The Port Tobacco Times

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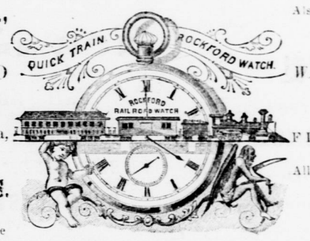

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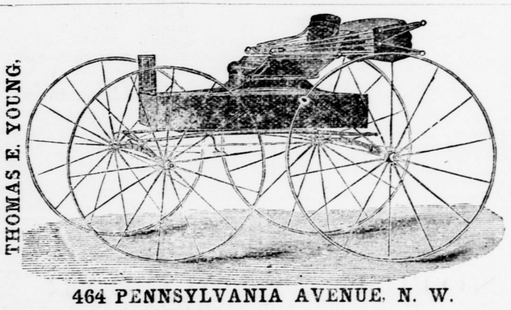

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LIST OF REGISTRATION.

Corrected Sept. 4th 5th, 6th 7th 8th 1881.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

STRICKEN FROM THE LISTS.

Brown, Oscar
Dent, John
Digges, W. J.
Elder, Aloysius
Garner, Charles B.
Jackson, Frank
Johnson, Robt. M.
Jenkins, J H.
Norris, M. C.
Padgette, W. L.
Quenzel, Douglas
Simms, Wm. Jos.

Transferred to 1st District.

Dotson, John
Hill Oscar

Transferred from 1st District.

Blear, Jno E.
Compton, W. P.
Dorsett, W. N.
Edelin Jno. H.
Farrall, Friderick
Miles, J. N.
Stewart, Daniel.

I hereby certify, that the above are correct lists of persons made out in compliance with Section 8th of Chapter 249 of the Public General Laws, passed by the General Assembly of Maryland, at January session, 1876.

THOMAS P. FARRALL,
Officer of Registration.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Barnes, Hanson
Carrington, F. D.
Nelson, R. B.

Transferred to 2nd District

Owens, Francis I.
Willis, William

STRICKEN FROM THE LISTS

Transferred from 2nd District.

Brawner, Jno. I.
Compton, Barnes
Cobey, Jno. F.
Dotson, John

Dead.

Brown, Fredick L,
Bowie James H.
Compton, Wilson
Cradlin, Andrew W.
Hanson, Samuel
Scott, Joseph
Thomson, Wm. J. A
Welch, John J.

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JOHN J. BRAWNER,
Officer of Registration.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Datcher, Alexander
Datcher, Joseph
Gutrick, James Robert
Lawson, George T.
Lawson, Lomax
Milstead, Delmar Lee
Mills Cornelius A.
Posey, George Jr.
Sanders, John Wesley
Smal, Fredrick
Scott, Henry Bailey
Shiveral, Phillip
Williams, Preston P.

Transferred to 3rd District.

Brawner, John J.
Cobey, John F.

Transferred from 3rd District.

Willis, William

STRICKEN FROM THE LISTS.

Removed.

Patterson Joseph M.
Price, Albin

Dead.

Hitt, Peter
Henson, Len
Jones, Ned
Kendrick L. Kregal
Marbury Henson
Montgomery, Josph S,
Prout, Robert
Robey, John C.
Swann, Josiah
Winter, Ben

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T. A. SMITH,
Officer of Registration.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Garner, Jas. B.
Matthews, Jno, H.
Swann, W. T.
Dyson, Math
Freeman, Jno. T.
Campbell, Charles H.

Transferred to 4th District.

Boarman, Charles
Dobbins, Charles
Dyer, James T.
Grayer, Gerard
Miles, James N.
Newman, Marcellus
Newman, James H.
Swann, James H.

Transferred from 4th District.

Blair, James E.
Cole, George T.
Colbert, Sylvester
Crismond, John T.
Herbert, J. T.
Herbert, Charles B.
Jackson, Robert
Lacey, R. T.

Dead.

Hancock, Thomas A.
Latimer, James B.
Proctor, Peter

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JAMES M. BEAN,
Officer of Registration.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Blackiston, Thomas E.
Marshal, James H.
Norris, Henry C.
Sullivan, James H.
Thomas, Wm Jos

Stricken off

Transferred from 5th District.

Boarman, Charles
Dobbins, Charles
Grayer, Gerard
Newman, James H.
Newman, Marcellus
Swann, James H.

Transferred to 5th District.

