The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. MRS. MARY E. BRANNAN, 173 Prestman St.

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Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
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INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and affections of the **blood, skin** or **bones**, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.

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NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing; 'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's sorest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To-morrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail:
How strong and mighty
Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go.
Methinks on bright pinions
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

An Original Story.

HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

OR

SAVED BY THE MEMORY OF A DEAD CHILD.

BY KNARF RENWARS.

CHAPTER V.—PLOTTING.

The next morning, punctual to the hour, Capt. Bill was ushered into the rooms of the woman he had met the night before. She received him in a formal, business like manner, and when he was seated thus addressed him.

"I may as well confess that I am very glad you have come for the business I wish you to engage in is very urgent, and that you may know that I am able to perform what I promise, I will show you this," placing a large roll of bank notes on a table near the Capt's. seat "and there is more to be had if that is not sufficient."

The needy gambler and burglar for such he was—and business had been very dull for the past few months—looked longingly at the tempting roll. He saw in spite of her attempted disguise, that his companion was a woman of proceeding her and rofe s[illegible] that she was unaccustomed to deal with such as he.

"Why not rush upon her now," he thought, "stifle her screams, gag her and walk off with the money? Nothing would be easier, and I have done worse things for less, and his itching, longing hands moved half-unconsciously nearer the pile of crisp new bank notes.

But as he glanced at the woman as if preparing to spring on her, the cold dangerous gleam of a pistol barrel met his gaze, and the ominous click of the [illegible] broke the silence between them. The woman's slender delicate fingers closed firmly around the handle of the weapon, and her calm warning eyes looked threateningly at him as she thus addressed him.

"Have patience, my good Capt., one treacherous movement on your part, and you will get what you have probably often deserved before; a bullet sped by a woman's weak hand may find as sure a mark as when coming from a stronger one. The money may be yours but not until you have fairly earned it."

"You mistake me Madam," he said, his bold eyes falling beneath her calm warning look, "and do me an injustice. But to business, what do you want me to do?"

She looked at him as he sat cowered before her—for she had read his thoughts—and knew that she had gained the mastery over him, a mastery which through all their future connections she never lost.

"Have you," she asked a dozen or more of resolute companions; men whom you could trust to do a desperate deed for good pay; men of your stamp usually have? Mind, though the pay good, the deed may be attended with considerable danger."

"Men of my stamp, as you term them, madam," he said, "are not in the habit of looking as much to the danger attending their acts, as to the pay they get for doing them. Give me an idea of what you want, I can get a hundred such fellows if necessary?"

"Mind" she answered, "unheeding his question," the thing I may want done will require very resolute, determined men, men who, for instance, would not fear or scruple to go to some country village and take a condemned prisoner from the hands of the civil officers, even though that prisoner should be at the very foot of the gallows."

The man laughed lightly, and answered, "Pshaw; is that all? Why I have fellows who for reward enough would take the President of the United States from the midst of his Cabinet and bring him here to you in less than twenty-four hours."

The boast was a big one, but they would probably have attempted it.

"Very well" she answered, "find a dozen such men, bind them to secrecy by some oath they will not violate and have them ready to go whenever required, also engage a small fast steamer to go on a long journey.

Promise them all that you think will make them sure. Go now, and when you have made all arrangements come to me here, you will find me at home at anytime. Let the knowledge that you will be well paid if successful, encourage you to do your very best and with the utmost secrecy.

Wait a moment, as he was about to depart, "judging from what I saw last night, you are in want of funds. Take this"—handing him a fifty dollar note—"as a small advance, it may help you to perfect our plans."

"Thank you," said the man, bowing low, as he took the money. "When I come again I will tell you what the "job" will cost you, and make all necessary arrangements about the completion of it. Rest easy, for if you have the money to pay for it what you wish shall be done."

When he had gone the woman,—whom my readers have, no doubt, already recognized as Bulah Lyles,—rested her head on her arms and thought.

