

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.

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Volume XXXIX.—No. 42.

Washington. Washington.

Medicinal Advertisements.

Poetry.

COURTING.

There's lots of fun in courting;
If you know the way to do it;
It's the choicest kind of sport;
Once you get accustomed to it.
Your courting must be done;
As business, not a favor;
Make haste slowly, it adds greatly
To the fun a piquant flavor.

Court your sweetheart in the kitchen,
In the parlor, in the park;
And you'll find that courting
Time for courting after dark.
Court for love; most women like it,
Nay, I am certain they all do;
And the fellow who can't court
Once will hanker for it, too.

Court a woman for herself, sir,
For the virtue that is in her;
Don't go courting for her pet, sir;
You will find it of no use her;
Court a woman badly, bravely,
Never court for a tool;
When you do, she'll teach you naively
How a woman's scorn can rule.

Court a woman for a wife, sir,
On a woman's worth you'll find;
And my word you'll find this life, sir,
Paradise frozen for you.
And such courting best is strawberries,
Peaches frozen in ice cream,
Champagne, and brandied berries,
'Tis a sunny, golden dream.

Select Story.

HER LOST BIRTHRIGHT.

In a corner of Madame Froissart's brilliantly-lighted drawing room, watching the gay scene being therein enacted, sat Gertrude Meyer. For the moment, she was alone—since her, indeed, a rare occurrence, since was both beauty and beauty; but a slight sprain to her ankle a few days previous had prevented her joining in the dance, and the little throng of men who had all the evening gathered about her had for the instant disappeared, many of them at her express command.

The last had lingered, reluctant still to go, when "I am tired," she said, "I want to be alone."

He bent, then from his splendid height, and with a glance from his dark eyes few women could have resisted, whispered a few words in her ear; but neither glance nor whisper brought even a momentary flush to the lovely cheek or brow. She met both with a languid indifference amounting almost to haughtiness, and a slight shrug of the beautiful hand.

"Elsa is without a partner," she rejoined. "I like to see you dance to gether. Ask her for this waltz."

An angry light kindled in Frederic Houghton's eyes, and he turned abruptly to her. The next moment, Elsa, with a pleased flush, yielded herself to his guidance; and with a half smile, though she knew not wherefore, Miss Meyer sank back in her cushioned corner a breath from Elsa's perfumed ribbons being wafted to her as the dancers floated by.

She was always to receive love never to return it? Gertrude asked herself. True, Frederic Houghton had never, in words, declared his passion; but every glance, every accent, had been replete with its intensity. She felt that he loved her.

How poor and meagre was the cold friendship she might offer in return! But, if she determined to smile at least a little kindly, he gave no opportunity. Other men flocked back to her side. She had sent him to Elsa; he bent, then from his splendid height, and with a glance from his dark eyes few women could have resisted, whispered a few words in her ear; but neither glance nor whisper brought even a momentary flush to the lovely cheek or brow. She met both with a languid indifference amounting almost to haughtiness, and a slight shrug of the beautiful hand.

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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.

OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING

Has grown in 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 to go big to school.
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.
We can fit your Uncle.
We can fit your Nephew.
We can fit a tall 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. KATZELSTEIN,
MANAGER.

FALL CLOTHING
OUR OWN MANUFACTURE!
STYLISH & WELL MADE!
PRICES THE LOWEST!

SPLENDID OVERCOATS AT \$9
AN INSPECTION IS INVITED.
HAMBURGER'S
616 Pennsylvania Avenue
(Under Metropolitan Hotel)
Steamboat Fare Paid to Purchasers
Branch 164 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore
mh 31-17

J. KARR,
629 Pa. Ave.,
ROCKFORD
Watch Co.
District Columbia,
Key, Stem-wind
WATCHES.
The best quick-train
Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

DAVIS' RESTURANT
ON THE European Plan,
(Formerly DUBANT'S)
COR. 6 ST. & PENN. AVENUE, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
MEALS AT ALL PRICES.
Feb. 10, 83.

