The Port Tobacco Times

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Poetry.

FORFIVE AND FORGET.

I am going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea;
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend;
Might sometimes pique but never offend;
That mirthful friend is said the while—
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those,
As thorns are pardon'd for the rose;
The summer bee, on busy wing,
Produces sweets—yet bears a sting;
The purest gold must needs alloy;
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then oh forgive me ere I part;
And if some corner in thy heart
For absent friend a place might be,
Oh keep that little place for me!
'Forgive, forget,' we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old;
But half the maxim's better yet—
THEN OH FORGIVE—BUT DON'T FORGET.

An Original Story.

RITA.

BY

KNARF RENWARE.

CHAPTER I.

EVENING ON THE POTOMAC.

All the morning the fiery July sun had poured his fierce, scorching rays upon the panting earth. The green leaves had hung limp and motionless from the tall trees, and the summer flowers had languidly bent their gandy heads in the noon day heat and dust.

Stretching far away in its broad expanse lay the noble river; its placid surface, unruffled by the lightest breeze, looking like some gigantic mirror that caught and threw back the burning rays of the almost tropical sun. The panting cattle leaving the parched pastures, had congregated along the shores, standing far out in the river trying to cool themselves in the limpid waters; and men, gasping almost for very breath, lay in the grateful shade trying to screen themselves from the intense heat.

But now the evening had come, and far away to the southeast a dark line might be seen stretching diagonally across the river. Grateful eyes beheld it with delight for they knew it marked the welcome sea-breeze, which fanning away the almost unbearable noon-day heat, came rushing on with the incoming tide from the ocean. The tall trees, catching the first impulse of the coming breeze, waved their graceful branches, and the green leaves which had hung so motionless before now danced and sported as if in very gladness. The gandy flowers, imbibing new life from the humid air from the river, lifted again their smiling heads, and the sunbrowned sons of toil hastened to their daily labor from which they had been driven by the fierce heat of the morning.

Almost as if by magic the blue waters, which had lain so calm and still all morning, were tossed and tumbled, the white caps breaking on the crests of the miniature billows, which rolling onward to the land, chased each other in one unbroken line along the white beach.

On the brow of the sloping banks stood a large frame dwelling which looked as if it had at one time presented quite an aristocratic appearance, that was now fast leaving it.

The double piazzas which had once been handsomely finished, were now fast falling to decay. The green blinds which formerly formed such a pretty contrast to the white walls now hung, some by one hinge, some without fastenings, to the faded and weather-beaten walls.

The whole house and its surroundings showing unmistakable evidence of poverty and neglect.

In *ante bellum* days those spacious halls and airy apartments were wont to be filled with the beauty and chivalry of Southern Maryland, whose gay jests and merry laughter echoed throughout the hospitable old mansion. Many a happy young couple had strolled along the white beach in the gloaming, or seated on the velvety grass 'neath the spreading locusts, had plighted their troths—some to be cemented by the more sacred vow at the altar, others to be forgotten amid the sterner realities of life.

But war, with its desolating breath swept over the land, leaving destruction, ruin and poverty in its wake.

Many of those thoughtless youths who had danced and jested with the bright eyed Maryland beauties in the old house by the river, hearkening to the call "come over and help us," which came across the blue waters from heroic old Virginia, bared their breasts to the storm of battle, in the noble but fruitless struggle for Southern rights and Southern liberties.

Not a few of them, ere the war was over, found unknown soldier graves; and the others, war-worn and weary, returned to their homes—some to claim the brides they had won in happier days by the river, and all to begin again the battle of life; reduced in circumstances, but brave to conquer still.

Great was the change wrought in the the old house by the river. Its former mistress who had been wont to dispense its hospitalities so queenly was dead, and its master, old Squire Jones, deprived of the most valuable part of his property, seemed content to sit in his arm chair in the piazza and talk to any whom he could induce to listen of the grandeur of those days which had passed away; while his buxom young wife of a later date, strove to eke out a precarious living for her fast increasing family by taking, as summer boarders from the city, such as were unable to patronize more fashionable and expensive resorts.

A little higher up the river from the Squire's mansion a long wharf had been built where the river steamers touched in their daily trips to and from the National Capital, while further down the shore several unpretentios cottages might be seen.

