The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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MAMMOTH OPENING

OF

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS

AT

COX'S STATION.

WE have just Returned from BALTIMORE CITY with a large and complete assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS suited to all classes of trade.

Our Cottons, Linens, Prints and Dress Goods are the best the market affords. Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers for Ladies or Gentlemen, have been made expressly for custom trade. Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, &c., Lingerie of all kinds; Hats and Caps of the latest style in every variety. Groceries of all kinds; Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrup, Molasses.

We are also agent for a **New York Whip Factory**, and sell the finest whip made, displayed from a handsome rack, not to be excelled in beauty in the county. We are also agent for the sale of the famous

Whipple Spring-Tooth Sulky Harrow; the Whipple Harrow and Corn Cultivator combined; McCormick Single Reaper, Binder and Mower.

The celebrated HUNTER F. & F. PLOUGHS as well as the noted ploughs manufactured by the St. Joseph Plough Company, Mishawaka, Indiana.

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Should overwork from the use of any of the above machinery prostrate you or make you feel badly, then call and we will sell you some of Shaker's world renowned medicines.

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Mint Julips always on hand; and choice meals to feed the the hungry man. All at

Howard Bros.

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SELECTED STOCK

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—IN—

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A SPECIALTY.

Gents Suits from	$5 to $25
Boys " "	3 50 to 10
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To Suit the Young and Old.

Ladies Linen Dusters	75c to $3,50
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Highest Cash Price for Wool.

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It is a Purely Vegetable, Faultless Family Medicine, and has been Manufactured at LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, one of the most prominent Drug Stores of Baltimore, for more than half a century. Its efficiency in all forms of LIVER DISEASE has been tested and approved by thousands of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, who have used it successfully in combating the above complaints, all of which arise from a derangement of the Liver and Disordered Stomach. We therefore say to you confidently if you have *Dyspepsia, Suffer from Sick or Nervous Headache, have Chills, Bowels are Constipated, or you feel generally Played Out and don't care a continental whether you live or die,* **try J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters,** and our word for it, a single dose, taken either at night on retiring or in the morning before breakfast, will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fevers abound, it will be found a most effectual Remedy in guarding the system from all attack. The price, too, is reasonable and within the reach of all; 25 cents for the Herbs in packages, or $1.00 for the bottles ready prepared.

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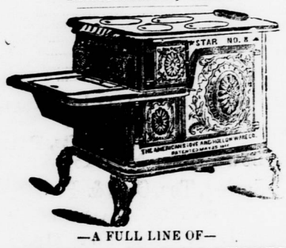

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The exhibit in this Department will beggar description. Hundreds and hundreds of novel staple styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makes in order to secure the most beautiful specimens of Head Gear for Old Men and Young Men, for Youths and for Children. Come and see the styles. You will not be coaxed to buy, but if you should invest a dollar it will go as far as a dollars fifty in any Hat Store in Baltimore.

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We have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Shoes, Gentlemen's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Boy's Shoes and Children's Shoes in Baltimore. It is impossible to give an idea of the extent of our stock to those who have never visited our Shoe Department. We are bound up by no one manufacturer. We purchase only where we can get the best goods for our money. You who read this examine our stock and do likewise.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoe Departments separate.

"Excelsior"

Clothing Campang,

S. W. COR. BALTO. LIGHT STS

Largest Establishment

—IN—

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No. 106 S. Charles Street,

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Oct. 29, 1875.

W. H. Moore. J. F. Mudd

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☞ Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

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Cleaning $1,50. *Mainspring* $1,50.

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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.

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Dr. Thos. A. Carrico respectfully announces to the public that he has resumed the practice of medicine, and will give the best attention he can command to all cases entrusted to his care.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Sample worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

WOODWARD

& LOTHROP.

921 Pennsylvania Ave.,

Washington,

D. C.

Great Blanket Sale

We shall open this morning the largest assortment of Blankets ever shown in Washington, and at the lowest prices ever named for the same grades.

Nearly all of the lots mentioned below have been purchased from the Great Auction Trade Sale of Blankets which was recently held in New York City, and are much below the market price.