Cole, George T.
Colbert, Sylvester
Herbert, J. T.
Herbert, Charles B
Jackson, Robert

Dead.

Bond, R. H.
Hamersley, John
Johnson, George H.
Norris, J. T.
Shaw, Charles A. F.

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LEMUEL SWOOT,
Officer of Registration.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Henderson, James A
McPherson, Walter B.
Montgomery, John D.
Robey, Milton
Robey, Edwin
Thomas, William W.
Willett, Henry
Wilkinson, Thomas M.

Transferred to 6th District.

Douglas, James
McPherson, Grandison
Thomas, Washington

Transferred from 6th District.

Douglas, Sandy
Day, Washington
Dyer, James T.
Easton, John A.
Gibbons, F. E.
Hill, Oscar

Dead.

Ferguson, John H.
Ford, Francis
Fenwick, John
Harris, John B.
Moore, George M.
Simms, Francis A.
Ware, Townly

Convict

Speake, John Henry

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JOHN H. HANCOCK,
Officer of Registration.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED.

Butler, George A.
Brooks, Robert
Cartar, William
Day, Alexander
Day, Francis M
Dent, William B.
Downs, Thomas B.
Hungerford, Robert
Jenkins, Eugene A.
Key, Charles H.
Mack, Edward

Stricken off.

Transferred from 7th District.

Owens, Francis I.

Removed.

Jackson, John

Dead

Bailey, George A.
Barber, James
Brown, Hanson
Barber, William
Caywood, S. H.
Johnson, John H.
Scroggins, Charles H.

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RICHARD T. KNOTT,
Officer of Registration.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Persons newly registered and stricken from the lists of qualified voters.

NEWLY REGISTERED

Farrall, John DeSales
Mitchell, John W.
Smallwood, Richard T.
Woodburn, George W.
Wade, Joseph Ralph

Transferred to 9th District.

Bush, Thomas J.
Banks, John W.
Cusic, Austin
Farrall, Richard T.
Johnson, Joseph R.
Marshall, Cope
Marshall, Richard O.
Scott, Thomas H.
Stonestreet, Wm.
Wade, John W.
Washington, George H.
Young, Alex. Henry

Transferred from 9th District

Burch, James W.
Gross, Romulus
Jones, Edward
Lamar, John W.
Wade, Alexander
Wade, Gusty
Wade, Constantine

STRICKEN FROM THE LISTS

Acton, John H.
Acton, George R
Edelen, Francis
Magruder, Ali
Marshall, Charles H.
Scott, James
Williams, Charles H.
Wood, William H.
Waters, William C.

Dead.

Adams, George H.
Moreland, John H.
Proctor, Charles H.
Stewart, John
Thomas, Joseph F.
Webster, Zach.
Young, John

Convict.

Wade, John Sylvester

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RUFUS ROBEY
Officer of Registration.

[Written for the TIMES.]

The Disguised Murderer.

BY LOSTOW.

I saw immediately that some foreboding of disaster or presentiment of evil, was weighing on her mind, and with all the tact I could command, I endeavored to quiet her fears and restore her confidence. My situation was truly a novel and embarrassing one. There out in the wilderness, I a tolerably good looking young man of five and twenty, sat in the light of the cheerful fire, talking to and consoling an extremely handsome young lady of eighteen.

At length the clock struck the hour of ten, and I rose to retire to my quarters. I said good night reluctantly, and the servant stood in the doorway with the candle to light me across the yard to the shanty, in which my quarters had been prepared, when my hostess, with her arm resting on the mantel and her face shaded by her hand, called me back and exclaimed:

"Hettie, I have changed my mind. Put Mr. Ashton in my brother's room. It is too bad to send a gentlemen to an out-house on such a night as this. Go and tell Peggie to get the room ready immediately."

Hettie disappeared, and I stood talking for a few moments till Hettie again announced that all was ready, and shouldering my carpet bags I bowed good night and retired full of peculiar sensations, which at that time, I made no effort to analyze.

The room to which I was conducted was a large one at the end of the corridor on the second floor. As I passed along the hall, I noticed that there were six doors on either side, so located, that no door was placed directly opposite another.

