

# The Port Tobacco Times

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—PREVIOUS TO OUR—  
**Semi-Annual Stock Taking.**  
—THIS WILL INCLUDE—  
**Remnants, Short Lengths, Odds and Ends, Odd Sizes, etc., etc.**  
all of which have been very much reduced in price in order to clear them out before the last of February.  
We call special attention to the following lot from our HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT on which we quote  
25 Dozen German Linen Napkins, extra quality and finish, actually worth \$1.25 only \$1.00 a dozen to close.  
100 Dozen German Linen Napkins, extra fine line, worth \$1.25, only \$1.00 a dozen to close.  
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Cloths—2 1/2 to 3 1/2 long) From \$4.50 to \$10.00  
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\$1.00 Doz. Kitchen Towels ) Only 12 1/2 to each  
2 1/2 yds. wide )  
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Extra Quality, Size 21x42 ) Only 17 1/2 cts. each  
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Knitted Finish, Size 20x40 ) Only 25 cts. each  
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Extra Quality, Size 21x42 ) Only 25 cts. each  
Large Size, 22x45 )  
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We are offering for a short time only a limited quantity of extra Martine Quilts, 114, for \$1.25 each, also one lot of Fancy Coverlet Fringed Quilts, from \$1.25 to \$2.50 each.  
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CRASHER AND TOWELLINGS  
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Brown Scotch Crash, all ) Only 17 1/2 to close  
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Half Bale of GENUINE RUSSIA CRASH, 9 and 11 cents per yard.  
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Choice lines of plain GLASS TOWELLINGS of our own importation, at prices much below the market, from 12 1/2 to 7 cts per yard, according to width.  
Extra Wide—27 inches—only 20c per yard.  
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4-4 Brown Cotton, only 7 cents per yard extra quality 8  
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Good Quality, ) only 25 cts per yard.  
Bleached and Brown.  
The Best Goods Ever Offered at the Same Money.  
**BARGAINS IN TIKINGS**  
Fancy Ticking, ) only 12 1/2 cents per yard  
Superior Quality, )  
30 inches wide )  
Extra Heavy Ticking, 32 inches, 15c per yard.  
Feather Proof )  
Extra Fine ) 4 1/2 18c

**Poetry.**  
**AN ITALIAN SCENE.**  
She sits upon the beach—her babe asleep  
Upon her loving breast, her glance afar  
Over the blue and scarcely moving sea,  
While the white sails of that still air  
Lead by love's star from the sun's setting  
Beneath her feet the yellow sands outspread  
Which quiet waters kiss with dainty lips,  
And o'er her tender and majestic head  
Lies the soft blue that makes the sun's setting  
The day is fading but to her alone  
In all that realm of sea and luminous air,  
In the one sail now hastening to its own  
Upon the shore that stretches wide and  
The fisher with his briny treasures hoisted,  
Led by love's star from the sun's setting  
The winds and waves of all his ocean's vast  
Vanish as vanishes the white-tipped boat.  
Home—To the weary wanderer how sweet  
The word that means contentment, love's  
trust—  
A shelter from the blast—a covert-ment  
When weary hopes are trailing in the dust,  
Each wavelet's crest a crown of sparkling  
white,  
Mother with babe at rest upon her knee—  
All shrouded by the day's declining light.

**Select Reading.**  
**FLIRTIATION.**  
BY E. H. W.  
"Who is the girl Hilton is talking to?"  
"I don't know. She's a beauty, though."  
"She's walk past, by accident, you know and be introduced, if he'll do it."  
"Good."  
The two men sauntered along the sands of the watering place, and soon came to the spot where a very plain, unassuming little man, with that color of weak green tea, and white eyelashes like a cow, stood talking to one of the handsomest girls either of the friends had ever met—a dashing brunette, with a fine figure, and cheeks that needed no rouge to heighten their brilliancy.  
"Is it possible! Hilton, as I live!" exclaimed one of the young men.  
"Why, Hilton, old boy?" cried the other. Mr. Hilton turned towards them.  
