

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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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.

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 \$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.

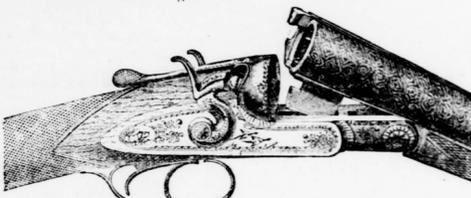
We refund you your purchase money if after getting home, you or your family are dissatisfied. A call is respectfully solicited.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET, Washington, D. C.

S. KATZENSTEIN, Manager.

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A \$100 GUN REDUCED TO \$35!!! The biggest bargain ever seen in this country in the way of a Double Barrel Breech loading Shotgun. Has extra fine Damascus steel barrels, with potent locked extension ribs! Top-snap action and rebounding bar locks! Pistol grip, and potent & improved! Double bolts and solid firing pins! The whole gun is richly engraved and elegant in design and finish. *Trill guns and warranted to shoot well and give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Only \$35. Former Price \$100.*

THE \$1 RAZOR.

"It shaves with voluptuous ease." "Cannot be excelled for taking a keen edge and holding it."—Aug. P. Warren. This remarkable and extraordinary RAZOR is made by Wade & Butcher, of England. It is full concave, extra thin, RINGING DAMASCUS STEEL, RATTLEK. Will split a hair or shave a face with the slightest touch. Only \$1 and warranted for ten years or money refunded. Sent free by mail anywhere. COMBINATION HONES AND BELTS—combining two hones and two belts in one. Price 75 cts. Sent free by mail anywhere.

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Cor. 15th and F. Streets, (Opp. U. S. Treasury, Washington.)

J. KARR,

629 Pa. Ave., Also Manufacturer and Dealer in

ROCKFORD WATCHES, Chronometers, FINE JEWELRY, Key, Stem-wind, All kinds of time

WATCHES. Pieces repaired and warranted.

Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

Cut This Out For Reference!

Solid Leather Shoes at Low Prices!

Ladies good Pebble Goat and Kid Button Boots at \$2 per pair. Our own make of Pebble Lace Boots with solid soles \$1.50, same in Button \$1.75.

We are offering a Special Bargain in an extra quality of Misses Pebble Button Boots at \$1.25. These are all leather, and will outwear

two PAIRS of other Makes—Costing the same Money!

A FULL STOCK OF

Men's and Boys' Fine and Heavy made Shoes

Which we are offering at bottom prices

W. H. RICH, 717 Market Space, Washington, D. C.

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 will order sent to us in the most prompt attention, at the very lowest prices the day they are received.

Respectfully,

N. T. Metzger & Bro.,

417 Seventh St. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Wholesale Grocers

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AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

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"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,

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IN THE WORLD.

WE also call special attention to our large

STOCK OF

Whiskeys,

Wines,

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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,

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Washington, D. C.

Feb. 27-1880

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Port Tobacco, Md.

Office in the FEEGUSON BUILDING

FROM 10 TO 12 a. m.

and at other hours found at this residence, unless professionally engaged.

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

Is a Positive Cure

for all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses

which so often afflict the female population.

It will cure entirely the most form of Female Complaints, such as Pains, Inflammation and Obstruction, Edema, &c. It is the only medicine that cures the most obstinate cases of Female Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the young of Life.

It will dissolve and expel from the system an early stage of Ovarian Disease. The remedy is a pure vegetable compound, and is entirely free from any poisonous or dangerous ingredients, and is perfectly safe for the most delicate and feeble.

It is the only medicine that cures the most obstinate cases of Female Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the young of Life.

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Select Poetry.

CHURN SLOWLY.

A little maid in the morning sun

Stood merrily singing and churning—

How I wish the butter was done,

Then off to the field I'd be turning.

So she hurried the dasher up and down,

Till the farmer called with a half-made frown,

"Don't try the dasher so fast, my dear,

It's not so good for the butter.

And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,

And put you all in a flutter and tear.

For this is a rule, wherever you turn,

Don't be in haste whenever you churn—

Churn slowly!"

"If you'll see your butter come nice and sweet,

Don't be in haste, whatever you do,

Or get yourself in a flutter.

And while you stand at life's great churn,

Let the farmer's words to you return—

"Churn slowly!"

Select Miscellany.

Our Country Girl.

