

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 16, 1881.

Volume XXXVIII.—No. 28.



To the Citizens of Port Tobacco And Vicinity!

A few facts for your consideration and to the interest of those who like to wear good clothes for little money.

On Saturday the 10th ulto we opened a

FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING HOUSE.

In the New Three Story Building

310 Seventh Street, Near Pennsylvania Ave., (KATZENSTEIN'S OLD STAND.)

With an immense stock of First-class Clothing for

Men's Youth's Boy's and Children's Wear. OUR STOCK IS ALL OF

Our Own Manufacture.

(The only House in this city who Manufacture all the goods they sell.)

We can give you a piece of same goods as the suit you purchase which at times is very useful.

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OVERCOATS to fit the smallest child to the largest man in Charles county from \$3.50 to \$10.

We have but ONE PRICE, every article marked in plain figures and no deviation. We sell for CASH ONLY. We never misrepresent an article.

We refund you your purchase money if after getting home, you or your family are dissatisfied. A call is respectfully solicited.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET,

Washington, D. C.

S. KATZENSTEIN,

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Manager.

N. T. Metzger & Bro.,
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Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and

all the various Affections of the Female

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Use of the young and old.

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is entirely free from all the dangerous

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into the composition of many of the

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A Twist of Roses.

"You are really in earnest, Miss Barbara?" said Hugh Greator, with marked surprise in his tone.

"I am."

Never answer prompter, more decided; notwithstanding, Hugh Greator stated above his paper with incredulous, bewildered air.

"I am to understand, then, that you disallow young Bonfield's offer; that you will not accept of any property of your right property; that you sacrifice all."

A flash of her black eyes and an impatient foot tap, interrupted him.

"All?" she said.

"My dear Miss Barbara," he continued, suavely, "this is a delicate matter, a very delicate matter, indeed; but I beg you to reflect, if not on this proper order, at least upon the primary condition of the will. You understand your grandfather's bequest as he presumed you would not find this hard, and as far as Herbert—"

"Mr. Greator, spare your pains; I will not marry Herbert Bonfield; I will not take from him these estates. For both, this is my last will and testament, so please let the subject drop."

She flushed with her hand on the door knob, and swept from the apartment down the hall and into the charming little boudoir which until this evening, had seemed to her a paradise; into which, heretofore, she had brought scarce a disturbing thought. Her face softened, a burst of tears would have been the speedy sequel to her indignation, but for an object that met her eyes.

A fair object to look upon; a twist of twin roses, gracing the bracket whither, a few hours since, they had been tenderly carried; where this same Barbara had been over them with blushing countenance and touched the with her lips. Poor flowers! now holding them, her brows bent; pitilessly she seized them, and flung them far on the lawn. This action was a relief; with it resentment temporarily faded, and she seemed to be in self-possessed.

"Who would have believed I would do that this morning!" she murmured. "But truly since morning life has changed. Then I was near to loving Herbert Bonfield; now I think I should as near hating him as ever I did."

She did not finish; she stood staring, as if transfixed, at the door, as if seeing the sequel there—down where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revengeful agents, though Barbara dreamed it not.

It was a surprising announcement, that which had occurred this day. Old Col. Holden had been three months dead; the search for his will, this action was to pass untrammelled into the hands of Bonfield's possession. Either of which conditions Hugh Greator's executor, was charged to see speedily fulfilled.

On the face of a most arbitrary will. But to those acquainted with Col. Holden the matter was very plain. He had been through life an inveterate miser; his humor, must needs tinged his will. Noting with a favorable eye young Bonfield's attentions to Barbara—as yet in their first bud—and priding himself on his sagacity, he had in a fit of jolity, revoked all former testaments and indited this; chuckling to think that should he die ere things were settled, how delightfully, under these arbitrary conditions, he had arranged for his "dear young folks." And he had died suddenly, leaving this surprise.

Barbara understood it; unfortunately Hugh Bonfield demurred. His delicacy was to be the first stumbling block. There was no joy in his countenance when he heard the startling news; he appeared to fathom but one point.

"It seems very ridiculous, Mr. Greator," he said, "that I should offer to forego all claim to Miss Barbara Holden's estates; but this is, in my view, the proper course. Please manage it as informally as possible, else we may make a matter of importance out of a farce."

Hugh Greator was not surprised. "A fine young fellow, Mr. Herbert Bonfield," he mused privately; "but Holden did not know him as well as I. The case stand thus: He can have pretty Miss Barbara to-morrow for the asking; but ask her he never will without some advance on her part something to satisfy his nice son."

