

# 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.

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 23, 1881.

Volume XXXVIII.—No. 29.

## To the mitizens 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 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.

Our Men's suits range in price from \$8 to \$28. Our Youth's suits from \$6 to \$25; our Boy's suits from \$3.50 to \$15; our Little suits from \$3 to \$10.

OVERCOATS to fit the smallest child to the largest man in Charles county from \$3.50 to \$40.

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,**  
Manager.

N. T. Metzger & Bro.,

Fine Groceries and Liquors,

Washington, D. C.

SPECIALTIES

**TEAS!**

**Coffees!**

PURE SPICES.

**SYRUPS**

Molasses.

**FLOUR!**

We have a large Supply of Groceries, Fancy and Staple in every department, and all orders sent to us will receive prompt attention at the very lowest prices the day they are received.

N. T. Metzger & Bro.,

417 Seventh St. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

**BARBOUR & HAMILTON,**  
Wholesale Grocers  
Liquor Dealers

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SOLE AGENTS for the unrivalled Brands

"OUR NEW WEST" a Minnesota Flour

"ROYAL" a St. Louis Family

"GERM" Fancy Patent

"HARVEST QUEEN" Wisconsin Family

"IDEALWEISS" a Choice Ohio Family

"SILVER SPRING" a Virginia Extra

These are the BEST FLOURS on the MARKET

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

**Devoe's Brilliant Oil,**

THE SAFEST

CHEAPEST

BEST Illuminator

IN THE WORLD.

WE also call special attention to our large

STOCK OF

Whiskies,

Wines,

Brandies &c.

All of which we offer to the trade at prices as

LOW as can be obtained in any market north

of Washington. Buyers will find it to their

advantage to examine

**OUR STOCK**

before making their purchases. Satisfaction

guaranteed.

**BARBOUR & HAMILTON,**

No. 614, 616 PA. AVE & 615, 617 B St.

Washington, D. C.

Feb. 27-80.

**Dr. John T. Digges,**

Port Tobacco, Md.

Office in the FERGUSON BUILDING

OFFICE HOURS

From 10 to 12 a. m.

and at other hours found at this residence, as

well as at my private office, on 13-1/2

Msrs. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses

which attend the Female System.

It will cure Suffering from Female Complaints,

Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion and Disor-

ders of the Liver, and all the various Disorders

connected with the Female System, and the consequent

Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the

Young and Old.

It will relieve the most distressing cases from the uterus

in an early stage of their progress. The tendency to

conceive is increased, and all the various Disorders

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## Select Poetry.

ONLY A LITTLE SPARROW.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree,  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—  
It is very plain I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain,  
Were it buckled in gold and purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
Neither sow nor reap;  
I give me a sparrow's fortune,  
But never need to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to keep my  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—  
All over the world we're found,  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten,  
Though weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that our dear Lord careth  
The life of the creature he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray;  
I do not court the eagle's eye,  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no heart can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree,  
But I know the Father loves me—  
Have you less faith than me?

Respectfully,

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## The Humors of Pilot Boating

In an account of a cruise in a New York pilot boat, published in the Century, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin says:

We kept on to the east, deciding to go as far as St. Georges Bank after steaming.

These vessels are the great prizes in the pilot lottery, because their draft averages more than that of sailing ships.

To secure an in-bound steamer also insures piloting her out again.

Ocean steamers are therefore very desirable game, and great risks are encountered in order to intercept them.

The opposite extreme are Norwegian barks, for they are small, and generally come to this country in ballast.

"To get a Norwegian bark" is therefore considered a good joke on the poor fellow whose luck it is to board one.

Steamers which are exclusively freight boats, and are irregular in their sailing days and slow in their movements, are called "tramps," and are not also held in high esteem by the pilots.

The cruises to the eastward are sometimes, though rarely protracted to twenty or thirty days. But the average luck is good.

The following evening, when we were well eastward of Nantucket light-ship, a steamer was reported heading directly for us.

Immediately the cards were flung aside, and in a moment every soul was on deck. The pilot whose turn it was to board the next vessel, after a hurried survey of the steamer, exclaimed:

"Boys, good-bye. Finish the game for yourselves."

He then dashed below, and in all haste put on a "biled" shirt and a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, and packed his valise. It should be remembered that these steamers are rather more "swell" than sailing ships, and seem to demand a corresponding difference in wearing apparel.

In the meantime the torch was blazing on the liveliest manner. The needle-like points of light representing the steamer gradually approached, and at last a huge, vague form of the vessel was to be defined.

