The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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To the Citizens of Port Tobacco And Vicinity!

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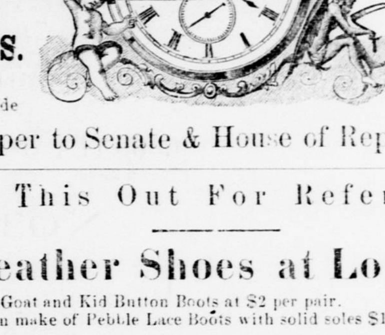

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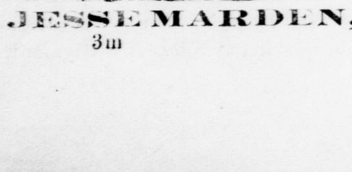

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Original Poetry.

[Republished by SPECIAL REQUEST.]

[Written for the TIMES.]

HYMEUS ST. F XAVERII.

BY LOSTOW.

O D us. Ego amo te,
Hec amo te, ut salvus mo,
Aut quia non amaates te
Aeterus punis igne.
Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me.
Amplexus es in cruce.

Tulisti clavos lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angeres,
Ac mortem, et haec propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore!
Car igitur non amen te,
O Jesu amantissime?

Non ut in caelo salvus me,
Aut ne aeternum damnes me,
Hec praemii ullius spe,
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te,
Solum quia Rex meus es.
Et solum quia tu Deus es!

TRANSLATION.

O God! to thee my heart's best love I give,
Nor do I love;—eternally to live,
Or knowing that those who love not thy name,
Thou dost condemn to the eternal flame!
Thou thou my God, hast me embraced entire,
When on the cross thou suffering didst expire,
The piercing of the nails—the cruel spear,
And manifold disgrace thou didst not fear;
And direst griefs and anguished sweat of blood
For me were borne, on the blood stained cross
of wood;
And death alone thy love could satisfy;—
For me a sinner thou didst deign to die!
Shall I not therefore give to thee my love,
For thee my God, my fond affection prove?

Not that in bliss I may abide in heaven
Nor lest my soul to endless pains be given;
Not with the hope of any fixed reward
I dare to love thee, Mercy's chosen Lord!
But in the way that thou hast shown thy love
So would I willing my devotion prove!
Simply because thou reignest in heaven *King*
And art my *God*—to thee my love I bring.

A Select Story.

PEACHY PEAY.

The usual annual check had come from Cousin Wanamaker, and Mrs. Caldwell and her daughter were discussing where they should go for the Summer. Mrs. Caldwell was but a widow, with but a small income, and Mr. Wanamaker was a millionaire.

Mr. Wanamaker himself, though a widower, was still in the prime of life and eminently handsome; and Mrs. Caldwell, perhaps, would have preferred his hand to his check; but she knew this was a hopeless wish.

"So kind of cousin George," said [illegible]. "And now, girls, [illegible] we go? I am tired of Saratoga and Long Island. What do you think of a quiet country retreat somewhere?"

To a quiet country retreat after some discussion they resolved to go. The place selected was a farm, up among the hills, belonging to a well-to-do farmer, known as Grandfather Tole.

Aunt Phœbe, grandfather Tole's sister, had rather opposed the taking of boarders, as she opposed everything that was novel; but Chloe, the eldest of the grand-daughters, who was the family Jupiter, had spoken up promptly. "Why not," she said. "It will stir us up and give Maggie some idea of great folks, for I am told these Caldwells are very fashionable. Let us have them by all means." Maggie was Chloe's youngest sister, and the pet and beauty of the family; and when she too pronounced in favor of the scheme the thing was settled. So the Caldwells came—mother and daughters.

"They are not stuck up a bit, if they did come from down below," said Aunt Phœbe, when tea was over. "Appear just like our sort of folks."

The Caldwells were equally pleased. "Let's stay here always," said Mable, the younger daughter, to her mother; "it is so beautiful in the country. I hate the city."

It was really very pleasant at the old farm house, those early Summer days. There was such a tender green on field and tree; such blossom and scent; such sparkling mountain streams; such wonderful moonlight. The Tole family too, were so pleasant. Maggie was the life of the house. She was so full of fun and was so obliging. "So cultivated, too," said Mable, who had fancied that farmers' daughters must be ignorant. "Why she has read more books than I have, ma!"

But as the Summer advanced, and the days grew hotter, and things lost their novelty, the fickle Mable began to be less enthusiastic about the country.

"Always the same milk and fruit, always the same drive," she said. "And Maggie has so much to do now that she can't be with me like she used to. I'd rather a thousand times be in town. It is dreadfully stupid here with not so much as a donkey cart going by. The mosquitoes are ever so much worse than at home. There we have bars, and there are people, so they needn't bite just us all the time. And flies are awful."

