

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.

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ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE--NO DEVIATION.

319 S. E. Corner 7th & D. Sts., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chipchase Bros.,

Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool & Country Produce.
221 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will give special attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of FERTILIZERS, CLOVER SEED, GREEN MANURE IMPLEMENTS, furnished at LOWEST PRICES. Liberal advances made on consignments. We have engaged the services of MR. AUGUSTUS Y. GRAY to solicit for us in this county. (April 4-12)

E. D. R. Bean, Marcellus Burch
E. D. R. BEAN & CO.
114 S. Charles St., Second Floor,
BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides,
Furs, Live Stock
and Produce Generally.

Consignments Solicited and prompt returns made. (Jan. 29-15-86)

W. H. Moore, J. F. Mould
W. H. MOORE & CO.,
GROCERS AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 105 S. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE.

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

FIRAN G. DUDLEY, J. WALTER CARPENTER
DUDLEY & CARPENTER
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain &c.
57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Inspection and sale of TOBACCO, and sale of all Country Produce. Consignments solicited. nov 30-ly

ALBIN PRICE & CO.,
909 La. Ave., & 910 C St. S. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gen'l Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs,
Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-
WOOD, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS
WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.

Return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same. (Feb. 5-2-m)

A CARD.
J. W. MONTGOMERY,
WITH
BULLEN & McKEEVER,
No. 939 Louisiana Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE firm of Burch & Montgomery having been dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bullen & McKeever for the transaction of a general Commission Business for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and other country produce. Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past I respectfully solicit the continuance of same in the future. Respectfully,
J. W. MONTGOMERY.

RARE CHANCE OFFERED
To Secure High Prices.

T. M. POSEY,
Commission Agent
For all Kinds of Country Produce.
941 B Street, S. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOMAS PERRY,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 17 King Street,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Agent for Chemical Fertilizer Co. of Baltimore City, Gern Patent Family Flour, and Wats's Richmond Plows. May 4-11

MONEY to be made. Get this out and return to us, and we will send you some thing of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business with very little money. It is a sure thing that anything in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages, something new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the best, important schemes of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outside. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LUMBER
Shingles, Laths, Pickets,
Sash Doors, Blinds,
Bricks, Lime &c.
310 LIGHT ST WHARF
BALTIMORE, MD.

CHURCH & STEPHENSON,
Lumber Merchants,
Cor. 8th St. and Maryland Ave. S. W.
Adjoining B. & P. Freight Depot.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER
GOOD BOARDS AT
\$1.30 Per Hundred!
GOOD WHITE PINE SHINGLES,
\$3.00 PER THOUSAND.
Lumber delivered free on both Cars and River Boats.

PERRY, SMOOT & CO.,
STEAM FLOORING & PLAINING MILL.
MANUFACTURERS OF
DOOR AND WINDOW-FRAMES, MOULDINGS &c.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, NAILS, LIME, CALCINED
PLASTER and CEMENT.
No. 25 NORTH UNION STREET, Alexandria, Va.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." H. A. AZCER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Without injurious medication.
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, INC. Fulton St., N. Y.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES, BUGGIES!
CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!!
All Kinds at All Prices from \$50 up.
A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY \$73.
Call and be convinced of what we say.
H. D. SCHMIDT,
21 N. Liberty Street, BALTIMORE.

OUR MATCHLESS
Mark Down Sale
Is now in full operation, such an opportunity to get strictly first class Clothing for Men, Boys and Children at such incredibly low figures has not occurred in 15 years. Everything must be sold, cost what it may. Don't delay as goods are being eagerly purchased by crowds of shrewd buyers. For the greatest bargains of our times, visit or write to
ACME HALL,
17 East Baltimore Street,
(NEW NUMBER) near Charles.

CUT THIS OUT
SEND TO US, AND WE WILL FILL OUT PRICES AND RETURN.

