

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Volume XXXIX,--No. 16.

Washington. Washington.

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Complete in styles.
Complete in prices.
Complete in sizes.
Complete in variety.
Complete in every sense.

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Facts so simple that even a school boy cannot fail to comprehend, but for this none the more favorable.

The Popularity to which our
OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING
Has grown is very commendable, yet not without
JUST AND SUFFICIENT REASONS.

We can fit your little boy who is just toddling.
We can fit your little boy who is playing in the garden.
We can fit your little boy who is going to school.
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We can fit your boy who is just raising a moustache.
We can fit your big Brother.
We can fit your Father.
We can fit your Grand Father.
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We can fit a tall lean man.
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CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS
OF
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Occupying the entire building, 4
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OUR SPRING STOCK
is simply immense embracing every
variety of MEN, YOUTH and BOYS'
CLOTHING.

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FINE JEWELRY
All kinds of time
Pieces repaired
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615 Pennsylvania Avenue
(Under Metropolitan Hotel.)

Steamboat Fare Paid to Purchasers
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Medicinal Advertisements.

MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often afflicts the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the disease is a most stubborn one. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nutriment, but subsiding upon itself, the digestive organs no longer become torpid, and other organs failing to do their proper work, the sufferer is in a state of prostration, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic, especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, \$1 per bottle.

Be sure and get the genuine BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Take no other.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY.
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR THE SKIN.
It is a reliable remedy for the skin, and is used by the most eminent physicians in the world. It is a reliable remedy for the skin, and is used by the most eminent physicians in the world.

TUTT'S PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels constipated, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder Blade, Fullness after eating, with a distention to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of Temper, Lassitude, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Headache, Dizziness, Flushing of the Face, Headache generally over the right eye, Constipation, with a full, heavy, highly colored Urine, and

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
Gray Hair on Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously, and is sold by Druggists or sent by express on receipt of \$1. OFFICE, 25 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

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.

A CHILD OF SEVEN.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
I'm married, my dear friend,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sister far than all things dear,
Hand of her, now of her,
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome sound,
Wind's soft warbling hum,
One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Never tell the sweetest one,
Head of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter,
Soft and strong, and loud and light,
Very round and very tight,
From morning till the evening,
When the soul of all delight,
'Tis a child's clear laughter.

A Select Story.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do; so in this respect I am neither better nor worse. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married for respect, Mr. Cartwright, simply because he asked me. I ought to have been very happy for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

One morning about that time he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied, the next day, if I had no objection, and so it was settled. He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever. I once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him; as the train moved off I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his morning, and liked me to sit and work and read. I remembered he offered to let me draw myself, saying I preferred the drawing room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches. I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and my complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short, cool, and with no allusions to my misery.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning, to tell her of my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband, the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a large town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a carriage to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew Cartwright was in the drawing-room with his mother when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped to another room, so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side were some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I handed to my servants to mend, and which I longed to snatch from my mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he had been writing, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice fainting as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

Select Miscellany.

Punishment of a Coquette.

A young woman in California enjoyed flirting so much that she forced men to offer themselves to her only to reject them and make them unhappy. Finally her turn came, and she gave herself away to a young army lieutenant. The wedding dress was all ready the invitations out, and the young couple were sitting together at her home, when her mother came into the room, and in anger remarked: "That is, do you know who the scoundrel is you have promised to marry? She arose to her feet, pale and frightened. "Yes, scoundrel," said her mother; "and here," she went on, as she opened the door to another room, "is his wife." At sight of the strange woman the girl fell to the floor with a shriek, and when they picked her up they found she was insane. She had to be taken to an asylum. This was the revenge of one of her rejected suitors, who had persuaded a married friend to personate a young army officer. The uniform was borrowed, and the whole scheme concocted only to mortify her. They did not anticipate such terrible consequences.

Three Slices of Bread.