"I'm delighted to see you," he said. "You've just caught me. I shall be off by the next train. You are staying here? Yes? At the house? Then you'll be apt to meet my—my—my Cousin Clara. Clara, Mr. Peters—Mr. Oaks."  
"And the gentlemen will be obliged to address me as Mr. Hilton's Cousin Clara, unless you remember that I have another name," said the girl. "You never do manage an introduction properly."  
"Oh, yes," said Hilton, more confused than ever. "Mrs. I mean—no, Mrs. Miss Burmah."  
"You see," said the girl, "he's so used to calling me Cousin Clara that he forgets other people call me anything else. Yes, I've no doubt we shall meet very frequently. Grandpa and I don't know many people down here. Now, Cousin Charles, if you are going to catch the train, good afternoon."  
She bowed and tucked her arm into that of Hilton, and they walked away.  
"Stunning," said Mr. Peters.  
"Charming," said Mr. Oaks.  
And they also left the sands arm in arm.  
Fortune favored them that evening. Miss Burmah and her grandpa were in the piazza, and she was very gracious. Each gentleman thought her particularly so to him, and each returned upon a delightful flirtation, and each planned to get rid of the other, even though that something particular might come of it, and decided that he should try to win Hilton over to his side, as an elderly cousin with advice influence in the family, whose advice the young beauty might properly listen to; while Peters resolved to inquire into the old gentleman's circumstances, and discover whether Clara was an heiress.  
So the ball began. The two young clerks, who had a month's holiday, made the best of their time. Clara danced with Oaks and boated with Peters. Oaks took Clara out to ride, and Peters drove her in a little buggy to the different points of interest. She was extremely circumspect young lady, and allowed no hand spezzing or sentimentalizing, but she was very frank and jolly, and, before the month was over, each young man considered himself very much in love, and flattered himself that he was not disliked by the young lady.  
The morning of their departure Oaks rowed her out to the creek where waterlilies grew, and they stayed longer than usual. But the evening before she had walked with Peters on the sands for an hour.  
Each young man's face wore an unaccountable look of triumph as they stepped into the train together. Oaks wondered what Peters was grinning about; Peters wondered what Oaks was chuckling about, but neither asked any questions.  
They were back in the treadmill again. Hilton, the head clerk, had greeted them cordially, and inquired about his cousin. "What a plain little man he was, to be sure, Oaks thought, and how odd he should be related to glorious Clara; and the same thought crossed the mind of Peters, but both were wonderfully polite to their friend and each wondered whether it would be best to confide in him entirely, and each hesitated.  
Meanwhile the clerks dug away at the door of the large ledgers and made more mistakes than usual, until one day Peters, peering over Oaks' shoulder saw that he had written "Clara," instead of cash, and asked him rather rudely "What the deuce he meant by that."  
"Well, Peters, old fellow," said Oaks, blushing scarlet and using the eraser violently, "to confess the truth, I was thinking of her—of Clara Burmah."  
"And how the deuce dare you think about her?"  
"How dare I think about my Clara?" cried Oaks, in a hoarse whisper.  
"Your Clara?" said Peters, in the same tone. "I am engaged to her."  
"She is engaged to me!" retorted Oaks.  
Then two hands clenched two blue neckties, and the clerks rolled together under the bench.  
It was Hilton who picked them up, and catching certain words and names which suggested startling ideas to him led them, all flushed and ruffled, into a little office that happened to stand empty, and shutting the door in the faces of the other clerks, who had crowded to the scene of the conflict, dumped them into two chairs and demanded sternly:  
"Well now—what does all this mean? I have heard names mentioned that I know. One name that I am bound to

see respected. What is all this about?"  
"He is—a—a—liar," stammered Peters.  
"He's another," said Oaks. "He says he's engaged to your cousin Clara, Miss Burmah. Now I am. She's engaged—I defy any one to part us—"  
"He's mad," said Peters. "She's engaged to me."  
Hilton was very grave.  
"Gentlemen," he said, "be calm. I presume you are both mistaken. Tell me your stories, as the person most interested—the nearest male relative—I mean—go on."  
