

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844.

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Volume XXXIX,--No. 39.



Washington. Washington.

Our Winter Stock COMPLETE!

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.
We can fit your little boy who is playing in the garden.
We can fit your little boy who is going to school.
We can fit your boy who is too big to go to school.
We can fit your boy who is just raising a mousetrap.
We can fit your big Brother.
We can fit your Father.
We can fit your Grand Father.
We can fit your Uncle.
We can fit your Nephew.
We can fit a tall lean man.
We can fit a short fat man.

In fact we can fit any man no matter what his shape may be. Our clothing is all reliable and well made. One Price in plain figures—Money Refunded if Purchase prove Unsatisfactory.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET,
Washington, D. C.
S. KATZENSTEIN,
sep 24-1y MANAGER.

FALL CLOTHING

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE!
STYLISH & WELL MADE!

PRICES THE LOWEST!

SPLENDID OVERCOATS AT \$9

AN INSPECTION IS INVITED.

HAMBURGER'S

615 Pennsylvania Avenue

(Under Metro, oldian Hotel)

Steamboat Fare Paid to Purchasers

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DANIEL R. MAGRUDER

Attorney-at-Law.

Prinnee Frederick, Calvert Co.

WILL practice in the Court of App. and in the Courts of Charles, Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties, which he will attend regularly.

Office and Address:—ANNAPOLIS, Md. m-5

Dr. William R. Barker,

OFFICE IN

FARRALL'S HOTEL,

LA PLATA, Charles Co., Md.

WILL enter upon a general practice of medicine. Can be consulted at his office, when not engaged in professional visits.

No. 17-17.

DAVIS'

RESTURANT

ON THE

European Plan,

(Formerly DUBANT'S)

COR. 6 ST. & PENN. AVENUE, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEALS AT ALL PRICES.

Feb 16 Go.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms—ad

Portland, Maine

Professionally engaged.

Medicinal Advertisements.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as Brown's Iron Bitters, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any more. My appetite is simply immense. My health is a new thing. I feel that I have gained a new lease of life. I have gained twenty pounds in weight. C. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

Poetry.

TO PART NO MORE.
Where the roses are bloomed in dew,
Where the woodcock with his song
Where the grasshopper wanders through,
Where the swallows, with flowers among,
There my love is lowly laid.

Where the waters sing always,
Rippling over mossy stones,
Where the songsters through the day
Pipe with sweetness all their own,
There they laid my love to rest.

Summer's sun or winter's storm
I shall meet thee by-and-by,
From the spot where lies the form—
Of the soul that would not stay—
Gone to God above the earth.

Spirit sweet, forever blown,
I shall meet thee by-and-by,
Where destruction is not known,
Far above earth's stormy sky—
In the light to part no more.

Short Story.

LAZY MEN. OR, THE KIND OF HUSBANDS GIRLS CAN DO WITHOUT.

BY LETITIA STANLEY.

Above all things shun the society of the lazy man; for it is fit for nothing, except to sleep, eat, build air castles, and dream of untold wealth, which by some miraculous wonder, he is momentarily expecting showered upon him. He is a pest in society—a disgrace to the human race, and a bore in general. You may salt his coffee, sugar his beans, make up faces at him, stick pins in his coat tail, put wasp nests in his hair, throw cold water in his face, before he is up in the morning; subject him to every earthly abuse in your power; but for Heaven's sake, and your own, never marry him! No matter how handsome he is—no matter how rich he may be—no matter how polite, agreeable or condescending—no matter how much he loves you, don't you marry him—unless you wish to become a menial drudge, black his boots, cook his dinners, wash his shirts, mend his clothes, nurse the children, clean the house, alternately and simultaneously, whilst your husband is shut up in the parlor, enjoying his forenoon nap, or studying a work on agriculture (which he is very careful never to experiment from, without a thought or care for what you may be doing).

And now, girls, as these things in the form of men are very common I am going to draw a sketch from real life, as a warning to you, to take my advice, and never throw yourselves away by marrying one of these scamps, who will infect every place, and ruin, more or less, at the present day.