THE combination recently entered into by the Wheel Manufacturers furnishes an opportunity for Carriage and Wagon Builders to purchase the material and put up Plain Wood Hub Wheels at a reasonable cost, we therefore submit for your consideration the following:
Lot No. 10.
1 SET HERS, up to 2 inches dia.
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 11 or 12 in.
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 11 or 12 in.
PRICE.....
Lot No. 20.
1 SET HERS, up to 2 inches dia.
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 11 or 12 in.
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 11 or 12 in.
PRICE.....
Lot No. 30.
1 SET HERS, up to 2 inches dia.
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 11 or 12 in.
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 11 or 12 in.
PRICE.....
Lot No. 40.
1 SET HERS, up to 2 inches dia.
1 SET OAK SPOKES, 9 to 12 inches.
PRICE.....
MANUFACTURER OF
THE NOVELTY AXLE SETTER
—AND—
STRAIGHTENER.
No Shop complete without one.
"CASTORINE,"
The only Reliable Axle Oil.
"CASTROLINE,"
Champion Axle Grease.
"MAGNOLIA,"
Axle Grease in 25 lb. Pails.
"Cambria Link Barb Wire."
Steel Harrow Teeth.
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J. B. KENDALL,
618 Pa. Ave., 619 B St.,
WASHINGTON CITY.
PARTIES wishing Saw Mills and engaged in getting out Pine White Oak Lumber, are invited to correspond with us as we are always in the market for this class of material.

FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY!
TO THE LADIES.
HAVING just returned from Baltimore with a complete and handsome stock of fall and winter millinery I am now prepared to furnish the ladies of Charles county with the newest and latest styles in
HATS, BONNETS, CAPS,
Trimmings, Laces, Ribbons,
Toilet Articles, &c.
My stock is complete so as can be found this side of Baltimore and much of it, notably dress and hat trimmings, is superior to any heretofore brought to this county. All ask is an examination.
Call and examine my stock and if you are in need of Fall and Winter Styles I think I can please you.
MRS. M. F. WADE,
Part Tobacco.
W. N. DALTON, MONT. STRICKLAND

DALTON & STRICKLAND,
Fine Shoes.
No. 939 Penn. Avenue, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Fine Hand-Made Shoes for Ladies and gentlemen, equal in Fit and Finish to custom work, for less money is a specialty of ours.
MEN WANTED
to sell the HOOKER NURSERY. Established 1835. Permanent employment. Salary and Expenses of Liberal Commissionaries paid. Experience not necessary. Apply at once. H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Party.

FORERUNNERS.
BY JOSEPHINE DELAND.
All up and down the mountain sides,
And through the breezy hollows,
The birds their leaders follow,
And blossoms soon will follow.
They follow--they follow--
On signs--up at that summer's here
And Autumn soon will follow.
Then Summer comes, and overhead
The nightingale and swallow
Pursue their mates to follow,
And call their mates to follow.
They follow--they follow--
On signs--up at that summer's here
And Autumn soon will follow.
Then Autumn comes--the mallow month,
The rooks and storks are follow,
The crops are in the barn and bin;
The birds their leaders follow.
They follow--they follow--
On signs--up at that summer's here
And Autumn soon will follow.
Then Winter comes with cloudy face
And snow and sleet their marches beat,
And snow and sleet their marches beat.
They follow--they follow--
On signs--up at that summer's here
And Autumn soon will follow.

Elect Reading.

ROSS THOMPSON

BY AGNES L. CARTER.
Ross Thompson was the most promising young man in his class that I was ever my fortune to meet. He was quick of understanding, could perform any light mechanical work with an ease which looked like slight of hand, and was particularly clever at his studies, graduating with high honors from his university. His appearance was striking and attractive. Both face and figure were fine and noble, and might have satisfied a sculptor. He was graceful enough to lead off a dance in any drawing room, though he possibly never entered one; and when he has set a chair for me, with his nimble little bow, I have been unable to resist the feeling that in a condensed sense, his thick black hair was always clipped as close as possible, displaying the form of a fine head and a commanding brow; the eyes dark and velvet, with heavy lashes; the nose straight; the mouth delicate, firm and quiet; the complexion a clear brown. He wore only a slight mustache. His prevailing expression was one of an entire thoughtfulness.

With my father's name so greatly honored in the town, I attended the commencement at the university when Thompson graduated. I was a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age, but the occasion was impressive to me, and I can well remember the young man's animated address to his class, and the bright face he wore as he advanced and listened, diploma in hand, to my father's words of encouragement.

