

The Port Tobacco Times,

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JULY 16, 1875.

Volume XXXII.--No. 11.

NOW IF EVER.

THESE ARE LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.
Come at Once or Repent the Delay.

OBSERVE THESE ASTONISHING REDUCTIONS.
A GOOD ALL-WOOL SUIT,

\$8.00—\$8.00—\$8.00—\$8.00—\$8.00—\$8.00.

REGULAR PRICE, \$13.00.

Two Thousand All- linen Coats for Only \$1.00 Each.

A GENTEEL CASSIMERE SUIT,
\$10—\$10—\$10—\$10—\$10—\$10.

FORMER PRICE, \$16.00.

A FINE CASSIMERE SUIT,

\$12—\$12—\$12—\$12—\$12—\$12—\$12—\$12.

REDUCED FROM \$18.

ELEGANT DRESS SUITS,

\$16, \$16, \$16, \$16, formerly sold for \$23.

All-Linen Coats, thirty-six inches long, \$1, \$1, \$1.

COME EARLY TO SECURE GOOD SELECTIONS.

HABLE BROS.,

MERCHANT TAILORS AND FINE CLOTHIERS,

Corner 7th & D Streets, Washington, D. C.

Spring and Summer Millinery

AT BALTIMORE PRICES.

Mrs. M. A. SCOTT, Port Tobacco, Md.

HAS just opened the largest and most complete stock of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS ever offered in the county. She mentions in part: BONNETS and HATS of every shape that is worn; RIBBONS of every grade; VELVETS; French and American FLOWERS; RUSHES and SCARFS for the neck, in great variety. Also a large assortment of jet and gilt JEWELRY; and a nice lot of Handkerchiefs, Perfumery, Magnolia Balm, Meia Fan, &c., and a small lot of the much desired Steel Buttons for dresses.

STAMPING and PINKING done at the shortest notice. [May 14]

New Goods! New Goods!

JUST RECEIVED.

THE undersigned invites attention to his WELL-SELECTED STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. These goods have been selected with care and with regard to the wants of his customers. The public generally is invited to call and examine them. His stock consists in part of varieties under the following heads:

Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-made Clothing, Notions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, Tinware, Hardware, Drugs and Confectionery,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class country store, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

I am determined to do a strictly cash business.

JOSEPH L. LACEY,

Port Tobacco, May 14, 1875.

New Store! New Goods!

THE undersigned having completed his store-house and moved in with a COMPLETE NEW STOCK OF GOODS,

he now proposes to sell goods at a very small profit.

Persons will do well to call and examine his stock before buying elsewhere, as his is determined NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

COME ONE—COME ALL!

And see the improvements at La Plata and to BUY GOODS AT BALTIMORE PRICES.

A full stock constantly on hand

THO'S R. FARRALL

La Plata, May 14, 1874.

Henry G. Robertson, J. Hubert Roberts

ROBERTSON & ROBERTS.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

AT LA PLATA.

WE take pleasure in informing our friends and the public generally that we have opened an entire NEW STOCK OF GOODS AT LA PLATA, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Ready-made Clothing,

Notions, Hats, Caps,

Boots and Shoes,

Queensware, Tinware,

Hardware, Confectionery,

Drugs and Medicines,

and all other articles usually found in a first-class country store, which we will sell at very REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH. No Liquors sold.

We are also appointed agents for the sale of the Sea Island Guano, Ground Bone prepared by B. L. Easton, and Horner's Tobacco, Sustain, Bone Meal, Ground Bone and Dissolved Bone, which can be had on easy terms.

La Plata, May 21, 1875—6m.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTS, for sale by J. I. LACEY.

Selected Poetry.

THESE ARE NO UNBELIEF.

Whoever plans a leaf beneath the sod
And waits to see it push a way the sod,
Trusts in his God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"No patient, heart! Light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts in the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever says "to-morrow" the unknown,
The future, trust that Power alone
He dares not to disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief,
And say to-day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

Selected Miscellany.

THE AWAKENED SOUL.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Little George was an actress. She was brought up on the boards, and knew hardly any life but that of the stage. The unnatural was nature to her; the real existence, outside the illusion of the theatre, she saw only as an illusion—at least as something vague, shadowy and far off. To make the paradox of her existence still more striking, George being herself the most girlish and womanly of creatures, almost invariably played the part of boy or youth in that mock life which was more her real life than the other. She played the parts of misadventurers, pages, pantomime, princess, saucy boys, spoiled boys, Little Pickles, precocious young swells, and all that kind of thing. This was in England, some years ago, when the rage for audacity had not yet set in, and girls put on male costumes on the stage only for dramatic and artistic purposes—just because the exigencies of the piece required it; and there was no more discredit attaching to the practice than to Charlotte Cushman's Romeo or Helen Faucet's Rosalind. Therefore little George Wilson (in the stage bills she used to be called Miss Georgiana Melville or Bellville, or some such fine name), although she hardly ever knew what it was to tread the boards in woman's attire, was yet as good a girl as could be found in any sphere or any petticoat.