Nellie Cawton was my most intimate friend, and I loved her as a sister. At school we were inseparable, both within doors and without. Bereft in early life of her parents, and alone in the world, without father, mother, brother, or sister to love her affections, seemed to center upon me (her chum) and I reciprocated her sentiments. She was pretty—almost beautiful. Her sparkling black eyes and glossy curls, dark as night; her delicate form and intellectual forehead rendered her personal appearance very attractive; and by those who knew her best she was even acknowledged handsome. She had some property—a little cottage, which she held as the home of her childhood, and the house in which she was born, and in which both of her parents had breathed their last. A few hundred dollars remained of what had been deposited (by her parents) in a bank, for her benefit, after paying for her education. She was eighteen when we parted at school—she to return to her home, with an aunt who had cared her; and I to return to the hearts and home of my idolized parents. It was to both of us a sad parting. We wept bitter tears as we embraced each other; and I leaped into the carriage sent to convey me home.

Our letters were frequent at first, and quite as affectionate. I presume, as though we had been lovers; for we had learned to prize each other's society, and it was hard to be separated. At length Nellie's letter ceased to be quite so frequent—were less affectionate, and at last they ceased to visit me for a number of weeks. Of course I was nearly distracted at this delay, fearing sickness or death might be the cause; but my fears were soon quieted by the receipt of a letter, subscribed in that well known hand, and bearing the post mark of her native town and State.

Anxious and expectant, I broke the seal. It was, contrary to her previous correspondence, a very brief epistle, begging me to excuse her neglect, and when she had the pleasure of seeing me she would make all necessary apologies; and ended by inviting me to visit her immediately and perform for her the office of bridesmaid—as she had at last won a heart and would soon have a husband.

I must confess, I felt a pang of jealousy shoot through my heart; for to be superseded in Nellie's affection by one of the opposite sex was not at all consonant with my feelings.

"So here is the cause of her neglect—her delay," I said, as I tossed her letter upon the table with apparent dissatisfaction.

She did not even tell me her future husband's name—only that he was she could ask and more than she had ever aspired to possess.

"Come and see him yourself and judge accordingly."
Well, after upsetting all the inkstands in my way, tearing to pieces all the papers and magazines within my reach, and lying awake all night, I finally concluded to dispatch a letter accepting the invitation; and, having accomplished this task, I at once commenced preparations for my journey. A week passed and I found myself in the train, fast approaching my journey's end. My heart beat wildly as the whistle sounded from the engine, the brakes were down, the train stopped, and a brakeman screamed at the door: "Passenger for Dayton!"

I hurried forward, stepped from the car, by the assistance of the good-natured conductor, and the next moment was in Nellie's arms. She welcomed me warmly; still there was a restraint, I fancied, in her manner toward me, which she had not formerly shown at school. So overjoyed had I been at seeing her at first, that I did not notice her companion, who now came forward to escort us to the carriage—Nellie blushed; and, with a pride of manner as much to her credit as it pleased, she introduced me to Mr. Welton—her future husband. I was surprised in his personal appearance; for I did not expect to find her affianced husband so noble, commanding a personage. He was the true picture of health and manliness; and I did not wonder, as I saw his eyes rest upon the betrothed bride with so much tenderness, that she had said: "He was all she could ask, and more than she had ever aspired to possess."

They were married quietly, for Mr. Welton was a man of slender means—and instead of going on a bridal tour, as married people usually do, they went at once to housekeeping. In Nellie's little cottage, which they had fitted up for their income. They commenced housekeeping in the way all people with common sense and slender means should, dispensing with all servants—Mrs. Welton performing her domestic duties with her own hands. Mr. Welton was kind and devoted; but during the few weeks I had spent with them I discovered him to be extremely fond of being waited upon, in other words, lazy; and Nellie waded upon that staid, healthy man quite as much as though he had been the most helpless invalid. I remonstrated with her one day upon the course she was pursuing; but her only reply was: "It is such a pleasure to wait on him; his love repays all my trouble."

I spent a few weeks with them, and then returned home, satisfied that Nellie was happy; but fearful that Mr. Welton, notwithstanding his handsome face and present devotion, was not quite what I would fancy for a husband.

