The Port Tobacco Times.

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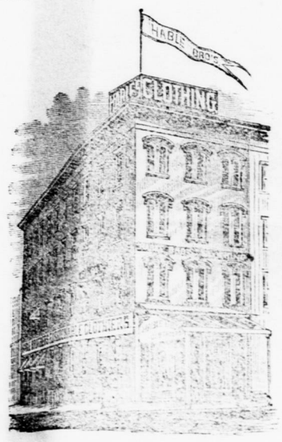

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sep 11—1y

Selected Miscellany.

☞ The following piece went the rounds of the newspapers when it was first published, and was much read both for the richness of the poetry, and the touching story which it narrates:

[Selected for the Port Tobacco Times.]

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

When spring to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky,
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The redbird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'er head,
And fearless near the fatal spot
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And many an eye, for him
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who lovel him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with numberless stones
Unmoistened with a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and startled as they slept
With joy that he was come.

So long they looked, but never sped
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

KATE'S EXPLOIT.

Kate Hartly had the name of being the wildest girl in Spring Creek. Yet Kate was loved and respected by everybody who knew her, for which fact there were many reasons in explanation Her beauty was a powerful ally, and her father's wealth was calculated to command respect, but her true kindness of heart was what offset her hoydenish disposition.

Yes, Kate was called wild. She could outride half the young men in the neighborhood; could bring in more game with her fowling piece; and at pistol practice she was a rival with experts.

Farmer Hartly lived in a plain, unpretentious house just outside the village of Spring Creek, and Kate was his only child, her mother having died when she was quite young. Aunt Milly had been a mother to her, but could not curb the wild, exuberant spirits; and even her course of education at the academy had not entirely obliterated the hoydenish disposition. That Kate should return after graduation dressed in the latest style, and with all the polish of a refined lady, was only to be expected, for her father had not stinted her for money. But, though a belle exteriorly, she was the same dashing Kate of old, and took naturally to her old ways.

Thus matters stood, when, one day, Farmer Hartly announced at the breakfast table that he had taken a boarder for the summer.

"A boarder!" asked Aunt Milly, in astonishment.

"A boarder!" echoed Kate.

"Yas, a boarder," affirmed the old man. "You see, I couldn't well help it, nohow. When I was down to the city last week to sell my grain, Mister Bell he asked me if I couldn't take his boy to board this summer, as how his health was poor, studyin' so hard at college. So, as Mister Bell is a good friend, an' has always been kinder good to me, I couldn't refuse, you see, an' he's comin' to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed both ladies.

"Yas, to-morrow. Are you both crazy? What's the fuss? Can't you, between you, take keer of a little boy for a few months? I don't see nothin' so horrifyin' in that."

"Just think—a horrid boy!" said Aunt Milly, after her brother had left the house.

"Never mind, Aunt Milly," said Kate, "I will take charge of him, and I will run him around until the bloom comes back to his cheek. I need more exercise myself, and this will be a splendid opportunity to take it."

The next day a forerunner, in the shape of a large trunk and several smaller boxes, arrived at the farmhouse, and amid much wondering they were conveyed to the south room, which Kate had duly fixed up for the expected boarder.

Soon the boy came, in the shape of a tall, handsome young man, who introduced himself to Aunt Milly as Roy Bell, for Kate had fled at his approach.

Aunt Milly's eyes opened wider than ever, but she managed to collect her scattered wits and show Roy to his chamber.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kate, as she and Aunt Milly held a council in the kitchen. "What a fine specimen I have to exercise my training powers on—a boy, indeed. Ha! ha!"

But there was no escaping Roy Bell. He made himself thoroughly at home in a short time. He won Aunt Milly's profoundest respect by learned dissertations on the best methods of canning fruit, and helped her to gather and prepare the same; he talked agriculture to Farmer Hartly, and learnedly discussed of fertilizers and breeds of cattle; and with Kate he talked of the latest novels, challenged her to shoot at a mark, rode the wildest horses, and roamed the fields for flowers.

There could be but one result. Kate looked upon him as her ideal, and he, in turn, was fairly captivated by her winsome manners.

Thus the summer days went past, and the pale cheek of Roy Bell assumed a brown hue, and the delicate appetite disappeared as well as the student manner, and one could easily have mistaken him for a farmer to the manor born.

One morning in September, Aunt Milly departed to a distant neighbor's to spend the day. Farmer Hartly entered the house hurriedly and addressed Kate, who had charge of the kitchen:

"Kate, here is a roll of bills that count about a thousand dollars, which I received for grain this morning. I want you to lay it away carefully, as I must go out into the timber to work, and to-morrow I will go to town and bank it."

So her father departed, and left Kate the sole occupant of the farmhouse, as Roy had gone off for a day's shooting. With cheery song Kate performed her household duties, and, late in the afternoon sat down in the family room to sew.

