The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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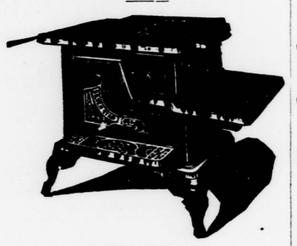

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Select Reading.

THAT BAD BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

HE MIXES HIS PA'S PRESENTS ALL UP AND RAISES MERRY DICKENS ALL AROUND.

"Ah, a Merry Christmas to you, said the groceryman to the bad boy, "and her's a Christmas present, a cake of soap for you, and another, a beet for your father," and the groceryman gave the boy a cake of red soap, and picked a large red beet out of a basket for the boy's pa.

"Well, I snum," said the boy as he looked sad. "I don't care for this insult for I am tuff, and I can stand it, but sending this emblem to pa will break him up. You may think it is smart to call my pa a dead beat, but if you could go to his bedside now, and see him, as he tears what little hair he has got, and groans, you would not do it. But I will take it to him," and the boy wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve, and started to go."

"Hold on," said the groceryman, as he snatched the beet from the boy, "I was only joking. What ails your pa! Is he sick?"

"No, he isn't exactly sick, but he is mad," said the boy, as he put the soap in his pocket and sat down on a keg of Malaga grapes, and began digging them out of the sawdust and eating them. "You see pa has been buying Christmas presents for three days, and getting them together, and last night he gave me a list of the places where they were to go, and I got my chum to go with me to deliver them. Seems as though something always happens to me when I try to do anything right. Just as we were going by the windy corner at the court-house, and my chum was wheeling the hand cart, I looked at the list to see which package went to the minister, and the wind took the list and blew it into the air clean to the dome of the court-house, and then it sailed away over the lake. Well, I didn't know what to do. Pa had gone out somewhere to spend the evening, and I knew I couldn't find him, so we concluded to deliver the presents promiscuously I knew all the places they were to go to, and I thought it wouldn't make so very much difference if they did get mixed, so we went around with them, and then went home and went to bed. Next morning I got up early to see what was in the stocking, and I heard pa and ma having a quarrel. It seems that pa had intended to give ma a seal-skin cloak, but she found a pair of red corsets in her stocking, and she was giving pa fits. Pa explained that he had bought the corsets for the young lady who sings in the choir, so she could lace them up tight and make her voice smaller so she could reach the highest notes. He was going to do that for a joke. While he was explaining it to ma, the man who cleans off the snow from the minister's side-walk, rang the bell and handed the girl a package for pa, and he opened it and found it was a pack of cards and a lot of poker chips, with a note from the minister to pa giving him old hundred for sending a minister of the gospel a present of such tools of the devil. The minister said he was prepared for insults in this world, but that was something that he could not stand and he wouldn't be responsible for his actions when he met pa. Pa called me in and asked why I didn't leave those poker chips and cards at the club, and then I had to tell him about the wind blowing the list here it listeth, and how we did the best we could without it. Pa wanted to die, and I guess he wanted me any my chum to die also, but the bell rung for breakfast, and we went down to the dining room. Ma was mad and poured and the coffee as though she wished it was pizen, and pa tried to swallow something, and couldn't, and I tried to pray, 'cause I thought pa would break my back after breakfast. While he was at the table a note came from the choir-singer, thanking pa and ma for the seal-skin cloak, and she wished them a merry Christmas. Well, when pa read that note to ma I thought I would die. Pa acted as if he could slip through one of the holes in the cane-seat chair, though he could not of course, and ma just leaned back and blatted. I felt offul at the mistake, but when I went to say I didn't mean to mix things up, pa took up the carving knife and looked green in the eyes, like a cat that is scared in a very dark room and says "M-e-o-w" in a bass voice, and I shet right up and kept on eating my sassidge. We had not fairly got onto pancakes before the bell rung, and the old maid with the gold specs, who lives next door, she came in and throwed a package down on the breakfast table, and said she would have pa arrested for defamation of character, and she went out. Ma tried to get her to stay to breakfast, but she glared at ma as though she would bite. Pa opened the package, and it was a pair of pa's old pants, and an old flannel undershirt and a pair of drawers. Pa turned pale when he saw them, and asked me where I left the bottle of tooth powder and the cologne, and I told him to the best of my recollection I left them at the office of the Associated Charities. Pa said it was just as he expected. He had intended the pants and underclothes to go there, to be given to the poor tramps, and I had ruined him by sending them to the old maid. Pa asked me what I thought an old maid wanted of such a thing, and what they wanted of tooth powder and cologne for tramps. I couldn't answer, and pa groaned and got up and went into the parlor. Pa began to talk to me about the necessity in a young man of being sure he was right before going ahead, and ma had on her old cloth ulster to go out, I think to snatch that seal-skin cloak off the choir singer, when the bell rung, and the minister was showed in. Pa began to apologize, when the minister stopped him and said, "Not a word, sir. I can subdue my feelings, as far as the cards and poker chips are concerned, and control my wrath, but when a man sends to my wife a jumping jack, a treatise on every woman her own dancing master with a cancan picture on the cover, and a pair of tights such as female minstrels wear in theatres, I tell you, sir, friendship ceases, and I must have gore," and the minister began to pull off his coat. Ma interfered, and pa explained that he intended the tights for a young fellow in his office who swings clubs in the gymnasium, and that everything had been mixed up, and I was to blame, they all turned on me, and I came away, while pa went to bed. I want to go away somewhere till New Years." Do you know of some quiet place where I could go and be safe?" and the bad boy looked appealingly to the groceryman.