Georgiana was very happy. She and her mother lodged in a pretty, pleasant little house on the south side of London. The house had a tiny patch in front, and another scrap behind, each about the size of a tablecloth; and there were not only roses in each garden, but there was a vine creeping up the walls which positively bore grapes, real grapes, that were excellent and good to eat in autumn, although the place was so near to London that Georgiana always walked to her rehearsals when the day was fine. She and her mother had very few friends—hardly any, indeed, outside the profession. George had curly black hair and bright eyes, and bright teeth, and despite her constant consumption of the midnight oil exhaled by the foot-lights, she was a clear-complexioned, fresh, healthy, happy girl.

Georgiana and her mother always went to church on Sunday. They belonged to the established church of England—at least they always attended the services of that church. It is not likely that Georgiana ever troubled herself to think about the comparative theological merits of one denomination or the other. But there came to a dissenting chapel not very far from where Mrs. Wilson lived, a young, impassioned, energetic, thrilling preacher, who created quite a stir; and one day a young friend of Georgiana's took her to hear the orator.—Rev. Joseph Shelton was a young man with glowing, dark eyes, a noble face full of expression, a magnificent voice, and a wondrous natural gift of graceful, appropriate and commanding gesture. He seemed terribly in earnest, but mere earnestness never yet made an orator; and this preacher had other, and artistic sense, far higher gifts. Whatever the subject of his discourse, Georgiana must have listened to his sermon had a painful, an appalling fascination for it. It was a denunciation of the stage. Piteously, pathetically, passionately, the orator exposed the hollowess, the morbidity, the temptation, the sins, the shameful tendencies of the stage. Above all he condemned it as a place for women.—He drew a ghastly picture of the actress—his typical actress—as a disgrace to woman kind, a lure, a curse to manhood. While he thus denounced the stage and actors, the preacher proved himself the most magnificent of actors in the high artistic sense. How dull and formal and wooden seemed to Georgiana the aroused mind, all the wigged and padded Richards and Strangers and Claude Melnottes, to whose monotonous and mechanical declamation she had so long been accustomed! What a terrible fascination there was in listening to him and looking up at him! It was as if Eve, when driven out of Paradise, were, amidst all her shame and horror, to be thrilled by a sense of the wondrous beauty and majesty of the expelling angel who brandished the flaming sword. For, indeed, to poor Georgiana Wilson's aroused and startled mind, the denunciations of the preacher seemed nothing short of an awful excommunication—an authorized anathema expelling her, the actress, from the precincts of heaven. In

the midst of the whole listening, admiring, enrapt congregation, the preacher observed for a moment the white, affrighted face.

"Well, what did you think of that?" asked her companion, Bessie Burrows, as they came out of the church together. "Isn't he splendid?"

"Oh, yes, it was terrible. It quite terrified me! O, Bessie, are we all so bad as that?"

"As what my dear?"

"As he said we were—all of us. Is it so bad to be on the stage?"

"Oh, nonsense! What does he know about it? I didn't care for that part of his sermon at all; they all talk in that kind of way—and much they know about it! Let them talk. It is easy talking; it doesn't hurt any of us."

"Didn't it hurt you, Bessie?"

"Not a bit. What do I care? I must live, and I am not doing any harm, and all the parsons in the world shan't persuade me that I am wicked when I know I am not."

George did not follow up the discussion. There would be no use in trying to explain her feelings to this sensible, easy-going, matter-of-fact girl; and George shrank from having her newly-made conscience exposed.

Indeed, she had rather checked than to stimulate the ardor of his young convert. He had to bid her to be patient, to assure her that she might without peril to her soul consent to play Little Pickles a few weeks or months longer, until some means of living could be found for her. So Mr. Shelton found himself hurried off with the following perplexing proposition: Given a young woman who is nothing of a seamstress, who does not know music or drawing or French (or for that matter very much English), and who has not her earnings to support her mother and herself—by what means can any way of making a decent, respectable living be brought within her reach?"

George Wilson attended every service at Mr. Shelton's church. The theatre became hateful to her; she went through her parts in a mechanical fashion; she began to grow unpopular with the audience, and to incur the rebukes of the manager; she shunned her former companions, and was sneered at by them; and the newspaper critics, who had hardly ever taken the trouble to notice her when she was successful, began to say harsh things of her now that she was failing. Life was becoming very cold and sad with this poor little girl, and her only consolation was in attending the services in Mr. Shelton's church and hearing the great dissenting orator preach.

