

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, MAY 30, 1884.

Volume XL.—No. 51.

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

319 S. E. Corner 7th & D. Sts., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP.

921 PENNSYLVANIA AVE. & 912 D STREET, Washington, D. C.

Spring Goods Lower Than Ever!

Our Assortment of Staple Dry Goods is now Larger than ever before and the prices lower than ever. Our Business motto has ever been and still is: The Best Goods Possible for the Price.

Prints and Gingham.

2,000 yards Prints, light and dark, 64x64 cloth, guaranteed fast colors, only 5 cents per yard. 1,500 yards Best Checked Dress Prints, spring styles, only 8 cents per yard. 1,500 yards 33-inch Percales, dress and shirting styles, warranted fast colors, only 12 cents per yard. One case Apron Check Gingham, 27-inch, staple colors, guaranteed fast, only 8c per yard. 3,000 yards Canton Plaids, Chamberly Cloths, Seersuckers, &c., in new designs, with plain goods to match, only 10c per yard; worth 12c.

Hosiery.

One case Misses' Ribbed Cotton Hosiery, solid colors, including black, extra fine quality, all size only 25c per pair; full regular made; actually worth 37c. One case Misses' Plain Hosiery, regular make, all sizes, only 25c per pair. 100 dozen Ladies' Legging Hosiery, solid colors, including cardinal, garnet, brown, navy blue, olive, bronze, wine and plum, full regular made, only 25c per pair; would be cheap at 37c. 100 dozen Ladies' Balbriggan Hosiery, full regular made, French toes, gusseted, extra fine quality for the price, only 25c per pair. Two cases Ladies' Superior Lisle Thread Hosiery, full fashioned, double threaded Soles, extra fine quality, colors—garnet, navy blue, cardinal, wine and black, would be cheap at 75c per pair, only 50c per pair. Ladies' Extra Fine Cotton Hosiery, regular make, white feet, full regular made, all sizes, worth 75c, only 50c per pair.

Domestics.

One Bale 4-4 Brown Cotton, only 5 cents per yard. One Bale 4-4 Brown Cotton, good quality, 6c cents per yard. One Case 5-4 Brown Sheetings, splendid value, 12c per yard. One Case 5-4 Brown Sheetings, same as above, 21c per yard. 5 Cases each 10-4 Brown and Bleached Sheetings, extra heavy for the price, guaranteed as the best for the price, only 25c per yard.

Housekeeping Goods.

50 yards Scotch Crash, all linen, 14 inches wide, only 5c per yard; usual price, 6c to 7c. 100 yards Scotch Crash, 13 inches wide, all linen, only 6c per yard. 50 yards Scotch Crash, 17 inches, only 7c; would be cheap at 9c.

Table Damasks.

58-inch Cream Loom Damask, guaranteed all linen, only 37c per yard; worth 45c. 28-inch Cream Loom Damask, red border, all linen, only 42c per yard; worth 50c. 66-inch Genuine Barnley Damask, the best and heaviest make of goods in the market, only 75c per yard.

Towels.

150 dozen Extra Large Brown Handkerchiefs, size 20x42, red border, 12c each; a genuine bargain. 100 dozen Huck Towels, size 18x36, extra value, guaranteed all linen, only 12c each. 120 dozen Figured Dish Towels, only 21c each; the identical Towel which has been sold for 25c each and which was considered a great bargain at that price; only 21c each. 25 dozen Extra Large Towels, 24x45 inch, heavy and super for quality, only 25c each.

Extraordinary Bargains in Our Dress Goods Department. The Early opening of Spring Dress Goods have already proved and are now open to inspection. Owing to the great depression in the Foreign trade we have been enabled to purchase new and elegant designs in these goods at a very unusual price and very much below the regular price.

50 pieces 42-inch Foulies, all wool, in brown, blue, cardinal and green, only 50c per yard; actually were \$1 per yard. 50 pieces 42-inch Albatross Cloth, all wool, full line of spring colors, 50c per yard; worth 75c. 50 pieces 42-inch Tricotine, all pure wool; grey, London smoke, sage, garnet, wood colors, blue, green, &c.; only 75c per yard; would be cheap at \$1.

Woodward & Lothrop—Boston Dry Goods House.

BRYANT'S AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

CHOICE NOVA SCOTIA SEED POTATOE CONSISTING OF EARLY ROSE, BURBANK SEEDING & BEAUTY OF HEbron.

Landreth's Garden Seeds, Full Stock at Lowest Rates. FIELD SEEDS OF ALL KINDS.

Agricultural Implements and Machines, In Great Variety.

Bryant's Reliable Fertilizers FOR SPRING CROPS.

BRYANT'S FINE GROUND RAW BONE, BRYANT'S NO. 2 STANDARD, For Potatoes & Tobacco, \$2.12 per Ton.