"Go to the Morgue, you little devil," said the groceryman, and the bad boy went out, feeling that accidents were liable to happen in the best regulated families, as he pulled his roller-skates out from under his coat and started for the rink.—*Peck's Sun.*

Bowie and His Ready Knife.

A story heard by a Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* related to George Bowie, the inventor of the bowie knife, or "tue Arkansaw tooth-pick," as it is also called. It is said that Bowie was as gentle and as chivalrous as he was brave and regardless of human life. One night, years ago, while riding in a stage toward Ohio, on the old national pike, a poorly-clad old woman and her little boy of about ten years were for miles the other passengers. Bowie did not speak to them, but wrapping himself up in his own coat, slept as well as he could under the jolting of the stage. An hour or two later a big burly individual entered the coach at a way station, and immediately took out a clay pipe, which smelled as though it had been smoked since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. This he filled with tobacco of the vilest brand, and began to smoke. The stage was soon filled with his exhalations, and when smoke began to make the old lady sick, and she opened the window and sought relief from the fresh air which poured in. But the weather was bitter cold, and she had to close it. She then asked the boy to beg the man to stop smoking. This he did, but the new comer said: "If the old woman don't like it she can get out. I paid my passage and will smoke what I please." In the meantime George Bowie had awakened and had seen the whole procedure. As the man uttered these words Bowie put his hand at the back of his neck, and drawing out one of his famous bowies, said coolly: "You are mistaken about your smoking. You will put out that pipe at once and keep your mouth shut, or I will run you through the heart! I would have you understand I am George Bowie, and George Bowie means what he says!" With that he slowly began to advance his knife towards the man's stomach, and the latter frantically threw his pipe out of the door and begged for his life. During the next half hour the man said nothing, but looked pale. As Bowie thought over his action and noted the sickness of the old woman he grew still more angry, and at the next station he forced the smoker to get out of the stage and ride with the driver the remainder of his journey.

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications posses a claritied conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventailoquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity.—Shun double entendres, perurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!—*Journal of Education.*

Profane Words are Weak Words.

"Suppose you are given to a habit of profanity," says Professor Swing; "you enter into conversation with a man who never swears; in other words, a gentleman. By-and by you begin to perceive that he is the superior man. Your remarks have a tame, flat, feeble sound to your own ears. Your cheeks begin to burn with a sense of your friend's excellence. Your pert little damns sound rough and coarse and vulgar, as they are. They begin to drop out of your sentences, ashamed to remain in the company of good, honest English words, until, as you discover that you are carrying on your own part of the conversation without swearing, you feel easier, and your intellectual statue is increased by a foot. Just observe this, my boy, and see if I am not right."

Spoopendyke Fixes for New Yeak 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 you going to wear when you make calls on New Year's?"

"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 you 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 a 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 application of a trite quotation Mr. Spoopendyke settled himself 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 great objection raised to your business suit. Besides, 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, followed by his wife. "What's the matter with it?—What's the moth got to do with it? Who put moths in it?" 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 even a button hole? Show me my coat? Bring out the split in the tails! 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, followed them with a vest, which he supplemented with a pair of boots. "Snow me the great North American moth tonder! Fetch unparalled 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, dodging the flying boots and clothing.

"Does it look as if I'd hurt the door any?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, jamming his thumb in his armpit, and bending double with pain. "Does that door give the impression of having smashed its thumb anywhere. Why didn't the moths eat the dooor? 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 aroung the room in a fruitless effort to catch up to him.

Perhaps it ain't?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his thumb out at arms 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 stands would be a good place to build!" wth which solemn prophecy Mr. Spoopendyke sprang to his feet, kicked the chair into the obnoxious closet and snorted aloud.

"I didn't mean you 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 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's 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 careful 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. Gimmie the coat," and Mr. Spoopendyke grasped his garment, and threw it over his wife's work basket for safe keeping, and went to bed wrapped in a cloud of growls.