Our Specialties for Spring.
Gents Hard Sewed Gaiters \$3 to \$6.
Calf Gaiters and Boots \$2 to \$5.
Work and Plough Shoes \$3 to \$2.
Sole and Button Stiffed Shoes \$1.50.
Ladies Lace and Congress Gaiters \$1.50 to \$2.
Fine Kid and Faced Button \$1 to \$4.
Ladies Hand Sewed Gaiters \$3 to \$5.
LOW QUARTER SHOES OF ALL KINDS
SLIPPERS AND SANDALS IN GREAT VARIETY.
L. HEILBRUN,
402 Seventh St., N. W.
SIGN—THE OLD WOMAN IN WINDOW.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, bowels constipated, head with a dull sensation in the back part, pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a distention to the right of the body or mind, irritability of temper, low spirits, a feeling of having neglected some duty, vertigo, dizziness, fluttering at the heart, dots before the eyes, yellow skin, headache generally over the right eye, restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored urine, and

CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS CHANGE TO GLORY
Black by a single application of this dye. It is a natural color, and is permanent. Sold by Druggists or sent by express on receipt of \$1. OFFICE, 28 N. BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

GLUE

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DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 127 N. 3rd St., PORT TOBACCO, MD.
This Dispensary is a regular graduate in medicine and has been in the profession for over 30 years. Chronic Diseases have made their mark and ability to cure them is the object of the Dispensary. It is a fact that they have acquired a national reputation through the Dispensary. It is a fact that they have acquired a national reputation through the Dispensary. It is a fact that they have acquired a national reputation through the Dispensary.

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, 15-17

"No," he answered, "for sometimes, Gertrude, I feel it would be greater sin to redeem than break my pledge. Listen to me! You know the old love I bore you, though I failed to tell you. Oh, heart of ice! had you not one throb for the anguish I endure? Coldly you sent me from you to another. She welcomed me with a smile—you had dismissed me with a frown. She warmed me in the sunlight—you chilled me in the shadow. For a little time, I sought diversion and forgetfulness. In the latter I failed, and without gladness I hailed the outbreak which brought my regiment into service. Elsa's regret at my leaving her softened and touched me. I begged her to write me. Through her, I thought, I should hear news of you but, instead, her letters gave me a wondering glimpse into a nature whose depths I had never suspected. How rich, how true they were, I cannot paint to you. I read and re-read them. My heart cried out for more and more, until I knew that its longing and its need were satisfied at last. How rich and exhaustless must be the mine which stored such jewels! With man's avaricious I longed for its possession. Is it only the fulfillment of the wish which makes me fancy its treasure exhausted? It was Elsa's letters, not Elsa, that I loved. She gives me food, but my heart still is hungry. Gertrude, help me! Tell me the right?"

"So might I feel," she whispered to herself, "when, like the sleeping prince, in fairy lore, the magic princess would bend and kiss my lips." The replies became more frequent, more ardent, until at last there came a letter when Frederic Houghton asked Elsa to become his wife.

With tears of joy in her bright blue eyes, she brought this letter, like the others, to Gertrude.

"Answer him," she said, "and tell him yes, yes, yes!"

"Not this, Elsa," she said. "This you must write yourself." "Oh, no, no! I cannot! Make it yet more beautiful than the others, Gertrude! The regiment is ordered home again, he writes, so there will be no more letters—at least, until after we are married, and then there will be no further need of poetry. He will not miss its absence."

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His Pa's Marvelous Escape.

"Got any vaseline," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he went in to store one cold morning, leaving the door open and picked up a cigar stub that had been thrown down by the stove and began to smoke it.

"Shut that door, dam you. Was you brought up in a saw mill? You'll freeze every potato in the house. No, I haven't got vaseline. What do you want of vaseline?" said the grocery man, as he set the syrup keg on a chair by the stove where it would thaw out.

"Want to rub it on pa's legs," said the boy, as he tried to draw smoke through the cigar stub.

"Why, what is the matter with your pa's legs? Rheumatiz?"