The doors and windows were open to admit the balmy air, and engaged with her needle and her own thoughts, she became oblivious to all else. A step on the porch aroused her, and, glancing up, a stranger stood in the door. There was that in his appearance that caused her heart to leap in her throat for a moment, and she gazed, unable to speak a word. The stranger were a slouched hat nearly concealing his features, and had a dark, forbidding look.

Suddenly a pistol flashed in his hand, and he spoke:

"Don t be afraid, young woman. I shall not harm you if you do as I bid you, and that quickly. I want that roll of money your father has in the house. If you scream or raise any alarm I shall kill you."

Kate arose to her feet mechanically, trembling in every limb, her eye fastened upon the threatening figure before her. But at length, with a strong effort of her brave will, she conquered her trepidation and began to think. Kate's was a mind that could think rapidly and clearly on occasions demanding promptness. She would affect her fright and gain time if she could: her father or Roy might come to her relief, and at last she spoke, falteringly—

"Don't—I will get it for you; the money is in this room—come."

And, followed by the cautious villain, she entered the chamber adjoining the room they were in, while the robber stationed himself at the door and glanced warily around, as if fearing a surprise in the rear.

Kate went to the old bureau and opened a drawer, at the same instant casting a glance at the man, who had lowered his pistol and was standing uneasily in the door. For a second he looked behind him, and in that second Kate raised her favorite revolver and covered his breast. Her nerves were like iron now, and her clear brown eye glittered with the fire of a tiger's, as it met the surprised look of the robber as he turned.

"Not a motion, or you are a dead man," she said firmly. The audacious villain saw he was caught; he read death in the clear eye that held him spell bound, and he dared not move a muscle.

How long this terrible tableau might have lasted it would be impossible to say; but steps in the yard greeted the ears of Kate like sounds of joy, and struck upon the ear of her captive with echoes of dread. A nervous twitching indicated that some bold design was in his mind, and it did not escape the eyes of the brave girl who still stood like a statue before him.

"Drop that pistol," she demanded in a deep, clear tone. The robber hesitated, but the gleam of that fearful weapon decided him, and mechanically he obeyed.

The footsteps in his rear approached still nearer. It was Roy returning from his hunt, and at a glance the tableau before him was revealed, as he could see Kate and the man plainly. Like a thought his own fowling piece was leveled at the villain's head, and he called to Kate—

"I have got him under my shot-gun, Kate; you can lower your pistol and go call some assistance."

Accordingly the programme was so changed, and while Kate disappeared through the open window, the robber found himself confronted by a man fully has equal physically, and as to arms he was far superior.

A look of dogged resignation now came over his face, and he stood looking into the muzzle of Roy's gun scarcely daring to breath. Minutes seemed hours to the two men thus strangely confronted, and it was a relief when heavy steps approaching indicated that Kate had secured assistance."

And so it proved. She had met her father, fortunately, on his return to the house, and here her fortitude gave way, and amid hysterical tears and sobs she hurriedly told her story.

The two men secured the villain, and bound him beyond the possibility of doing harm. To their questioning he returned sullen answers or none at all; but Farmer Hartly learned that this man had seen him receive the money, and had watched him to see what disposition had been made of it. He had calculated on an easy victory over a lone woman, but had been unexpectedly foiled by her coolness.

The robber was duly conveyed to Spring Creek, and placed in charge of the proper authorities.

"Roy—Mr. Bell, to you I owe much in this affair," said Farmer Hartly, when the matter had been duly disposed: "to your timely arrival and prompt action I owe everything, and Katie—" here the old man gave out.

"No, no, Mr. Hartly. I deserve no thanks; I would gladly have sacrificed even life had it been necessary."

And to Katie, when alone with her, he said:

"You are a brave girl, Kate; your father may well be proud of such a daughter, and I—I am proud of you, too. I love you, Kate, and have long loved you, but feared you cared nothing for me. Tell me you do—tell me you are mine, Kate."

And what could Kate do? She had captured the robber, and had also captured Roy Bell; and in turn she gave herself up to him a willing captive.

Could it have well been otherwise?

"No More Ball's for Me."—A car driver was signaled to stop at the corner of Preston and Market streets, but two negro women, one of whom was to get out at that point, concluded their talk thus, as the car tarried for a moment:

Inside—"I say, 'Liza, is you gwine to come to do ball to-night?' Outside darkey, lingering on the car steps—"What's dat?" "Is you gwine to de dance to-night? You know Jane 'll be lookin' fur you."

"Look a hea, chile, hasn't you done heard the news?" "No, 'Liza, I hain't."

"Well, you jest tell dat woolly-headed wench dat I'se done got religion; I'm gwine to church to-night; no mo' balls for me, I tell you."

