

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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Volume XXXVIII.—No. 37.

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 \$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 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.

J. KARR, Also Manufacturer and Dealer in

629 Pa. Ave., Sole Agent for ROCKFORD WATCHES,

Watch Co. District Columbia, FINE JEWELRY.

Key, Stem-wind WATCHES. All kinds of time

The best quick-train time-keeper made. 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.

The Leading Shoe House! Established by John Summers, 1826

Jno. W. Summers, & Bro., Manufacturers & Dealers in

Carriages AND Spring Wagons,

Nos. 13 & 15 Pitt St., Alexandria, Va.

Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to and at lowest prices.

W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 105 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to the import and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Dr. John T. Digges, Port Tobacco, Md. Office in the FERGUSON BUILDING. OFFICE HOURS From 10 to 12 a. m.

Cuticura

THE GREAT SKIN CURE.

Itching and Scaly Diseases. Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

Ringworm. Mrs. W. Brown, 15 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., writes: "I was afflicted with Ringworm of the scalp, which spread all over my head, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment."

Skin Humor. F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Bros., 150 Broadway, N. Y., writes: "I was afflicted with a case of eczema of the face, which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which finally yielded to the Cuticura Soap externally."

Scalp Itch. H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W. J. & S. R. H., 100 Broadway, N. Y., writes: "I was afflicted with a case of scalp itch, which had been treated by a consultation of physicians and had not been cured until I used Cuticura Soap externally."

Eczema. Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp eczema that had been treated by a consultation of physicians and had not been cured until I used Cuticura Soap externally.

Milk Crust. Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her child's milk crust, which was cured by Cuticura Soap externally, and which had been treated by a consultation of physicians and had not been cured until I used Cuticura Soap externally.

Fallout Hair. Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine & Boston, writes: "I was afflicted with a case of fallout hair, which was cured by Cuticura Soap externally, and which had been treated by a consultation of physicians and had not been cured until I used Cuticura Soap externally."

Treatment. The Cuticura Treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Biscuits, the use of the Cuticura Soap externally, and the use of the Cuticura Ointment on the affected parts.

Cuticura. Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicated Jelly, small boxes, 50c; large boxes, \$1.00. Cuticura Soap, 25c per box. Cuticura Ointment, 25c per tin. Cuticura Biscuits, 25c per tin.

Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' ELECTRIC PLASTERS More continuous and powerful electrical action than any other plaster. Made in France. Price 25c per box.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For all those who are afflicted with any of the following ailments: Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, and all other ailments of the nervous system.

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Select Poetry.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of our prayers,
The dream of love and trust,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The thriving after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hands stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrowings of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the better word,
That wounded not its self,
The chilling word of sympathy
We feel but cannot tell,
The bath of hope that chills the heart,
Whose pulses are bounding high,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Shine from the heart on high,
And these things shall never die.

"These things can never die."

Select Story.

A Heavy Burden.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it my boy?" Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, looked toward the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than 25—and he was bookkeeper to Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of 50, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it?" the merchant repeated. "And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom in his handsome face."

"My boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it." "Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence?" "I certainly do not." "Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent. "And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I've no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood. The morning's scene was pressed upon him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had been of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; then the voice grew higher, then reason was unheeded; passion gained way and the twin lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserable he had been all the morning, and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?" "The bookkeeper knew that his employer was his friend that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a pause, he answered: "Yes Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him a new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?" "Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?" "I don't think anything about it—I know."

"You know she loves you?" "Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill feeling at heart?" "Of course not."

"It was but a surface-spall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?" "Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly; Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?" "I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?" "Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing part of the burden?" "Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of the burden is lodged?" "Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly."

"If the storm had blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine

when you next enter your home, you would not feel so unhappy.

"But," Clarence continued, "I am afraid that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I carry it?" "Aye, you have the burden in your heart and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered, until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had had been 'I am right'."

"Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved you will go to dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much to be angry about. Are you assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not in your power to sweep the cold away. You say to yourself: I can bear it as long as she can! Am I not right?"

"Clarence did not answer in words. "I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So Clarence, you see it does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but on the inability to bear the burden. If—and by it will happen as it has happened before, that one of the twin will surrender from exhaustion; and then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband in such a case sets the part of a coward. When he might with a breath blow the cloud away, he cringes and covers until his wife is forced to let the sunlight through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected on the past, and he called to his mind scenes just as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sat beneath the heavy burden. How often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for her error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he rose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile all upon your wife's neck and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife refuse you?"

"Repulse me?" "Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you are likely to be the weaker party, and that you are not so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh Clarence, if you would but try it!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen and had come in and sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step. Yes, her husband entered, and a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. He came and put his arms around her neck and kissed her, and he said to her, in broken accents:

"Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, allowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy."

"Ah, Wardle!" said Clarence, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eyes, and in that joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of the gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

Postage Stamp Thieves.

