The Port Tobacco Times

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Select Poetry.

WINTER.

From out his robe he shook,
His path with storms to trace,
To bind in ice the chiming brook
Whose bank the birds long since forsook,
Bold Winter came apace.

His frown in the cold, gray cloud,
In storms his voice outbreaks,
His hand is on the woodland proud,
When in the tempest fierce and loud,
The creaking forest shakes.

Hark! in the morning winds he sings
A requiem, sad and low;
To Nature's perished form he brings,
And over it in silence flings,
A winding-sheet of snow

He breathes upon the yielding lakes;
The gentle winds no more
With their soft break the ripples break,
Nor can the wildest tempest shake
The glittering crystal floor.

In sheltered homes, by genial fires,
Let love as warmly glow
For Him whose wisdom still inspires,
Whose bounty fills the hearts' desires,
And shields us from the snow.

And though the Winter's hand be strong
On dales and hill and plain,
Although in storms he sweeps along
And hushes every streamlet's song,
He cannot always reign.

The sun with gentle beams shall chase
His icy bonds away;
So error, boasting pomp and place,
Shall fly before the kindling face
Of truth's respendent day.

An Original Story.

HOW SHE LOVED HIM;

OR

SAVED BY THE MEMORY OF A DEAD CHILD.

BY KNARF RENWARB.

CHAPTER V:—PLOTTING.

For hours before day, crowds of people of both sexes and of all colors had been crowding into L——, drawn there by that morbid brutal curiosity to see the taking of a human life.

The execution was to be conducted entirely by the civil authorities, for though great sympathy was felt for the unfortunate prisoner, there was no fear that any attempt at rescue would be made. Therefore, no glittering bayonets encircled the condemned man as he walked with firm steps upon the scaffold, decked with flowers, which some fair hands had placed there the night before, as the only means they had of expressing the deep sympathy they felt.

Not a word was spoken as the weary limbs were pinioned, and the black cap drawn over his pale face to shut out forever from his sight the light of day.

The officer of the law left and one minute more all would be over.

In their eager rush to get nearer the scaffold to hear or see the prisoner, no one noticed a number of rough men who elbowed and pushed their way through the dense crowd and were now grouped almost at the very foot of the gallows.

The stillness of death rested on that silent breathless crowd as the sheriff slowly, reluctantly raised his hand to spring the fatal trap.

One second more and it would all be ended.

Suddenly the sharp report of a pistol broke that awful silence and the officer's arm fell shattered to his side.

An instant after a tall powerful man sprang upon the gallows, cut the noose, and bore the half fainting prisoner from under the fatal beam.

The rough men we have mentioned closed around him, and with drawn weapons forced their way, with their prey, through the yielding crowd, seized the nearest horses and galloped swiftly off to the river.

For a little while that vast multitude stood mute and motionless, then the wounded sheriff mounted the deserted gallows and called to his subalterns to mount and pursue the fugitives, but, when after much unavoidable delay, the score or more of pursuers reached the river, they only found a dozen riderless horses, and saw fast steaming down the river, a low-hulled craft from whose slender rakish masts waved a black banner as if in defiance of them and the law.

Every effort was made to recapture the rescued prisoner. Large rewards were offered, and the police of the cities were notified to watch for the arrival of the little steamer that never came.

Suspicion for a time rested on Miss Lyles, but inquiries at the shipping offices elicited the fact that she had left Baltimore three weeks previous.

Her banker also stated that he was sure she was then in Europe for he had received several letters from her bearing foreign post-marks and there could be no doubt that she was abroad and had been for some time.

It was then supposed that Winters was a member of some gang of desperadoes, and had been rescued by them.

