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. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JUNE 1, 1883. Volume XXXIX.---No. 51.

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Washington, D. C.

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to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

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During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

Baltimore Advertisements.

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FOR THE

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Half-lined and Skeleton Suits in all the newest and most desirable shades in Serges; also, Blue Flannels, Yacht Cloth, Mohairs, Drap D'Ete and worsted. Our assortment of Alpacas, Pongee Silk and Seersucker Suits (all colors) was never approached in magnitude or variety before in this State.

In dusters we can astonish you. We have them in all the best fabrics in Linen, Mohair, Alpaca, &c.

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.

HSTS & CAPS.

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.

Excelsior Clothing Comp'ny

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Largest Establishment

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OF ALL KINDS, FOR ALL CROPS.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

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

Poetry.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unheeding smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Women's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Women's work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Women's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of sweet repose—
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A lock of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek.

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her couch needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no response there.

Fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget;
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
"Dust to dust," a voice saith,
And women's work is done.

An Original Story.

RITA.

BY

KNARF RENWARB.

CHAPTER V.

Two years have passed.

Twice have the costly flowers, planted, and tended by hired hands, drooped and perished over a dead man's grave. Twice have the pure white lilies amid the ever green vines, planted by a friend's hand and watered by a young girl's tears, blossomed and faded over a broken-hearted woman's last resting place.

During this time Tom Harris had struggled on, rising step by step, until he now stood at the head of his profession; and the opinion of Judge Harris were sought for and valued by all.

With all these honors had come wealth in abundance. He had purchased a magnificent residence on the beautiful heights of Georgetown, over the hospitalities of which a maiden aunt presided and acted as the stately duenna to the fair Floy, who had been brought from her school at the conclusion of her studies and installed in this elegant home as the loved and cherished ward. Very quickly had she entwined herself in the heart of this grave, handsome, dignified man of thirty-six, and his stately maiden aunt of sixty.

Unloving as had been Tom's life since Rita's desertion, steeled as had been his heart to woman's charms, yet this young girl had silently broken down the barrier with which it had been guarded, and taken possession of the fortress almost before he knew it.

He had vainly imagined he loved this girl as a father might love his daughter, but on this day of which we shall speak, something had revealed to him that he loved her with a man's strong, passionate love for the woman he would make his wife. The knowledge caused him a thrill of pleasure not unmixed with pain.

That morning a young law student, Harvey Martin, had come to him, telling him frankly that he loved his ward and asking permission to win her if he could.

Martin was a noble young man, very handsome, very intelligent, of the best families, rich and of spotless character; there could be no objection to him.

And he had told him, not without a pang of jealousy, that if Floy loved him, there would be no objection urged on the part of her guardian.

"And you will intercede in my behalf, will you not?" Asked the young man anxiously.

That was a hard task to ask of him, but Tom answered gravely.

"Yes I will speak to her this evening of you, and knowing you as I do, I can only speak in your favor. You can come over later."

Tom left his office and went home greatly troubled. He remembered how pleased Floy always seemed when young Martin was with her. Of course she loved him. How could she refuse the love of this handsome brilliant young man? It was folly for nim to nurture in his heart any such feeling as love for her. No let her be happy with Harvey Martin. There was no happiness in this world for him; he ought to have known that long ago.

Sitting on the broad piazza, Tom watched the fair young Floy, as she flitted among the flowers in the pretty yard. She looked very beautiful today.—More beautiful, perhaps because it was so soon to lose her. Should he lose her without one effort to retain her?

No, loving her as he knew now that he did, he resolved that if Harvey Martin did not win her this night, that he would enter the lists and strive to win her for his own cherished wife. What though nineteen long years stretched their lengths between the days of their birth; he was only in the prime of life and could love, love as madly, passionately now as ever.

What mattered it that the union on which this girl sprang was unhallowed by church and state. She was pure and beautiful and he loved her.

He would go out where she was and fulfill his promise, if she loved the young man, he would have to give her up, if not, then those who sought her hand after to day, would find in him only a rival.

He went slowly out where she was. She greeted him with a smile.

"Floy," he said quietly, "are you perfectly happy here?"

"Oh, my guardian, how can you ask that? Why should I not be happy in this elegant home with you and Aunt Susan for my friends?"

"Think child," he said gravely, "is there not something wanting to complete your happiness?"

A crimson blush overspread her fair face as she hesitatingly answered. "What can their be wanting?"

He saw that blush—noticed her hesitation. Yes it was as he thought; the love of Harvey Martin was necessary to her happiness. Well, he must give her up; his life had been one of sacrifices. He would try and bear this one too.

