

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 \$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.

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

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Watch Co. Chronometers, Key, Stem-wind WACHES, All kinds of time

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Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

Cut This Out For Reference!

Solid Leather Shoes at Low Prices!

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

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

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A FULL STOCK OF

Men's and Boys' Fine and Heavy made Shoes

Which we are offering at bottom prices.

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

IN THE **District of Columbia** Carriages

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

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THE GREAT SKIN CURE.

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

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Treatment. The Cuticura Treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the most blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cure.

Cuticura. Cuticura is for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicated Jelly, small boxes, 50c; large boxes, \$1. Cuticura Resolvent, the most blood purifier, 50c per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c per box.

More medicines and powerful electrical apparatus, including the Voltaic Electrolytic Apparatus, the Voltaic Plaster, and the Voltaic Battery, for the treatment of all kinds of skin diseases, including Eczema, Psoriasis, and other eruptions.

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

Small thin Pills, called Cuticura and Resolvent, are the most powerful and effective remedies for all kinds of skin diseases, including Eczema, Psoriasis, and other eruptions.

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Select Poetry.

THE ENDLESS PROCESSION

Loam the vista of the ages, Sins and sinners, fools and sages, Marching onward, slow and solemn, Go in never-ending column— Here the honest, here the knave, With a rhythmic step sublime, To the grave.

Like the rolling of the river, Going on and on forever, Never resting, never staying, Never for an instant staying, Peer and peasant, lord and slave, Equals soon to mix and mingle In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure, For a moment break the measure; They are marching on to doom, They are marching to the tomb, All the rewards, all the brave, Soon to level all distinction In the grave.

Since the morning of creation, Without break or termination, Ever on the line is moving, Ever the love and all the loving, All that matters over and over, On to silence and to slumber In the grave.

Here no bride the bond can weaken, Here no substitute is taken; Each one for himself—no other, Son nor father, son nor brother; Love the purest cannot save; Each alone the roll must answer, In the grave.

Who commands the dread procession That shall know no retrogression, His that grim and grisly specter, Him that sin to Satan gave; Death, the mighty King of Terrors, In the grave.

Select Story.

The Reward of Kindness

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughter and two tall handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone—

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of disgust. "She will reach here this afternoon. Wilbur, you will have to meet her."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of Aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "You never went to her for fourteen years, far from your father's death."

"Nevertheless, I have a recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness while we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"Fred, I can't find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thoughts, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father." But she only said—

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that all her children were like herself. "Every one 'Greers' except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the blood of "Gorham" was not transmitted in the features of her children, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

The Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer disposition was a cold hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded—did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son, who was "all Gorham," was proud to the core with the pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing—she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilbur's he had no fashionable affectations and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But out side the home, where a great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self-supporting. Darling Wilbur had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascination would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very old in manner was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham; and Lucilla Arabella and Corine were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred, had one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself closely away from any suspicion of fortune hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the station, waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old-fashioned figure she

was, in her quaint black bonnet, and large-figured shawl. But Fred knew her kind old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt?" said he, going quickly to meet her.

"She looked at the handsome face and caught a quick, gasping breath. "You must be one of John's boys," she said. "How like you are to your father."

"I am Fred," he answered. "Dear heart! How you have grown! Is your mother here?"

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the hamper, the great bulging cotton umbrellas, and put them in the carriage. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized with the "annihilation of every mortal stick I've got on, dear, in the dust and snow."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny home and wide farm where Aunt Sabina lived.

"You see," she said, "I made up my mind this year that I would come to see you all once more before I died. I've tried to before now, dear, but something or another always hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and was but a lot of babies last time John brought you to see me."

"Cornie is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is only one year older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a set of children. You're all old men, but I do love children, and young folks."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I thought she would returned to the station, and in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often the young man's indignation found its outlet in a word of reproach, but on this occasion he was not so much as to be so unkind to her.

It was not a very busy season; and finding Aunt Sabina was likely to have a sorry time of it if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and in the same carriage he took care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a city necktie for Bob, the hired man, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the most important selection of a new black silk for aunt herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid the promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park, and took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of the gentlemen friends, they had thought "this queer old party is so very attentive to her," but she had not been so very attentive to their deferential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a lecture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sat next to him. She had heard of Aunt Sabina through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "misérable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A great lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty to her resting sick to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham—Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty. And after they had come down the steps, Miss Caldwell said:

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but shall be pleased, if Miss Gorham will dine with me, to have you call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Aunt Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"She is a very prince of men," he thought, "and I will give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul! she has such eyes as my dear old grandmother had."

Then she won Aunt Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the place where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed.

Then she drove her home and brought her into the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately

old lady would make the country woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret and knew that he had won her love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season, listening to the praises of Fred at Aunt Sabina's farmhouse; and Fred did not know it until he came home, after she was gone, and had his share of listening to loving commendation of one he loved.

