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A Select Story.
Farmer Lamson.

Farmer Lamson outlived his wife and daughters, and his son brought his wife and family to fill their places and make the old man comfortable. He had reached the age when the grasshopper became a burden, and his heart was no longer engrossed with buying and selling and making the farm productive. So arrangements were made whereby the son should feel well paid for his labor, but the father should hold the reins, even if he did not drive, and do what work he pleased.

For two years this plan worked well, and they seemed a happy and united family. "Grandpa" was well cared for and respected by all, and could go where he pleased. Almost daily he took a tour to the village and visited the store. But one day he came down earlier than usual and asked to see Mr. Munroe, private and told him that he was on his way to a lawyer's office to convey his farm to his son.

Mr. Munroe shook his head slowly at this information and said: "Don't do it! Hold the reins and let Jim drive. Human nature is too weak to trust. Don't tempt him."

"Tempt him?" cried Mr. Lamson. "Why, Munroe, what do you mean? I give Jim the farm and he boards me and gives me twenty-five dollars every three months, and I give him the stock and farming tools and a thousand dollars in bank stock. See here, the agreement all written down; can't be no mistake, and I needn't worry about the crops, the stock or anything, but just sit by the fire and read and read the newspapers, and see how the politicians fight, and drive down the hill and see every day."

Mr. Munroe read the agreement in his slow, quiet way. "Mum, nothing about a horse to drive here. When the old mare isn't yours, how'll you come down the hill? You can't foot it very easy."

"Foot it?" cried Mr. Lamson. "Land o' Goshen! Who's going to foot it? Haven't I got the old mare and that fine team besides and three as likely colts as this country ever saw? What are you thinking about?"

"None of your years after you've signed that deed," said his friend. "My advice is, hold to the farm and let Jim live as he likes. I've been in this town over thirty years; I have seen such cases before."

But Mr. Lamson had a strong leaning of obstinacy in his composition, and the more his friend urged him not to convey the farm, the more he was bound to do it.

So the lawyer was visited and the deed made out, but as the son was not there he concluded to carry it home to have it signed, and asked two neighbors to witness it. When he returned home the deed was shown to Jim and wife and eldest boy, and they all rejoiced that at last "grandpa" had made up his mind to do what was for the good of the whole family. That night Jim laid his plans for the next spring work, intending to make a special change in everything, while his wife planned a fatted dairy and laid schemes which equalled those of the milkmaid of story book fame.

Next day the wind blew loud and shrill and the snow fell ceaselessly, so that the neighbors could not see a man and the dead wood lay on the ground and the wind howled for the wind or storm and desecrated their own plans before the old man could fix up his white hairs almost until he died at the changes that were to be made.

The pine grove near the house, which sheltered it from the north wind, must come down. Jim said: "It ought to have been cut down long ago, and I'll have it cut down for potatoes. And the back lot must be drained and sowed to corn. I shall make the farm produce twice as much you did, but to do this I must keep twice as much stock, and Eliza thinks she would like very well a large dairy. Perhaps you wouldn't mind going up stairs to sleep, father. But Jim took a milk can in summer time you wouldn't mind it and in winter will fix you some way."

The father made no reply, but he thought of Mr. Munroe's advice, and while he seemed to do he was thinking of his wife and little children, and of the pine grove he had seen grow to tall, stately trees from tiny seed. Fing and of the associations that made the old bed room, with its quaint chest of drawers, its curtained bedstead, old table, chairs and desk, so dear to him.

Another day passed and still the storm raged, the plains for changes were continued and the old man made up his mind to do what was for the good of the whole family. That night Jim laid his plans for the next spring work, intending to make a special change in everything, while his wife planned a fatted dairy and laid schemes which equalled those of the milkmaid of story book fame.

and arrangements made for cutting the pine woods the next day, and the household were jubilant over the return of sunshine. But "grandpa" sat silent in his armchair and thought: Shall I let things remain as they are? Shall I give up my bedroom and let my woods—my pride—be cut down? Yes, yes, I am an old man and I shall soon go. I'd better let the young ones have their way, even to giving up my dear old bedroom. Only a little while shall I remain; give me peace while I do.

Dinner came in good season, and then Mr. Lamson thought it would do him good to take a sleigh-ride to the store, and see his old friends. So he walked out to the barn where Patrick was feeding the cattle and told him to harness the old mare.

"Mr. Jim just told me to harness her for him; he said his wife are going to the 'corner,'" said Patrick.

"Well, let him take Dick or Tom; I want my old mare and you can bring her around, and see the old man, as he turns away, and went to his bedroom to put on his outer garment. As he struggled into his coat, he heard Patrick bring up the sleigh and tell him what he had said about going to the store.