In the midst of her grumble there came a smart rap on the door that was directly pushed open by a little old woman, who dropped a brisk little courtesy on the threshold, and then stepped in. She was dressed in old-fashioned "short-gown and petticoat," and wore on her head a huge green silk affair, fashionable thirty years ago under the name of "calash," and bearing close resemblance to a chaise top. Away in under this monstrous bonnet was the wide frill of a white muslin cap; and a pair of colored iron bowed glasses covering a pair of twinkling black eyes. The old woman carried on her arm a covered basket, and in her hand a great boquet of field lilies, jewel-weed, golden rod and clematis.

"Miss Peay, Miss Peachy Peay," said she, dropping another courtesy; "I called to fetch you a handful of my sopsovine apples. My tree is early, and I thought mebby you hadn't had a taste yet this year. And here is a parcel of blows I picked as I was a-coming. Mebby you will like them too. They are considerable pretty."

As she spoke, Miss Peay opened her basket and took out a dozen smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

"Oh, how nice! Thank you ever and ever so much!" cried the Caldwells, in a heartfelt way. "Do stop and sit with us awhile."

"Yes, I was a meaning to," returned Miss Peay. "I live over to the Cross Roads, a good bit from here; but I rode in with my brother Phillip as far as the turn of the road. He brought his grist over to the mill here, for he thinks Cooley grinds better than the man does at our place. And he had one or two errants to the store; so I don't need to be back to the turn under half an hour or such a matter."

"And you live with your brother," asked Mrs. Caldwell.

"Yes, yes! Him and me, we never ne'r one of us, merried, and we've always lived together. We was twins; but we aren't any alike. You would not think we was anything to each other."

"Is it on a farm like this where you live?" asked Mabel, forgetting her discontent at once.

"Something like," returned Miss Peay. "My brother, he carries on the out-door work, and I keep house for him."

"Do you do all the work your own self—every bit?" asked Mabel, in a tone of pity and wonder.

"La, yes, Miss, I hope so; and I have a good bit of time for my knitting. I knit twenty-five pairs of white mittens and twenty-five pairs of feeting last winter. Mr. Call, at the brick store take them, and pays one-half the money and one half the goods."

"Feeting! What are feeting?" asked Mabel.

"Feeting! Why don't you know? Men's socks or stockings, or whatever they call them. I finished off a pair this morning."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mabel, "can't I get a pair of Miss Peay's feeting, and send them to Mr. Wanamaker?"

Mrs. Caldwell smiled, and the quick black eyes under the calash caught the smile and thought behind it.

"[illegible]," she said, "my home-spun blue yarn would be suitable for a city gentlemen; but I would send him a taste of my sopsovines in welcome if there was a chance."

"Oh, yes," cried Mabel, "do send him some apples. We are just sending a box of ferns and mosses for his aquarium, and there is plenty of room."

"Send them, to be sure," answered Miss Peay, opening her basket again, and, as though it had been the widow's barrel that never lacked its handful, producing another dozen of smooth, red apples, fragrant and fair.

Miss Peachy Peay went away presently with another brisk little courtesy. But the effect of her visit lasted longer. It even outlasted the apples. Mabel's good nature and content continued all day, and she occupied herself filling a letter to Mr. Wanamaker with a picturesque and enthusiastic account of the visitor.

But that was not the last of the visitor. She came again upon another day, when Mabel was in the midst of another fit of dissatisfaction.

This time Miss Peay brought some early blackberries and a great handful of water-lilies; and she came in a dress still odder and old-fashioned, with the same little digging courtesy, and the same quaint cheerfulness of manner.

"Mr. Wanamaker was ever and ever so much obliged for those apples, Miss Peay," cried Mable; and he says if you are as nice your apples he wishes we would take you home with us. Will you go, Miss Peay? Now please do!"

"Home with you!" exclaimed Miss Peay, her black eyes shining with mirth. "A plain country body like me would make a pretty figure in the city! And I shoud be worried to death by all the noise and buzz. Somebody a going by in the road pretty much continually, I expect; and a fire likely enough somewheres about a'most every day. But I thank him and you too for the invite."

"Oh, Miss Peacy, you must go! Mr. Wanamaker wants to see you awfully. He truly does," persisted the inconsiderate child.

Miss Peachy laughed heartily; but before she had time to do more the village coach drove up before the door and Mr. Wanamaker himself got out.

At that sight Mrs. Caldwell rushed eagerly upon the piazza, followed by all the children; and Miss Peachy was left alone in the room with no way of escape but through the little square entry, where Mr. Wanamaker stood paying the driver, and shaking hands with the Caldwells.

She had no idea of meeting him, though, and so she darted across the room to seek an exit through the window. But her dress caught on an ugly nail that Mable had driven in the casement to hang balls of thistle down upon.