Considerable excitement prevailed for a while, but it gradually died away, and but for the pure white marble shaft that pointed heavenward from the green grave of poor Charley Leigh, and the tottering forms of a gray haired old man and woman, seen in their daily pilgrimage to water with their tears the flowers that bloomed over the grave in which were buried all their earthly hopes; the memory of Bulah Lyles, Harry Winters and the sad tragedy which had been committed in their midst, might have passed from the minds of the people of St. Mary's, only to be recalled when some similar deed, ever occurring in this broad land, was brought to their notice by the mighty press.

A few words concerning the futigitives and this chapter will be ended.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Bulah Lyles and her rescued lover.

After a few hours their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Capt. Bill who asked.

"We have done all that you required of us Madam, is there anything more for us to do?"

"He was answered by Harry Winters.

"You have indeed, done your duty, faithfully and well, I do not think there is anything else. We must trust to ourselves now. You do not care to go directly back to Baltimore?"

"Oh no, not just yet" answered Capt. Bill, "if you do not require us longer we will land somewhere on the Virginia side and disperse through the country, it will not do for us to be seen together."

"Very well," said Harry Winters, "here is the sum of money promised you, and something extra. You will pay the men and prepare to land at the first opportunity. Please send the Capt. of the steamer here."

Capt. Bill counted the money carefully expressed himself satisfied and withdrew.

The Capt. of the steamer soon made his appearance. "Capt." said Harry Winters "is your vessel seaworthy?

"Well sir, answered the Capt. "I have never crossed the ocean in her, but I have made several trips to the West Indies, and one to Brazil, though she is rather small for such service'

"You know enough concerning us, he was answered, "to know that it is not safe for us to remain in the United States. You say you can take us to Brazil. Will you do so if you are well paid for it?"

"As it will not be prudent for me to go back to Baltimore at present, I will take you to South America," said the Capt. "We are just entering the Bay, and I will direct the man at the wheel to turn down instead of up.—There is not much danger of pursuit just yet, and I will coast along slowly until night when I will land the men and then endeavor to make the run before the bad weather sets in."

Accordingly that night Capt. Bill and his band of desperadoes, were landed and dispersed through the country.

The next morning when Harry and Bulah come on deck they found they had passed through the capes during the night, and their frail vessel, looking still frailer and more insignificant amid the mighty Atlantic, was rushing onward through the trackless waters, seeking for safety. And as they looked back on their native land, growing dimmer and more indestinct in the distance, they bade a silent farewell to their old home and old friends, for amid all those happy homes and pleasant smiling valleys, there was no spot that could afford safety to the out-laws and fugitives from justice. With every man's hand against them they could find no peace there.

Has God, too deserted them? We shall see.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD US.

In one of the lowest tenement houses; with all the filth and squallor, wretchedness and poverty usually found in such places in the Monumental City, as in other large cities, a woman lay dying.

As the icy fingers of death pressed chilly upon her, the horrors of dissolution were rendered still more terrible by the long train of misdeeds, which came troping by in her imagination. In her despair, she called in agony upon a merciful God for forgiveness for a misspent life. To these prayers a perverted conscience brought no answer, and in her extremity she sought to hear from human lips assurance that a just, though merciful. God would indeed forgive her if she truly repented.

One event of her life, at which she hinted, it was thought better that the civil authorities should hear, and in the miserable apartment an officer was now seated ready to take down her dying deposition.

"I do not know but it would be better," the woman went on in a weak voice, "for me to leave what I have to tell you untold, but Almighty God who has so long protected those whom I am about to betray, can do so still if he so wills. Listen to what I have to say and do whatever you think is right. It may be that I ought to tell you, and that it will help me to obtain forgiveness of my sins. God knows that I am trying to do what is right at last.

Years ago my husband owned a small steamer which was our only means of support. During the war between the States, we did well enough; for my husband, who was an unprincipled man, was ever ready to help either side, and as equally ready to betray either, when it was to his advantage to do so. Sometimes running the blockade carrying contraband goods to the Confederates. At other times hunting down and betraying others who were engaged in the same occupation; but the money that come so fast and so easily, was soon spent, and after the war we were reduced to want, for my husband's character was so well known that he could only get work when no one else could be found to do it.

