The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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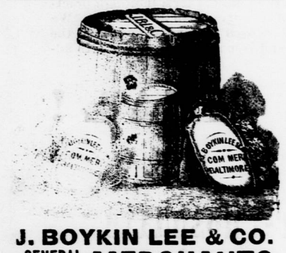

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Before purchasing your Fertilizers for Wheat the coming season, it will be to your interest to give us a call. All the above brands are strictly reliable, besides we keep in stock all kinds of the best grade material from which we can make you any grade Fertilizer you may need.—This House is an old established one, and every thing they sell you is as represented. As an evidence of the superiority of our goods, my sales have increased from 21 tons per annum, the first year to one thousand and eighty-five tons, this being my sales in Charles and St Mary's counties the past year. I shall not be satisfied until I sell every responsible farmer in Southern Maryland, as it is not only for my own interest I wish to do so. My greatest desire is to induce the planters of Southern Maryland to use strictly first class goods and can only do so by dealing with a first class house. If you will buy your goods from the G. Ober & Sons Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. I. Burch, at Bryantown, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our Collector and Salesmen, will be glad to receive your orders, and I will devote as much time as I can in the two counties the coming season in order to induce the farmers of Southern Maryland to buy the best Fertilizers offered to the people of any State in Union. All responsible orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

Yours very truly,
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Having secured many novelties late in the Season from the leading Mills and Importers at a great sacrifice to them, we can afford to share the saving with our patrons, and sell these gems of Clothing for Men and Boys at ½ to ⅔ usual prices. Every Seasonable Garment represented.
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Finds me with the largest and most complete stock I have ever had of
Coach Findings,
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Comprising an immense assortments of
Wheels, Wheel Stocks, Axles and Springs, Carriage Cloths, Carpets, Lamps, &c., Horse Shoe Nails, and Shoes, Bar Iron and Steel, &c., &c.

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Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Universally pronounced the best.
RETAIL PRICES:
Ponies 10 cts., Pints, 30 cts., Quarts, 50 cts. Liberal discount to the trade.

"GAUTIER"
Barb Fence Wire
BEST AND CHEAPEST
STEEL HARROW TEETH.
ALL SIZES.
Carriage and Wagon Builders will find it to their interests to correspond with me before placing orders elsewhere.

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IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.
TRADE Volina Cordial MARK
CONTAINS no hurtful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.
A Book, 'Volina,' by leading physicians, telling how to treat diseases at HOME, mailed, together with a set of handsome cards by new Heliotype process, on receipt of 10 c.
For sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Should the dealer near you not have it, 100 DOSES, from $1.00, and a full size bottle will be sent, carriage paid.
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Poetry.

OCTOBER

October comes across the hill
Like some light ghost, she is so still,
Though her sweet cheeks are rosy;
And through the floating thistle-down
Her trailing, brier-tangled crown
Gleams like a crimson posy.

The crickets in the stubble chime;
Lanterns flash out at milking time;
The daisy's lost her ruffles;
The wasps the honeyed pippins try;
A film is over the blue sky,
A spell the river muffles

The golden-rod fades in the sun;
The spider's gauzy veil spun
Athwart the drooping sedges;
The nuts drop softly from their burrs;
No bird song the dim silence stirs,—
A blight is on the hedges.

But filled with fair content is she,
As if no frost could ever be,
To dim her brown eyes' luster;
And much she knows of fairy lore
That dance beneath the spreading oak
With tinkling mirth and bluster.

She listens when the dusky eves
Step softly on the fallen leaves,
As if for message cheering;
And it must be that she can hear,
Beyond November grim and drear,
The feet of Christmas nearing.

Select Reading.

HER BROTHER'S DEBT.

"Oh, Charley, Charley, how could you do such a thing?"

Lilias Wayland's round cheek was blanched to an unwonted whiteness as she stood before her brother in the close, cramped room which constituted her sole home.

Charley Wayland, a handsome, dissipated-looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold eyes and a merry mouth that seemed made only to smile, sat opposite her, looking half-repentant, half-defiant, as she spoke.

"Lilly, I couldn't help it. I tell you I was hard up. A fellow must have money; you women don't know anything about the temptations and necessities of the world!"

"But, Charley," she faltered, "do you know how this same world, as you phrase it, looks at the deed you have just committed? Oh, Charley, and her voice grew low and tremulous, "it is a forgery!"

"Nonsense, Lill! It's only borrowing a part of old Glencross' unused millions to aid my needs. I wrote and asked him for cash, and he, the unmannerly lout, refused. Well, what could he expect after this, but that I should help myself?"