Blankets for $1,25 Per Pair.

280 Pairs Extra Quality 10-4 Blankets at $1,25. Selling rapidly for nursing sheets, etc.

Blankets for $1,75 Per Pair.

500 Pairs Extra Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $1,75. Never before sold less than $2,00 per pair.

Blankets for $2,00 Per Pair

480 pairs Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $2,00. Regular price for these goods, $2,50.

Blankets for $2,50 Per Pair.

500 pairs Extra large 11-4 Blankets, $2,50 Also two cases finer grade 11-4 Blankets at $2,75 per pair.

Blankets for $3,50 Per Pair.

300 pairs 11-4 Blankets at $3,50. Extra heavy for the price and really worth $4,50.

Blankets for $4,00 Per Pair.

150 pairs Choice Fleece 10-4 Blankets at $4. Every pair actually worth $5. Handsome borders and velvet finish.

Blankets for $5,00 Per Pair.

50 pairs Choice Fleece 11-4 Blankets, at $5. The attention of Housekeepers is especially called to this lot, as it is the best Blanket ever offered at the price.

Blankets for $6,00 Per Pair.

200 pairs 12-4 Extra Large and Heavy Blankets at $6. Never before sold at less than $7 per pair.

Blankets for $7,50 Per Pair.

Two cases Extra Super 12-4 Blankets at $7,50. Warranted by the manufacturers to be every thread and fibre wool. Never sold before at less than $8,50 per pair.

Signal Service Blankets.

The celebrated Signal Service Blanket may be found in our stock in all sizes.

Gray Blankets $2,25 Pr Pair.

Two cases 10-4 Gray Blankets, $2,25. Extra value for the money. Well worth 3.

Gray Blankets $3 per pair.

Two cases Extra Heavy 11-4 Gray Blankets, $3 per pair

Gray Wrappers for $4 Each.

One case Extra Super 11-4 Gray Blankets $4. These goods are now very much used for Ladies' Wrappers.

Scarlet Wool Blankets.

Scarlet all Wool 10-4 Blankets, 4,50. Usually retailed at five dollars.

Scarlet all wool 11-4 Blankets, 5. Regular price six.

Finer Grades of Blankets including the famous "Whitney Blankets," from 8 to 14

Crib Blankets $1,50 per pair

Finer Grades of Crib Blankets, in fancy colors, 3.50.

Bed Comforts for $1.

Bed Comforts, full size, 1,25, 1,50 1,90 each.

Bed Comforts, solid cardinal, oil boiled, only 2 25 each

Bed Comforts, English chintz, one piece, only 3.50.

Colored Bed Spreads.

A complete assortment in Choice Designs, 1,25, 1,75, 2,50, etc. etc.

White Bed Spreads, 1,00 1,25, 1,75, 2,00, etc., etc.

WOODWARD AND LATHROP.

921 Penn. Ave.....912 D Street.

Washington, D. C.

Original Story.

[Written for the PORT TOBACCO TIMES.]

PALMOIN.

By GULNARE.

CHAPTER III.

"STOLEN SWEETS."

About dusk that evening Mr. Loveall and Miss Euphonia being in a romantic frame of mind, turned one of the summer houses into a bower of love.

Miss Euphonia in a charming evening costume of pea green set off with a profusion of white lace and flowers of delicate pink about her small and graceful neck, looking very much like a mocliste on the frontispiece of an old Lady's book, strummed daintily on a three stringed guitar, to the tune of "Come dearest the daylight is passing," which was very appropiate to the hour and more than probable attuned to the heart of each one of those individuals, but it was certainly a contradiction in Mr. Loveall's face which looked like the sun just rising

However, they seemed to be enjoying themselves in a quiet and sensibly way, and leaving Mr. Loveall, his nose and family in a state of sublime complacency, we will follow up the manoeuvres of Mr. Stanley who after seeing that his guests in the drawing room seemed in a fair way of enjoying themselves the remainder of the evening even without his agreeable presence, tied a large silk handkerchief of bright red close up about his neck, which gave a Bohemian dash to his otherwise rather sober black attire, donned a slouched hat, which almost concealed his jet black hair that usually lay in wavy masses on his forhead.

