The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Poetry.

IN DESPONDENCY.

Sometimes there comes within the life,
This checkered life of ours,
So much of loss and pain and strife,
That our sad eyes, with tear-drops rife,
Look up and see no flowers.

A sudden sorrow clouds the days,
And the tired heart grows faint,
For strength and courage die away,
And lips that have been firm to pray
Can only make complaint.

And life becomes at such a time
An unattractive thing;
There is no sound of cheery time,
The day moves on in dreary rhyme,
And brings no heart to sing.

If such a time should come to thee—
And somewhere in the years
For every one its pain will be—
Do not despair; but try to see
Some sunshine through the tears.

And know that he whom sorrows teach
Receives a gift from heaven,
His tenderness some hearts may reach,
To whom the glad in vain might preach,
And joy through him is given.

Oh, then, be thou a comforter
To some more sad than thee;
And while thou thus dost minister,
Strange bliss in thine own heart shall stir
And grief forgotten be.

Select Reading.

THEY RAN AWAY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My aunt, said the doctor, was brought up in a queer way, different from any American girl, though she was an American.

Among the mountains in Pennsylvania there are two or three ancient German towns, founded long before the Revolution, by the Moravians.—The huge, massive stone buildings stand still—and are likely to stand for centuries—in which the early communities dwelt together, yet separate. There are the Brother and Sister House, and the Gemein, or Common House. These are occupied now by the widows of Moravian missionaries with their children.

There is a deadly quiet and chilly cleanliness about the great dwellings. Each little suit of family rooms opens into wide stone corridors, to which a speck of dust is allowed to remain. One would hardly dare to enter the windows to disturb that absolute peace and silence.

My aunt Maria was the only daughter of one of these widows. She had never known any other home than the huge Sister House, where life went on like a clock that moved without ticking.

She rose at dawn, and helped her mother put their three neat rooms into still more perfect order. Then she eat her breakfast and was washed for the second time; her flaxen hair was plaited behind, and tied with a bow of brown ribbon; then, books in hand the demure little maiden paced across the green quadrangle to the school where all the children of the church were taught. When school was over she sat with her knitting by her mother's side. She never had ventured into the quiet street alone.

On rare occasions the children in the community house played hide-and-seek in the attics which ran under the roof around the three sides of the great square. These proceedings, however, were usually regarded as disorderly by the grave widows.

But Maria had one adventure in her life which rose out of it, as the peak of Teneriffs does out of the flat ocean around it. When she was ten years old, she ran away! How it ever came about nobody ever knew. Maria herself least of all. It may have grown out of temporary insanity, the reaction from the long dullness and quiet.

John Freitag, the widow Freitag's son, persuaded her into it. He told her of the plan a hundred times, on the way home from school. Some of the town boys told him it was every day matter to them. When old Gottfrey Sohner started to the next settlement, about five miles down the valley, his wagon loaded down with great bags of corn, the boys would hide among the topmost sacks, and there lie safely until the end of the journey was reached. Gottfrey was a good-humored old man, and, after grumbling a little, always brought them back in the empty wagon before night-fall.

The idea grew, week after week, in the little girl's mind, under her dull eyes and smooth plaits, and at last she suddenly declared that she would go and "see the world."

One morning in September, after Maria and John had gone into the school and hung up their wraps, they took them down again, and walked slowly out of the door, and down the street to the inn yard. Even in running away, they did not hurry; they did not know how to hurry. In the yard stood Sohner's great wagon heaped with sacks. Nobody was near and they climbed up and hid in the hollows on the top. Presently the mules were brought out and harnessed. Gottfrey climbed up and cracked his whip, the great mass shook and rocked, and they were off.

My aunt always told me that she was not afraid. She forgot her mother, and that she was committing a horrible sin, according to the rules that she had been taught.

"Is was all so strange and beautful," she used to say, "the clouds rushing past us over-head the moving procession of trees, the strong wind—I was wild! I could have shrieked for joy.

