The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JULY 6, 1883. Volume XL.---No. 4.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Washington. Washington.

SPRING & SUMMER

!CLOTHING!

To fit the Largest or Smallest Man or Boy

—in—

Charles county.

BETWEEN LEGIMATE ADVERTISING

And What is TERMED PUFFERY

THERE IS A WIDE DISTINCTION.

The first merely explains the real merits of the goods sought to be sold.

The second assuredly exaggerates those merits, if there be any, or invents if there are none. What we say about our CLOTHING in the prints, and is disseminated through other channels, is the plain unvarnished truth.

☞ We ask you to call at our establishment when in the city, to convince you of the truthfulness of our assertion.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET,

Washington, D. C.

S. KATZENSTEIN,

sep 24-1y MANAGER.

BEAR IN MIND

☞THAT THE☜

Family Shoe Store,

306 & 308 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞ IS THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS.

OUR NEW PRICE LIST.

800	Pairs Infants Shoes from	10cts. up	4 5	Pairs Ladies heavy Shoes solid	49cts. up
760	" Children's Spring Heels	60cts. "	376	" Kid and Foxed Shoes	73cts. "
950	" Boys and Misses' Shoes	73cts. "	550	" " " Button	98cts. "
275	" Men's working Shoes	73cts. "	240	" Congress and lace	98cts. "
620	" Carpet Slippers	37cts. "	329	" Ladies lasting	29cts. "
380	" Kid " " "	43cts. "			

☞ Ladies low button, ties and Slippers at all prices. Gents. low Shoes of all kinds. Hand sewed Shoes and Slippers a specialty. Handsome fancy cards given to all purchasers.

FAMILY SHOE STORE, 306 & 308 7th Street, N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. KARR,

629 Pa. Ave.,

Sole Agent for

ROCKFORD

Watch Co.

District Columbia,

Key, Stem-win'g

WATCHES.

The best quick-train time-keeper made

Also Manufacturer and Dealer in

WATCHES,

Chronometers

FINE JEWELRY

All kinds of time Pieces repaired And warranted

Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

W. N. DALTON.

—GENERAL DEALER IN—

!Fine Boots and Shoes!

Popular Prices.

903 Pennsylvania Ave,
306 9th Street } *WASHINGTON, D. C.*

my 25-1y

Perry, Smoot & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

Lumber, Lime, Cement, Nails, Shingles,

No. 25, Cor. Union & Cameron streets,

Alexandria, VA.

Baltimore Advertisements.

THIN THINGS

FOR THE

THOUSANDS.

Half-lined and Skeleton Suits in all the newest and most desirable shades in Serges; also, Blue Flannels, Yacht Cloth, Mohairs, Drap D'Ete and worsted. Our assortment of Alpacas, Pongee Silk and Seersucker Suits (all colors) was never approached in magnitude or variety before in this State.

In dusters we can astonish you. We have them in all the best fabrics in Linen, Mohair, Alpaca, &c.

We also have the Largest Line of Boys' and Children's Clothing for Summer wear ever shown.

A Separate Department for White and Fancy vests, in which over 1,500 Styles are shown from 35 Cents to $5.00 in Price

We always excel in getting up Clothing for Summer wear, and we are proud of our magnificet assortment.

Furnishing Goods.

Our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. No gentleman of taste who appreciates richness and elegance of fabric and style should miss seeing our stock.—Remember, while this assortment is largely composed of the finest grades, we do not ask fancy figures on a single article. Our prices will bear comparison with those usually asked for cheaper goods, while in quality and make up they will be found immensely superior.

HSTS & CAPS.

We have in our cases Hats from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, and we defy any Hat House in Baltimore to show finer goods or better styles. They will show you higher priced Hats and you may think they are better because the high-toned Hatters tell you so, but they are not. Our display of straw Hats cannot be equaled or our low prices beat.

Excelsior Clothing Compn'y

S. W. COR. BALTO. LIGHT STS

Largest Establishment

—IN—

MARYLAND.

THOMAS C. PRICE & CO.

56 S. Charles St., Baltimore.

GENERAL

Commission Merchants.

For Sale of Tobacco, Grain Wool and all consignments.

Leo H. Hayden, recent Tobacco Inspector gives his personal attention to Inspections &c.

☞ CONSIGNMENTS solicited. Quick sales and prompt returns.

Reference —C. Cannon, Cashier, Traders National Bank.