"Pshaw, 'Liza, dat'll do well 'nough for one foot—dat's Presbyterian; but dat left churn-dasher o' yourn's bound to wag whenebber you hea de banjo picked—go 'long wid you, gal."—And the car went on, too.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Cultivation of Irish Potatoes—Beetles.

The impression now abroad is that, in consequence of the fear of the Colorado beetle, a vast number of farmers will fail to put in the usual supply of potatoes. We think this is wrong, as the enemy to this esculent can be thwarted in his ravages by a little care and at an expense of not more than $2 to $3 per acre. We have frequently presented our views upon the subject of the management of the beetle, but the importance of the matter induces us to present some hints from the New York *Times*, which may be considered useful in connection with the application of the *Paris green*, which, by the by, it may be considered as an established fact, is the surest ingredient for the prevention of its ravages.

This substance is a deadly poison, and, applied in a finely-divided condition to the foliage of the potatoes, is instant death to every beetle upon the leaves or stalks. On account of its poisonous qualities, it must be used with caution, The safest method of using it is to mix it with water in a common garden watering pot, taking care to keep the mixture stirred. As the poison is not soluble in water, it must be kept in suspension. This is easily done, as it is very finely divided, and frequent stirring or shaking is all that is needed. To make the mixture more permanent, we would suggest the addition of a portion of the cheapest kind of molasses to the water, or some gelatinous or mucilaginous substance, as thin glue or starch-water, or the jelly of linseed. This would keep the powder longer in suspension, and cause it to adhere to the foliage more strongly. One teaspoonful of the powder to the pailful of water is sufficient, and the mixture is scattered over the crop as one walks along the row. This is a perfectly safe method of application, and obviates the danger of inhaling the powder which occurs when it is scattered in a dry state upon the crop.

As soon as the crop appears above the surface of the ground, the beetle may be looked for. A few may be seen to-day, and, if neglected, there may be a myriad to-morrow. The beetles will soon lay their eggs upon the underside of the leaves, and, as these hatch, the repulsive larvæ crowd over the plants and quickly strip them of their foliage. It is, therefore, absolutely imperative for success that as soon as the first beetle is seen the Paris green should be applied. This application will dispose of the first colony. Fresh arrivals may be expected in the course of a few days, when the application must be repeated.

New arrivals must be provided for and treated as soon as they appear. If watchfulness is exercised there is no reason why this dreaded beetle should be of any greater damage than an extra cost of two or three dollars per acre. A pound of the Paris green, costing probably fifty cents, will be sufficient to cover an acre. As to the fear of injury to the quality of the crop from the use of the poison there need be none. That exists only in the imagination of excitable individuals who seek after a new sensation. The Western farmers have used enormous quantities of Paris green for years past, but the first case of injury to the crop has yet to be heard of. The quantity used is so small as to have no effect upon the soil whatever, and could not be detected by the most careful chemical analysis.

But there are some other considerations which ought to be noted. At the best, the crop will receive some damage from the pests, and it will be a matter of wisdom to enrich the soil as much as possible that the plants may be enabled to resist the draft upon their vitality by a partial loss of their foliage. Early planting and quick maturity will get the crop out of the way before the main army appears. It will be well to manure the ground liberally; cultivate thoroughly and frequently, choose free-going early-maturing varieties, and force the crop from the first. Once the tubers are matured, no injury can occur to them through any attack upon the vines. The late crop may be planted as usual, if desired, but constant watchfulness must be exercised to save it until it is mature.

There is no better fertilizer for potatoes than thoroughly-rotted barn-yard manure. Fresh, strong manure tends to produce diseased tubers, rough, scabby skins, and it encourages the presence of white grubs, which frequently attack and damage tender fleshed varieties. We have had a fine crop of early rose half consumed by these grubs, which were hatched from eggs laid in the fresh manure. The best special fertilizers are superphosphate of lime or wood-ashes. In place of the latter, German potash salts may be used at the rate of 500 pounds per acre. Two hundred and fifty pounds of superphosphate of lime, or fifty bushels of wood ashes per acre, or both together, would furnish a valuable dressing for this crop, in place of barn-yard manure, or as a help to it.—*Balt. American.*

Burn Kerosene the Right Way.

A correspondent in the New York *Sun* calls attention of all consumers of kerosene oil to the pernicious and unhealthy practice of using lamps filled with that article with the wicks turned down. The gas which should be consumed by the flames is by this means left heavily in the air, while the cost of the oil thus saved at present prices would scarce be one dollar a year for the lamps of a household. His attention was called particularly to this custom by boarding in the country where kerosene was the only available light. A large family of children living in the same house were taken ill one night, and on going to the nursery the mother found the room nearly suffocating, with a lamp turned down, whereupon the physician forbade the use of a lamp at night, unless turned at full head. He says he could quote many cases, one of a young girl subject to fits of faintness, which if not induced, were greatly increased by sleeping in a room with the lamp almost turned out. Besides the damage to health, it spoils the paper and curtains, soils the mirrors and windows, and gives the whole house an untidy air and an unwholesome odor.