Three slices of bread shown by a flour dealer of Lewiston, Maine (it is a newspaper of that region which tells the story) spoke for themselves. Placed side by side, they shaded very abruptly into three strikingly distinct tints. One was of the hue of Graham, and fell into your hand like a half baked brick. Another was nearly white, and would be greeted with pleasure by a hungry man. The third was so white that snow would have to be bleached to compare with it; moreover, possessed that spongy texture which is so gratifying to the eater and a source of so much pride to the cook. It threatened to dissolve in one's mouth, and would tempt a gored epicure. It would not be a strain to say one could distinguish them in the dark. The flour dealer deposed that the three slices of bread were made by three women from one and the same kind of flour. The cook who produced the slice was dissatisfied with the flour while the woman who made the bread mentioned, said she could not get good bread out of flour that didn't cost less than \$4 a barrel. It is evident that bread-cooking is not one of the lost arts, but it is an art which still contains sufficient mystery to puzzle many and confer not a few of the angels who hovered over our flour barrels.

The Mocking Bird.

According to the Washington correspondent an old attack of the White House relates the following incident: "The first time 'The Mocking Bird' was ever played, I believe, was by the Marine Band. It was during Buchanan's term, and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, presided with a grace rarely equaled at the White House. The leader of the band had requested Miss Lane to allow him to dedicate the piece to her, and she had consented, inviting a large company to listen to the first rendition. The band leader, following the programme, first presented Miss Lane with a card, on which was written a mocking bird and the inscription 'To You.' The composition was played in splendid style, and I have never heard it since but what that scene was recalled. I can see Miss Lane bow her acknowledgments again and again, and almost hear the murmur of applause from the assemblage. The flavor of that evening hung about the band concerts for many a day."

Ways of Hotel Beats.

"There are a hundred different ways to beat hotels, and maybe more," said a detective. "Did you ever hear of the trunk trick? No? It is a combination trick, and can be played by as high as eight dead beats. They come generally on a bus and may have come from another city on some other seamy business, completely distinct from the beating of hotels out of board and lodging, or they may have been living in the city for some time. One beat will have a large Saratoga trunk laden with bricks. A gentleman with a big trunk will never be presented his bill before it is due. Neither will the other seven beats, for they have large handsome valets.

"At the end of a week when the bill is presented, they tell the clerks they are leaving that evening and will settle the bill before they go. The time comes for the gentleman with the trunk to take his departure. He walks to the cashier's desk, pays his bill, has his trunk piled on a hack and goes. The gentlemen with the valets disappear without paying. When their rooms are searched, and behold, their valets are also gone. The hotel men think it very mysterious, and don't realize that the eight men are lagged together, and that the seven valets are packed in the big trunk in place of the bricks. So long as the valet men hold themselves aloft from the trunk man there is no reason why the trick may not be played a number of times at the same hotel, and the proprietors fooled before their very eyes each time."

A Remarkable Duel.

Speaking of Dick Winship recalls his famous duel with the Frenchman at Marselles. Dick was then second lieutenant of the Scorpion, stationed there at the time, and, as usual, kept the whole fleet and half the town on nettles through his endless practical jokes. The slang expression for the Frenchmen in those days was "frog-eaters," and the wife of a French captain of militia having presented her lord with twins, Dick had the nerve to tender the happy father, at a public banquet, a stuffed group, consisting of a big frog holding on its knee a couple of smaller ones. Of course a challenge followed, and when the captain's seconds appeared, Winship, as the challenged party, gravely insisted on the duel being fought in the dark, with pistols, one shot only being allowed each man. This new addition to the code made a terrible stir, but as Dick held firm the Frenchman was finally forced to submit. On the appointed day, after dinner, the principals were placed, blindfolded and pistol in hand, in a room at a hotel from which every particle of light had been excluded. At a given signal on the floor the antagonists removed their bandages to find themselves in absolute darkness, listening to the beating of their own hearts and each afraid of their fear for thus exposing his location to the other. Dick quietly took off his shoes and feeling for the chimney—in front of which he had the fire, descended through a trap in the roof, slipped into a carriage and rejoined his dinner party, which at once devoted itself to making a night of it in the highest glee possible. The next morning they returned to the hotel and opened the room, which had been as silent as the grave all through the night. Kneeling in the corner, every muscle quivering with the unbearable suspense, was the militia captain, his Auburn hair turned white by the terrors of that interminable night.

