

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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WOMEN'S GENTS' SHOES..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' GLOVES..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' HOSIERY..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' UNDERWEAR..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' ACCESSORIES..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' SUITS..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' OVERCOATS..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' BOOTS..... FINE
WOMEN'S GENTS' SHOES..... FINE
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PEPPERS FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH.

Being entirely vegetable, they op-
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or countenance, and produce water, and
acid, and other, thick, tenacious, mucous,
purulent, bloody, and other discharges, and
a watery, and indolent, there is ringing
in the ears, and a feeling of heat, and
these little Peppers give the most perfect
relief.

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Billious Headache, Constipation,
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derangements of the stomach,
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relieve and permanently
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is offered by the manufacturer,
Dr. Sagar's Catarrh
Remedy, for a cure of
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Dull,
heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal
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a watery, and indolent, there is ringing
in the ears, and a feeling of heat, and
these little Peppers give the most perfect
relief.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HATSON, the famous mesmerist,
of Haverhill, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago
I suffered untold agony from chronic
catarrh. My family physician gave me up as
incurable, and sent me to the hospital. I was
such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset,
my voice would rise in a hoarse, and
I would speak above a whisper. In the morning
my eyes would be swollen, and I would
almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sagar's
Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well
man, and I have not since been troubled."

"Constantly Harassed and Suffering."

THOMAS J. HESSELMAN, Esq., 202 Pine Street,
St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer
from catarrh for three years. At times I could
hardly breathe, and was constantly hacking
and coughing, and for the last eight months
could not breathe through the nostrils. I
thought nothing could be done for me. I
was advised to try Dr. Sagar's Catarrh
Remedy, and I did so. In three months, I was
a well man, and I have not since been troubled.
I feel it to be the only cure for catarrh now
manufactured, and one has only to give it a
fair trial to experience astounding results and
a permanent cure."

Three Men's Cur Catarrh.

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man, and I have not since been troubled."

New Year's Calling, Old and New.

Two centuries or so ago, each Puritan Pious
cilla
"I'm glad to see you," he said, "I faith me
thinks the year is new."
And then about a house that was city
town and via
She tilted all in honor of the somber neighbor
to her
An extra leg upon the fire, a polish to the
floor
A smartness to her bodice and a smartness to
her hair
These were but not to greet the folk who
came to greet her
That all the coming new year might be pros-
perous and fair.

A NEBRASKA IDYL.

The Story of a New Year's Conspiracy in
the Town of Bubble.

By Kate M. Cleary.

Bubble was booming and it was the
eve of the New Year in Bubble. The
certainty of the former accentuated the
pleasure of the latter fact. Crops had
been good and the past week of festi-
vities had demonstrated that it had
been a year of abundance and therefore
of comparative content. So the farmers
who jogged in on or jolted behind their
heavy-hooved horses admitted the
leading statement with a supremely
satisfied conviction that other towns
were not booming as was Bubble and
an absolute indifference to the proba-
bility of its being New Year's Eve else-
where. A delicious day it was, though
although not the typical winter one
which imagination invariably associ-
ates with New Year's day. There was
no snow; the air was crisp, keen, in
its frosty sweetness exhilarating as
wine; by a sky of subdued yet intense
blue was the following prairie domed
and bounded against that sky a most
perfect background of ridged but
unriven corn flung out their tattered,
tawny banners the winding brownish
roads rang like steel to every passing
sound; along those desolate country
ways the smoke shrank in blasted
heath, and skeleton sunflowers reared
aloft the bare, brown hearts from
which had fallen long ago the disks of
gold. But the old man, who mounted
on the front seat of a ponderous, creak-
ing farm wagon, drove over the hill
and down the one new, ugly, bustling
street which boasted the business, the
barter, and the commercial enterprise
of Bubble, thought not at all of his sur-
roundings, not even of the day. He

did not stop at either general store, at
the tinshop, the saloon, or the drug
store. With an occasional nod to
familiar faces he steered his team
straight down the street, past the green
tentative hotel, the gaping livery barn,
up the big, black lumber-yard, and
up the side of the platform of the railroad
depot.

"Whoa-h! that! Train most due,
Tom? Hope 'tis. O've a sort of a
nice aboard—me cousin Moike's child.
Did you know that?"