"You must remember, Ross," my father concluded, "that on your prudence and industry immediately will depend, in some measure, the future of many of your friends. You will be, in some sense, a pioneer; or, although much as I love to be a conqueror for you, you will find yourself handicapped, even yet, in the race."
"I know that, sir," was the cheery, courageous answer; "but since you, and others like you, have given us such a chance and such a start, we cannot surely fail to find friends in the world, and to fight our way to position. Social prejudice isn't what it used to be, and things grow better every day."
How could there be a prejudice against such a face as that? thought I, looking up. Loss spoke with a peculiarly refined accent and enunciation, a sufficiently uncommon thing at that university. His sister, a year earlier, had graduated from the Normal College of the city in which they lived, and was teaching in a small public school. She was a pretty, shy, bright-eyed girl, who stood quietly near during this conversation. I have seen her but once since that day, or did I see her brother for eight or nine years; but we mentioned him frequently, and were convinced that he was certain to distinguish himself.

It is of no consequence what business or pleasure led Grandon and me, last year, to a large hotel in a certain inland city. We were accepted, instantly, as bride and groom, and as we entered the dining room the head waiter, with a marvelous flourish, swept us up to a disengaged table, and "tuck us in our chairs for us," as Grandon expressed it. His own magnificent self Grandon then devoted himself to the list of viands, which was placed, with another splendid flourish, upon a fancifully contorted napkin, while I took up my old amusement of watching the tricks and the manners of the fine corps of colored waiters who manoeuvred and skirmished about the large dining-room. One, who was almost white, came bearing down upon a neighboring table, with lofty terraces and towers of small vegetable dishes piled curiously upon his coat sleeves; another, with the lordly air of a young prince, carried a round dozen of great goblets in his left hand, while a constant procession went streaming through the swinging door which led to the kitchen, and out again at a corresponding door, all carrying at arm's length, above their heads, perilously loaded trays, and moving with wonderful speed and balance. Meanwhile the shadow detailed for our service had filled our glasses, and bent in silent deference to receive an order. He was exceedingly quick, neat and dexterous; he seemed to stand behind us, out of sight, and execute our orders by

magic-- presto, pass! and all was done. As he came across the room with our dessert, I chanced to look up, and our eyes met. I controlled a violent start. As for the waiter, he nearly overtook his fragile load, and only saved it by a swift side-long step and a well-calculated motion of the arm. For a full minute after my surprise, I could not trust myself to speak; then I turned, looked up into his face, and said quite naturally, "I didn't notice that it was you behind me, Ross. I am glad to see you again."
"Thank you, Miss Frances. This is not a position in which you should come in." It seems to be the best use to which I can devote my talents."
"In my trouble and perplexity, I could say nothing; and presently he continued: "I have tried, Miss Frances! I really believe I have done my best. But though the time has come when an education is possible, and almost easy, for my race, the time for our equality with the white man is very far distant. I don't complain of that, I never suppose we should be allowed to do the work of gentlemen, and I knew we had no social standing whatever; but I hoped we might soon gain equal wages for equal work, and not be cursed and bullied and treated like dogs. I believed, when I left college, that I should have to fight my way through the world; but I did not know that I was to be shorn of my strength and set to grind in the prison house."
He bit his lips, and drew down his face, to control the working of his features. Then, suddenly, he recommenced, in the same low, quick, passionate

Workingmen despise us and are jealous of us. They will not work with a colored man, nor allow him to take a white man's place. I tried it when I found it possible to do any thing higher. I was in an engine room last winter. I understood that engine better than the engineer; but I was only a fireman, with no hope of promotion, and I couldn't endure the treatment, so I came here. In this field, I was dead, looking round with a sad smile, "we had no rivals."
I encouraged him to enter into the details of his struggle, and was satisfied that he had tried sincerely, and had been fairly defeated at every turn. He also told me that his sister had for several years been very happy in her position as teacher in one of the separate public schools provided for colored children. Then had come the colored schools, and admitted the pupils into the same schools with their white neighbors. It escaped the notice of some zealous reformers that this plan threw the colored teachers out of employment, for their services were not welcome in schools of white children. In consequence of this oversight, the reformist required reformation, and the old system was, to some extent re-instated, though the reformers were not aware of it.

