

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Volume XXXIX.—No. 30.



Washington. Washington.

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

We Use These Columns to State Simple Facts,  
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.  
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We can fit a tall lean man.  
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vast establishment when in our city.

EISEMAN BROTHERS  
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FALL CLOTHING  
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STYLISH & WELL MADE!  
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SPLENDID OVERCOATS at \$9.50.

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**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
cures the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

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is the only iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other iron preparations will.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

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This Dispensary is in charge of the old and well known Dispensary of Dr. J. C. Butts, who has been practicing medicine and surgery for over 40 years. The Dispensary is well supplied with all the latest and most improved medicines, and is a place where the sick can find relief and comfort. The Dispensary is open from 10 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M., and is a place where the sick can find relief and comfort.

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### I GUESS YOU HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

The art of love making is hard to unfold, It's something you can't well explain. Sometimes you are fervent, sometimes you are cold, 'Tis true of pleasure and of pain. I've lately been caught in that dangerous net, By a creature so charming and fair, She has me enchanted, you know how it is, I guess you have all been there.

Her father is a very high toned, Of his beautiful daughter he's proud; He's a man of high standing and name, But will my request be allowed? I'm afraid he'll get angry and show me the door, And make my love melt in air, Then what shall I do with my friends, I ask you, I guess you have all been there.

### An Original Story.

#### HOW SHE LOVED HIM; OR, SAVED BY THE MEMORY OF A DEAD CHILD.

BY KNAPP BERNARD. CHAPTER II. LESPAIRE.

Another night had been added to time's mighty record. Another day was born to the earth, bringing its long train of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows. Once more the bright sun had brought his light and warmth to cheer the holy and the unholy. The lengthening shadows were slowly creeping eastward, and the day was fast descending to the western horizon.

At a little grocery located on the road leading back from the river, and not far from the farm of Col. Harmon, a number of men were gathered that evening. Their drunken laughter and loud, blasphemous shouts were borne on the evening breeze, up from this little hill, up to the stars of heaven, making the returning angel blush for shame as they traced on the mighty book of fate the damning record. Little cared the drunkards in their mad carousal for the terrible sins they were committing. Little heeded they that a just God could strike them dead in their wickedness, and never lower by so doing, the divine attribute of mercy. They never guessed, that ere the sunlight died from the earth, one of their number, not hardened in sin as they were, thank God, would be cold and stiff in death.

In their midst, his fine face flushed with excitement and his eyes swollen and wild by the unusual excess in which he had been indulged, was Charley Leigh. The preceding night had been spent in solitude and gloom, and to-day he was striving as manly, rashly active, to drown his disappointment in the intoxicating cup. Plenty there were to encourage him in his mistaken course, and with the same grim satisfaction in their unholy breasts that demons feel at the fall of angels, they plied their young victim, who had always been so far above them before, with the fiery liquid, and laughed with hideous glee as they saw reason fast leaving her throne, and the noble young man becoming a semi-demon like themselves.

Walking rapidly down the road on his way to his appointed meeting with Bulah Lyles, he was seen the tall form of the young teacher, and recognized the grog shop he was recognized by the half-drunken Charley Leigh, who unthinkingly, for he was in no condition to think, accosted him in bitter, insulting words.

"Hallo! there comes Dominic Simpson, Doublet, Sir Knight of the red, you hope to make your evening employment more profitable than your legitimate, etc."

"Go back to your innocent amusement with your friends, Mr. Leigh," answered Harry Winters contemptuously, as he noticed the degrading condition of the young man approaching him. "I have neither time nor inclination to parry with you."

"I expect you can spare a little time from your fair lady love, while I give that pauper back of yours the promised horse-whipping, replied Leigh and a loud laugh of encouragement burst from the drunken rickety crowd who gathered around to see the fun. The face of the teacher grew black as night at the insult, and with flashing eyes and clenched teeth he warned his aggressor back. The Knight of the red, however, blinded by passion and drink, he did him not, but advancing unsteadily struck the teacher a slight blow in the face with open hand. For one instant the stricken man stood stupefied and motionless, then as if transformed by passion to a madman he sprang upon his opponent. For a moment the enraged men struggled together, then the by-standers saw the hand of Winters raised to a gleam of steel caught their eyes for an instant, and was buried twice, thrice in the body of Charley Leigh.

Slowly the clenched hands loosened their grasp. The body of the unfortunate young man tottered and fell prone on the green earth, his heart's blood dyeing the tender grass. The instant the murderer stood paralyzed by the terrible deed he had done, then threw himself in a paroxysm of grief and remorse, on the body of his victim. Rude hands tore him away from his embrace and hurled him back from the now lifeless body. Very gently they lifted the poor mangled body in their arms and bore it to an adjoining house, but their kindness which had come too late, was overshadowed now, for Charley Leigh lay in a cold, stiff, and lifeless state.

Quickly the tidings of the sad tragedy spread over the county, and from every side the men gathered to look in pity at the dead body of their murdered favorite, and many eyes, enured to weeping, were not with tears as they gazed on the handsome features of Charley Leigh lying cold and still in the embrace of death.