"Harvey Martin came to me this morning," he said, forcing the words out, "and asked that he might come to-night and ask you to be his wife. He is worthy of you in every way; do you think you could love him?"

She answered him, tremblingly, reproachfully.

"I have never thought of Harvey in that way, but I am here dependent upon you. I will do whatever you wish me to."

"Do whatever I wish you to?" he said passionately, "child, you know not what you are saying. Do you think that I, loving you madly, passionately, hopelessly as I do, would ask you to become another man's wife if thought you would do whatever I wished you to. Oh, Floy! is it possible that you, not loving Martin, could ever learn to love me, could ever bless me by becoming my darling wife?"

The warm blood dyed the girl's face at these words and she answered softly.

"O, Tom, how can you ask that? I who have, not loved, but worshiped, idolized you all this while, ask no better blessing than your love; your love which has been the one thing wanting to complete my happiness. Take me, my Guardian for my heart, such as it is, is yours—only yours."

At last there was to be happiness for him. Tom clasped the fair young girl to his heart and thanked God for his great blessing which had come to him at last.

That night, Harvey Martin left Floy, loving her all the for the kind, considerate way in which she had refused his love.

Tom pressed his hand saying tenderly:

"Such disappointment some to us all sometimes; bear yours bravely. You are too noble a man to be long unloved."

Martin returned the pressure and went on out in the night.

On a bright morning in November the wedding bells were pealing merrily from the steeple of the old church down in the city. They were ringing to celebrate the nuptuals of Judge Harris and little Floy. Tom bore his fair young bride back to his beautiful home, and there in perfect peace and content they lived, happy in each other's love which was all sufficient for them.

Reader; that is all.

There are doubtless some who will say this simple narrative should never have been written. Others may see in Will Payne's despairing death and poor Rita's sad remorseful ending, a lesson and a warning to those who would depart from the path of rectitude. If any good has been done—any amusement afforded, then, am I well repaid.

THE END.

Eight Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fater and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they will learn.

To conclude that if exercise is healthful, the more violent and exhaustive it is the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy makes you feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial hoping that some-how or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Select Reading.

The Bad Boy.

'See here, you coon, you get out of here,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he come in the store with his face black and shining, 'I don't want any colored boys here. White boys break me up bad enough.'

'O, philopene,' said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed so the candy jars rattled on the shelves. 'You didn't know me. I am the same boy that comes in here and talks your arm off,' and the boy opened the cheese so natural that the grocery man had no difficulty in recognizing him.

'What in the name of the seven sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face,' said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear and turned him around. 'You would pass in a colored prayer meeting, and no one would think you were galvanized. What have you got up in such an outlandish rig for?'

'Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep watch at the door. If you see a bald-headed colored man coming along the street with a club, you whistle, and I will fall down the cellar. The bald-headed colored man will be pa You see, we moved yesterday. Pa told me to get a vacation from the livery stable, and he would have fun moving. But I don't want any more fun. I know when I have enough fun. Pa carried all the light things, and when it come to lifting, he had a crick in the back. Gosh, I never was so tired as I was last night, and I hope we have got settled, only some of the goods haven't turned up yet. A drayman took one load over the West Side, and delivered them to a house that seemed to be expecting a load of household furniture. He thought it was all right, if everybody that was moving got a load of goods. Well, after we got moved pa said we must make a garden, and he said he would go out and spade up the ground and sow peas, and radishes, and beets. There was some neighbors lived in the next house to our new one, that was all winmen, and pa didn't like to have them think he had to work, so he said it would be a good joke to disguise ourselves as tramps, and the neighbors would think we had hired tramps to dig in the garden. I told pa of a boss scheme to fool them. I suggested that we take some of this shoe blacking that is put on with a sponge and black our faces, and the neighbors would think we had hired an old man and his boy to work in the garden. Pa said it was immense, and he told me to go and black up, and if it worked he would black himself. So I went and put this burnt cork on my face, 'cause it would wash off, and pa looked at me and said it was a whack, and for me to fix him up too. So I got the bottle of shoe blacking and painted pa so he looked like a colored coal heaver. Actually, when ma saw him she ordered him off the premises, and when he laffed at her and acted sassy, she was going to throw billing water on pa, but I told her the scheme, and she let up on pa. O, you'd a dide to see us out in the garden. Pa looked like Uncle Tom, and I looked like Topsy, only I ain't that kind of a colored person. We worked till a boy threwed some tomato cans over the alley fence and hit me, and I piled over the fence after him and left pa. It was my chum, and when I caught him we put up a job for pa to chase us. We threwed some more cans, and pa come out and my chum started and I after him, and pa after both of us. He chased us two blocks and then we got behind a policeman, and my chum told the policeman it was a crazy old colored man that wanted to kidnap us, and the policeman took pa by the neck and was going to club him, but pa said he would go home and behave. He was offul mad, and he went home and we looked through the alley fence and saw pa trying to wash off the blacking. You see that blacking won't wash off. You have to wear it off. Pa would wash his face with soap suds, and then look in the glass, and he was blacker every time he washed, and when ma laffed at him he said the offulest words, something like 'sweet spirit hear my prayer,' then he was himself again. I am going to leave my burnt cork on, 'cause if I washed it off pa would know there had been some smouging somewhere. I asked the shoe store man how long it would take the blacking to wear off, and he said it ought to wear off in a week. I guess pa won't go out doors much, unless it is in the night. I am going to get him to let me go off in the country fishing, till mine wears off, and when I get out of town I will wash up. Say you don't think a little blacking hurts a man's complexion do you, and you don't think a man ought to get mad because it won't wash off, do you?'