"Well, sir," said Oaks, "it's just this: We are about a good deal together, and I thought she liked me, and the morning I left I offered myself, and she accepted me. I asked her if she'd let me speak to her grandpa when he came to the city, and she said: 'About what, Mr. Oaks?' And I said: 'About my love for you.' And she said: 'Oh, yes, if you like, Mr. Oaks.' Now, when a lady says that, you know—"  
"Yes," said Hilton, growing graver; "she let you kiss her and all that?"  
"No, sir," said Mr. Oaks, she said: 'Wait until we meet in town, and then, if nobody objects, we'll see.'  
"Ah!" said Hilton. "Well, and you, Mr. Peters?"  
"Oh," said Peters. "Well, sir, I begin to think that she is an abominable flirt. I asked her if I might speak to her grandpa when he came to town, too, and she—oh, Lord!—and she said 'I'd better ask you, and she would not kiss me either, confound—'  
"Halt there," said Hilton. "I'm very glad she did not kiss either of you. She is enjoying herself more than you have, no doubt; but as for accepting you—ha, ha! My dear boys, we are to be married this evening. We have been engaged a year; and she has told me all about these two little adventures of yours. I can show you the letters. You see you are young, and she's very lively. She can't help joking; but she hasn't a thought of any one but me."  
"Peters, your hand," said Oaks.  
"Old friend, here," said Peters, holding out his hand.  
Mr. Hilton opened the door for them. They walked out.  
"That Hilton!" said Oaks, scornfully in his fellow-clerk's ear.  
"A little old fogey, with white eyelashes," said Peters; and they returned to their desks.  
That evening Mr. Hilton was married to Miss Burmah.  
**Could not Borrow Enough Plates.**  
"Gentlemen," said the president, as the meeting opened, "word has reached my ears that Nelson Slabs an 'Judge Congo don't' he down together like spring lamb in a clover field, and all like boaf brudders to step his day."  
The pair walked to the platform, shambling along as if going to the gallows, and Brother Gardner continued:  
"I understand that Mrs. Judge Congo gave a party a few nights ago, and did not invite any of de Slabs family.—Am dat so, Nelson?"  
"Yes, sah," said de moos' brilliant kind of a blow-out over dar, and although we has bin de bes' of friends for y'ars we was not axed to lend our presence to grace de occasion."  
"Has you axed fur any explanation?"  
"No, sah. I reckon de judge's family feels above us, kas dey has got a sewin' machine an' we hasn't."  
"Nelson Slabs, had you gone to de judge an' axed de reason why you was left out dis hardness of feelin' would not have occurred. I was dar wid my old woman an' I know all 'bout it.—You war on de list to be invited, but it was suddenly disklivered by Mrs. Congo dat she hadn't but 21 plates in de house; she couldn't borrow but 18 chers, she already invited 32 pussons, an' radder dan see her family standin' around on one leg wid no plates to eat on an' nuffin to drink out of she concluded to gin you de skippan' make a spehul oyster supper fur you some time soon. Dar's de hull reason, what has you got to say?"  
"For answer Slabs turned around and extended his hand to judge. They shook.  
"Go an' sit down," continued the president, "an' let dis be a solemn warnin' to all de rest. Life am full of trifles dat kin be magnified to mountains. De man who journeys along de highway mus' not stop to pick up every chip an' inspect every straw. Let us now proceed to de business which has enabled us to get together."  
That expression brought the Rev. Penstock to his feet with the inquiry:  
"Did I understand de cha' to say: 'Which enabled us to get together?'"  
"Sartinly, you did!"  
"Yes, sah, but de—"  
"Brudder Penstock, am dar anyfin' wrong wid dat expreshun?"  
"It's all wrong, sah! I is surprised, sah, dat de president of dis club would make use—"  
"Sit down, sah! We has been enabled heah together, an' doan' you forget it! If you hasn't bin enabled wid de rest of us you can step down sta'rs!"  
"Yes, sah, but de—"  
"Sit down! Brudder Penstock am fined \$2.00 for disruptin' de meetin'!"  