Undoubtedly she will miscomprehend him; and so the chances are we shall see a genuine love-match nipped in the bud. But, perhaps, after settlement, in time—stranger things have happened."

And Hugh Greator bustled off to Barbara with news.

Not an over pleasant mission for the little lawyer, for how this case so well. For, as Herbert Bonfield had ignored the will's first condition, he must necessarily do the same; he must suggest another, at least till the open point was ruled. But he was ill prepared for the decision which was to rule this out.

To Barbara, under the most delicate staidings, Herbert Bonfield's action would have caused offence; in her own, legal representation it grew a mighty thing, believing that she loved her, she had anticipated but one course; all the day she had been awaiting him, wondering that he did not come.

From her lighter nature the delicacy of his motives was hid; bewildered, indignant, beset by varied emotions, she took refuge in the defiance which so amazed Hugh Greator, and which culminated as we have seen.

But, as we have seen, resentment faded; wistfully down the roadway Barbara stood gazing, where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revengeful agents, though she dreamed it not.

Little thought Barbara whose hand would find his roses; fate; and then her feeling he. Through the twilight into night, she sat waiting; turning away at last, but with the hopeful murmur.

To-morrow, but not Herbert Bonfield; a week off to-morrow, and still he did not come. A week; and then on a passenger list of a European steamer she read his name.

It had been all a mistake; he had never loved her; he was only too glad to yield up the estates that he might be freed from her. So reasoned Barbara as she read. Not strange, perhaps, since she lacked the hint that her own heart should have given her; ignored her last words; suspected not the flowers that lay in wait that night.

Amid her pain the realization of her late caprice flashed upon her. Odd that it should be a comfort; but so it proved to Barbara, and she clung to it persistently; over and over she repeated:

"I will never have the estates. Herbert Bonfield shall take them or the will will be forever void."

In vain Hugh Greator pleaded; Barbara was firm. The homestead was vacated, and, with an old, faithful servant, she went to reside a few miles from thence.

A year passed, and still the late comfortable home stood empty and ghost-like and so did his broad lands. Barbara persistent; Hugh Greator appeared in her cottage with a letter in his hand.

"Read!" he said excitedly, pointing to its concluding clause.

"I expect soon to be in W— with my wife. And in conclusion, if Miss Barbara has not then assumed her inheritance, if she still declines it, she may not be censured if I lay claim to it myself."

A moment's silence, then she handed the letter to him.

"I understand Mr. Greator," she said quietly, "surely he should not be blamed."

"My dear Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you will not pursue this whim? You will not reject your inheritance now that the crisis has come?"

In vain. Life has gone hard with Barbara; nearly fatal in effect. But the old will was active. Determinedly she replied:

"My decision remains unaltered. I decline the estates."

And yet there was something in that final sentence worse than the belief that she did not love her, than the fact that he was forever lost to her. Better that love lack, than one's ideal fallen so low.

So mused Barbara, sitting, a few evenings later, in her little parlour, mused so absorbedly, that she heard not her servant's announcement, realized naught till, turning, she saw Herbert Bonfield at her side.

Surprise, the charm of the old presence, despite her efforts, that her heart was bare.

"I have been very ill," she stammered, "and my nerves are still weak."

He did not spare her; he gazed steadily down into her telltale face. She would have withdrawn the hand she had extended, but he clasped it tightly, as if he would never let it go.

"Barbara," he said, "will you forgive me when I say that I rejoice that you have been very ill? For I do rejoice; otherwise I might have remained forever ignorant of what makes my joy to-night—of this; that I was not mistaken when I thought you loved me; that when you discarded my poor flowers, it was not as I so bitterly fancied, but because you mistook my motives, and were offended at my conduct; I acted on my first impulse, Barbara. It seemed to me indicative to act otherwise, and I hoped that you would understand. But you did not; you indignantly declared you would not marry me. Still I was incredulous, and I was hastening to you, determined to read your heart, when suddenly I found my flowers. I heard some children telling this story; my pride was now touched on belief; and you know the rest, Barbara—I was foolish and went away."

He had spoken tenderly, with a wealth of quiet love; but his next words were passionate, spoken with his face bent close to hers:

"Barbara, darling, fate has been very kind. You were delirious and revealed all; all was heard by the faithful servant, whose letter has brought me home. Will you deny it, Barbara? Will you deny that you love me still?"