"Hey! What's that?" asked Jim. "Wanted to go to the store? Well, he will have to wait till another afternoon. Come along, Eliza; bring the children; tattle in there, Jimmie. I guess grandpa will wait this time. He drives altogether to much for his health any way."

And away they went, leaving the old man prey to disturbing thoughts. It is possible that his son Jim could treat him like that. For an hour or two he sat in silent thought; then he took up a newspaper to entertain himself. But it had lost its power; he could not read and was, at last, forced to go to the barn and look at the stock, and talk to Patrick, who was very ready to tell him of all the work that had been already laid out for the coming spring. Mr. Lamson heard him in silence and asked no questions, but his heart was weary with heaviness, and he could not raise himself to take any interest in the conversation, and soon returned to the house.

Before the family returned, however, he had determined upon the course he would take. Jim had come out altogether too strong and confident. He had gotten too big for his harness. In truth, it would have been signed and recorded at once if Mr. Munroe had not urged so strongly to keep the reins in his own hands. Although over eighty years of age he was allowed and thoughtful still, and he felt that a "little trial" of the change would not come amiss. He looked at the sleigh, and perhaps gave a sigh, but when his old Maggie, that he had driven for fifteen years, was taken from him in such a heartless manner, he rebelled and had now come to the conclusion that he would destroy the deed, but in order to do this he must see to it that Jim should not see the deed, and Jim's return, the old man lifted his head, looked out of the window and saw the family enter the door without moving from his chair, and seemed quietly asleep until tea was ready. Then Jim told the news that he had learned at the store, and Eliza told what her sister said about the dairy shed and the plan to add to the stock, and so on. The man made do as he pleased, but Jim did not notice it, so greatly was he interested in his own affairs.

After they were alone at night Eliza said: "Jim, did you notice grandpa at the table? He did not speak one word, not even to the baby. He looked as if he didn't notice me. You are always on the lookout for something ahead. If he is in danger of shock he mustn't go driving around the country alone."

Then the mare is mine; he knows it too! When I go to the store he can go along too."

The hours, as they were tolled off upon the old, tall clock, that night, crept very slowly to both father and son. But little sleep closed their eyelids, Jim being thoroughly awakened to the fact that as yet the farm was not his, and he ought to have attended to that needful business before the dawn of the plans he had made for his drive.

When Jim came down stairs the next morning his father had just kindled a fire in the sitting room stove, and as soon as the fire blazed in the kitchen he called to him to come in. Jim went at once, and seeing a folded paper in the old man's hand, he said: "What's that, father? Have you had the deed executed?"

"No," replied Mr. Lamson, "nor do I intend to do so." The same moment he stooped down and thrust the folded paper into the brightest flame, which shivered it to ashes.

"There it goes," he continued, "and our bargain will remain as it was, or you may make other arrangements. While I live I intend to hold the reins and drive when I please. When I am gone I hope you will do the same. Don't tempt little Jimmie as I have tempted you. It was wrong, all wrong. Human nature is very weak, and the

old must go to the wall if the young so will it. The Lord forgive us all. But shake hands and be friends, Jim. I'll give you some more cows. Eliza shall have the dairy, but not in my dear old room. The back lot shall be drained, but the pine trees must stand. Jim gave him his hand, or rather the old man took it and pressed it warmly. Jim seemed liked one dazed. The farm not his? The deed burned? Could it be possible?

Before he was fully aware of the situation Eliza came in, the father told her of the destruction of the deed and her reasons for doing it. Already she knew that something was amiss, so the blow was not so crushing in its effect upon her, and she walked up to Mr. Lamson, kissed him on cheek and said: "Of course, dear father, you will do as you please in the matter," and left the room to perhaps breakfast. Then Jim repeated her words parrot-like, and went to the barn to chew the end of a renorse.

Mr. Lamson lived five years longer, then died without apoplectic shock, as his daughter-in-law had predicted; but he never had occasion to regret that he burned the deed. His heart had softened more and more to his children, he only holding the reins, allowing them to manage the affairs of the farm and dairy as they pleased, he could be the master.

Correspondence.
Temperance.

Mr. Editor:—A voter seems to have come to the front, with what opposition he can muster in denunciation of local option, but nothing new is advanced. Some of the most ardent friends of the cause made no effort last fall, because they said they had no hope of success at a general election. In many parts of the county meetings were drawn by the political excitement which prevailed, and hence the result. However, those that fought the fight as best they could against all disadvantages, have not much cause for discouragement, for the majority was reduced at least to half what was given at the first election. The object of obtaining a special election to secure a fair and square fight for license or no license, on its own merits without being encumbered by any outside influence, is the object of the temperance local optionists, that the temptations of bar-rooms (set out with intoxicating drinks), are not needed and as a matter of economy and expediency to the tax payers that they should be abolished. No person questions the right of any to drink and keep his liquor, as his pleasure in jugs, demijohns, barrels, etc., to his health and safety. It is the miserable traffic that degrades our fellow creatures who fall by the intoxicating cup. I am sure after reading the communication of your, no one will be guilty of accusing him of being a temperance advocate, although he has not drunk a pint in thirty-five years, and has voted twice and will vote again for liquor license.