After making these preparation he wended his way across the lawn then made a short steep ascent, which gradually sloped to a fine grove of trees, through which could be seen a small white cottage about twenty yards off, so near the river that the waves seemed to wash up to the flower border in front of the house

On a decayed and moss grown stump in this romantic trysting place, sat Violet Delmoir, the instaneous vision at the library window that morning.

"My pretty little Violet," said Mr. Stanley in a caressing tone, as he advanced toward the girl and took her hands in his, "what a treat it is sometimes to leave the world of mockery and taste some real sweets of life. You in your green bower of nature are worth all those fine ladies in my stately home."

"Too sweet, Mr. Stanley, to last, we must have no more secret meetings like this—I can no longer deceive my mother who I know is the best friend I have," said Violet sadly.

"But she too must know it soon, Violet. I have learned to love you too well to give you up under any consideration. Why have you lost confidence in me my little darling? You whom I have known and loved ever since you were a small child. I have come this evening to tell you something sweeter than you have ever heard from me yet. Though you have felt very near and dear to me, yet I want you nearer still. I want you for my little wife, Violet, the sweetest and most precious name man ever uttered."

There was a pitiable look in the white face as she glanced up into the handsome face of her lover standing under the dark trees through which the early moonbeams were streaming, and a hopeless wail in the voice that cried out:

"Oh, Mr. Stanley, you should not tempt me so, you know that I love you, yet I am a poor girl and must not force myself on you who could do so well."

"Violet, you must not talk so," added Stanley seriously, "you of all the women in the world I rather would bear my name. Violet Stanley, isn't it beautiful, my love, your name adds a sweetness to it as coming from the wild wood."

"It is very beautiful, Mr. Sanley, but far too grand for one of my station. I should never dream of such things. Oh, that I never had seen you, it might have been better"

"But we must not part Violet, I feel that I can't leave you to baffle this world any longer, you are one of those dear beings born to love and be loved; to be shielded by a loving and protecting arm, then who, my love, has a better right to offer you that sure protection, to give you deeply dear one, it is no sweet delusion, I've found that to my sorrw, for God knows I tried to crush it in its infancy. Considering all thing darling it might have been better, had it been done, but all the cold stoicism and reasoning could not kill a thing so dear, and that had become my second nature. Will you be my wife, precious little Violet?"

"No, Mr Stanley, I can't marry you," said the girl calmly we might regret it. I must learn to forget you, I intend to leave here soon, and then amid new scenes and faces I may forget all this, and I know the sooner it is done the better it will be for me."

"Then Violet," said Stanley with a tender pathos in his voice, "if you leave here I know I must lose you, another will in time claim the heart I thought was mine, another's home will be made happy by your sweet presence. But Violet when you go dear memories of you will ever live in my heart, and will ever be my most cherished thoughts. I will not detain you longer love, in this chilling dew. We have known and loved each other, a sweet and precious thought—we will never forget each other, a dearer one still; we will visit sometimes in our dreams—a sweet delusion—only to be broken by cold reality—but never fear love, they will come again. Have I brought tears to your eyes dear love? May they never flow down your sweet face again save in joy. And now since all is over, we must part a little word—but its bitter meaning fills my heart with untold anguish. Good bye dear heart." He kissed her and they parted.

The lovers so wrapt in themselves were totally unconsions of an eavesdropper so near them, in the persion of a poor hunch back with an hiderously ugly face, who had been walking one dreary, monotonous beat for the last half hour, muttering threatening denunciations on Lorraine Stanley. His hated rival, Tim Doolan (for such was his name) was the only survivor of a small pleasuring party that twenty years ago came from Washington in a small yacht, and sailing peacefully along the shores of Palmoin, was lost in a terrible tonado that came over so quickly as to give the people no warning whatever, and in spite of the strenuous efforts of those on the shore to help them, the little boat after bravely baffling the mountainous waves, was carried down in one dark foaming mass of surging waters, and the unfortunate party were swallowed by the resisting waves, save the hunch back who in spite of his great affliction, seemed doomed to live.