She could not answer. His kisses sealed her lips. But though so sudden, so barely comprehended, there seemed no greater happiness on earth than hers, till there came a remembrance, and she exclaimed:

Select Miscellany.

A New Element in Poker.

"We've been having a mint of trouble in our church," sighed a New Lots farmer, as he laid a twelve pound onion down on the managing editor's table. "It's the most serious difficulty we've had and we've got to get a new parson. Do you know of a parson out of a job?"

"What was the trouble about?" asked the editor.

"Why, you see, there was Deacon Sketch who backslidin' and playin' keards. His son had just come home from the West and got him to playin' and we couldn't break him off. Everything else about him was all right but that and we didn't know how to work with his idol. We wrestled with him but it was no use. He said he knew it was all wrong but he couldn't swear off no how. Finally we deacons proposed to the pastor to play Deacon Sketch a game of poker whether he should quit or not and the pastor was willin' to do what he could for the errin' soul; so they got up a game. We deacons were there to see that it was a proper game they started in."

"Didn't the minister stake anything on the game?"

"Hold on till I tell you. That's what Deacon Sketch wanted to know. He said he was puttin' in everything and he wanted something to play for. And the parson said all right he'd put up religion against the deacon's godliness so that if the deacon won he'd be in anyway. The deacon dealt and called on the parson to ante. The parson looked at his hand and anted up the doctrine of original sin. This was before the draw. The deacon made it good with a promise not to play for money and the parson took two keards. He had three nines and he got a pair of fivers. The deacon drew three keards and he had his best chipped in an agreement never to play on Sunday. The parson seen him that with Total Depravity and raised him to the extent of Justification by Faith."

"Let me understand this. Suppose Deacon Sketch loses?"

"Then he wasn't to preach then; that's all. They belonged to the deacon. Well, the deacon pondered a bit and then he sees the raise with the promise not even to play for drinks and raises again with a pledge to leave the keards home when he went to prayer meeting. We seed he was gettin' smart and the parson went to him. He seen his raise with happiness and boasted him with the doctrine of atonement. It began to look as if the parson would fling him with out a show down, 'cause we thought he was raisin' him out. But the deacon came back with an agreement to play nothing but old maid and elevated the pot with an agreement not to play that more'n once a week. Then the parson lifted him. He seen him with the torments of the Damned and raised him to the limit with the whole Orthodox Creed. That made the deacon scratch his head, but he could just see him with a solemn oath never to touch another keard and they dropped their hands."

"How did they come out?" asked the excited editor.

"The parson wonned. Deacon Sketch only had two pair."

"Then I don't see where the trouble is," said the disappointed editor.

"That parson was so worked up on the keards he can't preach anything else."

Last week he alluded to the four gospels as a bob-tail fish and the week before he maintained the five leaves and two fishes was a mistake. He's just will on the game and says the arisin' of Lazarus shows that the business was all right. Of course our congregation can't stand and we have got to have a new parson. It won't do to have a minister claim in our pulpit that she bears eat up the children because they sling the prophet over the limit. No sir, nor preach that Judas Iscariot had a right to stand on his hand when the rest had passed out, instead of making a sack pot. If you hear of a parson that's out of a job send him up a week and give me a little notice about this thing, will yer? My name's deacon Sketch."

An Awkward Faint.

Some women never can faint in the proper manner nor at the right time. And if a woman cannot bring about this happy combination of time and place, she had better get along without swooning. Now, here about two weeks ago, one Sabbath evening, at Bradford, Pennsylvania, the best behaved and most thoroughly moral town in the oil country, a city not given to fainting or other unseemly displays during religious services, the Methodist Episcopal Conference was in session and its ministers were conducting service, just after the ordination of deacons a woman in the gallery fainted. Now, while the ordination of deacons is a most holy, solemn and deeply impressive ceremony, it is not widely thrilling and exciting, like the initiation scenes in the Sons of Malta, and it is nothing to faint over. But, this woman fainted, and a beautiful faint she made it.

A Cool Detective.

As a rule, highwaymen in the mining States seldom operate upon a stage coach, with the S. M. on it. They know that these initials stand for the United States mail, and are a pledge that the whole power of the Government will be used to capture them.

The detectives in the Government service are quiet men, courteous in manner and gentle in speech. Mr. Hayes tells, in his book on "New Colorado," of one whom he met, who wore gold spectacles, and looked like a German professor. Yet this man alone took two mail robbers from the north to Texas.—At one place their friends planned a rescue. He quietly informed his prisoners that, while their friends could undoubtedly kill him, they might be sure that the first motion would send them both into eternity. Not a man in the crowd moved a finger.