Hon. Barnes Compton, Laurel, Prince Geo county, Md.

Hon. Richard H. Edelen, Port Tobacco, Charles Co., Md.

Hon. A. G. Chapman, La Plata, Charles Co., Md.

Hon. Robert C. Coombs, Leonardtown, St Mary's County, Md.

Hon. Frederick Stone, Court of Appeals, Annapolis, Md.

WE CONFIDENTLY OFFER OUR

VICTOR FERTILIZER

to the Farmers for their TOBACCO CROPS this season. It is a SPECIALTY for TOBACCO and WHEAT. It will make as much tobacco, and of as fine quality as any other fertilizer, and is equal to any other for all crops. Send for certificates.

☞ Our Wheat and Corn Fertilizer. A SPECIALTY for GRAIN CROPS

☞ We have the sole Agency for Andrew Coe's Original Ammoniated Bone Phosphate as just improved for TOBACCO and WHEAT. The value of this Fertilizer is well-known as heretofore prepared. With the improvement of 1883 it is a thoroughly reliable TOBACCO FERTILIZER.

For Tobacco use our Victor or Coe's Improved. For grain crops either of the above or our Wheat and Corn Fertilizer. All in good condition.

FOR SALE BY

JOSEPH PRICE, Cross Roads, P. O., Md.

A. M. BRYAN, Pomonkey, " "

RICHARD GOUGH, Newport, " "

☞ ORDERS SOLICITED.

March 30-3m.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

TURNIP SEED!

NEW CROP READY IN JULY!

Send for CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

ROCHESTER N.Y. 179-183 MAIN STREET. CHICAGO ILL. 200-206 Randolph St.

Special Notice.

Steam Saw and Grist Mill, Near La Plata Station,

ON THE BALT. & POTOMAC RAILROAD.

I AM now prepared to furnish all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, POST and RAIL, and PAILINGS for Fences, HOGSHEAD SIDING, HEADS and HOOPS; also HOGSHEADS already set up. The above can be obtained either at my Mill or from T. R. FARRALL, at La Plata Station, at greatly reduced prices.

Grinding day, Saturdays.

jan 12-1y* JOHN HOFFMAN

Original Poetry.

[Written for the PORT TOBACCO TIMES.]

REVERIE.

'Tis midnight and the household—
Is wrapt in slumber deep,
While I alone in my chamber
Lie silently and weep—
O'er joys which have forever flown,
And loved ones gone before;
Whose faces oft I think I see,
But their voices nevermore
Will cheer my sad and lonely heart,
As in the days of yore.
Last night my mother's gentle voice,
In whispered words of cheer,
Bade me battle bravely on,
And let no thought of fear—
"Enter my child, thy trusting heart,
Nor cause one falling tear,"
Her voice like sweetest music,
Sank deeply in my soul—
I tried in vain to slumber,
But far beyond control—
Did that tender voice of mother's,
My dreamless thoughts unfold:
The hours pass oh so wearily,
When all around is still—
For me there is no solace
My aching heart to fill.
At last a dreamy sleep is mine—
A happy home is seen—
Where mother sits encircled
With the arms of Eoleen.
Again it is the evening hour—
And strains so soft and sweet,
Steal gently in with soothing power
Our loving hearts to greet.
All, all are there around us—
Our cherished ones so dear,
No aching hearts, no sorrow—
All is happiness and cheer.
Suddenly from sleep I start,
Alas I'd only dreamed,
Would that the waking hour could prove
Our dear home what it seemed;
Then o'er me steals a sadness,
My very pulses thrill
When my mother's oft repeated
"I bow to Thy Holy Will"—
Comes to me as from Heaven,
And wrapt in deepest thought,
I slumber again, repeating—
A little prayer she taught.

Select Story.

BARRY OLMSTEAD.

WHAT AN OLD TIN HORN DID.

Miss Abigail Burr was a little brown old maid, who lived in a little brown old house with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of all work, Prudence, sharp of tongue, long of visage browner and older than the mistress herself. There was nothing of grace, nor beauty, nor sweetness about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry, and hard, and husky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very much dried up kernel in a nut-shell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never quite believed that. I always said that there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find it.

One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Caperstown or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved-looking little specimen of humanity. His coat was a world to long and patched at the elbows; and his trousers were a world too short and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair which had once been brown, but was now wofully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her high-backed rocking chair so intent on binding off her stocking heel that she heard neither the click of the gate latch nor the footsteps on the hard trodden path, and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset light.

