

# The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

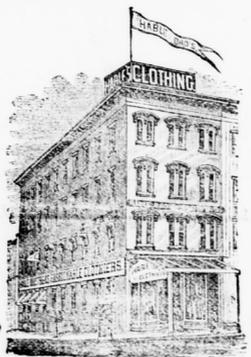
Volume 31.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JANUARY 1, 1875.

Number 36.

## Holiday Attractions!

ASK  
YOUR NEIGHBORS,  
SCORES OF WHOM  
HAVE PURCHASED  
At Our Low Rates.  
AND  
IF THEY REFUSE TO  
RECOMMEND OUR  
HOUSE, DO NOT COME,  
But Go Elsewhere.



## Happy Greeting!

REJOICE AND BE EXCEEDING GLAD!

WE BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF

### Great Reductions in the Price of Clothing.

Money Saved—EQUALS—Money Made.

We guarantee a saving of from four to eight dollars in the price of a Suit or Over Coat.

READ HOW IT IS DONE.

\$15 SUITS	for only \$8	\$20 SUITS	for only \$10
\$18 SUITS	for only \$10	\$25 SUITS	for only \$12
\$20 SUITS	for only \$12	\$30 SUITS	for only \$14
\$25 SUITS	for only \$14		
\$30 SUITS	for only \$16		

### SPECIAL HOLIDAY INDUCEMENTS.

\$12 OVER COATS	for only \$8	\$20 OVER COATS	for only \$14
\$16 OVER COATS	for only \$10	\$25 OVER COATS	for only \$16
\$18 OVER COATS	for only \$12	\$30 OVER COATS	for only \$20

Come and see **HABLE BROS.**

MERCHANT TAILORS AND FINE CLOTHIERS,  
Corner 7th & D Streets, Washington, D. C.

dec 15

### LUMBER FOR SALE.

Orders Filled Promptly and at Lowest Rates.

LUMBER cut to bill; Hogshead Siding, &c.

SAWING and GRINDING done at short notice, and upon reasonable terms, by  
**JOHN DIXON & CO.**  
At STEAM MILL near BENSVILLE, Ches. Co.  
Grinding of Corn done Tuesday of each week. 10-15\*

### Fall Trade, 1874.

THE subscriber has just had manufactured one of the largest and best stocks of goods in his line ever offered in this market, which he can afford to sell at prices to suit the times. He names in part—  
LADIES', GENTS', MISSES' BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

### BOOTS & SHOES

Country Trade, which he invites the special attention of country merchants and farmers. All in want will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

### W. B. WADDEY,

74 King Street, ALEXANDRIA, Va.

### Now or Never!

\$75,000 Worth of Nobby, Stylish and Best Made

### BOOTS, GAITERS & TIES.

Must and shall be sold without regard to cost, by

### L. HEILBRUN,

402 Seventh Street, 402

2d door from D St., Northwest, WASHINGTON, D. C.

N. B.—Special inducements are offered to Dealers.

Oct. 2, 1874—1f

### Selected Miscellany.

#### A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I ask one little boon  
Of the New Year:  
May I through all its days  
Carry some cheer  
To those who sit in gloom,  
Weeping for loss;  
To hearts that slowly break  
Under a cross.  
I who have left my dead,  
With none to cheer,  
I who have wept alone,  
Facing despair—  
Would gladly sustain lives,  
And make them dear—  
This little boon I ask  
Of the New Year:  
They that can serve the gods  
Their errands run,  
Who call no law their own,  
Under the sun  
Let me bear help and want,  
And hope to far.  
I ask no other boon  
Of the New Year.  
—The Albatross.

#### MARY DE MEDICIS.

##### THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE.

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage containing five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1576. Sixty years later than this date the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two lodgers, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the husband to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has he not taken anything?"

"It was only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she would not want anything more."

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who desired me to raise the horseshoe of two ladies who were passing through the town; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could thus get a little money to pay for some simples that will be of service to you."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly." The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man provided, was carefully covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired to a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed that she should endeavor to leave the house for a little while, and he succeeded in getting her to go as far as the Place Saint Germain. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly; "if I am not much mistaken it is the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"Parbleu!" said he, "why, this is Mascali. What are you married?"

"He does not know me," signed the lady. "I must have altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word into the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunder-bolt; but instantly recovering himself he hastily took off his hat and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," said he, "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy I took refuge here when our common enemy drove me forth and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched child?"