Some time ago a Western editor, in a farming community, offered this conundrum to his readers: "What shall we do with our daughters?" At the same time a neighboring editor made the inquiry, "What shall we do with our sons?" A rival editor answered both gentlemen with this reply: "Let us feed our corn to our daughters."

Now this certainly disposed of one-half the surplus, but just as certainly left the daughters still uncared for. If these damsels could have spoken, they would doubtless have said, what shall we do with ourselves? The clinging time, dependent female, has very much gone out of fashion, with the trailing skirts, thin soled slippers, and much bejeweled and beplumed hair of our great-grandmother; the helplessness and inattention the young and tears of an Evelyn or Clarissa far low would be as much out of place now as would be the admission of their sex to voluminous dresses into a modern book club. The girl of the period is not given to fainting dead away like the two possible heroines I have mentioned, and she is almost as untrammelled as a young man. She appears on the scene in stout shoes, a short walking suit, and her hair done up in compact and contented style, as if freely for action, and above the need of protection. If she certainly looks quite able to support herself, it may have been true in the good old times we read of, that man, and presumably woman, wanted but little here below, but in this day and generation their wants and needs are increasing all the time, and so can any man, if he is not content with the luxuries he would do without.

The time has gone by when a farmer's daughter is content with her old calico dress for morning wear, and her neat new calico for afternoon adornment; she had ceased to appear in the traditional sun bonnet, she wears a ransome, if not so fine as her city sisters, at least near enough to styles not to shame her before them.

She needs pretty things, she longs to travel, she craves books, and she ought, if possible, to be thrifted, for the farmer's family is so thriven upon its own resources for enjoyment and amusement it is important that into the farm house should come every comfort and every attraction, and a pleasant savor of the outside world.

But if this is accomplished the question arises whether a farming life can support the increased demand for luxuries, a few years ago undreamed of in the country; unless the farmer's daughter comes to the rescue, and with her own hands and perseverance becomes the industrious producer instead of, as is often the case, the passive consumer.

Every the dumber of self supporting women is increasing, and they are no longer confined to a few beaten tracks wherein to earn their living; they have invaded numberless occupations, and have made a successful and honorable livelihood in all they have dared to do. Although I freely admit it is a matter of choice, I do not believe it is necessary for the farmer's daughter to go out from the shelter of her own vine and fig tree to earn her living and add to the income of the farm, if she will look about her and seize the possibilities that lie at her door. There is a saying that he is not stunginess, a looking after the little things that will bring in time the large results.

There is so much always going to waste on our farm. The farmer occupied with his larger affairs neglects the many little leaks and outlets that are leaking a way his profits, and depriving him of the income due his exertions.

It should be the province of the farmer's daughter to look after all these little things; let her not despise the smallest article, if salable, that can be added to the market load; the waste of many trifling things will in time surely make the want of the many greater things. In all large cities there is now established a Women's Exchange, and when it is generally known that to these sale rooms can be sent and disposed of not only the tasteful fancy work and dainty paintings, but the more useful and more salable articles, such as pickles, preserves, jellies, and catpups of all kinds, a new industry will be opened for the farmer's daughter, and a sure

He Forgave Them.

Gertrude Gilhooly.

"And do you discard me forever, Gertrude Gilhooly?"

"I do," was the answer in a low, sweet voice, while a pair of soft brown eyes suffused with tears looked tenderly up at Sebastian McCarthy.

"You know that my heart is yours, and that I would gladly give thee my hand, but papa says nay, and when he twitters the procession is apt to move"—and, saying this, the girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

"But think again, Gertrude," said the young man in eager, anxious tones.

"See if thy woman wit may not discover aught that will avail to make our future pathway bright. I have loved you too long, too earnestly to resign the prize so eagerly sought without a struggle."

"Let me think," said the Lady Gertrude, brushing back from her forehead the bang which so gracefully overhung its pearly surface, and placing carefully on the toe of a statue of Mercury which stood in the conservatory a gorgeous hunk of chewing gum for which she had no immediate use, standing silently on a marble Psyche for a moment, she turned suddenly to Sebastian.

"You know the Mulcaheys?" she said.

"The sky whose moated castle frets the sky on Archer avenue?"

"Yes, the same."

