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PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, AUGUST 15, 1884. Volume XLI.---No. 9.

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A Select Story.

How Sal and Me Got Married.

Well, at last nite cum, that orful nite as was to fetch me intoo a new state uv bein', and it foun' me in a dreadful fix. Fust I felt good, then bad, just proud and then skeered like fine hundred. I went over the mornin' afore the eventful nite too see Sal, an' foun' her a-takin it mity easy, rather in hurry fur nite tu cum, I thought; as fur me, I was in a hurry wun minnit, an' the next felt like I'd rather a little it had been put off.

Arter supper I washed; then I put on the cleanest sort av a shirt that Aunt Jane had fixed up mighty nice an' smooth, then I drawed on about as nice a sett uv Sundy harness as you ever seed, an' after mam and Aunt Jane had primped up an fixed my har an' creevat, I wuz reddy, so off I put to Sal's dad's, an' I reckin I dun a heap a thinkin' a-goin' over thar as [illegible] pas-sin cum an [illegible] ed whar thar wuz about [illegible] folkes, and I felt mity bad, an' mity skaered, but tryde my level best to keep a stiff upper lip. Well, we tuk our places, Sal a hangin' on too my arm an' me a-lookin' at the flore. Then the passon ses, ses he:

'Du you take this ooman' (he mite a sed young lady) 'as you hold by the hand too be you're lawful wife too help her and too keep her, too luv her an' too nus her, tell deth duz yu part?'

'I'll doo my best,' ses I, standin' just on wun leg an' then on tother (fur all the world like a turkey on a hot rock).

Then he looked at Sal, an ses he:

'Du you take this man' (like he didn't know my naim) 'as you hold by the hand, to be yore lawful husband, too nus him an' to help him an' too onner an' obey him, tell deth duz you part?'

Yes, sir,' ses Sal.

'Then,' ses he, 'I pronounce you both man an' wife; salute yer bride.' With that I clinched Sal, an' give her as hearty a buss as ever you hear, then the fellers all cum aroun' an' kissed Sal like blazes; you could see that it dum 'em good, frum the way they pitched in.

I thought Sal orter a stopped it, but she never sed a word; as fur me, I kissed right an' left, an' cum mity neer a kissin' a nigger gal as wuz a fetchin' in sum water, when everybody begins a gigglin', and I begins too feel mity mean.

Arter a while the kissin' an' foolin' was all over, and we all pitched into the goodies, an' ef ever I saw sweetness fly it was then. I tel tell I liked too a propped, an' evrytody else dun the same.

About ten o'clock they all left, an' sum of the boys ses, 'Peter won't you go home with us?' an' all sech things, a devil uv me tell I scarcely nood what too do or whar too go. Arter they all left, an' thar I sot by myself till a nigger gal cums to the door, an' ses:

'Mr. Peter, Miss Sal's a-waitin' fur ye,'

'Whar is she?' ses I.

'She's in her room,' ses she.

'Well, tell her to cum down,' s s I, 'I'm reddy too go any whar she wants.'

'But' ses she, 'she's in bed.'

'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'I forgot, but, ses I, 'its erly yet, ain't it?'

She seed I was skeered, an' begin a sniggerin', till I picked up my hat an' follered her, tell she cum to a dore an' ses, 'That's yore room.'

My heart jumped up to my throte as I knocked at the dore, but nobody answered. I knocked again, an' then a gettin' desprit, I opened it, an' jeewhillikins, the cold chills run over me tell I felt like somebody was a pullin' a cedar-bush up an' down my back. Thar was Sal fast asleep (or pretendin' like, as I found out) an' the candle a shinin' as lite as day.

I stood sum time lookin' mity foolish, an' then puts my hat on a cheer; next draws my cote off; it wuz mighty hard to git off—then, I shed my jacket an' the ballance of my harness, tell I cum to my boots, an' ef ever I saw a pair uv tite boots, them was the wuns. I pulled, I tugged an' jerked, but they wouldn't nigh cum off, an happenin' to look roun', I thought I seed Sal a peepin' at me outer wun eye, so I bloze the light out, gits my boots off, an' then——; but it ain't nobody's business, so I shan't tell any more.