"He is in the zenith of his power," said the Duke. "See, my lord Duke, your fortunes and my own, are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the queen of the nightingale nation in the universe; and now both of us alike—but adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord Duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune may once more smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered with a gentle commanding tone—

"Leave us, my Lord Duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person who was inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; he had a small package for him, and also a billet. Inside of this was written—

"Two hundred louis d'or constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use."

And the package contained a hundred louis d'or.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years; but the last louis d'or had been changed and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1832.

A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from a garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more distinct; a slight rattle only audible in the ear, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man dressed in rags and tatters entered the chamber; but one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the rickety staircase, "Nothing! Nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with a convulsive motion; and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary de Medicis—wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain; of Henrietta, Queen of England; of Christina, Dutchess of Savoy; of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

The Children's Crusade.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace.

Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birth place and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in the part of France now known as the Department of Eure-et-Loire, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen.

The scant history of the time tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded; he is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed Church and her faithful cross-bearers.

There to him appeared, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal

and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to the Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the king of France, commanding the monarch to aid the Heaven-appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture, Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvelous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple listened with amazement and perplexity. They asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. We can only guess who and what he was. Probably, he was a priest of the neighborhood, who, hearing of Stephen's kindling enthusiasm, had disguised himself in pilgrim garb, and had thus visited and misled the simple boy.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, he had kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to the city of St. Denis, then famous as the burial-place of the martyr Dionysius. Placing himself before the shrine of this early victim to the rage of the heathen, he addressed the multitudes who came thither to worship.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The religion of the time was overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Legends of heathen deities were intermingled with monkish tales and lies. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward this banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then raged in France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Brittany to the Rhine.

Stephen traversed the country, speeding from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with wild enthusiasm. He fascinated the children and youth. Inspired by his words, these young people seemed to be transfused with an unaccountable zeal. They passed into a state of spiritual exaltation not now easily to be understood. Boys and girls, of ten or twelve years of age, left their games and toys, or their tasks and homes, and joined the three-pointed, blood-red banner of the young crusader.

Here and there, minor prophets sprang up, preaching the sacred mission of Stephen and avowing him as their leader. Like a flame the movement spread, sweeping children of tender years, and even maturer youths, into the ranks of the augmenting army.

Children escaped from the confinement in which parents thought it necessary to put them; they were deaf to the voice of authority and the call of affection. They flew, they ran, they poured, they tumultuously streamed to the banner of the Children's Crusade, reaching once more the cry which had followed the fiery cross of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it! God wills it!"

The King of France was forced to turn his attention from his ambitious and selfish plans, and to regard attentively this phenomenon. Not daring to suppress a crusade, he asked the opinion of the University of Paris.

The learned doctors of that convulsive sensibility, we must think, advised that the matter be stifled. This was not so easy. The infatuation had grown strong in volume. The government was powerless against these elusive streams of singing, praying children. Like a rolling snowball, the vast mass grew as it moved until countless numbers had poured into the columns of Stephen's army. People were aghast at their own ability to lay a straw in the way of this wonderful army.—North Brooks, in St. Nicholas for January.

A New Orleans judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes."  
"Why do you wear a veil?"  
"Lest I attract attention."  
"It is a province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of the law.

"Not when they are married."  
"But I am not."  
"Indeed!"  
"Oh, no! I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law!

He has been a raving maniac ever since.

—To remove stains from character—Get rich.

### DIPHTHERIA.

The Christian at Work publishes the following thoughtful and careful paper on Diphtheria, and remarks: "It may surprise some to know that while in fatality this disease ranks next to consumption, it is only because of the utter neglect which it receives. We may recall the apothegm that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; but it assumes a startling significance when we are told, as Dr. Hunt tells us, that in this instance a few moments of time are nothing more nor less than a human life. There is no disease more easily managed when taken in time; but neglected a few hours, no skill of the physician, no kind offices of friends, can save the little life. Think of this, parents, and thank God if Dr. Hunt's timely suggestions quicken you to a sense of duty to your children and save, perhaps, more than one light from going out in your household."

### DIPHTHERIA—WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO HEAL IT.

BY EZRA M. HUNT, M. D.

Diphtheria has been epidemic in New York City for a whole year, and the last two weeks place it next to consumption in the bill of mortality. It has come to be a name of terror, and many a group of little ones is sternly broken in upon by its quick invasion. There are some points in respect to it, a knowledge of which is valuable to the laity as well as to the medical profession, as aiding to guard against its causes or to suspect occasion for anxiety, so as to secure timely medical advice.