"I am awfully glad you've come. I do love you so!" she heard Mabel say; and the party began to move toward the room.

Miss Peachy Peay at this made another effort to escape; but the nail held firmly to the stout chintz gown that couldn't tear, for, alas! it was not woven in our degenerate looms.

"Miss Peachy Peay is here this minute, Mr. Wanamaker, and so you can see her," said Mabel, with a lisp that she put on, like a state dress upon state occasions.

Miss Peachy Peay at this struggled still more fiercely; but still nail and chintz refused to part company. And it was this astonishing tableau that presented itself to Mr. Wanamaker's eyes as he entered the room.

"Permit me, madame," said he, coming forward politely.

At this instant the gathers of the gown gave way, and at the same time the green calash and iron-bowed glasses fell off, and down floated a mass of fair hair, and up looked a sweet, girlish face in a pretty flush of girlish shame.

"Oh, mamma! what a trick has been played on us," cried Mabel. "Did you know it was Maggie all the time? I didn't dream it!"

Mamma smiled with wise superiority.

"Country life gets dull some times, and we have to amuse ourselves with all sorts of travesties," said she, in a side apology to Mr. Wanamaker.

As to poor Maggie, she would gladly have hidden her diminished head during Mr. Wanamaker's stay; but that was not possible. The servant who was to have been such a relief, never came, and Maggie was both chambermaid and tablewaiter. But when she appeared that night with his cup of tea, Mr. Wanamaker gave no sign of recognition; so by degrees the hot color burnt itself out on her cheeks, and she quite recovered her tranquility. Nevertheless he noted every look and word and gesture, though so quietly that even Mrs. Caldwell's observant eyes did not see it.

So that, for once in her life, she was taken unawares when, at the end of two week, Mr. Wanamaker led her to the arbor at the foot of the garden for the sake of asking her advice, as he said, and began to ask it by announcing his intention of adopting Maggie Tole as his daughter.

"My advice!" thought Mrs. Caldwell, curling her lip a little. "He is past advice, and a good way past it. I have seen for too days which way the robin was going to fly."

But outwardly she was sweeter than honey and smoother than oil.

"How nice," she said, heartily, yet, as a woman would have perceived, with an undertone of disapprobation. "A capital idea," she dontinued, after a reflective pause, "only—I doubt if her grandfather would part with her. And then she is rather too old for adoption—22 at least, I fancy."

"Twenty two," repeated Mr. Wanamaker, aghast.

To be sure! What had he been thinking of. Whatever it was evidently thought of it no more, for, though he stayed another two weeks, he never adopted a daughter.

Neither did he at Christmas, when he came to Cranberry to see how the country looked in its robes of transfiguration, white and glistening. Nor in the early springtime, when he came for no reason at all that Aunt Phœbe could discover.

"Unless to see about getting board for next summer; and I should 'most thought he'd a wrote for that, and not be to the cost, of a journey down here," said she. "Look here! I wouldn't go in the parlor—there's folks there—that New York gentleman, Mr. Wagonmaker. Likely he wants to see your pa on some business or other," she added, as Maggie came down the stairs looking as fresh and fair as a daisy.

She went right on, however, in spite of Aunt Phœbe's warning; as soon as she opened the parlor door Mr. Wanamaker came forward and bless you! took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I want to know—"ejaculated Aunt Phœbe, opening her eyes.

She did know, and soon, for though Mr. Wanamaker still said nothing about adopting a daughter, Mrggie Tole, before the water-lillies were in bloom, went to live with him in his beautiful home in the city.

And when she went, packed away in the choicest corner of her trunks, among white satin and lace and muslen and orange flowers, was a green calash.

"In memory," said the happy bridegroom, "o. Miss Peachey Peay, who introduced to me my wife."

Select Miscellany.

The Power of the Press.

One of the old-time editors of Michigan was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he could call many narrow escapes. Twenty five years ago he was running a red hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for the same office, was given a bad racket and the editor received a note that if he had anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before in walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four was strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horsewhip. The two compositors and the "devil" got out with all speed. He realized the situation at once, and began.

"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horsewhip me?"

"We have," they answered.

"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered the matter?"

"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

"Just so, my friends, but first hear what I have to say. Did you hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cowhided?"

"I dunno."

"Well, you never did. Lick me all you choose and my paper comes out week after week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or brakes, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound and kill. Wallop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

"There is an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horse-whipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, Canada, England, France—aye! clear to Jerusalem, that the Carson family of this county lives on roots and johnny-cake; that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two-shilling suspenders; that the woman are club-footed and the man work their ears when they sing; that the—."

"What the regular subscription price to the *Herald?*" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year.

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you and if any of you want to see any of Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you.—*Free Press.*

Pin-Marking Machines.