Suddenly, from what source no one could well tell, came the dread cry of "lynch him!" Dangerous words these were to utter in the presence of excited men, and the cry, heard in a whisper at first, was soon caught up by a mad, enflamed crowd and "lynch him, lynch the damned scoundrel," was shouted on every side.

But among the arrivals was the sheriff and his force, and before the mad crowd could wreak their terrible vengeance he claimed the prisoner, who, stifled with remorse, had not attempted to escape, in a name of the law.

The coroner too, was present, a jury of inquest hastily impelled, rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts, and that night Harry Winters lay in the county jail at 11—awaiting his trial for murder.

For the poor murdered boy back to his mother. Would that he had never left her side that fatal April evening. Would that he had pondered the story of his troubles in their gentle sympathizing ear, and sought consolation from her loving, kindly words. Yes, he had done so, but he had done so in vain, for he had done so in secret, and she had never known it.

CHAPTER III. IN THE BALANCE.

It was the day of the trial, and the court-house in the ancient village of Port Tobacco, was densely crowded with spectators of both sexes eager, to see the terrible game played for a man's life, all the more terrible because the odds were heavily against the man.

Not naturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud: "Ma, say ma—who was Dinah Moore?" "Hu-uh," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn."

"No, it ain't ma," continued the hopeful, "it's a woman's name; say, ma, who is it that's going home to Dinah Moore?" "Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more! Oh, ma, don't they eat up there?"

His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper: "Ma, is God out of town?" "N-o-o-o, no, no," answered the distracted woman faintly. "Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child. The choir sung him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer, his gentle voice was distinctly heard saying: "Old Mrs. Jones' switch don't match her hair like yours does, ma!"

ones she told of the conversation she had had with the prisoner the day before the murder and of the threats he had made against the de- ceased. These confessions were wrung from her by the rigid cross-examination of the prosecuting attorney, and when, at last, she was suffered to depart, hanging heavily on the arm of Col. Harmon, that breathless, sympathizing audience felt that all hope for the prisoner was, indeed, dead.

Only a few witnesses were there for the defense and merely proved the good character of the prisoner before the jury. And the now doubly desperate case was left with the jury. The prosecuting attorney closed his case with a short address, "more was not needed" he said. "For only one link had been required to complete the chain of evidence, and that was furnished by Miss Lyles, who proved, however reluctantly, yet conclusively, that his client had done a deed which he had bitterly repented of."

He showed by the evidence of Miss Lyles that there was no cause for jealousy between the prisoner and deceased. He pictured to the jury the happy young lover hastening to meet his betrothed, and how improbable it was that any murderous thought could find a place in his heart, filled as it must have been, with the holy, tender feelings that all men have when thinking of the women they love. He called to their attention the insulting language of deceased to the prisoner, the degrading blow; and how passion had destroyed all better feeling for a moment, and in a fret of temporary anger his client had done a deed which he had bitterly repented of.

He ridiculed the idea of the prisoner's having come among them with any such disgrace resting on his name as had been insinuated by the prosecuting attorney, for none who knew him would harbor such thoughts for an instant. He closed his argument with a powerful and eloquent appeal for mercy—mercy for the poor friendless boy in their midst, who, by his crushed hopes and blighted life, had already suffered a terrible punishment for his sin. "Somewhere in this broad land" he said, "a gentle mother is waiting, watching, praying for her absent darling. Spare her tortured heart this too terrible blow, be merciful to-day. He closed his argument with a powerful and eloquent appeal for mercy—mercy for the poor friendless boy in their midst, who, by his crushed hopes and blighted life, had already suffered a terrible punishment for his sin.

"I finished amid the half-suppressed sobs of the audience, and a great cry of pity, almost hope, ran through the dense crowd who heard him. The jury too, were visibly affected, but like the Roman judge of old, they knew their duty and were determined to do it. After a short consultation at their seats, they announced that they were ready with their verdict. The foreman arose, and with tears streaming down his rough cheeks, he pronounced in a low distinct voice, heard by all of that breathless, silent, pitying crowd, the cold, hard, just word—guilty."

Slowly the weeping crowd left the court-room and the trial was over. The wretched fellow back to his cell. Accused of God and man, branded with the hateful brand of Cain, taken him and hide him from the light of day, until blood-thirsty justice shall demand his young life as an atonement to appease her insulted majesty. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Matching Ma's Swi ch.

One of those unaccountably bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud: "Ma, say ma—who was Dinah Moore?" "Hu-uh," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn."

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Driving 'Possums Like Hoss.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer is authority for the statement that E. McCord, of that city, left Thanksgiving Day for the mountains to collect a drove of 'possums, and that a few days afterward he was heard from on his way back, with 123 'possums, which he drove along the road as if they were so many hogs. He camped out at night, securing his drove by means of poles, having ten 'possums to the pole. He kept three dogs barking all night, and these kept the 'possums so frightened that they held a firm grip to the poles with their tails, and never thought of losing their grip until sun up. This may be regarded as the champion 'possum story of the season.

