

The Port Tobacco Times,



AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 3, 1875.

Volume XXXII.—No. 30.

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may 31-1y

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AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Nov 27-1y

Original Poetry.

OH! FORGET ME NOT.

To *****

In all your future care or woe,
When Heaven shall richest gifts bestow,
And you shall joy and pleasure know,
Oh! forget me not.

Though others shall unfaithful prove,
And nothing serves their heart to move,
Then, by the memory of the past,
Oh! forget me not.

Our hearts are now united fast,
And may our friendship forever last;
Then, by the memory of the past,
Oh! forget me not.

Though I should be forgotten, yet
I never can my love forget.
Then, by the hour when first we met,
Oh! forget me not.

In youth, in manhood, in age;
Even when we've reached this life's last page,
And storms shall all around us rage,
Oh! forget me not.

Though many miles divide us, still
My love for you my heart shall fill,
And as we journey up life's hill,
Oh! forget me not.

When I am dead and laid to rest,
My spirit, which your love has blest,
Will whisper still, within your breast,
Oh! forget me not.

Select Miscellany.

TWENTY YEARS.

BY AMALIE LA PORQUE.

"Kathleen—Philip," and when I laid him down the smile that had settled on his pale young face was the smile with which he woke in heaven. "Perhaps it was well for me that I had to attend to Kathleen, whose grief really alarmed me. Leaving the dead body of my Paul in the care of our kindly landlord, I took her to her carriage. Then, afraid to leave her, I accompanied her home. She was quite silent, only every little while she would sigh shudderingly. As we neared their hotel she turned to me with an agonized gleam in her dark eyes.

"Now Paul is gone; I have no one—no one."

Then I said to her quietly, with the shadow of our great sorrow lying between us:

"Promise me, Kathleen, that if your burden shall become too great for you to bear, you will let me help you."

"And she stilled her sobs to say solemnly:

"Philip, I promise."

"Well, Archie, my story is almost done. The next year was terrible to me. I missed Paul daily and hourly, and life, that had once seemed so full and bright, grew only a weary load which I yet must bear. Then I read Mr. Lambert's death in a French journal. Poor Kathleen was released. Then I knew the great hunger of my life might yet be satisfied. A love whose mighty presence I had not guessed sprang up in my heart. I wrote to her sending the letter to Paris. I knew she did not love him, so my haste was no insult. 'I am going to that village among the hills to wait. When you are free come to me.'"

"I have looked for her every day since then. Paul in the churchyard yonder and in the old house here wait for Kathleen's coming. Her room is always ready. Would you like to see it?"

I assented eagerly. Phil took up the lamp, and unlocking a door I had not observed till then, led me into a large, handsome room, bright with soft, warm tints, and made cheerful by the fire which crackled and played upon the hearth. The walls were hung with pictures, the tables covered with books, and in one corner stood a cabinet filled with bronzes, exquisite statuettes, and here and there a shrine of gold and gems. On the top lay a Bible, a prayer-book, and a beautiful bound copy of Thomas a Kempis.

Opening the latter I read:

"To my wife, December 17, 18—"

"It will take her some time to look over her birthday presents," Phil said in answer to my look of inquiry.

"Yes, that is the last, December 17— it will soon be here."

He stood looking into the fire and musingly stroking his long gray beard.

"She will be thirty-nine, Archie, and I am an old man. My faith sometimes wavers, but if I lost it—"

His face shadowed suddenly, and he sank into a chair with a weary sigh.

Seeing he for the time was unconscious of my presence, I continued my survey of the room. In one corner were grouped several rare ferns and a tea-rose bush, covered with buds. In one of the windows hung a bird cage, its pretty occupant curled up into a soft, yellow ball. How pathetic to me were the faded curtains, telling as they did of the long, patient waiting—the richness of hope deferred.

When I returned to the fire Phil's eyes were fixed on a picture that hung over the mantelpiece—a woman's face, beautiful and sad, yet lighted with the radiance of a divine hope. Beneath the picture was a bracket on which stood a vase of flowers.

"Phil, is that?"

"My wife. It was not meant for her, yet the likeness is perfect. With that look on her face, she is waiting somewhere. I must not despair now, Archie, when she may be near."

Then we sat down and had one of our talks, not about things "seen and temporal," but "things unseen and

eternal." Phil detailed his sober theology sometimes with his simply expressed ideas, but when I thought while I always found that they were pure and true and good, only my slower intellect needed time to learn their beauty. During all these years he had dwelt so much in the world of feeling that spiritual things seemed very near to him that to me were only promises of future light. In those short weeks he taught me more of a religion than I had learned in all my life before. Sometimes his quiet "God will," "He will not," seemed to me a presumption, but afterward I felt that who am I that I should speak of the will of God?

The Father's heart so well that I thought many it but peradventure is to him the blissful certainty?

