

# The Port Tobacco Times,

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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## Select Miscellany.

### THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall, handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone—

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming to London and has invited herself here, without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon, Wilbur, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I have promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of Aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother, "you have not seen her for fourteen years. I never went near the detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness when we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental; I wish the old thing would stay home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for?"

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome amongst her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. "If she had spoken her thoughts, it would have been 'Fred is so old. Just like his father. But she ought to say, 'I may depend upon you then to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her home.'"

It was not a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a "city necktie" for Bob, the ploughman, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunt herself; and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid a promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park. He took her to see all sights.

"Once or twice, meeting some of his old-time friends, they had thought, 'the queer old party is some rich relation, Gorham is so very attentive,' and had delighted Sabina by their differential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina, through the disgustful comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she usually gave her admirers. A little lump came into Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Caldwell said—

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but I shall be pleased if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and you will call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage, and left, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she thought, "and I'll give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul, she has just such blue eyes as my dear old grandmother."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and that she did not like to give Fred a cent.

"I'll give you the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition, till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed."

Then she drove her home, and brought her to the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country-woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed, till scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret, and knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farm-house and even Fred did not know it until he came, too, after she was gone, and had his share of the pleasure of hearing loving commendation of one he loved.

He wore the necktie and made himself so much at home that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered, and so consoled her.

But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady, and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips or the blue eyes, for they were closed forever.

But the will the old lady left gave her all her worldly possessions to her dear nephew, Frederick Gorham, the farm and the farmhouse.

It was apparently no very great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old-fashioned treasures she touched, all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town round the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles immense sums of money, the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculations," you will be told if you inquire as to his source of income; "fortunate purchase of the ground before the town was thought of."

But I, who know, tell you that the only speculation he made was, in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

### "The Father of Railways!"

Geo. Stephenson, who is now justly called the "father of railways," was the child of poor parents in England. Unable to send him to school, they employed him at home as a nurse for the younger children until he was eight years old. His chief duty as a nurse was to keep his little brothers and sisters from under the hoofs of the horses which drew the coal-cars on the "tram-way"—a wooden railroad leading from a coal-mine, which ran near his father's door. At this early age, while watching the coal-trains passing, he conceived the idea that iron wheels would make better rails than wood, and that if he could put upon wheels the steam-engine which his father tended as fireman at the coal-pit, it could be made to draw as heavy a train of coal-cars as could be moved by a great team of fifty horses.

The idea did not pass away from the brain of George Stephenson when he was removed from his home at nine years of age, and hired out, at four cents a day, to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer. He had enough of leisure while watching the herd in the field to think over the subject. He even built him an engine of clay, with hemlock branches for steam pipes. I suspect that, like Little Boy Blue, he sometimes let the cows stray into forbidden meadows while he sat thinking about engines on wheels and roads of iron.

He could not study about them in books for two very good reasons. In the first place, no books about railroads and locomotives had been printed, since neither had been built. The other reason was that George Stephenson could not read at all. He did not know his alphabet until he was nineteen years old.

Little George, or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin," as the colliers called it, at the coal-pit where his father worked. He then thought of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal-mine "hid the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him too small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years. He made the first locomotive with smooth driving-wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving-wheels, and a corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to be used by the first railroad he completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which the day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback, to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!—*St. Nicholas for December.*

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"Baptist" because he is always after water, and seems as though he would never have enough; then, again, he won't eat with the others. I call that one 'Episcopalian' because he has a mighty way of holding his head up, and, if the yoke gets a little tight, he tries to kick clear of things. I call this one 'Methodist' because he puffs and blows, and you would think he was pulling all creation; but he don't pull a pound unless you continually stir him up."

### Mr. Potts' Story.

Max Adler has the following:

While I was over at Pender, the other day, I called on the Potts. Mr. Potts is liable to indulge in extravagance in his conversation, and, as Mrs. Potts is an extremely conscientious woman where matters of fact are concerned, she's obliged to keep her eye on him. Potts was telling me about an incident that occurred in the town, a few days before, and this is the way he related it:

Potts—"You see old Bradley over here is perfectly crazy on the subject of gases and the atmosphere, and such things—absolutely wild; and one day he was disputing with Green about how high up in the air life could be sustained; and Bradley said an animal could live about forty million miles above the earth, if—"

Mrs. P.—"Not forty million, my dear, only forty miles, he said."

P.—"Forty, was it? Thank you. Well, sir, old Green, you know, said that was ridiculous; and he said he'd bet Bradley a couple of hundred thousand dollars that life couldn't be sustained half that way up, and so—"

Mrs. P.—"William, you are wrong; he only offered to bet fifty dollars."

P.—"Well, any how, Bradley took him up quicker'n a wink, and they agreed to send up a cat in a balloon to decide the bet. So what does Bradley do but buy a balloon about twice as big as our barn, and begin to—"

Mrs. P.—"It was only about ten feet in diameter, Mr. Adler; William forgets."

P.—"Begin to inflate her. When she was filled, it took eighty men to hold her, and—"

Mrs. P.—"Eighty men, Mr. Potts! Why, you know Mr. Bradley held the balloon himself!"