One night, while we were consulting how to better our fortunes, a man, who was well known to my husband, and who was at that time passing under the name of Capt. Bill, came aboard and had a long talk with my husband. When he left we began to make preparations for a voyage. I was not in the habit of asking many questions, but I saw that my husband had some scheme on hand which required secrecy, and I hoped—for I was as bad as he—that it might bring us money; honest or dishonest money, I did not care which.

One day a short time after Captain Bill's visit, and when everything was prepared for sailing, I noticed several rough looking men about the docks, and occasionally one would come aboard and quietly descend in the hole of the vessel. This continued until about a dozen of them were secreted in the hole. I asked no questions, but only watched. A little after dark Capt. Bill came aboard accompanied by a female who was closely veiled, and who was immediately shown into the only stateroom we had, and which I had received orders, late that evening to have ready for a passenger.

The steamer now slipped her moorings and was soon on her way down the river. All night we traveled making the best speed the boat was capable of and about 10 o'clock the next day, came to anchor in a little bay in Southern Maryland.

Capt. Bill and his men went ashore and remained about two hours. When they returned they were mounted, but they turned the horses loose, when they reached the shore, and hastily embarked.

They brought with them a young man, who looked very pale and exhausted, who was immediately conducted to the sateroom of the young lady. We now put all steam the engine would bear and was soon rushing back down the Potomac. After a while, my husband and Capt. Bill were summoned to the lady's room and remained for some time. When they came out, the boat, which was just entering the Chesapeake Bay, was headed down the bay and continued on until night, when Capt. Bill and his men were landed.

We then kept on until morning, when we found ourselves in the Atlantic, steering south. My husband then informed me that we were going to South America, and that we would be well paid for the trip. My room was given up to the young man, who looked much improved after he had been aboard a few days.

After a safe run we reached the coast of Brazil, and landed at the little town of C—— in which my husband was acquainted, and where he had been before to land smuggled goods of some kind There our passengers went ashore, after paying us the stipulated price, and, as they thought and hoped, parted with us forever.

But my husband followed, saw them enter a church, after a minister had been found, and heard the marriage ceremony performed between Harry Stuart and Bulah Lyles.

He then returned to the vessel, discharged his crew, after paying them off with counterfeit money, bought them steerage passage on a ship bound to the Egyptian coast—but which they thought was going directly to Baltimore—and when he had seen them off returned to our vessel.

To my question if he was not going home? he answered "that as long we have money this is a good place as any, and when that is gone, I know where to get more' I did not understand him until he explained.

"I know, no matter how, that our late passengers are very rich. I know too that the man has also been guilty of some dreadful crime, and that a good price will will be paid for information leading to his capture. I do not intend to loose sight of him, but will make him buy our silence as long as he has anything to buy with; then we will inform the authorities of Maryland and get the reward that will be offered for him. We have the secret to ourselves for the crew does not know much about it, besides, I do not think they will ever get home again.

It was a cruel compact, but God forgive me, I agreed to it.

We watched Harry Stuart and his wife closely though they did not know it. We knew that he had purchased a farm back in the country and engaged in working it. We had no need of money just then, for my husband was making a little and we did not disturb them in the quiet peaceful life they were leading; reserving that until we should be in want again.

Before that time come, my husband died.

I continued the watch upon the fugitives, though they never knew it.

As the years went by little children were added to their household and they seem contented and happy.

Everybody spoke well of them, and the poor and needy were never turned from their door unfed or unaided. I never disturbed them; I hardly know whether it was fear or pity that kept me from marring the peace of that happy christian home, but I never did, thank God, at least for that.

A short time ago, I too was stricken by illness, and I longed to see my native home once more. And my remaining money has been spent in paying my passage here; but I have reached home at last--home, to die in poverty, wretchedness and despair.