But she already had a pilot, and paid no attention to us. The game in the cabin was resumed at once, and the "biled" shirt was once more folded up and laid away carefully in the locker.

The precariousness of steamer-catching is well illustrated in this matter of dressing to board them.

One of our pilots would us that he had actually shaved and dressed six times in one trip for a steamer before he had succeeded in boarding one.

There is a tradition of a pilot who dressed seventeen times before success crowned his perseverance.

According to Mrs. Gertrude Garrison, this is how she does it. She takes it up hurriedly, and begins to scan it over rapidly as if she were hunting some particular thing, but she is not. She is only taking the obscure paragraphs, which she believes were put in the out-of-the-way places for the sake of keeping her from seeing them.

As she finishes each one, her countenance brightens, and she looks up, and enjoys herself all the same. We need do nothing when the gush and vigor of youth were upon us. What a blessing thing it is that nature takes away the desire for frolic as we grow older, and begin to wear the sere and yellow leaf. I don't care to dance now that the spring in my extremities is gone and there's lead in my shoes, and I don't mean to lament that old age is creeping on me, for I have many new pleasures, and one of these is to look on and see other people happy. Enjoy your day, whether it be in youth or old age; enjoy every day, make most of it; get all out of life you can. It won't pay to always be hankering after something or grieving over troubles that haven't come; and may never come. I know people who let the dark side of life cheat 'em out of every day's happiness, who ponder and fret over little troubles until they swell up like dried apples and get to be big ones, and they can't eat or sleep in any peace.

Life to them is a grindstone, and the grit of it is always cutting away little until there's nothing left. Enjoy the day; get some food out of it, even if it's nothing but contentment for good health and being out of jail. An old gentleman of three score years and ten was here last night—came five miles just to see the young people happy—and he was bright as the full moon, and it was a pleasure to see him and listen to him discourse upon life and how to live and how to farm and so on. He's seen trouble enough, goodness knows, but he never took it to heart; or surrendered his manhood.

**Atlanta Constitution.**

**A Youth who Never Saw a Woman.**

Weald's history of the Chinese, published in London, in a chapter on love, has the following story:

A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through woman in many other ways, retired his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichow, to a spot quite inaccessible to footed Chinese women.

He trained the boy to worship the Gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils, but he never mentioned woman to him, always descending the mountain alone to buy food.

At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short and pointing to three approaching objects, cried "Father, what are these things. Look! look!

What are these things? The father instantly answered with the peremptory order, "Turn away your head, they are devils!" The son in some alarm turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, eat no supper and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his troubled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain. "Oh, father, that tallest devil! that tallest devil father!"

**Good Night.**

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts, as members of a family separate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day forever blotted out by its benign influence. Small tokens, indeed, but it is little courtesies that can so beautifully round off the square corners in the homes of the laboring men and women. The simple "I thank you," for a favor received, will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not estimated by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart. If a home be happy, whether the owner possesses a patch of ground or a thousand acres, they who live there are indeed wealthy beyond mathematical calculations. Then how much more lovingly are the sabbles folds of night gathered around the happy home. How much more confidently do its members repose their weary body in the care of Divine Goodness, smoothing their over-taxed minds to the living realities of beautiful dreamland.

**A Touching Incident.**

A mother's love is deep, abiding and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up in her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives as it were a part of her. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savages as well as civilized people. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and taking in her arm the pretty baby lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child, when the poor Indian gathered up her blanket as one would a sick child, and after clapping her hands, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks, as the white mother put her babe back into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came again, bringing a peck of ripe wild plums, and the next two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed, and never came again.

**Dreams.**

If a man dreams the devil is after him, it is a sign that he had better watch his step.

**Bill Arp's View of Life.**

We had a good old-fashioned country dance last night, and don't feel any worse this morning for it. We had young people and middle-aged people, and old people, and those of us who didn't trip on the light fantastic toe, sat on the broad piazza and talked and looked on, and enjoyed ourselves all the same. We need do nothing when the gush and vigor of youth were upon us. What a blessing thing it is that nature takes away the desire for frolic as we grow older, and begin to wear the sere and yellow leaf. I don't care to dance now that the spring in my extremities is gone and there's lead in my shoes, and I don't mean to lament that old age is creeping on me, for I have many new pleasures, and one of these is to look on and see other people happy. Enjoy your day, whether it be in youth or old age; enjoy every day, make most of it; get all out of life you can. It won't pay to always be hankering after something or grieving over troubles that haven't come; and may never come. I know people who let the dark side of life cheat 'em out of every day's happiness, who ponder and fret over little troubles until they swell up like dried apples and get to be big ones, and they can't eat or sleep in any peace.

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