With only one of these will we have anything to do. One within whose vine-covered portals dwelt innocence, purity and contentment. Would that it might be left as it was that pleasant summer evening. Would that I were spared the task of tracing the "trail of the serpent" amid the roses and innocence of that happy home.

Walking rapidly along the road which led from the steamboat wharf, a noble looking boy of about eighteen might have been seen on the evening we have mentioned. Clad in some cheap cotton garments which looked so cool and neat, with a coarse, broad-brimmed straw hat covering his sunny locks, he looked the very type of Southern manliness. As he passed along a shader portion of the road he noticed some wild flowers that grew by the wayside. His face brightened at the sight and he exclaimed:

'O what beautiful flowers, though father is waiting for his papers, I must find time to take some of them by to Rita to put in her pretty hair, she is so fond of them;' and his hands were soon filled with the flowers for his little sweetheart.

He quickened his pace as he left the road leading to his home, taking a path which conducted him to the flower embowered cottage we have mentioned.

As he entered the rustic yard-gate a vision of perfect loveliness met his gaze. A beautiful girl of about sixteen stood in the vine covered porch. She was rather below the medium size, slight and delicate, with beautiful mouth, hair and eyes—but I cannot do her justice; let your imagination help me, my readers, I can only say that Rita Morton was perfection.

As she beheld the boy approaching a smile brightened her fair face, and she exclaimed:

"O Tom, what beautiful flowers, I know they are for me."

"Yes Rita," he answered, "for your pretty hair. Take those faded ones out, and put these in their place, they are fresh and beautiful like yourself."

"O Tom, what a flatterer you are becoming," she laughing answered, as assisted by her companion she fastened the wild flowers in her sunny brown hair.

"Tom," called a woman's voice from the house, "is that you?"

"Yes ma'am," answered the boy, not taking his eyes from the girl's fair hair.

"Have you been to the wharf to-day?" asked the voice.

"Yes ma'am," again from the boy, still helping about the flowers

"Did Sally Jones get any new boarders by the boat?" persisted the voice.

"Why don't you go and talk to Mar, Tom? Don't you see she is dying to hear about Sally Jones's boarders?" laughed Rita.

"Only one," said Tom Harris, as he reluctantly left the girl and went to the door to answer her mother.

"Gentleman or lady?" still questioned Mrs. Morton, who, woman like, wanted to hear all the particulars.

"Gentleman," said Tom.

"Young or old, handsome or ugly?" laughingly from Rita.

"O Rita, you will know only too soon. Young and handsome, I believe," said Tom annoyed at the question, he hardly knew why. But I must go now, father is waiting for his mail. Good-bye,—little sweetheart," he added, as he touched with his beardless lips the slender delicate hand he held.

"O you naughty boy, I will have to tell mar on you," she laughed, jerking her hand from him and blushing a little, not so much at Tom's act, as at the manner in which it was done.

He had reached the gate now, when turning he called: "Rita your colt, Beauty, is perfectly gentle now, if I bring her over to-morrow, will you go riding with me."

"Oh, I will be delighted," answered Rita, bring her over, you bad boy, and I will forgive your rudeness?" He passed on to his home, whistling merrily as he went.

They are so happy now, those two, so very happy. They do not know the misery and shame that is coming to them ere the green leaves are tinged with Autumn's golden dye's.

Mrs. Morton lived alone in the cottage with her daughter, her only child. Her husband had been dead for some years, but he had left her a small yearly income which helped by the profits of her little farm furnished sufficent for their moderate wants. They are happy now. Had I not better let them alone?

CHAPTER II.

Walking rapidly up and down Squire Jones's rather delapidated piazza this same evening, was a handsome, elegantly dressed young man.—It was Sally Jones's new boarder from Washington. The white smoke from his fragrant cigar curled lazily up from his mouth shaded by its heavy brown mustache, and his handsome, refined face wore a look of extreme *ennui* as he thus soliloquized.

