, blue hands at the fire and the sweet smell of the corn pone and the fragrance of the coffee were very pleasant to him. His old, wizened face wrinkled into something meant for a smile.

"The doctor woman's bar'l hes come!" he said.

"I seen it on Jule Fraley's wagon," replied Liz, her dark, weather-beaten face lighting.

"Come an' eat dinner, dad," she added.

"I'm a-comin'," quavered the old man, tottering forward and pulling along an old splint chair.

"Whar's thet piece er saddle blanket?" he croaked.

"I hed it er ridin' Pomp," declared Bud.

"You git it mighty quick," said his mother.

Bud brought a tattered sheepskin which the old man carefully folded in the chair and then sat down.

That part of Daddy John's apparel which came in contact with the sheepskin was so attenuated as to fabric that the interposition of the worn fleece was most comforting.

"I've got ter hev some new cloes, Liz," said Daddy, presently.

She looked at Bud.

"Bud wants some new clo'es powerful bad, too, but he eats sech a heap, 'pears like I cayn't never git him noan."

"Bud kin git erlong," said the old man, testily.

"Don't you reckon the doctor woman's got clo'es in her bar'l?" asked Liz.

"I reckon. But mebby ther ain't nary thing fer me."

"Ef you should go up thar——"

"I ain't er goin'," interrupted the old man, almost angrily. "Doctor woman's al'ays been good ter we uns an' I don't aim ter ax her fer ary thing."

His feeble hands trembled as he took up his torn hat.

"She got plenty of everything," said Liz, sullenly.

"It don't differ. I ain't goin'!"

Daddy John went out.

"Dad al'ays wus er fool!" mused Liz, as she lit her pipe.

"You go an' help yer grandad pick up taters," she called to Bud.

Bud, sauntering lazily toward the potato bank, saw somebody swinging along the mountain toward the cabin.

"Thar's the doctor woman's nigger er comin' atter you, grandad," he called.

Daddy John set his spade down hard and leaned forward on the handle.

"Comin' atter me? You'se a plum idjit, Bud."

But he stared from under his shaggy brows and breathed hard as the handsome yellow woman came up.

"Howdy, Sally!"

"Howdy, Daddy John. Bankin' up yer taters?"

"I reckon."

He was shaking all over and felt sick.

"Got some permaters yit, daddy? Gi' me some! I want a permater pie, I does."

"Yis, yis," said the old man, shortly.

"Doctor wants you to come up thar, daddy. She's got sumfin fer you'se outen her bar'l."

"Yessum. I'll come atter I gits my taters done banked up."

Sally started off with her tomatoes.

"Tell her I'm obleeged to her," called daddy's cracked voice.

"What my missis wants to throw away good clo'es on that pore white trash fer, I don't know," grumbled Sally. "Me and Jake could er make use o' all o' them things."

Daddy John went on with his work.

"Ain't yer er goin', grandad?" cried Bud.

"Yis, I'm er goin' right now."

He toddled off to the cabin, washed his hands at the porch and dried them on a bit of burlaps. The doctor was watching for the old man. He gave a queer pull at his tattered hat brim as he came near.

"Howdy, Daddy John! I'm right glad to see you. Come in!"

He stood at the edge of the hearth, gazing at the barrel. The doctor smiled.

"Your hat is getting pretty old, daddy. The brim is torn and there's such a big hole in the crown!"

"Yessum. Hit's plum worn out, sure 'nuff."

"Never mind," said the doctor. "I have such a nice cap for you," showing it to him. "Made of soft fur and with ear lappets to tie down."

The old face altered. It lost ten weary years.

"Try it on, daddy! Now, is it not nice? You won't freeze your poor ears this winter."

"No, ma'am! Thank'ee, ma'am. I reckon I'd better go now."

"Wait a bit. You need some shoes daddy. Here are some—good ones."

"Mighty fine shoes, mighty fine," mumbled the old man.

"Now, you need some soft warm socks. Here they are. You want to put them on, don't you? Come in here. And now I must go—go—oh, yes—go to feed my chickens. But there's one thing more. Here is a nice pair of trousers!"

"Doctor!"

"It's all right, Daddy! They will just fit you, I'm sure."

