

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

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, OCTOBER 22, 1875.

Volume XXXII.—No. 25.

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The Largest Variety and Finest Pat-

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In the market:

THE EMERALD, VIRGINIA, VIRGIN

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A Large Variety of Heating Stoves,

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Suspenders, Hair Hose, Umbrellas

AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Port Tobacco Times

PORT TOBACCO:

Friday Morning, October 22, 1875.

DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

Their Fellow-Citizens of Charles county at the following times and places in the several districts, to wit:

PATENT CITY, FRIDAY, Oct. 22d.

IRVINGTON, SATURDAY, Oct. 23d.

CARPENTER'S STORE, MONDAY, 25th.

DUFFIELD, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 27th.

TUBMAN'S STORE, POMONK, FRIDAY, Oct. 29th.

PORT TOBACCO, SATURDAY, Oct. 30th.

Speaking will commence each day at 2 o'clock P. M.

J. W. MITCHELL, Chairman.

Death of Col. Randolph.

Col. Thomas Jefferson Randolph whose illness we have noticed, died at his home, Edge Hill, in Allegheny county, on Thursday, 7th instant. He was the sole surviving grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and was in his 85th year. He had always been distinguished by his vigor in the open air, and was remarkably well preserved, and active. Some weeks ago after taking a long walk, as was his custom, he experienced a pain in his chest, which gradually increased so as to become alarming, and he was taken to the Hot Springs, but all his preparation for death calmly, enjoying cheerfulness of conversation upon those around him, and himself setting the example of it, though suffering intensely from his malady. Col. Randolph was a man not only of fine mind and rare culture, but of the most eminent social worth, and one of the most successful statesmen annually large circles of friends. He had twelve children, most of whom are still living, and his immediate descendants are numerous. His public life is known to our people. His house was in full view of the "little mountain" on which his illustrious grandfather lived, and he was one of the best of those old homesteads which were the glory and strength of Virginia society in the past. It is a sad thing that one of the brightest of the living links that bound us to that past has dropped into the grave, though worn with the service of many years, still in an untimely hour.—*West. Sentinel.*

The Aidine.

The twenty-first number of the current series of this beautiful journal is revised and enlarged, and notwithstanding their serious losses by the late fire, the publishers have fully retained the old standard of excellence which characterized the Aidine. The first picture is a charming figure of an Italian girl, leaning against the simple rustic of a stone bridge, enjoying the "Dolce Far Niente." There follow several fine illustrations of the Sawkill Glen scenery in Pennsylvania, two fine medallions—The Book of Fate and the Knight's Return—one of Benjamin of Ancient Sidon, and several views of Chester Cathedral. But the finest is a full page engraving. Aged, and represents the sudden termination of a language by the slaying of one of the company, in the case of the men who were slain and the others who were saved. The characters and the whole scene are very fine. The literary contents are excellent, and the Aidine is a journal which all lovers of art and literature should keep on their shelves. The literary contents are excellent, and the Aidine is a journal which all lovers of art and literature should keep on their shelves.

A Steep Horse that Beat the Field.

At the Dubuque fair a steep, poor, homely horse called Lothar was entered in every race. He began by taking the 3:15 race, then 3 minutes, 2:15, 2:40, and at last he won the 2:30 race, when a protest was entered that he had a better record than the race he was trotting in. His record was 2:30, and he was entered in the 2:30 race, and he won it. The judges called him up to the stand and swore him. About this time he had his wrath up, and swore he would show them he was looking at the 2:30 race. In the third heat he let the sleepy horse out and he won the whole field easily, cutting all others out of the chance of second, and winning four money. The swearing of the army in Flanders was nothing compared to those horses who are so called. The age was such that Lothar and his driver lit out in the night with several thousand dollars pulled from the greens who played with him. During the sailing of the pack the ever hungry, and he was against \$5, and in the end scooped the whole business. The query is, "Who is Lothar, and who is his driver?" and the answer is, "Lothar is a horse, and his driver is a man who has been in Canada. At all events he cut the eye-teeth of the market, and he was a good one, and did it so handsomely that they did not get over it until he had got their money and was gone.

Subsidized Ring Press.

