The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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At Midsummer Prices.

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12 pieces Heavy Bleached German Damask Table Linen, soft finish, well worth 90 cents per yard, 75 cents per yard.

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Extra Fine Quality of Bleached German Table Damask, 68, 70, and 72 inches wide, at $1,-25, $1.50 $1.75 and $2. The two lower numbers 25c., two higher numbers 50c. under ordinarily low prices.

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Extraordinary good values in 5-8x5 8 German Damask Napkins, at $1.25, $1 40, $1.50, $1.75 and $2 per dozen.

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Extra good values in Crashes— All Linen Brown Twilled Crash, 9c. 19-inch All-Linen Brown [illegible] 8 cents per yard

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18-inch extra fine, smooth handsome Barnsley Crash, border of 3 scarlet threads, 12½c per yard.

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Extra quality Russian Crash, 10 cents per yard

Extra fine quality Russian Crash, 12½ per yard.

20-inch Plaid All-Linen Glass Toweling, fine quality, 12½c. per yard.

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In view of the splendid success which has attended our sale of Domestic and housekeeping Goods, we shall continue the sale this week.

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BLEACHED AND BROWN SHEETING

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10-4 Bleached Sheeting, best quality	27½c

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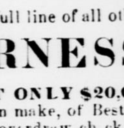

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A Select Story.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

BY M. K. D.

When Matilda Harley was twenty years of age, and living not the happiest lives with a crabbed old aunt, who had "brought her up by hand," *a la* Pip, there came into the village of Rudleigh, where she had been born and which she had never left since, a dashing sea captain of thirty-six or eight, who spent his money freely enough to make him an acquisition to the one hotel of the place, and who was so far from bashful that, before he had been there a week," every woman in Rudleigh had either been "stared at" or "followed quite home, my dear." The young chambermaids had each been kissed, the landlord's daughter had beed chucked under the chin, and the landlady herself, striving to blush and failing because no red rose could be redder than she was already, declared that a little more and she must really "mention it to Mr. Landlord."

As for Captain Waters, he considered all this the proper thing for a man of spirit to do, and continued the general admirer of the fair of Rudleigh, until, falling one day into the society of Mattie Harley, he became at once her particular slave. He courted her one week, proposed the next, and married her on the third. He was well enough to do to retire from sea-faring life, was owner and hitherto captain of the Steamer Amanda, and was moreover a widower; his first wife having taken advantage of his absence on a voyage to elope with a Frenchman, who, so report ran, poisoned her.

This he told with a grave face to little Mattie before he popped the question.

"If I thought women-folk were all alike, I'd fight shy of them, I can tell you," he said. "But I'm sure you have a heart, and a true one, Mattie."

And so Mattie gave him her heart, and her hand with it.

For a year or two they were very happy. Then the jolly, red-cheeked captain fell ill; and in his illness a baby that had come to them, a boy of a few months old, was stolen from the wagon which a careless nurse had left standing by the roadside while she [illegible] the neighborhood, and suspicion naturally fell on them; but they were followed in vain, and none of the rewards which were offered threw any light on the subject.

The agitation did the captain great harm, and probably hastened his end. He died in a few months, and poor Mattie, heart-broken and desolate, prayed to die also. What good could come to her, now that Frank and the baby were both gone? In vain the clergyman preached submission, and spoke of "tempting Providence by rebellion."

Mattie heard none of the sterotyped phrases that were poured into her ear—heard nothing and saw nothing till one day a tall, bold-faced woman walked unannounced into her presence and before the old clergyman himself, announced the fact that she was Captain Water's wife—that her child and his were at the hotel, and that Mattie was a mere usurper.

That aroused the widow at last. Her Frank so vile a creature! Her Frank deceive her so! She could not, would not believe; and no one else would. She ordered the woman out of the house, and the woman went, but only to a lawyer's hard by. There she produced proofs that were conclusive A certificate signed by a well known clergyman, and letters from the captain; and in a certain church register was found all that was necessary to establish her claim.

Mattie asseverated in vain that the captain's wicked first wife was dead—that this woman was an impostor, and that she did not believe one word of all the story. Other people believed it. No one knew the captain previous to his sudden appearance at Rudleigh. And sea-faring men are not supposed to be good, especially in quiet, inland towns, to have a dozen wives apiece.