Such a droll figure awaited the doctor's return. A little gray old man, his small spindle legs rattling around in the fine black trousers, his ragged, faded calico shirt abashed in such company. He looked at her speechless, his wrinkled face working.

She smiled at him.

"I have a vest here for you, Daddy, and I'll give you a clean white shirt to take home."

"Doctor!" the old man gasped. "I cayn't——"

"Don't worry, Daddy. Try on the vest."

He put it on, tugging weakly at the buttons.

"Jest what I needed," he muttered, huskily.

"You look very nice, Daddy. There's only one thing more, and here it is—the finest, warmest coat in Buncombe County."

She held it up by the shoulders and drew it on.

"Now, is not that a lovely coat?"

He stroked the soft cloth gently, pulling at the fronts with his stubby fingers.

"It's lined with silk," said the doctor. "Daddy, I shouldn't know you."

He looked down at himself in a dazed way. Then he started.

"I'd better go home now," he said, hurriedly. "I never had nary suit o' clo'es afore. God bless ye, doctor."

He caught her hand.

"I'm so glad to give them to you, Daddy," she said softly, with tears.

The next day Jule Fraley came up to mend the roof and while he warmed himself at the fire he told the story of Daddy's return home.

"We wuz a pullin' corn, me an' Liz an' Bud, an' I see the old man er comin' down the hill, an' I says: 'Look yon, Liz! Is thet yer dad?'

"'Naw!' says Liz. 'Thet ain't dad. Looks like ole Preacher Freeman.'

"Sure nuff—he did look plum blank like ole Preacher Freeman. An' we watched 'im tell he crossed the branch, an' when he clim' up the bank he staggered a bit—yer know daddy's mighty onstiddy on his legs—an' I knowed who hit was, an' I said:

"'Tis yer daddy, Liz.' An' Liz were plum outdone 'at she didn't know her own daddy," concluded Jule, indulging in one of those silent laughs peculiar to his kind. He went up on the roof presently and the doctor came out to overlook the work, always charmed into lingering by the wonderful beauty of the landscape. The house sat upon one of the foothills of the great Appalachian range, east of the French Broad. Looking west one saw a wooded, undulating country, rolling away to the valley and there stayed by the massive wall of a great mountain that rose far into the blue. Along the mountain side the railroad made its way over high trestles and red clay embankments, and at times one caught the sound of the whistle, the rumble of wheels and saw the train rush along, small in the distance like a child's toy. All at once there was a shout and at the same instant a shot rang out.

"Thar's a convict got off," cried Jule, when the doctor appeared. "I saw him jump off the train."

The doctor shivered.

"And they didn't stop?"

"Why, no, but the guard fired on him. They'll send a party back when they gits to Biltmore, an' offer $100 reward fer him, likely. Don't I wish I c'd git it."

"Will he get caught, do you think?"

"I reckon. They gin'ally does. He's tuk ter the woods now. They al'ays does when they makes a break. But he'll git an outing, anyhow. Dog goned ef I blame 'im."

"Mr. Farley, where do they go when they escape like that?"

"They lays in the woods. Mebby they know niggers that'll feed 'em and give 'em clo'es. They're al'ays in a mighty hurry to git shet o' their striped suit, an' ef they do sometimes they git away fer good."

Daddy John came once to visit the doctor, wearing his new clothes, and then he paid visits to all his kinsfolks and old neighbors, and the queer, pathetic figure in the fine black suit, weakly climbing over the hills, became a familiar sight.

Then one night a terrible calamity befell, and the next morning it was known all over the settlement that "Daddy John's new clo'es 'at come in the doctor woman's bar'l had been stole."

Horsemen riding to town drew rein and discussed the theft for hours. Every other woman put on her sunbonnet and called on her next neighbor, and then the two went together to see Daddy John. So it happened that when the doctor arrived she found the house so full that two of the women rose and sat on the floor to offer her a chair. There was a curious stillness in the house. One of the women whispered:

"Hit's just like a buryin', only thar ain't no corpse."

Daddy John was sitting by the fire, huddled together, the picture of misery.

"I've lost my new clo'es," he quavered.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy John," said the doctor, taking his hard, bony hand.

"I never had no new clo'es afore," he croaked, piteously.

A few frosty tears dropped on his grizzled cheek. Liz took up a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. All the other women dipped snuff.