The station agent's assistant smiled
back at him. Did he know that? Who
did not know that old Rafferty had
some months ago sent money to Ire-
land to bring out a young relative of
his. A queer character, old Rafferty.
Seventeen years of his life had been
passed as sailor. He claimed to be one
of the survivors of the battle between
the Merrimack and the Cumberland,
and that it was he who fired the last
shot on board the latter vessel, when
it, with colors still bravely flying, sunk
beneath the waves. Dearly did he love
to tell of the affair, particularly of the
part that concerned himself, of the
three hours spent under the water be-
fore rescue was effected. At the end of
the war he took up "a claim" in Ne-
braska, and by slow degrees, in loneli-
ness and privation, had accumulated
not a little wealth. Out of pertinence
he had seen peace come. A friendly
and familiar figure was he to all.
Somehow people always smiled at old
Rafferty cordially. There was a com-
ical kind of fascination in the face
visible between the shabby felt hat and
the huge "comforter" of purple, red,
and yellow yarn—a shrewd, sallow old
face with grizzled beard, bushy brows,
and wistfully alert, bright eyes. Then
his accent was delightful, his own
broad and hearty brogue being flavored
with Western inflections wholly for-
eign to his, so.

"On time, sir."
"A whistle—another. A puff of smoke;
a distant roar: a vibration of the rails;
a shriek of steam; a glare of light—
then the train was thundering up, and
paused, panting, snorting, disgorging.
A girl stepped out and down on the
platform.

But how, what, amazing change! The custom
one to all.

And man's eye good fellowship and heart-
iness and cheer.
Has been so much influenced by fashion that
at present
The fashion is unconventional and never quite
stays.
Belongs to all with kind sympathy to sybaritic
pleasures.

With chap-iron complement who with grim-
ace and grin.
While outside of her acquaintance all some
personally to her.
Their meanings: good wishes and their com-
pliments inane.

The rapid words collect their very shakew
with
And utter commonplace always old yet never
new.
They interchange opinions relating to the
view.
And criticism creation from a social point
of view.
Then when anon they find the conversation
somewhat lagging—
When it becomes a burden to attempt to talk
or think
A husky little creature answers sprits flag-
ging.

And the others eat and—more particularly
drink.

"You're Hanna?"
"Hi, that!" called old Rafferty. She
turned at the sound of his voice, and
went towards him.

"You're Hanna?"
"Yes, sir."
Without anything he stooped over
the side of the wagon and extended a
big blue-mittened hand.

"Glad to see you, William's cousin's
down to a dance to-night. He'll fetch
yer box. Jump up!"

The train trembled, screamed, pulled
out, and went swinging westward,
and old Rafferty, with Hanna perched
up beside him, headed the horses for
home.

"An' how did ye lave all the friends
in Coolathole? Hanna? Is Father
O'Flynn still parish priest? Dead! An'
Tom Grady? a nice little boy Tom was
—must be most a man now. What!
Hanna! An' the Murphys—how's the
Murphy's Hanna?"

They were beyond the crush of coun-
try vehicles. The horses were slowly
pounding their way up the hill, and
might be the boundary line of the
world, the jumping off space for all
save sky she could see over its sweep-
ing expanse. A rabbit scudded across
the road and away through the short
dun grass. From the creek below
came the cheerful chirp of a quail.

"All well, sir—the Murphys, the Morans,
the Sheehys—"

Something of shrinking came into
Hanna's fresh young face, but she
turned to him eyes wholly questioning
and innocent.

"Hanna," and his voice was appall-
ingly stern, almost threatening, "never
let me hear ye mention them individ-
uals again—never! The Sheehys air
the natheral born enemies of our fam-
ily. Me grandmother told me the
coldness began at the battle of Clon-
tarf. Our ancestors were rival King-
I believe. However, the feud grew
downwards. Tim Sheehy's father's

hull thrumped down my father's
wheat, an' my father had the trespasser
fined at the Assizes. Then there was
'em an' me. I beat Tim at hurlin' an'
what'er does he do but go an' marry
Sarah Connelly, a foiner girl, ye
couldn't find in the three parishes—
good enough for his betters. Don't
ye talk of the Sheehys to me, Hanna
—don't!"

Hanna didn't. Her full red lips
were set in a stubborn line, but her
eyes, genuine blue grey Irish eyes they
were, blazed with indignation. When
they crossed a small bridge, and
turning to the right passed between
two looming haystacks into a great
shadowy farmyard, it was already
evening. A wind, the sudden chill,
sharp wind which follows sunset in
Nebraska, had sprung up. Fading into
fathoms grey was the one hat of
dull rose which streaked the western
sky. And overhead a silver moon
"Lay out there like a sickle for His hand
Who comes to reap the year."

In the comfortable firelit, lamp-lit
kitchen Mrs. Rafferty awaited them.
She was an American, a little, thin,
white-faced old woman, but in the in-
evitable print wrapper of the Western
housekeeper. A brisk, quick, weary,
good-hearted little soul, worn out as
are most American women by over-
work, turned out by an overtasking
to do more and do it better. And now
here was aid, here relief, here young-
ster arms.