He doffed his tattered hat crown.

"If you please, ma'am, will you—may I have something to eat?"

It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in the voice which Miss Abigail could not help but notice. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a moment before she answered. In that moment, Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with a shawl thrown over her head, and her right hand swathed with soft cotton.

"I'll have to git Jonas Barrow's man to do the milkin'," said she. I can't. I've burned my hand that bad."

The boy looked up quickly. "Can't I—could I milk for you?"

As I have intimated, Prudence did not like boys; and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing by the porch steps, from his bare brown feet to his brown head, not forgetting the little tuft, in dumb astonishment.

"You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking rather dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney in the yard.

"I chored on a farm all last summer," explained the boy, eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. "I want some supper, and I'll be glad to do something to pay for it."

"Well you kin try it," said Prudence, after a momentary deliberation. It's better'n begging a favor, anyhow."

She led the way to the kitchen, and took a shining tin pail from the dresser.

"Here's the milk pail,' she said to the boy, who stood waiting; "an' the cow's in the yard yonder. Pay-day comes when the work's done."

And Prudence smiled grimly as she went about setting out a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat. She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer, used only to womankind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away than allow herself to be milked by a boy.

"He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who presently brought her knitting work in the kicken. "The heifer'll send him sky-high."

But he could and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with snowy foam.

"Well I never," ejaculated Prudence.

"You didn't think I could?" said the boy, smiling brightly.

"No, I didn't," admitted Prudence; and straightway, in her astanishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhubarb pie.

"Wasn't there a bit of cheese left from dinner?" asked Miss Abigail.

Prudence thought there was, and while she was fetching it from the cellar the boy gave himself a healthy scrubbing at the pump, coming in from his ablutions fresh and ruddy as a rose. He was very hungry, there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a deprecating smile as Prudence carried off the bread plate for a third replenishing.

"I'm pretty hungry," said he. "This is the first bite I've had since morning and it tastes good."

To be sure it did. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother who died years before, ere his tender feet began to feel the pricks in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant, satisfying his craving at her kitchen table, should bring to her remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal. Presently, when the boy had finished his repast, he laid his knife and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near her with arms akimbo, to Miss Abigail.

"Thank you for my supper," said he. "May be I'd best be getting along. You don't want a boy to work, do you?"

"A boy—to work?" echoed Prudence. "Did I ever!"

"No we don't," said Miss Abigail, shortly. And then—it was strange enough that she could not help thinking again of that frail life which had blighted in the bud so long before.

"How far are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know ma'am."

"And where have you come from?" proceeded Miss Abigail.

"Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago." There was a pathetic quaver in his voice.

And, then, with little questioning, he told his simple story. His name was Barry Olmstead, and he was twelve years old. He had lived in Trescott a long time—he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing, and he had worked for the neighboring farmers summers, and gone to school winters. And he had been happy, for all they were so poor, until—mother died.

"Then I stopped with Deacon Staples a spell; he said he wanted to try me. But they were going to bind me out to him, and so I ran away."

"None to blame, nuther," interposed Prudence, with a great deal of emphasis. "I've seen old Staples, down to Trescott.

"He's that mean he'd skin a mouse for the hide and taller!"

"I've been trying along for a chance work," continued the boy, smiling faintly. He was very near to tears now, but he held them back sturdily. "But there don't anybody seem to want me."

Miss Abigail was moved more than she would have cared to own by this recital. Even to her, who lived for self so long, there was something indescribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling alone with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here or there, as chance might dictate. It had grown dark now—the lamps had long since been lighted; and there were mutterings of distant thunder in the air.

"It's going to rain," said Miss Abigail, "You needn't go to night; you may sleep in the loft."

Barry thanked her.

The storm broke with great violence. And while Miss Abigail listened to the sharp peals of the thunder and pouring of the rain against the windows she thought of the lonely little wayfarer in the stable loft with a new, strange throb of pity. Morning came, merry with bird song and glistening with myriads of rain drops. Prudence was up betimes, but, early as it was, she heard the sound of an ax in the wood shed; and when she opened the door Barry smiled at her from his post by the chopping block.

"I don't think I paid enough for my supper—I eat such a lot," he said, "so I've split some kindlings, and I'll milk for you this morning if you want me to."

Prudence brought the milk pail without a word. But when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal, she made ready a good substantial breakfast for Barry, also. When he had eaten it he took up his hat crown.

