

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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AND

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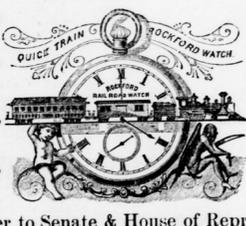
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Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.



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## Select Poetry.

### THREE GOOD DOCTORS

The best of all the pill-box crew,  
Are the doctors who have most to do  
With health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again  
And praise them as I can:  
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue  
"I know you well," says he:  
"Your stomach is poor and your liver is sprung,  
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist  
And he gravely shakes his head:  
"Now, now, doctor, I must insist  
That you eat ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me  
Of all the pill-box crew!  
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his face  
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,  
And at ten I go to bed,  
And I praise them as I can:  
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

## A Select Story.

### A Louisiana Idyl.

Just eighty miles above New Orleans the river throws out a long, thin arm, and stretching in the miles of country until it idly dips its fingers in the sea.

In the snug hollow of its arm lay out, where it springs out from the little Catholic town, so embraced and higher than the surrounding country, it is comparatively secure from overflows and subsequent fevers, and peeping over its sheltering levees, looks with love and confidence only on the murky water that surrounds it.

The inhabitants of this country cook (which always seemed like the happy valley of Kassel) are gay, pleasure-loving people; ready to laugh, ready to cry, full of enthusiasm of holiday, hopeful of futures.

In the shadow of the old Catholic church and within sound of its deep-toned bell, which rang out far and wide three times a day, sat the young man, Elliot St. George. At twenty-eight years of age he was a splendid type of a race that is gradually succumbing to the French Creole, and while planting the substantial and the practical, is too surely covering over and putting out of sight that beautiful picturesqueness, that blended with the rich tints of field and sky, and made of Louisiana a State apart from the rest; a rare bit in the mosaic of the Union that while it was yet not of it, the type of a race compounded of Northern strength and energy, with Southern grace and repose; Northern activity and Southern impulse; quick, incisive common sense, with cool, brilliant, but sometimes blinded vision.

From a Maryland father he inherited his broad, square shoulders, his feet eleven inches of manly height, his fair complexion and sunny hair; but his creole mother—who died at his birth—looked at you out of his coffee-brown eyes, and smiled on you from his sensitive, mobile lips. With Northern heritage—throughback bone of the well-molded temples, he fought intellectual fights and won intellectual battles; commanded the respect of the many, and compelled the admiration of the few. But with his coffee-brown eyes—liquid and deep—well that a man might fall into—"he was friends; and a warm, generous heart—his Southern heritage—helped him to keep them.

How he and his father had lived through all the long years without the wife and mother can only be guessed. To the son it was only a something missed out of his life; to the father it was the life itself missing. With no companionship but that of the earth, he had lived in comparative seclusion in the midst of the happy villagers, mixing little with them in their sports, but sharing much in their sorrows. To the elder man this was an outlet for a strong and deep nature. To nurse the sick, help the poor, and sorrow with the sorrowing, rather inactive by an accident received in early manhood, motive power in existing, and a desire for that existence.

Living that thoughtful life in the shadow of the old church, the son had grown up deeply religious. Protestant in his tendencies, he still felt around him the arms of his mother's church (the Catholic), and could never free himself, entirely from its influence. His father's house-keeper and his old nurse (an old mulatto negress, who had raised his mother also), fostered this feeling in him, and by her faithfulness and devotion did more to make her religion dear and sacred in his eyes than all the preaching of bishops and priests.

His heart, full of enthusiastic reaching to devote itself to some grand and noble purpose, would, if left to itself, have made of him a fanatic, but the cool, many-sided brain came to the

rescue, and weighing down the scale with reason, balanced the whole and gave finish and completeness to the character.

