The Port Tobacco Times

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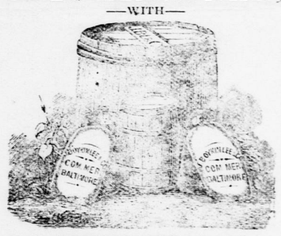

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Select Poetry.

A Story of Quite a Different Kind.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.
Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in her art.
So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something else to give.
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man.
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan
We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.
We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped and feared.
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared.
We dreamed together of the days, the dream bright days to come.
We were strictly confidential and called each other "chum!"
And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny skies.
And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation from the poet to the weather,
While the summer skies and my cigars burned slowly out together.
But through it all no whispered word or telltale look or sigh
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy.
We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.
"Well, good-bye, old fellow," I took her hand for the time had come to go,
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know.
I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy heart,
For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for friends to part;
"Well, good-bye, old fellow; don't forget your friends across the sea,
And some day when you've lots of time, just drop a line to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind
Rose upwards with a story of quite a different kind;
And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue,
Full to the brim and running o'er, like violets' cups with dew;
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did before—
Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss meant more.

—*New York Mercury.*

A Select Story.

DESERTED LOVERS.

"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she is sailing away without us! What can it mean?"

The speaker, Lucy Morril, was a beautiful girl—a dark-eyed brunette; the person whom she addressed was her lover—Captain Henry Cavendish—a young man of 26.

They had left the vessel in the dingey, only an hour before, to visit one of those isles of the Pacific ocean, near which the ship was then lying "off and on." The name of the craft was the Swallow, and she was the joint property of Cavendish and of Lucy's brother. She contained a valuable cargo, which the two owners expected to dispose of at Sydney, Australia, at a profit of many thousands. His share, the captain had anticipated, would afford him the means to commence married life with, and he had already won a promise from the sweet girl, who had accompanied her brother on the voyage, to become his wife as soon as the cargo was sold.

Now, at Lucy's exclamation, her lover, who was in a small valley, gathering flowers for her, ran to the summit of the hill on which she stood.

"Aye, what can it mean?" he cried in surprise and dismay.

The ship had made all sail, and, before a fair wind, was receding from his gaze at a rapid rate. He gesticulated—waved hat and kerchief in vain. On went the vessel, and at last, her hull was invisible, and only her upper sails could be seen. Gradually these dipped lower and lower, until every vestige of the craft was lost to view in the distance. The two looked at each other with blanched faces. Here they were, left by themselves on this far-away isle of the Pacific, which they knew was out of the track of most passing vessels.

"Something is wrong," said the captain sadly. "I fear I have lost everything. I was in a fair way to be happy and prosperous. Now I am poorer than a beggar."

Tears rose in Lucy's eyes.

"I advised you not to go into partnership with my brother," she said, "but I did not believe he was dishonest. I thought he was only wild and reckless. Now I do not know what to think."

"It has spoiled our happiness," said Cavendish. "Probably we will never see the craft again, and, as I am thus made penniless, I cannot think of obliging you to fulfil your promise of being my wife."

For several moments Lucy's dark eyes were veiled by their long lashes; then she threw herself weeping on her lover's breast.

"Can you believe me to be so mercenary?" she said. "Oh, no, Henry; I am yours the same as ever."

"But," replied Cavendish, "we have no money to live on now, if I should make you mine."

"We hardly need money here," said Lucy, smiling.

"That is true; but we will certainly want food."

"We would want that whether we were married or not," said Miss Lucy softly.

"And so you are willing to be my bride—to marry me now?"

"I—I—did not say so," she answered shyly. "It is for you to say."

"True enough; but—but—I don't know—I have heard that missionaries are sometimes on these far-away islands."

"We will go and look for one," said Cavendish, offering his arm.

They had not proceeded far when they met a native—a dusky, wildly-clad man, with long black hair. He showed surprise on seeing them, and asked them many questions in broken English. From him the lovers learned that there was a missionary on the island. He guided them to that person's house, a small building, with a thatched roof. The missionary, an aged man, received them kindly and heard their story.

"It is seldom that vessels pass this way," he said. "I am afraid you will have to stay here for months. You will have to live principally on fruit and fish."

"Can we get plenty of that?" asked Cavendish.

"If you have a boat you can go out and catch all the fish you want. As to fruit, it grows wild on some parts of the isle, but to make sure of getting enough, you had better cultivate a plantation of your own."

The young man had no difficulty in inducing the missionary to perform the marriage ceremony. Assisted by the good man, the captain then set about the erection of a habitation. It was finished in a few days, and the missionary loaned the young couple a few utensils to "commence housekeeping" with. For a pocket knife and a silver tobacco box, one of the female natives sold to the captain half a dozen dresses, which she had obtained, in exchange for fruit, from the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her person.

And now, while Cavendish never ceased to regret the loss of his vessel and cargo, he and his pretty wife could not help enjoying their island life. The captain eventually had a thriving plantation, on which he cultivated not only fruit, but vegetables.

