The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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THE GOLDEN TIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop and take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Tho' the wintery storm prevailth.

Better to hope tho' the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are relifted!
There was never a night without a day
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure—
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.

A Select Story.

A DUEL OR A WEDDING.

I am an admirer of female beauty. I ought to have been an artist or a sculptor, but I am neither. I was book-keeper for Brown & Co., wholesale dealers in hides and tallow. Henry Bower, a young man of very lively disposition, was employed in the same office. We boarded and roomed together.

One night Henry and I attended one of the lyceum lectures in W——. We had hardly been in the hall five minutes before my attention was fixed upon one of the ladies up the front seat. She was a little to the right of me, but as she was talking very earnestly to the lady next to her, her face was turned toward us; and susceptible as I am, I could not but be impressed with the beauty of it.

A months passed without my seeing anything of the beautiful stranger. But about that time I received, an invitation to visit my friend Mrs Segard, in M——. She was a widow of forty, and is the mother of a certain Miss Segard, familiarly called Clara. I knew that Mrs. Segard had tried to bring about a marriage between Clara and myself, and I believe I was not much opposed to the match. I might have married her—I really think I should, but for a little affair which happened at U—.

The morning I started for M——, Bowers accompanied me to the depot. While I was buying my ticket I noticed another gentleman come into the waiting room. My first thought was that it was my shadow that I saw before me. He was about my height, had a light complexion like mine, and eyes of a grizzly gray, and one of them turned in just like mine. He had on a tall stalk hat, tipped on one side of his sandy locks, and so did I; and furthermore, he carried in his hand a small carpet bag marked "J. McD." tied to the straps. So did I.

I looked at him, and he returned the compliment.

"I say, sir," said the stranger, looking down at the carpet beg that I held, and examining the tag, "are you John McDolan, or am I?"

"My name is McDougal. I hope you are an honest man, for you see if you should happen to rob a bank, forge a note, pick a pocket, or cut somebody's jugular, I might have to suffer, perhaps swing for it."

"I can give you reference as to my character," he answered.

"Yes that's very good. But Mr. McDougal, which way are you going?"

"Down. I have bought my ticket."

"Then I'm going up. I don't think we'd best travel together. There's the train starting now. Good bye Mr McDougal, I wish you success, and for my sake don't spoil your character."

To get to M——, which, by the way is a rather out-of-the-way place, a small, one-horse town, with one tavern two churches and a poorhouse; I had to leave the cars at T——, and then take private conveyance to M——, 5 miles distant. I could have gone by the stage, but that leaves U—— once a day, at five o'clock in the morning.

So when the cars stopped at U—— I took my carpet bag in my hand, and got out upon the platform.

There was quite a large number of people at the station, but I took no notice of any of them, except a tall, brawny man, in a brown overcoat and slouched hat, who started for me as soon as I stepped off the cars.

I was about to move away, when the slouched hat laid his hand heavely on my shoulder.

"You're a villian!"

"Sir?"

"I repeat it—you're a villian!"

"A miserable scamp!" said a corpulent gentleman, coming forward and scowling fiercely.

Now, I felt that I was a match for the latter, but as to the other, I didn't doubt that what he might work me up into she strings in less than three minutes.

"Will you explain yourselves, gentlemen?" I asked, trying to smile.

"Yes, I will," answered the big one, putting great stress on the wall.

"Certainly," growled the corpulent gentleman, with a grim smile.

"Come this way, you rascal!" said the tall one, drawing me along with him.

His companion followed us out back of the station, where we were out of sight and hearing of the rest of U——.

"Now," said the tall gentleman, turning and confronting me. "I'll introduce myself. I an Capt. Augustus Boyton. This gentleman is my father, John Boyton. Do you know us now?"

"Well, really," I replied, wondering in my mind what the dece was coming; "really, I don't know anything more about you than what you've just told."

"Hush!" said the captain; and he bent down and hissel in my ear, "I am Carrie Boyton's brother."

"And I am her father," growled John Boyton.

"Ah, really, do you say so?" I could not help smiling, the whole affair seemed so ludicrous. "Give my regards to Carrie."

"Ho! you laugh at us, do you, villian?" cried the captain. "Look 'ere," said he, lowering his voice to a horrid whisper. "Look at these."

I did look; for just then he drew from the pocket of his brown overcoat a handsome case, and opening it displayed a pair of splendid silver-mounted dueling pistols.

"Take your choice."

A cold tremor ran through my frame. "Was I to be murdered?"