Still, the longing to follow one clear and steadfast ray of light and walk by its beam only, remained with him, and grew into a determination to devote his life and energies in the service of the Master. After years of patient study he joined the ministry of the Episcopal church. To go among men and hope to find their real and human side one must needs know not one man, but all men. But to reach the heart of humanity—and this is to reach the heart of Christ—one needs first to learn his own heart by bit. When every chord has been sounded by the mad fingers of Passion, and every string shaken by the pitiless hands of Pain; when the whole being comes out from the depths of its agony that it knows itself, then he can read by the light of this heaven-kindled torch all the broken words and unfinished histories that bolt and make illegible the heart-records of others; and reading them, through falling tears, he will grow very, very pitiful.

Elliot St. George was a good man and sympathetic by nature, and as yet a sealed book to himself. When the first lesson came it fell with the gathered force of years. A sudden cold, caught while nursing a sick man, a few days' destructive work on a weakened constitution—and one kind, vigorous heart was stilled forever, and another waked from its sleep never to be quite still again.

The dear father, lying, breathless out in the last awful gasp of a lifetime of love and devotion, which falling like a benediction gave the touch of grace to his finished work and made the son rise up from his knees a nobler, if a sadder man, very desolate now and quite alone; except for his old nurse, he eagerly accepted a call to San Antonio, and bidding farewell to all the friends and associations of youth, he leaves the old for the new, the tried for the untried.

Born in the month of May, whose children, the poets tell us, find success in love, their richest inheritance; and regarded in a land where love and are loved again with quick passionate eagerness, he was yet, at twenty-eight, proof against a woman's smiles, and self-willed to celibacy. Had he been wholly Catholic he would have been a monk. As it was, since heaven had separated him from all human loves by placing them on high, he deemed it good to keep himself so separated and live only unto others. But can the soul be unshared?

And the Father had indeed finished his work, but the temple he had helped to rear was not complete and the key stone of the arch was missing, and only a woman's hand, borne up by a woman's love, could reach the empty niche, and adding that final touch crown the whole.

While Elliot St. George was dreamily living out these years of his early manhood on the banks of the Mississippi, another life was just as unconsciously fulfilling its destiny in the quaint old Spanish city of San Antonio.

Agnes Browning was one of a large family. Coming between three older and three younger than herself, she felt as if she had been thrown in simply as ballast; and not having much expected of her, and herself expecting less, she followed out the impulses of a rather dreamy, absorbed nature, and nursed the many idle fancies that a purposeless life and the Old World atmosphere of the city inspired, until she reached the age of twenty.

Then she gathered up the tangled ends of her thoughts and musings and knotted them into one grand central idea, round which all the others crowded and clung.

And this was to make her one talented. She had seen her sisters marry and leave the old home; her brothers go out into the world to carve their fortunes for themselves, and had often wondered what was her share in the great plans of creation, and how and when should she begin to work it out.

Visiting often the sweet Sisters of the Convent of —, and looking much and earnestly into their tender peaceful faces, she thought she found the answer, and with it the mission.

Could there be any higher life than this? Days and weeks, months and years with all their full harvests of hopes and regrets, smiles and tears, devoted to charity—the greatest of those three? While some women were content to make happy the two or three around one fireside. Her benevolence extended over broader fields.

To carry the crumbs of Divine comfort to hungry souls; to turn into lighted paths—some of the many straying feet around her; and to humanize and make lovable the neglected hearts that met her everywhere, seemed to her fuller of real Christ-service than to bid in a more narrower if happier path.

The Sisterhood of the Episcopal Church offered such a field for labor, and with the earnestness that was a part of herself, Agnes prepared to enter on her life-duties.

As she sits on the high gallery steps this summer evening gazing across at the Convent towers, and dreaming of her future, she looks too far a woman to hide away from the world. Her simple dress of black nun's veiling clings pretty to her graceful figure, and rising to the round white throat, clasps it close and high. The black lace scarf knotted there

softened the rigid outlines; and the red, red rose in the heart of the knot gives the one bit of color that relieves the sombre garb and lights up the whole.

The face above the rose is scarcely less brilliant.