In his boat—the dingey—he would row miles away from the island to obtain fish, and often Lucy would accompany him.

Happy in each other's society, the two at last became attached to their snug little island home, which stood, with its thatched roof, perched on a rising bit of ground above the beach, where the sea waves came rolling in, white and high.

One morning, after they had lived there almost a year, Cavendish left his wife to go on one of his usual fishing excursions. It was a calm, still day, and the young man, rowing far from the isle, was soon lost to the gaze of Lucy—who was watching him—in the misty distance. An hour later a terrific gale suddenly came sweeping over the ocean. The wind and the sea together roared with a din that was almost deafening, and it seemed to Lucy that the great waves scattering sheets of spray that filled the air like white clouds, were as high as mountains. Terrified and anxious on her husband's account, she watched in vain for his return.

"He is lost! He is lost!" she cried, wringing her hands. "His boat could not live in a sea like that. Oh, Henry, Henry!"

The old missionary made his appearance. He strove to console her, but he could give her no hope, for he, too, could not help thinking the captain was lost. The spray and the rack of the storm covered the raging water for miles, so that no object could at present be seen through the cloud-like curtain. Straining their eyes to the utmost the two anxious watchers endeavored to pierce with their gaze these rushing masses of vapor. All at once Lucy fancied she saw something like a black speck tossed and hurled along towards the island.

"See! What is it?" she gasped.

"An overturned boat," said the missionary, when the object had drifted nearer.

"It is his boat!" poor Lucy cried in agony.

Such indeed was the case. Broken and battered the dingey in which Cavendish had left the island was at last hurled high upon the beach. It seemed as if Lucy would lose her reason. With wild eyes she gazed upon the boat. Not a sound escaped her. She stood like a statue, staring at the broken dingey, as if she could not tear herself away from the spot.

"Come, child," said the missionary; "come. It is hard, but you must try to control yourself."

"I will stay here. I will watch for his body," she groaned. "It must soon come."

But she waited in vain. The waves refused to give her the remains of her husband. She tottered to the little house, and, throwing herself on a rustic lounge there, she gave way to her grief. "To think that I will never see him again!" she cried. "Oh, I wish that I, too, was dead!"

There was a bright hectic color on each cheek, and a restless gleam in the eyes. The words of consolation offered by the missionary fell unheeded on her ears. A delirious fever was fast taking possession of her brain. The old missionary went outside of the house, and walked to and fro, his mournful gaze turned seaward. The violence of the gale had now abated, and the atmosphere had cleared. Far away the watcher beheld a large ship, apparently heading for the island.

"Here comes a vessel," he called, hoping thus to turn the young wife's mind a little from her grief.

She was on her feet and out of the house in a moment. With eager interest did she gaze on the approaching craft.

"I know that ship!" she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is my husband's and my brother's—the Swallow. But it has come too late!—too late! My Henry has gone, and I will never leave the island. I will die here, and when I die I must be buried in the sea, where he lies, and there we shall meet again."

Wildly shone her eyes as she spoke, and the missionary feared that her mind had already begun to wander. Meanwhile on came the ship, until she was within a mile of the beach, when a boat was lowered and pulled shoreward. As it drew nearer there was a simultaneous cry of joy from Lucy and the missionary, for they recognized Captain Cavendish, standing in the bow, waving his hat to them.

"He has been picked up and saved!" cried Lucy's companion.

"Aye, aye, safe and well!" shouted the captain, hearing the words.

Soon after the boat's keel grated on the beach, and Lucy threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Have you no greeting for me?" said a voice near them.

Lucy looked up to see her brother, whom she had not at first recognized on account of his thick beard. As the captain released her, he embraced and kissed her.

"This is indeed a happy day for me," he said. "Out in the storm, just as it commenced, I fell in with your husband, struggling in his little boat, and I was fortunate enough to pick him up. The boat, however, drifted away from us before we could secure it. Now I find my sister well and happy, still, I hope, having faith in her wild scamp of a brother."

"Why did you desert us?" inquired Lucy. "Why leave us on this island?"

"It was not I who deserted you, but the men. They rose in a mutiny, which they had probably been for some time planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet, thrust us into the hold like pigs, and then, clapping on sail, headed away from the island. Their object, as I afterwards learned, was to take the vessel to some South American port, there sell the cargo, pocket the funds, and then make off inland, leaving the craft in our possession. They were not good navigators, and, therefore, they were many months beating about the Pacific ocean. At last they were within some hundreds of miles of the South American coast, but by this time half the number had concluded that their plan was not a feasible one. They would, on reaching port, be boarded by the authorities, questions would be asked, and detection, it seemed, would be inevitable. They were unanimous for freeing us and returning to their duty, provided we would promise not to punish them severely for what they had already done. The others did not like this proposition; the two parties quarreled, and the end of it was that they all finally resolved to desert the vessel in a body, and make for an island they saw in the distance. They did so, first setting us at liberty. They took the launch—the best boat we had—and many useful things from the ship. With the cook and steward there now were only five of us to work the ship. A few days later, however, we shipped some Portugese sailors from the Felix islands, off which we then lay becalmed. As these men wanted to go to Sydney, and would not ship until I had promised them I would make a "straight wake" for that place, I was obliged to head in that direction, instead of retracing my course to the distant shore—a thousand miles away—on which you and Cavendish had been left. "A fair wind favored me, and I finally arrived at Sydney, where I disposed of our cargo to a much better advantage than I had even expected. Then I shipped another crew, and headed for this isle, on which, it seems, I arrived just in time to save your husband's life. I have to add that his share of our profits is with mine, safe under lock and key, aboard ship."