The Radical papers of Maryland are publishing a list of what they are pleased to term the "subsidized Ring Press." This list includes every Democratic paper in the State, and the subsidizing is receiving pay for printing the papers. This is such a monstrous and outrageous thing that it is unworthy of notice. Every State in the Union publishes its laws and pays for the publication, and every party gives the State printing to the publishers supporting it. These Radical journals making this attack, were, a few years ago, the subsidized press of the Republican party, and are now in the pay of the Federal Government. We are not aware that it is the habit of Republican newspapers to decide their advertisements through bribery, and we are not aware that they are in the pay of the State or the United States. Try some other low device, gentlemen.—*Occid Democrat.*

It is astonishing that it took so long for the Rads to find out that Mr. Wallis is such an honorable, high-toned gentleman. Guess they did not think so a few years ago, when they would have flung him alive if they had had the chance. And is it not a little singular that Mr. Wallis has come to the conclusion that the Radical party, after all, is the party of "reform"? Yes, they are the reform party. They want to reform and reconstruct their own shattered organization, and are making tools of such unsuspecting people as Mr. Wallis, who, although a smart lawyer and intelligent gentleman, is as weak as a child when his ambition or his prejudices through defeat, are aroused. *Pity is the emotion, and not hatred, that we should have for such as he.—Times-Week.*

Tomatoe Wine.

Squeeze the tomatoe and let them stand overnight. In the morning strain the juice, and after straining boil it. After boiling add three pounds of sugar to every good bushel of the wine. Some times the cinnamon, cloves and sugar, to suit taste. Boil the while cold.

A remarkable article called fish flour has been brought forward in the last few years. It is not as yet manufactured in any great quantities, as the article is still new in the market, and consequently there is no great demand for it. The flour is prepared from dried fish of the first quality; it is thoroughly desiccated and then ground in a mill.

Verminous.—The New Orleans Bulletin says: "Old negroes, who still believe in Londonism every Monday morning resort to the wharf near French market, and throw nickels into the river to propitiate some unknown deity and to secure good luck during the week. Sometimes the wharf is quite crowded with the fetish worshippers."

Selected Story.

KATE'S FIRST TWO YEARS OF MARRIAGE.

BY AUNT MARY.

Kate Vernon had been scarcely two years wedded, when her aunt, with whom she had formerly lived, and from whose house she had married, came to spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Beverly had not been long with her niece before she saw, or thought she saw, that things were not going right with the young couple. Kate often looked as if she had been crying. Her happy expression and fresh color had disappeared. On his part, Mr. Vernon was strangely silent and moody. After the first few evenings, too, he began to absent himself.

It was on one of these occasions that the wife broached the subject that had often been on her lips since her aunt's arrival.

"I suppose I ought to apologize, aunt," she began, with some confusion.

"Apologize, my child! What for?"

"For Edward's going out and leaving me alone so much. I know you think it strange. It isn't a bit like what he used to be."

"Perhaps he has business which calls him from his home oftener than usual," returned her aunt, not wishing to acknowledge that she certainly knew that Kate's husband was not so attentive to his wife as she could wish.

"I think not, aunt. I know of no business that should make him absent himself from home so much as he has done of late; besides, he is not so loving and kind now."

"My dear," said Mrs. Beverly, soothingly, "I have always been in the place of a mother to you. I took you from her when she was dying, and I have been the best I could for you till you left my house a happy bride."

"Yes, I was happy then—I was happy then," cried Kate. "But now no one cares for me but baby."

It was a relief to her to have made her confession. She had been miserably unhappy for a long while; and now she flung herself on her aunt's bosom, and wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Beverly drew the poor child to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"I have seen you have been unhappy ever since I came here," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen, also, that the cause is one easily corrected."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted the young wife. "Edward doesn't care for me any more. He goes out almost every evening, as he has done to-night—he who never could stay one evening away before we were married."

"Kate, my child," said her aunt, seriously, "I want you to listen to me. Don't be angry if I say things you dislike; but reflect on them, and in a day or two give me an answer. Your case is not an exceptional one. Many young married people make the mistake that both you and Edward have made, for I believe you and your husband to be equally to blame; but it is a mistake that generally, their own good sense corrects, though not till they have suffered much. Now, I wish, as your mother, if she had lived, would have wished, to save you some part of this suffering. May I go on?"

Kate did not reply. Her face was turned up in her aunt's lap, and she was sobbing in a helplessly sobbing like a child. Mrs. Beverly took the silence for consent.

"You say your husband does not love you," she continued. "You quote his going out of evenings as a proof of it. I admit the neglect." Kate winced.