I found the master's room a perfect bachelor's sanctum. A large bed, a sideboard well stocked with refreshments, a book case filled with volumes of all sorts, a round table in the centre of the room, an escritoire in one corner and half a dozen chairs constituted the principle furniture. There was also a time honored and luxurious arm chair drawn up before the fire, inviting one to musing and repose, and the walls were covered with guns, pistols and swords of all descriptions, from the rusty and trusty old hacked sword of revolutionary fame, to the more narrow and trenchant modern blade. Returning Hettie's kind good night and pleasant dreams, I locked the door and took out the key to examine it. It was a heavy iron key, such as would be used now to lock a prison or large factory. While pondering over the changes that our modern improvements had made not only in the construction of houses, but also in all the appurtenances thereof, I inadvertently laid the key on the table beside me, and thought no more about it till after developments brought it very vividly to my mind. It was a trifling circumstance seemingly, but it was one fraught with momentous consequences to myself and others; so true it is, that our lives are made up of little things, and on the most trifling incident are often hinged results, that affect for a life time and therefore, for an eternity the future of men.

Notwithstanding the extreme fatigue and exhaustion I experienced after my long day's travel and vexation, I did not feel sleepy, so lighting a cigar, I took down a book from one of the shelves and began to read. But it was impossible to fix my attention upon the matter I was reading. My mind would wander pertinaciously to my fair hostess, and my fancy pictured her, as she stood by the mantel and bade me good night. I was not in love. I was too prosaic and individual to fall in love at first sight, and and yet the interest, I felt in that lovely girl, could not have been more intense, had I known her for years. So throwing aside the book, I placed my slippered feet on the fender, and sat gazing listlessly on the fire, building what the witty French would style "Chateaux en espayne," and we prosy English call "Castles in the air." I was awakened from my reverie by the mournful tones of the old family clock, that slowly and solemnly struck the hour of midnight, awakening gloomy echoes through the seemingly deserted mansion. Though not sleepy, prudence suggested the propriety of retiring to stretch my weary limbs, and get the rest needed to recuperate me for the long journey of the morrow, for I had ridden many miles out of my way. Accordingly having placed my saddle bags and coat on the side of the bed next to the wall--a habit I always adhered to when travelling—I took up my pistols, examined them carefully, reprimed them and placed them under the pillow. I was just falling asleep—in that state of somnolency, when one is not all asleep, nor yet entirely awake, when I was aroused by a slight noise at the door of my room. Of course I was on the alert in an instant, and grasping a pistol in either hand, awaited further developments. I was not kept long in suspense, for almost immediately a key was inserted where mine should have been, and the door was opened noiselessly.

The curtains round my bed concealed me from view, and through an opening in the one near my head, I could observe everything that was passing in the room. The last straggling rays of flickering light from the dying fire, rendered each object in the room perfectly distinct and threw a weird like aspect over everything. As I peered cautiously from my place of concealment, a tall, powerfully built negro entered the room, and as if perfectly acquainted with the position of everything around, walked directly to the escritoire in the corner, unlocked it and took from it a butchers knife, and after coolly running his hand along the blade to test it sharpness, thrust it in his bosom, and turning to the mantel, took up the candle I had been using, and started for the door. Once only he looked toward the bed, and as he did so I clutched my pistols nervously, and held my breath in the intensity of the excitement. Stooping for an instant to pick up a glove he had dropped, I noticed that he wore mocasins, and concluded that he was evidently prepared to plunder and perhaps murder.

As he left the room, I left the bed and strode to the door. The corridor was intensely dark. I stopped and listened. The handle of the next room was tried, and a slight murmer of disappointment told me the object of pursuit was not there. I boldly stepped in the passage, judging rightly, that the villain would look only before him. Each time that he opened a door, I stepped into the opposite doorway to avoid being perceived. Several doors were tried, and similar ejaculations of surprise were muttered in an undertone.

At last the room at the farther end of the passage was reached, opened, and a dim light shone through the open door. One moment only did the fiend pause upon the threshold, but that moment sufficed to give a glimpse of his face, and such an expression of fiendish delight was there visible, that it made my blood ran cold to behold it. He entered the room and stepped toward the door and peeped in. It was the counterpart of the room I had occupied, with this difference, that on a dressing table near the bed, a prettily ornamented glass bowl was standing with oil in it and a lighted taper, which gave light enough to render the objects in the room imperfectly visible. Approaching the bed, the negro softly drew aside the curtains, looked earnestly upon the sleeper, then drew his knife and examined it. Slowly and cautiously did he proceed to uncover the breast of the lady, for it was no other than my fair hostess, and with knife brandished in the air, was about to give the fatal stroke, when a slight noise, purposely made by me caused him to turn,—a flash,—a report,—and the would-be-murderer, with a horrible yell, fell forward on the floor, weltering in his own gore. The lady screamed, jumped to the floor and would have sought refuge in flight, had not the tones of the voice of the wounded man aroused and transfixed her to the spot.