That is all I have to tell you, but for mercy's sake burn that paper, for my conscience tells me I have done a mighty wrong in telling you this."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is a singular coincidence that the first of May always falls on the same day of the week as Christmas.

A wealthy citizen of New York, in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding toasted his wife as 'the healthy old lady who combines beauty and durability.'

Spoopendyke's Coat.

His Preparations for Making New Years Calls.

'My dear,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, backing away from her refreshment table and regarding the effect with her head very much on one side; 'my dear, what are going to wear when you make calls on Monday?'

'Clothes, I suppose,' returned Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper. 'Why, has the fashion changed recently about wearing clothes?' and Mr. Spoopendyke regarded his wife with an anxious look of inquiry.

'But you should wear your swallow tail coat, by all means,' continued Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'All the gentlemen wear swallow-tail coats on New Year's Day now.'

'Well, if you think you are going to strap me up in a two-tined coat and start me around this town looking like the head waiter of a dollar-and-a-half summer resort, you're just as badly left as a one-armed man at a church supper! I may be dod gasted ass enough to hop around to the various old hen roosts, wishing the contents a happy New Year, but when you melt me into a clothespin jacket it'll be when reason no longer holds her seat in this dod gasted brain!' with which happy application of a trite quotation Mr Spoopendyke settled himself back and contemplated his wife with a lofty glance of superiority.

'Of course, if you don't want to,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly, 'there won't be any very great objection raised to your business suit. Beside, now that I think of it, the moths got into your dress coat, and I don't think it is fit to be seen,' and she put a few finishing touches on her table, and admired it from another standpoint.

'Let's see it!' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and making for his closet, closely followed by his wife. 'What's the matter with it? What's the moth got to do with it? Who put moths in it?' and Mr. Spoopendyke rummaged around and fired his clothing in all directions in his vain search for the particular garment. 'Where is it?' he howled, scattering his wardrobe broadcast. 'Have the measly moths eaten it all up? Didn't they leave a buttonhole? Show me my coat! Bring out the split in the tail! If there's nothing else left, give me one last fond glance at the arm holes!' and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked his best trousers to the ceiling, following them with a vest, which he supplemented with a pair of boots. 'Show me the Great North American moth fodder! Fetch forth unparalleled diet for the measly moth! Are we a nation?' yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, jamming his thumb in the door and hopping around the room with the injured digit in his mouth 'Dod gast the door!' he howled, bringing it a prodigious kick that bent his leg up under him like a school girl's.

'Did you hurt yourself, dear?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, wringing her hands and dodging the flying boots and clothing.

'Does it look as if I'd hurt the door any?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, jabbing his thumb in his armpit and bending double with the pain. 'Does that door give the impression of having smashed its thumb anywhere? Why didn't the moths eat the door? Hoist 'em out and give 'em a feed!' And Mr. Spoopendyke caught the offending wicket by the knobs and tugged until he was out of breath.

'Perhaps it isn't so bad after all,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around the room in a fruitless effort to catch up with him.

'Pr'aps it ain't!' roared Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his thumb out at arm's length. 'Pr'aps you've got some scheme for making it worse! Oh, go ahead! Don't mind me! Take the thumb, friend, and do your worst!' And Mr. Spoopendyke dropped into his chair and groaned with wrath. 'It's a good thing for this family that I can control myself?' he howled. 'If I was like most men the lot on which this house stand would be a good place to build! With which solemn prophecy Mr. Spoopendyke sprang to his feet, kicked the chair into the obnoxious closet and snorted aloud.

'I didn't mean your thumb, dear,' explained Mrs. Spoopendyke; 'I was talking about the coat. May be the coat isn't in such a bad condition as I supposed it was at first.'

'Think they left a pocket anywhere?' inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grimace, half pain and half anger.

'Or pr'aps you think that since the moths eat the coat I can wear the moths! Bring them out! Hold 'em up while I climb into the sleeves! That's your idea? That's the notion that has been bothering you so long?'