BRYANT'S Ammoniated Dissolved Bone For Vegetables, \$2.12 per Ton.

BRYANT'S CORN & OAT FERTILIZER \$2.50 per Ton.

BRYANT'S S. C. DISSOLVED BONE, \$2.12 per Ton.

Fine Ground South Carolina (GENUINE FLOATS) KAINIT, Muriate of Potash, Nitrate of Soda, &c.

OUR Fertilizers are made from the best and most concentrated materials known to the trade, and are especially adapted for use on the crops for which they are recommended. They are standard in quality, guaranteed, and quality considered, no goods in the market are cheaper.

HERBERT BRYANT, MANUFACTURER, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

JOHN LANNON, WHOLESALE GROCER AND LIQUOR MERCHANT.

Blacklock's Old Stand, North Wharves ALEXANDRIA, VA.

AGENCY LUPON'S SPORTING, MINING & BLASTING POWDER.

A full line of celebrated pure and WHISKIES BRANDS, GIN, RUM, &c., Masses & Co.'s Philadelphia and Claret's Baltimore ALES and Beer & Engel's LAGER BEER, in casks or botts.

Agent for the POTOMAC RIVER STEAMERS. Orders promptly attended to and consignments solicited.

Wm. Hahn & Co's. FAMOUS & RELIABLE.

SPRING SPECIALTIES: Ladies 95 cent Kid and Pickle Button Boots, \$2.00 Unriveted Kid, 4.00 Hand sewed Paris Kid Button, the earliest and best Shoe made. Ladies' comfortable House Slippers, 15 cents up. Newports, Oxords and Low Button Slippers, from 75 cents up. The de 7c Laced or spring heel fine Button Infants 25c, 30c and 35c Button, all colors. Gents \$1.50 and \$2.00 Solid Button, Laced and Gaiters. Gents \$2.50 Calf Button, Laced and Congress, wears and fits as well as any fine leather shoe, a guarantee with every pair. Gents \$1.00 Solid Kid Brogans and P'ow shoes \$4 to \$5 Fine Custom hand stitched Shoes. Low Ties, Button and Gaiters, \$1.25 up.

SOLID LEATHER GOODS. LEADING SHOE HOUSE. THE DISTRICT, 810 Seventh Street. ALSO BRANCH STORE, 1022 Penna Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jno. H. Fowler, ROBT. S. F. WALKER.

DIAMOND TOWLER & COMPANY GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

No. 93 S. Charles Street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO; the sale of GRAIN and all Country PRODUCE. FERTILIZERS, IMPLEMENTS and Farm Supplies, &c., furnished at Agents prices. Oct. 29, 1875.

ACME HALL.

The Palace Clothing Establishment of Baltimore.

Opens its doors to the public on April 31st, and extends to all lovers of Fine Clothing a special invitation to look over its Goods.

Our object is to supply gentlemen with such Spring and Summer Clothing that have hitherto been unable to procure except from Merchants Tailors at exorbitant prices. We obviate all delays and chances of misfits that so frequently follow orders.

And we guarantee our Garments fully equal, and even superior, to most measured work, at considerably lower figures.

The most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with the Men's and Boys' Garments shown at

ACME HALL, "The Mirror of Fashion," 209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY BUYING FROM—

HEADQUARTERS. J. B. KENDALL.

618 Penn. Ave., 619 B Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COACH FINDINGS AND METALS AXLES, SPRINGS, TOOLS, IRON (OF ALL KINDS), STEEL, BOLTS, DUCK, LEATHER, CANVAS, SPOKES, RIMS, HUBS, WHEELS, HORSE SHOES, HORSE NAILS, ETC., ETC.

Blacksmith Tools. We are the only ones in the District carrying in stock a FULL LINE OF BLACKSMITH TOOLS.

We are also manufacturing the MORHEAD SAW NETS, for setting Circular and all Heavy Saws. The only tool made which will do the work.

Price \$2.00 Each. An Inspection of our Stock is invited and correspondence solicited.

Come and See Me and Save Money. J. B. KENDALL.

618 Fa. Ave., 619 Bst., n. w. Washington, D. C.

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER. [LAWYER OF COURSE OF APPEALS]

Attorney-at-Law. Prince Frederick, Calvert Co.

WILL practice in the Court of Appeals and in the Courts of Charles, Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties, which he will attend regularly. Office and Address—ANNAPOIS, Md. n. s.

R. W. Anderson, W. F. Henry of A. Co., Md. of Charles Co., Md.

ANDERSON, HENRY & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

FOR THE SALE OF All kinds of Country Produce 917 La. Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE TURF-EXCHANGE RESTAURANT. GEO. O. MILLER, Propr.

N. W. Corner of Sixth and Penn. Avenue WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 19, 1874.

A Select Story.