Detectives in New York have discovered that hundreds of clerks in that city are in the habit of pilfering postage stamps from their employers and selling them to men who make a regular business of the traffic. It is not a great while ago that a clerk of H. B. Clark & Co., was detected in robbing that firm in a similar manner. The firm lost by his thefts some \$7,000 before they were found out, and it was believed by members of the firm that the losses exceeded \$10,000. In other offices there is less opportunity to steal so large a sum, but in these the difficulties in the way of petty thieving are more easily overcome. A few loose stamps or stamped envelopes, a few stamped checks which are made redeemable by the government may disappear easily from most offices without exciting suspicion. These are sold at places well known to the thieves, at a discount from the nominal value. There is no regular schedule of prices and the discount varies from five per cent. to twenty per cent. according to the denomination of the stamps and the quantity offered for sale, or on any other terms that the necessity of the thief may demand. It is a dicker trade in which one man may secure a good bargain in proportion to the fear or inexperience of the thief.

The discovery of the theft seldom results in anything more than the discharge of the thief. Few of them are arrested, and against these the prosecution is rarely pressed to sentence; and in many cases those who have been thus detected are not even discharged. They are sometimes sons, or they bear some other family relation to the parties; sometimes they are even members of the same church, and the exposure of the petty crime would be their utter disgrace. These and other reasons lead the employers to overlook a crime in a trusted clerk which has resulted perhaps in an insignificant loss.

Striking the Average. "I hardly know where to begin," she said, faintly, the blushes mounting to her forehead and her long lashes sweeping her crimson cheeks.

"Compose yourself," said the managing editor, encouragingly, slipping his pipe behind his ear and dropping his pen down a rat hole; "take plenty of time and a chair. How can we be of service to you?"

"It's about winter," she answered, timidly flashing her glorious eyes at him for an instant, and dropping them in the rosy sea of blushes that again surged up toward her brow.

"Don't let that alarm you," murmured the editor, soothingly. "I'm all ears at this season of the year. Sit versus, of course?"

"Yes, just six," she replied, gaining courage from his smile.

"Certainly. That's the average.—The first begins, 'How sombre is the Winter time?' and you make it rhyme with the 'sleigh bells' chime, of course. I understand it. Don't be frightened. There is no danger."

"You are very good," smiled the beautiful mouth.

"Not at all. Let me see; the second verse commences, 'Then tender flakes drift slowly down,' and for the rhyme you take, 'The earth so bare and brown.' A beautiful idea!"

"I think so," replied the fair girl, showing her dimples. "I was going to put something about 'frost' or 'town,' but I like the sentiment of 'brown' best. Don't you?"

"By all means" agreed the editor. "And it's much more fashionable this winter. We used to get some 'towns' and now and then a 'brown,' but they are out of date now. The third verse describes 'The merry, laughing, rosy boys' with their sleds, and we kiss it with the 'Never forgotten fireside joys, I think.'"

"It does," she replied, referring to her manuscript, and it speaks of 'Bright eyes, blushing, smiling girls, which naturally gave rise to 'Dimpled cheeks and sunny curls.' I think that idea is quite lively," and her radiant face took on a tint of sweet anxiety as she looked for an endorsement of her opinion.

"Couldn't get along without it," asserted the editor. "That is the keynote. Now, your fourth stanza opens—Ah! Is the editor there?"

"Yes, sir," responded the functionary. "How does the fourth verse of Winter open this season?"

"I think it is 'The trees bend low with fruit of snow,' isn't it?" suggested the city editor.

"No, no. That's poetry. I mean the regular lullaby! How does No. 4 commence?"

"Oh, I know what you mean. 'The graceful skaters smoothly glide.'"

"That's it!" said the managing editor, "and that makes room for 'The merry children softly slide.' That's it!"

"The first line is right; but I don't think the second is; she argued, with an enchanting shade of doubt in her face."

"Oh! yes, it is," insisted the city editor. "You look at the poem and see."

"Upon my word you are right!" she admitted, glancing at the verse. "I thought it was something else."

"Of course," smiled the managing editor.

"Then the fifth stanza charges us, 'To not forget the starving poor, that beg their way from door to door, doesn't it?'"

"No, sir!" she exclaimed, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "That's the sixth!"

"She's right about that," said the city editor, gravely.

"I guess that's so," conceded the managing editor. "You see I've been sick for a day or two and I've rather lost the run of the verses. The fifth is: 'At night around the blazing fire, we watched the sparks leap higher and higher? Am I right now?'"

"Yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" beamed the delighted girl. "Would you—would you like to publish the poem?" she asked, growing more beautiful as her timidity returned.

Select Miscellany.

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A Women's Whims.

The Empress Josephine had six hundred thousand francs for her personal expenses, but this sum was not sufficient and her debts increased to an appalling extent. Notwithstanding the position of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costumes for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequalled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then she appeared in her flowers, pearls or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses in the various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures; he would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent, after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the