"Clarie, dear Clarie, don't curse me, don't go away until you say you forgive me," were the words he uttered, and as the truth forced itself upon her mind, she clasped her hands to her temple, and in an agony of anguish exclaimed:

"Is it possible, my poor, dear only brother!"

The scene that followed beggars description. The servants rushed in, and there before them all was the brother of their mistress and their own respected master, disguised as a murderer, with the implement of murder in his hand, and the blood of a murderer flowing in a copious stream from the wound near his heart.

After having instructed the servants to take very great care of their stricken and unfortunate mistress, now reduced to the verge of insanity by the terrific weight of the overwhelming calamity, that had befallen her, and having ordered the master's body to be removed and prepared with all care for interment, I returned to my room to meditate upon the events just narrated, and to allay, if possible, by quiet rest, the terrible nervous excitement that now oppressed me.

During the course of the morning, a servant came to announce breakfast. Although not in the least hungry, I felt my curiosity excited to the highest pitch, to ascertain the fate of my fair young hostess, and I was indeed much surprised on entering the dining room, to hear from Hettie, that her mistress was able to talk, and desired an interview after breakfast.

On entering the parlor I was amazed, for there before me, clothed in deep mourning, with a ghastly face on which the scalding tears had left their impress, stood my fair hostess. In a few words, the following arrangement were made.

* * * * *

It was descovered on investigation, that Mr. Charles Jeffries, the would-be murderer of his lovely and angelic sister Clara, had inherited, equally with his sister, one half of the estate and effects of his deceased parents. By dissipation, gambling, drinking, fast horses and women, he had squandered his portion of the estate, and as the portion of his sister was so securely placed in trust, that she could not dispose of it without the consent of her guardians, and since these gentlemen positively and emphatically refused to her of any arrangement, by which the dissipated gambler could obtain money from his sister, this desperate man knowing that in the death of his only sister, he would inherit the whole estate, determined to destroy her. How nearly he succeeded in his infamous designs, has already been shown.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Miss Clara Jeffries," and Mr. Ashton led his handsome, accomplished and amiable wife forward, and, with a polite bow, informed the company, that his darling wife and fair hostess were one and the same person.

"Isn't this a queer world," said Rosa Jennings to her friend Genie W——, as they drove slowly home. "I do believe truth is stranger than fiction."

And such is the conclusion, to which bitter experience has led many a heart broken man to arrive.

THE END.

Select Miscellany.

The Vagabond Sage.

An old man of very active physiogomy was brought to the police Court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

'What business?

'None, I'm a traveler.'

'A vagabond, perhaps?'

'You are not wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money and the former without brains.'

'Whers have you traveled?'

'All over the continent.'

'For what purpose?

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure and a great deal to laugh at.'

'Humph! What do you commend?'

'A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man that marries a girl for her fine cloths, a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who will elect a drunkard to office.'

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit.'

VARIETIES.

"I'm coming thro' the rye!" exclaimed the bummer, as he woke up in a dry goods box after a big spree.

Rustic chairs are pretty object, and as long as a man can resist the inclination to sit in them they are desirable to have about.

It's a mean man who will fool flies by having the wax figure of a bald-headed man in his room to attract them from him.

It may be right occasionly to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.

The Princess Louise is as independent as a widow, and mixes in general society more than any of Queen Victoria's daughters.

A little boy remarked: "I like grand pa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

It is now said that early rising is the cause of many nervous diseases. Our rising young men should make a note of this, and temper their aspirations accordingly.

Ladies, if you desire to possess an easygoing husband marry a veteran of the late war. He will eat anything from boiled shoe leather to bull dozed bean soup.

Says a contemporary, describing an arrest: "He accompained the police quietly to the lock-up, where our reporter happened to be at the time."

Rejected lovers need never despair. There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty four in which a woman may not change her mind.

It was very ungallant in the old bachelor, who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask "if there wasn't room for both feet."

An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, got married in a storm and has lived in storm ever since." The couple must have been Mr. and Mrs. Si Clone.

"Uncle," said a young man, who thought that his guardian did not supply him with money, often enough, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."