The thick, dark hair is gathered in a loose knot at the back of the little head, and on the low forehead, innocent of bang, its outlines of soft waves those little indentations known as the gray—so dark and velvety that you wish to stroke them—"Sweet following eyes; it seemed always that she demanded the heart."

The mouth is large and expressive; the nose short and undecided; but the charm of the face, and the spell that seems to draw you toward it again, is in the soft but brilliant coloring. The dusk of the hair, the gray of the eyes, the rich cream of the skin with the vivid carmine of lip and cheek, tell of so much youth and life and health, that to a tired eye it is as refreshing as a lovely new blown rose. When she laughed—which she did often, for she had a merry heart—you even saw the dew on the rose, for you caught its sparkle in her eye. These gray eyes have so many moods that you never know them entirely. One day they take you by storm, the next you feel taken in an April shower.

So fair a girl had not grown up unthought. More than one man had staked his all on those sweet, changeable eyes, and putting it to the touch, had lost; but in losing the woman had always won the friend.

"The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and then are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily calmed to rest."

Agnes Browning had a heart—but by my wife. We have both been jolly struck; looking away off yonder for our destinies, when here they lie right at our feet."

It is Sunday in San Antonio and Elliot St. George is preaching his first sermon in the Cathedral preparatory to taking up his abode in the chapel. It is a trying, almost a painful moment. Looking into the many uplifted faces before him, he meets not one familiar glance. Some are kindly, but most are indifferent or only curious.

As his gaze comes back to the text of his sermon, he meets a pair of soft sympathetic gray eyes, that look encouragingly into his, and a strange thrill passes through him which nerves him on to that self-control and self-victory that alone can give command over the moods of others and success to the speaker.

He never knew, till the sermon was over, to whom the eyes belonged; he caught the look of the soul beyond, and forgetting all else, strove to acquire himself worthily in its sight, of one who would judge him searchingly, as only the very pure and innocent do.

He said long afterward, when he came to know Agnes, that with those eyes looking at him he could have walked unflinchingly into the very jaws of death.

And Agnes, Ah, well! All you who have looked into the brown eyes of the South know that there is something in their depths that makes their light very hard. Meeting Mr. St. George day after day at church, in the homes of the poor, and by her own fireside, she felt a curious change coming over her whole nature; a change that she did not understand.

The world seemed to be enlarging; for her humanity broadened day by day; and yet the world was growing smaller too, for a few square miles now covered the whole of it for her.

She felt strange stirrings among hitherto unknown chords, and strange beatings of hitherto unknown pulses. Could it be her honest awaking?

She also went less to the Convent, and talked more with her mother. One evening in the early fall she and Elliot made two of a party of six that visited the old mission of San Jose, three or four miles out from San Antonio. Some of the courageous ones climbed the steep, narrow steps (cut out of a huge-log) in the side tower of the old church, and got out upon the roof. The wild thyme growing all over the ruins made the air delicious with its sweet, pungent odor.

Elliot thought that Agnes, in her soft white shawl, leaning against the crumbling wall, looked like a mediaeval saint, with just enough of the human in her to make her lovable. As often as he had looked into her eyes since that first day, it was never without the same thrill, nerving him on to be nobler than he was, and to go freely of that she seemed always to ask.

This evening they were standing apart from the rest, when he abruptly breaks the silence—"Miss Agnes, do you think a minister ought to marry?"

It was a hard question for her to answer, knowing his views, and with this strange, new feeling throbbing in her bosom, but she did it simply and bravely.

"I think that is a personal mat-

ter with the man, apart from his profession. If he feels that his nature is sufficient unto itself, and that he can live and do best service without a woman's love and sympathy, he is right to remain unmarried. There is no law for this—the heart must decide."

Her voice faltered at the last and she turned away.

That night he thought over her words. Was he sufficient unto himself? On the contrary was he not better and stronger when in her presence? If the best and noblest in her nature waked into life at one glimpse of her pure soul, would it not grow into greater and higher excellence with close and constant companionship?