### Our Mothers.

The formation of our character we owe to our mothers more than any other human agency, for it is their hands that first twine the tendrils of our heart, guide our footsteps aright, lead us in the path of virtue, and in the dark, dreary night of pain, their watchful vigils keep beside the couch of their dear ones. Whose but the All seeing Eye of Jehovah can fathom the depths of anxiety they feel, and who can tell of the ceaseless prayers which they offer for their sin stricken children.

Their influence ever shines with an unsullied light which softens and purifies the wayward impulses of youthful minds, and guides them onward in their course toward heaven. How then can we pay just tribute to our mother— with whose measure of gratitude and affection shall we requite them for all their maternal care. To those who have lost their mothers in early life, there is the hallowed spot, sacred to memory, where they re-visit the past, recall days and nights when their mothers keep watch over their sinless years, and where they may look forward with faith and hope, to the blessed reunion of the everlasting future.

Friends may be torn from our heart's hopes may be blasted, and our love for others may grow cold, yet every principle of gratitude requires that we should cling to our mothers and love them still.

A Lone Mourner.

"Haven't got a few roses growing out in our back yard, I reckon," suggested a seely looking man to the cashier, "a few little faded roses with a bit of leaf and a string to line 'em up with."

"Haven't got any back yard to begin with," replied the cashier. "Not of the sort," growled the cashier. "Don't keep 'em."

"Couldn't you get me a dandelion or a bunch of grass, entreated the seely looking man. "Just a little something to put on a child's grave! A plantain leaf, a sprig of parsley, just a cabbage leaf, even. I want something green for an infant's tomb. Haven't you got an old pair of boots, a tomato can, or some dead but loved pet you could let me have?"

"Take this," roared the cashier, tearing the nosegay from his button hole. "God bless you," ejaculated the seely man: "God bless you and yours. Do you know it will keep fresh while I walk to the cemetery, it's only four miles?"

"Walk, man!" clamored the cashier, with misty eyes. "Walk! you must ride to that lone grave and deposit your offering of love. Here, take this dollar, and may the sweetness of your girl last long after its poignancy has been worn off on the grindstone of time."

The seely man thanked him with streaming cheeks, but that night he was frozen out of a jackpot because the dollar was counterfeit and plugged at that.

"It is seldom we get a chance to do good," murmured the cashier, "and I don't think the mourner will come back," and he turned to his books with the careless air of a philanthropist and charged to managing editor with two checks' pay he hadn't had.

### The Goose and the Hare.

A hare which was running away from pursuit came to a stream as I was hesitating about making a plunge, when a goose alighted near him and inquired: "Pray, what is the matter to put you in such a tremble?"

"I am pursued by the dogs!" "Oh! that's it? Well, the dogs won't touch me." "But they will soon devour my meat unless I cross the stream. Please give me a lift on your back."

"You should have been born with less legs and more wings," chuckled the Goose, and she flew away and left the Hare to get across as best he could.

A few days subsequently the Hare was crossing the meadow when the Goose came running and fluttering, and cried out: "For mercy sake! aid me to escape!" "What's the trouble with you?" "I'm pursued by a man who's got my quills and feathers, and unless you help me away I am doomed!"

"Oh, that's it! Well, I have no quills or feathers to lose!" "But you will help me to get away?" "You should have been born with less wings and more legs!" replied the Hare, and off he galloped.

Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

As a rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than his practice, and recognizes better than he obeys.

By ignorance they choose where knowledge leads to woe. He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. Conscience is harder than our enemies; Knows more, accuses with more nicety.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves; neither rivalry nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it. A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanished. Bad men excuse their faults; good men will not.

The great man is he who does not lose his mind's heart. Everyone can master a grief but he that has it. Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. Hoffstein on Marriage. De easiest way, and de most pleasant, dot a man makes money is ven he marries a woman vat haf it. It vas de safest business transaction in de world; you risk no capital und you make big profit. Dink of it, Herman und vateh your chance. A Dousand of vely unu good young women haf morri'd no count fella's vot were so poor dot de fella's couldn't stay mit dem, und you know. No von can del vot a woman vas going to do. "But, Mr. Hoffenstein," expostulated Herman, "if a man marries a woman vat he don't love, he von't haf any respect for himself, no matter if he vas vely." "Neffe mind my boy, neffer mind, oder besple will repay you. I know a man vot dinks de same way as you ven he married, und now he goes around de street vake his blue pants mit yellow patches. Dere my advice, Herman, und don't let a poor woman rope you in."

A Pledge Fulfilled

A person passing a Barnyard was Observed by a Hare to be in Distress. "Tell me," said the Hare, "what is the Cause of your Sorrow that I may Sympathize with you?" "Alas," said the Man, "I am Dead Broke, and I know not how to Mend my Fortunes." "If you will just Step inside of this Yard," remarked the Hare in a Kindly tone, "I will try to make a Raise for You. The man did so, and the Fact that his Hat Was Found in the Adjacent State the next Day warrants the Belief that the Hare Fulfilled his Pledge.