"They wuz sech fine clo'es!" mused the old man. "The coat hed a silk linin'. Doctor said it war silk. An' the purtiest buttons!"

"An' them clo'es could a' ben fixed up fer Bud when dad got done with 'em," said Liz.

The old man paled with sudden passion.

"I ain't er goin' ter git done with 'em!" he said, in a high voice. "Bud shan't hev 'em. Doctor woman give 'em ter me. I never hed no new clo'es afore. But I ain't got 'em now. They're stole."

He broke down into tearless sobs, that shook the old chair.

"Don't cry, Daddy!" all the women called in unison, and they shed a few perfunctory tears and passed the snuff-box around.

"You don't use terbacco in any form, do yer, doctor?" asked one.

The doctor admitted that she did not, and they looked steadily at her, trying to realize the phenomenon. Weeks passed and Daddy still crooned over the fire in utter dejection. Old age, poverty and loneliness, unhappy trio, were his sole companions. It was now believed that the clothes would never be recovered.

Out in the woods one frosty morning a heavy foot crushed into the dead leaves, and a big chestnut, falling, struck the owner of the foot on the nose.

He raised his black face toward the treetops.

"Hi! Dey's drappin' all de time now, an' deys a heap better'n co'n."

He sat down in his tracks and filled his pockets and shirt-front, eating voraciously the while.

"Reckon I'd better be gwine now," he said presently.

Rising, he picked his way, like a cat, through the underbrush, climbing constantly till he reached a spot where a huge bowlder cropped out and overhung the mountain side. Its crest commanded the whole valley, and its shelving underside made a cozy shelter. Thick pines crowded up and concealed the entrance. The convict had been so sharply hunted that he had been unable to escape from the neighborhood, and it was in the boldness of desperation that he had chosen his retreat so near the State road that he could hear the voices of the country folk as they passed to and from town.

He sat down to cogitate. "Ef I could git word to Rosy, or git to Rosy, I'd be all right; but, Lordy! I can't do nary one on 'em."

The train whizzed out from a cutting and whistled sharply as it tore along. The negro grinned with pleasure. He was so much a savage that this nomadic existence, though hunted and tortured by fear, was sweet to him.

"Howdy, gemmen!" he chuckled, as, peering through the pine boughs, he recognized some of his fellow-convicts on the train. "Don't you wish you was me? Plenty grub, heap o' new clo'es and no work to do. Ho, ho!"

He rose and drew out a bundle, undid it, viewed its contents with a series of laughing explosions, and then presently doffed his striped suit and arrayed himself anew.

"Mighty fine clo'es fer a fac'; cost a heap o' money."

He softly patted his limbs, twisted his neck to get a glimpse of his back, and creased all his black face into one big smile. A mirror would have made his rapture perfect.

"Rosy won't know me in dese yere. She'll tek me fer a preacher jest from confunce."

He changed back to his striped suit and tied up his bundle. A sharp wind sprang up and drove before it icy drops of rain.

"Golly!" muttered the darky. "Ain't it cold? I'll resk a fire arter dark."

Down to the doctor's farm everybody was hurrying to get the crops under shelter. The last load had gone in when Jule Fraley looked up at the sky. The clouds were rolling up like a curtain, showing the far mountains a deep, intense blue etched with an amber sky.

"Durned ef it's going to storm, after all," said Jule.

Suddenly he straightened himself.

"Bud!" he called sharply. "Look yon—on the mountain. Ain't thet smoke?"

Bud could see as far as an Indian.

"Yes. Thet's smoke."

"Ther' ain't no house thar?"

"Naw. Nary house."

Jule walked away briskly.

Two hours later five men parted the umbrageous pines and tip-toed cautiously toward a small opening under a great rock on the mountain side. A whiff of warm air stole out to them. A great bed of coals glowed redly, and, with his feet to the fire, a negro in convict dress lay sound asleep. The men had their guns ready. One pointed his piece upward and a shot tore through the tree tops. The negro was on his feet in an instant.

"We've got you!" said one.

He looked from one to the other and his dark face grew a shade lighter.

"I surrender, gemmen!" he said, calmly.