"Wuss nor rheumatiz," said the boy, as he threw away the cigar stub and drew some cider in a broken tea cup.

"Pa has got the worst hind legs you ever saw. You see, since there has been so many fires pa has got off scared, and he has bought three fire escapes, made of rope with knots in them, and he has been telling us every day how he would rescue the whole family in case of fire. He told us to be cool, whatever happened, and to rely on him. If the house caught on fire we were to run to pa, and he would save us. Well, last night pa had to go to one of the neighbors, where they were going to have a dance, and we didn't sleep much, cause ma had to come home twice in the night to get saffron, and an old flannel petticoat that I broke in when I was a kid, cause the people where ma went did not know as twine were on the bill of fare, and they only had flannel petticoats for sale. Pa was cross at being kept awake, and told ma he hoped when all the children in Milwaukee were born and got grown up, she would take in her sign and not go around nights acting an usher to baby matinees. Pa says there ought to be a law that babies should arrive out of bed and speak a rope, and not wait for the milkmaid or nurse. Well, pa he got asleep, and he slept till about eight o'clock in the morning, and the blinds were closed, and it was dark in his room, and I had waited for my breakfast till I was hungry as a wolf, and the girl told me to wake pa up, so I went up stairs, and I don't know what made me think of it, but I had some gun powder they make red fire with in the theatre, that me and my chum had the 4th of July, and I put it in a wash dish in the bath room, and I touched it off, and hollowed fire. I was going to wake pa up and then I told him it was a right, and laugh at him. I guess there was too much fire, or I yelled too loud, cause pa jumped out of bed and grabbed a rope, and rushed through the hall towards the back window, that goes out on a shed. I tried to say something, but pa ran over me and told me to save myself, and I got to the window to tell him there was no fire just as he let himself out the window. He had one end of the rope tied to the leg of the wash stand, and he was climbing down the back side of the shed by the kitchen, with nothing on but his night shirt and he was the horriblest looking object ever saw, with his legs flying and trying to stick his toe nails into the rope and the side of the house. I don't think a man looks well in society with nothing on but his night shirt. I didn't blame the hired girls for being scared, when they saw pa, and his legs come down outside the window, and then they yelled, I went down to the kitchen, and they said an crazy man with no clothes but a pillow case around his neck was trying to kick the window in, and they run into the parlor, and I opened the door and let pa in the kitchen. He asked me if anybody else was saved, and then I told him there was no fire, and he must have dreamed he was in hell, or somewhere. Well, pa was astonished, and said he must be wrong in the head, and I left him thawing himself by the stove while I went after his pants, and his legs were badly chilled, but I guess nothing was froze. He lays it all to ma, and says if she would stay at home and let people run their own baby shows, there would be more comfort in the house. Ma came in with a bowl full of something that smelled frows, and after she had told us what the result of her visit was, she sent me after vaseline to rub pa's legs. Pa says he has demonstrated that if a man is cool and collected, in case of fire, and goes deliberately at work to save himself, he will come out all right."

"Well, you are the meanest boy I ever heard of," said the grocery man. "But what about your pa's dancing a clog dance in church Sunday. The minister's hired girl was in here after she said your pa had scandalized the church the worst way."

"O, he didn't dance in church. He was a little excited, that's all. You see pa chews tobacco, and it is pretty hard on him to sit all through the sermon without taking a chew, and he gets nervous. He always reaches around in his pistol pocket, when they stand up to sing the last time, and he gets out a chew, and gets out a chew, and puts it in his mouth when the minister pronounces the benediction, and then when they get out doors he is all ready to spit. He always does that. Well, my chum had a pre-ent, on Christmas, of a music box, just about as big as pa's tobacco box, and all you have to do is to touch a spring and it plays 'She's a Daisy; She's a Damsel.' I borrowed it and put it in pa's pistol pocket, where he keeps his tobacco box, and when the choir got most through singing pa reached his hand in his pocket and began to fumble around for a chew. He touched the spring, and just as everybody bowed their heads to receive the benediction, and it was so still you could hear a gum drop, the music box began to play, and in the stillness it sounded as loud as a church organ. Well, I thought ma would sink. The minister heard it, and he looked at pa, and everybody looked at pa, too, and pa turned red, and the music box kept up, 'She's a Daisy,' and the minister looked mad and said 'Amen,' and people began to put on their coats, and the minister told the deacon to hunt up the source of that worldly music, and they took pa into the room back of the pulpit and searched him, and ma says pa will have to be church-ed. They kept the music box, and I have to get in coal to get money enough to buy my chum a new music box. Well, I have to go and get that vaseline or pa's legs will suffer. Good day."

