The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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!CLOTHING!

To fit the Largest or Smallest Man or Boy

—in—

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BETWEEN LEGIMATE ADVERTISING

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THERE IS A WIDE DISTINCTION.

The first merely explains the real merits of the goods sought to be sold.

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☞ We ask you to call at our establishment when in the city, to convince you of the truthfulness of our assertion.

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NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET.

Washington, D. C.

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THAT THE

Family Shoe Store,

306 & 308 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.

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That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

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Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

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Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.

For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.

Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

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We also have the Largest Line of Boys' and Children's Clothing for Summer wear ever shown.

A Separate Department for White and Fancy vests, in which over 1,500 Styles are shown from 35 Cents to $5.00 in Price

We always excel in getting up Clothing for Summer wear, and we are proud of our magnificent assortment.

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Our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. No gentleman of taste who appreciates richness and elegance of fabric and style should miss seeing our stock.—Remember, while this assortment is largely composed of the finest grades, we do not ask fancy figures on a single article. Our prices will bear comparison with those usually asked for cheaper goods, while in quality and make up they will be found immensely superior.

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We have in our cases Hats from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States and we defy any Hat House in Baltimore to show finer goods or better styles. They will show you higher priced Hats and you may think they are better because the high toned Hatters tell you so, but they are not. Our display of straw Hats cannot be equaled or our low prices beat.

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Largest Establishment —IN— MARYLAND.

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OF ALL PLANTS, FOR ALL CROPS, FOR ALL CLIMATES.

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Rochester, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine

Poetry.

THE CRAPE AT THE DOOR.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

On the pave there's a tramp of many feet—
To and fro, to and fro,
Strong, busy life is abroad on the street;
How little men dream, as they pass and greet,
Of underlying woe—
How little they reck of hearts that are sore,
Or the crape that waves sadly at the door

Cold, cold is humanity in its strife—
To and fro, to and fro,
It seeks not to think of Death's pruning knife,
Of hearts that are torn in the storm of life—
Of love quenched in its flow;
It had ends to meet, it has aims, must soar,
And hardly beholds the black crape at the door.

Is it a father that passed away,
Weary of time and care?
Whose is that image of tremorless clay?
Perhaps 'twas a mother worn and gray
Her burdens greater than she could bear;
There a cup with anguish running o'er
Whenever Death's flag is hung at the door.

Ah! thoughtless traveler that dost roam—
To and fro, to and fro,
Think of the loneliness in that home—
Of the vacant chair and the waiting tomb—
The sighs that come and go,
And drop one tear, if you do no more,
For the home where there's crape at the door.

God of the fatherless' loving and kind,
Only Thou can'st know
All the grief in those hearts left behind—
And the bleeding wounds time never can bind.
Thy plenteous mercy show,
For little the world in its mad uproar
Note the black crape hung at the door.

—*Rochester Post-Express.*

An Original Story.

RITA.

BY

KNARF RENWARB.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.

The woman looked up in amazement at the man before her; surprised in her reverie, it was some little time before she could collect herself. She did not know him at first. How could she recognize, in that handsome broad shoulder man, the sun-burned farmer boy she had known long years ago? But at the sound of his voice she knew him, and the crimson tide of shame dyed neck and brow as, with her face bowed in her hands, she ask piteously.

"O Tom! Why have you come here?"

"Ever since that morning when we found you had gone, I have been looking for you," replied Tom. Rita, Rita! Why did you leave me so?"

"Listen, Tom," she answered, lifting her face from her hands, "and I will tell you all if you care to hear it. It is a short story and soon told.

He came to me that night long years ago, implored me to go with him; he swore that he loved me better than all the world; that the law would soon free him from the woman that was his wife, and that I should take her place. I was very young then, Tom, and I loved him—I knew it was sinful but I could not help it.—I listened to him, believed him, trusted him, and went with him. He brought me here and surrounded me with every luxury. He was kind and gentle to me, and only seemed to be happy, when with me. I tried to think I was happy too, but alas! What woman in my position can ever be happy? He told me that he had taken steps to procure a divorce from his nominal wife, and would soon make me his honorable bride; and I tried to be satisfied, but as the months passed his visits became less frequent, I heard less of the divorce, and my entreaties that he would comply with his promise only seemed to annoy and anger him. He was growing tired of me. And Oh! what wretchedness was in the thought, that he, for whom I had sacrificed everything, would desert me!

With his love to sustain me I might bear my shame, without that there was nothing left me but to die. When my child was born"—at these words Tom's face flushed crimson—he had never thought of that; Rita saw that blush and her voice trembled but she went on, "after my child was born he came to me and wanted to be to me all that he had been before, but when I looked at my little innocent daughter—this child of my shame and thought of the cruel cross she would have to bear all her life in atonement for her mother's sin, I almost learned to hate the man who was the author of her being, and from that day to this, he has been nothing more than a stranger to me. He has been true to me in one respect, for I wanted nothing that money could buy.

