

# 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, AUGUST 27, 1875.

Volume XXXII.—No. 17.

## "WINDING UP."

Clearing Out Odds and Ends.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING NOW.

Odd Garments, Broken Suits,  
Remnant of Stock.

Every Garment must be Sold.

Final Offering. Closing Sales.

NO REGARD FOR FIRST COST.

CLOTHING CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE.

It will pay you to come and see what you can do.

ODDS AND ENDS.

HABLE BRO'S,

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

### THE TIMES COOK

BEST BAKER.  
THE TIMES COOK  
IS THE  
BEST BAKER.  
The Times Cook  
IS THE  
BEST BAKER.  
FOR SALE ONLY BY  
WM. J. H. GLUCK,  
SOUTHERN STOVE HOUSE,  
96 N. Gay Street.  
THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN  
BALTIMORE.  
DON'T FORGET THE No. 66.  
All kinds of Stoves and Tin-  
ware.



### WHEAT AND TOBACCO FERTILIZER.

High per centages of Ammonia and the capability of this fertilizer to generate ammonia in various periods during the growth of the plants; the mixture of POTASH and SALT, and the high per centages of SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF LIME, make it a concentrated and economical fertilizer.

### WE OFFER

The Star's Ammoniated Bone Phosphate, WARRANTED GENUINE.  
Price 95¢ per Ton of 2,000 Pounds.

### PURE DISSOLVED BONES,

DEY AND FINE, PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR DRILLING.  
Packed in Bags of 100 lbs. each.  
LORENZ & RITTLER,  
Chemical & Super-Phosphate Factory,  
aug 21-17

### OWENS, Flow Castings, Moulds, Flow Beans

and Hoppers, Flow Screws, Hains, Traces, Leather and Sheep Collars, just received, and for sale cheap, by  
J. THOS. COLTON,  
Allen's Fresh.

### JOHNSON, WELCH & JARMAN.

SUCCESSORS TO J. B. WELCH & SON,  
Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants,  
NO. 60 SOUTH STREET,  
BALTIMORE.

We will make it your interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.  
N. B.—Particular attention paid to the sale of GRAIN, COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.  
aug 14-17

### BOONE & AHLSEGER,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
FISH, CHEESE AND BUTTER,  
No. 47 Light St., near Lombard, and No. 18 Ellicott St.,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
COUNTRY DEALERS WOULD DO WELL TO GIVE US A CALL.

AGENTS FOR  
Vanderzee & Co's Excelsior Mince Meat, Apple, Peach and Quince Butters,  
Juno Oakley & Co's Celebrated Glycerine, Transparent and Laundry Soaps.  
aug 21-17

### IRELAND & CALDWELL,

DEALERS IN JOB LOTS 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.  
aug 21-17

### 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,  
All styles of Corsets,  
Silk, Alpaca and Worsted Braids,  
Hooks & Eyes, Linen & Cotton Tapes,  
Suspenders, Hair Hose, Umbrellas  
AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.  
nov 27-17/20

### READ! READ! READ!

GREAT DISCOVERY!  
New Jersey Enamel Paint Company,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

LIQUID ENAMEL PAINT,  
BRADLEY'S PATENT,  
Made from Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil and Zinc, and  
Always Ready for Use.

Sold by the gallon. One gallon covers 20 square yards, two coats.

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

Be sure to send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free. (ap 23-3m)

### Selected Poetry.

#### HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

A little child rests on a bed of pain,  
With an aching head and a throbbing brain;  
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,  
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,  
As the sick child moans: "How the slow hours  
 creep!"  
Will not the Lord send to His little one sleep?  
And the mother smoothed from the child's brow  
The clustering locks of her golden hair,  
And murmured: "My darling, we cannot tell;  
But we know that the Father doth all things  
 well;  
And we know that never a creature in pain  
 Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain."  
Time has no line that His hand may not smooth,  
 Life has no grief that His love cannot soothe;  
 And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,  
 In the healing shade from the death-eros cast.  
 Look up, my precious one; why shouldst thou  
 weep?  
 The Lord giveth eye to His loved one sleep,  
 And the little one gazed with a glad surprise  
 In the loving depths of those patient eyes  
 Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,  
 And turned with a smile on her weary face.