Lilias wrung her slender hands.

"How dare you, Charley! That a Wayland should come to this!" she wailed.

"Dared!" he echoed, recklessly; "it was but the stroke of a pen, after all; and old Glencross would be a paltrier miser than I take him to be if he makes a fuss about a matter of five hundred dollars."

"It is the right and the justice of the thing," cried Lilias, almost frantically. "If we could pay him in any way; but I have sold everything that remains of our former wealth. See!" and she looked round the miserable apartment. "See how I live! Last night I sat up until midnight sewing to have a little money to pay the rent. I have not a jewel left, nor a trinket."

"Oh, bother, Lill! If old Glencross cuts up rough, it is only taking a run across the water. I know lots of ship captains that would stow me under their holds, almost any moonlight night."

Lilias looked despairingly at him. Was it, then impossible to make him comprehend the moral obliquity of the deed he had just committed?

"But I can't stay fooling here," observed the young man, with a toss of his black curls. "I must be off about my business. Good-by, Lill. Give us a kiss, my girl. Except that you're uncommon fond of lecturing a fellow, you're not a bad sister in the main."

After he had gone, Lilias sat down to try and realize the new situation in which she and her brother were placed. All now depended upon the spirit in which Paulus Glencross should receive this new encroachment upon his purse and patience.

Lilly had never seen this distant relation, yet she had formed an opinion of him in her inmost mind, as we are all apt to do of unseen persons whom we hear a great deal about; and whenever she thought of Mr. Glencross the image of a hook-nosed old man, yellow-skinned and cadaverous, engaged in sorting over piles of mortgages or counting bags of gold, suggested itself to her mental eye.

"But he must be human, at least," thought Lilly, in the agony of her distress. "If, I go to him myself, and tell him just what poor Charley's necessities were, and how good hearted he is in spite of all his faults and thoughtlessness—if, I say frankly to him that I have no money nor jewels to reimburse him, but that I will stay and work for him, as a servant girl might work in the kitchen, until I have discharged the horrible debt, surely, oh, surely he cannot have the heart to refuse. I can do a great many things. I can sew and embroider, and I can make good bread and biscuit, and poor mamma always said I was a good housekeeper, and if Mr. Glencross is really so miserly as Charley thinks he would look at the economy of the thing. At least, it is worth trying.

So favorably did Lilias Wayland regard this idea, broached in her sore extremity, that in two days from the evening in which she had bidden good-by to her handsome, reckless brother, she stepped from the cars at the New York depot, dressed in a sober brown suit that made her look like a shrinking little mouse, with her carpet bag in her hand.

A little inquiry sufficed to bring her to the street where Mr. Glencross resided—a stately avenue, lined on either side with elegant palaces, the like of which Lilly had never seen in the plainer city where she had been born and bred. Her heart sank within her as she stood on the broad brown-stone step leading up to the carved rosewood door, on which a silver plate bore the name of "Glencross" in old English letters.

Then, coloring deeply at her own cowardly tremulousness and utter lack of all resolution and enterprise, she rang the bell to settle the question at once and definitely.

"Is Mr. Glencross at home?" she asked of the colored servant who answered the summons.

Yes, Mr. Glencross was at home; would the young lady enter? And Lilias was shown into an apartment cartained with heavy folds of purple satin and carpeted with velvet the same rich color, an apartment whose dusky splendor made her think of all the stories she had read of enchanted palaces in the realms of fairy land.

As Lilias sat on the silken sofa, waiting with a throbbing heart for the appearance of her unknown cousin, the thought stole into her mind that he wasn't so much of a "miser" after all; and then came a sick sort of misgiving that her mission was all in vain.

"For surely," she thought, glancing tremuously round the elegant apartment, "he will want anyone to make bread or look after the kitchen expenditures. I wish—oh, I wish that I was safe at home again!"

The thought had scarcely framed itself in her mind when a door at the farther end of the room was opened, and a tall, handsome man scarcely thirty years of age entered.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," faltered Lilias, all in a flutter, "but I wished to see Mr. Glencross."

"I am Mr. Glencross."

"You!" Lily rose up and sat down again coloring vivid scarlet. This, then, was their "far-off" cousin, and how widely different from their dreams and fancies! Apparently the gentleman saw and pitied her painful confusion, for he said politely:

"May I ask in what manner I can be useful to you?"

"I am Lilias Wayland!" she answered, in a tone that was scarcely audible.

