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, JULY 12, 1889. Volume XLVI.---No. 5.

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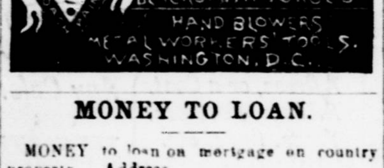

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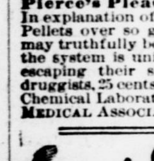

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"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

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ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

His Recent Journeys Have Thrown Much Light Upon the Map of That Continent.

Mr. Stanley's recent journeys between the Congo and the Nile have partly filled with geographical details one of the largest of the white spaces still remaining on the maps of Africa. Scarcely any journey of the same length has been more prolific of interesting facts. Again we are impressed with the magnificent distances in the dark continent. Stanley traveled on or along a second-class tributary of the Congo almost in the exact distance between this city and Detroit, says the New York *Sun*. He found this Aruwimi river, rising within sight of the Nile's waters, to be as long as the Rhine. Our small scale maps give only vague notions of the great waterways that are merely Congo affluents, and perhaps many persons who have often examined the maps do not realize at first that the Mobangi, the largest affluent of the Congo, is five-sixths as long as the Danube, the second greatest river in Europe, and that other Congo tributaries are as long or longer than the Rhine.

Mr. Stanley's report to the Royal Geographical society enables us to trace the entire course of the Aruwimi from its sources to its mouth, shows us at least four tributaries of considerable importance, and throws much light upon the ethnology of this large region between the Congo and the Nile. He has shown that the Nepoko river instead of being the upper course of the Aruwimi as Junger who discovered it supposed, is only a tributary. Unfortunately the Aruwimi, wide and deep as it is for hundreds of miles, can never be useful for steam navigation, though Stanley in his steel boat, twenty-eight feet long, followed its tortuous course for a great distance. From the slopes where it rises to its mouth the river falls about 3,600 feet, and particularly in its upper course it is impeded by many rapids and cataracts.

It is evident now that Stanley chose the most difficult route he could possibly have taken to reach the Nile, and yet he has said nothing of the almost impenetrable forest with its dense mass of twisted and matted undergrowth, which leads us to suppose that this northeastern section of the great African woods presents greater difficulties than have been found in other parts of it. In this same forest, 300 miles south, Stanley traveled for ten days during his journey down the Congo. "Above our heads," he wrote, "was an everlasting roof of foliage." Through the tangle of verdure "every man had to sprawl, crawl, and scramble as he best could." For ten days the men endured it and then declared they could go no further and Stanley struck for the river. The forest crosses the Congo at its great northern bend and its southern boundary, which is formed, by the Sankuru river, is as distinctly defined as the eastern edge, which Stanley describes as being abruptly succeeded by lovely prairies. It was into this southern edge of the forest, 450 miles southeast of the place where Stanley last entered it, that Wissmann plunged with a caravan of 1,000 men in 1886. He had hoped to push through the mighty virgin forest to the Congo, but the scarcity of food and the almost impenetrable character of the region compelled him to give up his plan of exploring new country. In twelve days he was south again on the road he had traveled over the savannas some years before.

Just as the region that defeated Wissmann had been penetrated hundreds of miles by little Congo steamers, so the Aruwimi helped Stanley to get through the northern forest. In the 460 miles he traveled to reach the Arab settlement of Kilonga-Longa, all but fifty miles was made on the river or along its banks. Without his steel boat and fleet of canoes it is not likely he would have reached the Nile at all. He clung to the water as the only means of progress and his heart sank within him as he found the river taking him far north of his proposed course. He determined not to cross the line of 2 degrees north latitude and was happy, indeed, when the river turned again toward the southeast, and he did not leave it until the cataracts became so numerous and the current so rapid that the stream was no longer available.