On one occasion a celebrated detective was on the stage which was attacked by two masked men. The first he knew was that two revolvers were thrust into the coach's windows, with the command "Hands up gentlemen!" The highwayman had "the drop" on the passengers, which, in their vocabulary, meant the certainty of being able to kill before being harmed themselves. To his disgust, the detective was compelled to give up his watch and money.

As the robbers left, he put his hand down in the "boot," and to his delight it touched a carbine. Asking the driver to go on a little farther and wait for him, went back alone.

The two men, unsuspecting of danger were "divvying up" the spoils in the middle of the road. This was just what the detective had calculated on.

"Now, you scoundrels, it's my turn," he shouted, covering the men with his repeating carbine. Throw up your hands, or I'll shoot."

The robbers, at his command, stepped one side, holding up their hands, while he picked up their revolvers. It was not many minutes before the astonished passengers saw the two highwaymen walking meekly down the road with the cool detective following. They were taken in the coach and finally lodged in jail.

The hero was Gen. Charles Adams, who subsequently went alone among the Utes and secured the release of the women captives from the White River Agency.

What She Saw in Church.

He stayed at home and she went to church. It never occurred to her; "What was the matter?"

"Oh, something somewhere in Generations; I have forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hight sat right before me with a 'John'—Hubbard's net on. How could I hear anything when I could not see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a looking thing to church if I had to have gone bareheaded."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's splendid! and Kate Martin was there in a Spanish lace cap that never cost less than \$50; and they can't pay their butcher bills, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No, and the Jones girls were all rigged out in their yellow silks made over; you and I have had something to have seen them. Such taste as these girls have; and the minister gave out the Dorcas Society will meet at Jones' residence, the old noky place."

"It seems you did not hear much of the sermon."

"Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church, if you don't hear the sermon, than to stay at home and read the paper; and oh, Harry; the new minister has a lovely voice, it nearly puts me to sleep, and did I tell you that the Rich's are home from Europe, and Mrs. Rich had a real cake's hair shawl on, and it didn't look like anything on her."

"There! I knew I'd forgot to tell you something. Would you believe it, Harry, the fringe on Mrs. Jones' parasol was an inch deeper than mine and twice as heavy! Oh, dear! what a world of trouble this is!"

The Newspaper of Today.

But the newspaper of to-day bears little or no resemblance to the personal organ of olden times. Telegraphy, fast mails, the march of education and thirst for knowledge have built up the press, a modern institution, profession and craft in one, which overshadows the small strifes of place-hunters, and is the superior, not the servant, of politicians, because it typifies the people. The journalism of to-day offers within its own limits all possible opportunities for advancement, all proper incentives to ambition, all worthy rewards to those who deserve them. It embraces in its rank—thanks perhaps to the absence of protection for other forms of American literary industry—the best heads, the clearest minds and the most facile pens in the land. As an instructor and mentor it has dwarfed the school room, the pulpit and the rostrum. As interpreter and guide of public opinion, it has a power which no tribune like Cicero nor premier like Pitt ever enjoyed in ante-journal days. Its service is one upon which young men of brain and industry can enter with a devotion to their task, a commanding sense of its dignity and responsibility and a certainty of appreciation for good work which belongs to no other profession.

Wind and Weather.

At a recent meeting of the Farmers' club of the American Institute, Mr. A. J. De Voe, of Hackensack, N. J., sent the following ten short rules by which a person can stand beneath his clouds in any part of the Northern Hemisphere (north of latitude fifteen), and for hundreds of miles around him he can form an accurate opinion how the wind and weather are progressing:

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.

2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.

3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.

4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress toward a region of fair weather.

5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather, toward a region where a storm is forming.

6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northwest there will be rain in less than twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it may be.

7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southwest there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow if it be summer, and if it be winter there will be a snow storm.

8. The wind blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is cast on you; from the south, the heaviest rain is north; from the east, the heaviest rain is south; from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.

9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.

10. Whenever a heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northwest of you.

He Mixed Those Bottles Up.

A gentleman, returning home from the Gilroy Hot Springs by coach, was asked that riding disagreed with her. As he was making his way to the inside berth, she bade him take special care of two bottles of Gilroy water which she was carrying to her husband. As it happened, the lady had contrived to make herself very disagreeable to her fellow visitors at the springs and the passenger she had ousted from his seat determined to have his revenge. Opening each of the bottles he poured out half