

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Washington.

Washington.

Medicinal Advertisements.

Select Poetry.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why it is that some
Gather sunshine in the light
And others only clouds and tears?
I wonder why it is that some
Dance, laugh and jest, while others weep?
That some no waking hours see
White some of life's smiles and weep?
I wonder why it is that some
Into a meadow is always poured,
While others know not what it is
To hear a sympathetic word?
Think not I jeer or murmur at
This mixture of life's smiles and weep,
Think not I gibe or reprove,
I only wonder that it is so.
For many a heart when touched by grief,
Would fain in sunshine like its mate,
Although its coming might be late.
And many lips would taste life's wine,
And many a heart rejoice to find
Fair, ripened corns in their own ear.
But long as life goes on there'll be
For some, the smile and for others, weep,
And though I murmur not or sigh,
I wonder that it may be so.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.
In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.
H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:
"Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating that I have used BROWN'S IRON BITTERS for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.
Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as 'just as good.' The genuine is made only by the BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md."

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We refund money to dissatisfied buyers, a rule which governed our establishment since its existence.

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TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER. Loss of Appetite, Bowed, Colic, Pain in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a distention to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Headache, Dizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Dullness before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Constipation, with flatulencies, highly colored urine, and so on.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

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 his residence, unless professionally engaged.

Select Story.

The Diamond Ring

"Roxie, Roxie, child!"
A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.
"Well, auntie," she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of sunny defiance out of arch, hazel brows, "just now?"
"What did you say, just now?"
"Roxie colored and laughed."
"I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Miss Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to-night."
"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."
"Why not, pray?" Roxie exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.
"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome young man. You may do him much harm."
"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society, is enough to turn any young man's head; and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, Roxie, he already sees no one in the room but me, and he is not likely to see any one less liable to love his wits through them."
Roxie turned away from her aunt a little petulantly, and stole from under her trunk, a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.
It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.
"He is handsome, and graceful, and so contenting," Roxie mused during the instant's hesitation before she put her little white-gloved hand in his. "I will dance with him—there!" And away she floated in any circles.
"It can't do any harm," she continued, with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly disapproving look, or lest too frankly expressing a glance of her companion; "but course he knows I am particularly kind to him because he's papa's clerk, and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."
Miss Roxie, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged in a momentary whim and had insisted upon his attending her party.
As a consequence, somebody else, invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the winter was over he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Roxie was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undiminished and almost romantic devotion to herself. Roxie accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance and occasional misgivings as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was, perhaps, more interested at heart than she realized herself.
Imagine her consternation when Frank Thorley asked her to marry him.
"I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.
"You're doing a wicked thing, Miss Roxie," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."
Roxie stepped him there with a haughty gesture and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley," and she swept in a party past him, back to the drawing room, she had quitted a moment before on his arm.
Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and upright character, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid, and a young man who could obtain a position with him, could obtain a fortune in a moment.
Lyle & Co. was considered to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm

was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.
Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined, therefore, to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring speculation that had been going on of late. Who to the guilty one, when he discovered him, and from the searching investigation he was making he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.
The merchant started, as he read, entering, "Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up!"
Mr. Lyle shook hands with him as he came in, but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and remained standing on the hearth opposite his face pale, and his eyes in an unsteady glitter.
"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Don't forget if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.
"Behold him!" Frank said, getting wicker yet.
Mr. Lyle started.
"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half-desperate emphasis on the words.
Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments before he could realize the absurdity of the fact. He was terribly shocked. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough,
"If you come here, thinking to play off thoughts of elopement, you are your own fool."
"For myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, "I am speaking with difficulty; but my mother's sake, I do ask you to employ me, not to take me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin somewhere else."
"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; "it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."
"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love of her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch that I am to-night. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me you strike her to the heart."
Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement.
"I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you had your chance and lost it."
Thorley was trembling and could hardly stand.
"Mr. Lyle," he said huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, and I never loved a girl but my mother, and I never touched a girl but my mother. It is not my own fault."
"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.
"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-ringer, and his desperate, earnest look, seized Mr. Lyle at once; "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy hereafter, or, hear me! Hear how I came to fall and then refuse to be merciful to you."
"I am listening," said the merchant.
"I never saw New York till two weeks ago, and you yourself have tempted me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless coquette, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, to lure me with her smiles. There is not intoxication like the first love of youth, sir, don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman who I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."
"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked briefly.
"It was for a ring."
"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked with a flash of remembrance.
"Yes, sir," Thorley said reluctantly.
"The merchant sat down, and, turning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful, and with his face averted. Then, touching the bell, he waited while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.
"Tell Miss Roxie I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.
Roxie was just going out, and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her, her lips red, her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling.
She reddened at sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.
"If you see for me, papa," she asked for her father, who sat with his face in a shadow.
For reply he reached and took her unglowed hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small and white, glittering with rings. He put his

finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.
Roxie shrank a little, and looked as if about to cry.
Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you just said to me, in the presence of this misguided girl."
"Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother's came and he hesitated. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half-desperate, half-sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid color out of Roxie's brilliant face.
"Won't you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.
"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir," as if he were forgiven.
"I hope you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."
But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left New York, with his mother, and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.
Years passed. There came a financial crash, and though everybody supposed Lyle & Co. too firmly established to be shaken, they were unable to outside the storm.
Scruples honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; and made no effort to save so much as Roxie's piano from going under the hammer.
"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added with an attempt at gaiety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"
"Heaven knows what it is to be one of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant.
"To-morrow, at this time, we shall have no right even to the roof that covers our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been so used to such freedom from care, thought, and worry, you had married dear, and you would have had a home now."
"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better."
"Nobody, Roxie?"
The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.
"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody now," she said, her face on his shoulder.
"Was it some one who went away?"
"Yes," faintly.
"Who, dear? It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."
The two had away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Roxie exerted herself heroically to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly. The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of comfort in this trying hour.
There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.
Mr. Lyle, seeing that it was a stranger, said, "You are perhaps, the new proprietor?"
The stranger bowed and said, "I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to you that his home is as much his now as it ever was."
Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Roxie in a sort of bewilderment.
"What does he mean, Roxie?"
Roxie had come forward, breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.
"Papa," she cried, running up to him and sobbing on his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."
"No, no, Roxie," the merchant said, indignantly.
"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "I am a friend, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life and I have come ready to discharge an obligation to you with my all. I have nothing that is not yours also."
"Don't! Frank! I was only just saying that; it seems good to see you though like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now you know."
Roxie had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asserted, "I have you no welcome for me, Roxie?"
"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up.
"I have never married," he said, in a low voice, "and you—"
"No!" flushing and trembling.
"Roxie!" with sudden heat and eagerness—"I have loved you all these years."
"And I you?"
The firm is Lyle & Thorley, Frem would have it so.

Select Miscellany.

In a Matrimonial Bureau.

LOOKING FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR WIFE.

"I want to find a rich wife."
This was the introductory remark of a Herald representative to an old gentleman who presides over a newly-established matrimonial bureau in this city. The matrimonial high missionary was a German with a brown wig, a little tuft of gray hair plastered over his bald forehead, innocent baby blue eyes, glowing red cheeks and a white, thick moustache with imperial of equally snowy color. Happy as he looked it was not matrimony, he confessed, that made him so—for he was, alas! a widower.
"What kind?" he queried.
"I should like one with \$100,000," was the bold reply.
The old gentleman was very honest about it. "A hundred thousand dollars," said he, speaking with a funny German brogue, "is too much money. We haven't got many of that sort. You'd better come down in your ideas a little."
"What's the very best you can do?"
"Well, we have an old German widow who says she is worth \$50,000, but she is awfully cross and ugly. I'm afraid you wouldn't like her."
"Never mind about that. Has she really got the \$50,000?"
"This conversation took place in the rear apartment of a barly-furnished, empty-looking first floor in a side street, between the Bowery and Broadway."
"Can you show me photographs of some of your clients?" was asked.
"Yes; but we always require a cash payment of \$10 in advance before we go into the affair."
"And in case of marriage?"
"We'd expect a percentage on the whole amount you receive—say one and a half to two per cent."
"Does this business pay?"
"In Europe, splendidly. There are fifty bureaus of this character in Berlin. In London the principal firm in the business has made \$100,000 out of it."
"What is the condition of the matrimonial market just now?"
"Very good, indeed. We've got a rich Californian who wants to marry a poor girl without money. We have a clergyman who says he won't take one of his parishioners in the country, and has come to us to supply his need of a wife. Oh, there are such cases."
"But these are exceptions?"
"Of course; most men want money—lots of money."
"And the women?"
"They are not so particular about that; they are generally more anxious about getting married than about the money. Money or no money, they all want to get husbands."
"Does the prevailing taste among men run towards brunettes or blondes?"
"Brunettes, I should say. Most of our gentlemen consider blondes impudic."
"And the taste among women?"
"Oh, they are not so fainthearted about beauty as the men are. All they want is a good husband, and just enough money to keep them nicely."
"Where do you arrange meetings?"
"Either here before or after office hours, or outside, if the parties prefer."
"And for the \$10 how long can I keep up the search for a rich old widow?"
"For six months."
"What nationalities do you find use a matrimonial bureau the most?"
"Americans, English and Germans. You hardly ever find an Irishman go-