Shortly after this event Daddy John reappeared in his new clothes. He wore them almost constantly for a few weeks, and then they were suddenly retired from public observation, and Daddy went about looking as if the scarecrow in the cornfield had stepped down from his perch and toddled off to seek winter quarters. The doctor was puzzled. When, at last, she questioned Jule Fraley, Jule shook his head mysteriously.

"I reckon I kin tell yer ef yer won't be put out about it."

"Well, well! Do so!"

"I reckon," in a hushed voice, "'at he's keepin' of 'em ter be buried in."—New York Tribune.

Astonishing Statements.

A certain woman novelist writes in so amusing a fashion that the many blunders which mar her work are not discovered by the critical. In one of her novels will be found a horse winning the Derby three years in succession; guardsmen sitting up all night drinking hard, smoking perfumed cigarettes, gambling for fabulous sums, and starting forth in the morning after breakfast of ortolans and green Chartreuse, fresh as daisies and prepared to do deeds of prowess in the hunting field or at the covert side; and that great feat, too, performed by a man with a "tawny mustache and flanks like a greyhound," who, while snipe shooting, espies an eagle, "a dim speck in the ethereal vault." What cares he that his cartridges only contain tiny snipe shot? He bangs away with unerring aim, and "slowly the king of birds, with his glorious pinions outstretched, sinks at his feet a corpse." In another of her books a gentleman performs a similar feat, but this time, for the sake of variety, with a rifle bullet. An English novelist, in describing river side people says, "They go to church but three times in their lives—when they are baptized, when they are married, and when they are buried." It is only people in novels who go to be buried during their lives. Mr. Rider Haggard, in his "King Solomon's Mines," made an eclipse of the moon take place at the new moon instead of at the full, when the earth is between the sun and the moon.

Not Quite Correct.

In telling a joke, it is well to understand it thoroughly. A party of men were wont to amuse themselves at table by relating anecdotes, conundrums, etc. Mr. Archer was always greatly delighted at these jokes, but he never related anything himself, and being rallied on the matter, he determined that the next time he was called upon he would say something amusing. Accordingly, meeting one of the waiters soon afterward, he asked him if he knew any good jokes or conundrums. The waiter immediately related the following: "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," telling him at the same time that it was himself. Mr. Archer bore this in mind, and at the next meeting of his friends propounded it. "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," throwing a triumphant glance around the table. "Then it must be yourself," said one of the company. "I've got you now," said he; "you are wrong this time; it is the waiter." A shout of laughter interrupted Archer, who perceiving the mess he had got into, acknowledged his error, and told the company that he would pay for the wine. It was his last effort.

Working Their Way.

During the past summer a number of students who are working their way through the Philadelphia colleges obtained employment as car conductors in that city, and proved to be reliable and trustworthy. A railroad official says that they were thoroughly honest, intelligent and polite, and as their desire was to earn as much money during the summer as possible, they were always willing to work extra hours and take out special cars. They lived economically, and have probably saved something like $130 each, which will go a good way toward paying their college expenses next winter. This item speaks for itself, and needs no comment.

Insects on Hawaii.

Prof. Albert Koebele, of California, has made a three years' contract with the Hawaiian Government to destroy the insect pests of the islands. His method is to get insects harmless to man to kill noxious insects.

An idle man is never welcome unless he has money to spend.

WORN BY THE WOMEN

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN DRESS.

June Modes that Present an Appearance of Coolness—The Grass Linen Gown a Joy to Both Wearer and Observer—Jaunty Costumes.

Early Summer Styles.

New York correspondence:

UNE brings into use many devices of dress that present an appearance of coolness, and furnishes few days in which that appearance is not borne out by facts. July and August may prove that those same cool-looking accessories and stuffs are far from comfortable, but at present they are a joy to both wearer and observer. To look at a woman in a dainty grass linen gown is to make up your mind, if you are a woman, that you must have such a dress; and it ought to make a man feel that he must have such a girl. It is no wonder that grass linen is popular. It will carry off all the elaborations of lace and ribbons that anyone could desire, or it may be made into a pretty affectation of tailor styles after the manner of this first dress that the artist presents. Employed in this manner, it is jaunty for the street, and yet not so warm to

IN SILK FOR THE DRESS PARADE.

look at or to wear as would a gown of such model be in almost any other stuff. Be sure to have the stuff shrunk if you want to get wear out of it. Be warned by the experience of the bride who had one of her prettiest dresses of grass linen made over a delicate mode-colored silk, with a touch of brighter color at the panels, vest and collar. She decided to wear the gown for traveling—they were taking just a little trip—but they were caught in the rain on their way to the hotel. Before they could get a carriage the bride was wet; the dress shrunk then and there till the seams began to give, and the skirt—well, her ankles were pretty and her stockings silk, but she had to keep to her room till her trunks came. Then as she walked over the hotel piazza people said: "See what a pretty daughter that old gentleman has." Think of having that said to you on your wedding trip!