After my child little Floy, grew older, he came and begged that he might tell her what he was to her and claim her for his own. He cried over his child and said she was the only thing in this wide world who might ever love him now, since I had turned from him; but I could not bear that my bright little daughter should know of the shame attending her birth, and I made him promise that he would never do anything by which she might know it. He left me, swearing that he would move heaven and earth to get released from his bondage that he might take to his home and heart, his wife and child—for such he said we were—but he came again after a few weeks, low spirited and dejected. He said there was no possible means by which he could get the divorce, and begged me to take him back in my favor again, saying that he could only be content with his wife and child for such we were in the sight of God.

The love which had made me forsake honor, home, mother and friends pleaded hard for him, but for my child's sake, I refused his prayers. He left knowing and acknowledging that I was right, and that my refusal was but a just punishment for his sins.

Through these long years he has provided bountifully for our every want, coming sometimes to look at his child, who knows and likes him as a friend. He says they are the only happy moments of his lonely useless life and I cannot refuse him that comfort, for Tom;—I loved him then and I love him yet. That is all. I have lived here with only two objects in life, to teach my daughter that which is right, and guard from her the knowledge of the stain that is on her birth. She thinks that her father died in her infancy. You will want to see her, and I can trust you not to undeceive her. Shall I send for her? She is in her room preparing her lessons for to-morrow's recitations at school.'

Soon a light step was heard descending the stairs, the hall door was opened and a beautiful girl of fifteen entered the room. She was a combined likeness of her pretty mother and handsome father. She was very like Rita had been; darker, more refined and delicate looking, and if possible, more beautiful.

"Floy," said Rita, "this is one of your mother's friends. She knew him when she was a girl."

She came forward holding out her hand, saying frankly, "I am glad to see you. Mother has so few friends. You were my father's friend too, were you not?"

Tom answered her, a little confusedly; "I knew your father also, child, you are very like him May I be your friend too?"

"Oh yes," she answered, "their friends shall ever be mine."

Tom stayed with the mother and daughter for sometime, then he left going down to the house in which he had left Will Bayne. He did not feel such enmity to him now, but he would see him and grant him whatever satisfaction he might demand of him.

The man had acted better toward Rita than he had expected. Why should he wish to interfere with him, or what good could his interference do now?

A group of men were collected on the side-walk, showing signs of some excitement; someting unusual had happened.

"Only a man run over by a passing train and fatally injured," said a policeman near by, "there is no one to blame."

Tom would have passed on without stopping—he could do the poor fellow no good, but fate seemed to have him in hand to night.

The crowd pushed him up to the injured man.

Then he saw the handsome bloodless face of the man whose life he had sought only a few hours before. They were bearing him into a house near by; when they had laid him on a couch in the house, the doctor, who had been summoned said:

"Let all leave but the man's friends, if he has any."

As the crowd moved out of the room, Tom approached the doctor saying, simply, "I will stay to nurse him."

The doctor bent over Will Bayne, unconscious from the shock he had received, and examined him carefully then he left, leaving a draught of some kind, and saying to Tom sadly as he went.

"I can do nothing for him. He is injured internally and will die before morning. Give him some of this mixture if he revives, it will ease his pain."

Tom sat there in the still night watching the poor, pale handsome face, which was drawn and pinched by the excruciating pains which even unconsciousness could not allay, and wondered how he ever could have felt such enmity to this poor stricken creature. He hoped he would regain his consciousness before he died that he might tell him he was sorry for what he had done and said.

As if in answer to that wish Will Bayne's eyes opened, and he said in a weak voice, as he recognized Tom.

"You here? Come I suppose to gloat over my sufferings."

"No," answered Tom tenderly, "but too sooth them and comfort you if I can."

Bayne lay for a little while with closed eyes, then he said.

"Harris have you seen Rita? Will you not bring her to me that I may ask her forgiveness before I die?"

"Not to-night," answered Tom, "to-morrow she shall come if she wishes to. You must be very quiet to-night."

He was quiet for awhile, then the feeble voice was heard again.

"Tom, I believe I am dying. Oh bring my little daughter my sweet little Floy, to me that I may see her before I die. If anything holy ever found a place in my wicked heart it was the love I have felt for her. O! if you have one spark of pity in you bring my child to her dying father, that he may press her dear lips for the first and last time. That sweet pleasure which has been denied me all this while, at least grant to me in this my last hour on earth!'

Tom answered him sorrowfully, pitifully, "Remember your promise to Rita. For Floy's sake, forego this one great pleasure which I would willingly grant were it right to do so."

"Yes, yes, you are right as you always are," said the dying man. "Oh that I might live my life over, how differently would I act."