Brother Penstock not only sat down, but it became necessary to give him a piece of ice to hold in each hand, and pour a pint of cold water down the back of his neck. Unless his fine is remitted the coming summer will be a dreary one to him.  
"Mamma, what are twins made for?" asked a little girl the other day. Her precocious elder brother replied: "So that cannibals may eat philopenas."

**Be Somebody.**  
Robert L. Burdette, the facetious editor of Burlington *Banker*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures:  
"Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with every day progress and not pulling back in the harness. He said never was known to kill men it was the fun that men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A man might go to Europe and spend a million dollar, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him just 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, provided the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man would get left. There were greater opportunities for workers out west than in the Eastern cities, but men who went west to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There is no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man might go out into the West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young man should envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do what he was given to do, and not despise drudgery.  
**How to Reduce One's Weight.**  
A woman weighing 200 pounds called on a physician for advice. He gave her the following instructions:  
1. For breakfast eat a piece of beef or mutton as large as your hand, with a slice of white bread twice as large.—For dinner the same amount of meat, if preferred, fish or poultry, with the same amount of vegetables or vegetable food in the form of beef or potato. For supper, nothing.  
2. Drink only when greatly annoyed with thirst, then a mouthful of lemonade without sugar.  
3. Take three times a week some form of bath in which there shall be immense perspiration. The Turkish bath is the best. You must work, either in walking or some other way, several hours a day.  
4. You must rise early in the morning and retire late at night. Much sleep fattens people.  
5. The terrible corset you have on, which compresses the centre of the body, making you look a good deal fatter than you really are, must be taken off, and you must have a corset which for the lower part of the abdomen—which will raise this great mass and support it.  
She followed the advice for six months, and trained herself down to 152 pounds.  
**Not the Editor's Fault.**  
"See here, Mr. Editor," said an irate woman, coming into the sanctum and leaving the door open, "see here, what's this in your mean little newspaper?"  
"Really, madam, there is so much in it, that it's only \$2 per year, in advance, with liberal reduction to clubs, that I cannot, at the first blush tell you what it is."  
"Well, don't talk your jaw off, but tell me what you mean by this reference to my late husband?"  
"Ah, madam, the good, kind soul who died only yesterday?"  
"The same one? you didn't think I was planting one after each meal, did you?"  
"Hardly that, madam, but what do you refer to?"  
"Why, sir, this passage in the obituary where you say 'he was consigned to a roasting place with his fathers.'"  
"Ahem, madam, ahem; let me see, and the editor grabbed the paper and gazed intently at the words. "I beg your pardon, madam; it should have been a 'resting place'; and if you will come down to the office this afternoon, you can have the scalp of any infernal compositor in the office, and I will tear it off for you. We can stand some things, but that style is too harrowing on the feelings of a good paying subscriber like yourself."  
She was pacified, and got the scalp.  
**He Went Down in His Pokeys.**  
On a recent slippery morning an elderly and corpulent citizen was carefully picking his way down the street, when he noticed a small boy, with two front teeth gone, industriously sprinkling asphaltum on the sidewalk. The elderly citizen's heart bounded and his eyes glistened. With a muttered word of approval he impulsively pulled off his glove shot his hand deep down into his pocket. The boy saw the movement, heard the jingle of silver and smiled expectantly. The elderly citizen recovered his hand, looked fixedly at the boy, fitted the lingering remains of a plug of tobacco into his mouth and passed cheerily on, while the boy sat down on the hard, cold sidewalk with a dull and passionless thud. It is things like these that cover our oceans and creeks with boy pirates.

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**CHAPTER II.**  
There was to be a "Calico Party" in the little town near which Alice's home "Beechwood" was situated. Now, fashionable people in some parts of the world, would seem quite disgusted with such countryified festivity.  
Not so our little circle of merry girls and fun-loving boys. The very best party of the whole year was a calico party.  