"But is there no cause for it? You used to be my dear, scrupulously neat in your attire. I do not say you are now untidy. But there is a very great difference. As I plainly see, between the way in which you come down to breakfast now, and that in which you used to at my house. There, your face was always fresh, your hair nicely arranged, your collar unwrinkled, and your gown spotless. Now I grieve to say, my darling, things are very different; and what is worse than carelessness in dress even, your countenance is, sometimes, the least bit sour."

Kate, during this plain speech, had gradually ceased sobbing; and now, with her hands holding back her hair, was staring up into her excellent aunt's face, half in anger, half in astonishment and dismay.

"Sour! I didn't know it," she exclaimed. "Are you sure? Oh! it's when Edward has been scolding me."

"Scolding you, my dear? Edward don't look like a man who would scold."

"Well, he's jealous of baby; he looks at it often; and he is as good as says it sometimes. He has even hinted, once or twice, that, since baby was born, I don't care as much about my own good looks—as I used to do. That's the way of them all, I suppose—they marry us for our beauty, and when our health fails, then they blame—blame us for it."

"My child," answered Mrs. Beverly, kindly, too much in earnest to smile, as she would have done if it had been anybody else, "I think you are unfair to Edward. Certainly there is nothing in your state of health to spoil your looks. You are, or might be, far prettier than when you married. A very little more attention to your dress would render you more attractive than ever."

Kate was blushing crimson, in secret pleasure at this flattering speech. She hid her face again in Mrs. Beverly's lap. At last, as her aunt appeared to be waiting for some reply, she stammered, though without looking up:

"I cannot be always freshly dressed, now that I have to look after baby. If that is what Edward expects, he is unreasonable and cruel."

"Men are often unreasonable and cruel to their wives being so also. It would be very easy, however, for you to be just to baby, and yet to be nicely dressed when Edward came to breakfast or returned to dinner. All husbands like their wives to look neat, but Edward is even fastidious. On the other hand, young mothers are too apt to neglect their husbands for the sake of baby. They forget that, until baby was born, their husbands were everything to them. It would be too much to expect of a man; he would have to be more than mortal, if he did not notice, and occasionally feel, the change, and sometimes think it neglect."

"But I'm sure I love Edward just as much as ever," said Kate, looking up, her large eyes dilated with surprise and a little indignation. "And it's very unjust of him to think I don't because of baby." And she burst into tears again.

"Perhaps he is a little to blame, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her. "What I say is, that it is not very strange he should feel hurt. Consider: Love is to be judged, like everything else, by its works. If Edward finds you no longer paying any attention to your personal appearance; if he sees that you take offense when he hints that he would like you to dress as you used to, it is absolutely cruel, or even unnatural, on his part, that he should think you hardly can love him as you used to love him. He reasons, remember, that, if you did, you would have some regard for his comfort. And further, if baby is made the excuse for this, he becomes, not exactly jealous of baby, but occasionally the least bit cross. You must not forget, darling, and she fondly stroked Kate's hair, "that I have had a husband and child near myself, though heaven saw fit long ago," she added, with a sigh, "to take them."

She waited for a moment; and then, as the wife made no reply, she went on:

"I think I see how it is. I love both Edward and you. I believe I can judge fairly between you. Your husband has seen this untidiness in you, and has hinted what he felt, and you have resented it. This has been, perhaps, in the morning. Instead of forgetting all about it before night, and meeting him, when he came home to dinner, with smiles, and in your nicest dress, you have been reserved, and perhaps, on purpose, just the least bit careless in your toilet. Few words have been spoken between you; the constraint has grown more and more painful; Edward has sought refuge in the newspaper; you have said you must go to baby, and have left him without the usual kiss; and then he has lost his temper, and gone out to spend the evening. When these scenes happen the wife becomes sored in heart, if not in looks, and things, as a natural result, go from bad to worse. A wife," continued Mrs. Beverly, "should try to look at these matters, not only from her own point of view, but also from that of her husband. There are very few questions to which there are not two sides. In so important an affair as domestic happiness, it is more desirable than ever to be right; and this we can never be if one looks at every subject of difference solely through one's own eyes. We sometimes think of ourselves when we are quite as selfish ourselves."

Much of this had its effect on Kate, who, after all, was a sensible, and a hearted woman. She replied by kissing the speaker's hand.

