

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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## Select Poetry.

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Sweet friend, when thou art gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From counsel from thy door, Passed all the strife, the toll, the care, And done with all the sighing, Whate'er tender truth shall we have gained, Alet by simply dying.

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To-day's reproachful rebuke may come Tomorrow's joy may be our crown, Then patience when we kneel edge May wet a happier brow.

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A Secret Story

Mrs. Honeybun's Book.

The room was perhaps a trifle dark, the window was narrow and the heavy Oriental curtains—the real thing from Liberty—succeeded in making it appear even more so; but then Mr. Cyril Melborough's eyes were apt to be weak, and to object to the glare of the sun or the light of day. He loved to let those pale gray orbs of his wander round his luxurious office, where no nothing jarred and everything soothed.

"Quite the reverse here, Melborough, by Jove!" as his grace of Barnes had said, when he tried to induce the astute young publisher to bring out his pamphlet, might be an old library, but, don't you know, something of that sort.

And although Mr. Cyril Melborough could do nothing with the duke's pamphlets, this sentence lived in his mind, and produced the greatest satisfaction.

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"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Melborough, sharply drawing a sheet of blotting paper over his eyes; "don't you know I am very busy now, Sirrah?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk deferentially; "but a lady, sir, wants to see you most particularly."

"Tell her to go—no, I mean—who is it?"

"I never saw her before, sir; here's her card."

Mr. Melborough took it up hurriedly.

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"It's a—d—d nuisance, but I suppose I must see it," he remarked, as he tossed the bit of parchment on to the table again; "show her in."

The clerk disappeared, and Mr. Melborough, with a dexterity worthy of a better cause, whipped his half-written letter into a drawer, turned the key, and was standing in an easy lounging attitude against the empty grate when Mrs. Honeybun was announced.

"Good afternoon, madam; what can I have the pleasure of—"

The Hon. Mrs. Honeybun seated herself on one of the velvet-upholstered chairs.

"You are Mr. Cyril Melborough?" she interrogated, looking up with a pretty smile, and running her eye over the young man and his fashionable attire at the same time. "Yes! I have come to talk to you about a book I have written."

Mr. Melborough groaned inwardly, but bowed gravely.

"I want to know if you will buy it, please," continued the lady airily, "and how much you will give me for it. It is very thick—and heavy—as you see."

Mr. Melborough stroked his fair mustache and hid his smile.

"If you will kindly leave it, Mrs. Honeybun," he said, "my reader shall give it their earliest attention, and I will communicate with you."

"O!" said the Hon. Mrs. Honeybun, eyeing an open cheque book, just before her, with a hungry gaze, "don't you ever buy stories without reading their first?"

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"Yes, isn't it?" declared Mrs. Honeybun, with charming candor. "I don't know much about fourth floor backs, but—it sounds so well! I have read bits of the story to a good many of my friends, Mr. Melborough, and they think it lovely, especially the moral part."

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"And you promise not to let them keep it longer than a month?" Mrs. Honeybun rose with a plaintive, beseeching little sigh.

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