Tom put the cooling draught to his lips saying:

"Where is your wife? Shall I not send for her?"

"My wife?" said Bayne bitterly, "flaunting her faded, painted beauty in some brilliant ball-room, to-night, no doubt. No 'twere pity to disturb her Harris, I intended to do right by Rita, but I could not get freed from my hateful bondage. Oh Floy, brown eyed little daughter, if I could only see you, but my wicked life deserves no better death than this."

Then in the weak voice, growing rapidly weaker, he asked.

"Tom, can there be pardon for such as I?"

"God is very merciful," answered Tom bending low over the dying man; "trust all to Him."

The day broke, cold and gray, and its dull light fell on the handsome dead face from which the spirit had fled—gone to meet its Maker to answered for the deeds done in the flesh. He was sorry at the last. Who shall say that forgiveness was denied him?

With the morning sun, came a woman fresh from her mid-night revels in the crowded ball-room. The level sunbeams, slanting across the tall roofs, revealed with ghastly destinctness, the rouge and cosmetics with which art vainly tries to cover the ravages of age and dissipation. Very stately and coldly she bent over and touched with her's the dead lips of the man who had been her husband. Ah when had those lips met before?

Then she left to array herself in the deceitful sables which Fashion demanded, and come again to follow the costly casket with its poor contents, to the fashionable cemetery and watch the placing, over the new made grave of the marble slab, bearing its lying inscription of the dead man's virtues.

Fashion demanded that also, and she was Fashion's slave. That was all. Then she went back to her old life with her loves and her favorites. Let her go, who cares to follow her? Not I surely.

Low, weary with his mid night vigils over the dying and dead man, went in the early dawning to the house where he would find Rita. Tenderly, sorrowfully he said as she greeted him:

"Rita, I have just come from Will Bayne, he is dead."

A frightened horrorfied look came to her face as she asked despairingly.

"O Tom, surely—?" but he divined her meaning and answered quickly.

"No, Rita. It was God's hand that dealt the blow, I was with him to sooth and comfort him all I could. My remembrance of him will have more of pity in it than of anger."

She buried her pale face in her hands, sobbing violently. The dead man, lying there in the great city, had done her the greatest wrong man could do a woman, but she loved him and that coverred all.

After awhile she said between her sobs. "Tom there was no provission made for Floy and me. What are we to do? For myself I do not care, for the disease which killed my mother is fast killing me; but I am greatly concerned for my daughter."

"Have no uneasiness about that," replied Tom, "the income which was your mother's and is now yours, has accumulated in my hands and is now sufficient for all your wants. You will live on here as usual if you wish to, I will attend to it all. Do not let that trouble you."

Rita was right, and ere the autumn grew into winter, rapid consumption had so reduced her that her death was daily expected.

One evening Tom was hastily summoned to her bed side. A violent hemorrhage had so prostration her that the doctor said she could not rally from it. When at her request they had been left alone she said to Tom in a feeble voice.

"It will soon be over now, and the only comfort I have in my last hours, is that I can leave my daughter in the care of so good a friend as you have been.

'Tom, care for her and watch over her as you would were she your own. Guard her from the temptations that assailed her mother, and O, Tom, promise me, by my girlish innocence, by your boyish love which once was mine, that you will keep from her the story of her mother's sin and shame. Let her, at least, ever think of me as something pure and holy, and never let her curse her mother's memory for the daughter's shame."

"Rita," answered Tom, "by all these sacred things, I promise that so far as in me lay the power, I will faithfully keep this sacred trust. Desolate, friendless, objectless has been my life since my first great disappointment, but the rearing and guarding of this sweet child shall be the one object of my future life. Be content, I will ever be her friend."

Rita looked the thanks she was almost too weak to utter, then after awhile she said:

"Tom, save my one great sin, I have tried to do what was right surely there will be forgiveness for that?"

"Yes, Rita," answered Tom, "for did not our Saviour say when on earth, 'Woman, thy sins are forgiven. Go and sin no more?' He is as merciful now as then. Would you like to see a minister?"

"No, Tom," she said, "if my blessed Saviour's redeeming blood, and the Heavenly Father's boundless mercy will not save me, the church's prayers will avail me nothing. 'Just as I am, I will go to Him. He knows how I have suffered and repented, I am not afraid to meet Him."

A few days after this Rita passed gently away. She had erred and repented. Let those without sin cast the first stone at her.

"Wilson," said Tom Harrison, to his friend as he was returning from the funeral of poor Rita. "A young girl has been left in my charge by her dead mother. Will your wife kindly take care of her until I can provide a suitable school for her?"

"Yes," answered Wilson. She will be glad to do anything she can to oblige you. Bring your ward to her at once."