The people he met were found to belong to the great family of Bantu tribes, who, with the dwarfs that are scattered among them in several large districts, inhabit the whole of Central Africa south of the Welle Makua. Though great dialectic differences are found they have much in common in their speech, and Stanley's party were able imperfectly to understand the wild and hostile natives they met. Many parts of the river were thickly populated, clusters of villages lining the river banks for miles, and the prevailing style of hut was found to be the candle-extinguisher type, which is far more common among negro tribes further north than among the Bantus of the Congo basin. On the upper Aruwimi the explorer saw huts unlike any heretofore described in Africa, though they bear some resemblance to the tembes in Ugogo and the dwellings of the Masai. The huts are connected one with another, so that a village is like a long low hut, sometimes even 400 yards long. These huts border both sides of the streets, which varies from twenty to sixty feet in width.

Stanley confirms Emin Pasha's statement that Albert Nyanza has been rapidly receding of late years, and he attributes it to the wearing away of the reefs in the Nile, which impede navigation for many miles below the lake. In much the same way the remarkable fall in the waters of Lake Tanganyika has been attributed to the breaking away of the compact vegetation in the Lukuga river which is supposed to have long impeded the outflow from the lake. Stanley's discovery that the Aruwimi rises within a few miles of Albert Nyanza is interesting. We now know that from the Welle Makua hundreds of miles south to Tanganyika the fountains of the Nile and Congo waters spring from the soil almost within sight of one another, and then, for many hundreds of miles south and west, the head springs of the Congo and Zambesi systems are brought into similar juxtaposition.

The explorer may be expected to bring home with him the solution of two very interesting questions. One is whether he has really discovered a new snow mountain south of Albert Nyanza, or whether the towering summit he saw is identical with Mount Gordon Bennet, which he discovered years ago. He thinks he has found a new mountain that may rival Kilima Yjaro, the summit that towers nearly 19,000 feet in East Africa. The other question is whether Muta Nzige belongs to the Nile or the Congo systems. It is his opinion that this large and almost unknown lake empties into the Congo. If so, it must evidently have its outlet through an Aruwimi tributary, perhaps the Lenda river, or it reaches the Congo through one of the little-known rivers south of Stanley Falls.

We have as yet had only a bare outline of the important additions Stanley has just made to geographical knowledge. The details will doubtless make a long and entertaining narrative, and the fact that he has in his party trained scientific observers will give additional value to his work.

GOOD FORM OF TO-DAY.

How it Differs From That of the Past in Verious Important Respects.

In a little book just published, entitled "Good Form," the etiquette of some few years ago is amusingly contrasted with that of to-day, when everything is more succinct and expeditious than it used to be.

When the ladies of John Leech's time went to dinner parties they were shown into bedrooms and allowed some minutes to adjust their ringlets. Now they hand their cloak to a servant, and walk straight from their carriages or cab to the presence of their hostess. At weddings in "the Forties" each bridesmaid had a groomsman to look after her and see that she had what she liked at the elaborate breakfasts of the matrimonial function of that day. Now there is only a "best man," though how he comes by the superlative adjective when he is sole groomsman it is difficult to say. Among other changes of custom is that concerned with the bridesmaids' dresses, which used to be given by the bride. And our authoress might have added that it is no longer fashionable, as it then was, for the bride to cry. All weddings nowadays are dry-eyed. Crying has "gone out." It was the very heighth of the fashion in the year 1827. When Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton married Miss Rosina Wheeler, an eye witness of the ceremony describes both bride and bridegroom as being "overcome with sensibility," pale, tottering, and tearful. No one totters to the altar now. It would not be "good form." But the bride must not, on the other hand, romp up the aisle in the exultation of her heart. The correct pace is, perhaps, best described as resembling that of a policeman on his beat. It is slow and stately.

Another marked change in social customs is mentioned in connection with the etiquette of "small and early" parties. No longer does a hostess ask her guests to sing or play. This ordeal, so dreaded by the girl of a couple of decades ago, is no longer to be feared. "I hope you have brought some music, Miss Smith," was frequently the prelude to a distracting performance that gave pleasure to no one, least of all to the player. And, strange to say, now that music is always professional, and generally worth listening to, it is difficult to persuade people to remain silent while it is going on; whereas, when amateurs were singing, it would have been considered a shocking piece of rudeness for any one to have talked till the lady had finished describing how she wore a wreath of roses, or the gentleman had finished dilating upon his homeless, ragged, and tanned condition.