"O my God, has it come to this, that I, the spoiled, petted beauty, whose hand and love has been sought for by the first in the land, am consorting with such as he, to violate the laws of my country? Am I, who shudder at the very thought of such creatures, to be contaminated by their corrupting presence? Am I to hear, unmoved and unresented, their rude jests and c[illegible] insinuations? If I am success[illegible] in [illegible] our future lives must [illegible] last misd[illegible]. If I fail [illegible] what becomes of me [illegible] poor unfortunate [illegible] with you, [illegible] and never [illegible] should [illegible] cannot— [illegible] shall save you."

Slowly, wearily the shor[illegible] of September wore away, [illegible] Lyles waited impatiently, va[illegible] ed for the coming of [illegible] she feared, but had t[illegible]

The fourteenth had [illegible] day from the fatal [illegible] which all would be too [illegible] did not come.

She had only seen him o[illegible] his first visit and then o[illegible] him where he was to go [illegible] to be done, and she had [illegible] for him, that now her c[illegible] on his coming.

"Will he never come? [illegible] murmured, "O, will he never come? An angel of light would not be more welcome to me now," for somehow, in her helplessness, she had learned to have a sort of desperate, terrible faith in the promise of that bad unprincipled man.

Among all the mighty human race [illegible] look for aid in her sore need, save he.

While she thus thought a knock at the door startled her, and a moment after a tall heavily bearded stranger entered her apartment.

Surprised, startled for she knew not but that she had been betrayed, and her visitor was an officer of justice, she tremblingly asked his business. The stranger laughed lightly at her fear, and by a slight movement of his hand removed the heavy beard from his face, when the handsome dis[illegible]ated features of Capt. Bill met h[illegible] astonished gaze.

Instinctively in her glad [illegible]se, she started to rush to him and [illegible] his hands in hers, but the thought of who he was, checked the impulsive movement and she greeted him with a bow.

"At last, you have come at last,' she said, "Oh, why have you kept me so long in suspense?"

"The police were on my track," he said hurriedly, "hunting me down for an old offence, but I have foiled them, thanks to my disguise, and all is ready for the expedition. The job will cost you five thousand dollars, if successful, not so much if unsuccessful. The men are all chosen, sworn by an oath they dare not break, to obey and follow me anywhere. The boat too is chartered, and we are only awaiting your instructions."

"I fear," she replied, "that it is too late now, for we can do nothing after 10 o'clock to-morrow, and it is a long way to L——."

"We have plenty of time," he answered, "if we will only be quick, and there is no delay. If we can get out of the city limits without being detected, the rest will be easy enough.—Where will you meet us on our return?"

"Meet you? she asked, in surprise."

"I must go with you."

"You?" he asked, "would it not be better for you to meet us somewhere in the country? There may be much danger attending your going."

"No" she replied, "I must go; there is nowhere I can meet you, and the men may require some extra inducement to make them strive harder."

"They shan't have another cent," he answered, "for I have promised them a plenty. If you will go, meet me at —— st., at 7 o'clock this evening, I will be there to conduct you to the boat, I will make myself known to you. Be punctual for the boat will start half past seven. The men will all be aboard by that time. I must leave you now."

"I will be on time," she said, "remember, prove faithful to me and I will reward you even better than you think—be treacherous and—you know what to expect."

"You can trust me," he answered, "be punctual, you have nothing to fear from me, good-by."

Night come at last, throwing its black mantel over the busy earth.—Many sought its sombre gloom to obtain that balmy sleep which 'tired nature' so sadly needs to restore its weary energies for the morrow's eager strife. While many others hailed it as a welcome screen to veil from sight their deeds of vice and sin, which fears only the light of day.

Slowly from its moorings a small, black, low-hulled steamer pushed into the stream, its slender rakish masts and almost noiselessly working engine, giving it every appearance of the piratical craft it was.

Slowly, at first it moved as if it feared the watchful eyes of the guardians of the law, then as it left the city limits, faster and bolder it rushed down the beautiful Patapsco, and struck fearlessly down that mighty inland sea which our modest geographers have named the Chesapeake Bay.