I always fancied my staid aunt had a turbulent heart under her brown cape.

Both the children soon fell asleep, being unused to the steady rocking motion. When they awoke the sun was overhead. Could Gottfrey have spent four hours in driving five miles Could he be going further than usual? They whispered to each other in alarm but there was no way of finding the real situation. John had never made this desperate venture before, and therefore knew none of the landmarks. They dared not let Gottfrey know that they were there until the journey was over, or he might abandon them on the road. Who knew what wild beasts inhabited these jungles of laurel through which they drove.

Noon passed. Gottfrey stopped to bait his mules, and to eat a hearty meal out of his well-packed basket.—The children had brought no food. They were hearty eaters who never had waited ten minutes for their midday meal. The smell of Sohner's ham and cheese melted their hearts. They began at once to think of the misery of their mothers, and to shed tears of remorse.

I need not dwell on their sufferings which were real enough before the journey was over.

Gottfrey drove down to Philadelphia. The trip occupied two days and nights. The children did not discover themselves. Their terror of being abandoned outweighed all their other fears.

Gottfrey stopped over night at road-side inns, leaving the wagon in the yard, and John clambered down, when all was still, and found some turnips in a neighboring field, which kept the little wanderers from actual starvation.

On the morning of the third day, Gottfrey started long before light, and at dawn drove into a wide enclosurse, in which were great houses made of canvass. The end had come! Now they could show themselves. He would be angry, perhaps. But he would not leave them! He would take them home!

He unharnessed the mules and led them away, as they supposed to feed them. Then he would return to unload the corn, and would find them.

When he reached the gate, they saw him stop and parley for some time with a couple of men; then mounting one of the mules he rode away.

The children waited, afraid to speak lest the men in the field should discover them. Maria began to sob. She was weak from long fasting, and for the first time in her life she was untidy and unwashed. The neat little Moravian loathed herself.

"Look here!" cried John, peeping out through the sacks. Out of one of the tents came a man striped from head to foot like a zebra, another in purple velvet and sprangles, and a fairy with fluttering gauze wings.—Maria had never heard of fairies. She had never read of anything which could explain these monsters.

A minute later a man carrying a great basket of raw beef went into one of the tents and there came from inside furious growls, yelps, and, the roar of a lion.

John's red face turned to a pasty color. He shook as if the beasts had him in their jaws, and opening his mouth, uttered shrill shrieks. Maria without a word got up, and catching him by the shoulder dragged him down form the wagon, towards the gate.—It was then that she showed that there was good stuff in her.

"Hush!" she said. "Come out of this I am going home."

Just then the flap of another tent lifted, and two moving mountains of flesh came out, and advanced towards her. The girl had never seen even the picture of an elephant. She stood still as if paralyzed, in front of them.

"I'm going home," she mechanically repeated, looking up at them. Some of the men dragged her out of the path

"Who are you? Where did you come from? they asked.

John was too frightened to speak.—"We came on Gottfrey Sohner's wagon," said Maria, her round eyes still fixed on the elephants.

"The Dutchman who brought the corn?" said one of the men. "Why did you stay behind him. He has gone home long ago.

John gave a cry of despair, and the poor girl sank as if she had been shot. Hunger and terror, with this last blow, had crushed her stout little heart at last. The children were in a circus and menagerie to which Sohner, by previous agreement, had brought his corn and oats.

Some of the woman took Maria to their tent and put her to bed. They gave John some work about the horses for doing which he received his meals. The two children were kindly treated and even petted by all the queer, half wild people of the circus. The poor girls who rode on the bare-backed horses in robes of tulle, ran in between the acts to see if Maria had eaten her soup and to pat her stout shoulders and nod kindly to her.

The next morning the manager sent for the children.

"Sohner," he said, "left his wagon for us to bring with us. We go to Easton next week. Will you wait and go with us? We shall pass through the village. Or shall we send you directly home? If you stay, these ladies will take good care of the little girl."