Can it be that "voter" has an interest in the traffic, whereby he receives a revenue himself by its being sold? Will he tell what is the amount of revenue to the State from Charles county for the sale of liquor licenses, and what benefit the poor laborer obtains from it, or in fact, any one else for that matter? If he will give the figures of the amount, I will insure the amount of the tax to be more, on account of the traffic which added together, I would ask what do we get for that amount taken from among us?

Cannot "voter" call to mind any murder that has been committed in the county on account of the miserable traffic? Can he not call to mind some poor human being who has been found frozen by the way side, on account of the intoxicating cup and miserable traffic? Can he not call to mind the poverty and wretchedness of some poor family, whose condition has been brought about by the influence of the terrible traffic? We ought to try to put it down. Every one is not so strong as "voter" is in his resolutions, and the weak need the support and sympathy of the strong. When I see all these things, then I think I am justified in voting to shut up the rum shops. Take away the traffic of intoxicating drinks in this county and I am confident that there would be less law breaking than now, there would be no tramping, no card playing, no fighting, no staying away from home, and neglect of business on account of bar-room offices, and all good citizens would not encourage the defiance of the local option law. What a reform would soon develop about the different sections of the county. Possibly "voter" would scarcely realize such a change in so short a time. Let him try to help us. Look to the Western and Southern States, see what progress local option is making, even little Delaware passed a local option law last week. The prospects are bright and I hope Charles county will not be behind all.

I must put "voter" down by his own showing as a temperate man, but not a temperance man.

SPECIAL ELECTION.
Marylanders in Congress.

The political whirligig yesterday commenced one of its new and perpetually recurring rounds. The lower House of Congress is changed from a Democratic to a Republican majority, and the Senate is so close that no man knoweth what will be its political

complexion. Senator David Davis' avowal will do to settle the balance in the Senate, and on which side that hefty Senator will throw his heavy weight is not as yet known to himself—if the newspaper correspondents at Washington are to be believed.

But, in all this hurly-burly, gallant old Maryland stands to the fore with her serviceable sons. She has always been well represented in the National Councils, and of late years she has been peculiarly fortunate in that respect. Senator Whyte, who retired with grace and honor from his high position, acquired a truly national reputation, showing himself eminently worthy to speak and vote in the chamber where, in the long ago, reverberated the silvery eloquence of Henry Clay and the constitutional interpretations of Daniel Webster. It gives us profound pleasure to here repeat our humble commendation of Mr. Whyte, not only as a Senator, but as a citizen whose broad views are confined by no "pent up Utica." In regard to all the material interests of Maryland he was, as our readers know, constantly vigilant and always eminently successful. But he has done more than this; he has given in the Senate, and to the world, a national reputation for excellent statesmanship to Maryland as well to himself. Eloquent always when occasion demanded, statesmanlike in the broadest sense of that word—and in every respect a thorough Democrat; and we can proudly point to him and say "this is one of Maryland's best beloved sons." Unlike some others who have been quite as highly honored by his party, he has never waged his personal ambition against the good and unity of the Democratic party, but in his every act of gubernatorial or senatorial power he has uniformly subordinated his own interests to those of the his State and of his party. No Marylander has ever retired from the United States Senate with greener or more glorious laurels on his brow.

While they, Whyte has a broad and comprehensive mind—always able to rise above personal interests or petty spite—we regret to say that some who have occupied the same high and honorable positions have not the same breadth of mind, but whose whole scope and calibre seems circumscribed within the limits of petty spite, and of personal ambition. But enough of this at present, we are willing to let the people, they are always right and soon discern the difference between a statesman and a demagogue. They never lose sight of the fact that bluster is not argument, and that there is no logic in an oath.

The seat of Gov. Whyte was yesterday filled by a younger Achilles, in the person of Hon. Arthur P. Gorman. Our own personal attachment to this gentleman may possibly blind us as to his qualifications, but we honestly doubt if Maryland has ever honored a more worthy son. He is a fit successor to Gov. Whyte, and will never lower to him or any other Senator the flag of fealty to the best interests of Maryland and the Democratic party. He has gallantly fought his way to a high seat in that distinguished body; and that he will fill it superbly in a materially practical way, as well as gracefully, we have no manner of doubt. And whenever he shall find occasion to say anything to the Senate he will say something, and say it as forcibly and as earnestly as the best and most experienced Senator. We predict for him a substantial page in our Nation's history.