"Wayland!" A shadow, faint yet distinctly perceptible, overspread his face at that word, and Lilias saw it with a falling heart. She forgot the labored speech of palliation and excuse that she had prepared. She forgot that he was no silver-haired patriarch but a handsome young man, surrounded by all the adjuncts of wealth and luxury. She remembered only poor Charlie and her own sickening idea of debt, disgrace and ruin; and sinking on her knees at his feet, she sobbed out her pitiful story.

"He is so young," she wailed, "so young surely you will not refuse to give him another chance for name and fame! I will work and toil for you until the five hundred dollars are every cent paid. I will be a servant, a seamstress—what you please, only promise me that you will not visit him the penalties of the law!"

Her voice died into quivering silence, but her eyes still appealed.

"Rise, Miss Wayland," said the young man, without a moment's consideration. I promise that this offense of your brother's shall be overlooked for the sake of the sister who has pleaded so eloquently for him."

"And I—what can I do for you? What must I do? For if I cannot repay the money in some shape or other I shall die of shame and mortification!"

"I will take the matter into consideration," said Mr. Glencross, gravely, yet not without a certain gleam of amusement in the corners of his mouth at the idea of that pretty, slender creature rendering up to him the equivalent of the five hundred dollars. "And now, Cousin Lilias—for I believe we may claim relationship, although it is somewhat distant—I shall insist upon you as my guest for a while. Let me ring and send for my mother!"

Mrs. Glencross, a stately old lady in black silk and Valenciennes lace, welcomed Lilias Wayland with a smiling hospitality which belonged to the ancient regime, and almost before she knew it the girl found herself chatting innocently a ay to her hostess, as if she had lived all her life in the sunshine of that pleasant smile; while Paulus Glencross, busied among some papers at the table beyond, watched the sweet changing countenance with a new interest.

"I never saw such a lovely face in my life," he thought. "The profile is as purely Grecian as the face of the Hero on my mother's cameo, and the eyes are as full of shifting lights as a diamond. Upon my word, this little new cousin is an acquisition!"

When Lilias wrote her happy letter home that night Mr. Glencross added a pleasant postscript and Charley Wayland knew that his season of peril was over.

Lilly had been nearly a month the guest of the stately old lady in black silk and Valenciennes lace, when one day Paulus, coming suddenly into the purple twilight of the drawing-rooms, found her sitting all alone with tear-drops glittering on her peachy cheek.

"Why Lilly, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Paulus"—they had grown to be good friends by this time, "only I have been dreaming very pleasantly, and the time of waking has come at last."

"You mysterious little sphinx, what on earth do you mean?"

She colored and cast down to eyes.

"The five hundred dollars, Paulus—they are yet to be paid. No—don't interrupt me. I cannot consent to indulge your generous impulses. I must pay you, and there is no other way for me than to seek a situation as governess or instructess in some seminary. So Paulus, I have written an advertisement, and if you will be so kind as to take it down to the office of some one of the daily papers—"

"Give it to me!" he interrupted.

She placed it confidently in his hand, he tore it deliberately in strips.

"Paulus," she cried in amazement.

"Lilly, this is nonsense. If you want to pay me you can"

"But, Paulus, you know I have nothing in all the world!"

"You have yourself—to me the most precious gift the aforesaid world contains."

"I don't understand you"

"Must I speak plainer? Well, then, Lilly, give me yourself. I love you, darling, and would fain make you my wife. Are you content to pay me in this coin?"

"Oh, Paulus!" she faltered. "I never dreamed of so much happiness."

And so Lilias Wayland's indebtedness was settled most satisfactorily.

The Tooth-Pick Gives Self-Possession.

"Do you see that wooden tooth-pick?" asked an Elmiran the other day.

"Yes, it looks like a second-hand one; what's the matter with it?"

"It is second-hand. I used it once before. That tooth-pick stood me in a cool two hundred the other night. How? Well, I drew a pair of deuces and bet $20 on a bluff. The next man raised me, and I saw the raise and went him $10 more. The first thing I knew I had $200 in the pot, and I did not help myself on the draw. I pulled that tooth-pick out of my pocket and bet another $200 as I coolly picked my teeth. My opponent looked at me a minute and threw down a hand that had a pair of kings in it, and I raked in the cash."

"Well, how did the tooth-pick help you?"

"How? Great heavens, if I hadn't had it to play with I would have had nothing to do but sit and look my adversary in the face and my looks would have betrayed that I was bluffing at a glance. Say, didn't you ever notice the habit some men have of having tooth-picks handy when they go on the witness stand? It gives them self-possession. A man may call you a liar and if at the same time he shifts a tooth-pick nonchalantly from one side of his mouth to the other you can rely on his meaning business and backing up his assertion with right-handed argument if need be.