It was Maria, as usual, who spoke. "We'll go home, please. The ladies are very kind. But—I want mother," and she began to sob.

The bare-backed rider looked at the clown, who jerked off his cap edged with bells and passed it around. The silver pieces jingled in it, until there was just enough to pay for the children's fare in the wagon which ran once a week from Philadelphia up the Lehigh Valley. They started that night, loaded with little gifts and provisions for the journey.

Years passed before John and Maria were forgiven by the good Moravians for their freak. They were regarded as dangerous characters for a long time, though, indeed, they had never been so humble and dutiful at heart as they became after this terrible adventure.

In process of time they grew up and were married. John became a missionary, but died a year after their wedding. Maria came back, a widow now herself, and took the rooms her mother had had in the Sister House.

She lived there, for nearly half a century a calm, orderly, peaceful life She never again left the quiet building in which her childhood had been passed, or tried to break its dull monotony. But when she used to tell of this, her one adventure, her eyes would burn and her chin quiver.

She would never hear an evil word against any of God's creatures.

"I, myself," she would say, "was once among the abandoned of the earth,—poor circus players and wild beast tamers,—and they treated me as their own child. God's mark of ownership is on all His children—somewhere."—*Youth's Companion.*

Smart Old Farmer.

Darwin Davis, an old-fashioned and well-to-do farmer of the neighboring town of Norwich, tells the New York *Times* of a recent interview with a couple of affable strangers, as follows: "The other day a man called at my house and wanted to buy a farm. He said his name was Dr. Miles and that he lived in Rutland, Vt., and that he wanted the farm for his sister, a rich California widow, who wanted to settle down with her children in this part of the country. His sister, he said, had a pile of money, and he inquired if the banks were sound around here. I told him I did not know much about any of the banks except the old Norwich Bank, and I considered that good enough to keep money in. He said my farm had been recommended to him as just the one he wanted, and he had called to look at it. So the doctor and I started off up the road to look over the farm. Pretty soon we were overtaken by a well dressed and glib-spoken young fellow in a buggy, who hailed us and inquired how far it was before the road turned to the left. I gave him the information he wanted, and he got out of the buggy and came up to us, and began talking about a big advertising scheme he was working among farmers for a firm in New Orleans. He said he was from New Orleans, and was a nephew of General Beauregard, but he didn't go into the army because he wasn't big enough at that time. Then he said if we had time to spare he'd show us a new game of draw that was all the go down in New Orleans; so he pulled out four cards, three with black spots and one with red spots, and he shuffled them up and turned them over, face downward. The game was, he said, to pay a quarter and draw, and if you drawed the red card and showed five dollars, then you got five dollars. He wanted us to try it, just for the fun of the thing, and see what our luck would be. Dr Miles drawed and got the red card first draw, and then I tried and got the red card the same way. Beauregard said we had extraordinary luck, but he'd bet us one thousand dollars against five dollars in earnest that we couldn't both of us draw the red card again the first time we tried it. Dr. Miles took the bet and drawed, and sure enough he got the red card, and then I drawed and I got it, too. Beauregard said he wouldn't play no more draw with such lucky men as we were—he'd lost enough. But his firm always told him to be honorable and do just as agreed, and as he had lost one thousand dollars he'd pay it, provided that we could show that we were responsible and honorable and had one thousand dollars to pay with in case we lost that amount. Then he pulled out the one thousand dollars. Dr. Miles said he hadn't got so much money with him and offered a check on the Rutland bank, but Beauregard said he must show the cash. Then the doctor proposed that I should go to the Norwich bank and get the one thousand dollars and bring it there and show it, and he would give me half the one thousand dollars he had won. About this time I began to see a nigger in the wood pile, and the more I thought about it the bigger that darkey got to be. So I said to Beauregard: 'Young man, you might just as well put that money back in your pocket, for I don't want it. I've seen the elephant and I know which end his tail is on. With that Beauregard got mad and jumped into his buggy and rode away. Dr. Miles and I started back toward my house, and on the way I told him that I thought Beauregard was trying to play a confidence game on me, and that he had a hand in it. 'Why, Davis,' said he, 'how can you think so? I belong to the Presbyterian Church up in Rutland, and our minister don't allow us to handle cards.' Pretty soon Dr. Miles went away, and that's the last I've heard about his buying my farm."