"Choose quick," urged the captain.

"Sir," said I, in a tremulous voice, while the cold drops of perspiration stood out upon my brow, "there must be some mistake. I'm book-keeper for Brown & Co., dealers in hides and tallow. My father was Norton McDougal, my mother was Mary McDougal, my grandfather was—"

"Conf und your grandfather. Either marry my sister as you promised to do a month ago, or take one of these pistols and—"

"Oh! help!"

"Dry up, you whelp," and the captain slipped his broad hand over my mouth. "Choose quick, youngster," said the older Boyton.

"I won't fight," I cried.

'Then marry my sister, or we'll drag you through the mill pond.'

It was hopeless for me to remonstrate. I could not convince the enraged father and son that I was not the villain McDolan. I dared not cry for help.

What should I do? Marry a woman whom I never saw before whom I knew nothing about. I had little time to consider. Life was sweet to me, a ducking was disagreeable, and as to a duel I should have been a dead man at the first shot.

'Choose,' said the captain, giving me a kick with his boot.

'I'll marry her.'

'All right.'

And the captain smiled grimly, as he returned the pistols to the case.

The elder Mr. Boyton went after the carriage; but before I had ceased to tremble he returned.

The captain helped me in, and then seated between the chivalric father and son, I rode away. There were plenty of people on the streets, but I was warned not to shout if I knew what was healthy for me.

We rode at a smart trot for about two miles I should think; and then the captain reined up before a large two story white house, that stood near the road, surrounded by a high white fence. There was a gravel walk up to the front door, and several large cherry trees stood in the front yard.

'Here we are,' said the captain getting down, and motioning me to follow.

The door opened just as we reached it, and who should fall into my arms but the identical young lady who had made such a strong impression upon his heart the night of the lecture in W——.

'Oh, John! I knew you would be true,' she cried; and the captain snickered as he led the way into the parlor.

But once there I succeeded in convincing Miss Boyton that I was not McDolan. Her father apologized, and so did the captain, and the upshot of all was that I consented to stop over night with them, and I am happy to state that I passed a very pleasant evening, indeed.

I learned, too, that this John McDolan, for whom I had been taken, was a gentleman of wealth and leasure, with only one fault, and that was promising to marry every pretty woman that he became acquainted with. Then I told my story, and both Mr. Boyton and the captain seemed pleasant, and so did Carrie, especially when I offered to stand in McDolan's shoes. And—well, my dear reader, I did about a month afterward. We had a great wedding, and Clara Segard was one of the bridesmads, and Henry Bower was groomsman. And am very well satisfied that McDolan took the up train instead of the down.

A New Use for the Electric Light.

A significant feature of the use the electric lights in agriculture, and one pregnant with great possibilities for the insect-tormented farmer, is the *London Globe* thinks, the wonderful inducement which the light offers to all sorts and conditions of insects to attempt multitudinous suicide by banging their heads against the crystal globe all through the night and the small hours of the morning. A simple mechanical arrangement, in the shape of a grated trap, into which the impulsive creatures could fall, and whence they could not extricate themselves, would assist them to complete the happywork of self destruction. That a single electric light near a hop garden or a corn field would completely, exterminate many dreaded insects is, of course, not certain, but it is possible—perilously possible, for the bugs and beetles. A pine knot, ignited in the open air on a summer night, would have as good if not a better effect.

An extraordinary thing in ladies' bonnets—a cheap one.

Selling His Clocks.

A travelling clock-maker made a circuit having a hundred clocks when he started. They were all very bad which he well knew, but 'by soft sawdor and human natur',' as Sam Slick says, he contrived to sell ninety-nine of them, and reserved the last for his intended ruse. He went to the house where he had sold the first clock and said: 'Well, now how does your clock go? Very well, I guess.' The answer was as he anticipated. 'No, very bad.' 'Indeed! Well, I've found it out at last. You see, I had one clock which was, I know, a bad one; and I said to my boy: 'You put that clock aside, for it won't do to sell such an article. Well, the boy didn't mind, and left the clock with the others, and found afterward that it had been sold somewhere. Mighty mad I was, I can tell you, for I'm not a little particular about my credit. So I have asked here and there, everywhere almost, how my clocks went, and they all said they actually regulated the sun.' But I was determined to find out who had the bad clock, and I am most particularly glad that I done it at last. Now you see, I have but one clock left, a very superior article, worth a matter of ten shillings more than the other, and I must give it to you in exchange, and I'll charge you five shillings difference, as you have been annoyed with the bad article.' The man who had the bad article thought it better to pay five shillings more to have a good one. So the exchange was made, and then the man proceeding with the clock, returned to the next house. 'Well, now, how does your clock go? Very well, I guess.' The same answer, the same story repeated, and another five shillings received in exchange. And thus did he go round exchanging clock for clock until he had received an extra five shillings for every one he had sold.