Six years have passed. Let us take a look at Mr. and Mrs. Welton in their present state. Three children, aged respectively three years, two years and six months have been added to that family. In that care-worn, pale, feeble woman, broiling steak and cooking dinner, you will fail to recognize the healthy, happy bride of six years ago. Her hair is no longer suffered to fall in ringlets about her face and neck, but is combed smoothly back and confined to a bun, which she is obliged to wear; and her eyes, that were once so sparkling and black, are now sunken and dim. Hark! listen to that hollow, hacking cough! Consumption is preying upon that form—its fatal seeds are sown—her life is fast ebbing away beneath the toil and care of a life of domestic drudgery. Still hope broods her up, and the pleading faces of her helpless children stimulate her to exert every faculty in her power to provide for their wants. She is now getting less hopeful—she sees the "grim messenger of death" upon her track; still she swerves not from the path which love and duty prescribed for her; but, with a feeble step and aching head, performs her various domestic cares.

"Father is coming," sounds from the yard, and in a moment Mr. Welton enters his home. Time has left no trace upon his handsome face—his step is as firm, his form as erect, and his dress almost faultless as when last we saw him. He hardly notices the servants of all work, who are busy about a heated stove preparing food; but with a "Wh-e-w—how hot this room is!" he snaps at lady, who is playing on the floor, and passes into the sitting room and throws himself upon the lounge for a nap. Mrs. Welton, tired and sick, followed him with her weary eyes, hoping he will offer her some assistance in the dining-room; but that he will take the children away and amuse them until she herself has prepared her frugal meal. But he has no idea there is anything for him to do—or, at least, he has no idea of doing anything.

Tommy and Charlie follow him, and make sundry attempts at climbing upon his back, and a cry of distress brings Mrs. Welton from the cellar, where she has been for cables for the table. Tommy and Charlie are scolded for their misconduct; and, after much kissing and soothing, baby consents to be again deposited on the floor, with the sugar-bowl cover and sugar-tongs; and Mrs. Welton again resumes her duties.

But, for goodness sake, take a look at that sitting-room! Stretched upon that lounge—his feet projecting over the foot—his head thrown back, his mouth open, and his eyes closed, lies the husband and father of that family, snoring most profoundly—free from all care, thoughts, or work—safe in the land of dreams. O, what a picture—oh, what a husband!

Dinner is laid last upon the table; and Mr. Welton being aroused from his romantic position, repairs at once to the dining room to satisfy the gnawings of hunger.

"No butter dinner?" he said, addressing his wife; "I declare there is something wanting every day and at every meal. It is very hard times for a man who is out of business, as I am, to get along. I think we will have to use a little more economy—try to do with a little less, at least until I get into business."

Now this was the same story over and over again—the same excuse. He was always out of business, but hoped to be engaged in something. The fact he was too lazy to stick to any business and too proud to do anything but what he was not; consequently he had lost many chances of making a good living—yes, a fortune, had he displayed the least activity or energy, by improving those talents for business which by nature he possessed.

Mrs. Welton took her babe upon her lap and tried to satisfy the gnawings of hunger; but her food choked her and her tears fell in drops upon the unconscious face of her babe, who little dreamed of her mother's grief.

Mr. Welton noticed her tears, and attributing them to be occasioned by what he said, condescended to make some slight apology, deeming that all sufficient to set her mind right and allay those burning tears. But his words only caused them to flow more freely, until she could no longer control her bursting heart, and she burst into violent sobs.

"Oh, my children—my children! what will become of them?" she said. "I cannot battle with life much longer!"

Mr. Welton was evidently much surprised and did appear quite alarmed at such an unexpected outburst of grief, and assuming a very kind, soothing tone, asking her if her headache—assured her would be quite well in a few hours. And he did actually take the babe from her arms and beg of her to lie down for a few hours to rest, and he would attend to everything around the house.

Mr. Welton did lie down on the bed to rest; but she never arose—never left her room until she was carried from it a corpse. A raging fever was already upon her, which she weakened frame could not withstand; and, though she lingered for several weeks, consumption's deathly grasp at last set her spirit free, and God's angels of mercy bore her spirit home to heaven.

It was a beautiful morning upon which she died, bidding a final farewell to earth and all its joys, cares and sorrows. Oh, that struggle! The thought of death was nothing compared with the thoughts of leaving her dear children motherless.

But, poor woman! she at last ceased to breathe in the arms of him who had six years before won her heart, and promised to love, cherish and protect her as long as life should last.