Tom went back to the house in which he had left the weeping Floy, and taking her to his friend's home left her with the excellent Mrs. Wilson, to be taken thence in a few days to a boarding school where we will leave her for awhile.

My simple story draws rapidly to a close.

With the death of the heroine. What more can I say? One chapter more kind reader and I will weary you no longer.

(To be continued.)

Select Reading.

That Bad Boy is still Alive.

'There, you drop that,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. 'I never kicked at your eating my cod-fish, and there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping some plumber or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price,' and the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said, 'There, help yourself to dried apples.'

'Oh, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples,' said the boy, as he leaned against a show case and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. 'I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show-case to look at that tin tobacco box, and that round zinc looking-glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap would'nt dry up on your hands,' and the boy sat down in the chair without any back feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

'You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been in his house the past month, said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire. But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them into lunch?'

'Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands, that goes about town playing tunes for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in in a few minutes to serenade him and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighborhood to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they were and came right along None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of the horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more than a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat and and struck an attitude. He looked like a Congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw a piece of brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced 'Fellow Citizens,' and then went back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he found out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well I should smile. They just reached for things and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no. I guess they don't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for three dollars and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentleman who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out, and the Bohemians came down the street bilin' full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohamian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the livery stable to-nigh[illegible] pa is offul unreasonable when [illegible] costs him three dollars, besides the champagne.'

Well, you have a pretty mess of it said the grocery man. "Its a wonder your pa does not kill you. But what is it I hear about the trouble at church? They lay foolishness to you."

'It's all a lie. They lay everything to me. It was some of the ducks that sing in the choir. I was just as much surprised as anybody when it occured.

You see our minister is laid up from the effect of the ride to the funeral, when he tried to run over a street car, and a old deacon, who had symptoms of being a minister in his youth, was invited to take the minister's place and talk a little. He is an absent-minded old party who don't keep up with the events of the day and whoever played it on him knew that he was too pious to even read the daily papers. There was a notice of the choir meeting to be read, and I think the tenor smuggled in the other notice between that and the one about the weekly prayer-meeting. Anyway, it wasn't me but it like to broke up the meeting. After the deacon read the choir notice he took up the other one and read, 'I am requested to announce that the Y. M. C. Association will give a friendly entertainment with soft gloves on Tuesday evening, to which all are invited. Brother John Sullivan, the eminent Boston revivalist, will lead the exercises, assisted by Brother Slade, the Maori missionary from Australia. There will be no slugging, but a collection will be taken up at the door to defray expenses' Well I thought the people in church would sink through the floor. There was not a person in the church, except the poor old deacon, but what understood that some wicked wretch had deceived him, and I know by the way the tenor tickled the soprano that he did it. I may be mean, but everything I do is innocent, and I wouldn't be as mean as a choir singer for two dollars. I felt real sorry for the old deacon, but he never knew what he had done, and I think it would be real mean to tell him. He won't be at the slugging match. That remark about taking up a collection settled the deacon. I must go down to the stable and help to grease the hack, so you will have to excuse me. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive a picnic party out to Waukesha, and may not be back in a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade,' and the boy filled his pocket with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery, "Strawberries two shillin a smell, and one smell is enuff.'

The Successful Casuist.

Arithmetic is terribly puzzling sometimes, and when one's interest is involved in the matter it is almost impossible to add up a column of figures correctly. A gentleman who lived by his wits, and it must be confessed gets a very fair living, when in the country last summer wanted to borrow some money of a plain, good-natured farmer.

'I want to borrow six dollars,' he said.

The farmer only had three dollars, and so the man of wit said,—

'Well I wish you would owe me the other three and we'll settle up in a few days.'

When the day of settlement came the farmer was begogged, bepuzzled and somewhat disgruntled by this conversation.

The farmer said,—

'You owe me three dollars, dont you?'

'Certainly I do,' was the reply.

'Well, will you pay me?'

'Well, my dear fellow, I think our account is about square. I wanted to borrow six dollars, you remember. You let me have three and said you'd owe me the other three. Now, then, you haven't paid that three and consequently still owe it to me. I owe you three dollars and if you will give me the three dollars you owe me I will instantly pay you the three I owe you. Nothing could be fairer than that, I think.'

In the profession of journalism the man with a poverty of ideas will soon have idea of poverty.

Somebody says that "ballet girls are not so bad as they are painted." We hope not. They are painted frightfully.

Isn't it a little paradoxical to speak of a man as a crank when he is so set in his mind that you can turn him?

No vehicle desired: "And so,' says the narrator, closing his story, they took him up to the cemetery in a gold mounted hearse, with four black horses and all the hands in the garrison playing the "Dead March." Very grand, I dessay," remarks his listener, "but I don't care for style. Going to the cemetery on foot is good enough for me."