Enthusiastic

The other night, just after the polls had closed and sealed the political fate of more than one candidate whose chances a few days before had been so bright, a worn out looking tramp entered a saloon where a hilarious party of men were drinking, and dropping his bundle near the wall he approached the bar and asked of a man who seemed to be master of liquid ceremonies:

'Say, who's elected?'

'Smitherton,' exclaimed the man.—The tramp had just arrived in the city and knew nothing of Arkansas politics, but he grasped the hand of the master of liquid ceremonies and yelled:

'Shake, old pard. You bet I called the turn. Never worked so hard for a man in my life. Smitherton. Well, by George. Give me a sour.'

'Who else of our ticket is elected?' he asked of the master.

'Blickshire.'

'Well, by George, we'll have to take another drink on that. Blickshire, by the—little of the same, if you please.'

The tramp's enthusiasm attracted attention, and ardent men came up and pressed his hand.

'Say,' yelled the follower of no particular god of ambition, 'who was the worst defeated on the other side?'

'Snackles.'

'Snackles? Well by the duce. Oh, but we've got 'em. We'll have to drink on his defeat. Some of the same.' He slapped the leader and struck the bar with political enthusiasm. 'Let's see,' he exclaimed, 'what was—what's the majority conceded to—to—oh, what was the majority?'

'Of Nelson?'

'Yes; what was Nelson's majority?'

'Two hundred.'

'Oh, by George, we've got 'em. We'll have to drink on that.'

'On what?' exclaimed the master of liquid ceremonies.

'On Nelson's majority.'

'Why, you blamed fool he was on the other side!'

'You misunderstand me. I mean that if his majority is no more than 200 we can afford to drink.'

'Where do you live?' asked the master.

"Now listen to that. Ask an old citizen where he lives! That's too bad. We'll have to drink on that.'

'Hold on; don't be rash. Are you a Democrat or Republican?'

'Now I know we'll have to drink.'

'Get out of here,' and the master kicked the tramp over to his bundle then kicked him out of the house.

When the tramp met his companion a few moments afterwards, he asked, 'What luck?'

'None. I struck a prayer meeting Did you do anything?'

'I never fail. I struck a crowd of my constituents and lused. A man never loses anything by keeping up with the politics of the country.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

☞A man undertook to paint the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea on one of the walls of a room. After a very short time he much surprised his employer by asking him to come and view the finished picture. On going to inspect it he found the walls covored with red paint.

'Where are the children of Israel?' he asked.

'Gone over,' answered the painter.

'Where are Pharaoh's hosts?' he next inquired.

'All drowned,' said the painter.

The barley worm is the latest farm pest at work in Ohio.

A wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well.

The best index of what a man is is what a man does.

A Bashful Bridegroom.

Senator Sebastian, of Tennessee, tells this story:—'When I was young I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperate in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift, and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined, and fairly well educated girl, in a country and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were, therefore, superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far off as I could have it put. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal. The dreadful day came, I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of a way. The guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on the end. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the West, never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick, but that dreadful ordeal—I could not, I dared not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bed and I was left with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take that candle: you will find your room just over this. Good night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his eye the old man left the room. When I heard him close a distant door, I staggered to my feet, and seized the candle with a nervous grip. I knew that it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. A happy thought struck me. I hastily clambed the stairs, marked the position of the landing, and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that only chamber, were awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly darkness would at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing. The dreadful moment had come, I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door-knob with a deathly grip and nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire with candles, brightly burning on the bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids. Jerusalem! Jehosaphat! I exclaimed, and darted under bed like a frightened cat. The bridesmaids scampered out the room, and I was soon reconciled to the inevitable.'

Widowhood.