We had been silent some minutes, Phil gazing in the fire and I thinking what wonderful romances are sometimes buried beneath a quiet exterior, when he took up the little prayer-book and began turning over its leaves.

"How absurd this sentence is in the otherwise beautiful marriage service: 'Thou whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' What God hath joined together no man can put asunder. Wait a minute, Archie; I know some have not patience to wait for God's good time, or when their own souls condemn their eyes are blinded, and they only catch a waft from Paradise instead of entering at the gate. Then some fancy rules them, and then in after years they find that they are only units in the mighty whole, who so mistake and thwart God's providence. Then there are hands drawn out of one another, changed lips that speak their cold farewell. God never joined those two together; that was man's work. It is true God sometimes parts His souls, but still the freed spirit may hold blessed converse with its morning mate, held prisoner in its house of clay. God never utterly divides what he hath joined. It may be His will that I shall never see my Kathleen's face again, yet I can trust Him and live on until upon his everlasting hills He shall restore her to me."

Phil's voice trembled a little, and his face grew suddenly old and careworn. I said nothing; this was a sorrow with which no stranger hand might meddle. Presently he rose with a sigh.

"This is a thought, Archie, that sometimes comes to tempt me, but," and the bright, cheerful look came back to his face, "hope always blossoms out of grief, and I believe that God in His mercy will, here on earth, bring my wife home to me."

"On the morning of the 17th of December I was sitting in my room thinking of my friend. The wind whistled without, and now and then a few flakes of snow were whirled against the window-pane. I was wondering whether Phil would rather be alone or if I should go to him, when a note was handed to me. It was in Phil's writing.

"Archie, she has come. I want you. Bring Abby with you; she is a sensible woman and can hold her tongue. Seizing my hat and cloak and telling Abby to follow, I hurried over. Phil met me in the hall; he clasped both my hands and drew me into his office.

"She came to-night in the early darkness. She has followed her father from city to city, the only link that bound him to a purer life; he died a month ago in London. She has been cold, hungry, desolate, but she has come at last."

Then he led me into the warmth and brightness of the nest whose bird had at length found home.

A figure was lying on the low couch drawn up before the fire.

"My wife!" Philip said fondly.

Then I saw her face, beautiful with the beauty of heaven, and brightened now with a light like the after-glow of the sunset; her hair was white as silver, but the eyes and smile were young. Beside her Philip had placed the little cabinet; she had been examining its treasures—several lay in her lap. On a little table at her feet, where her eyes could rest upon it, stood the tea-rose, in full bloom now.

She greeted me with a smile; then she knelt beside her father, and with a glance at the picture above the fire:

"You were told that was like me. Ah! Philip did not know what a poor old woman was coming home to him at last."

"Kathleen, you say nothing of the old, old man you found?"

The look she turned upon him was the most beautiful I ever saw on any face.

"If I say nothing, Philip, it is because my heart is too full for words."

Hearing Abby in the hall, I went out and left the two together. When I came back Phil handed me the prayer-book open at the marriage service.

"Do you mind using that form, Archie? Kathleen likes it."

He spoke so quietly I looked dumbly at him, with the book open in my hand.

"Yes, Archie, that is what we want. She has been my wife these twenty years, but I want all men to know it now."

So, in the presence of Abby and Phil's old housekeeper, I married them. How white the still face on the pillows had become. But when the rite was ended she turned to Philip with a radiant smile.

"Till death us do part." Death will not part us, Philip.

I saw Kathleen every day after that. The storm and tempest of her life were past, and now her fragile boat was anchored in the haven of Philip's

love. She often spoke to me of his years of patient waiting:

"It was only the thought of that that made me able to live sometimes," she said one day. "The only time I doubted him was when I came up the walk from the gate that night. I stood a moment to gather strength and courage, and I saw him come to the window there; he drew the curtain and looked out, and I saw the 'south and brightness within, and I feared to see some one in my place at his side, then I cried out 'Philip,' and he came to me, my faithful lover, and he brought me in, and then I knew God hears our prayers."

"I saw Kathleen lying pale and faint upon her pillows and Philip bending over her with the seal of a great and holy calm upon his face. I took my place beside her in silence; she smiled gently."

"I am going to spend my Christmas day with Paul and mother. I wish Philip could come too, but perhaps it won't be long."

She struggled a little for breath, and Phil raised her in his arms.

"Waiting again, my dear Philip," she said fondly; "but I will be near you all the time. This dear room, your hands prepared for me; God will let me come to it often, I am sure. You will not grieve much, Philip. Death is not parting for us, my Philip; it is only waiting."

The gray was leaving the eastern sky; a faint rosy flush crept over the snow. Phil signed to me, and I repeated softly some of the texts she loved. She thanked me with a smile; then her face changed—no shadow fell on it, only a wondrous light.

"Philip," she whispered, then the light grew stronger, and in the first flush and brightness of that Christmas morning her soul went home.