Ah! who can describe that fearful midnight voyage? The little steamer built mainly with the view to speed, rushing with almost lightning swiftness through the heavy troubled waters. Over head the sad sighing of the night wind amid the taut ropes and slender spars. The single lantern that cast its dim, weird, fitful light over the low decks, bringing into view the few dusky, ghostly forms of the crew as they attended their separate duties—the low throbbing of the engine as it drove the little craft madly, desperately on, must all be left to the imagination.

Beneath the hatches, hid there to avoid the suspicion of any passing vessel, a dozen fiece bearded men were crouched, armed to the teeth they were, each man a very "walking arsenal"—for Capt. Bill knew not but he might have bloody work to do, and was determined not to fail—and cared little whether they went or what deed of lawlessness and crime they were required to do, if it only brought them excitement and spoils. Men they were, who had braved death or the penitentiary a hundred times, and did not care. Men who in our bloody civil war had followed the grass-clad soldiers in their desperate, deadly charge up Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg—where the flower of the North had gathered thousands and placing their wives little ones behind them, had faced victorious legions of Lee, determined to drive them from their threshold or perish in the attempt—and who, [illegible] back bleeding and wounded, never conquered, had sullenly retreated only when it was proved that [illegible] power could break down [illegible] which had been [illegible] and fathers [illegible] their homes [illegible] they were, who, [illegible] that [illegible] Lee, had helped to baffle [illegible] determined Grant, as he [illegible] drained the [illegible] noble leader, but with the proud banner of "My Maryland" waving ever nearest the stars and bars, fought by him, until the last sad day at Appomatox, when longer resistance would have been murder.

Men who, no matter what they had went into that struggle, had come out of it hardened and corrupted, ripe for any lawless deeds and who, weary of inactivety, had hailed with delight the offer of Capt. Bill, and gladly swore to do the thing he wanted done no matter who opposed them.

Men who now, though about to bid defiance to the laws not only of a county or a State but of a mighty nation, laughed and jested together as if that midnight journey was one of innocent amusement.

Within the cabin sat the beautiful Miss Lyles, her young heart racked by terrible doubts and fears—fearful lest that wild almost hopeless journey should be fruitless—doubtful whether the end to be obtained justified such questionable means.

Imagine her situation.

A helpless female wholly in the power of a band of men who would scruple to do nothing that was wicked choson indeed for their very unscrupulousness, and who at any time might rush upon her, despoil her of her money and of that which was dearer, then cast her bleeding and dishonored into the bay and no one ever know. The acknowled leader of and prime mover in an expedition that had for its object the tendency from justice her legal prey. And all for what?—Because she loved him.

"Oh! Harry, my darling! If I can only save you; if I can only save you!"

And ever from her tortured heart went up the prayer—and who should dare call it blasphemy? "My God, My God, though my intentions are criminal, help me in my crime."

Pacing the deck with rapid, impatient steps Capt. Bill, too, was thinking.

"What is to be the result of this? With so many chances against us. Would it not be easier to throw her into the bay, and take at once the little black satchel she has, and which I know contains her fortune? No one will ever know it, for it is supposed she has left for Europe long ago. One word to the men and the deed would be done in a minute. But no! she is the only woman I ever felt afraid of, and I will protect her, come what may. I will do my utmost to save her lover, if I fail, I will take her to some foreign country and I will make her happy, and she shall make me good."

Once he had stopped to ask the grim Captain at the wheel, if he knew the way? and the man had answered laughingly.

"Oh yes, no danger of my getting lost."

Well he might know it, for many a dark night during the war he had piloted that self same craft through the shallow tributaries of the bay, seeking a cargo of contraband goods for the blockaded Confederacy; and he had not forgotten.

"Can you make the journey in time?" asked Capt. Bill.

"If nothing happens to stop us," was the reply, and the tall form resumed its pacing. And barring all within her oaken timbers the little boat rushed ever onward through the waters.

It had come at last, that fatal fifteenth Prayed for, welcomed by one, who hailed it as the period that would end his terrible suspense and dread, but which one pair of soft lips had prayed the night before might be kept back a little longer.