Every store in the vicinity was visited in search of pretty prints. Clerks, who had to record—would have been aggrieved if obliged to take from the shelf, three piles of goods at the request of Aunt Polly, or Uncle Marse—or any good old soul who wished to purchase a gown or "quilt lining," now flew around like lamp-lighters—pulled down piece after piece, for the inspection of the fair ones, until the counters, and even the floor, were so strewn with bright fabrics, the martel was, their ever being folded again. I fear they would not have been, at any time, but with the prospect of invitations, and neckties, the clerks were too happy to be annoyed by trifles.  
A bevy of girls were to meet at the house of Alice's Aunt Mary, take tea and discuss the plans for the success of the party. Mrs. Egbert having died some years before the time of which we write, and Mr. Egbert being then occupied in his duties, and her sisters depended upon Aunt Mary for advice and help in their duties, and amusements. "We must exert ourselves," said Fan Percy, the pet of our circle, "for you know that fascinating Belle Landis is coming!"—this was her next neighbor, for she would not have mentioned her name to Alice, had she not been invited to the party. The gentlemen were not admitted until after tea, but managed to get a prodigious amount of good things, even then. (When a young man's appetite fails him, lose no time in effecting a reconciliation for his case is desperate.)  
The evening arrived, Belle Landis had been in town two days, visiting Aunt Mary—had invited her to tea. Alice and her sisters had called, but there was no allusion to the absent lover, who was, however, to come in time for the party.  
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Belle Landis was present, very bright and handsome in blue.  
Alice looked in vain for Julian. How she longed to ask for him, but pride forbade it.  
After the first dance, there was a little flutter among those nearest the door; a whisper of "Here he is!" then louder spoken welcomes and greetings Julian had come. Poor Alice—the blood seemed to rush to cheek and brow, then surged back, leaving her pale as death.  
"I am not strong enough to meet him!"  
"Oh traitorous heart, be still! He is coming toward her, there is no reason to fear. He has a touch for an instant, a few ordinary words of greeting are exchanged and he passes on to where Belle Landis stands. Alice drew back, and being screened by a flower stand, watched the meeting. She could no more have spared her heart that trial, than can the serpent charmed bird withdraw its gaze from the fascination which porcupine's doom.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Yes," said a city man, "I'm rather glad, on the whole, that there's a law against gambling on Sunday. It gives us one day to saw wood."  
The widows of India, having been prevented from cremating themselves along with their dead lords, have taken to second marriage. They are determined to sacrifice themselves somehow.

Robert L. Burdette, the facetious editor of Burlington *Banker*, has been lecturing to large audiences in different parts of the country, and in his amusing style he imparts to the rising generation some wholesome advice. The following is from one of his lectures:  
"Be somebody on your own account, my son, and don't try to get along on the reputation of your ancestors. Nobody knows and nobody cares who Adam's grandfather was, and there is not a man living who can tell the name of Brigham Young's mother-in-law." The lecturer urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping up with every day progress and not pulling back in the harness. He said never was known to kill men it was the fun that men had in the intervals that killed them. The fact was, most people had yet to learn what fun really was. A man might go to Europe and spend a million dollar, and then recall the fact that he had a great deal more fun at a picnic twenty years ago that cost him just 65 cents. The theory that the world owed every man a living was false. The world owed a man nothing. There was a living in the world for every man, however, provided the man was willing to work for it. If he did not work it, somebody else would earn it, and the lazy man would get left. There were greater opportunities for workers out west than in the Eastern cities, but men who went west to grow up with the country must do their own growing. There is no browsing allowed in the vigorous West. An energetic man might go out into the West, and in two or three years possess himself of a bigger house, a bigger yard, a bigger barn, and a bigger mortgage than he could obtain by years' work in the East. All young men ought to marry, and no young man should envy old men or rich men. In conclusion, Mr. Burdette said that a man should do what he was given to do, and not despise drudgery.  
**How to Reduce One's Weight.**  
A woman weighing 200 pounds called on a physician for advice. He gave her the following instructions:  
1. For breakfast eat a piece of beef or mutton as large as your hand, with a slice of white bread twice as large.—For dinner the same amount of meat, if preferred, fish or poultry, with the same amount of vegetables or vegetable food in the form of beef or potato. For supper, nothing.  