Crash is just about the same that Irish linen was last year, though it is more stylish to call it crash now, and is also much used. It is as durable as cloth, cool and very stylish and once made up the resemblance to dish toweling is lost. As this picture indicates, it is stylish to trim dresses of these wash, or, at least, cotton and linen, materials with little buttons, and designers are

MADE TO LOOK COOL BY ADDING WHITE.

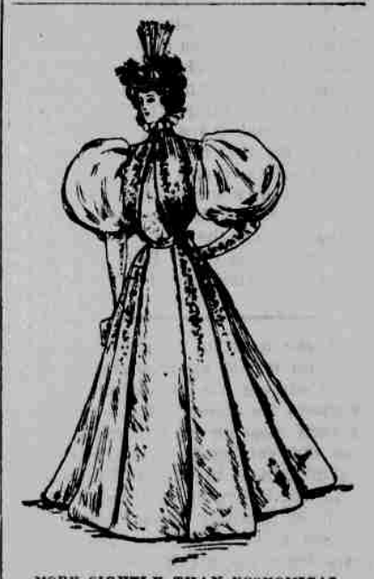
still indifferent as to whether the buttons fasten anything or not. Dotted linen trims the gown shown, a trick that is often seen.

A touch of crisp and spotless white always makes a dress seem cooler than it is. A gown that is unbearable may be made a comfort to look at by the addition of a crisp double tuft of fresh lace at the base of the collar and a fall of frosty lace from it to the waist. This device is employed in the third gown presented to-day, which is made from bluish gray cheviot, with a vest of white mull and lace, and with button trimming and leather belt. We

COOL EFFECTS THAT MAY INDUCE WARMTH.

won't discard big sleeves when they are so comfortable. One woman is reported as experimenting with the lining to her sleeves by having them all perforated. She says she has little breezes blowing about her shoulders all the time, no matter what her gown is, but her enthusiasm may color her report of the matter.

Much attention is being spent on getting cool effects. There is the white tulle ruff seen in the next illustration, for instance. It is made of the crispest tulle, very full and frosty white, and the tulle edges are finished with a tiny gleaming satin line, which adds to the frosty effect. Such a ruff is set on a narrow ribbon and when adjusted it comes away up about the ears. It then makes a woman look as if she had stuck her head through a snow wreath, but while she looks so refrigerated it is very likely that rivers of perspiration are trickling down her back and throat. It is the same way with gloves; spotless white ones look so cool and yet a kid glove is uncomfortable in warm weather, no matter what its color. On the gown, there are ruchings of tulle at the wrists and rosettes of the same at the bust line. Its fabric is silver gray bengaline, cuffs and points on bodice being white satin appliqued with black braid. Bands of silver galloon edge the skirt's front breadth and the bodice points. The results attained by these odd points are



MORE SIGHTLY THAN ECONOMICAL.

often produced by adding to a dress an accessory cape or top, and such addition frequently changes a gown's outlines or general scheme completely. Economy applauds this sort of thing, for while it is foolish to make a gown permanently cut according to some patchy fashion, to be able to give new character to it by a bit of collar or belt is to render the wardrobe elastic.

Pretty gowns were introduced this season made with sleeveless zouave jacket open over a white chiffon-over-silk vest. The edges of the jacket and skirt correspond at the waist, the vest being continued in a skirt panel. A costume of this sort appears in the last picture. As sketched it was of black brocaded satin, with vest and skirt panel of chiffon over white silk. A fluted ruffle of white appeared at the neck, and hand embroidery showed on skirt, cuffs and jacket fronts.

Towels from Blotting Paper.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person, upon stepping out of his morning tub, has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.