The end of all this was that the new Mrs. Waters took possession of the dwelling and property of the captain, and disgraced and wretched Mattie returned to the maiden aunt, who, having been opposed to the match, rather triumphed in its result as what she called "a judgment."

Mrs. Waters tried to make herself friends in the village, but, on the whole, failed to do so. She was course and vulgar. The servants said she drank, and her treatment of her child a little creature half the size it should have been for its age, was such as shocked everybody. She never manifested any love for it. It was said she beat it cruelly. At all events her manner and the stories about her made every one of respectability shun her: and even had she been a woman they could esteem, to settle down in that way in that villlage would have seemed indelicate enough, the women said But some who thought only of her money became intimate with Mrs. Waters. And dashingly-dressed men came down by rail to visit her, and she drove with them in her showy carriage straight past Mattie's humble home. and threw upon the sad face, bent over some work at the window, such looks of scorn as might have been Mattie's due, had she been a very wicked creature, but which, under the circumces, were quite uncalled for.

All this went on for two years at least, and by that time Mrs. Waters' boy—five years old she called him, but he hardly looked three—was running around the grounds, and escaping from them whenever he could, into the bargain. Oddly enough, whenever he got free he made for the string of green land that lay between the house that Mattie dwelt in and the river. It was the water that tempted him, and his delight was to launch tiny boats with paper sails upon it. At first Mattie ran away when she saw him. Then she began to watch thinking how like he was to the captain with that head of clustering yellow curls; thinking him-like, also to what her boy would have been had he lived--for she never doubted that he was dead—until her heart softened, and one day she opened the door and tempted him in with cake, as one might a bird.

After that he used often to come to her. All Rudleigh was scandalized by the fact, and Mrs. Waters ignorant of it, until she one day came upon the two at the river's edge—the boy with his arms about the woman's neck. She was in her carriage when she saw them, but she was out in an instant—periling her life in the jump. And she struck the child a blow, and called Mattie by an evil name; and no one who saw her face ever forgot it, nor the oaths she uttered—a man's oaths, round and fierce and horrible—as she drove away again with the screaming child.

Mattie went into her poor home broken-hearted, and her maiden aunt berated her wofully, and Mattie could only weep.

"Where is your pride?" said the spinster; your decency?"

And Mattie sobbed; "He is so like Frank—so like Frank, aunt; don't be angry with me."

The old nurse was well berated by Mrs. Waters also, and for awhile the boy was kept within bounds: but he had a will of his own, and at last, one warm autumn day, mamma out for a drive as usual, and nurse dozing, the great gate swung behind him and he pattered down the green bit of land, and peeped into Mattie's cottage door. She was at an upper window, but she did not call to him—she dared not—and he wandered away to the water's edge. There he launched his boat, and paddled in to bring it out again, and soiled his fine clothes with the mud, and was happy beyond expression. Mattie yearned for him; but she sat still, and only looked until the tears filled her eyes, and she hid them [illegible] her apron and fell to weeping bit[illegible]y. But from this a shrill cry [illegible] head and two tiny arms, and a cry of "mamma" came to her.

It was as though her own child called. She flew from the room and down the stairs, and out toward the river. Others were rushing that way, but she was first. She never paused to think but plunged into the water recklessly. In another moment she was out of her depth, but she had the boy fast by his little waist, and did her best to reach the shore with him. Men were near by this time, and the two were drawn to land together. And in the midst of the crowd Mattie stood holding the dripping child to her breast, when the whirl of carriage wheels smote her ear. A harsh-voice cried: "What's all this?" and there once more was Mrs. Waters. Mattie gave a scream, but held the child closer. The woman with a look of hate, which had some terror in it, sprang to her feet.

The horses plunged and reared. "For God's sake, sit still, ma'am," said the coachman; but the warning was unheeded. Mrs. Waters attempted to leap to the ground. The horses started. Her long train caught in the wheels—the coachman lost all command over the animals, and was flung to the earth—and away, over road and field, the mad creatures dragged the wretched woman, lashed by ner costly robes to her own chariot wheels.