"But why didn't you let my father know of your difficulties? He would have been glad to do anything in his power to assist you."
"I beg your pardon, Miss Frances, but I doubt very much whether any assistance is in your father's power. It would only have been a trouble to him. The evil is deeper than a mere case of personal bad luck. It is the curse of Ham."
"None!" I exclaimed with youthful vehemence. "The curse of Eve was more authoritative than the curse of Ham; and look at me!"
Ross gave me a look of mingled amazement, pleasure and admiration, but shook his head gravely.
"Is that really Ross Thompson?" Grand asked me afterwards; for he knew the man only by reputation. It is a tearing shame, then, and a disgrace to the country."
When we reported the case to my father he fell into a state of wrath which quite suited me, until I discovered that his ire was turned against the luckless victim of circumstances, while mine was unphlegmatic.
"Has the man no common sense?" he exclaimed. "Does he expect to jam in the thick end of the wedge first?"
"Of course I helped to spoil him, by telling him that he was to be a pioneer of his race, and such stuff as that; but he was such a bright fellow one couldn't help patting him on the shoulder. A waiter, is he? Let him wait on me, then." Catching a queer expression flitting over Grandon's face, I fixed him with my eye until he confessed an episode before unknown even to me. It appears that he, on the last afternoon of our stay at the hotel, had rung his bell, and sent for Thompson to come to the room. He assured me that he never heard of the interview between John Howard and the Emperor Joseph, until I told him

of it; yet he followed the imperial example, for an opposite reason. Being unwilling to sit while the other stood, and aware that Ross would refuse to be seated, he remained standing throughout the rather long conversation which raised each man in the esteem of the other. It was just like Grand, and like nobody else. "You remember the fable of Anteus, Thompson?" he finally asked. The handsome dark face brightened at the reference to his old studies. "Every man of us needs an occasional strengthening contact with Mother Earth. I have a place up in Vermont, which has lately come into my possession. I call it a place because I don't know what else to call it, until somebody makes a little farm of it. I wish you would go out there, take your sister with you, and settle. So what can be done with the land, get a living off it, if you can; if not report to me. I've been wanting to send some one whom I could trust, to take charge of it. I don't know what to say to you, sir," said Ross, in an uncertain voice. "How can I thank you?"
"I suppose gratitude is a healthy feeling for a man," replied Grand, in his odd way; "but I can't feel that I have a claim on you. I'm merely discharging a debt. Your grandfather bought his freedom, and my grandfather didn't interfere. Noblesse oblige, you see."
And so it came to pass that when we visited the little farm this summer, we found the neatest house and the finest kitchen garden imaginable.

"I believe you've cheated me, Thompson," said Grand. "When did you learn gardening?"
"I helped myself through school and college by making and keeping gardens," was the pleased reply, as the young farmer glanced proudly over his straight and weedless rows of vegetables.
Lena was standing in the doorway, evidently waiting for me; so I slipped myself to be escorted through the house, finding nothing to condemn and little to suggest.
She was very happy and energetic. "I could have dressmaking from the village if I chose, Miss Frances," she said; "but I am busy enough at home. Ross doesn't wish it, either; and he is so well pleased to have me with him."
"Only two grains of wheat out of a shipwreck," Grandon said. "And what is to become of the million on the yard. I saw my father carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. This was an unusually stern expression and I saw that there was something wrong.
"I don't think that much measuring is needed in this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"
"In de cabin, sah."
"Bring them here."
He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."
Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how to come on don't know. Ain't woe 'em sense last Sunday."
"Yes, that's all right, John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to resort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he as he approached, "where are your shoes?"
"In the house, sir."
"Bring them here."
I got my shoes. Great Caesar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on," said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he after measuring the shoe, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch.
"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; I ain't done nuthin'--Oh--"
I danced, I capered and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:
"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"
"How did yer w'ar mine?"
"Put grass in 'em."
"Wall, I tuck er par'er short stitts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' em. I reckon we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer what'er fack, John, it don't do ter fool wid me, case I'es one o' de 'nited by de saints."

Bas has named his dog Wellington, because of the animal's proficiency in reading a bone apart.
Mrs. Youngbride Honeymoon, to husband, who is a railroad president: "And are you sure you will always, always love me more than you will any one else?" Mr. Honeymoon absently: "Impossible to say. You see, it is very doubtful whether the Inter State law will allow me to make any discrimination."
A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it.

