

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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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 note 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 moustache.  
We can fit your big Brother.  
We can fit your Father.  
We can fit your Grand Father.  
We can fit your Swotheart.  
We can fit your Uncle.  
We can fit your Nephew.  
We can fit a tall lean man.  
We can fit a stout 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.

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**S. KATZEN'S FEIN,**  
sep 24-1y MANAGER.

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

SPLENDID OVERCOATS AT \$9  
AN INSPECTION IS INVITED.  
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Steamboat Fare Paid to Purchasers  
Branch 164 W. Baltimore St. Baltimore  
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629 Pa. Ave.,  
Watch Co.  
District Columbia,  
Key, Stem-wind  
WATCHES.  
The best quick-train  
time-keeper made  
Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

**DR. HARTER'S**  
A combination of Pro-  
prietors of Iron, Potassium  
Boric acid and Phosphorus in  
a palatable form. For  
Indigestion, Loss of Appetite,  
Headache, Nervousness, etc.  
It is the most perfect  
remedy for the debilitated  
vital forces.

Our Specialties for Spring.  
Gentle Hand Sewed Gaiters ..... \$3 to \$6  
Calf Gaiters and Boots ..... \$2 to \$5  
Work and Plough Shoes ..... \$5 to \$6  
Scotch Button Stuffed Shoes ..... \$1 to \$2  
Ladies Kid and Congress Gaiters ..... \$1 to \$2  
Ladies Kid and Congress Gaiters ..... \$1 to \$2  
Fine Hand Sewed Button ..... \$3 to \$5

L. HEILBRUN,  
402 Seventh St., N. W.  
SIGN—THE OLD WOMAN IN WINDOW.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Medicinal Advertisements.

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

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

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**  
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.

**TUTT'S PILLS**  
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.  
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder Blade, fullness after eating, with a disposition to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having done some daily business, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dark before the eyes, Headache generally over the right eye, Headache, with distal dreams, highly colored Urine, and

**TUTT'S HAIR DYE.**  
Gives the hair a rich, glossy, and healthy color. It is the only hair dye that does not injure the hair, and is the only one that will grow the hair again.

**ROYAL GLUE**  
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1217 PA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY.**  
Established 1847 at 22 N. 3rd St., PHILA., MD.

**DAVIS' RESTAURANT**  
ON THE  
European Plan,  
(Formerly DUBANT'S)  
COR. 6 ST. & PENN. AVENUE, N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
MEALS AT ALL PRICES.  
Feb. 16-83.

**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. in 13-1y

Poe, ry.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
Some reckon their age by years,  
Some measure their life by art,  
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,  
And their life by the moods of their heart.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
The days of earth may show  
The length, and the depth, of years;  
Few or many they come, few or many they go,  
But our time is best measured by tears.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
Not by the silver gray  
That creeps through the sunny hair,  
And not by the streaks that we pass on our  
And not by the furrows the finger of care.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
On the forehead and face has made;  
Not so do we count our years;  
Not by the wrinkles that shade  
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
For the young are oftentimes old,  
Though their brow be bright and fair;  
While their blood beats warm their hearts  
Over their throbbing time—but winter is there—

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
And the old are oftentimes young,  
When their hair is thin and white;  
And they sing in joy as in youth the song,  
And they laugh as in youth their eyes were light.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
But led by head I tell  
The story of my years;  
From a cross to a crown they lead—his will  
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
Better a day of strife  
Than a lifetime of all the years;  
Give me instead of a long stream of life  
The tempest and tears of the deep.

**THE HONOR OF MY YEARS.**  
A thousand joys may foam  
On the shores of all the years;  
But never the foam brings the brave back  
home—  
It reaches the haven through tears.  
—Father Ryan.

**Select Story.**  
A DEBT OF HONOR.

even the commonplace remarks of John Reading seemed almost brilliant. Marian, in spite of the tempest of trouble within, could not but admire her mother's cleverness.

"Yes," she thought, "mamma cures out the man's ideas as she does the man's old silk dress and makes them nearly as new."