The nurse told her it was a few minutes after twelve. Then the woman heard her say, "God bless them!" and wondered whether she was not wandering in her mind. But George spoke again and said in a calm and cheerful tone, that she thought she could sleep now.

So she fell asleep. Miss Shelton came in an hour or two, and was told that George was still sleeping. But she went over to the bedside and bent down, then anxiously touched the face, then started up and called the nurse. Poor George's soul, which the minister had called into conscious being, had now been called into a higher being still, by a great Minister.

An Exquisite Story.

Lamartine, the great French poet, somewhere in his miscellaneous writings relates a fine story with a noble moral, in his inimitable way. As we give the little scene from memory, we cannot impart to it the idiomatic beauty of the original, but our readers will admire it nevertheless. Somewhere near the desert plateau of Nedjia, in Arabia, there was a tribe of Bedouins, known as the tribe of Negdab, and not far away another tribe was located of rival interests. In the former was a chief named Naber, who possessed of horse of such fame and beauty, such grace of action and such power of endurance, that his equal had never been known among the Arabs. Daher, a chief of the rival tribe, tried in vain to purchase this horse, even at the cost of half his worldly goods; his master would not sell him. Finally the rival chief determined to entice him by strategy what he could not do by a fair and open bargain.

Daher therefore disguised himself. He stained his face and put false lines of age upon his brow, and his clothing was ragged and torn. He bound his leg and his neck together, so as to appear like a wretched lame beggar, and in this condition his own family would not have recognized the usually dauntless Bedouin chief. With crutches he bore himself to a certain spot in the desert, where he knew Naber must pass, and there he patiently awaited the appearance of the lucky possessor of that superb animal. Presently he came in sight, and then the disguised chief cried out in a piteous voice:

"I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I perish of want."

"Good cheer," answered Naber. "I am dying," replied Daher, in a weak voice. "Help me, and Heaven will reward you."

"Come hither. I will help thee upon my horse, and will take thee to my tent and care for thee."

"Alas! I cannot rise," said the assumed beggar. "I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity at such suffering, dismounted, and quickly led the old man. "But I guess I'll wait till they get a little softer," he thought on to the sickly season and a feller ought to be careful."

A Bad Habit.

Farmers get into no habit worse than borrowing tools, and for this reason, first, one who owns tools does not like to lend them and thinks less of the man who borrows; second, one never comes to learn how to use borrowed tools, nor to keep them in order, and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that a young man, just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but should not establish the habit; or again a man may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and consequently it does not do carefully, nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harvest, for instance, may be going the rounds through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called a "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

While he laid there helpless her mother died. The news could not even be broken to George for many days. At last she learned the truth and bore it. "I shall see her soon," she said.

"You will soon be strong enough to be removed, George," said Miss Shelton to her one day, "and then you are coming to live with me, for a time."

"I shall want some one to live with me when my mother is married, and I should like no one so well as you."

"When is the marriage to be, Miss Shelton?"

"The day after to-morrow, dear?"

"Did you hear that, George?"

"Yes, he said he would, and I know he will to-day I think."

He did come that day, and sat for a long time at George's bedside and talked with her earnestly. What she told him he never told to any one else, nor he never forgot it. It was, indeed, the parting revelation of a pure simple heart, which no man could hear without emotion—no good man could hear without a heightened respect for human nature, without feeling better and sadder.

When he was leaving George said, timidly, "You must forgive me for all this, Mr. Shelton."

"Forgive you, my child! I must ask you to forgive me. I meant only to do good, and I have saddened and marred your life."

"Oh, do not say so! You have redeemed me, you have given me a soul! I am happy—oh, so happy. Now good-bye."

The great preacher kissed her on the pale forehead—a true brother's kiss of peace, purity and love—and then left her, with his heart swelling and his eyes wet.

Miss Shelton had promised Georgiana that she would stand close to her after the marriage, and tell her all about it. That morning George seemed rather weak and tremulous, but was otherwise patient and placid as ever. She lay awake from an early hour until noon without speaking.

About noon one of the nurses came near, and George asked what o'clock it was. The nurse told her it was a few minutes after twelve. Then the woman heard her say, "God bless them!" and wondered whether she was not wandering in her mind. But George spoke again and said in a calm and cheerful tone, that she thought she could sleep now.

So she fell asleep. Miss Shelton came in an hour or two, and was told that George was still sleeping. But she went over to the bedside and bent down, then anxiously touched the face, then started up and called the nurse. Poor George's soul, which the minister had called into conscious being, had now been called into a higher being still, by a great Minister.

What's the Use?—He was a black negro as ever was painted by a proficient artist in lamblike, and was terribly indignant because some other darkeys had invited him to join a benevolent society.