2. Drink only when greatly annoyed with thirst, then a mouthful of lemonade without sugar.  
3. Take three times a week some form of bath in which there shall be immense perspiration. The Turkish bath is the best. You must work, either in walking or some other way, several hours a day.  
4. You must rise early in the morning and retire late at night. Much sleep fattens people.  
5. The terrible corset you have on, which compresses the centre of the body, making you look a good deal fatter than you really are, must be taken off, and you must have a corset which for the lower part of the abdomen—which will raise this great mass and support it.  
She followed the advice for six months, and trained herself down to 152 pounds.  
**Not the Editor's Fault.**  
"See here, Mr. Editor," said an irate woman, coming into the sanctum and leaving the door open, "see here, what's this in your mean little newspaper?"  
"Really, madam, there is so much in it, that it's only \$2 per year, in advance, with liberal reduction to clubs, that I cannot, at the first blush tell you what it is."  
"Well, don't talk your jaw off, but tell me what you mean by this reference to my late husband?"  
"Ah, madam, the good, kind soul who died only yesterday?"  
"The same one? you didn't think I was planting one after each meal, did you?"  
"Hardly that, madam, but what do you refer to?"  
"Why, sir, this passage in the obituary where you say 'he was consigned to a roasting place with his fathers.'"  
"Ahem, madam, ahem; let me see, and the editor grabbed the paper and gazed intently at the words. "I beg your pardon, madam; it should have been a 'resting place'; and if you will come down to the office this afternoon, you can have the scalp of any infernal compositor in the office, and I will tear it off for you. We can stand some things, but that style is too harrowing on the feelings of a good paying subscriber like yourself."  
She was pacified, and got the scalp.  
**He Went Down in His Pokeys.**  
On a recent slippery morning an elderly and corpulent citizen was carefully picking his way down the street, when he noticed a small boy, with two front teeth gone, industriously sprinkling asphaltum on the sidewalk. The elderly citizen's heart bounded and his eyes glistened. With a muttered word of approval he impulsively pulled off his glove shot his hand deep down into his pocket. The boy saw the movement, heard the jingle of silver and smiled expectantly. The elderly citizen recovered his hand, looked fixedly at the boy, fitted the lingering remains of a plug of tobacco into his mouth and passed cheerily on, while the boy sat down on the hard, cold sidewalk with a dull and passionless thud. It is things like these that cover our oceans and creeks with boy pirates.

**CHAPTER I.**  
"What's gwine to be, will be," da certain fac', Dar's no use flyin' 'round 'ere. Yers got to come right back to de way dat's mark' out fur you, an' dis moralized old 'Liza,' de ook Beechwood, as she lifted off 'Liza,' inspect de viands, in preparation for dinner.  
"What's gwine to be, will be," de words of the old darter, affected one of her hearers, a young lady, who had entered the kitchen moment before. A pained expression came into her eyes—but arousing herself she said:  
"Now 'Liza, do be good and ser dinner early, dat I may go to an' Mary's this afternoon, and leaving 'Liza' to her cooking as usual, moralizing, Alice Egbert hastened her room, if it could be called her being shared in common with her sisters, Kate and Jennie. However, her older sister, Kate, having gone to 'Aunt Mary's' that morning, and little Jennie, a romp of twelve, out for a ramble.  
Seating herself in a low rocker by her own little table, Alice indulged in a train of thought, which the old saying, "What is to be, will be" had aroused.  
We will not describe her minutely. No pen-picture, in detail, could impress you, as she always appeared to me a vision of loveliness, the beauty of which consisted more in the expression of her dove-like eyes, and a certain gentleness of manner, than in regularity of feature or perfection of form.  
Drawing toward her a small desk, which stood on the table, she took from it one of her most precious treasures; the photograph of a very comely looking young man, but to her more beautiful than Apollo, for she loved him, the photograph had been folded in a letter written by him in earlier days, when he had, as it were, cast himself at her feet, imploring her to give him a hope of winning her for his wife; believing, all the while, that, notwithstanding her shyness, she would not hesitate to accept him.  