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

BY P. LANE.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but this money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden earnestness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words.

Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked like a man not to be easily bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections.

When he spoke his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest and noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes; yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, "with every expression of deep disgust. 'Well, marriage shall be doubted, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness he added, 'I want no woman here to remind me of a past I had hoped forgotten.'"

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp as the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, "with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, 'a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife, somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love."

"Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Deane when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the Continent and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna."

"We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned."

"Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot, for I sang a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicion. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me."

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. 'Never found wife or child.'"

"Yet you think they live?"

five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying in consumption."

"And to become my second father?"

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my one interest in life! You filled an empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust her to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it.

He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought forth a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp and locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see if—"

"Only one hour—I will be back then?"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. "But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock, till the hour should be over."

He walked up and down, tried to read, he lived over again that past, whose romantic memories had been so vividly recalled.

With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and my position?" he asked himself, bitterly; "why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one-around me. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned.

In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with grey; the same small clasp with the wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering too—Myra and George twin ed together with fantastic scroll and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, but, surely, in Heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! Do you know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet recognized and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice.

folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at least there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced both at once over her own great loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Select Reading.

The Chiefs of the Confederacy.

The serious illness of Congressman Reagan of Texas, who was postmaster general of the Confederate Government, suggests some inquiries regarding the whereabouts of other members of that organization. Although the Confederate Government was but five years in existence, it had numerous cabinets. There were no less than three secretaries of state, five secretaries of war, two secretaries of the treasury, and a third, who was acting secretary, and three attorney generals. Of the secretaries of state, Judah P. Benjamin was, of course, the most celebrated. Bob Toombs, who was another secretary of state, lived in Georgia, his old home. He is a wealthy old man, as full of eccentricities as a head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour to see if—"

"Only one hour—I will be back then?"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. "But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock, till the hour should be over."

He walked up and down, tried to read, he lived over again that past, whose romantic memories had been so vividly recalled.

With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and my position?" he asked himself, bitterly; "why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one-around me. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned.

In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table.

The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with grey; the same small clasp with the wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering too—Myra and George twin ed together with fantastic scroll and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, but, surely, in Heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! Do you know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet recognized and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice.

And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar, opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quietly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter! It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lived in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said: "My dear father!"

Stopped His Paper.

We take the following amusing incident from an exchange:

Some years ago, when the writer was a reporter, it devolved on him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a new hog killing machine that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made the Rev. Mr. Mudge mad was this:

The inconsiderate compositor who made up the forms got the two accounts mixed up in a frightful manner, and when it went to press something like this was the appalling result: "Some of the Rev. Mudge's friends called on him yesterday, and, after a brief consultation, the unspeaking hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along the beam until it reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of the visit, and presented him with handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail and swung him around, and in less than a minute carcass was in the water."

The Dr. came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he could not do more than to attempt to thank those around him for the manner in which such an animal was cut into fragments was astonishing. The Dr. concluded his remarks, the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the hog was cut into fragments and worked into delicious sausages. The occasion will be remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most pleasant of their lives. The best piece can be obtained for seven cents a pound, and we are sure those who sat under his ministry will rejoice to hear that he has been so handsomely treated."

"Mad! Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof, so that he could see the clergyman tearing around down in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war and carrying stout cudgels and other things. The next day we apologized, but the Doctor stopped his paper."

A Pantomime Witness.

Three persons were recently tried in New Mexico for the murder of Chinaman. The principal witness was a deaf and dumb boy, never been taught the alphabet, but who communicated to his mother by pantomime. Her testimony was therefore admitted.

She said the child, very much excited, came into her room hallooing and betraying traces of great and unusual emotion. He showed her that somebody was stabbed, and made signs of a throat cut by drawing his hands across his neck. He beat himself with a stick and pointed as if he had a gun. He also drew his hand across the back of his neck and fell backward in great excitement. He showed that the victim was a Chinaman by indicating a long queue. The boy was also permitted to go on the stand reproduce the scene, his mother acting as interpreter. The men were convicted.

A majority of the Supreme Court set aside the verdict on the ground that the boy was not a competent witness. He was not shown, and he could not be shown to have any idea of the nature of an oath. In a case involving life and death this was highly important. It was also impossible to cross examine him. The court, however, expressed its belief that the accused were guilty on the strength of the very evidence which they excluded.

This decision is probably sound legally; but it may be questioned whether it does not err on the side of that excessive technicality by which so many murderers are allowed to escape. A good many persons will be more inclined to agree with the dissent of one of the judges, who declared that if the law of evidence opened no door for testimony of this kind—testimony which, from the very limitation of the witness's powers, it was morally impossible for him to manufacture—then the sooner the law is changed better.

Whether these technical decisions be justified or not, it is