"What's the use?" he said: "one of your fiddle-string niggers tell me dat! A nigger can't do dem things like a white man. You all jine a manevelence s'ciety and de able-bodied niggers in de crowd has to pay 's'port de one who can't and won't work.—Dat's no manevelence! De best manevelence is to help yourself; dat's me, Pete."

And he trumped on about his business, jingling his nickels in his pocket.

DISCOURAGED AT THE START.—As a stranger was yesterday knocking at the door of a house, a boy came around the corner and inquired:

"Got anything to sell?"

"Yes, I want to sell your mother a box of tooth paste."

"Might as well git off'n the steps," continued the boy as a smile broke out around his mouth; "she's got store teeth, and she cleans 'em with a woolen rag!"

A Street Fruit Seller observed an old man pinching a cocoanut and handling it as if he had hold of an apple, and he stepped to the door and asked:

"Would you like to buy a nut?"

"Waal, I thought some of it," replied the old man. "But I guess I'll wait till they get a little softer," he thought on to the sickly season and a feller ought to be careful."

A Bad Habit.

Farmers get into no habit worse than borrowing tools, and for this reason, first, one who owns tools does not like to lend them and thinks less of the man who borrows; second, one never comes to learn how to use borrowed tools, nor to keep them in order, and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that a young man, just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but should not establish the habit; or again a man may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and consequently it does not do carefully, nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harvest, for instance, may be going the rounds through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called a "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

"I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I perish of want."

"Good cheer," answered Naber. "I am dying," replied Daher, in a weak voice. "Help me, and Heaven will reward you."

"Come hither. I will help thee upon my horse, and will take thee to my tent and care for thee."

"Alas! I cannot rise," said the assumed beggar. "I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity at such suffering, dismounted, and quickly led the old man. "But I guess I'll wait till they get a little softer," he thought on to the sickly season and a feller ought to be careful."

A Bad Habit.

Farmers get into no habit worse than borrowing tools, and for this reason, first, one who owns tools does not like to lend them and thinks less of the man who borrows; second, one never comes to learn how to use borrowed tools, nor to keep them in order, and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that a young man, just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but should not establish the habit; or again a man may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and consequently it does not do carefully, nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harvest, for instance, may be going the rounds through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called a "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

"I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I perish of want."

"Good cheer," answered Naber. "I am dying," replied Daher, in a weak voice. "Help me, and Heaven will reward you."

"Come hither. I will help thee upon my horse, and will take thee to my tent and care for thee."

"Alas! I cannot rise," said the assumed beggar. "I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity at such suffering, dismounted, and quickly led the old man. "But I guess I'll wait till they get a little softer," he thought on to the sickly season and a feller ought to be careful."

A Bad Habit.

Farmers get into no habit worse than borrowing tools, and for this reason, first, one who owns tools does not like to lend them and thinks less of the man who borrows; second, one never comes to learn how to use borrowed tools, nor to keep them in order, and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that a young man, just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but should not establish the habit; or again a man may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and consequently it does not do carefully, nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harvest, for instance, may be going the rounds through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called a "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

"I am a poor stranger. For three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I perish of want."

"Good cheer," answered Naber. "I am dying," replied Daher, in a weak voice. "Help me, and Heaven will reward you."

"Come hither. I will help thee upon my horse, and will take thee to my tent and care for thee."

Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants.

NO. 60 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

JOHNSON, WELCH & JARMAN.

Successors to J. B. Welch & Son.

WE will make it your interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. N. B.—Particular attention paid to the sale of GRAIN, COTTON PRODUCE, &c.

BOONE & AHLSEGER, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH, CHEESE AND BUTTER.

No. 47 Light St., near Lombard, and No. 18 Ellicott St., BALTIMORE, MD.

AGENTS FOR Vandervee & Co's Excelsior Mince Meat, Apple, Peach and Quince Butters. Jense Oakley & Co's Celebrated Glycerine, Transparent and Laundry Soaps.

IRELAND & CALDWELL, DEALERS IN FINEST OF CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, JEANS, COTTONADES, LINENS, WHITE GOODS, &c.

AUCTION JOBS OF DRY GOODS GENERALLY, 231 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

WE will make it your interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

HENRY C. HARTMAN, Successor to Teal & Hartman, No. 139 West Baltimore St., Baltimore, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Under Dress, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AND READY-MADE. LADIES' MUSLIN UNDER DRESS, White Trimmings, Working Cotton, Neck Ties, Bow, Scarfs, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, Linen Handkerchiefs, Suspensives, Half Hose, Umbrellas, THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

READ! READ! READ! COVERS! PAINT COMPANY, OF EL PAINT, PATENT, Lined Oil and Zinc, and for Use.

C. P. KNIGHT, SOLE AGENT, 93 West Lombard Street, Baltimore.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free.