Had he fulfilled his promise? Had he done his duty? Had he been all to her that she had expected when she gave her whole heart, life and happiness into his keeping by becoming his wife? Let his conscience answer; for God will one day bring him to account for the slow murder of that wife and mother so surely as he will the most guilty assassin. O, her dead body be kept from rotting in the earth, and be buried in a decent grave, and let her soul rest in peace!

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Not Enough Religion to Buck Against \$40,000.

A good thing is related as having occurred in a barber shop in a certain town in this country recently. "Well," said the barber to the usual crowd of loungers about such a place, "I guess the monkey show will come off this evening." "What kind of a show is that?" inquired a stranger in the chair. "Oh, there's to be a wedding in town," replied the barber. "Who is to be married?" "Well, some traveling man out West is going to marry old Mrs. Hornswoggle's daughter. They would have been married a year ago if it had not been for the old woman." "What was wrong with her?" "Oh, she's a regular old tom-cat with goggles on. She's too pious to blow her nose, and the fellow is an out-and-out infidel." "And how have they fixed it, that the marriage is to take place now?" "Well, her worth is about forty thousand dollars, and she hadn't enough religion to buck against that. But it's lucky for him that he lives a good way from the old woman." The stranger was shaved, and as the barber was brushing his coat he inquired: "I say, mind, do you live in this neighborhood?" "No," replied the stranger, "I'm from the West. I'm the fellow that's to be married this evening."

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

Elect Reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"And so, my dear," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had just discovered the husband and father of that family, snoring most profoundly—free from all care, thoughts, or work—safe in the land of dreams. O, what a picture—oh, what a husband!

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Ero Gardner's Advice.

"Am Trustee Pullback in de-hall to-night?" asked the President as the band ceased singing, and a window was lowered to let the smoke escape.

"He ain't, sah," was the prompt response as Brother Pullback rose off his stool.

"Please step dis way."

When the tall form and shining pate of the member had toed the mark before the desk Brother Gardner continued:

"Bruder Pullback, I has received a letter axin' permishun fur you to visit the town of Akron, O., an' deliver your celebrated address on 'De Rise an' Fall of De Rail Fence.' I has answered dat you will dar' for I has your front in 'good shape for a two hours' speech."

Pullback trembled with emotion, and murmurs of admiration were heard from every corner of the hall.

"Befo' you sot out on dis journey," resumed the President, "I want to gin you a few words of fatherly advice. You will fur a time represent the call'd element of Detroit, an' you will be p'nted out as a well-known member of the Lime Kiln Club. All your words an' deeds will be taken notice of, an' people will forgit de size of your feet in de air anxiety to know whether you am second growth hickory or basswood stained ober."

"L'on' early de ilesah dat you own all de co'ner lots in Detroit an' am waitin' fur a certain rise of 200 per cent befo' sellin'."

"Don't take along n' brass watch-chain or dollar ston diamond, an' de fust yer you see anybody look twice at yer new plug hat take it off and brush de nap de wrong way on yer elbow."

"Don't talk horse, religion, pollyticks, free trade nor proteckshun. What you doan' know on dese subject would fill a big book, an' what you know you can't tell on account of your asthma."

"You will be offered de freed-om of de city in a tin box. Accept it wid thanks, an' fur fur your beer an' cigars, an' bring de box home to keep cold biscuit in."

"You will be escorted around by a brass band. Doan't sot wid your mouf open an' yer eyes rollin', as if it was de fust time ye eber heard anyfin' more numer-ud dan a hand-organ, but 'ake it in like a man who has allus had a pianer in de house an' a full brass band across de alle."

"At de table eat wid yer fork, chenus if you do jab yer tongue a few times. If it becomes necessary to blow yer nose in public do it solemnly and wid dignity, an' do yer wipe wid a handkerchief instead of yer elbow."

"In conversashun be pleasant an' courteous as possible. You fin' men in Akron who doan' believe dat de whole swallerd Jonah. You am not sent d-w'n dar to convince 'em."

"Keep sober, car'y yer money in pocket in yer shirt, an' seek to leave a good opinyun behind you. As you will have to git up at fo' o'clock to-morrow mornin' to catch de airy frei, ht train fur Toledo, you had best go home now an' practice on lookin' like an old trambler while buyin' a railroad ticket."

He Had Heard.

A good story is told of one of the old-time Philadelphia Quakers, whose sterling integrity was ingeniously commingled with worldly shrewdness. He was an extensive vessel owner, and during his life made