"Go out the way you came in," said Prudence, "'r else you'll bring bad luck."

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh, but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail was there taking deep breaths of the fresh air, and she bade him a kind "Good morning" as he went off the step and down the path again between the lilacs, exuberant in growth but meager in bloom.

"I wonder why my lilacs do not flower more freely." This Miss Abigail said to Prudence, who had followed to the door.

"I dunno," answered Prudence.

Barry heard and turned. "I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on," he said, hesitatingly. "Mother used to say I must pick the blossoms off one year, if I wanted any next."

And then he went out of the gate, closing it carefully behind him, and along the moist, brown highway.

"That is a very uncommon boy," said Miss Abigail, looking after him with serious eyes.

"Yes," assented Prudence "he's a clever 'nough little chap—for a boy."

"To think of his knowing about the lilacs," continued Miss Abigail meditatively. "I must cut off all the flowers this spring."

'An' he got as good a mess o' milk from the heifer as I could ha' done myself with a well hand,' Prudence went on.

'Yes, he would have been handy about milking and getting the wood for you,' said Miss Abigail.

'An' bringin' the letters from the postoffice,' proceeded Prudence. 'It's a good piece over to the village in muddy walkin.'

'So it is,' said Miss Abigail. She gazed reflectively along the road which wound, serpentime, to the little hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely speck, in the distance, as he was a mere insignificant atom in the great body of humanity. Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

'We might have kept him,' she said.'

'Tain't too late yit!' put in Prudence.

The two women looked into each other eyes.

'If you could make him hear,' began Miss Abigail.

For answer Prudence strode to the road, and sent a long, quavering cry after Barry.

'B-o-o-y!'

But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on.

'Gimme the old tin horn out'er the kitchen, Miss Abigail' called Prudedce, excitedly, 'quick.'

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail, and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her lips and blew a blast so long, so loud, that it startled the birds into silence, and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

'He c'n hear that if he c'n hear anything,' she muttered.

He did. He stopped. Prudence flourished the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense; and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, standing by the gate.

'He's a comin' back,' she said.

When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was waiting on the porch.

'We made up our minds to keep you,' said she, 'so long as you don't give too much trouble.'

'O thank you, ma'am!' cried Barry. 'Indeed, I'll try to please you.'

I am sure he has succeeded; for the lilacs have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall and strong and manly as the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm, which had so long laid unimproved and in the winter attends school at the village where he is in excellent repute. He is, withal, so faithful and helpful and kind that Prudence is fain to apothematize the horn after this fashion:

'Harnsome is as harnsome does; an' you're deservin' of bed o' velvet, old horn, for the good deed you done that day.'

Young Housekeepers.

No young lady should be willing to assume wifely responsibilities or oblinations until she is fully capable of taking charge of a house. Some sensible person has said that household occupations are in themselves an intellectual and moral exercise of no mean importance, after which any lady has enough surplus time for books and the arts.

We fully endorse the sentiment, and bless the improvement in our female colleges, many of which boast a wholesome department of domestic economy.

In the marriage outfit of the eldest daughter, how many a mother has been forced to the sacrifice of her own personal ease and comfort in giving up her old experience cook to relieve the young mistress of a burden of embarrasment and trouble that would otherwise fall upon her untrained shoulders. But even with this admirable auxiliary (now almost obsolete since the extinction of slavery), there will be oppressive minor cares, duties and anxieties requiring a sacrifice of time and ease that the mistress may not be willing at all times to yield unmurmuringly.

Be she ever so happily endowed with that enviable faculty of taking things lightly and patiently, ever estimating little mishaps at their full cost and no more, she will still find her position one of trial and embarrassment. There must be a regular and general method in everthing if thrift, order and neatness prevail. It is vain to enjoin early rising, and economy in pantry and *cuisine*, if the mistress be unpuctual and extravagant, and servants are never slow in learning that she does not practice what she teaches.

Let no young housekeepers despise industrial activity and a personal execution of all the rules instituted for the general welfare of her establishment. Then and not until then, will we see comfort, happiness and prosperity.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

Select Reading.

The Bad Boy.

'I hear your Uncle Ezra is here on a visit,' said the grocery man to the bad boy. 'I suppose you have been having a high old time. There is nothing that does a boy more good than to have a nice visit with a good uncle, and hear him tell about old times when he and the boy's father were boys together.