The crowd followed, unable to give any aid. And Mattie, remained, holding the sobbing boy to her bosom. She looked into his eyes—she kissed his lips. Mad dreams of stealing him, and hiding herself where she might keep him for her own, filled her mind. At last she crept into the house and undressed him, and wrapped him in dry clothing and laid him to rest in her own little bed, whence he lifted up his arms to embrace her.

Later in the evening she sat by the fire, when the latch was lifted and the old clergyman came in. His face was very grave. He walked up to Mattie and took her hand softly.

"You must put on your bonnet and come with me," he said, "The woman who was hurt to-day is dying. She wants to speak with you."

"To me?" said Mattie. 'Oh, I can not go there."

But something in her friend's manner made her alter her mind, and go with him, with a strange, hopeful feeling at her heart.

She entered the house where her married life, had been spent, and the chamber that had been her own, unfalteringly, though her soul sickened; and there, upon the bed, she saw the bold-faced, handsome woman—bold and handsome no more, but quivering with death agony and the terror of what lay beyond it, a helpless, disfigured mass of flesh and bone. But she could speak yet, and she turned her woeful eyes on Mattie, and said, piteously:

"I'm going to die, and I want to tell you something. They say I'll go easier if I do. And I'm sorry. You are a good woman—as good as I am bad. I—I never was Captain Waters' wife never. My cousin was. She died. I looked like her, and I had all her papers and certificates. I wanted the money. Another thing; the boy, the child. When I knew the captain was dying I stole him—for the property, all for that. It would help me to have a son. It is your boy. Let me swear to it."

And with her hand upon the Bible the woman passed into eternity.

Mattie stood silent—awe-struck, scarcely comprehending, bewildered beyond thought—until the old clergyman came around the bed and took her hand.

"Forgive her if you can, Mrs. Waters," he said, "even as you would have God forgive you."

And with the words and the name, Mattie realized the truth, and sank upon her knees and cried first. "Frank was true—Frank never deceived me," and then, "I always felt that it was my boy and not hers.

And so it came to pass that Mattie Waters lived once more in her old home, with no cloud of shame upon her life, happy in her boy, and in the hope of meeting Frank once more in that land where severed hearts are re united, and there is no more sorrow, neither any death.

Select Reading.

His Legs Were Safe.

M. Boutibouse, the French servant, served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heart of the fray. The ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball has passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them, for he suddenly sank down, shortened as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead, all night, not daring to move, when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and his faculties were still too numb to reason why he had not bled to beath. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wo[illegible] M. Boutibouse, 'a can[illegible] the surgeon. [illegible] carried off both of my legs.' The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said with a loud laugh. 'Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!' M. Boutibouse sprang up, in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. 'I felt more thankful,' said he, 'than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea but I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.

How He Came Out.

'I understand,' said Charlie Low to Fred Conklin, 'that you went up last night to see your girl's father and ask him to adopt you as a son-in-law. Is that so?'

'Yes; I meandered up that way about the time that twilight and day got mixed up so you can't tell a. m., from p. m.'

'Did you see the old gentleman?'

'Of course I did. That's what I went for.'

'And did you make the proposition previously cited?'

'I did for a fact.'

'Well how did you come out?'

'Darned if I know. The old man caught me under the eaves of my pantaloons with his foot, and as the windows and doors were both open, I don't really know just how I did come out, but as I saw the carpenters putting in a section of new sash this morning, I am led to believe that I came out at the window. You see, I was in somewhat of a hurry, and didn't stop to make an investigation as to the exact location of my egress. Good morning; I'll see you later. There comes the old fellow this way now.

The Last One on the Sacred Elephant.

Two young ladies were gazing at the white elephant as it stood enthroned in all its sacred splendor, and surrounded by the mystic emblems of its holy character and the adoring priests who were kneeling devoutly on every side.

'How curious it is,' remarked one, 'that any race of people should be so deluded as to worship an elephant.'

'It is indeed,' replied the other sadly. 'When I look upon this worshiping throng of ignorant, superstitious creatures and realize how earnest and sincere they are, I cannot but feel that there should be no rest until the missionary message is borne to the last one of these benighted heathen.'

