

The Port Tobacco Times.

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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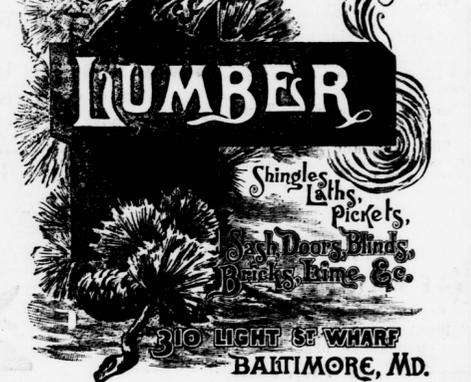
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Questions of the Hour.

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?

Always, or in the summer? Do

Their bodies have to come like mine, in

May?

Do they have scarlet sashes, then, or blue?

When little Jessie died last night,

How could he walk to heaven, it is so far?

How did she find the way without a light?

Then wasn't it even and moonlight?

"Will she have red or golden wings?

Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?

Do they take men like press dents and kings

in heaven, with their plumes clear to the

sky?"

"How old is God? Has he gray hair?

He is as old as the hills, and he is to stay

before you know--He had made--anywhere?

Who does he pray to--when He has to pray?

"How many drops are in the sea?"

"How many stars are in the sky?"

"How many flowers are on the apple-tree?"

"How does the wind look when it doesn't

blow?"

"Where does the rainbow end? And why?

Did Captain Kidd--bury the gold there?

Will the earth burn? And will the firemen

try to put the fire out with engines then?

"If you die over there, may we

see you there? Will you be in the garden, so

My fairy godmother can come for me?

I have seen with Prince's ball, and set me go?

"Read Cinderella just once more--

What makes her so--so--so--so--so--so--so--so?"

"I know

That instead, it may be cross, before

I about the printed book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed

I heard the time, last queer question start:

"Mamma, are you--my mamma?"

The innocent reproach of my heart--

It was the first--S. M. M. Platt.

"I was feeling quite well now--

a straight, steady downpour, which

scarcely looked like clearing; the sky

above was of that dull, leaden blue,

such as generally precedes much wet

weather, and though I scanned it until

my eyes ached, I could not catch a

glimpse of the faintest bit of blue.

"I had been watching for a long time

and to my great surprise, I saw a

glow--not by any means an unusual

glow, but a glow, however, a better

glow, being a glow, and a glow, being

"Come here, Nelly," he commanded,

as I passed near the door. "Let me

look at you, child."

He put one huge hand under my

chin, and forcedly lifted my face.

The expression of intense fear writ-

ten there seemed to amuse him, for

his black moustache parted in a dread-

ful smile, which showed a set of very

big, white teeth.

"Frightened--eh?" he remarked

brusquely, passing his other heavy

hand over my head. "I suppose I am

rather formidable-looking, but I don't

wish to frighten you; but I don't mean

to eat you, Nelly."

He gave a gruff, hearty laugh, prob-

ably meant to reassure me, but it had

an entirely opposite effect. I felt

intensely terrified when he released me.

"Would you like some dessert?" he

asked, pointing to the well-laden table.

"No grapes, an orange, or any-

thing?"

"No, thank you," I whispered trem-

ulously, shrinking as far as possible

from him.

"Do you know my name, little

Nelly?" he asked, rather reproachfully,

I thought.

"Yes, Uncle Richard."

"But I don't know my child now. I

haven't an idea of my own, so I

really and truly don't know what to do

with you."

He looked at me with a half-comical,

half-puzzled expression on his face,

and at that moment he reminded

me so vividly of a picture I had seen

of the wolf in Red Riding Hood, that,

losing all control of myself, I gave a

short gasping cry, and rushed to the

safe shelter of the nursery.

I did not see Uncle Richard for several

days, nor did he take much trouble

to seek the young niece left in his

care.

When I faintly questioned Nurse,

she told me she had gone away, and

that news completely lifted a load of

terror from my mind.

Once tired of my forced seclusion, I

went to the window to look at a pic-

ture book in the lumber library.

The door stood half open, and as I

passed without the sound of voices

breaking upon my ear--men's deep voices,

one of which I instantly recognized as

Uncle Richard's.

"Yes, she will be better out of the

way. Your idea is good, and can be

acted upon," he was saying.

"My dear sir, it is the only thing to

be done," the strange voice replied soft-

ly. "I will take her, and leave her

there, and you will not be troubled by

her."

Here the voice was lowered, and try

as I could, I was unable to catch the

end of that sentence.

But I had heard enough.

My heart was beating so fast, and my

head was so dizzy, that I felt as if I

was burning with indignation and

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