At the dinner table it was considered the duty of the host and hostess to urge their guests to eat. This custom in our own day is entirely abandoned, partly owing to the now universal style of having all dishes handed round. The board no longer groans as once it did, the weight of the viands being transferred to that chapel of ease, the sideboard, where, in seclusion, a hireling carves the joint and skillfully dissects the bird whose anatomy used to prove such an intricate problem to the bothered amateur at the end of the table. Skill in carving is not now one of the polite accomplishments wherewith it is necessary to equip a youth for his social career. Till now, etiquette books have been only unintentionally amusing, but the present writer treats her subject with a sense of humor that makes it easy reading.—*London Daily News.*

Chinese Wine-Making.

Wine-making is said to have existed for thousands of years before the introduction of distilling. The process is simple. Glutinous rice, or *hwangmi*, is placed over a fire in a large iron pan and softened with warm water. It is made into a thick, solid sort of a gruel. This steeped rice is placed on a table with raised edges to prevent the fluid from overflowing. Over the rice, when in this state, the leaven to aid fermentation is sprinkled. The whole is then mixed and mashed with an iron masher, and remains in a large stoneware jar for several days. If the wine is desired to be of a sweet taste, two days are enough; but for wine without sweet taste four or five days are required. To make the second kind of wine stronger, the Chinese brewer often adds spirit. After all this the wine, solid and liquid parts together, is placed in a cloth bag, and this goes into a pressing chest of wood, called *cha*, the wine press. A heavy stone presses it down and the wine flows out from a sort of teapot spout in the side of the press. The remainder of solid matter is called *tsan*, and is used to feed animals as a ferment. The method of distilling was introduced in the Yuen dynasty. To the wooden cylinder which holds the millet there are three covers. The outer and upper one contains cold water and keeps the second one cool to condense the spirit. The spirit rises from the softened red millet below, which has been under manipulation for several days, and passes through the first cover to the second. It here becomes condensed and flows down the sides into a triangular trough which receives it and delivers it from a spout. Williams and Morrison's Dictionary and Legge's Classics seem to have been compiled with the impression that the Chinese practiced distillation in ancient times. This is an error. The Chinese only knew the ordinary process of fermentation.—*Chinese Recorder.*

Widowhood.

I saw such a pretty young widow the other day in the most fascinating and utterly becoming cap that could be imagined. I always judge of a widow's grief by the shape of her cap. I wonder, is that unkind? This young lady, I feel sure, was no victim of sorrow. There was nothing whatever feeding on her damask cheek. I am certain that she made that cap herself. It had a ruching of crepe or lisse in the front, which was bent down a la Maria Stuart, and in either space beside the bend was a mass of softly fluffed-out hair, curled within an inch of its life, and then drawn out so that each individual hair showed an independent little ring of its own. We were calling at a friend's house where she was staying and heard our hostess say two or three different times to fresh callers: "Poor thing! Quite recently lost her husband. Feels it deeply." . . . The cap was coquettish, the fringe was inviting, and the countenance was by no means forbidding.

Once I was with a friend of mine when the news of her husband's death was brought her. He had been killed in a railway accident. She was shocked by the news and the dreadful suddenness of it, and turned so white that I thought she was going to faint. I made her sit down on a sofa that was near, and she whispered in my ear: "Get them all out of the room, Madge, I am so afraid they will see the joy in my face that I feel in my heart!" He had been a brute to her and to his children. He used often to knock the little ones down in his rages, and though his wife never told me so, I fancy that he more than once had laid his hand upon her by no means "in the way of kindness."

Now, was not that a release from misery for her and her children? They are happy as possible now, and when any one suggests a second marriage to her she smiles in a way that a few of her friends understand thoroughly.