"Wheel-barrow parties" are the latest society sensation in St. Louis. They are expected to "carry everything behind them."

It is said that bees can predict the weather. They do it with their tails, and curiously enough they always make it warm.

The fact is so well established that a man can be very tall and at the same time very short that it is scarcely necessary to mention it.

Canine Sagacity.

Seme very interesting experiments were recently made in England to determine how it is that the dog is enabled to follow the trail of his master. A gentleman used for series of tests a pointer with which he had hunted for several years. Every precaution was taken to prevent the dog's being guided by anything but the sense of smell. The hunter, with his hunting boots on, first walked about a mile over the grass, turning in various directions, and then hid himself. The dog, not having seen him, of course, was brought to the starting place, when he at once took the trail, and followed it rapidly and accurately until he found his master.

The hunter then headed a procession of twelve persons walking Indian file, each man being careful to place his feet in the foot-prints of the man preceding him. After walking two hundred yards the hunter turned to the right, followed by one-half of the men, and the other half turned to the left. Each party made a number of turns and detours, and then concealed themselves The dog, when put on the trail, followed it promptly, and at the point of separation, without a moment's hesitation, turned to the right, as his master had done.

A stranger to the dog then put on the master's hunting boots, and after the same precautions the dog followed his tracks as quickly as he followed his master's. When the master wore the boots of the stranger, the dog would not follow, nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with naked feet, but he did follow his master under the same conditions, though slowly, and with much hesitation. The hunters tried wearing new boots, but the dog refused to follow. He then resumed his hunting boots, after pasting paper under the soles and along the sides; but the dog paid no attention to the trail until a point was reached where a very small piece of the paper had fallen from the boot; from that on the trail was followed rapidly.

In the last experiment, the hunter, with his hunting-boots on free of paper, walked fifty yards, and then drew off his boots and walked 300 yards barefoot, but holding his boots in his hands, which hung down. Then, raising his arm and still holding the boots, he walked 300 yards more. The dog, when placed on the trail, followed the whole distance without hesitation.

Wisdom.

Noone loves the man whom he fears.

Mirth is the best physician for man's toils.

Mildness of address and manner is by no means an unimportant seasoning to friendship.

If you are terrible to many, then beware of many.

Not by years, but by disposition is wisdom acquired,

Wish to be what you are, and consider nothing preterable.

The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.

Let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend, without expecting the usury of gratitude.

One of the original tendencies of the human mind, fundamental and universal, is the love of other people's private affairs.

The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.

Promise not twice to any man the service you may be able to render him, and be not loquacious if you wish to be esteemed for your kindness.

Never hold any one by the button on the hand in order to be heard out, for if people are unwilling to hear you you had better hold your tongue than them.

There are many shifts and changes, but if we stand still, and bide our time, the current which was this way to-day, will set in an opposite direction to morrow; and if it should not do so, what is that to us?

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arows which cruel death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulcher.

Rapid Transit.

He was leaning against the lamp-post, and the watchful guardian of the night came up very respectfully.

"Fine night, Mr. Jones."

"Bootiful."

"You're out rather late, ain't you?"

"No, no; about my usual time."

"Are you waiting for somebody?"

"No, no; going home. A little tired, that's all; a little tired."

"I'll walk down with you, and see you to your door."

Thank you, thank you; but there's no need. The other side of the block will be round this way in a moment, and I'll just pop in when my door comes along. Thank you. Good night."

Time is really in the hands of the clock.

"This is rent day," as the boy said when the nail on the orchard wall tore his pants.

Barber (to customer)—You are quite bald, sir. Customer (who isn't conversationally inclined)—Yes, I was born that way.