The Port Tobacco Times

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My Solid Girl.

Yes, I remember well the eye I asked her to be mine,
And how I prayed the graces that my wish she'd not decline.
I think no other mortal ever loved a maid so well;
I hadn't half enough of words my constancy to tell.
With her my own the future years with sun shine would be bright.
Without her life would be to me a dreary, starless night.
So my heart went wildly beating and my brain was in a whirl
When she placed her hand in mine and said, "I'll be your solid girl."
She was a fragile creature then of fairy-like design,
I little dreamed that now her weight would double that of mine;
That the clinging little woman all so delicate and wan
Would in the after years become a stalwart amazon.
But, still it sometimes happens that such changes do occur,
And now that she's the more to me I can't think less of her,
Did I not love her dearly I should think myself [illegible]
She keeps her [illegible] she's still my solid girl.

The Dead Letter Route.

You wives who cannot understand why friends so long delay
In answering the letters which you last year sent away,
Should remember ere you undertake their slowness to assail,
That likely 'twas your husband took your letters to the mail.
If you into the secrets of their pockets dare to pry,
Some writing in a hand you've seen before will greet your eye,
And toward the correspondents who you've censured you'll relent,
For the letters which you wrote last year have never yet been sent.

ROSE'S HEROISM.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could be a heroine myself," pouted Rose Pemberton, tossing aside the thrillingly sensational novel which she had just finished with a deep sigh of discontent. "I'm pretty enough, I'm sure"—casting an appreciative glance at the mirror opposite, in which her piquant face and curling golden hair were pleasingly reflected—"but nothing ever happens—nothing ever will happen, either, so far as I can see—that has the least bit of romance in it. Just this same old humdrum life; I'm tired and sick of it. If something startling would only occur! if I could only fall desperately in love with some one——"

Here the low, discontented murmur of Rose's voice ceased, and a faint blush crept into her pretty cheeks, as her thoughts drifted away toward a certain "some one" who had never formed a part of that humdrum life of which she had so often and so bitterly complained.

Rose had numberless admirers, as the prettiest girl in the village always will have, and she could recall an almost equal number of flirtations which had served to brighten the monotony of her village life.

But they were tame affairs; her heart had never been really interested for a moment.

As for the grand passion, Rose knew nothing of it, save in her romantic day-dreams and in the impassioned pages of her favorite novels.

She had laughed at her would-be lovers, and declared her conviction that there was no such thing as love in real life.

But of late pretty Rose had secretly begun to entertain a somewhat different opinion on that subject.

A handsome, manly, intellectual face and a pair of beautiful, laughing brown eyes were the direct causes of her change of heart.

Yet their owner seemed in no haste to enroll himself on the list of her admirers. Indeed, Rose knew him only by sight, for William Severance was a stranger in the village; she had seen him in church two or three times and occasionally on the street, but he had never sought an introduction to the belle of the place, and, beyond a passing glance of admiration, had not evinced any special notice of her attractions.

Perhaps that was the very thing which had awakened Rose's interest in him. At all events she often caught

save my life. Do you think, dear little Rose, that my hope of yet winning him is such a wild one after all?"

And she turned her dark eyes, filled with the passion of her soul, upon the girl's fair pitying face.

"No, indeed, I do not, Miss Stewart," she earnestly replied. "I don't think he could help but learn to love you did he know all the truth. If he could be here to see——"

"He is here, and I have met him several times, though he doesn't know the strange, mad hope that brought me here—as yet. I have merely told him that I came here for my health. I think you know him, also, Rose," she added, slowly, watching the girl's face, with a kind of breathless eagerness from beneath her long, dark lashes. "His name is Wilbur Severance!"

"Wilbur Severance!"

The sweet, red lips which echoed that name suddenly grew white as death, and all the happy light seemed stricken by one blow from the bright, blonde face.

One moment Rose's little hand was pressed lightly over her heart, and her very breathing seemed to cease.

Then she spoke almost in her usual steady tones.

"Yes, I know Mr. Severance, we are quite good friends," she said. "And I think he will come back to you yet, Miss Stewart; indeed I am—am almost sure he will."

And rising quickly, she murmured a few parting words, then touching her cold lips lightly to Caryl Stewart's brow, hastened from the room.

"Oh, why didn't I tell him 'Yes' at once last night, when I loved him so!" cried Rose, in anguish of heart, as she hurried home. "Then it would all have been settled, and nothing could have changed it, but now——"

Her resolve was already taken; and when Wilbur called that night she gave him his answer promptly enough. It was simply "No."

The effect it had upon him was indescribable. For a time he was utterly speechless with amazement.

"You cannot mean, Rose, that you have deliberately intended to deceive me?" he cried at last. "Surely no woman under heaven could have a heart so hard and false as that! Do not trifle this time, Rose. Whatever your answer is now it must be your final one."