The disfiguring eruptions on the face, the sunken eye, the pallid complexion, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose; and does it.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"We hev got Baptists, Methodists an' Unavarsalists in dis club," said Brother Gardner, as he opened the meeting, "an' I is pained to diskiber dat you hev many argyments among you as to which religun am de bes' to lib by. Fack am, some of you hev bin poundin' each odder ober de matter, an' it has come to dat pass dat sumthin' mus' be did. Elder Toots, you an' Whalebone Howker step dis way."

The members mentioned trotted to the front, and the President continued:

"One of you am a Methodist an' de odder a Baptist, an' de odder arternoon you quarreled kase couldn't agree which religun am de best. I has a werry high respect fur true religun—de religun dat keeps men moral an' upright an' honest an' conscientius, but I want to say to you dat neither one of you have enuff religun to worry over—much less quarrel about. It am de same as nine tenths of de religun of to-day. You pray, but it takes you a long time to pay yer honest debts. You sing, but you want de big eand of ebery trade. You pity de poo' sinners, but Heaven help de man who takes your word fur it in a hoss trade! In odder words, in spite of all your Sunday sanctimony, I wouldn't give thirty cents on de dollar fur de debts you am owing.

"An' what I say to you I mean fur a big sheer of de gineral public. Religun am bein' used as a cloak by many of de sleek-sided rascals in dis kentry. Men who cheat, lie, swear an' swindle six days in de week am quite sartin to turn up in de church on de seventh. De louder deir protestashouns of religun de mo' deviltry de man am up to. When I find dat gun religun keeps you at work, smoothes ober quarrels, makes you honest an' cultivates a forgivin' spceirit, I'll support you wid my las' dollar. Under present sarcumstances you'd better do less prayin' an' mo' hard work—less singin' an' curb your tempers. You kin sot down now, but de nex' time dar am any quarrelin' in dis club ober de subject menshuned, somebody will hear sumthin' drap."

The Rev. Penstock arose and declared the President's assertions too sweeping. For instance, he was an ex-minister and claimed to live a religious life. Could the President impugn his consistency?

"Brother Penstock," answered the old man, "I has heard you pray an' preach an' sing, an' I know you calls yerself a Christian man, but whar' am dat $2 borryed of Pickles Smith eighteen months ago? Whar am dat blind dog you traded wid Samuel Shin fur a pistol? What has become of dat bogus watch you traded wid Giveadam Jones fur one of de bes' wheelbarrers ever seen in America? What did you settle a butcher bill fur fifty cents on de dollar? How does it happen dat you borrey yer flour an' tea an' coffee of de nayburs? Who beat Elder Toots out of a mewl worf $100?"

The Rev. Penstock made no reply. He simply sat down like a man who had had a two horse term driven over him.

The Secretary announced a letter from Cowslip Singletoe, an honorary member of the club at Meridian, Miss., asking if—taking present circumstances into consideration—there was any call for the colored man to walk fourteen miles to a political meeting.

"Dar' hain't now, an' dar' nebber was," replied the President. "De less de cull'd folkses know 'bout pollyticks, Republican or Dimocratic, de mo' fat he will hev on his ribs. Let him keep at work, be honest an' truthful, an' he will hev de good-will of all white folks an' all parties, Let him become an idler an' run arter pollyticks, an' de odder will hate him fur bein' one."

"Am Trustee Pullback in de hall?" asked the President after a long and ominous silence.

Pullback limped forward.

"Brudder Pullback," continued the President, "it war announced in de papers dat de world was to come to an eand on de mawnin' of de 5th isst."

"Yes, sah."

"I l'arn dat you sot up all night on de night of de 4th makin' de biggest kind of a racket. About an hour befo' daylight you crawled under de bed an' left yer fam'ly to shift for demselves. Am dis true?"

"Yes, sah."

"Den it am my solemn dooty to fine you $600 an' costs. I warned you long ago dat dis club doan' believe in signs, ghosts, dreams, lucky numbers nor judgment days, an' you has got to pay de penalty."

Brother Pullback returned to his seat a crushed man. His income is about a dollar a day, and he has a family of sixteen persons on his hands to clothe and feed.

VARIETIES.

A subscriber complained that his newspaper was damp. "Well," said the editor," "it is because there is so much due on it."

The difference between home and a boarding school is that at one they have pillow shams and at the other they have sham pillows.

There is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year. In this country we have no glaciers, but we have messenger boys.

"How did you learn to carve your way through the world!" said an unsuccessful man to a prosperous one the other day. "By cutting up boarding house chickens," was the reply.

Poverty has its cares, my son, but then wealth has its cares too, more than poverty, ten to one. Look at the panics on the money market every week! Do you ever hear of a financial panic in an almshouse?