He was brought to the cottage where Mrs. Delmoir, Violet's mother lived, was cared for by the lady and remained there always afterwards, and worked at Palmoin.

He was a strange being seldom said a word except when it was absolutely necessary, never seemed to enter in the life around him—but lived on unnoticed or uncared for by anybody. No one knew or wanted to know that in that misshapen body there dwelt a mind deep as a cave, ripe with dark, terrible thoughts, and no gleam of sunshine ever lighted up its gloomy depths except when Violet, whom he loved with an intensity almost amounting to madness, gave him a smile of compassion.

Whatever his thoughts might have been, they were dammed up during the day by sullen silence and in the narrow, gloomy confines of his room, in the lonely house at midnight, he opened the flood gates of speech and poured out in black torrents, the bitterest hatred and calumny on the human race and blasphency on his maker for sending him in the word thus deformed.

Only for a moment he watched the fine form of Lorraine Stanley as it disappeared through the trees and then half blind with rage, jealously and desperation, groped his way to the cottage—from thence to his wretched little apartment over the kitchen, and throwing himself on the bed moaned out piteously his hard lot and cruel disappointment.

"All over now—all over now," he slowly reprated. "To night I have faced the hard truth—she loves him and flies to his arms like an innocent bird fluttering to its ruin, and how idle are those words of avowed separation, his farewell to her coined in that beautiful seductive language, he knows so well how to use, and that voice so fatal to the poor girl but strenghens her love for him. I love her too—but what is my poor love—Something to loathe—to scorn—Oh! that such a sacred thing as love should dwell in this distorted tenement; should ever rise in my heart but to be crushed. A sad lonely life is mine—all my endeavors are in vain. Should I prosper, there is none to smile for me, in sorrow there is none to weep for me. Roll back oh memory! for one short hour this dark night—place before my sad vision the sweet home of my infancy. Winds of the past waft back the fragrance of the jessamine that grew at the door, waft it over my burning brow! Lullaby of my mother steal over my sick soul this night! Some soft hand of yore caress my throbing head! Some kind words fall on my poor, famished heart.

The last words were barily audible, sleep stole soothingly over the tired limbs—the moonlight came through the little latticed casement and shone on the pitiful face of the hunch back, softening the harsh features and shedding a touch of beauty on the coarse patched clothes.

To return to Mr. Stanley who had long ago reached the house and mingled freely with the merriment of the evening of which there was no lack; luxurious strains from the piano and violin rolled through the spacious old mansion. Last scene: Mr. Loveall with the stately grace of the "olden time" solicits a waltz from Miss Euphonia.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BETROTHAL.

Three weeks had passed, and with them had disappeared Mr. Stanley's or Miss Euphonia's, by courtesy, visitors, and on this evening of which I write the worthy mistress of the mansion was also absent on a visit, leaving Mr. Stanley alone to do the honors of the house to anyone who might drop in, which was not very likely as the rain was falling fast and a chilly wind of May whistled around the corners of the old house.

Violet after all her firm resolutions to leave home and fly from temptations still lingered at the enchanted spot, and this evening she stood on the back pizza at Palmoin, after her usual day's sewing, debating in her mind as to whether she had better go or stay Aunt Dinah manifested great interest in the hunting up of gum shoes, shawls etc., and seemed anxious to get her off, for some reason she kept to herself; but Mr. Stanley, stepping out on the porch with a book in his hand, and the red silk handkerchief tied round his neck, which seemed to be a part of his charms, settled the momentous question, by telling Violet authoritatively that she must stay, that he wouldn't think of suffering her to go out in the rain.

So the matter ended and Violet, escorted with great courtesy by Mr. Stanley, walked in that pretty little breakfast room, voluptuous with rose colored draperies, and perfumed with beautiful choice flowers arranged in a vase noted for its rare and antique devices.

There was a rich glow of light wood in the fire place, which threw fantastic shadows on the wall in the deepening dusk.