The glorious September sun threw his golden light over the fair earth resplendent with dark green foliage, and crinson autumnal flowers which looked so beautiful because they were so soon to die. Ah! over this wide earth what different scenes did those sunbeames light, and with what different feelings were they greeted! In one place they cheered the sturdy husband man, who refreshed with the sweet sleep of the just, hastened to the gathering of the golden harvest—the rich reward of his patient toils.

Here they shone, in softened mellow light, on the snowy couch of the fair girl as she lay in her purity, dreaming of innocent love and future happiness; there they blushed red with shame and pity as they kissed with their innocent heaven sent light the gaudy trapping of the wantion's gorgeous chamber, and the same soft light that rested on the silken tresses and pure beautiful brow of one, fell with a still softer, more pitying luster on the glorious but polluted breanty of the other as she lay in her abandon guiltiness at last, while sleeping.

Through the prison bars at L—— they shone on the manly head of one who hoped ere they came again, to bathe his aching head and throbbing temples in the crystal water that wash the while shores of the promised Hereafter. They rested too on the dark hull and rakish masts of a little steamer as she drove recklessly on up the blue Potomac to destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Pa Kills Him.

'For heaven's sake dry up that whistling,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he sat on a bag of peanuts whistling and filling his pockets. 'Say, what was your pa running after the doctor in his shirt sleeves for last Sunday morning? He looked scared. Was your ma sick again?'

'O, no, ma is healthy enough, now she has got a new fur-lined cloak. She played consumption on pa, and [illegible] couldn't live, and got the doctor to prescribe a fur-lined circular, and pa went and got one, and ma has improved awfully. I was the one that was sick. You see, I wanted to get pa into the church again, and get him to stop drinking, so I got a boy to write a letter to him, in a female hand, and sign the name of a choir singer pa was smit on, and tell him that the church seemed a blank without his smiling face and benevolent heart, and to please come back for her sake. Pa got the letter Saturday night, and he seemed tickled, but I guess he dreamed about it all night, and Sunday morning he was mad and he took me by the ear and said I couldn't come no 'Daisy' business on him. He said he knew I wrote the letter, and for me to go up in the store-room and prepare for the almightiest licking a boy ever had; and he went down stairs and broke up an apple barrel, and got a stave to whip me with. Well, I had to think mighty quick, but I was enough for him I got a dried bladder in my room—one that me and my chum got to the slotter-house— and I blowed it partly up, so it would be sort of flat like, and I put it down inside the back part of my pants, right about where pa hits when he punishes me. Well, pa he came up and found me crying. I can cry just as easy as you can turn on the water at a faucet; and pa took off his coat and looked sorry. I was afraid he would give up whipping me when he seen me cry, and I wanted to go on with the bladder experiment, so I looked kind of hard, as if I was defying him to do his worst, and then he took me by the neck and laid me across a trunk. I didn't dare struggle much for fear the bladder would lose itself, and pa said, 'Now, Hennery, I am going to break you of this damfoolishness or I will break your back,' and he spit on his hands and brought the barrel stave down on my best pants. Well, you'd a dide if you had heard the explosion. It almost knocked me off the trunk. It sounded like firing a fire cracker away down cellar in a barrel, and pa looked scared. I rolled off the trunk on the floor, and put some flour on my face to make me look pale, and then I kind of kicked my legs like a fellow who is dying on the stage after being stabbed with a piece of lath, and groaned, and said, 'Pa, you have killed me, but I forgive you,' and then I rolled around and frothed at the mouth, cause I had a piece of soap in my mouth to make foam. Well, pa was all broke up. He said, 'Great God, what have I done? I have brok his spinal column. O my poor boy, do not die' I kept chewing the soap and foaming at the mouth, and I drew my legs up kicked them out, and clutched my hair, and rolled my eyes, then kicked pa in the stummick as he bent over me and knocked his breath out of him, and then my limbs began to get rigid, and I said, 'To late, pa, I die at the hands of an assassin: Go for the doctor.' Pa throwed his coat over me and started down stairs on a run, saying. 'I have murdered my brave boy,' and he told ma to go up stairs and stay with me, cause I had fallen off a trunk and ruptured a blood vessel, and he went after the doctor. When he went out the front door I sat up and lit a cigarette, and ma came up, and I told her all about how I fooled pa, and if she would take on and cry when pa got back, I would get him to go to church again and swear off drinking, and she laffed and said she would. So when pa and the doctor came back, ma was sitting on a velocipede I used to ride, which was in the store-room, and she had her apron over her face, and she just more than bellowed. Pa he was pale, and he told the doc that he was just a playing with me with a piece of board, and he heard something crack, and he guessed my spine got broke falling off the trunk.—The doctor wanted to feel where my spine was broke, but I opened my eyes and had a vacant sort of stare, like a woman who leads a dog by a string, and looked as though my mind was wandering, and I told the doctor there was no use setting my spine, as it was broke in several places, and I wouldn't let him. I told pa that I was going to die, and I wanted him to promise me two things on my dying bed. He cried and said he would, and I told him to promise me he would quit drinking and attend church regular, and he said he would never drink another drop and he would go to church every Sunday. I made him get down on his knees beside me and swear it, and the doc he witnessed it, and ma said she was so glad, and called the doctor out in the hall and told him the joke, and the doc came in the room and told pa he was afraid pa's presence would excite the patient, and for him to put on his coat and go out and walk around a block or go to church, and ma and he would remove me to another room and do all that was possible to make my last hours pleasant. Pa he cried and said he would put on his plug hat and go to church, and he kissed me and got flour on his nose, and I came near laughing right out, to see the white flour on his red nose, when I thought how the people in church would laugh at pa. But he went out feeling mighty bad, and then I got up and pulled the busted-bladder out of my pants, and ma the doc they laughed awful. When pa got back from church and asked for me, ma said that I had gone down town. She said the doctor found my spine was only uncoupled, and he coupled it together, and I was all right. Pa said it was 'almighty strange, cause I heard the spine break when I struck him with the barrel stave.' Pa was nervous all the afternoon, and ma thinks he suspects that we played it on him. Say, you don't think that [illegible]