#### And the mother smiled as the early morn

Marked the deep peace on the child's form;  
 And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep:  
 "The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her  
 sleep!"  
 Ay, mother—she sleeps, in that charmed repose  
 That shall wake no more to earth's pains and  
 woes.  
 For the savior hath gathered His lamb to His  
 breast,  
 Where never life's storms shall her peace in-  
 vade.

### A Terrible Story.

#### A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

BY LADY DUFFY HARDY.

"You seem to be very much struck by that picture," said my old friend, the Colonel (for as I don't mean to betray family secrets, I shall speak of him as the "Colonel" only), at whose cosy nook in Buckingham I had quartered myself for a few days. The picture he alluded to certainly had attracted an unusual amount of my attention, considering that, as a rule, I am strangely deficient in artistic taste. "Well, yes," I answered, my eye returning to rest on that particular object which had attracted it many times before; "regarding it as a picture, I should say it is by no means the best of your collection; but regarding it as a portrait, there is something about it that 'fiches' me. It is not that the face is either handsome or interesting, but there is a strange, weird something about it which the artist seemed to have caught fresh from the living face and transferred to the canvas, and which all his after art had failed to paint out."

#### The picture which gave rise to these observations

was that of a man certainly not past middle-age, dressed in the fashion of the earlier period of the reign of George III. The face and figure, as regarded mere form and feature, were commonplace enough; there was nothing sufficiently remarkable in the portrait to attract more than a passing observation; indeed, on looking at it, you felt it ought to represent a kindly, genial gentleman; but somehow it didn't. There seemed to be something behind it, working out through the painted eyes, as though it or they had seen what they should not, and they were haunted by some awful mystery that would not be hidden even in the grave. Turning my back upon it I shifted the conversation, and my friend seemed by no means displeased to dismiss the subject. We had a long, gossip chat on many matters interesting to old friends who meet but seldom and with long lapse of time between it. It was late before we could make up our minds to separate. At last, as I left the room, candlestick in hand, I could not help, against my will, casting a furtive glance at the portrait, and hastily said the door behind me. I was dead tired, for I had come of a long journey; but when I got to bed it was a long time before I could compose myself to sleep, and when I did I was troubled in my dreams. The portrait had followed me up stairs, slipped into the room after me, and tried to get into bed beside me; but falling in that, went and leaned against the wall and came out of the frame and climbed up to the top of my bed, hid in the curtain folds, and multiplied itself by thousands, till the whole atmosphere, above and around me, was filled with the one weird, strange face. In the morning my friend hoped I had slept well. I told him the sort of purgatory I had endured, adding: "I am sure there is some grim secret connected with that picture; you may as well tell me what it is. If it is a family secret, I promise to keep it sacred."

#### "Well," he answered, after a moment's reflection

"there is a painful story connected with it. The portrait is that of my grandfather—Doctor Mathias, let us call him. He was one of the physicians-in-ordinary to George III., which position he occupied long before he had reached middle-age. He was a courteous, genial, kindly man, full of those social qualities which make a man a favorite of society. So much I have heard. When I knew him things were different. In the year 1770, full of high spirits and pleasant anticipations he went on the Continent for a month's holiday; he came back at the end of it an altered man—his genial nature clouded with an ineradicable gloom. He gave up all practice, all society; bought this place and settled here; he received no visits, paid none; he lived in his library among his books, occasionally taking long, solitary rambles about the country. His nature did not degenerate into hardness, but a strange melancholy possessed him; it came was unknown, so was its cure. He turned his back upon the world,