Laurel, our American friend, is great on the subject of widows. "I know," she says, "that society expects widows to sit on their husband's coffins and make everybody uncomfortable, and society is just the first to turn and rend them for doing it. Just you wait till I'm a widow. I'll be a real smart one. This is the sort of cap I'll wear." And she sketches her own pretty head with a cap about two inches square on the top and a pair of "weepers" streaming on the air behind. "There! shan't I look nice? Oh, girls, I wish I'd been born a widow, that I do!"—*London Truth.*

Diagnosing a Pugilist's Bumps.

Sometimes the itinerant professor of phrenology is troubled with the courage of his convictions and becomes a victim to the hallucinations that he really knows what he is talking about. In this case he is even a more amusing vagabond. His seriousness only makes his stock phrases the more ludicrous. As in the case of the "professor" who was commissioned by some sportive individuals lately to examine the superficial area of Sailor Brown's caput after Young Mitchell had invested it with a number of intellectual protuberances, the "professor," who was a man of unusual esrnestness in his profession, addressed himself conscientiously to the task.

"You have benevolence developed to a phenomenal extent," said the professor, as he ran his fingers through the pugilist's hirsute stubble and located one prominent memento of Mitchell's knuckles.

"You have a very remarkable development of the moral faculties,' continued the scientist, as a couple of intellectual eminences caused by the Sailor's head colliding with the floor met his fingers while searching for the bump of "conscientiousness." "You are a decided philanthropist."

"What's that you say?" growled the pugilist, scowling darkly at the professor, but the scientist was too much absorbed to heed him.

"Religion,' he went on, as he fingered another sensitive relic of the prize-fight as large as a goose-egg over the sailor's temple, "is abnormal in you. You would distinguish yourself in the Salvation Army."

"You'd better cut that sermon short, cully," snarled the defeated pugilist, but the "professor" was wound up.

"Reverence is, however, somewhat small in you,' he continued, as he felt an indentation on the back of the Sailor's head, caused by coming in contact with one of the stakes of the ring; "you would, therefore, be inclined to indulge in free speculation on spiritual subjects. I'd call you an esoteric cosmologist."

"You would, eh? Well, I'd call you a —— —— —— ——!" shouted the enraged Sailor, as he floored the scientist with a right-hander and proceeded to jump on him. When cooled off sufficiently to be coherent the Sailor remarked to the nearest of the sixteen peacemakers who were holding his coat-tails:

"If this old guy wants to call me a snide fighter right out why don't he say so and not be clawing me on the sore head and calling me an eccentric apology.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

What May We Eat?

We may eat potatoes and salt and—exist.

We may eat fish and become—"cranks."

We may eat bread and butter, without limit, and—die of dyspepsia.

We may eat meat only, and become gross and coarse in mind and person.

We may eat fruit and content ourselves with the assurance that "in Adam all die."

We may eat anything and everything, miscellaneously given and carelessly received and make of our stomachs a bric-a-brac repository and physical junk shop.

But is it well to do this?—*Good Housekeeping.*

Law and Corn.

A novel decision has been rendered by the Nebraska Supreme court. Growing corn had been mortgaged. After coming to maturity it was harvested and sold to grain dealers. The owners of the mortgage sued the dealers for the value of the corn. The court decided that growing corn is not the corn after it has been cribbed and sold, in other words, that the mortgage will not hold and the plaintiff can not recover.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A swallow may not make a summer but a frog makes a spring.—*Boston Courier.*

"Talk is cheap," but can it be considered so when it costs a man his reputation?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are people who pray so hard that they have no breath left for active well doing.—*Merchant Traveler.*

If the serpent in the Garden of Eden had been a mouse, the human race might yet be in a state of primeval happiness.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Thinskyn—What a rare endowment is originality! I wish I could do something out of the ordinary. Friend—Might pay your board bill.—*Time.*

Blobson—Most women have a strange habit of talking to themselves. Does your wife do it? Dumpsey—Not when I'm around.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Cholmondeley (sighing)—"I wish I were a rumor." "Wherefore?" asked Reginald." "That I might gain currency," responded the wretch.—*Life.*