When a man's most wearisome evening for one, at least, of the quarter that looked so cosy as they sat around the fire, John Reading had come to his club and the two girls to their rooms, Mrs. Lang sat thinking till the embers faded to a sullen glow; her reflections were far from agreeable.

"If I have overrated my influence with Marian," she thought, "if she should refuse John—she certainly had a defiant air to-night—what will become of us? The neighbors say he is a hard man; but that may be from jealousy of his attention to us. I have striven all these years to give the girls a chance to make a good marriage; and now, when the hope seems near fulfillment, to have that child dare to defeat my plans! Oh, it is too harassing! Was ever a poor mother so wretched as I?" she ended wearily, as she went slowly to her room.

Rita was sleeping the sleep of an elastic conscience and an easy luxury-loving nature; while Marian, with her head between her feet, was musing over the plans which she soon set about carrying into execution.

She wrote a tear-blistered letter to her mother, telling her how she had found notes of John Reading's by mistake as she was searching for a bill—indeed, mamma must know she had not meant to be dishonorable; how she was wretched in her present life, with its alarms and attempts to keep up a ladylike appearance before a world of people richer than themselves; how she could not marry John Reading if he asked her, as she knew was expected of her; so she would go away to a school-friend on whose help she could rely, and try to get some employment.

She would save every farthing she earned, and try to pay her mother the disgraceful debt.

"And, please, dear mamma," was the beseeching end of this midnight epistle, "do not, by the love you bear your children—which I know has urged you to this false step—please do not borrow any more money! I am very sorry for some hard thoughts I have had of you, and already repent the unkind things I said of you in my anger; and I have left Rita all the things of mine of which she can possibly make use—I know which she always admired my sealink jacket."

When you read this, I shall be on my way to Dale's Station. Don't write to urge me to change my mind, for I am fully determined on my present course.

Hearing the letter, she put it with careful step on her mother's dressing-table, and then stole back to her room. Between sobs and tears she packed the remnant of her wardrobe, and in the dawn of the gray autumn day left her home.

Her courage rose as she sped along in the train, and morning showed her the beauties of the landscape. Nature brought its novel and strange to the turbulent young soul; and she was almost cheerful when, late that evening, she arrived at her destination.

The station was dimly lighted, and the few lamps flickered with the wind. Marian, in her search for her trunk, stumbled over a queer little bundle sitting on a satchel, and a sacred voice came out the bundle, saying—

"Please do not hurt me much. Papa left me here a long ago, and I am afraid he is gone away"—and the child began to cry.

Marian lifted the little thing and comforted it with cooing words. She kissed the thin face, and held the child tenderly until a gentleman came in search of it.

"Harry, where are you?" he called. "Here, papa, with a kind, strange lady; I was so afraid you had gone away."

"Gone and left my little boy. That is hardly likely. Thank the lady, Harry; and, madam, accept my gratitude also for your goodness. I was detained by some confusion as to my luggage. Can I be of any service to you?"

"No, thank you," replied Marian; and, as the gentleman disappeared in the darkness, and Marian trudged along, followed by the boy who bore her trunk, she rather regretted her refusal of assistance, for the stranger's face had interested her.

Marian moved away, followed leisurely by Rita; and in the pleasantly lighted parlor a daintily spread little tea-table was awaiting them. Mrs. Lang sat already at his head, and a "cousin John," laying down the evening paper, looked up approvingly at Marian's flushed cheeks as she entered.

"Mademoiselle, you are brilliant to-night!" he said, with rather an awkward attempt at a courtly bow.

Marian could not force a polite smile, but grimly took her seat; and her thoughts were none too amiable.

Select Reading.

On a Bridal Trip.  
SOME OF THE TROUBLES THAT A WESTERN PAIR ENCOUNTERED.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green looking man, as he stepped up to the conductor and registered his name and added "and wife" after it.

"Can a new-married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said that they could go right to their rooms and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat.