### Remarkable Effects of Arctic Cold on Man.

Lieutenant Payer, the Austrian arctic explorer, has been laying some of the results of his explorations before the Geographical Society of Vienna. Referring to the influence of extreme cold on the human organism, he related that on March 14, 1874, he and his companions made a sledge journey over the Semiklar glacier, in order to make observations of Francis Joseph Land, a day the cold marked 88 Fah. below zero. Notwithstanding this intense cold, M. Payer and a Tyrolean went out before sunrise to make observations and sketches. The sunrise was magnificent; the sun appeared surrounded, as it does at a high degree of cold, by small suns, and its light appeared more dazzling from the contrast with the extreme cold. The travellers were obliged to pour run down their throats so as not to touch the edge of the metal cups, which would have been as dangerous as if they had been red-hot; but the run down took on a thick and liquid, and was as fat and thick as the butter of a cold cream. It was impossible to smoke either cigars or tobacco in short pipes, for very soon nothing but a piece of ice remained in the mouth. The metal of the instruments was just like red-hot iron to the touch, as was some locks, which some of the travellers, unaccountably, but imprudently, continued to wear next the skin. M. Payer says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that, under its influence, men, from the unconsciousness of their pain, their staggering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of cold is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body, and to the contraction of the throat, palate, and tongue. Besides, though can never be taken, it is a great relief, as a temporary relief, to be able to swallow a little of the melted snow. The snow fields were surrounded by a fog, which was formed by the emanations from the bodies of the travellers, which, condensed, notwithstanding the air in which the travellers were enveloped. These vapors fall to the ground, with a slight noise, from into the form of small crystals, and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable and dark. Notwithstanding the humidity of the air, a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt. Even a sound uttered itself to a very long distance, an ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, while the report of guns 500 in the tops of high mountains could be distinctly heard. M. Payer explains this phenomenon in the large quantity of moisture in the arctic atmosphere. Meat could be chopped, and mercury used in the shape of balls. Both smell and taste become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes; strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold; the eyes involuntarily close and become frozen. When locomotion stops, the sole of the foot becomes insensible. It is somewhat curious that the beard does freeze; but this is explained from the air expired, falling, being immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beads to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases, while the formation of the perspiration altogether ceases. The only possible protection against the cold is to be very warmly clothed, and not to help matters by her advice or interference, but sit back calmly and launce everything to "brother" or "pa," pronouncing the latter word in a way I defy a Northern Girl to imitate. The word might be used as a shibboleth; it is not exactly "pay," but half way between that and the sound of "a" in "eat." Our Southern girl dresses picturesquely rather than trimly, and has brighter colors and more floating ends and curls about her than a Northern belle allows. She has pretty, plump hands, but she is not particular about the gloves that cover them, I mean particular compared with Fifth avenue rules. In short, she is a more voluminous sort of a girl in every way and cares less about "the fashion." She has one decided advantage over the Northern girls, however, and that is her voice; it is sweeter and lower, a little trainter, perhaps, but essentially gentle and womanly.

### A Northern Girl's Opinion of Southern Girls.

"Miss Constance Fenimore Wolston, in the Cleveland Herald, says you can tell a Southern girl at once. She is rounder than her Northern sisters, indeed she is never thin or lank; she walks with a languid step, and all her movements are slow and indolent; she never talks. She has fine soft eyes with a serene expression, very different from the quick, keen eyes of the North; she has not the beautiful red and white complexion of New York and New England, rather she is sallow, with a few rose tints, you might call her cream color. She never looks anxious, no matter what happens; she does not think she can help matters by her advice or interference, but sits back calmly and launce everything to "brother" or "pa," pronouncing the latter word in a way I defy a Northern Girl to imitate. The word might be used as a shibboleth; it is not exactly "pay," but half way between that and the sound of "a" in "eat." Our Southern girl dresses picturesquely rather than trimly, and has brighter colors and more floating ends and curls about her than a Northern belle allows. She has pretty, plump hands, but she is not particular about the gloves that cover them, I mean particular compared with Fifth avenue rules. In short, she is a more voluminous sort of a girl in every way and cares less about "the fashion." She has one decided advantage over the Northern girls, however, and that is her voice; it is sweeter and lower, a little trainter, perhaps, but essentially gentle and womanly.

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A gentleman says, after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who he would not detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted. "My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

### "How?" he inquired.

"Do it in pity," "Instantly," said he. "Betty, have you any alum?" "Yes." "Bring it, and some common salt." "They were produced," my friend (verified them, mixed in equal quantities; then was a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth. "There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Geth, and publish it in Anshelm; the remedy is infallible."

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looked frightened, as he mutteringly said: "I—saw your newspaper sticking out, mum." The teacher sat down suddenly and arranged things. "Get out of the way! what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side, replied very gently: "They make men of such things as we are."

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