"So this is Hanna?" She went up to
her and kissed her. "How do you do,
my dear? I'm tickled to see you. You're
tired out, I expect. Is she like your
cousin Pat?"
"Look!" echoed old Rafferty. "She's
his dead livin' image. She's as lovable
my cousin Moike as a young cotton-
wool is like an old cottonwood."
"You remember William, don't you,
Hanna?" Mrs. Rafferty said, as from
an adjoining room came a spruce,
trim, dandified young man. He was
dressed for "the dance" to be held in

farm one of these days, an' ye'll live
with the old woman an' me, an'
ye'll show the Sheehys they can't come
any of their tricks over the Rafferty's
—not by George Washington an' the
banishes of the O'Rourke's! We'll show
'em Hanna!"

The day after New Year's old Raf-
ferty told his son he must marry Han-
na. In his own young fellow protest-
ed, entreated, refused. But his oppo-
sition added fuel to the flame. If he
wouldn't be must starve, he disinher-
ed—and the farm was worth \$7,000!
But finally, the father succeeded in
wringing from him a most reluctant
consent. A blizzard blew up. The
roads were blocked, almost impossi-
ble, but no excuse would avail old Raf-
ferty. Go to Hebron they must. And

so they finally did, both silent, both
pale, both evidently in utter protest
against the world, the Rafferty's, and
each other. The sixteen miles between
Bubble and the county seat were
traversed. They were married. They
drove home. At the kitchen door they
were welcomed by bright lights, the
congratulations of invited neighbors,
the steam of roasting turkey, and odors
of pumpkin pies. More than all by old
Rafferty. He was positively wild with
pleasure. He was capering around the
room, laughing, shouting, explaining
now putting his head back to roar the
better; now bending double to slap his
leg and write in ecstatic and speech-
less contortions.

"Now, William, now! We'll let the
Sheehys see—now! Think! they could
not trap my son. I'm proud of ye,
William! Shake! Good girl, Hanna!
Och, but the Sheehys can't come
any of their tricks over old Rafferty.
He's too smart for them. The fight is
still on. What'll they say? O, Han-
na, this is a happy day! You ain't
changed, yer name though you are
married."

"O, yes, she has!"
Will's voice had a peculiar ring. A
silence fell on the gay chamber. Thank-
fully old Rafferty regarded his son and
heir. Was that the dismal and frown-
ing young fellow who had driven off
this morning, that erect, laughing,
glowing-checked young man? And
was that that forlorn and frightened and
protesting Hanna? That lovely, smiling,
crying, blushing, altogether happy and
winsome little creature.

"What's that ye mean, William?"
"—O, just that she did change her
name—that's all! It was Sarah Sheehy
—now she's Sarah Rafferty!"
"—William!"
"—What?"
"But will put his arm around his pret-
ty wife and bravely stood his ground.
"We fell in love with each other
when I was on that trip to Ireland. I
knew you wouldn't hear of my marry-
ing her, so we planned I'd get mother
to send home for Uncle Mike's Hanna,
and she, who was a great friend of Sar-
ah's, would let Sarah come in her
place. And we thought we'd wait till
you and mother had learned to love

"How do you do, my dear?"
toward that night. Sheekie's his clothes,
black mirrors his shoes; he wore a
white shirt, a white collar, and a sau-
guinary cravat.

A year ago he had been in Ireland
and snook around, Hanna he re-
treated to the fire and covertly surveyed
her.

A round young figure clothed in a
dress, skirt rather, of bright blue cas-
tore, which was surmounted by a
snuggly-fitting jacket of scarlet flannel,
dark hair, parted straightly and brush-
ed back from a full, fresh-colored girl's
face, with thick black brows
and brilliant eyes, and a mouth which,
if a trifle too large, held firm white
teeth and was quite mirthful and risi-
ble. "Sposin' you take Hanna to the
dance, William?" suggested Mrs. Raf-
ferty.

"Can't" (more curtly than court-
ously) "I'm engaged," and he carried
his eyes away. His father followed him
out. The door remained ajar.

"William, why can't ye take her,
too?"
"Her!" in calm scorn, "to dance in
Bubble! Why, she ain't got gloves—
nor no style in her—a freak-faced
little thing whose words curl up at the
end like a shoat's tail—no, sir!" The
women within turned to Hanna. Hanna
crimsoned.

"Don't mind, dear. Set down and
drink this tea. And now, Pat, ask
Hanna if the boy obeyed you when he
was in Coolathole."
"I want to know, Hanna, did William
see Sarah Sheehy's daughter much
when he was here?"
"His father