"How am I to exist in this God forsaken out of the place, I wonder? If my inexorable madam who is now airing her beauty and her finery amid the fashion and follies of Cape May, knew to what she had condemned me, she would surely shorten the period of my penance. Even the bright eyed little Jewess, who loved not wisely but too well, would be satisfied with the retributive vengeance which has been inflicted on me by the horror of my exile, if she could know of them. What am I to do to amuse myself? Shall I get up a flirtation with that hollow eyed, lank, sentimental looking lady of thirty, or more, who so gracefully reclines in that hammock out yonder in the trees, and who has been watching me so closely for the last half hour, over the top of her yellow covered novel? Or shall I try my fascinations on yonder fat butcher's daughter, who has been attitudinizing for the same length of time to attract my attention? Or better still must I bring my irresistible charms to bear on that gray haired gandmother who sits in the corner of the piazza shivering in the summer breeze? Let's see, three weeks to stay here, just one week apiece. I shall have plenty of time and some to spare to devote to Sally, the Squire's buxom wife. I wonder if there is no other woman in this horrid place but Sally Jones and her three boarders?"

He threw away the remnant of his cigar and sauntered lazily out to "commence operations" on the sentimental young lady in the hammock.

He was a married man, this Will Bayne, but what of that? In these aristocratic, hightoned circles from which he came the marriage vow was not considered so sacred as to preclude flirtations and intrigues with other men's wives and daughters. Domestic happiness rarely found a place amid the costly elegance of those brown stone palaces which line the stately avenues of our National Capital, and their inmates must have something to do.

Will Bayne was only like the rest, no worse. His high-born wife was proud of him because he was so handsome and helped to show off her own glorious beauty at balls and receptions; but she did did not love him—the idea of loving any one man, it was preposterous. She was rich and held the purse strings, he was indolent and afraid of her. There was no love between them. No one amid those fashionable circles expected it. Common people might love;—it was too inconvenient for those votaries of fashion.

Sometimes it was necessary to have him with her, but he chafed at the restraint and longed to be back with his favorites, and she was only too glad to be rid of him when she could.

A little while before we meet him, he had been guilty of an intrigue with the dark eyed daughter of a Jewish shop-keeper who had a soul little above dollars and cents, and who made the city rather warm for his comfort. A little scandal now and then was nothing, but when backed by an avenging pistol it became another thing, and he had to leave until the affair blew over. His wife, when she heard of it was furious.

Fast horses he might have in plenty; those other liberties were not for him; she claimed them for herself.

"I am going to Cape May," she said to him angrily. "Go down the river into the country and remain until I send for you."

She was glad to be rid of him for a while. He was afraid of her and had gone.

The night had passed and another day had come. The wind still blew from the east. A think cloud obscured the sun and the intense heat of the day before was not felt.

Before the gate of widow Morton's yard two horses were standing on one of which, a noble bay mare, sat Rita Morton. Nothing could be more beautiful than she looked this morning.

Her neatly fitting habit and riding cap with its long drooping feather set off her loveliness to perfection as she sat on the mare who tossed her head as if proud of her precious burden.

"Tom," asked Rita as they started, is Beauty perfectly gentle, is there any danger in my riding her?"

"No," said Tom Harris who was mounted on the other horse, "there is no danger whatever. Come on, we will go up to the wharf and see the steamboat."

No Rita, Beauty will not hurt you. Strong of limb as she is that slender hand which so oft caressed her glossy neck can rule her by its slightest pressure. O Beauty, Beauty! where are you taking your pretty mistress? Better carry her to yonder bank and cast her down on Potomac's rock bound shores than obey the guiding of that soft white hand to-day. But Beauty, gentle, meek-eyed Beauty, you do not know.

Leaning wearily on the white-washed railing that enclosed the little store which stood near the steamboat wharf, was Will Bayne He had come there for a little excitement, anything to help pass away the hours of his exile.

The sentimental young lady of the hammock had wearied him beyond expression. The love-looks which she had cast at him from her watery hazel eyes, and the grimaces which she fondly imagined were irresistably charming utterly disgusted him. A week with her would drive him to suicide. She had attempted to continue the flirtation of the evening before this morning, and he had run away from her and come up here.

Lazily he watched from beneath his broad-brimmed straw hat the rude farmers who brought their little lots of farm produce to send to the Washington markets. He did not mingle with them at all. They were so far beneath him; but even they were preferable to the sentimental female down at the Squire's.

He was tired of the country already. He envied the dingy steamboat that was going back to the gay city he longed to be in.

"I cannot stand it much longer," he muttered, three weeks to stay here, Impossible. I will go back the very next trip this boat makes. Better brave my haughty pistol, than remain in this dreary place and endure the love looks of that horrid woman down yonder at the house."