Alice, did not hesitate long. Love for Julian Darmouth had grown with her growth, and strengthened with the years that had elapsed, since they were school children together, and he had been kind and gentle to the timid little girl, to whom big boys were almost as great a terror as big dogs. Julian was her hero then, he is her hero now.  
Love is indeed blind; and when a woman, beautiful in mind and person, worships a man—selfish, pig-headed, and when one of nature's noblemen, lays his heart in the dust, to be crushed by the fairy foot of a heartless coquette. The best of mortals, in every age of time, have been so weak.  
That Julian Darmouth loved her, in his way, we believe; he had a certain fondness for her, and his vanity was gratified in knowing that, in her eyes, he was above all others of her acquaintance.  
Of course, he intended to marry her; but there was time enough; it should be in the dim future, when he was ready to settle down—but not at present; besides the girls would miss him! So! Not that he expressed himself thus, exactly.  
In the meantime, the Loves and Fishes, of this world. If a wealthy young lady appeared in the neighborhood, Julian was 'all attention' to her; making sundry lame excuses to Alice, whom he did not care to lose just then, if ever; at least until there was some certainty of securing a rich bride.  
Did Alice suspect him? No! Have I not stated that she loved him?  
To her, he was the soul of honor.  
After being engaged several months Julian was called to a distant town, on business for a relative.  
At his father's letters were frequent and affectionate—then they came more seldom and were rather satonic in tone; finally ceased altogether, and at the time of the opening of our story, Alice had received no missive from the faithless one during three long months.  
There were rumors of his devotion to this or that belle in the distant town

and the latest gossip whispered an engagement with Belle Landis a connection of Alice—a young and wealthy girl who cared only to make slaves of her lovers; then, with a smile of triumph in her bright eyes, and a loss of her golden curls, leave them for newer conquests.—A girl who had no idea of resigning the doubtful pleasures of ball-room flirtation, for duties of a home.  
Alice tried hard to disbelieve those rumors, and was indignant with herself, when memory recalled the date of Julian's last letter; she would find some excuse for his silence. That he had not really broken his engagement comforted her. Pride whispered, "You must set him free, he has served every bond, by his neglect;" but she hoped against hope.  
Do not imagine—I merely record the sentimental fancies of a love-sick girl. I am writing a little history, only too common in these days of ours, when sincerity seems to have died to dwell—with her twin sisters truth—in the depths of the well.  
CHAPTER II.  
There was to be a "Calico Party" in the little town near which Alice's home "Beechwood" was situated. Now, fashionable people in some parts of the world, would seem quite disgusted with such countryified festivity.  
Not so our little circle of merry girls and fun-loving boys. The very best party of the whole year was a calico party.  
Every store in the vicinity was visited in search of pretty prints. Clerks, who had to record—would have been aggrieved if obliged to take from the shelf, three piles of goods at the request of Aunt Polly, or Uncle Marse—or any good old soul who wished to purchase a gown or "quilt lining," now flew around like lamp-lighters—pulled down piece after piece, for the inspection of the fair ones, until the counters, and even the floor, were so strewn with bright fabrics, the martel was, their ever being folded again. I fear they would not have been, at any time, but with the prospect of invitations, and neckties, the clerks were too happy to be annoyed by trifles.  
A bevy of girls were to meet at the house of Alice's Aunt Mary, take tea and discuss the plans for the success of the party. Mrs. Egbert having died some years before the time of which we write, and Mr. Egbert being then occupied in his duties, and her sisters depended upon Aunt Mary for advice and help in their duties, and amusements. "We must exert ourselves," said Fan Percy, the pet of our circle, "for you know that fascinating Belle Landis is coming!"—this was her next neighbor, for she would not have mentioned her name to Alice, had she not been invited to the party. The gentlemen were not admitted until after tea, but managed to get a prodigious amount of good things, even then. (When a young man's appetite fails him, lose no time in effecting a reconciliation for his case is desperate.)  
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