P.—"He did, did he? O, very well, what's the odds? And when everything was ready they brought out Bradley's tom-cat, and put it in the basket and tied it in so that it couldn't jump, you know. There were about one hundred thousand people looking on, and when they let go you never heard such a—"

Mrs. P.—"There were not more than two hundred people there. I counted them myself."

P.—"O, do hush up! Women don't know anything about such things. And old Bradley, he had a kind of a registering thermometer fixed in the basket along with the cat. Some sort of a patent machine; cost thousands of dollars, and he was expecting to examine it, and Green had an idea he'd get out a dead cat, and scoot in the stakes. When all of a sudden as she came pelting down a tornado struck her—now, Henrietta, what in thunder are you staring at in that way for? It was a tornado—a regular cyclone—and it struck her and jammed her against the lightning-rod on the Baptist church steeple, and there she stuck—stuck on the spire about 800 feet up in the air!"

Mrs. P.—"You may get just as mad as you please, but I am positively certain that steeple's not an inch over 95 feet."

P.—"Henrietta, I wish to gracious you'd go up stairs and look after the children. Well, about half a minute after she struck, out stepped that old tom-cat onto the weathercock. It made Green sick. And just then the hurricane reached the weathercock, and it began to revolve six hundred or seven hundred times a minute, the cat howling until you couldn't hear yourself speak. (Now, Henrietta, you've had your put, you keep quiet.) That cat staid on the weathercock about two months—"

Mrs. P.—"Mr. Potts, that's an awful story; it only happened last Tuesday."

P. (confidentially)—"Never mind her. And on Sunday the way that cat carried on, and yowled, with its tail pointing due east, was so awful that they couldn't have church. And Sunday afternoon the preacher told Bradley if he didn't get that cat down he'd sue him for a million dollars' damages. So Bradley got a gun and shot at the cat fourteen hundred times. (Now you didn't count em, Henrietta, and I did.) And he banged the top of the steeple all to splinters, and at last fetched down the cat shot to rags; and in her stomach he found his thermometer. She'd ate it on her way up, and it stood at eleven hundred degrees, so old—"

Mrs. P.—"No thermometer ever stood at such a figure as that."

P. (indignantly)—"O, well, if you think you can tell the story better

than I can, why don't you tell it? You're enough to worry the life out of a man."

Then Potts slammed the door and went out, and I left. I don't know whether Bradley got the stakes or not.

Star spangled stockings are the latest caprice, but the probabilities are that we shall not "see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming!"

The following is said to be the latest composition in preparation for the piano: "Backward, pia backward, oh, skirts, in your flight; let the boys see me good, just for to-night."

I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there.

"Say!" said a city youth to a modest countryman, "got the hair on your head yet?" "Well," was the deliberate reply, "I judge not from the way the calves run after me."

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss—"Madam, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "we have piped and ye have not danced." "Excuse me," said the boy, "I don't know it was you."

Sniffles staked his all on the result of a game of euchre and lost. Throwing down his cards peevishly, he broke forth in the following pathetic strain: "It was ever thus in childhood's fight, and every time I played the left hower, some one took it with the right!"

A guest at one of the hotels in this city found a lady's nightgown in his room recently, and he went to the clerk with it, saying: "Look here, mister, this is a hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If you can't fill it up, I don't want this thing in my room."

A young girl mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hop yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly and dreamed all night of breach of promise trials.

A North Carolina girl, only 16 years old is being noticed all over the country for giving birth to tripe-haired girls of sixteen got to doing that kind of thing, it's useless for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to waste a column or two a day in trying to persuade young men into matrimony.

Judge.—"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?"

"No, Judge, I had—I had ten dollars, but my lawyer took 'em."

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter M.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do!"

Of course she did. A middle-aged woman fell as she was descending a pair of stairs on Fulton street, the other day, and the first man to help her reach the ground was a banker who happened to be passing.

"Did you fall, madam?" he inquired, as he seized her arm.

"Fall! Of course I fell, you fool you! You don't suppose I'd sit down here to rest, do you?" she snapped. He didn't say.

A Methodist preacher travelling in the back settlement of a Western State stopped at a cabin, where an old lady received him very kindly, giving him a warm supper, and asking many questions: "Stranger, where might you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby county, Kentucky." "Well, stranger, hope no offense, but what might you be doing out here?" "Madam, I am looking for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel." "John, the old lady, there's a stranger all the way from Kentucky a hunting lost stock, and I'll just bet my life that old curly-headed black man that came into our yard last week is one of hisen."

"Marse John, gimme four bits please sir, you ain't treated dis nigger sence de war," said Si to the son of his other day.

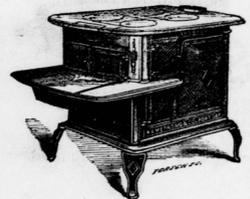
"What do you want with it, Si?" queried the young man.

"Want to go to de circus, Marse John. You knows how a nigger is."

"But, Si, fifty cents won't take you to the circus. The Civil Rights bill mean de dem bill rights, and hyar's de truth of it, p'n't plank. I allus was a mighty up spoken nigger, ez you knows, Marse John, and 'twixt us I say dem de sibil rights, specially when de circus is round!"

Si got his four bits, but he's mad yet.

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