A few days later Captain Cavendish, now the fortunate possessor of many thousands, sailed away with his wife from the island. In due time the couple reached London, and on the outskirts of that city they erected a comfortable cottage—their future residence.

Select Reading.

The Printer's Devil.

It is surely a matter of interest to know whence originated the title "printer's devil." According to the legend, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his work. It was soon rumored that Manutius was assisted by a little black imp and to dispel the rumor, he showed the boy to the assembled crowd and said: "Be it known in Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and to the Doge, have this day made a public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him." It is not related whether the people took advantage of this invitation or not, but from that day to this every respectable printing office has its devil.

Shakspeare revised—The imperious Jumbo, dead and stuffed for show, might still suffice to make a circus go.

Colds, Causes and Cures.

There is no disease afflicting the human family more common than colds. It attacks the youngest and the oldest, the strongest and the weakest, as well as men, women and children, of all climes, vocations and classes. When once cured, and even before it is entirely removed, the disease is liable to return without great care is used to escape its subtility. At no season of the year are we safe, and neither day nor night, at home or abroad, are we secure from contracting this unpleasant and dangerous malady. Our systems sometimes seem to require but little excuse for taking colds. A slight draft from a half-open door, air from a window falling on the neck, bed or underclothing a particle damp, moistened feet or a change in the weather are sufficient, and sometimes from no conceivable cause do we suffer the severest.

Were the cause of colds always known, we might usually prevent them but the most prudent are often attacked. By paying more attention to the warmth of the body, dryness of the clothing, freedom from draughts of air, or wearing a small bag of camphor gum on the chest, or carrying a few crumbs of the same in the mouth on long drives in cold or stormy weather, many colds could be prevented, and our strength saved to battle those that are of a more epidemic nature.

The approach or first effect of a cold is felt differently. Sneezing, tightness in the nostrils, rawness in the nasal passages, sore throat, chilliness, headache, ringing in the ears, or drowsiness, is but a skirmish of the battle that is to follow. These signs usually appear in the evening and should be attended to at once, as a cold can only be broken up at the commencement. The following morning if no remedy has been used, the disease will be thoroughly seated, and cause catarrh in the head, or a cough in the throat or lungs. In two to five days, if care is used, the cold will have ripened, and seem to pass off rapidly by expectoration of phlegm. If more cold is taken, pneumonia or consumption is liable to follow.

There is no universal specific for colds even in their earliest stages. That which will cure one patient, will have no effect on another, and a cure for a person to-day, may be useless ten years hence. But most cases of the young or middle aged can be cured, if taken in season, by some one of the simplest employed for this purpose. The following are a few of the methods used to cure colds in their beginning, and others will doubtless occur in the minds of the readers: Catnip tea made moderately strong, with sugar and milk, chestnut leaf tea, or tea made from any of the mints, especially pennyroyal, hot lemonade, camphor sling, or a long draught of cold water. Either of these should be taken after the patient is in bed, to produce perspiration, and care must be taken the following day. A tablespoonful of water made hot with cayenne pepper, taken in sips to moisten the mouth and throat, has been my individual remedy for years. Heating the feet is often sufficient, and a poultice of boiled onions is good where there is tightness of throat or lungs. Violent exercise, as rapidly sawing wood or mopping floors, will sometimes seem to answer the desired end.

The universal prevalence of colds, and the direful results often following, should induce us to use every precaution to prevent them, and take prompt means to remove them when once contracted.—*The Household.*

He Couldn't Get Out to Vote.

A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite last week, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff toes down. Nudging the coach driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked: "Ah, driver, I wondah what the doose those boots are doing up theah."

Old Billy scarcely glanced up, as he replied: "That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in."

"Bah Jawve, that's very strange, ye knau; I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toes point down. He must be buried on his face, d'ye knau.'

"Yes," said old Bill, musingly. "He was an Irishman."

"But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher.

Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then in a tone full of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance said: "Well, do you see we've got a sort of superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burying 'em on the top of the hill face down, so that the more the corpse tries to git out the deeper he gets in the ground."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman, gravely. "I'll make a note of that for my book."

Brutality in the National Game.

"Mr. Dusenbury, I don't see how you, as a Christian man, can go to these baseball matches."

"Why, my dear?"

"Oh, there are such outrageous goings on! It's a wonder the police allow it!"

"To what do you refer, my love?"

"To yesterday's game, which, no doubt, didn't differ from any of the others. The paper here says that they knocked the pitcher all over the field. It's absolutely brutal."