Well, I've tried marryin' sum time, an' must say that after a feller gets used to it, it ain't a bad thing; in fact I filosofise as follows:

Marryin' is a good thing, it is a grate thing, as Aunt Jane ses, a grate institution (how she noes I can't tell, fur she never had a chance to try it). It's good for everybody. Are you old—marry, it'll make you young (for you'll die tryin' to 'pear so). Are you young, it'll make you old. In fact, it is sooted to evry and ennybody. It's a ten rale fence that sosiety has built up to keep folks inside the bounds uv good behavior, an' though I'v had my ups and downs in it, an' no all about it, still I say—hooray for marry.

"Can dogs find their way home from a long distance?' asks an exchange. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from California. If it is a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

Select Reading.

The Bad Boy's Fourth of July.

"What has your pa got his head tied up so for?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in the store with a pair of big yarn mittens on, and took up an apple with his mouth, his hands seeming to be helpless, 'and what ails your own hands? I should think you had been on a Fourth of July drunk?"

"We haven't been drunk, at least only as drunk as a person can get on lemonade. But we have had a serious accident," said the boy, as he held the apple on his arm while he chewed a piece of it. "You see, pa is very patriotic, and he likes to celebrate the glorious Fourth. He bought a lot of fireworks and invited the minister's family and a lot of the deacons' families over to our house, on the evening of the Fourth, to see him set off the fireworks i[illegible] n[illegible] could point the r[illegible] way, so the sticks would [illegible] e just as well as the unjus[illegible]rs. Pa wouldn't let me touch the fireworks, 'cause he said only grown up men should handle such things, and he knew all about it. The folks all got out in the yard, the minister in a hammock, his wife in a lawn chair near the hammock, swinging him, ma on the outside cellar door, the deacons and their families scattered around in the chairs and on the ground, and me and my chum in a swing. He fixed up a board to shoot rockets from, and had a boxfull of fireworks behind a tree, and after telling the ladies to be quiet he fixed a rocket on the board, put a lot of Roman candles in his coat tail pocket, gave a few candles to the minister, who laid them down beside him in the hammock, and when all was ready pa touched off the rocket. I shall always think pa put the rocket on the board wrong side up. Anyway it 'whished,' and bursted, and scattered all over our yard, and the stick struck ma, who was on the cellar door, in the polonaise, and she yelled, and the cellar door fell and let her down cellar. The rocket filled the box of fireworks with fire, and they all began to go off at once, and such a noise and stampede I never heard. The Roman candles in pa's coat tail pockets began to go off and shoot colored balls up under his coat and down his trowsers, and he yelled that he was stabbed and called for water. The pin wheel began to fly around, and one of them got into the hammock with the minister and touched off his Roman candles, and he got so scared he couldn't get out of the hammock, and he just laid there and yelled. He thought he was dead and had made a mistake and got to the wrong hereafter, and he didn't seem to realize what was up till a nigger chaser got after his wife, chased her around a tree and went into her stocking, when she jumped right into the hammock on top of the minister, and said, 'O, Lord, save me,' and that tipped the hammock over and spilled both of them out on the ground into some red fire that was burning. By that time the rockets in the box got to going, and they went off among the deacons and their wives and the sticks flew everywhere, and some of these cannon fire crackers got their tails afire and they went off, and the folks just laid down and blatted. Every few minutes some new fire works would catch fire and run among the guests, and pa saw me and my chum in the swing and said, 'Turn the hose on us.' So I grabbed the garden hose, which was wetting down the lawn tother side of the house, and me and my chum played fire engine, and wet the whole party till all the fire was out, and then they all jawed pa 'cause he didn't know anything. Ma wasn't hurt at all, only scared, and we found her in the cellar, where she had crawled under the kindling wood. Pa had so[illegible] refreshments on a table on the veranda, that he was going to treat the company with, but a pin wheel got in a pail of lemonade and a nigger chaser followed it and chased the pin wheel and lemons around until the lemonade smelled like a gun that is breech burnt; and a rocket went into the ice-cream freezer and exploded an' throwed ice-cream all over the side of the house just like mortar, and a bunch of fire-crackers went off in the cake basket and spoiled the cake. After the fire was out and we stopped playing the hose on them, we found that nobody was burned except pa and me, and his forehead and hair was singed and my hands were burned putting out the minister's wife. The minister's coat was spoiled, and his wife lost one of stockings, but they were not hurt. Pa went into the house to put some sweet oil on his head, and he got into the bottle of prepared glue by mistake, and his hair is glued down to his head, and became hard, so it sounds like a board when he hits it with his knuckles and that is what his head is tied up for. Ma says it will take six weeks to soak that glue off pa's head. Say, do you think it is right for pa to lay it to me? He says if me and my chum had been standing over that box with the hose as we should have been, instead of enjoying ourselves in that swing, we could have saved all the trouble, and then pa says if I hadn't changed the glue into the sweet oil bottle, his head wouldn't have been stuck up so. It just seems to me that everything is laid to me."