Thermometer Pants.

Hoffenstein was busily engaged scolding Herman for not polishing a lot of brass jewelry there was in a show-case, when a thin, stoop-shouldered countryman entered the store and inquired:
"Have you got any good pair pants here?"
"Certainly my friend," replied Hoffenstein, "we make a specialty of goods in dot line, and we defy competition. If we sell anything and you don't like it, you gets your money back or something else in exchange, you know. Was you a farmer?"
"Yes, sir, I live up on Red River."
"Well, den, you need a pair pants like dese," said Hoffenstein, pulling out a sky-blue pair from a pile of clothing on the counter. "Dey vas de germane deeskin, and will last de whole year out, you know."
"Yes, sir, I live up on Red River."
"Well, den, you need a pair pants like dese," said Hoffenstein, pulling out a sky-blue pair from a pile of clothing on the counter. "Dey vas de germane deeskin, and will last de whole year out, you know."
The countryman took the pants to the light, examined the texture of the cloth, and then shaking his head knowingly said:
"There's too much cotton in them; they will shrink."
"Of course my friend dey will shrink, but wait and I tells you something. If a man vat owns a pair of pants, a store comes here, I don't sell him dem kind vat pants. Vy? Because dey vas made expressly for the farming piasses. Dey vas de dermometer pants, and a blessing to every farmer vat wears a pair of dem. Do you know, my friend, dese pants will tell you exactly vat de volder will be. Ven it was going to be wet and cold dese pants will begin to shrink up and ven it was going to be dry and warm dey comes right down, you know. Dree years ago I sell a pair of dem pants to a man vat was name Vilkin, and ever since den he makes good crops ven de elder people don't make nodding, because he always knows vy his dermometer pants vat de volder will do. After avide de people in de neighborhood finds out de segret of Vilkin's success, and at de beginning of de blating season, you know, dey comes for dirty miles around, and if dey see Vilkin's pants crawling up his leg dey holds off and waits for a change, but if his pants was down dey goes right home, and puts in de crop. Dink of it, my friend. Mit de dermometer pants, you can tell exactly ven to put cabbage seed, and blant corn dvice as better as mid any almanac, besides ven de volder gets so cold and vet dot de pants goes under your arms, you see buttons on de front and ven dem as de volder."
When Hoffenstein finished his yarn concerning the pants, the countryman smiled and turning abruptly on his heel, left the store.
"Dijl you see de vy dat man acted, Herman?" said Hoffenstein, angrily.
"Yes, sir," replied his clerk.
"Well, it shust shows dot de more you try to help some people along, de more, py tam, you don't get any tanks for it."

Questions to a Fretful Wife.

"Hester!" exclaimed aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting and sitting upright, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"
"What do you mean?" was the starting reply.
"He will marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."
"Oh! Auntie!" Hester began.
"Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back to take up her knitting. "She may not be as good a house-keeper as you are—in fact I think not; but she will be good-natured."
"Why auntie?"
"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen bringing you the first pipe of cherries, and all you did was to look on and say: 'There Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor.' I won't have my floors all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed your face when he kissed you, because his moustache was damp, and said: 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it—when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think about the pump.'"
"But Auntie—"
"Harken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There will be a few more men like Will—able, as loving as chivalrous, as formal of self, and satisfied with love—that their affections will die a long, lingering death; but in most cases it is but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."
"But Auntie—"
"Well, you are not dead yet, and sweet-natured woman has not yet found; so you have time to be so serene and sweet that you can and can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."
For colds, coughs, asthma, in short for any and all derangements warrants consumption, nothing is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In all ordinary cases it is a certain cure, and it affords sure relief even in advanced stages.