'O, probably it dont hurt the complexion,' said the grocery man, as he sprinkled some fresh water on the wilted lettuce, so it would look fresh while the hired girl was buying some, and yet it is mighty unpleasant, where a man has got an engagement to a card party, as I know your pa has to-night. As to getting mad about it if I was your pa I would take a barrel stave and shatter your castle scandalous. What kind of fate do you think awaits you when you die, any way?'

'Well, I am mixed on the fate that awaits me when I die. If I should go off sudden, with all my sins on my head, and this burnt cork on my face, I should probably be a neighbor to you, way down below, and they would give me a job as fireman, and I should feel bad for you every time I chucked in a nather chunk of brimstone, and thought of you trying to swim dog fashion in the lake of fire, and straining your eyes to find an iceburg that you could crawl up on to cool your parched hind legs. If I don't die slow, so I will have time to repent, and be saved, I shall be toasted brown. That's what the minister says, and they would pay him two thousand dollars a year and give him a vacation to tell anything that was not so. I tell you, it is painful to think of that place so many pretty fair average people here are going to whan they die. Just think of it, a man that swears just once, if he don't hedge, and take it back, will go to the bad place. If a person steals a pin, just so small, no count pin, he is as bad as if he stole all there is in a bank, and stands the best chance of going to the tad place. You see, if a fellow steals a little thing like a pin, he forgets to repent, 'cause it don't seem to be worth while to make so much fuss about it. But if a fellow robs a bank, or steals a whole lot of money from orphans, he knows it is a mighty serious matter, and he gets in his work repenting, too quick, and he is liable to get to the good place, while you, who have only stole a few potatoes out of a bushel that you sold to the orphan asylum, will forget to repent, and you will sizzle. I tell you, the more I read about being good and going to heaven, the more I think a feller can't be too careful, and from this out you wont find a better boy than I am. When I come in here after this and take a few dried peaches or crackers and cheese, you charge it right up to pa, and then I won't have it on my mind and have to answer for it at the judgemnt day. I am going to shake my chum, 'cause he chews tobacco, which is wicked, though I don't see how that can be, when the minister smokes, but I want to be on the safe side. I am going to be good or bust a suspender, and hereafter you can point to me as a boy who has seen the folly of an illspent life, and if there is such a thing as a fifteen-year old boy, who has been a terror, getting to heaven, I am the hair-pin I tell you, when I listen to the minister tell about the angels flying around here, and I see pictures of them purtier than any girl in this town, with chubby arms with dimples in the elbows and shoulders, and long golden hair, and think of myself here cleaning off horses in a livery stable and smelling like an old harness, it makes me tired, and I wouldn't miss going there for ten dollars. Say, you would make a healthy angel, for a back street of the New Jerusalem, but you would give the whole crowd away unless you washed up, and send that shirt to the Chinese laundry. Yes, sir, hereafter, you will find me as good as I know how to be Now I am going to wash up and help the minister move.'