'I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!' I heard this remark the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish time. Do you know what it is to a widow? It is to be ten times more open to criticism and comment than any *demoiselle* could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at you, then at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say:—'I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?' and another answer: 'Until she gets a good chance, I suppose!' It is now and then to meet a glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest women that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your fashionable friends condole with you after the following fashion:—'Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss, We knew you'd feel it, poor dear.' And in the next breath: 'You are sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you.' But it is more than this to be widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew would never fail you, though all the world might forsake you; it is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the well known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed as the face of the angels of God! To feel no more the twining arm that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said so plainly, that whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face on earth held for him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for a while, only to have, in hours of loneliness and weakness, the torrent roll over you, while, poor, storm driven dove, you see no haven of peace in the distance but Heaven! But, thank God! it is yet more than this to be a widow. It is to feel that the soul that was part of your being on earth is an angel now; to know that in the spirit land he yearns for your voice, your presence; that even there his lips have not forgotten to syllable the sacred name of 'wife;' that his memory, pure and true, guards and wraps you in its mantle of protection; that if you too are good and true, the good Father will send for you after a while to the far country, where your lover waits, and where the hearts that have been severed on earth will be united in Heaven, 'where He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes, and there shall be no more sorrow or weeping, for behold, the former things have passed away.'

Some Figures.

"What am gooder dan goodness?' asked Brother Gardner as he opened a meeting of the Lime Kiln Club the other night. 'It am not only more comfortable to be good, but dar' am mo' money in it in de eand. When a cashier robs a bank of $30,000 it looks as if he war' gettin' ahead powerful fast, but sich am not de case. De first detective who cotches him gits $5,000 fur not obertakin' him. Den he losses $3,000 in playin' keerds wid a Chicago gambler. Den he am robbed of $3,000 in an Omaha boardin' house. Den he invests $10,000 in mines aroun' Denver an' am scooped outer every shillin'. Long 'bout dat time he am 'rested by de bank, and what de lawyers doan' git will be returned to de vaults. What has dat cashier gained?

'It's de same wid a gambler. He may win $500 to-night and loose $700 to-morrer night. One day he may sport a watch wid two chains—de next he may have to pawn his coat fur a brandy smash.

'I has figgered it up a dozen times ober, an' it allus comes out de same way. De bad man may make eighty per cent on his capital fur a few short y'ars, but de fust thing he knows de skeleton han' of bankruptcy clutches him by de froat an' whar' am he? Be good. Be good, even if you don' make ober fo' per cent. at it. Outside of all de money considerashun dar am a feeling' down under de vest dat beats a diamodd ring all to pieces.'

The Flourishing Business.

The best penmen are, as a rule, the poorest writers, paradoxical as the thing may seem. The man that can design a fierce-looking lion, a bald-headed eagle and a spavined deer cantering in space, and with no other instrument of torture than a goose-quill is sometimes called an artist. Often he arises to the dignity of a title and hitches 'Prof.' upon the front end of his. name He flourishes with an abandon that only comes through long years of reckless disregard for the rules of decorum. He can indite his signature with a grace that would have made Spinner turn green with envy. The horny fisted old chicken tracks of farmer Jones when placed at the business end of a check is, nine times in ten, worth more than a whole copy-book full of the rolling hierogyphics that go to make the flourisher's life one happy round of pleasure. As a rule those fellows who have a beautiful flowing hand and mustache, can't write an intelligent letter to a friend without first acquring the service of some compassionate friend. Flourish don't pay in any business. There is too much reality in this life to waste much of it skirmishing around upon the ragged edge of legibility trying to 'æstheticise' its shape with a stub pen. Tea-chest marks go for as much as the symmetrical curves and imposing first of the most exquisite dasher that ever tried to show his superiority over the natives. We have seen specimens of hand writting that would be dangerous to tackle after dusk, lest wandering too night one might got hooked into some of its many folds and be strangled before help could come to the rescue. If you have to write, write plainly like Christian, and don't spread it on too thick.

Philopena in Germany.

The German method of managing the pleasant play of philopena is as follows:

When a couple meet after eating philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounce the word 'philopena.' This is the warning—now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady. She invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away.

If she asks him to take off his hat he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts she wins the forfeit.

During all this time he endeavors to take her by surprise, for the acceptance of any proffer from the other wins the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport goes on all the evening.

Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: 'Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is.' If she is caught off her guard by the smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims the forfeit.

If neither wins at the first meeting the sport is continued to the second, and it may happen that a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing. It is 'diamond cut diamond' in very truth.

VARIETIES.

'Uncle Remus' defines the comet; dis yer star w'at shows up fo' day wid'er back hair down.

The mind is like a trunk. Well packed it holds almost everything; if ill packed next to nothing.

Patients do more for doctors than doctors do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

True goodness is like the glow worm it shines most when no eyes save those of Heaven are upon it.

Take your stand by the altar of truth and not be led or driven thence by sophistry or by ridicule.