'Well, I don't know about it,' said the boy as he took a stick of macaroni and began to blow paper wads through it at a woodsawyer who was filing a saw out side of the door. 'When a boy who has been tough has got his pins all set to reform, I don't think it does him any good to have a real nice uncle come to the house visiting. Anyway, that's my experience. I have backslid the worst way, and it is going to take me a month, after Uncle Ezra goes away, to climb up to the grace that I have fallen from. It is darn discouraging,' said the boy as he looked up to the ceiling in an innocent sort of a way, and hid the macaroni under his coat, when the woodsawyer, who had been hit in the neck, dropped his saw and got up mad.

'What's the trouble? Your uncle has the reputation where he lives of being one of the pillars of society. But you can't tell about these fellows when they get away from home. Does he drink?'

'No, he don't drink, but as near as I can figure it he and pa were about the worst, pills in the box when they were young. I don't want you to repeat it, but when pa and ma were married they eloped. Yes, sir, actually run away, and defied their parents, and they had to hide about a week for fear ma's father would fill pa so full of cold lead that he would sink if he fell in the water. Pa has been kicked over the fence, and chased down alleys dozens of times, by Ma's grandfather when he was sparking ma, and ma was a terror too, 'cause her mother couldn't do anything with her, though she is awful precise now, and wants everybody to be good. Why ma's mother used to warm her ears and shake the daylights out of her, but it didn't do any good. She was mashed on pa, and there was no cure for her except to have pa prescribed for her as a husband, and they ran away. Uncle Ezra told me all about it. Ma haint got any patience with girls now days that have minds of their own about fellows, and she thinks their parents ought to have all the say. Well, maybe she thinks she knows all about it. But when people get in love it is the same now as it was when pa and ma were trying to keep out of the reach of my grandfather's shotgun. But pa and Uncle Ezra and ma are good friends, and they talk over old times and have a big laugh. I guess Uncle Ezra was too much for pa in joking when they were boys, 'cause pa told me that all rules against joking were suspended while Uncle Exra was here, and for me to play anything on him I could. I told pa I was trying to lead a different life, but he said what I wanted to do was to make Uncle Ezra think of old times, and the only way was to keep him on the ragged edge. I thought if there was anything I could do to make it pleasant for my uncle; it was my duty to do it, so I fixed the bed slats on the spare bed so they would fall down at 2 A. M. the first night, and then retired. At two o'clock I heard the awfulest noise in the spare room, and a howling and screaming, and I went down and met Uncle Ezra in the hall, and he asked me what was the matter in there, and I asked him if he didn't sleep in the spare room and he said no that ma and pa was in there, and he slept in their room. Then we went in the spare room, and you'd a dide to see pa. Ma had jumped out when the slats first fell, and was putting her hair up in curl papers when we got in, but pa was all tangled up in the springs and things. His had gone down first, and the mattresses and quilts rolled over on him, and he was almost smothered, and we had to take the bed stead down to get him out, the way you have to unharness a horse when he runs away and falls down, before you can get him up. Pa was mad, and Uncle Ezra laughed at him, and told him he was only foundered, and all he wanted was a bran mush and some horse liniment and he would come all right. Uncle Ezra went out in the hall to get a pail of water to throw on pa, 'cause he said pa was afire, when pa asked me why in blazes I didnt fix the other bed slats, and I told him I didn't know as they were going to change beds, and then pa said don't let it occur again. Pa lays everything to me. He is the most changeable man I ever saw. He told me to do everything Uncle Ezra wanted me to, and then when I helped Uncle Ezra to play a joke on pa, he was mad. Say, I don't think this world is run right, do you? I haven't got much time to talk to you to-day, 'cause Uncle Ezra and me are going fishing, but don't it strike you that it is queer that parents trounce boys for doing just what they did themselves. Now, I have got a friend whose father is a lawyer. That lawyer would warm his body if he should tell a lie, or associate with anybody that was bad, and yet the lawyer will defend a man he knows is guilty of stealing, and get him clear and take the money he got from the thief, who stole it, to buy the same boy a new coat to wear to church, and he will defend a man who committed murder, and make an argument to the jury that will bring tears to their eyes, and they will clear the murderer. Queer, ain't it? And say, how is it we send missionaries to Burmah to convert them from heathenism, and the same vessel that takes the missionaries there carries from Boston a cargo of tin gods to sell to the heathen! Why wouldn't it be better to send the missionaries to Boston? I think the more a boy learns the more he gets mixed.'