Mr. Stanley invited Violet to a seat on the small sofa before the fire and sat down by her, talking to her right away in such a gentle, fascinating manner, that Violet soon felt perfectly at ease

Later on, through Mr. Stanley's directions, a small table was laid in the same room, filled with dainties, very savory to poor Violet who seldom saw any of the luxuries of life. Aunt Dinah was at her usual post, to pour out tea, but much against her will, for those fragile cups had never touched other than aristocratic lips and it was much as the indignant old servant could do to hand one of such "powhite trash."

However in spite of the august presence of Aunt Dinah, Violet seemed radiantly happy and answered with great glee, Mr. Stanley's merry sallies.

When they were once more alone Stanley again broached the sweet subject of love which had been so positively forbidden some weeks previous.

"This has always been a favorite room of mine, Violet," said he in a soft and seductive tones, "but some how it never seemed so dear to me as it has to-night. 'Tis your sweet presence my little Violet that adds this ineffable charm; how happy I would be if you were my wife, for there is no real happiness in my life now without you, I grow sick of the cold tinsel atmosphere of fashionable society, which sometimes seems mere mockery, and sigh for one real loving heart, and some caressing hand, as cheerful as the light, may be round my fireside; yet there is a dull vacancy. 'T'is a woman's face, a woman's soft presence, and none would make it so sweet as you my Violet, how often have I imagined you as my little wife. How I know you would bend with womanly tenderness over my sick bed, mingle with my sorrow and be the sharer of my every joy, how I know you would give me, my darling, I would give you a home of love and luxury, where you would be sheltered from all the stormes of life by my arm that longs to protect you. Such an offer as that I hold out to you and I know in your heart you accept it, you have told me you loved me, and I am the proper one to provide for you in the future, if you raise any more objections I shall put them down as the right of your oldest and best friend."

It is no known what her objections were, but a little later the wrathful Aunt Dinah on peeping through the keyhole, found them very like,

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

A few minutes later a very different scene was being enacted in the kitchen; *dramatis personæ*, Aunt Dinah and uncle Hezekiah.

The former had returned from her keyhole observations, with towering indignation, which indeed almost amounted to wrath, if I am allowed to say that worthy of high degree ever stooped to anything so degrading.

But the good lady was very excusable. She looked upon the young master as her property, and as long as she lived must watch over him as her own flesh and blood; and very particular was she in the selection of the ladies to whom he must pay court, and this upstart forcing herself upon his company, and could she bear to think of it—upon his affections—was more than the proud heart could stand.

"To tink of it," she cried, giving vent to her anger, "dat my clever master should be throwin' hisself away in dat manner, is 'nuf to make my po' missus ris outen her grabe dis night and han't dat impident hussy. To tink of his coutin' a seamster, wid all of his purty looks and high larnin', when his grandfader married de Gineral's darter and his fader de Jedge of de county's darter. It most gibs me a epilessy fit when I tinks of it;" she panted having failed to articulate the last volley of invective.

"Well, sister Dinah," said Hezekiah, who was disposed to take the best view of things in all cases; "lub is sumfin we can't control wid all our perlosofy. It is like a runnin' stream dat no motter how much you tries to jam up will hab an outlet somewhar, if it be a secret one. In dis flittin' life it's de bes way to make der bestest of eberyting. You know Mars Stanley was always a dimmycrat in his biews anyhow."

"Divil take de dimmycrats," retorted the pious sister; "d ys nottin' more den a set of po' white trash tryin' to get de better ob dere betters. I feels like puttin' my foot down on de whole race ob dem." And she gave a mighty stamp of the said member as though she were crushing them in reality.

"Well, sister Dinah," said Hezekiah diffusing some more of his logic, "dars no use in grievin' ober spilt milk, I'se found dat out in my 'sperience ob de world."

Aunt Dinah said no more but prepared to smoke her pipe with a view to consoling herself; and later in the night, with much *empressment*, mixed with cold hauteur, beneath which polite exterior lay the smoldering embers of wrath, conducted Violet to her bedroom, groaning invisibly when she thought of putting such common mold on her "misses linen sheets." But, however, they were her master's orders and she must bow to the inevitable with the best grace she could, so after bidding the girl good-night in a tone of withering politeness, left her to her blissful thoughts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Select Reading.

The Wayward Young Kid.