"Well, it seems as though your presence anywhere was a bad omen," said the groceryman. "You seem to be a regular Jonah."

"I never swallowed a whale in the whole course of my life," said the boy as he went out looking for his chum.

The Ring In His Boot.

They had a terrible time, says the San Francisco *Post*, at a wedding up at Petaluma, Cal., the other day, and which only goes to show how the least drawback will sometimes take the stiffening out of the sweetest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very grand affair, indeed. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But when they got to the proper place in the ceremony and the groom began feeling around for the ring, he discovered that the ring wasn't on hand. After the minister had scowled at the miserable wretch for awhile the latter detected that the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and had worked down to his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whisper to the bride, who turned deadly pale, and was only prevented from fainting by the reflection that they were [illegible] tightly cut the strings of [illegible] corsets in case she did.

"Why don't you produce the ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the impression that the miserable man was about to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," explained the groom under his breath, his very hair meanwhile, turning red with mortification.

"Try and get it out somehow—hurry up!" mumbled the minister behind his book.

"I'll try," gasped the victim, who was rather stout, and he put one foot on the chance rail, pulled up the leg of his trowsers, and began making spasmodic jabs at the ring with his forefinger. The minister motioned to the organist to squeeze out a few notes to fill in the time, while a rumor rapidly went through the congr[illegible] to the effect that a dispatch had just arrived proving that the groom had four wives living in the East already.

"I—I can't reach it," groaned the half married man in agony. It will not come."

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool!" hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself moaned piteously, and wrung her powdered hands.

There was nothing left, so the sufferer sat down on the floor and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumor got under way that the groom was tight, and insisted on paring his corns.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavored, unsuccessfully to hide a trade-dollar hole in the heel of his stocking, noticing which the parson said grimly:

"You seem to be getting married just in time, my friend."

Then the ceremony proceeded, with the party of the first part standing on one leg, trying to hide his well ventilated foot under the tail of his coat.

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say "No" and stick to it for all time. She can also say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes." She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils. She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a draper's shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train. She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection. She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the text was. She can [illegible] her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office" without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can—but what is the use? A woman can do anything or everything and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything with but one exception, she cannot climb a tree.

Standard and All Sorts.

A gentleman rode up to a small boy sitting on the fence in front of his house and inquired if he lived there.

'I try to,' was the response.

'Well, my boy, I want to know what time it is; can you tell me?'

'Yes, I kin; I wuz inside of the house jis five minutes ago and the old clock wuz a pintin' at 'leven.'

'What kind of time do you have?'

'Oh, us have all kinds.'

'But I mean, do you have solar time or standard time?'

'That's what I said. We have all kinds.'

'I don't understand you.'

'Don't yer? Well come to our house and live a while an' ye'll learn. My sister Sal sike has standard time, that's the clock; I has city time, that's the town clock; the hired girl has sun time, that's watchin' the shadders, and pap and mam has a h——l of a time, that's what they doin' in there now, and I'm settin' on the fence till they git her regggerlated. By gosh, you han't better wait roun' jere if you don't want to hear suthin' strike, an' strike mighty durn hard.'

The man rode away rapidly and the boy kicked another plank off the fence.

A Sleepless Night.