He took out his mother's picture and looked at it long and lovingly.—"Something told him that his father had been a better man for his love."

"There is no law for this—the heart must decide." These were her words. He put his reason against his heart, and fought a hard battle. Reason told him that his mind, unfettered by earthly cares and affections, could explore storehouse after storehouse in intellectual kingdoms, and rising on the wings of spiritual knowledge almost the feet of Jehovah. But the heart whispered that the soul, expanded and glorified by human love, and made holy by human suffering and human grief, could feel the touch of Divine fingers reaching down after it, and itself drawn up and laid close to the very heart of Christ.

The next evening he went to her and taking her hand said: "Agnes, my heart has decided—it cannot live without you. Will you come?"

She drew away from him and stammered, "But I can't—I am going to be a Sister of Mercy, and you are going to be—"

"No, I am not—I am going to be your husband and you are going to be my wife. We have both been jolly struck; looking away off yonder for our destinies, when here they lie right at our feet."

Drawing her toward him he pleaded for her love with all the eloquence of his Southern nature, and breaking down the barriers that her foolish heart had raised to defend itself, he made her listen.

He told her how all his life he had never known the love of a mother or sister, and that one-half of his heart had been locked until she turned the key; that he felt now it was not good for man to live alone—a wiser than we had ordained it otherwise—and that if she would come to him his whole life would be better and purer.

At last the breath of the storm had moved the ocean of her heart from its calm, and now only the hand that raised the storm could lift it to rest again. She felt this and after a feeble struggle meekly laid her weakness on his strength.

On her wedding day she showed him a piece of wild thyme that his hand had crushed against the wall that evening on top of the mission.—"It has lain between the leaves of her prayer-book ever since."

So after all it was his coffee-brown eyes that won him his wife. They first found her heart, and claiming it by right of discovery, would not let it go.

The sweet sisters of the convent wept over their lost lamb as over one gone astray in strange pastures. But the mother thanked God that her daughter had found her heart, and with it a woman's highest holiest mission.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart, and all unconsciously, shape every act. Each of the other's being, and so bed. And these of'er unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wreck, delving death; And all unconsciously, shape every act. And each wondering step to this end— That one day out of darkness they shall meet And read life's meaning in each other's eyes. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is pleasant to hear a smiling woman remark: "We had nothing at all when we married, but see how cozy we have made our house." This means there has been cheerful hard work on the one side, thrift and self-denial on the other—in fact, union. After all, the joke of marriage is an apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders, and there is nothing very seemingly in seeing a girl wait to wear her own part of it until it has been padded with quilted satin.

"Well, brethren," said a Maine minister to some of his fellow-evangelists, "I never was guilty of laughing in the pulpit but once. Some years ago I had in my congregation an old man who universally went to sleep in church and snored loudly throughout the entire service. One Sunday morning, glancing in his direction, I saw him as usual, with his head back enjoying a nap, and right above him, in the gallery, a young man was rolling a large quid of tobacco around in his mouth. As I looked he took it out and pressing it into a ball poised it carefully over the opened mouth below. I became so interested in the proceeding that I forgot to continue the sermon, but stood watching the young man. With a wicked smile he took careful aim and dropped it squarely into the old man's mouth. "With a gulp-lp-lp the sleeper started up and with face red as a beet rushed from the house. The people no doubt were horrified, but I could not have kept from laughing if a sword had hung over my head ready to fall. The old man did not come back for several Sundays, but when did, he changed his seat and remained wide awake."

## How Long Shall Girls be Courted?

Ought engagements to be long or short? It has been often said that nothing helps so much to steady young men as the being engaged to a girl whom he loves, and for whom he loves to prepare a suitable home.—The solicitude of David Copperfield's friend "Traddles" to buy bits of furniture—flower-pots and such like—for the house where he and his betrothed were to dwell, was a pretty thing, and much to be commended; but, on the other hand, it is undeniable that long engagements have their drawbacks, especially if the young people to much of each other during the period of probation. In this case much of the

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