The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Heavy Hardware,
Comprising an immense assortments of
Wheels, Wheel Stocks, Axles,
Springs, Carriage Chains, Enamel cloth, &c., Horse Shoe Nails, and Shoes, Bar Iron and Steel, &c., &c.
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This Preparation has proven to be exceedingly valuable for the cure of
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Poetry.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE 8.

I've lived sixty years in this frisky old world,
An' seen lots of changin' and turnin',
An' fifty of them by the sweat of my brow,
My bread an' my butter been earnin';
An' I've learned many things in the way of hard facts,
I never was any great scholar,
An' here's one for you. Whatever you do
Young man an' young woman's I'm warning you too—
Keep on the right side of the dollar.

No matter how much you may want this or that,
If you can't spare the money to buy it,
Don't run into debt or, you'll quickly regret
That you ever were tempted to try it.
Though your clothes may be white at the seams, and you find
Rought edges on cuffs an' on collar,
Just wait to get new till the same you can do,
Young man an' young woman, I'm warning you too,
An' keep on the right side of the dollar.

Oh, the strifes an' the troubles that would be, like weeds,
Cut down in their pestilent growin',
An' the blessings, like the beautiful flow'rs, that folks
In their stead would be constantly sowin'!
Oh, the homes an' the lives that wouldn't be lost
If all this plain precept would foller,
That I lay down to you! Whatever you do,
Young man an' young woman, I'm warnin' you too—
Keep on the right side of the dollar.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Select Reading.

A MISERABLE WIFE.

"Yes, professor, I'm afraid I shall have to rent or sell the farm. My wife is so miserable. I cannot carry it on without hiring, and hiring eats up all the profits."

I looked at the speaker admiringly. He was about fifty, and as robust as a man of thirty. His whiskers were neatly trimmed, showing a full red cheek. He wore a jaunty hat and natty cutaway coat and below his vest hung a silk fob and heavy gold seal. I was proud of him. He was a perfect picture of the New York gentleman from the rural districts. I wanted to impress his picture on my memory.

"So your wife is miserable?"

"Yes, kinder droopin', with a dry cough and noambition. She jest kinder drags around the house and looks so peaked and scrawny it gives me the blues. It does, I swan if it don't."

"Naturally weak, wasn't she?"

"She! Oh, no. When I married her she was the smartest girl on the creek. She used to work for her father, and the way she made the work stand around took my eye. She was a poor gal and her industry got her a rich husband."

Here he carelessly took out a gold watch, looked at the time, put it back and adjusted the silk fob on the front of his nicely-fitting trousers.

"So she did well getting married on account of her industry?"

"Why, of course, she was getting only two dollars and fifty cents a week, and she became mistress of a farm."

"Excuse me, but how much are you worth now, confidential'ly you know; I am a scientific man, and will never use such facts to your injury with the assessor."

"Well, professor, I could crowd fifty thousand dollars pretty hard."

"That is very good. How long have you been married?"

"Thirty years next fourth of July. We went down to Albany on a little teeter, and I proposed the match and Jane was willin'."

"How much do you suppose you have made in these thirty years?"

"Hum--sm--lemme see. I got the Davis farm the first ten years, then I run in debt for the Simmon's place, got war prices for my cheese, and squared up both places. Well, I have cleared up thirty thousand dollars since we spliced."

"Very good, indeed. And your wife has been a great help to you in all this time."

"Oh, you bet. She was a rattler. She took care of her baby and the milk from twenty cows. I tell you she made the tinware flop. Why, we have had four children, and she never had a hired girl over six months in that time."

"Splendid! And you have cleared thirty thousand dollars in that time?"

"Yes, easy."

"Now, how much has your wife made?"

"She, why, durn it, professor, she is my wife."

"I know it. But what has she made? You say she was poor when you married her. Now, what has she made?"

"Why, by gum, you beat all. Why, she is my wife and we own it altogether."

"Do you? Then she can draw on your bank account? Then she has a horse and carriage when she wants one? Then she has a servant maid when she wants one? Then she rides out for her health, and has a watch and gold chain as you do. Is that so?"

"Professor, you must be crazy. Nobody's wife is boss in that shape. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, look here. You say she did well in marrying rich, and I cannot see it. If she was getting two dollars and fifty cents per week when you married her and had saved her wages she would have had now three thousand six hundred dollars. If she had invested it she would have had five thousand dollars. Now you tell me she is broken down, used up and miserable, and looks so bad she makes you sick, and she has no money, no help, and will get probably nothing but a Scotch granite tombstone when she dies."

"Professor, if you was a younger man I would lick you quicker than a spring lamb can jump a thistle."

"What for? I am stating this case fairly, am I not? Your wife is no longer young. She is no longer handsome. Her hands are as hard as a local editor's check, and she has stooped over a milk can until she has a hump on her back like a peddler."

"Shut up, will you?"

"She has raised four children. One of them is at college. One is taking music lessons in Boston. The other two are teaching school. She is at home alone, going around in a treadmill life which will end in a rosewood coffin and a first-class country funeral."