'Well, how is my little angel without wings to day?' asked the groceryman of the bad boy, as he came in with red paint sticking to his ears, blue paint around his eyes and nose, a rooster feather stuck through his hat, and a bead moccasin on one foot and a rubber shoe on the other.

'O, I am all *bushoo*. Bushoo, that is Indian. I am on the war path, and I am no angel this week. This is my week off. For the last two weeks I have been so good that it made me fairly ache, and since that Buffalo Bill show with the Indians, and buffalos, and cowboys, and steers. I am all broke up. We have had the worse time over to our house that ever was. You see, all of us boys in the neighborhood wanted to have a Buffalo Bill show, and pa gave us permission to use the back yard, and he said he would come out and help us. You know that Boston girl that was visiting our house, with the glasses on? Well, she went home the next day.—She says this climate is too wild for her. You see, we boys all fixed up as Indians, and we laid for some one to come out of the house, to scalp, the way they do in the show. We heard a rustle of female garments, and we all hid, and when the Boston girl came out to pick some pansies we captured her.

WE YELLED 'YIP YIP,'

and I took hold of one of her hands, and my chum took hold of the other, and her bangs raised right up, and her glasses fell off and she said: 'O you howxid things! We took her in the hen house and tied her to the tin water conductor that came down by the corner of the barn, and then we danced a war dance around her, and yelled 'ki-yi' and held her hair and hung it on the chicken roost, and then I made a speech to her in Indian. I said, 'The pale face maiden from the rising sun is in the hands of the Apaches, and they yearn for her gore.—But we will not harm the pretty white maiden, except to burn her at the stake.'—Just then pa came out with a cistern pole, and he rescued the white maiden, and said we mustn't be so rough. Then the girl said she would give us all the taffy we wanted, and she went in, and she and ma watched us from the back window. Pa he watched us rob a coach, and he said it was first rate, The man that collects the ashes from the alley he had just loaded up when two of my Indians took the horse and four of us robbed the driver of a clay pipe and a pocket comb and a knife. Pa just laughed when we give the ash man his knife and things, he said he hadn't had so much fun for a long time. Then we were going to lasso a wild Texas steer, and ride it the way they did in the show, and pa said that was where he came in handy. He said he could throw a lasso just like a cow-boy. We got my chum's pa's cow out of the barn and drove her up the alley, and pa stood there with a clothes line, with a big noose in the end, and he headed off the cow and threw the lasso—Well, you'd a dide to see pa sweep things out of the alley with his pants. When he throwed the rope around her neck I guess she thought it was all day with her, for she turned and galloped, and kicked up and bellered, and pa did not know enough to let go of the rope. First pa followed the cow down the alley sitting down, and about a bushel of ashes got up his trowsers legs, and the tomato cans and old oyster cans flew around like a cyclone was blowing. Us Injuns climbed up on the fences to get out of the way, and that scared the cow more, and she snatched pa along too quick. I yelled to pa to let go of the rope, and just as the cow dragged him under a wagon he let go, and the cow took the clothes line home. Pa got up and shook the ashes out of his trowsers legs and picked up a piece of board and started back. I heard pa say: 'That busts up the Buffalo Bill business. No more wild western steer business for your uncle Ike.' We went out on the street with our tomahawks, when pa went in to brush himself, and disbanded, and went on to our reservation, and peace reigns again, and the Boston girl has gone home with an idea that we are all heathens out west.'

'I should think your pa would learn, after awhile, that he is too old to fool around as he did when he was a boy,' said the groceryman, as he got away from the boy for fear he would be scalped.