Now the summer sun shines brightly on the churchyard grass, the birds sing sweetly overhead, and the trees rustle their green boughs in the soft air. On the green slope behind the church the grass is greenest, the flowers brightest; there the birds come latest in the fall. The sun has shot a beam of light through the leaves; it trembles over the fair, white marble cross, and by its light you read the words, "Kathleen," and underneath the words, "My wife."

On Hearing

Would you rather be blind or deaf? Most people will illogically reply, "Neither!" but when pressed, nine out of ten will be found to answer, "Leave me the sight of my eyes—let me be deaf." Yet all experience shows that they are wrong. Deafness tries the temper more, isolates more, unites for social converse, cuts off from the world of breathing emotional activity, tenfold more than blindness. There is something as yet unanalysed about sound, which doubles and intensifies at all points the sense of living; when we hear, we are somehow more alive than when we see. Apart from sound, the outward world has a dreamlike and unreal look—we only half believe in it—we miss at each moment what it contains. I present, indeed, innumerable pictures of still-life; but these refuse to yield up half their secrets. If anyone is inclined to doubt this, let him stop his ears with cotton wool for five minutes, and sit in the room with some intelligent friend who enjoys the full use of his ears, and at the end of five minutes let the two compare notes. Of course we must suppose that both are doing nothing, except the one taking stock of his loss, and the other taking stock of his gain. I sit, then, in my chair, stone deaf. I look up at the pictures on the wall, a man driving a goat, a haystack, and some pigs, an engraving of Millais' "Black Brunswicker." I am tired of the sight of it. I notice the bird on his perch; his mouth is wide open, he looks to me as if he were in a fit; I point at him in an alarmed manner; my friend shakes his head with a smile, the bird's only singing; I can't say I am glad to hear it, for I cannot hear anything. Presently my friend rises and goes to the door, opens it—what on earth for? why, in jumps the cat. I suppose he heard it outside; it might have mewed till doomsday, as far as my ears were concerned. My strange companion has no sooner sat down on the chair than he jumps up as if stung; he points out, in answer to my bewildered look, that the legs are loose; he must have heard them creak, I suppose. Then he goes up to the clock, and begins winding it up; he must have noticed that it had left off ticking—I noticed not have found that out for hours. Another start! he rushes from the room, I follow—the maid has split the coal-scuttle all down the stairs; he probably heard the smash. My wife might have fallen down stairs and broken her neck, and I should have known nothing about it. I fear the wool out of my ears long before the expiration of the ten minutes, and my friend addresses me as follows:—"I pass over the canary, the cat, the chair, the coal-scuttle and the kettle. You happened to find out about them a day after the fair by using your eyes, but besides all this, of how many vivid life were you deprived—how many details of consciousness, how many avenues of thought were lost to you in less than ten minutes! As I sat, I could hear your favorite nocturne of Chopin being played in the next room. Perhaps you did not know it was raining, nor should I have noticed it, only I heard it on the skylight. I therefore rang the bell, ordered a trap-door open in the roof to be shut, and sent the carriage for a lady who would have

otherwise had to walk home. You did not notice a loud crack behind you, but, in fact, a hot coal flew out of the fire, and I seized it in time to prevent mischief. The postman's knock reminded me of some letters I ought to write, and I made a note of them. The band playing outside put me in mind of some concert-tickets I had promised to send. A neighboring church-bell reminded me of the fact that it was Wednesday, and about a quarter to eleven o'clock." Alas! too many of us go through life with our ears stuffed with cotton wool.—Good Words.

DIAMOND DUST.

Hearts may agree though heads differ. Report is a quick traveller, but an unsafe guide.

A great proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

Ink is in the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

There are two kinds of geniuses, the clever and the too clever.

Love labor; if you do not want it for God, you may for oblige.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and endure much.

Experience takes very high school wages, but she teaches like no other.

History gives us many illustrious villains, but never an illustrious miser.

"The human face is divine, when not degraded by the vices of society."

"It is to live twice, when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life."

They who are very indulgent to themselves seldom have consideration for others.

The human mind should be a globe of humanity moving on the poles of truth.

Fashionable society is a merry-go-round, that first makes us giddy and then sick.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.

There is a closer connection between good sense and good nature than is commonly supposed.

Look down upon genius and he will rise to a giant—attempts to crush him, and he will soar to a god.

Good intentions will never justify evil actions; nor will good actions ever justify evil intentions.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state.

Some men in the world advance like crabs, by their eccentricities—walking contrary to every one else.

We may forgive an injury and an insult; but we cannot endure to be bored, not even by those we love.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

Most men take conviction from an adversary as children do physic, with a struggle and a shudder.

Poetry is the natural language of all worship. The Bible is full of poetry; Homer is full of religion.

Canting bigotry and caressing criticism are usually the product of obtuse sensibilities and a pusillanimous will.

Many lofty intellects are like high mountains, covered with perpetual ice; and the more ardent enthusiasts, use their fire-like volcanoes for destruction.

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