He wore the necktie, and made himself so much at home, that Aunt Sabina went some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

Next time we will come together," Fred whispered, and so consoled her. But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady; and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips, or the blue eyes closed forever. But the old lady gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham"—the farm and farmhouse. It was apparently no great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old-fashioned treasures she touched, all with tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Aunt Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town around the site of the old farm. Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money—the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculation," you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income. "Fortunate purchases of ground before the town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

Select Miscellany.

Morphomania.

When physicians discovered that pain could be subdued by inserting a tube into the nostril, and the patient provided with a tube containing morphia, they little thought that they were paving the way for a new vice—

Yet so it was. There are, in our very England, beings who are as wholly under the domination of morphia as ever was Chinese under that of opium.

Women have yielded by degrees to its fatal fascination, until at last they have become morphia addicts, and are known to the genus, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith concluded to pop the tiny syringe that has such terrible results. The operation is all most painless; the immediate effects pleasant. A delicious languor supervenes. Happy thoughts, bright imaginings fill the mind. Some see beautiful visions; others feel only a peevish sensation of comfort and well-being. On a few, the effect of morphia is to excite to some intellectual effort, that can be called which is pure delirium, a glorious feeling of untrammelled power, of unimpeded exercise of the highest faculties. It is as though the mind had suddenly developed wings. But at the very height of the enchantment the influence of the morphia begins to subside. The glory fades. The wings trail, and the feet that are their sorry substitute become weighed as with lead. As with the words, so with the dreamers.—The visions are obscured. The sensation of comfort gives place to discomfort, irritation, even pain. The mental vision that had just now looked through a rosy mist sees all things as through a crape veil or a November fog. Can it be wondered at that the dose is renewed, that the poison is absorbed again and again, that the intervals become shorter and shorter between the reign of the potent drug?

And the end? The punishment is terrible indeed. By degrees the mind becomes darkened. hideous hallucinations seize upon it. Self-control is lost. Imbecility overtakes the weak. Madness threatens the strong.

These are the personal consequences. There are others to be bequeathed to sons and daughters and to later generations. These can be guessed at.

The new vice has not reigned sufficiently long for the world to have seen them exemplified; but a dark array of possibilities suggests itself too readily. The heritage of insanity, of imbecility, of imbecility, will in future days be traced to those tiny tubes which hold but a drop or two, and to which men once looked as to a blessed means of relieving pain, forgetting that blessings and curses go hand in hand in a crooked world. Dipomania has now a powerful rival, speedier in its results than its own revolting process, and eventually as degrading. The name of the later-born sister-vice is Morphomania.—London Truth.

A Nevada girl's love-letter: "Dear Jimmy, it's all up. We ain't going to get married. Ma says you're too rough, and I guess she's right. I'm sorry, but can't you go to Europe and get fied down?"

A fair maiden's curiosity—"Now, do tell me, Charley," said Miss Gigglesh, who was spending the summer in the country, "which cow is it that gives the ice cream?" I'm just trying to see her."

The Sunday Rest.

Here is the experience of Col. H. W. Payne, civil engineer, in regard to resting upon the Sabbath: "Some years since, before a railroad was built, or a stage line established across the plains, there was a large emigration to California overland. The necessary supplies were carried by horses, mules and oxen, which obtained their subsistence from the grass that grew too plentifully along the route. Having passed beyond the limits of civilization, and having left churches and religious institutions behind, the restraints of the Sabbath were forgotten by the men and all days were alike employed in diligent march onward. The company of which I was a member, however halted for one or two Sabbaths. Stopping one Sunday near where several of the routes converged one of our company counted one hundred and ninety-seven teams that passed during the day. The idea of losing our advance position (for we had started early in the season), and week by week getting farther behind, was not relished. The best of grass, if not all of it, would be used up by those ahead of us. The absence of any religious services and other reasons were adduced against stopping, and those who were in favor of resting were in the minority. But, after the day's rest, on resuming our journey next morning, were not a little surprised at the rapid rate of our teams as compared with those of other companies. In two days we had overtaken and passed more teams than had passed us on Sunday; and all the week through we added to the number. When the day's resting came round every voice was for resting all day, and so we continued to observe the Sabbath all the way through. I afterward compared notes with other similar trains that traveled every day, and found that not only were they weeks longer in performing the journey, but that they had lost many of their cattle and horses during the trip, and that they had arrived at their journey's end, because in so poor condition. Ours, on the other hand, arrived in good condition, and readily sold for a good price."

Just the Girl.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the lad-dah young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in the city. He managed, by not paying his wash-woman and tailor, to take her to theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of board.

Some process of mental arithmetic known to the genus, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith concluded to pop the tiny syringe that has such terrible results. The operation is all most painless; the immediate effects pleasant. A delicious languor supervenes. Happy thoughts, bright imaginings fill the mind. Some see beautiful visions; others feel only a peevish sensation of comfort and well-being. On a few, the effect of morphia is to excite to some intellectual effort, that can be