"Stop that, professor, will you?"

"While you are still a handsome man, with just enough gray in your whiskers to make you look interesting. No doubt you have been thinking of some nice young girl of eighteen who would jump at the chance to marry your thirty cows and twenty acres of hops."

"Professor, I won't stay here if you don't let up on that."

"And your wife does not look well in that new Watertown wagon, so you take your hired man and neighbor's girls to meeting. Your wife never goes anywhere, so you do not get her a watch like your own, nor a silk dress, nor a pony that she could drive, nor a basket phaeton that she could climb into without a ladder. She never says anything, is always very quiet, so you have not got her a set of teeth like your own gold and rubber, and she has to gum it until her nose is pushed up into her forehead, and her face wrinkles like a burned boot. She never goes out, so she does not dye her hair as you do yours, but it looks like a milk-weed pod gone to seed. She has to work in the kitchen, so she gets no nice toothpick shoes like yours, but goes thumping around like a sheep in a dry-goods box."

"Darn my skin if I don't—"

"No you wont; you will just let her work right along, and then you will marry some high-flyer who will pull every hair out of your head, and serve you right, too."

"Professor, for mercy's sake do stop."

"When you know, and I know, that if your wife had a chance to rest, and had nice clothes like other women, she would be one of the handsomest women in the town."

"I swan I believe it."

"And old as she is, if you were to get out the carriage next Sunday, and drive around with the colts, and tell her you wanted her to go to meeting with you, she would actually blush with pleasure."

"Darned if I don't do it."

"Then Monday, if you were to tell her that you were going to hire a girl, and that she must sit in the sitting-room by the new nickle-plated coal stove and work on that new silk you are going to buy her—"

"Professor, that's me."

"And then hand her a nickle wallet with steel clasps, and with five nice twenty-dollar notes in it, let her do her own trading after this, because you have got tired looking after so much money—"

"I will, as sure as I live."

"And then when the tears start in her eyes and the same old blush comes out that you thought was so nice when you went on the teeter to Albany, if you would just kiss her—"

"It's all right professor."

"Then, my friend, I would begin to think she had made something by marrying a rich man."

"You're right, old man."

"Then I think you would no longer have a miserable wife. Then you would no longer want to rent or sell the farm, but would be showing the mother of your children how much you respected her for her life of devotion. Then she would know that she was a partner in that thirty thousand dollars. Then, if you made your will all right, and she has a good rest, I think she would sometime be an eligible widow."

"Think so, professor."

"I know it. Woman is a plant that wants sunshine. You have been leaving your wife in the shade too much. She has lost her color. She has given up all hope of admiration and love, and is only waiting to die and get out of the way. Suppose you were treated so?"

"What me? I am all right."

"Yes, I know. Women pity you for you are tied to such a sorrowful-looking wife. Foolish old maids and silly girls whisper behind your back what a nice-looking man you are, and what a stick of a wife you have, and you are just soft enough to wear tight boots, and oil what little hair you have left on the top of your head and go around figuring up how long before your wife will die."

"See now, see here, professor, there is a limit to endurance. I am going."

"I am coming down to see you next week; will it be all right?"

"Yes, if you drop this kind of talk and won't tell of my complaints about my wife, I will try your medicine. Would you stick to that part of the proposition about the pocket-book and twenty-dollar notes?"

"How much did you say you two had made together?"

"I cave. The dress will be all right, and the pony and phaeton will be handy for the gals. Come down and see us, old man, but not a word about this plain talk. If you wasn't an old man I'd—" and tipping his Derby back on his head and shaking the wrinkles out of his tight trousers, he put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away.

"There," said I, "is one man who has taken the only legal and God-given way of getting rid of a miserable wife."

A cat-boat is always dangerous when it squalls.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No" and mean it, or "Yes" and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not the money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poor-house.

Teach her that a good, steady church going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

Personalities and Ill Report.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities must sometimes be talked because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not heedlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to stay, "I do not think Bouncer a true and honest man." But where there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up characters goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is enough evil in men, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

His Righteous Indignation.

A pretty fair story is told at the expense of one of the dealers in ready-made clothing in New York city being an actual occurrence a few days ago. A gentleman, in conversation with the proprietor, was asked if he knew a certain well-known young man of the town. He said he did.

"I tells you vot he deet mit me. He comes here and buys de best suit of clothes in de house and he forgets to pay for him."

The visitor expressed disapproval at such neglect of duty and financial looseness, when a new idea seemed to strike the dealer in hand-me-down clothing.

"I was hear somedings bretty bat of him" he cried. "Vot you dink? He went oop to Schneider's and bought a suit—and p-a-i-d it for 'em!"

Here his indignation was so great that he said no more, but shook his head ominously as he inwardly contemplated the wickedness of the world.

Still Dead.