William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in the world, may be seen driving his mare, Grand S., which rumors say is being spoiled by injudicious handling, almost any fine afternoon on Fifth Avenue. Look for a large heavy man, with black eyes, swarthy skin and black side-whiskers, an intently earnest but not over-intelligent face. If the weather is cold, the owner of untold millions will be wrapped up in a close fitting coat of seal-skin, and have over his knees another robe of the same fur. The superb horse or horse that he happens to be driving do not seem to be going very fast as they dance along, but it will be noticed that he goes faster than other people, and the group of sightseers who stop for a moment to gaze at the well-known figure, wrapped up in his seal-skins, as he flits by get but a brief glimpse of him. Perhaps Jay Gould, looking out of his library in the second story of his big house at Forty-seventh street and Fifth Avenue, wonders that with such magnificent opportunities for making more money does not devote his days and nights to it, instead of trifling away his time driving fast horses. Jay Gould never drives fast horses or indulges in any kind of sport except money-making. From 2:30 to 4:30 every afternoon Vanderbilt drives his horses. Then his horses go to their stalls of mahogany, trimmed with silver, and Vanderbilt goes to his palace. He always passes his evenings at home, not that he has been to the theatre or opera this year since Wallack's was opened last January.

When the Baron James de Rothschild died in 1868 near Paris, his wealth was estimated at 700,000,000 francs, and he was accounted the richest man in the world at that time. At the present the distinction of being the richest man in the world certainly belongs to William H. Vanderbilt. With the \$70,000,000 which his father left him he has made twice that sum, and, moreover, put his railroad property in such shape that it produces an income of at least 8 per cent. At present he has an income \$10,000,000 a year, or \$20 a second. Thirty years ago he did not know where to put his \$500,000. Vanderbilt has eight children and eleven grandchildren. His four daughters are married to New Yorkers, and two have been presented with small palaces costing \$600,000 a piece while he is in building houses for the other two at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifth-fourth street, adjoining St. Thomas' Church. The ground for the two buildings cost \$400,000 last spring, and suppose the houses will cost double that.

His two eldest sons, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who seems destined to occupy the place his father the same relation that William H. held to the Commodore, and William K. Vanderbilt, the second son, are already millionaires in their own right, and are now finishing palaces which soon eclipse the new house which Vanderbilt moved into last year. Cornelius is the financier among the sons, while William K. is the aesthetic member of the family, having employed Richard M. Hunt to build his white stone chateau at the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth Avenue, and having paid \$285,000 for the carving alone on the inside of the house. Some of the tapestries for his house are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, while the painters and decorators are giving the last touches. The house has been three years in building and has occupied the whole time of two architects, working under Hunt, and six draughtsmen. The design for one of the mantels alone required three months' work by two men.

He Wouldn't Sign.
Lounging through the corridors of the State Capitol one day was an old farmer, to whom came a female suffrage canvasser with a petition, and politely asked him if he would sign it. He eyed the document suspiciously awhile, and then asked: "What is it?" "A petition in favor of the woman's movement," she responded in her most insinuating tone of voice. "Then I'm agin it," said the agriculturist with the emphasis of a man who had some domestic infelicity. "A woman who's 'dus a movin' is alius a gettin' in trouble. If you've got anything to keep her hot, I'll sign it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well, or enough judgment to keep silent.

Prosperity can change man's nature, and seldom is one cautious enough to resist the effects of good fortune.