"If I am right," said her aunt, "as to the origin of this misunderstanding, there is no reason why the neglect of your husband should continue longer than your coldness. Be the first to make advances. I do not say you are the most to blame; I do not say you, on that account, to take the initiative. It is always more womanly in a more Christian-like, for a wife to be the first to relent."

"What must I do?" whispered Kate, her face still hidden in her aunt's lap.

"Come down to breakfast to-morrow in your nicest dress, and with your hair nicely arranged. Do not be late, as you have been. Get up in time to have baby off your hands. Be as cheerful and pleasant to Edward as if nothing had ever happened. Let the past few weeks be ignored entirely. Meet him in the evening in your freshest attire, and have everything about the room cheerful; if you can, let there be something for dinner to show you remember his likings, and are thoughtful for his comfort and happiness. Why, my dear, it is the easiest thing for a wife to retain a husband's love, if she will only show the same interest in him that she exhibited for the lover, all will be well."

"But what of baby the meantime?" asked the young mother.

"You have the whole day, darling, to devote to baby; surely that is enough. The little fellow is a dear, sweet child; but you must not let him monopolize all your time. You must think of your health, and yes! of your good looks, as in your health; and of your husband, and of your future happiness, which depends, in so great a degree, on your husband. Be assured, my darling, if you will act in this way, Edward will love even baby better. Only be your old self for one week, and your truant will be won back again."

Kate took her aunt's advice. The next morning she was down before her husband; had seen that the breakfast-table was perfect in all its arrangements; and had even ordered the cook

to prepare Edward's favorite dish, as a little surprise to him. Edward saw, with half-concealed astonishment, the brighter look of things; gave one quick glance at his wife, flushed with gratification, and fell at once into something of his old lover-like manner. Certainly, Kate had never seemed so lovely.

"You are as fresh-looking as a June rose, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her, when Edward had left for his office. "The battle's half won already, I see."

That evening was quite like old times. Kate welcomed her husband in the hall with a kiss. The hearth was swept up, there was a little vase of flowers on the sideboard, and Edward's favorite magazine, which had come that day, was ready out for him. The dinner, too, was excellent. There was no going out. Part of the time was spent in cheerful talk, and part in reading aloud. The husband could not keep his eyes off his pretty wife. In the loveliest of blue dresses, and with her color heightened by many emotions, Kate looked more beautiful, he thought, than ever in the days of their courtship.

What commenced so favorably, went on happily ever after. Edward, no longer finding "baby" thrust into the foreground forever, but rather kept back, began to wish for the presence of the little fellow himself occasionally. It was a happy, happy evening, when Kate heard her husband, for the first time, plead that "baby" should be allowed, sometimes, to make his appearance, for half an hour or so, after "pa" came home. That was the crowning act. After that, Kate's felicity was perfect.

"I can never thank you enough, aunt, for your advice," said Kate, kissing Mrs. Beverly enthusiastically, when the latter was leaving, at the end of her visit. "Your coming was a real blessing. How long Edward and I should have gone on, at cross-purposes, loving each other in spite of all, perhaps, but still getting more and more unhappy, I cannot tell; probably, all our lives. And if so—"

And here she burst into tears, the prospect her fancy had conjured up being too much for her.

Mrs. Beverly kissed the tears away, and said, "Go on as you are going now, my dear. It is too often a wife's fault, if a husband ceases to be a lover."

"What in—o—o—h!" roared Mr. Warner, as he got a dose in the ear.

They brought up in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, the stream playing into the parlor, against the hall door, and up stairs by turns, and she gasped:

"I'll have you sent to a fool asylum."

"Where's a fool?" he roared, dancing around with his eyes full of chemicals.

"I'm faint!" she squeaked.

"And I've broken my back!" he shouted.

It was a sad hour when those two highly respectable old people got so that they could use their eyes and discuss matters calmly. And she doubled up her fist and hoarsely said:

"Take that investigator, or distinguisher, or whatever you call it, back down town, and tell everybody that you are a lunatic."

And he said:

"Dummit, I know more than all your family put together."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—The following curious statement, by Dr. Granville, is drawn up from the registered cases of 876 married women in France. It is the first ever constructed to exhibit to ladies their chances of marriages at various ages. Of the eight hundred and seventy-six tabulated, there were married:

Years of age.	Years of age.	Year of age.
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