'That's what I told him when he wanted to try my bicycle,' said the boy as he broke out laughing. 'He saw me riding the bicycle, and said he could do it as well as I could, but he couldn't spring up on it quite as spry as he used to, and he wanted me and my chum to hold it while he got on. I told him he would get hurt, but he said there couldn't no boy tell him anything about riding; and so we got the bicycle up against a shade tree, and he put his feet on the treadles, and he told us to turn her loose. Well, honest, I shut my eyes, 'cause I didn't want to see pa get tied up in a knot. But he did. He pushed with one foot, and the bicycle turned sideways; then he pushed with the other foot, and it began to wiggle, and then he pushed with both feet, and pulled on the handles, and the front wheel struck an iron fence, and as pa went on top of the fence the hind wheel seemed to rear up and kick him, and pa hung to the fenee and the bicycle hung to him, and they both went down on the sidewalk, and the big wheel on pa's stomach, one handle up his trousers' leg, the other handle down his coat collar, and the other heel rolling around back and forth over his fingers, and he yelled to us to take it off. I never saw two people tangled up the way pa and the bicycle was, and we had to take it apart, and take pa's coat off and roll up his pants to get him out. And when he got up and shook himself to see if he was all there, and looked at it as though he didn't know it was loaded, and looked at me and then at my chum in a sort of a nervous way, and looked around and scringed, as though he expected the bicycle was going to sneak up behind him and kick him again, he wanted me to go and get the ax to break the bicycle up with, and when I laughed he was going to take me by the neck and maul the bicycle, but I reasoned him out of it. I think if men would take advice from boys oftener they wouldn't be so apt to get their suspenders caught on an iron fence and have to be picked up in a basket. Helio, there goes the police patrol wagon, and I am going to see how it rides on the back step,' and the boy went out and jumped on the hind end of the wagon, and then picked himself up out of the mud and felt of his head where the policeman's club dropped on it.

Nothing Mean About Mr. Banks.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning an old woman sat in the Michigan Central station wiping the tears from her eyes. It was nobody's business in particular to inquire whether she had fallen heir to a million dollars or was traveling through life with a broken heart, but one certain man stepped forward after a time and made some inquiries. Then he passed around among the crowd, and said:

'Gentlemen, here is a poor old woman who wants to get to Columbus. Let's take up a collection.'

In the course of four or five minutes a purse of $3 was made up, but when he counted in it the man said.

'Genthemen, let's chip in enough more to buy her a new dress I'm a poor man, but here's a quarter for the old lady.'

The puse was now increased to nearly $7, and the woman had just pocketed the money when a man stepped forward and said to the collector of the purse:

'Why, Banks, is this you?'

'Of course it is.'

'And that woman is your own wife?'

'Well, Mr. Knickerbocker,' replied the man, as he buttoned his coat. 'It's a mighty mean man who won't chip in a quarter to buy his own wife a dress and help her off on a visit.'

VARIETIES.

Remarkably fine board—sawdust.

Superior court—sparking a rich girl

A tip-top man—the boss of a signal station.

Boston belles speak of Spitz dogs as "saliva canin s."

'But I will not linger upon the point,' as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet tack.

A Boston chess player sat patiently behind a balky horse and then calmly observed to the animal: "It's your next move."

A company of Newport dudes imported a mind reader for their amusement, but when he arrived he found he had nothing to work on.

There is talk of lynching the man who evolved this toast: "Our fire engines; may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

'Those picture cards I brought back from Boston,' remarked Mrs. Partington in a pensive mood. 'They are momentums of the Art Loan Imposition.'

'Augustus,' she said, 'Why is there so much confusion in that store?' 'I know not,' he simpered, 'unless it is caused by that bustle in the window.'

Winter, with its snow and ice, will soon be here, and from thousands of homes will go up the mighty cry:—'Say, take your cold feet away from my back.'

Heard in the horse car: 'I wonder why those old style scoop bonnets are coming in vogue again?' 'Oh, I suppose it's because the millners want to scoop the dollars.'

'Don't go too much on show, my son,' remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. 'The drum-major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music.'

'I'm glad Bobbie's goin' to that school.' remarked Mrs. Malaprop, 'cause it's teached by a good pedigree—or synagogue some folks call him I believe—and furthermo.' they don't have no currycomb, like these here new-fangled colleges.'

W. E. Thornton, Esq.—Dear Sir: I use Loroque's Bitters in my family, and think it a valuable and excellent medicine for all derangements both of Stomach and Liver. It gives me much pleasure to endorse its merits, which you are at liberty to make use of in any way you think proper. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. H. E. Kettlewell, 163 Hanover street.

Baltimore, Sept. 3rd, 1880.