The great beauty of Wright's machine, which is now very generally in use, is that it makes the ordinary wire in hand and performs on it the whole operation of pin-making and finishing without any extraneous discretionary assistance. This machine is indeed one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. It is not much larger than a lady's sowing machine. In factories it is so arranged, together with many others, that it may be driven by belting in the ordinary way. On the left side of the machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. The wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites if off ininches incessantly. Just as it seizes each bite a little hammer with a concave face hits the ends of the wire three taps, and "upsets" it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just beneath it. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow fine towards the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs are made to play "like lightning." Thus the pins are pointed and dropped into a box in a little shower. In addition to this machine all factories use also a number of automata of a very ingenious construction for assorting and papering the pins. They first arrange them in half a dozen different lengths, and reject all crooked pins; the last pricks them into paper in the ways in which they are bought. The papering machine hangs the pin by the pin's head in an inclined platform through as many slots as there are in a row on the paper. These slots converge in the exact space, spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin-paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper. The papers are then folded, after which they are ready for sale.—*Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal.*

The Bridge of Sighs.

A correspondent, writing from Venice, says: "In the course of our wanderings through the place our guide takes us across the bridge of Sighs, leading from the palace to the prisons opposite. It is a tridition that no prisoner who passed this dridge ever returned, or indeed was ever heard of afterward. Whether this is true or not, it is in keeping with the reputation which the Venetian Republic has obtained, and one does not care to dispute the assertion. Republic can be as despotic as monarchs or empires, and certainly the Republic of Venice can boast little of the freedom of its people. The Bridge of Sighs is more interesting when viewed externally, although there is nothing grand or magnificent about it. It is simply a short, covered corridor across a narrow canal, connecting the two buildings at the second story. There is a wall through the center, internally, dividing the bridge into passages, one of which led to the prisons of political offenders, and the other to the cells of the common criminal. The former has served to give this bridge its unusual interest; for but little romance can be predicated upon the fact of those legally convicted of crime. And probably after all, Childe Harold has as much to do with the renown of this bridge as the 'Merchant of Venice' has had with the Rialto—for you cannot pass either without quoting something from Shakespeare."

It is proper to call, on going out of mourning, on those to whem you have sent cards, even if they have not returned your card.

Eggs as Wholesome Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per centum water, the yolk fifty-two per centum. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. Eggs are best when coocked four minutes. This takes away the animal tast that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg cooked very hard is difficult to digestion except by those of stout stomachs? such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped in hot water is not only a clean and handsome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and falt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorous, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

Old Shoes.

You probably think that if you look sharply at an old shoe when you throw it away you will know it again if it ever come back to you. But that doesn't at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with a boot, or grasp a cast off gaiter while at your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we'll tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried When thoroughly dry it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that cause it to adhere together. It is then pressed into molds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife handles, etc. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot and fasten your cloths with a slipper.

Social Customs.

If a lady asks a gentleman for his photograph it is a great compliment to him, but she is under no obligation to give him hers unless she wishes to.

If a lady receives a written invitation from a gentleman, of course she must return a written answer. In writing a date numerals are allowable as "July 4, 1881." The date should always be placed at the end of the note, below the name.

On horsebaek a gentleman rides to the lady's left hand, to avoid brushing her skirts, and because his left hand is at liberty to catch her bridle if her horse in restive, his right hand holding his own reins. This is the decision in England.

The hour for the ceremony of an evening wedding is generally 8 o'clock The bride's brother is a very proper usher.—The bride's mother and sisters generally wear rick silks of dark color if the wedding is quiet. The invitations should be sent out a fortnight in advance, and the announcement cards immediately after the wedding.

Always Polite to Ladies.

One car-driver of Galveston, Tevas, considers himself polite when he talks back to old ladies who are a bit troublesome. An old lady got on the street car, and as soon as she set eyes on the driver she called out:

"You are the very driver that refused to stop the car, and made fun of me."

"Yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes; yesterday afternoon;"

"On the corner of Twenty-seventh and Avenue L?"

"Yes."

"On the northwest corner?"

"Just about the corner."

"At three o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; at three o'clock."

"Was it a blue car, with bay mule?"

"Certainly; blue car and bay mule, and a feller with a red pimple on his nose, and mouth like a catfish, just like yours, driving it."

"And you bawled out, 'Stop—that—car! Stop—that—car!'"

"Yes, you scoundrel!"

"Then it wasn't me, for I am always polite to ladies."

Praying to Chance.

A lady who had forsaken her God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor one morning how long they should be out.

"In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Livorpool," he replied.

"In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging on the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

"What do you think, sir, will the storm soon be over?"

"It seems likely to last for sometime madam."

"Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost."

His reply was, "Madam, shall I pray to chance?"