One night, when I retired at my usual hour, about 10 o'clock, thinking sleep was ready to go to bed too, I found I was laboring under a mistake. Sleep wanted to remain up a while longer. My thoughts got to wondering, and I thought it really had got to be time that I was asleep. But sleep eluded me. I was taking too lively an interest in the mining industry. You can't lay hold on sleep bodily as you would seize hold of a pump handle. I would lie on my right side awhile, then on my left side and didn't feel good on either. I felt tired—had been working too hard in the mines. Then I would draw up my knees, next coil like a dog. Still sleep did not take pity on me and go to roost on my eyelids. The clock strikes 12 and I heard the chickens crow. I was glad to know they were awake; that there was something besides myself that couldn't sleep. Counting myself to sleep occurred to me. I began.

When the clock struck one I had 9,000 counted. That didn't seem to be much, and I wondered if I couldn't do better than that the next hour. I set out in the direction of two o'clock counting a little faster, The clock struck 2 and I had 10,000; I had got together from 1 to 2, making 19,000 in all. I now began to think of how many I could count by 3 o'clock, if I were to go down to business. I turned loose. As three o'clock struck I had 12,000 lacking about an inch, which I traversed before the sound of the strokes died away.

I was getting warmed up to my work, and wanted to wake up a fellow in the next room and bet him I could get 75,000 by day-break or 6 o'clock. I did not wake him though; he was a stranger, and large. I threw off one of the blankets and sped away to 4 o'clock. As I tolled off, I had so close to 13,000 that I claimed it. It was allowed me by the referee, I could feel my heart beat with excitement, as I threw off another blanket and started off for the next station. When the clock began to strike 5 I wanted a few hundred of having 14 000 by a spurt—counted about 100 to each stroke of the clock—14,000 was reached, making 58,000 so far. There was only an hour left in which to count 17,000, to make the 75,000 that I was struggling for. But my blood was up and I would try it.

As I swung away on the final heat I threw off from the bed the final blanket and unbuttoned the collar of my night shirt. I was perspiring freely. I came thundering in on the home stretch; straining every nerve to make 75,000. As the clock struck 6 and the rosy dawn pecked in at my window I lacked a hundred or two of the 17,000; but I skipped up to it on the last stroke. It was no embezzlement; nobody was paying me for counting, and the counting I was doing didn't belong to anybody.

I arose from my couch to begin the duties of the day. I didn't feel rested; felt more like I had been trying to head off a runaway calf. Counting may do for a thin sort of a pastime; it is cheaper than billiards, but as an excitement to arouse sleep I can't recommend it.

Big Words

It is never well to use big words when small ones will express the same meaning. A lady who was making a call on some acquaintances observed that the furniture had been changed, and remarked to the lady: 'You have been metamorphosed, haven't you?' 'Y-e-s,' said the other hesitatingly. 'You mean calcimimed, I suppose, it looks much better, doesn't it.' 'What caused your little boy's sickness?' asked a plain mother whose little son was very ill. 'He was climbing a ladder,' said the lady, 'and lost his equilibrium.' 'Poor little fellow,' said the sympathetic woman; 'do buy him another; he'll be more careful the next time!' 'Did you find the people indigent?' asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church who had been calling on some very poor families. 'Oh, dear, no,' answered the lady; 'they were respectable but as poor as poverty.'

VARIETIES.

A woman isn't fit to have a baby if she doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as a baby.

Starch is said to be explosive. It causes explosions in the family when the old man finds it has been left out of his collars.

"Bridget, what became of the tallow I greased my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheats in it." Oh, I was afraid you had wasted it."

An old lady told her son who was about to remove from a distant State, to remember that a boarding house steak like a good temper never wears out.

It is only the female mosquito that bites, but when a man gets a chance to belt one with a towel, he's going to do it without stopping to inquire as to its gender.

While a Leadville lawyer was cross examining a woman who was on the witness stand last week, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, and by thunder, don't you forget it."

"Silence is golden."—Aunt—"Has any one been at these preserves?"—dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy—"Pa never allows me to talk at dinner."

A man who had $65 stolen from him received a note with $25 saying: "I stoled your money. Remors naws at my conshens, and I send some of it back. When remors naws agin I will send you some more."