Just then two horses dashed by him and were reined up only a few feet from where he stood.

He looked up at them lazily, wearily—were they worth the trouble?—First the horse nearest to him caught his attention. A noble looking bay mare perfect in every limb. It was the first thing he had seen since he had been in the country worthy of his notice, but horses were so common they could not claim his attention long. Then he lifted his eyes a little higher to the rider. There they rested—all their weary expression gone now, for Rita Morton in all her glorious beauty was before him.

He watched her all the time now as she laughingly greeted those simple people all of whom came forward to speak to her; for all she had a kind word or a pleasant smile.

He could not take his eyes from her—pretty women he had seen before—he was used to such, but none like this one before him—this one with her fresh, pure perfect-loveliness, so unlike the painted beauties with whom he had been raised.

No wondr he watched her. Women and her horses were his ideals—and they were both here represented in all their glorious perfection.

The boat was leaving, so was the crowd. The bay mare, with her pretty rider, dashed by him again throwing the sand with her feet all over his spotless garments, but Rita did not see him—was not even conscious of his existence. He laughed a little to himself as she was borne out of his sight without even looking toward him

"No matter," he said, "I have three weeks, that is plenty of time," and he sauntered slowy down to the Squire's.

(To be continued.)

Select Reading.

The Milwaukee Bad Boy—His Ma Deceives Him.

'Give me ten cents worth of saffron, quick,' said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in the grocery on a gallop, early one morning, with no collar on, and no vest. He looked as though he had been routed out of bed in a hurry, and had jumped into his pants and boots, and put on his coat and hat on the run.

'I don't keep saffron,' said the grocery man, as he picked up a barrel of ax handles the boy had tipped over in his hurry. 'You want to go over to the drug store on the corner, if you want saffron. But what on earth is the mat—'

At this time the boy shot out of the door, tipping over a basket of white beans, and disappeared in the drug store. The grocery man got down on his knees on the sidewalk and scooped up the beans, occasionally looking over to the drug store, and just as he got them picked up the boy came out of the drug store and walked deliberately towards his home, as though there was no particular hurry. The grocery man looked after him, took up an ax-handle, spit on his hands and shouted to the boy to come over soon, as he wanted to talk to him. The boy did not come to the grocery till towards night, but the grocery man had seen him running down town a dozen time during the day, and once he rode up to the house with the doctor, and the grocer surmised what was the trouble. Along towards night the boy came in a dejected sort of a tired way, sat down on a barrel of sugar, and never spoke.

'What is it a boy or girl,' said the grocery man, winking at an old lady with a shawl over her head, who was trying to hold a paper over a pitcher of yeast with her thumb.

'How in blazes did you know anything about it,' said the boy as he looked around in astonishment, and with some indignation. 'Well, its a girl, if you must know, and that's enough,' and he looked at the cat playing on the floor with a potato, his face a picture of dejection.'

'O, don't feel bad about it,' said the grocery man, as he opened the door for the old lady. 'Such things are bound to occur. But you take my word for it, that young one is going to have a hard life, unless you mend your ways. You will be using it for a cork to a jug, or to wad a gun with, the first thing your ma knows.'

'I wouldn't touch the darn thing with the tongs,' said the boy, as he rallied enough to eat some crackers and cheese. 'Gosh, this cheese tastes good. Haint had nothing to eat since morning. I have been all over this town trolling for nurses They think boys hasn't got any feelings. But I wouldn't care a goldarn, if ma hadn't been sending me for neuralgia medicine, and hay fever snuff all winter, when she wanted to get rid of me. I have come in the room lots of times when ma and the sewing girl were at work on some flannel things, and ma would hide them in a basket and send me off after medicine. I was deceived up to a out four o'clock this morning, when pa come to my room and pulled me out of bed to go over on the West Side after some old women that knew ma, and they have kept me whooping ever since. What does a boy want of a sister, unless it is a big sister. I don't want no sister that I have got to hold, and rock, and hold a bottle for. This affair breaks me all up,' and the boy picked the cheese out of his teeth with a sliver he cut off the counter.

'Well, how does your pa take it,' said the grocery man, as he charged the boy's pa with cheese, and saffron, and a number such things.