'True,' asserted the first speaker, 'it is a grand and solemn duty—'

Just at this junction the animal flicked its tail and struck one of the Buddhist priests in the mouth.

'Howly Moses!' he exclaimed, interrupting his devotions, 'ye hathen baste—' and then the young ladies strolled on to the monkey's cage.

One Way to Cure a Balky Horse.

A friend, whose name and address I will give to any one, writes to the Talker thusly: "I notice you are always ready to say a good word for that noble animal, the horse. Our neighbor had a good horse—a large, handsome horse. In one respect he was better than most men, for he had but one fault, but that was a bad one, and greatly reduced his cash value. He would balk, and always just when you didn't want him to. My father was a humane and a practical man. He happened to want a good horse. He offered our neighbor a low price for his balky horse, and then and there he became straightway the owner of the animal. For several days he fed and flattered the horse, making his acquaintance. On a pleasant day he put him before a single wagon, putting a newspaper in the seat, leaving the whip in the stable, and started off for a drive. After going off in good style about a mile the horse came to a dead halt and expressed signs of a good, long stay. My father quietly took up the paper and perused it. In about one hour the horse started off in full gallop and went about a mile further, and came to another full halt. The paper was resorted to for about one-half hour, when the horse started again in full stride. After going a short distance he headed him toward home, which was reached in good time The next day he repeated the experiment with only one balk, and that only one-half as long. The third day was a success; no balk at all. He then passed him to the teamster, who put him in with another horse and worked him six months, during which time he was never known to balk, and not having further use for the horse, sold him for $50 more than he paid.'

A Boy Preacher.

The celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday anniversary recalls the following well authenticated ancedote, which has been told already in the Manchester *Examiner*, but is worth repeating again: In the early part of his ministry, Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighbering village; and, when he came on the Sunday morning Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him. 'I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me.' 'Well,' he said, [illegible] his hands under his coat-tails, and asked what the world was coming to, when the boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching. However, he did preach; and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. Spurgeon read a lesson from the Proverbs, and, upon coming to the passage, 'Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man,' he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a gray head who could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say. 'If it be found in the way of righteousness,' and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him, 'bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit,' and they were always good friends afterward.

Millionaires Who Began Poor.

The least remarkable thing about Russell Sage is that he is self made—he began poor. This is a common lot of all Americans of genius to-day, and is almost uniformly true of prominent men in this city. Peter Cooper, was a hatter's apprentice; Charles O'Conor was born in a shanty, of the poorest of Irish parents; H. B. Claflin, who now pays his confidential clerk $25,000 a year, was a Vermont school teacher; Leonard Jerome was an itinerant printer; Henry Villard was a reporter; John G. Moore ran away from home to start himself in life; James Watson Webb was clerk in a country store; D. Appleton once kept a grocery in Haverhill, Mass.; James R. Keene came to this country from England with $20 in his pocket; Cyrus McCormick was a miller's boy; Rufus Hatch began by dealing in 'garden sass;' Jay Gould was a cowboy on a ruggard farm of Delaware county; Sidney Dillon was an errand boy on the New York Central; William H. Vanderbilt at 30 was Commodore Vanderbilt's thriftless son, trying in vain to get a living on a Staten Island farm, while his father freely alluded to him in common conversation as a 'fool.'—*New York Letter.*

Love's Appetite.

'Did you say love took away a man's appetite?' remarked the landlady to young Snooks at the table.

'Yes madam. I am deeply in love, and that is my experience,' he responded, with his hand on his heart and a don't-ask-me-for-money new look in his weak blue eyes.

'I begin to think pretty much the same way myself.'

'Why, madam, are you also touched by the soft caresses of the little blind god?' he inquired, taking another spoonful of potatoes, a slice of roast beef and a big hunk of bread.

'Well, not hardly,' she answered, in a zinc lined refrigerator tone, 'but some things I have recently seen convince me that it takes away a man's appetite and gives him a dog's.'

'Snooks did not ask for any dessert.

A marriage license, issued by the magistrate in the city of Washington, has been returned, endorsed, 'She won't have me.'