"It is final," she answered steadily. "I shall regret the loss of your friendship, but I can never be your wife, Mr. Severance. That is my deliberate, final answer."

"And I hurled back the lie in the teeth of all those who tried to warn me against you far what you are—a soulless coquette," he said, with a bitter, sneering laugh. "I might have saved my happiness, but I would not, and—well, doubtless I deserve my fate for being such a fool."

He turned on his heel to go, but Rose, pale and apparently as emotionless as stone, stepped quietly before him.

She held a small basket of fruit and flowers in her hand.

"I should like to ask you to do me one little favor," she said, coldly, not seeming to have noticed his bitter words. "I have a friend at the hotel which you will pass as you go home. She is ill—very ill, indeed, and I wish to send her these. I promised, but as I could not go myself I must ask you to take them for me—and this note," she added, offering it. "Don't refuse, please, she will be so disappointed. And if you will kindly take them up to her parlor yourself—I never trust these things to the careless servants there. It is the only service I shall ask of you," she added, with a half-pleading little smile, as she saw him hesitate.

Of course he had no choice but to accept the trifling task, and with a cold, distant bow, he took both basket and note from her hand and went his way.

And when the door had closed behind him Rose sunk back into her chair and sobbed until her poor little heart was ready to burst.

"I have sent him to her, and surely she can find some way to win him back answer would be when he should ask her for it.

It was just in the flush of her happiness that Rose met at a village hotel, whose landlady's daughter was one of her girl friends, a lady who had come there hoping to regain her lost health.

Pale and delicate, but still very lovely, was Caryl Stewart, and very soon she and the betwitching village belle were fast friends.

Rose, watching the slow, languid movements of the graceful, wasted figure, attired always in some pretty esthetic gown, looking into the soft, dark, mournful eyes, or listening to the low, sweetly modulated voice of the interesting invalid, felt a great and tender sympathy for the bright life which had been so pitilessly blighted by disease.

She was so happy herself that it seemed cruel that any one should be ill or suffering.

"My physicians say that my ailment is consumption," said Caryl Stewart one day, smiling that slow, sad smile that always went straight to Rose's heart; "but I know better than they, Rose. I know that I am dying of a broken heart. Some day I will tell you. You will come in again to-morrow?" she questioned, lifting her dark eyes with a wistful look.

"Oh, yes," returned Rose, with a sweet, bright smile. "I will come in any day—every day—if I can help to cheer your loneliness, Miss Stewart."

She was thinking of that conversation when Wilbur Severance came to see her later in the evening.

But she could not remain melancholy long in his presence now, particularly as he had come for the express purpose of asking for her hand.

Rose had often pictured this moment to herself, and she had honestly resolved to be all sweetness and sincerity to this man whom she loved with all her soul.

But—how it was she never could tell—somehow her wilful spirit of coquetry seemed to take possession of her all in a moment, and she laughed, teased, and evaded her lover's questioning with a persistent wilfulness that amazed herself.

"I will answer you to-morrow evening," was the reply which he finally coaxed from her saucy lips. "I must have a little time to reflect upon so dreadfully serious a matter, Mr. Severance."

But there was that in the happy, laughing blue eyes that belied the wilful red lips, and Wilbur Severance went away with a cheerful heart in spite of all.

"I know she loves me, the pretty little witch!" he smiled as he walked homeward with a light, proud step. "Others may call her a flirt, but they don't know her real heart as I do. She is as true as gold, God bless her."

The following day Rose paid her promised visit to Miss Stewart, and it was then that the delicate, pretty invalid made her the confidante of her sorrows.

It was a love story, simple enough, but wondrously sad, thought happy Rose.

Caryl Stewart had been betrothed when scarcely more than a child to a youth but little older than herself.

The arrangement had been made entirely by the parents of the two.

But as they grew older, with a better understanding of the situation, Caryl realized that her whole heart was involved in the matter while her fiance proved indifferent, and finally rebelled outright against the bonds which he had no part in creating.

In her pride Caryl had granted him his freedom, though she broke her own heart by doing it.

Other suitors she had had, but she would never love again to her dying day.

"And that will not be far off," she ended pathetically, "unless I can win his love. And I don't quite despair of doing that yet, Rose. Away from all rivals and free from the business-like fetters that once prejudiced him against me—more than all, when he realizes at last that his love and only that can again," she moaned, as she thought of the desolation she had brought upon her own happiness.

How long she sat there weeping Rose never knew. But ages after, so it seemed, a step sounded beside her, and Wilbur's own voice was tenderly calling her name.