'O, pa will pull through. He wanted to boss the whole concern until ma's chum, an old woman that takes snuff, fired him out into the hall. Pa sat there on my hand-sled a perfect picture of despair, and I though it would be a kindness to play it on him. I found the cat asleep in the bath-room, and I rolled the cat up in a shawl and brought it out to pa and told him the nurse wanted him to hold the baby. It seemed to do pa good to feel that he was indispensable around the house, and he took the cat on his lap as tenderly as you ever saw a mother hold an infant. Well, I got in the back hall, where he couldn't see me, and pretty soon the cat began to wake up and stretch himself, and pa said, 's h-h-stootsy, go to sleep now, and let its pa hold it,' and pa he rocked back and forth on the hand-sled and began to sing 'by, low, baby.' That settled it with the cat. Well, some cats can't stand music, anyway, and the more the cat wanted to get out of the shawl, the louder pa sung, and bimeby I heard something rip, and pa yelled, 'scat you brute,' and when I looked around the corner of the hall the cat was bracing hisself against pa's vest with his toe nails, and yowing, and pa fell over the sled and began to talk about the hereafter like the minister does when he gets excited in church and then pa picked up the sled and seemed to be looking for me or the cat, but both of us was offul scarce. Don't you think there are times when boys and cats are kind of few around their accustomed haunts? Pa don't look as though he was very smart, but he can hold a cat about as well as the next man. But I am sorry for ma. She was just getting ready to go to Florida for her neuralgia, and this will put a stop to it, cause she has to stay and take care of that young one, Pa says I will have a nice time this summer pushing the baby wagon. By the great horn spoons, there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, between business and pleasure, and I strike the line at wheeling a baby. I had rather catch a string of perch than to wheel all the babies ever was. They needn't procure no baby on my account, if it is to amuse me. I don't see why babies can't be sawed off into people that need them in their business. Our folks don't need a baby any more than you need safe, and there are people just suffering for babies. Say, how would it be to take the baby some night and leave it on some old batchelor's door step. If it had been a bicycle or a breech loading shot gun, I wouldn't have cared, but a baby! Bah! It makes me tired. I'd druther have a prize package. Well, I am sorry pa allowed me to come home, after he drove me away last week. I guess all he wanted me to come back for was to humiliate me, and send me on errands. Well, I must go and see if he and the cat have made up.'

And the boy went out and put up a paper sign in front of the store, '*Leave your measure for saffron tea.*'

The Drinks of all Nations.

'Drinks of all Nations,' was the subject of one of President Cotton's lectures before the Trenor Hall temperence meeting in New York. 'Britons,' he said, 'spend annually £140,000,000 in drink, an average of 19 each. This does not include the sum paid for imported French wines I have learned that America is now exporting large quantities of whisky to England. If so, God help England. In Russia, the common people drink enormous quantities of strong beer. The nobility consume a great amount of brandy. The government has recently appointed a commissioner to devise a scheme of national reformation. But one dram shop is to be allowed in each village, and where two towns are in close proximity one shop must do for both. At present, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and brandy are annually consumed in Russia. Hollanders drink gin and beer. Germans use beer and wine as beverages. In 1878 official reports show that there were 11,800 breweries in the German speaking countries, turning out 846,000,000 imperial gallon of beer. In Copenhagen the authorities have decided to reduce the 1,350 beer shops to eight. No pretty barmaids are to be allowed to serve liquor, and the drunken man must be carried home in a cab at the expense of the last man who sold him beer.—The Turks are the only temperate race of all civilized nations. No good Mohammedan touches distilled or malt liquors.'

'Call the Next Case, Sir."

Forty years ago Eatonton was a fast town. Gambling of all kinds, cock-fighting and horse racing was the rule as it is the exception now. Why, sir, at one term of the court—1846 or 1847 the grand jury returned one true bill against forty persons, John W. Ashurer, solicitor-general and a number of prominent lawyers including, in one batch for gambling. It was in this case that it is said Judge Cone made himself famous When the case was reached all of the defendants arose and pleaded guilty. Judge Cone fined each of them $10 and costs and lectured them severely upon the uselessness and immorality of such habits and the vicious example which they were setting for the youth of the country; then commanding the defendants to take their seats, with a solemn face, but a merry twinkle in his eye, he turned to the clerk and said: 'Now, Mr. Clerk, enter after these cases, State of Georgia vs. Judge Cone: gaming—special information by his honor—pleaded guilty, and find $10 and costs. Call the next case, sir.'