"But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed?" That don't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul, and went to a hotel.

"I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell-boys and porters to let them, and when we rung the bell for the bell-boy, a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water, and a Milwaukee drummer from a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is lastful, and made her feel real bad."

"I didn't know they were drummers until the next day or I should have killed some of them. I rung the bell for coal and a traveling man who posts railroad cars around and works as a drummer, he came in and fixed the fire and he staved and poked me for half an hour. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him, but my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clear up the room and bring some towels and it was about half an hour before she came. I took a knock to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of creature, far above her station, and I tell you it was mad when I found out that it was a smooth-faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house, who was in with the gang and he gave the chambermaid \$5 to loan him an old dress, so that he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek and said she was the sweetest bride that was in the hotel and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it was no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid and encourage her, I wanted to killed him, and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smooth-faced fellow had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs into our bed, and we found a cold cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortable in bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up, and the watchman was there and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire-escape so I could get out in case of fire; and I went out in the hall, and he took me away out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and bugging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came into the room and told her to fly and save herself and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and she got back in our room half frozen. I thought it was a fine time. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire-escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia military bureau, and the one that scared my wife out of her travels for a beard factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray moustache and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at the time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning, before we were up, a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood round until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was very kind in the landlord to send up breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a repair factory at Rockford, and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife, I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets and they would steal them. I had about twenty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread over us there was a different porter that put it on, and I think they were all traveling men. Every little while somebody would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied and that he must have made a mistake,

and he would look around at us as innocent as could be and ask our pardon and then go out and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow said he was looking for my wife's shoes to black. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red lantern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway, it looked like porous plaster when I got up in the morning. I think it was the traveling men who were playing conductor, but I was sleepy and I thought the best way was to let them punch it. Well, about 3 o'clock in the morning somebody punched us and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up, and we would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best we could, lying on our backs and kicking our clothes up in the air and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants on wrong side before, and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths up and sat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to a certain of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oskosh, and he took and got mad about it and wondered how it got there and swore about it, and I think he travels from Oskosh carriage factory. Oh, I never had such a night, or such two nights, in all my life, and what I want to know is, if I can be quiet here and get a little sleep and not be annoyed.

The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him to knock them clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his satchel and wife and the colored man showed them a room and they have not shown up since. It is confounded mean in traveling men to get snowed in and form a syndicate to have us. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.

**The Bad Boy at Breakfast.**  
"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasures of the case any more, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrariest man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I had a piece of pie and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cold-liver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancake, and pretended to eat it, and I told pa the syrup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancake in it and fired some down his neck. He is a consumptive hypocrite—that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cold-liver oil was really killing him, but he said the syrup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and by Joe I had to eat it, and pa guessed he hadn't got much appetite and would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a donut. I like to did, and that I think makes me dissatisfied. They eat too much anyway, and when they got on to that cold-liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, an Irish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her forehead and said 'howdy Moses' and went out into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said 'Mine Gott, was do matter from me?' and she went out leaning on the coal bin. Then the talked Irish and Dutch, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good bye old potatoes."

**What is Religion Worth.**  
In connection with the subject of giving to Spragueon tells the following anecdote: A gentleman went around with a paper to raise the minister's salary. He went to a poor man who had attended the church twice, who put down \$10. The gentleman asked him if he did not mean 10s.

"10 shillings?" said the man, do you think that the spiritual benefit and comfort that a man gets from such a minister as ours through a year is only worth ten shillings? I reckon it is worth a great deal more, but really I cannot afford to give more."

Well, said the man who was collecting, to himself, "if this man can afford \$10, I can afford \$25." He had never before given more than ten shillings.

When a man gives sixpence, says Mr. Spragueon, who is giving up thousands of pounds, I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measure of the value of his religion. A man who was pulled out of the river by another offered him fourpence. "No, thank you," said the man, "I don't want to work your valuation of what you are worth."

**The Post Newspaper in the county—**  
THE POST TOBACCO TIMES.