Peck's Sun.

Pearls of Thought.

The hours perish and are laid to our charge.

How white are the fair robes of charity!

That charity comes too late that comes for the asking.

The reward of doing one's duty is the power to reform another.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

Envy is a vice, which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel working its own disquiet.

It is better to wear a poor vest with a royal heart beneath it then to wear a royal vest and a beggar heart inside.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not propery drawn out until they have been put in hot water.

We talk about men of genius, but are they more than men of earnest thought and action? Is not genius another word for industry?

The pursuit of success by nations and individuals seems to be the only criterion by which the word distinguishes right from wrong.

Knowledge gained by long experience and used under the direction of prudence, will give access to every corner of fortune's warehouse.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities and for for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.

Their Origin.

The origin of the names of many kinds of dry good is thus given; Damask is from the city of Damascus, satin from Zaytown in China, calico from Calcutta, and muslin from Mosul buckram derived its name from Bochara; fustain comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended; taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad; cambric is from Cambria; gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajal; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jaen; drugget is derived from a city in Ireland, Droghead; duch, from which Tucker street in Bristol is named, comes from Torque, in Normandy; diaper is not from D'Ypres, but from the Greek diaspron, figured; velvet is from the Italian vellute, woolly (Latin, vellus—a hide or pelt); shawl is the Sanscrit sala, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry; bandana is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing; chinz comes from the Hindoo word chett; delaine is the French of "wool."

'I am sorry to hear of your uncle having drowned himself at sea,' said Gillhooly to an influential citizen of Austin, who wore a sad look and crape on his hat. 'Yes, it was very sad.' 'Did he have any grounds for it?' 'How the mischief could he have any grounds for it out at sea, where the water is a mile and a half deep?'

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in Heaven.