"Look up, my Rose, and let me tell you what has happened," he was saying, sadly, yet with a deep undertone of joy in his loving voice. "I executed your errand, and before I could leave, Caryl, in some way made me understand the state of her feelings toward me. You know the whole story, Rose, so I need not repeat it. Then, in my pity for her, and my bitter anger toward you, I was weak enough to offer to renew that old engagement. I need not tell yon that she eagerly accepted, and then, in her joy or the agitation of the moment, she fell to coughling severely, and ruptured a blood-vessel. Yes"—in answer to Rose's horrified cry—"she is dead now, my darling, but not before she had made me understand the sacrifice you tried to make for her. She knew that you loved me, Rose—she confessed her own selfishness before them all. And now I shall not ask you for that answer, dear; I shall take it—thus;" and he kissed her quivering lips. "My love—my little heroine!" he added, proudly.

Rose had never once thought of it in that light; but no one now ever hears from her sweet lips that old-time foolish wish:

"Oh, if I could only be a heroine!"—*Family Story Paper.*

What They Excel In.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton.
Arizona ranks second in silver.
California ranks first in barley, grape-culture, sheep, gold, and quicksilver.
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Delaware is way up in peaches.
Dakota is the finest wheat-growing state.
Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses.
Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes.
Indiana ranks second in wheat.
Illinois ranks first in corn, wheat, oats, meat-packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors, and miles of railway.
Iowa ranks first in hogs.
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Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn, and rye.
Kentucky ranks first in tobacco, and has a world-wide reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle—likewise beautiful women.
Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses.
Maine ranks first in ship-building, slate and granite quarries, lumbering, and fishing.
Maryland ranks fourth in coal.
Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woolen, and worsted goods, and in cod and mackerel fisheries.
Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber, and salt.
Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley.
Mississippi ranks second in cotton.
Missouri ranks first in mules.
Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold.
New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beaten.
Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp.
Nebraska ranks second in gold.
New Hampshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods.
New Jersey ranks first in fertilizing marl, zinc, and silk goods.
New York ranks first in value of manufactures, soap, printing and publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat, and milch cows.
North Carolina ranks first in tar and turpentine.
Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool.
Oregon takes the palm in cattle raising.
Pennsylvania ranks first in rye, iron and steel, petroleum, and coal.
Rhode Island, in proportion to its size, outranks all other states in value of manufactures.
South Carolina ranks first in phosphates.
Tennessee ranks second in peanuts.
Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton.
Utah ranks third in silver.
Vermont ranks fourth in copper.
Virginia ranks first in peanuts.
West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal.
Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

Thought It Was Meant For Him.

Just before the train going east left Buffalo a heavy-set, red-headed man with a grip-sack, got into a dispute with an engineer at the door of the baggage-room. I did not hear the first of it, says a Detroit *Free Press* writer, but did hear the fat man say:

"If it wasn't right here I'd lick you!"

"I wish you'd try it!" replied the other.

"I'll try it soon enough! I'm going to lay for you, old fellow!"

"And I'll lay for you! Mind, now, what I tell you! I'll do you up before you are many years older!"

The train started and rushed along for fifty or sixty miles, and then something gave way on the engine and we came to a stop. It was 11 o'clock at night, and the brakeman who ran back fell into a ditch and broke his leg and lantern at the same moment. Ten minutes later an accommodation train came booming down upon us. Its engineer saw the train in time to slow up, but the locomotive struck the last car with force enough to fling it off the rails and turn it across the track. One of the first passengers to get out was the red-headed man, and one of the first men he saw was the engineer whom he had quarreled with. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and and then the traveler put his tumb to his nose and sneeringly exclaimed:

"Oh, you will do me up, will you! Had a nice little plan, didn't you, but it didn't work! I expected you'd be up to this and I had the first berth at the other end. Say! Don't you feel rather flat?"

Sage Advice to Rural Girls.

Those young fellows who stand in front of public buildings to show their shape, and those who stand sneaking near the church or schoolhouse door to sort of catch a glimpse or catch on as you start home are not the ones you should marry, girls. They will do for you to ruin yourselves with or to split your reputation on, but boys who have the stuff in them that make moral lovers and desirable husbands do not do things that way. If you have no higher aim than rubbing hair oil marks from the best dress you wear, or doing double work in after years for your board, be scarce with outdoor waiters. —*Sardinia (O.) Sentinel.*

Among the Aborigines.

Joaquin Miller in the *Independent*: Maybe it is news to the world that the first paper ever printed west of the Rocky mountains was printed by the Nez Perce Indians. Father Spaulding brought them the printing-press, perhaps fifty years ago. Do you know I saw a squaw with a sewing-machine on her back in Lewiston last week. She went down to the river with it, put it in her canoe, and away she paddled up the Shoshone river, all alone, up toward the great black mountains.

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

THE FAMOUS BREECHES BIBLE.