Remedy for Lousy Stock.—Sour butter milk will do the work effectually without any of the deleterious effects of lard and tobacco, scotch snuff, train oil, etc. It does not weaken and debilitate the stock but rather gives strength. One or two washings is all that is necessary. Try it.

Uncle Billy Objects to Civil Rights.

I "interviewed" Uncle Billy, a good colored friend of mine, the other day, on the question of civil rights.

"Don't want nuffin mo," said Uncle Billy. "Got too much already fur dis niggah."

"How is that, Uncle Billy? Is it not a good thing to be equal before the law?"

"Now, Marse Boss," grunted Billy, plaintively, "dar's jist whar de misery comes in. We're ekal befo' de law, an' dar yer hit our weak pint. Befo' de law, ef niggah stole chicken an' pig, yer jerked him up, guv him thirty-nine lashes, an' let him go. But jist let a culled pusson try it now! Yer hauls him 'fore Court an' sen's him to de penitentiary just like he was one of yer poor white trash. Dat's what 'tis to be ekal 'fore de law!"

I suggested to Uncle Billy that this might be obviated by being a little more honest.

"Marse Boss," interrupted Billy, "we can't run agin natur. It's nat'ral fur niggah to steal pig and chicken, fryin' siz.—Yer know it is, an' taint no use trying' to stop us. Now, we uns are willin' to let you uns alone, and you all jist let us alone on this pint. We're powerful weak on dis pint, Marse Boss."

Just here a preverse and disloyal spirit tempted me to hint to Uncle Billy that the colored people were indebted to their Republican friends for this change in their status.

"Well, den, Marse Boss," said he, "all I's got to say is, de law's got to be changed. Mus' hab law for de white man and law for de black man."

Strange as it may seem, some of our best citizens echo Uncle Billy's sentiment.—They are inclined to view the negro's minor transgressions in a lenient light, and I know that some of our Democratic judges impose lighter penalties upon colored men for small offenses than they would do in cases where the guilty parties were white.

Before Uncle Billy left I asked him how he would like to sit down at the table with white folks at the hotels.

"Great Goddlemighty!" exclaimed the good old man. "I allow youse tryin' to make fun o' dis chile. Why, you knows yourself dat no cullud pusson ebber lets a white man see 'em eat if dey kin help it."

This is strictly true. The ordinary Southern negro will not eat in the presence of a white spectator.

"Well, Uncle Billy," I said "it is very evident that you don't want any civil rights."

"Not anything mo', I thank you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruined now.—Hev to pay my own doctor's bills, lost all my money in the Freedmen's Bank; nebber got no forty acres an' de mule dey promised me; an' can't help myself to a little chicken, fryin' size, without gwine to de penitentiary. I'se got 'nuff cibbil rights!"

The above is no production of the fancy. It is a true incident, honestly told, and it is impossible to talk to the country negroes without hearing just such things as I have related.—*Wallace Putanm Reed.*

Wit and Humor.

Back biters—fleas.

A patient waiter—a young doctor.

Sure to produce short crops—the barber's shears.

It requires no particular skill to make a blunder.

To make money—Get an appointment in the mint.

A chemist says he can reduce old bootlegs to beefsteak.

If you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the reins.

Preferred creditors—those who do not press their bills just now.

"It isn't loud praying which counts so much with the Lord as giving four quarts for every gallon," says an Arkansas circuit rider.

Pleasant-faced people are generally the most welcome, but the auctioneer is always pleased to see a man whose countenance is for bidding.

And when that blushing San Francisco bride showed the check for $1,000,000 to her husband, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: "And even this shall not separate us."

A lady in Memphis says she doesn't want any jewelry, hasn't a looking-glass in the house, and wouldn't take a silk dress as a gift. Memphis has another living curiosity—a cross-eyed cat.

"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis cullud individual wid stealing de spoons."

One of Butler's Hits.—One of the last as well as one of the neatest hits made by General Butler, just before the close of the last session in Congress, occurred during the recent "dead lock" fight on the civil rights bill. The question of adjournment was under consideration, and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation.—Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said the Democrat, "and I don t think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Oh, pshaw," responded Butler, "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of this House that I want to get out of this ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Sam. "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"You will be there, as you are here," returned Butler, quick as thought, "a member of the Lower House."

☞ A Keokuk man held a neighbor's wife in his lap while she did up his hair in curl papers. The husband attended the funeral, and when the minister had finished speaking he stepped up to the holy man and said in a low, sweet voice: "I didn't mind him so much, because there wasn't no harm in him no how; but I thought as things war gettin' from bad to worse, and—well, I wanted to give them preacher chaps a warnin'."