As the boy went out the grocery man sat for several minutes thinking of the change that had come over the bad boy, and wondered what had brought it about, and then he went to the door to watch him as he wended his way across the street with his head down, as though in deep thought, and the grocery man said to himself, 'that boy is not as bad as some people think he is,' and then he looked around and saw a sign hanging up in front of the store, written on a piece of box cover, with a blue pencil, 'Spoiled canned ham and tongue, good enough for church picnics,' and he looked after the boy who was sliding down an alley, and said, 'The condemn little whelp. Wait till I catch him.'—*Peck's Sun.*

Why Eve Didn't Need a Girl.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says:

There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some (a man of course) has the presumption to ask, "Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the same time to wait on her?" She didn't need any. A bright writer has said Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sowed on, gloves to be mended right away—"quick, now!" He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and he stretching himself, yawned out, "Is supper ready yet, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting and crying inside the gates. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and he wasnt under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it is the reason her descendants did.

BOYS' CLOTHING, Eiseman Bros., 7th and E Washington, D. C.

Death of General Stonewall Jackson.

The first instant was the twentieth anniversary of the date on which General Stonewall Jackson, after routing Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville, and while pressing forward to sever the line of retreat of the main body of the Federal army, received from his own men, by accident, the wound which eight days later resulted in his death. To the Confederacy his loss was irreparable. Having been engaged in nearly every important action of the war in Virginia, and having distinguished himself in all, he had become among the Southern soldiery, as among the people, a hero whose presence on the battle-field was regarded as a sure omen of success. The list of the principal actions in which he participated—Bull Run, Kernstone, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Cedar Mountain, second Bull Run, the investment of Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg or Antietam, Frederick and Chancellorsville—is, with one or two exceptions, a list of successes reflecting the highest credit upon his military genius. His fame has become the common property of the country, and, indeed, of the world at large, having long ago crossed the obliterated limits of the government for which he fought. The comparative obscurity in which he passed all but the last three years of his life finds a parallel in the mystery, or uncertainty, which in the popular mind surrounds the circumstances under which he was shot. The question has been raised whether he was wounded by his own men or by the enemy, and, it being generally conceded that he was fired at by mistake by his own men, it has been a matter of hot discussion as to the regiment that made the fatal blunder. The facts, well substantiated by officerrs present at the time, are as follows: The front line of advance had been formed by Rode's division extending across the pike, but the division commanded by Gen. Colston, forming the second line, had, as the action progressed, become mingled with it. After night-fall, in a lull of the firing, it was undertaken to relieve the two divisions by A. P. Hill's divisions of fresh troops. Jackson was impatient to have the attack re-commenced, and, supposing that there was a skirmish line out in front between Rode's men and the enemy, rode forward along the pike in advance of Hill to ascertain the enemy's position, and in doing so passed through the line of battle beginning to be formed by Lane's brigade of Hill's division. Those of Lane's men immediately in the road knew that Gen. Jackson had passsed, but those further to the right and left did not. Hence some of Lane's troops on the right of the road, seeing Gen. Jackson, accompanied by several signal men and couriers, in their front, mistook them for the enemy and opened fire on the party, wounding not a few of its members. Those of their number still unhurt, including Gen. Jackson, to escape this fire, plunged into the woods on the left, where they were met with a second volley from the troops on that side of the road. Gen. Lane reports it as the opinion generally accepted at the time that it was the 18th regiment of his brigade of North Carolinians that did the firing, mistaking Gen. Jackson and his escort for a party of the federal cavalry. The result of the second volley was that the General was wounded in three places, two balls penetrating his left arm, shattering it and cutting the chief artery, and a third passing through the palm of his right hand. After some delay Gen. Jackson was borne to the rear. His arm was amputated and hopes of his recovery was entertained. But pneumonia soon set in, which was the immediate cause of his death on the 10th of May, 1863.—*Baltimore Sun, 1st inst.*

Too Honest To Be Trusted.

A gentleman stopped his horse at a toll gate, and not seeing the gate keeper went into the house. Finding no one he began to search, and finally discovered the gate-keoper out in the field at work. Although the old man was quite a distance away, the gentlemen went into the field, approached the old man and said:

'You are the tollgate keeper, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.' the old man replied, turning and leaning upon his hoe handle.

'Well, I want to go through the gate.'

'Ain't the gate open?,

'Yes.'

'Well, why don't you go througl.? Its my business to be there.

'Because I wan't to pay you.'

'And you came all the way out here to pay me five cents?"

'Yes, sir,' said the gentlemen proudly looking the old man in the eye.

'Could'nt you have left the money on the table?'

'Yes, but I wanted you to know that I paid you.'

'You are an honest man.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the gentleman, while a pleased expression spread over his face.

'You would have walked three times as far to have paid me that five cents, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, sir, I would.'

'Here, John,' the old man called to a boy that lay in the snade, 'call the dog and go along and watch this feller till he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he steals something fore he leaves the place.'

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.