'Well, how's your theatre? Have any of the great actors supported you lately?' said the grocery man, to change the subject.

'No, we are all off on vacation. Booth and Barrett and lots of the stars have gone to Europe, and the rest work down to less high-toned places. Some of the theatre girls are waiters at summer resorts, and lots are visiting relatives on farms. I tell you, it makes a difference whether the relatives are visiting you or you visiting them. Actors and actresses feel awfully when an old granger comes to the town where they are playing and wants to see them. They are ashamed of his homespun clothes and cowhide boots, and they want to meet him out in an ally somewhere, or in the basement of the theatre, so the other actors will not laugh at their rough relatives, but when the season is over, an actor who can remember a relative out on a farm is tickled to death, and the granger is all right enough there, and the actor does not think of the rough, nutmeg grater hands, and the blistered nose, as long as the granger relative will put up fried pork and things, and 'support the actor. My Uncle Ezra is pretty rough, and it makes me tired some times when I am down town with him to have him go into a store where there are girl clerks and ask what things are for, that I know he don't want, and make the girls blush, but he is a good hearted old man, and he and me are going to make a mint of money during vacation. He lives near a summer resort hotel, and has a stream that is full of minnows, and we are going to catch minnows and sell them to the dudes for fish bait. He says some of the fellows will pay ten cents a piece for minnows, so if we sell a million minnows, we make a fortune. I am coming back in September and will buy out your grocery. Say, let me have a pound of raisins, and I'll pay you when I sell my uncles minnows.'—*Peck's Sun.*

Bashful Beaux.

We seriously pity the bashful young man who is in love, and just now there is a plethora of subjects for our serious pity hereabouts. We often wonder what the deuce they talk about, when they talk at all, and how they talk it, these beardless boy beaux, who sport the manly air and these sweet young misses, just out of short frocks and not yet out of school, or at least ought not to be, if they are. We have several times quietly watched these as the *gage d'amour* would pass, and we have been several times astonished, but our interest never abated. There is the bashful boy and the boy who isn't a bit bashful. Their approaches to the objective point of attack is widely different. The last fellow, self-poised, self-reliant and resolute, pitches valiantly in and closes matters at once one way or the other. It is not so with with him of the bashful blush. His glances are full of love and his sighs are the wailings of desperate distress. 'Ah me, if I only could, and she only would,' he seems to think and thinking almost to say. He is setting at an inconvenient distance from her, presently he looks timidly around the room to see if any one is looking at him; satisfied in that particular, he undertakes a stragetic move and gently, oh! so gently slides his chair in the desired direction, he halts for awhile, pull at his shirt coller first one side, then the other, tugs at the streaming ends of his loud necktie, twists all the starch out of his handkerchief, and the handkerchief itself into a mere string as he winds and coils it about his trembling, hands he hesitates muchly, looks around again, but at last thinking no observant eye is upon him, he says, 'Ahem,' and business begins. The shy little she blushes, bashfully too, but always beautifully, then smiles, then perhaps assumes indignation, but presently she gets nervous also, and punishes her fan very unnecessarily; we are always sorry for the poor fans under such embarrassing circumstances, for the shy little maidens will pluck at them, bite at them and almost eat them, but at last she proves herself a 'consenting she' perhaps or may be a gracefully declining Helen, who in touching sympathy said, 'Forgive, be generous and depart.'

Not That Sort of a Ranch.

Mr. O'Hagan has a sheep ranch on the Medina. A stranger drove up to his place the other day. The stranger had broken some part of his wagon, and wanted to borrow a monkey-wrench. When the stranger shouted 'Hello!' Mrs. O'Hagan (Mr. O'Hagan being from home) came out to the fence.

'Wie gichts. Dot was a fine morning to day. It vas a monkey-wrench I vanted to find, und dose beoples at dot house pelow dolds me already dot you keeps a monkey-wrench.'

'Holy Moses! Kape a monkey ranch! Ye dirty spalpeen. Ye miserable, low-lifed blaggard, to be accusin, a dacent woman of kapin' an establishment av that character. A monkey ranch, is it yer lookin' for. I'm thinkin' from yer looks that thats's about the kind av ranch you would feel at home in. Get out av here, an' if ye don't scatter dirt behind ye putty quick its an illiphant ranch ye'll be thinkin' ye have struck, an' that the illiphants are stampadin' over yer ugly carcass.'—*Texas Siftings.*