"Get thee thither with all speed, and when you have crossed the drawbridge and tethered your palfrey in the terraced court, knock boldly on the front door, but relax not your vigilance, and you love me, for the Mulcaheys come of Norman blood and keep a dog. When the portal shall be opened and you are admitted to the presence of my aunt, the Lady Constance Mulcahey, say to her that her favorite niece, Gertrude, seeks her aid; that her cruel father would wed her to one she loves not. Tell her that about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon when the sun is gliding the shot-tower a sassaquid justice of the peace will appear at Castle Mulcahey, and that I shall soon follow with my bonny bridegroom. Do you understand?"

"I am on," replied Sebastian, "and by my Halidon the plan is a good one," and kissing Gertrude trustfully under the left ear, he went down the front steps and was soon lost to view.

"And so my pretty niece would I marry you?"

It was the Lady Constance Mulcahey who spoke these words, and the one to whom she addressed them was Sebastian McCarthy.

"The plan is a good one," she continued, tapping gently with her broom handle the dainty foot that peeped from beneath her robes. "The girl is working on the North Side this week, and I shall not hear the clank of his dinner pail until nearly 7 P. M., so that all will be over ere he comes. You may tell Gert that I will be fixed for her."

A cold, clear afternoon in the festive Christmas tide, Up Archer avenue came with merry tinkle of bell and proud prancing of blooded steeds, drawing room horse car No. 176. In one corner of the room sat Gertrude and Sebastian, nestled closely to each other like little birds in the merry, aguish springtime. Presently the car stopped. Sebastian was on his feet at once, his face expressing plainly the indignation that swept over his soul.

"Prithce, do not leave me," said Gertrude, grasping his ulster with a convulsive clutch.

"Fear not, sweetest. I go but to see what distard has dared to stop my faithful steeds."

He soon came back, and saying with a merry sigh, "It is a freight train on the Burlington crossing," the lady of the house, who had been in the car moved on anon, and soon the happy couple were in the Castle Mulcahey.

The words that bound Gertrude and Sebastian together with the sick-tether of matrimony had been said, and the happy groom had planted on the lips of his bride a large threestory and basement nuptial kiss, when suddenly the door of the room was opened, and Pythagoras Gilhooly, Duke of Galway, stood before the happy couple.

"Forgive me, father," said Gertrude, placing her soft, white arms about his neck and looking wistfully into his eyes.

Removing from his mouth a two-inch pipe, and setting his dinner pail on the *degreys*, the Duke of Galway, said, in clear, calm tones:

"Ye are all forgiven. Devil a much I care if ye were jined a year ago—and with these words he stately took a chew of hard tobacco and was gone.

An editor in Cincinnati, puffing air-tight collars: "No coffin having ever traced one of these collars will ever use any other."

"Are you fall?" inquired a would be guest of a hotel proprietor during fair week. "Yes," was the reply; "so's hotel."

A Michigan justice of the peace has been fined for being drunk. It was not only justice blind, but justice blind drunk.

"An" that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her spectacles. "fractious, what's the rest of his bed clothes like, I wonder?"

Poor Pay, Poor Preach.

In an admirable article in the North American Review for October entitled, "The Idea of the University," Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, ably and forcibly sets forth the propriety of raising professional men as far as possible, above the need of anxious cares and struggles for the support of their families, so that they devote their best powers to the work they have undertaken. Dr. Gilman put the case so clearly that we hope his argument may have some effect in reducing the burden laid on the shoulders of some men who would be glad to dedicate themselves wholly to this work, and feel with sorrow the need of distracting and conflicting duties. Dr. Gilman says:

"In addition to leisure, duties, instruments and means of publication, a professor needs pay. Social position he is sure to win; academic honors, in the form of titles and the membership of learned bodies, are likely to be his lot; but more substantial rewards are also his due. People are apt to forget that scholars are susceptible to the same motives as other men; money is just as useful to them as to anybody. A sense of duty, responsibility, obligation, will indeed make them faithful; the love of knowledge will lead them to severe and protracted labor; the responses of their pupils will be a rich reward; but they are entitled to more than this—to emoluments increasing with their attainments and reputation, like those of the successful lawyer, physician, clergyman, and man of affairs. A clergyman of Boston, referring not long ago to an increased salary that had been offered him, said in substance: 'To me, money means books, leisure, health, freedom from anxiety, greater power to work.' That is what it means to a University professor. Intellectual forces expended in writing 'potboilers,' in lecturing under adverse circumstances to winter lycæums in the country; or an undue anxiety about domestic economy, is force withdrawn from higher labors. It is bad educational economy, justified, indeed, by necessity but not to be recommended. The classical scholar who can occasionally go to Italy or Greece; the geologist or botanist who can, at his pleasure, take the field; the historian who can command the libraries of Louvain and Paris; the astronomer who can look through other glasses and other atmospheres than his own, has by these opportunities, advantages which do not supercede but enhance the value of his quiet and unobserved hours of thought and study at home."