A Copy of the Rare Old Volume Owned in Hartford.

A well preserved volume of the genuine old "Breeches Bible," so called, is in the possession of Mr. Horace Johnson, of Hartford. It was printed in 1602 in the old "black letter" text—enough to spoil the sight of any but the most persistent reader—but it was a kind of print with which Shakspeare and Lord Bacon were familiar. This edition — probably copied from the "Bishops' Bible" of 1568—derives its irreverent name from the version of the story of Adam and Eve in the garden. In chap. iii., v. 7, after telling of the transgression, it reads:

"7. Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches."

That picturesque attire is changed in King James' version, which appeared nine years later, to "aprons"—the present accepted version. King James' fifty-four translators only made alterations of the Tyndale and Coverdale text, and of the "Bishops' Bible," when it was found to be "necessary." The new revised version, however, makes a good many changes. It cost poor Tyndale his life—he was burned at the stake, near Brussels, in 1536—for daring to make a translation into English.

This quaint old Bible includes those Old Testament books that have since been relegated to the nebulous limbo of "the Apocrypha," and includes them without any mark of separation from those that are now accepted. There are the books of Baruch, of Susannah, of Jesus the son of Sirach, the book of Maccabees, Esdras, Tubit, Bel and the Dragon, etc., all figuring as a part of the divinely inspired word. If we can believe the various holy "councils," on those subjects, more or less of these apocryphal books are not so inspired.

Mr. Johnson's old Bible contains also the quaint psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins—the psalms of David "done into" English verse.

The quaint character of the mechanical work alone of this old Bible makes it an interesting study to any one especially who knows much about printing. Unfortunately, the quaint old title page is missing, its place being supplied by a pen and ink copy.—*Hartford Times.*

Bouquet Begging.

James Fair tells a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* man: "The cutest confidence game I ever heard of was practiced on myself. I was coming up Broadway a few days ago with a button-hole bouquet given me by a friend, pinned to my coat, and was accosted by two ragged little wrens—little girls—who very piteously asked me for the flowered trophy, which I had owned but a few hours, and which, by the way, was very pretty and attractive. With a deal of reluctance I gave it to them and passed on. Shortly after that, as I returned, I was approached by another little girl, who offered for sale the same bouquet I had parted with but a half hour before. Realizing that some sort of a combine existed between the one who offered to sell and those to whom I had given the flowers, I determined to buy and watch developments. For 10 cents I bought the bouquet. As soon as she received the money she broke straight for a newsboy, had the dime changed, ran to the alley across from the Laclede hotel, joined the two girls who had done the beg act, and divided the spoils. Each girl received 3 cents, which left 1 cent over. How should they divide the cent? They flipped for it. How much they made that day in this way I do not know, but it is reasonable to suppose that I was not the only one who was made a dupe of by those three ragged little wrens."

A New Musical Fad.

The latest "fad" among the young women who play the piano, says the New York *Mail and Express*, is to accompany themselves with the imitation of the cornet produced by a peculiar buzzing sound through the lips. The art is difficult to acquire, but when it is once achieved the effect is quite entertaining. A performance sounded like a small band. Indeed, a person standing outside the parlor door would have supposed there were several instruments all going at once. An ear for imitation is necessary in the performer to begin with.

Then, by dint of constant practice, with the lips compressed as if for whistling, but with the aperture wide and elliptical instead of round, the accomplishment is gradually acquired.

A quick, lively tune is best suited to make the imitation of the cornet successful. Meantime the banjo is more popular than ever as a musical instrument among young women who are not content with their efforts at the piano.

Dwarf Japanese Trees.

One of the very interesting things seen at the Paris exposition were the dwarf trees which the Japanese horticulturists are showing, and which are attracting much attention. Pines, thujes, and cedars, said to be 100 or 150 years old, are only eighteen inches high, and with such specimens it would be easy to have a coniferous forest on a balcony. These arboreal deformities are produced by great labor, and if the truth is told about their ages this work of arresting the tree's development and forcing it into contorted forms, must be persisted in by several generations of foresters. All this painstaking is hardly paid for by the beauty of the resulting abortions, but a look at these trees will explain where the fantattic forms come from which serve as models for the plants we see on the lacquered trays, bronzes, and embroideries which come from Japan.

A Question of Bowing.

A man applied to a judge at Odes in southern Russia for a writ to co pel his daughter to leave the house, b cause when she saluted her parents s did not bow to them. He said that would withdraw his application if s would ask pardon, and make the regul obeisance. The girl agreed. S asked pardon; but when she bowed father cried: "Lower down with y head—down below the girdle!" S replied: "I won't bend as low as th not if I have to leave the house." T judge thereupon ordered her to leave, but she gave in finally and bowed her head to the girdle.