According to the foregoing theory tooth picks have been the cause of a good deal of false swearing and wrong doing. Why not prohibit their manufacture and sale, Messrs. Prohibitionists.

Sayings of Brother Gardner.

Gin a man credit if you want to start him on de road to de poo' house.

As it am de roughness of de grindstun which sharpens de ax, so it am de troubles of life which aige up de human mind.

Gray ha'rs am entitled to respeck only when the owners of gray heads respeck deirselves.

It doan' do any good to light a candle arter you have bin eatin' wormy appler in de dark.

De pussen who judges of de speed of a mule by his bray musn't complain if ebeaybody passes him on de road.

De pusson who am nebber tempted desarves no particular credit fur obeyin' de law.

De less advice you gin widout pay de mo' credit you will receive fur beein' chuck full o' wisdom.

Men who expect to be treated jist as you treat dem will neither slander nor abuse you.

Between readin' a man's character by his bumps or goin' on a picnic wid him, take de picnic.

What we calkerlate on doin' fur tomedder won't pay de grocer fur 'taters nor de butcher fur soup-bone.

De man who aims to elevate his fellow man can't be too keerful to prevent de nayburs from oberhearin' his fam'ly riots.

Doan' be too hard on human natur'. De man who kin sot down an' tell you exactly what dis kentry needs to make her great an' glorious may have no idea whar' his next bar'l of flour am comin' from.

A religion which can't stand befo' de sight of a circus purceshun or de sound of a fiddle am not worf luggin' arona' de kentry.

Peopole who expect a man to kick his own dog in case of a fight have got a good surprise laid up for 'em.

When you flatter yourself dat de majority of people doan' know de difference between de roar of a lion an' de bray of an ass you have struck a banana peel which will bring ye down kerflop.

Lots of men who would establish an orfun asylum if dey had de money will beat a wood sawyer down 30 per cent below de gom' price.

"I don't see the point, but I realize its force," said a man when a bee settled on the back of his neck.

"Go slow" is an expression that contains much wholesome advice in regard to frugality, but a school boy would never think of leveling such an axiom at the school room clock.

"Did you ever go to the circus, Tommy?" asked one small boy of another. "No," said Tommy; "my folks won't let me. But they took me out to hear 'Sam' Jones preach.

Why They Married.

REASONS GIVEN BY A NUMBER OF BENEDICTS IN A NEW YORK TOWN.

We lately sent out postal cards to the married men of a small town in western New York with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" We give a few of the responses:

"That what I have been trying for eleven years to find out."

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have."

"Because I was too lazy to work."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her."

"The old man thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough."

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted some one to make me lively. N. B.—She makes me very lively."

"I was tired of buying ice cream and candies and going to theatres and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money."

"Please don't stir me up."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now."

"The governor was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand."

"I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit."

"That's the same fool question that my friends and neighbors ask me."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money to do it with."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite."

"Don't mention it."

"Had difficulty in opening the door at night and wanted somebody to let me in."

"I was embarrassed, and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a check."

"Because it is just my luck."

"I didn't intend to go to do it."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time."

"I married to get the best wife in the world."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she got me."

How the First Books Were Made.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian Empire stood. The spade first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all earth away and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was, of course, done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could easily find it, just as our own librarian of to-day number the books we read. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods,) descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history travels, etc. The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun and of marking it by the instrument called a sun dial was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sun dial for accuracy. Indeed, we have to regulate our modern inventions by the acient Babylonian system.

PEBBLES.

The small boy's double—A green apple.

Crows never kick up a disturbance without caws.

Wife—"James, the servant girl tells me you often chuck her under the chin and give het twenty-five cents. Do you think that's right?" Husband—"What would you have me do—give her a dollar?"

A lady of charitable disposition asked a tramp if she could not assist him by mending his clothes. "Yes, madam," he said, "I have a button, and if you will sew a shirt and a pair of pants on it I will be greatly obliged."

Clara writes to ask if it is proper to call the young woman who has been the queen of several seasons at the islands a "chestnut belle." The appellation is quite correct, Clara, and when you learn that the lady is engaged, you can call that "ringing the chestnut belle."

One of the boarders in a private boarding-house in Boston, not very prompt in paying board bills, grumblingly observed, a morning or two ago in the hearing of the "boarding missus:" "This coffee isn't settled." "I guess it will be settled before your bill is," she quickly retorted.