'I don't know but what you can wear the coat, anyway!' chirped Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking up cheerfully, and opening the door of her closet, where she had carefully hung the coat after sponging it that very day. 'You can look at it, anyhow,' and she brought it out looking as new and fresh as when he bought it.

'Then there's something you don't know?' he grumbled, eyeing his rejuvenated garment with a critical eye. 'If all you don't know could only be dumped in together, what an idiot asylum it would make for some young and growing territory. Taking you all in all, you only want an air pump and a glass side to be a dod gasted vacuum. Gimme the coat,' and Mr. Spoopendyke grasped his garment, and threw it over his wife's work basket for safe keeping, and then went to bed, wrapped in a cloud of growls.

'I don't care,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'it was the only way I could have got him to wear the coat, and it's no sure thing that he will wear it now. Anyway, I don't think he will wear his new kid gloves I bought him unless his thumb gets better fast, and if he can't, I can change them for a pair that will fit me,' and with this thrifty determination Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed and dreamed all night of whole regiments of callers, in swallow-tails, with sore thumbs for hats and closet doors for walking sticks.

The Man With two Bundles

When a woman gets on a train with eleven bundles and a hat box or two, it is inspiring to see her examine each one and carefully stow it away on the seat beside her with no trouble or excitement. The more bundles she has the happier she seems to be. But if a man happens to have more than two bundles he gets excited at once. He goes through all his pockets for a piece of extra string.—Then he gets out his knife and places it between his teeth and commences to tie his bundles all up in one package. First one bundle falls to the floor, and he picks that up another bursts open, and as he is gathering up the pieces the conductor comes along for his ticket. In the excitement he forgets where he put it and hunts over his entire person to find it, when the conductor picks it up off the seat where he had laid it down. By this time he is ready to tackle the bundles again. He puts one on top of the other, plants his knee on them, ties all the string he can find around them, places the package on the floor beside him and never takes his eye off it until the brakeman opens the door and yells the name of his station.

Sweet are the Uses Adversity.

A boy of 12 stood leaning against a fence on Duffield street, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occasionally to wipe his nose when along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

'Sick?'

'No.'

'Any the family dead?'

'No.'

'Going to run away?'

'I dunno. I've just been licked.'

'Who dun it?'

'Dad.'

'Did your ma ask him to?'

'Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month.'

'Say,' said the new arrival, 'you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting.'

'Why?'

'Why! Haven't I got three dollars saved up to buy pap and marm Christmas presents, and if I can git 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?'

'Two dollars.'

'Bully! You are all right! You've been licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the bady around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can git walloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and rock candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me down, dear father—hang my hide on the fence, mother darling!'—*Free Press.*

VARIETIES.

It takes two to make a quarrel, and two to keep it going; it only needs one to end it.

'I aim to tell the truth.' 'Yes,' interrupted an acquaintance; 'and you are probably the worst shot in America.'

When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella, they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half, they are married.

Mechanic (to ploughboy)—'Wel', my lad, how much do you earn a week.' Ploughboy—'I duono what I earns, but I know what I gets.'

A child speaking of his home to a friend was asked, 'Where is your home.' Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, 'Where mother is.'

Dry goods on the brain: 'My wife,' remarked Fitzboodle, 'is fairly crazy over the winter fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins.'

The man who bragged all summer about being a good skater has switched off from that topic and is now telling the boys what a hoss he is to bind wheat.

In Julia's eyes: 'I live in Julia's eyes,' said an affected dandy in Coleman's hearing. 'I don't wonder at it,' replied George; 'since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last.'

'That's a fine strain,' said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening.—'Yes,' said a countryman who sat near, 'but if she strains much more she'll bust.'

A man, stooping his papar, wrote: I think folks ottent to spend their munny for paypers, mi dadda dident and everybody sed he was the intelligentes man in the country and had the smartest family of boiz that ever dugged taters.

A German shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following: 'Der boots ish not quite done but der beel is made oudt.'