It is not probable that a missionary is any better served by the church when kept on a spare diet or prevented from seeking the relaxation which is essential to health, but it is absolutely sure that a scholar cannot maintain his brightness, his enthusiasm, his susceptibility to good influence, his fertility, if he is oppressed by anxiety as to how to pay his grocer's bill. Plant in two feet two measures of the same corn; and if you wish to be disappointed, look for your rich harvest on the thin soil of a granite hill side where snows linger late in spring and the rains run rapidly off in summer."

The Family Rudder.

A Comstock miner, who was having his hair cut, gave the barber particular instructions not to move a long lock that projected in a sword-like manner from the front of his head.

"It don't become you," said the barber.

"Can't help that," said the customer.

"Better let me take it off," and the barber.

"Just you leave it as it is," said the man.

"But," persisted the barber, "I can't give you a smooth, decent cut if I leave the hair so long in the front. It will look like the very devil. I can't see what you want I left there for."

"That's because you don't know the use of it."

"I know that it's a bunch of hair, and I know that it's unbecoming just where it is."

"Yes, it is a bunch of hair, and it is something more than a bunch of hair—it's the family rudder."

"The family what?"

"The family rudder. When things don't go right at home my wife grabs that lock of hair. She would feel lost without it. When she gets hold of that she can handle me—steer me in the right course, so to speak; and when I go in the right course, the whole family goes in the right course, and don't mind it. I've got used to it now and don't mind it. Should I lose my hair and become bald, or should you give me a fighting cut all over, there would be no way of steering me. I should become unmanageable, and sooner or later a total wreck. No sir; don't you disturb the family rudder."

The man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist on a bust.

Bachelor smokers admit that an amber mouth-piece isn't as tempting as a cherry red one, temptingly pucker.

It is a noticeable fact that a hog has to be killed before he is cured. This is true of two-legged hogs as well as of quadrupeds.

Chinamen don't rock the cradle; they make the sky rocket.

Society.

The most superficial observer of the manners and customs that obtain in "Society," cannot fail to find perpetual proof of the truth of the aphorism: "The price we challenge for ourselves is given us." In no particular is this more noticeable than in the demeanor of young girls toward members of the opposite sex. There is being developed in certain quarters a species of good comradeship between young men and maidens which, however productive of "jolly good times," hardly commends itself to those who regard modesty, delicacy and dignity as indispensable attributes of true womanliness. It fosters a tendency to loudness in the girl, without exerting any softening or refining influence on the man. He regards the sharer of his experiences and adventures as a "very good sort of fellow," who neither exacts nor expects the little respects to which women are usually considered entitled, and before whom he can with impunity smoke and lounge, and otherwise transgress the social proprieties which should regulate intercourse. There are those who are that these comrades really smoke together and chat, aping the customs in vogue in foreign society. They will shortly invade our drawing rooms in tea gowns and smoking jackets, bringing with them the easy manner—suggestive of dress gowns and slippers—which prevail in social gatherings at English country seats. In spite of the abolition of the restraints of the old time courtesy, the youths are not apparently very greatly inclined to seek the society of the maidens who are so very, very gracious, and whose amiability is proof against any amount of snubbing in the way of "declined" invitations to act as escort or to accept hospitalities. So far from seeking her society, rumor has it that more and more does the young man shun the ball, the reception, and most pitious of all, a matrimonial alliance. As this vigorous puffing of court to men, and the working out of the "comrade" idea, seem to have been barren of desirable results—serving only to develop in men a contempt for women, which betrays itself in the disrespectful tone men employ in their intercourse with the "dear fellows" in bonnets—it might perhaps be advisable for girls to challenge for themselves a higher price, bearing in mind that men, in their sentimental exercises, lightly hold that which is easily won.

A Famous Miser.

Vandille a remarkable French miser, was at one time mayor of Be...

...and while in that position...

...milk taster-general at the market; while munching a scrap of bread he would partake of gratuitous gratulatio...

He always traveled to Paris on foot, and, fearful lest he should be robbed, took good care never to have more than three-pence in his pocket; if he needed more money, he begged on the road. By such methods, and lending