It is not at all inappropriate to quote in this connection a paragraph recently printed concerning him, in the *Towntown Journal*. It is an excellent pen-photograph of Arthur P. Gorman's career. It reads: "Reminds us of that of a trained athlete. From his boyhood he had clearly political ambitions, and he has devoted himself to a constant mental training with that one sole object in view. He has allowed no other interests to hinder him, nor no other object to obstruct the goal of his ambition. This accounted for his never failing in any arena wherein he has thrown his glove. Even in his many contests with the Napoleon of railroads, he has never been worsted. Such a man with such vigorous schooling, rarely fails of his object; and whatever matter is entrusted to his executive ability is sure to be well and thoroughly done. From this point of view, Mr. Gorman's present high position is no matter of wonderment, nor does even the most pertinaciously partial gentleman doubt that he fully deserves his abundant success."

Three new members of the House of Representatives from Maryland also commenced their congressional career yesterday. George W. Covington, of the First District, Peter S. Hobbittzell, of the Third, and Andrew G. Chapman, of the Fifth.—We believe this is Mr. Covington's first appearance in any legislative body, but his ample training as a highly successful lawyer is sufficient to assure him a solid standing in Congress. He is a gentleman of sterling worth, excellent education, broad conservatism, and of unimpeachable Democratic fealty. We shall be much surprised if he does not at once assume an influential as well as useful position among his fellow members.

Mr. Hobbittzell and Mr. Chapman have both had considerable experience in legislation, the former having served most acceptably as speaker of our House of Delegates, and the latter as Chairman of the Ways and Means committee. Both are young men and talented lawyers, and both are possessed of considerable oratorical ability. And they are equally distin-

guished for civility of manner and that courtesy which always marks the true gentleman.

These neophytes, with the veterans, Groome and McLane, and the gallant Talbot, compose a representation in Congress of which Maryland may well be proud; and, although unfortunately in the minority, will be able to do good service in advancement of the material interests of our State. And the Democrats of Maryland deserve special commendation for such excellent selections.—*Maryland Republican.*

Animal Reasoning.
A correspondent of *Nature*, writing from Cambridge, Mass., says: "A lady friend of mine, was at one time patron of a hospital for poor women and children which was maintained by subscription. One of the inmates was a blind girl who was there not as a patient, but temporarily till a home could be found for her. She had learned to feed herself, and at meal times a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees as she sat in a comfortable chair for her special convenience in feeding herself. One day while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the patron, fearing the animal meditated some mischief to the girl, took her out of the room. Again the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time walked quietly to the girl's side, raised herself on her hind legs, and noiselessly, stealthily reached out her paw to the plate, selected and seized a morsel that pleased her, and, calmly as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal. The girl never noticed her loss, and when told of it by her companions laughed very heartily.

It is evident that the cat from observation had entirely satisfied herself that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning decided she could steal a good dinner by this practical use of her knowledge."

He Dared.
His Honor had before him the case of a young farmer who was arrested for disturbing the peace and being drunk, and when asked for his defense he said—

"Well, I live out here about twelve miles. Yesterday morning as I was splitting rails, Bill Adams came along and dared me to come to town with him. And I dared."

"You hadn't any errand?"

"None at all. After we got here Bill Adams says to me he'd dare me to take a drink. And I dared. Party soon after we had been to a harness shop, and dared me to take another.— And I dared."

"That was two drinks?"

"Yes sir, and after Bill had bought four pounds of nails he dared me to get fourwheeled. And I dared."

"What is drunk enough?"

"Just drunk enough to think you can lift a barrel of salt, but you can't lift one end of a hat full of bricks."

"Well, when we got swizzled Bill he dared me to upset a man carrying a step-ladder. And I dared."

"That's when you got that black eye, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I upset the man, but he got up and knocked me pizen West."

"Yes."

"Well, then we saw a policeman marching along, and Bill Adams he dared me to pitch him into a snow-bank. And I dared."

"Was it much of a pitch?"

"No sir—no much for the officer. He gave me two cracks on the head and brought me down."

"Well, now I shall dare you to go to the Work House for thirty days, concluded his Honor as he settled back."

And he dared.

VARIETIES.
Wisconsin girls go out and kill a bear, get posted in the papers as heroes, and the next thing is a millionaire's husband.

He that catches more than belong to him, deserves to lose what he has.

Artemus Ward once commenced a lecture thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I possess a gigantic intellect but I haven't it with me."

Bernhardt says American men "have no poetry." Sadie has evidently never been in a newspaper office. The American men have it stacked up all around them.

Do American industries thrive abroad? asks a correspondent. Certainly! one industrious young American has married the richest woman in England.

"What" asks a correspondent "causes the hair to fall out?" Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case.—*Recorder.*

It is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of the breakfast coffee.

"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Grand Central depot in New York of a longer. "I don't know," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"