When it comes to lying the southern negro has few equals and no superiors. "What do you mean by using such violence towards your wife?" asked the Austin recorder of Sam Johnsoning.
"I didn't use no violence, boss."
"But you did. Her face is all swollen up from the blow. Didn't you strike her?"
"Yes, but it was an accident. I 'acc near-sighted."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Heaps, boss, heaps. Yer see I was at de gat- and was gwinter go to town and I just kisseed my han' ter Matilda."
"Kiss your hand to her?"
"Yes, boss, kisseed my han' to her, but owing ter de defect in my eyes, I s'posed she was more'n twenty feet off, but she wasn't. She was so close ter me dat de back ob my han' hit her smack in de mouf. I neebber was so s'prised in my life."
"Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay \$30 and costs or you go to the county jail."

There is a dentist in Michigan who has written over his door which reads: "Tooth Extracted Without Any Pain. Lofin Gas (10 Cents a Ha Ha)"
The Early Rose of the potato family is now superseded by the early roses pertaining to the shal, sometimes called the shadblow. It is not the early roses but the shad that catches the worm.
Stout old Lally, to elevator boy: "Is this the passenger elevator, or freight elevator, boy?" Boy: "It's the freight, ma'am. What floor d'ye want ter git off at?"
An elderly wit called to present his congratulations to a New York bank president on the latter's birthday. "Well, my friend," said the wit, "how old are you?" "Seventy-five," "Hum, seventy-five; well I hope you'll rise to par."
An old lady went to the Episcopal church. The sexton gave her a seat not very far forward. She turned to him, and spying the lecturer--a spread eagle--said: "I am deaf; I wish you would give me a seat farther front, near the fauln."
Actor: "Going to leave town, old boy?" Old Gent: "Yes, I'm going on the 12:50 train." "I always try to avoid the 12:50 train." "Why do you try to avoid the 12:50 train?" "Because it would be ten to one if I caught it, and I don't care to take any risks."

A Watermelon Story.

"NOW JOHN--GOT THE BULGE ON BILL AND THEN AGAIN HOW HE DIDN'T."
My father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his specialty. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel looking switch which he had placed above the dining room door. "Well, if either of you want to catch this switch, pitter that he didn't want it; that he would rather be killed by a fer (old) Buck a few weeks before had the iron Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark; that to be out to pieces with such a switch; and I assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to the church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy with all his careful training was inclined to be a thief.
The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and looked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there was anything that could make southern boys forget honor it was a watermelon. I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it, and then that awful switch came up before me. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet but I overcame this drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around and entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket, and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon, while Bill and I were in the yard, I saw my father carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. This was an unusually stern expression and I saw that there was something wrong.
"I don't think that much measuring is needed in this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"
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"Kiss your hand to her?"
"Yes, boss, kisseed my han' to her, but owing ter de defect in my eyes, I s'posed she was more'n twenty feet off, but she wasn't. She was so close ter me dat de back ob my han' hit her smack in de mouf. I neebber was so s'prised in my life."
"Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay \$30 and costs or you go to the county jail."

There is a dentist in Michigan who has written over his door which reads: "Tooth Extracted Without Any Pain. Lofin Gas (10 Cents a Ha Ha)"
The Early Rose of the potato family is now superseded by the early roses pertaining to the shal, sometimes called the shadblow. It is not the early roses but the shad that catches the worm.
Stout old Lally, to elevator boy: "Is this the passenger elevator, or freight elevator, boy?" Boy: "It's the freight, ma'am. What floor d'ye want ter git off at?"
An elderly wit called to present his congratulations to a New York bank president on the latter's birthday. "Well, my friend," said the wit, "how old are you?" "Seventy-five," "Hum, seventy-five; well I hope you'll rise to par."
An old lady went to the Episcopal church. The sexton gave her a seat not very far forward. She turned to him, and spying the lecturer--a spread eagle--said: "I am deaf; I wish you would give me a seat farther front, near the fauln."
Actor: "Going to leave town, old boy?" Old Gent: "Yes, I'm going on the 12:50 train." "I always try to avoid the 12:50 train." "Why do you try to avoid the 12:50 train?" "Because it would be ten to one if I caught it, and I don't care to take any risks."

Bas has named his dog Wellington, because of the animal's proficiency in reading a bone apart.
Mrs. Youngbride Honeymoon, to husband, who is a railroad president: "And are you sure you will always, always love me more than you will any one else?" Mr. Honeymoon absently: "Impossible to say. You see, it is very doubtful whether the Inter State law will allow me to make any discrimination."
A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it.