A Dog Miser.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-half-penny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterward for the servant who had discovered his hoard; and in the future was careful to select a different place of concealment. Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food are young ladies on the Northern Pacific railroad, as he saw her tugging at a sash that had not yet recovered from the preceding winter. She glared at him a moment, and gave a reluctant consent.

Liked to Meet a Gentleman.

"May I open the window for you miss?" politely inquired a gentleman of a young lady on the Northern Pacific railroad, as he saw her tugging at a sash that had not yet recovered from the preceding winter. She glared at him a moment, and gave a reluctant consent.

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Marriage Insurance.

A picturesque view of the 'marriage insurance' system is given by a writer in a Southern paper. He was asked whether he thought the wedding of a certain young lady would take place at the time said to have been set. He gave his opinion and asked the reason for the inquiry. "Oh," was the response "I have bought four matrimonial policies of \$3,000 each on her, and I'm anxious to know whether I'll get the money." "Does she know of this?" "Oh no. That isn't necessary. Anybody can take out a policy on anybody else. If you know of a lady that is engaged and will not marry within five months from the time you take a policy on her you can get any amount on her wedding that you want. I suppose there is \$25,000, or perhaps double that on the young lady I asked you about." "How does the company make its money?" "I suppose it bets on the fickleness of the young folks. No policy will be paid except five months after it is taken out. There are ever few young couples, they think, who love each other well enough to marry that will wait five months to marry. If they do, five months of engaged life is full of dangers."

A Painful Subject.

Old Jim Walkup has the reputation among his friends of being rather close. His enemies say he is too mean to die. Not long since an old colored man, Uncle Nance, who had been in the Walkup family all his life, and who refused to leave his old master after the war, died in this city in extreme poverty. When the colored delegation went around taking up collections to plant Uncle Nance, they came to old Jim Walkup. That was the first intimation he had of the death of the old family servant, and it nearly killed him. He shed real tears, and used the most extravagant language in praising the faithful old Uncle Nance.

Carrying their Husbands.

At one time the Duke of Bavaria was besieged in his castle and compelled to surrender. His lady, demanded for herself and the other ladies of the castle that they be permitted to go out in safety with all that they could carry on their backs. This was granted and to the surprise of all, the ladies appeared carrying their husbands on their backs, and for the devotion the Emperor pardoned them all and set them at liberty. There are many women, who, by their industry and economy, to the shame of the able-bodied men be it said, are carrying their husbands and their whole households, either by earning all the money themselves, or by economizing while the husband squanders the earnings in a dissolute and voluptuous manner.

VARIETIES.

A New Jersey darkey has traded his wife for a 'white and yellow setter.' The fashion in New York is to send stockings (washed of course) full of bread cake to the friends of the family. John Miller, the 'boss' watermelon raiser of Georgia, has one on the vines which is not quite ripe yet, but already weighs 65 pounds. Ella Wheeler wants us to 'sit down at set of sun and count the things that we have done.' Can't do it Ella.—That is our busy hour; and besides, we don't care to keep count of 'em.—It wouldn't pay.

The peculiar feature of a Rochester girl's insanity is her mania for sawing wood in the backyard at midnight.—There are men mean enough to wish that such insanity was prevalent among married women. Mr. Gladstone wears ready made clothing, and when crossing a street always acts on the principal that the hypothesis of a triangle is less than the two sides. In place of using the crosswalk he cuts off the corners, or crosses diagonally on the cobbles. Thomas Schofield, aged ninety-one years, walks nine miles to renew his subscription to a New London paper. It is the general impression among publishers that there is number of the subscribers who are waiting until they are ninety-one years old to come and pay for their paper.

A society drama was presented at the theatre at Salt Lake City recently but when in the third act the husband began to rave and tear around because his wife had run away with another man, the audience with one accord rose from their seats and exclaimed: "The idea of making all this fuss about one woman!" and left the place in disgust. At a recent fire in Philadelphia a faithful fireman was prevented by one of his life a keg of powder of the many held in the storehouse; yet no one of them was one half the benefactor to his race that the man who destroys the pernicious literature which is undermining the morals of the nation.