The loafer is generally generous. He has not much to give, as a rule, but he will divide his loaf with any other loafer.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"The weigh of the transgressor is light," is the way Johnny's mother put it when he came back from the butcher's with an alleged two pounds of meat.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Amateur Hubert—Me lud, five moons were seen to-night, four fixed and the other didn't whirl! Muffled voice from the audience — Did jever — hic — try bromide?—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Massachusetts must be a highly religious State. "A prominent civil engineer" has been able to find only thirteen dams in the State which are liable to break loose.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The skeletons of five prehistoric mound-builders have been found in Iowa. This proves that the prehistoric medical student had little room in his back office.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Traveling evangelist—Sir, I have a mission—— Solemn visaged traveler (coming north from Washington)—Well, you want to hang on to it, missions are scarce nowadays.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Bobley—"I see, John, that there is a strong movement towards the abolition of the silk hat." Mr. Bobley (with recollections of a certain bill)—"Yes; but bonnets are just as high as ever."—*Judge.*

Joe—Hello, old boy, what's the matter with you? You look all used up. Been sick, or is it overwork? Jack—Neither; I have just got back from a six weeks' stay at a health and pleasure resort.—*Drake's Magazine.*

He—Well, if Yale gets the Mott Haven cup she'll have to break some records to do it. She—But can she do it? He—I don't know. Yale might break the ten commandments any day to beat Harvard—*Harvard Lampoon.*

At the Chinese Mission: Teacher—And now, Hong Foy, can you tell me the meaning of the words "Go to" so frequently found in the Holy Scripture? Hong Foy—Yesse mam! Him allee samey "Come off."—*Drake's Magazine.*

First club idler—I notice that a great many people wore mourning at Old Boozler's funeral the other day. I didn't know he had a relative in the world. Second club idler—O, they were not relatives; they were his creditors.—*New York Tribune.*

Lady customer—Give me a dozen lemons, please. Grocer—I am sorry, ma'm, but we are all out of lemons to-day. Lady customer—Then give me a dozen of the same kind of oranges I got here yesterday. They will answer the purpose.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Benevolent individual—"Yes, sir; I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress." Ordinary individual — "You are a social philosopher, I presume?" "No, I am a dry-good dealer."—*New York Weekly.*

"What's the matter, Bromley?" "I've recovered my valise." "I don't see why you should swear in that way about it. "O, you don't eh? The darned thing isn't worth $3 and it had to turn up just as the company was about to allow me $50 for it. It's just my luck."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. De Billete—I really must travel this summer for my health. It is such a worry, though to make up one's mind what route to take. Aunt Hannah—Why, Lord, child, if you're feelin' bad at this time o' year, the best root you can get is yaller dock, to my notion.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Stern parent—Young man, I am astounded at your impudence. You ask to marry my daughter, knowing her to be wealthy in her own right, while you haven't a cent. Self-possessed youth—That's all right. What's the need of my having money when she has plenty?—*Boston Courier.*

A Polish writer of stories recently received an envelope containing $10,000 "from an admiring reader." If some of our fleshly school of female writers want to receive such substantial tokens of appreciation from admiring readers, they must put more Polish in their novels.—*Norristown Herald.*

Polite doctor (cautiously) — Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is, ahem, a little difficult to tell which. Anxious wife—O, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to the theatre without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.—*New York Weekly.*

Foreigner—This may be a free country, but I don't see that the freedom has any effect on the people. Such a patient, meek, subdued lot of humanity I never saw in my life. I should think a free-born American would act as if he were monarch of all he surveyed. Native—Wait until you see a passenger-car brakeman who expects soon to be a conductor.—*New York Weekly.*

A well-known physician and architect were busy on Washington street Thursday morning measuring a lot of land when an old resident of the street happened to come along. "Who is that doing the measuring there?" asked the citizen. "The architect," replied the doctor. "Is that so?" replied the resident dryly; "I thought the undertaker did all of your meas-