A good story is told of one of our local politicians who was canvassing for the nomination for a county office. One afternoon he attended a gathering in an out township; and meeting an intelligent looking young man, whom he thought might have some influence, walked up to him, and shook him warmly by the hand, inquiring: How is your father?" The young man answered, "My father has been dead three years." "Indeed," replied the candidate, "I had not heard of it. I knew him intimately. He was one of my best friends, and I regret to hear it. He was one of the best and purest men I ever knew. You have my sympathy," etc. The same evening he met the same person in a village near by, and having forgotten his face, accosted him the second time with the interrogatory, "How is your father?" The young man looked at him for a moment, and said: "He is still dead," and walked off.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Seems as if these bicycle tournaments should be held in Wheeling.

When the "Mayflower" turned the steak the Englishman's goose was cooked.

Henn might have won the race if he had had a different Cock's-swain. Perhaps, however, he only needed a spur.

Were Not Sheep.

A well known circuit rider stopped at a house in the hills. He had lost his way and a heavy rain was falling. A woman, to whose skirts several children were clinging, opened the door and invited the preacher to come into the room, where a log fire was burning.

"Here, take this cheer," she said. "Fust thing yer'd know that'un would spill yer on ther flo'. Out huntin' cattle?"

The preacher, thus afforded an opportunity to use a figure of speech, replied:

"Madam, I am a minister, and am out looking for lost sheep."

"Wall, I seed some round here this mornin'—a bellwether an' er mottly face yo wuz ermung 'em."

"I do not mean those kind of sheep, but the sheep that have wandered far from the green pastures where they are made to lie down in peace and safety."

"Oh, yer mean some that have jumped outen ther lot. Dave," addressing one of the children, "quit crum'in' yer bread in that water. Won't be fitten ter drink airter while. Mister, ther sheep I seed looked like they wuz too po' ter jump. Liza, quit rubbin' yer meat on the flo'. Ef yer don't want it put it up thar till supper time. Peers like the chillum on this place don't do nothin' but stuff an' waste vidults frum mornin' till night. Look at yer now, rubbin' yer grassy hair's ergin ther stranger's coat. No, the sheep I seed wa'n't in sich powerful fine order. Rufe, take yer shoe outen that bread trav. I never seed sech chillum in my bornd days."

"You misunderstand me, madam," said the minister. "Literally, I am not looking for sheep, but for people who do not accept the glad tiding of the gospel."

"Wall, ef yer wan't huntin' sheep whin't yer say so at fust. Preacher, hah?"

"Yes, madam."

"I reckon yer find er heap uv bad folks."

"Yes, a great many."

"Wall when er pusson looks out fur bad ones he ken find 'em, but lemme tell yer, ef yer take us fur lost sheep yer air mistaken an' I' I have yer ter know it. I—"

"You mistake me, madam, I only—"

"Never mind, I know what yer said an' I want yer ter mosey. I'm just ez good ez anybody, I'll give yer to know. Come er round here callin' me a sheep. Git frum here!"

"Madam, I—"

"Mosey, I tell yer. Rufe, han' me that fire stick. Yer'd better git. Thar, yer hoss is gone an' I'm glad uv it. Come back here ergin an' I'll sheep yer."—*Arkansaw Travelar.*

The Touch of Nature.

There is one redeeming feature about such things as earthquakes. Much of the news we read tells us the baser and more unlovely side of human nature. We hear of crime, brutality, scandal, contest for place or power, cruelty, neglect. There is this about a great disaster, that it stirs the humane and sympathetic impulse, and opens hearts and purses to the stricken ones. Looking back over the story of such disaster throughout our country—the great fires of Chicago, and Boston, and Portland, the Ohio floods, the Western hurricanes, the forest fires of Michigan—it is no small pleasure to remember how promptly and eagerly the appeal of the sufferers was responded to by the country, and aid sent to them in no stinted measure. Nor have the unfortunate of other lands appealed to America in vain. Whether it is a flood on the Danube, a famine in Ireland, or pestilence in Italy or France, American hearts and purses have been ever ready to respond to the call. It is not in vain that the tender side of our nature is thus touched. When our kinder feelings have been thus stirred, a closer bond is established for all time. Hearts that have once been warmed into sympathy do not grow utterly cold again. The aid that has been given by Northern people to the South has of itself done much to soften and dispel the bitterness left by the war, and to make us a really united people. The aid that is now flowing into Charleston—that city where the war began, where the first blood of the Rebellion was spilled—the city so long besieged and so persistently fought over—will more than ever draw the bitterness from memories of the past, and waken feelings of thankfulness over the change in sentiment which even so short a time as twenty years has wrought. Such things as these do much to soften our hearts, and rouse wishes in harmony with those well remembered words of the great commander, "Let us have peace."

Kings that he Had Seen.

Mrs. Traveller—While we were abroad my husband met a real live king. Just think of a body and fleshy king! They were traveling, and the king asked my husband to call on him when they reached Paris. He called.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—My husband, not long ago called on four kings. What do you think of that?

Mrs. Traveller—You don't mean it.

Mrs. Stay-at-home—Yes, I do. That foolish call prevented me from having a sealskin.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Since the earthquake we are beginning to suspect that the South is not as solid as represented.

"I should like to box your ears," said the Chicago girl to an audacious Detroiter, and then added, reflectively, "if I could find a box big enough."