1st. It belongs to the group of zymotic diseases, i. e., of diseases caused by the presence of animal or vegetable decomposition or specific emanations from the body in a state of disease. They are also called fermentive and foul air diseases, and it is from the Report of the New York Board of Health "that with few exceptions, the

LOCAL FILTHINESS AND NEGLECT which favor the propagation of any one of the zymotic diseases, likewise favor all." We know not the specific germ, but we do know the conditions of its propagation. It springs into activity amid putrescent or excremental matter. From such a nucleus it may indeed invade homes of elegant cleanliness, but as a rule has its selection as to its habitat in much more apt to seize upon those in which semi-annual house-cleaning is imperfectly done, or where defective sewer-traps or imperfect ventilation secure foul air. Everywhere attacking the interior of the house, its intensity is usually much mitigated if only the surroundings are good. When such a disease is prevalent, the first thing for a household or head of a family to do, is to look well to the condition of his house. See to it that the yard, sub cellar, and basement are in proper state. Look well to sewer-traps and water-closets, and see that the foul air is escaping. See to it that the furnace which distributes heat is not distributing impure air as well. Sometimes when the furnace air is obtained from outside, the cellar air is so heated by the furnace as to rise through the floors, and so, if impure, contaminate the house. It is

A GOOD PRECAUTION to have a little chloride of lime or carbolide solution in those rooms especially exposed to impurity of air. A single pound of chloride of lime will go a good way if kept dry in a close-stoppered bottle, a half tablespoonful being placed every other day in a saucer near places exposed to foul air. In damp days it will, with occasional stirring, moisten itself, or it may be sprinkled with a little water. A thirty-cent quart bottle of Squibb's carbolide solution, which comes with directions, will answer a similar purpose. Each day is demonstrating to medical men the grand scope of preventive treatment, and much of this must necessarily depend upon the intelligence of unprofessional men. The sanitary management of his household is a duty which every parent, next in importance to his moral and social management. The prevention of disease is a much greater economy than its after treatment. Add to faith virtue, which includes cleanliness—Next the laity needs to know

HOW TO RECOGNIZE the approach of diphtheria. The insidious nature of the disease is one of the chief sources of its dangers. It constantly occurs to physicians to be called to see cases which have made such headway as to be utterly hopeless, and yet the friends have seen no alarming symptoms. I shall never forget a New Year's morning when I saw the minister's little girl of eight summers, playing innocently with her parents, when I knew that before sunset she would slip away. It is not strange when the disease has progressed, that we fail to reach it. The blood has ceased to be a vitalizing fluid. It has undergone radical changes. The deposit in the throat is but a sign-board. We have seen it early in the disease at other distant points, showing how fully it is a blood disease.

Taken in time, there are few diseases over which treatment is so sure to triumph. We say treatment (not medicine), although medicine has its noble sphere, yet the doctor is to regulate food and surroundings as much as to prescribe. Hence the importance of early attention.

IF YOUR CHILD IS UNWELL when diphtheria is prevailing, take it to a strong light, have it open the mouth wide and depress the tongue; if you can see the back of the throat well, you will know whether there is the least white deposit upon it. Or if you will gently depress the tongue with the handle of a spoon, you are quite sure to get a view almost as easily as the doctor, of whom the child is more fearful. Any outside swelling should early attract attention. We have no faith in the ability of persons to treat the disease themselves, even to a preliminary extent. The doctor himself often needs to vary his treatment by circumstances. The use of a drachm of chlorate of potash dissolved in an ounce, or two tablespoonfuls, of warm water, and given in teaspoonful doses every three hours to a child three or more years old, will be very well if your doctor is delayed in his arrival, as well as sometimes the case in the country. A piece of salt pork sprinkled with a little mustard, or a liniment such as the hartshorn liniment, will do well for counter-irritation on the outside, until you receive further directions. It often happens to the physician to

LOSE THE FIRST CASE in a family and save all the rest, just because the first is left too long, or he is not able quickly enough to change surroundings, so as to reach it.

Other children should always be kept away from a diphtheric child. It is not as contagious as small pox, and is seldom carried, but it can no longer be doubted that it is communicable under some circumstances. The utmost cleanliness is required as to all garments and bedding and expectoration. It has been my lot to meet several epidemics of the disease, and I know dozens of physicians whom I believe would save four-fifths of those who die, if only they had charge of the house five days before the attack, or even if only seeing the patient at the onset, and able fully to regulate care and surroundings. In fact the success of its real treatment is one of the advances of science, and even its exceptional cases of intense malignancy are being watched and studied most thoroughly.