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This House is an old established one, and every thing they sell you is as represented. As an

evidence of the superiority of our goods, my sales have increased from 21 tons per annum,

the first year to one thousand and eighty-five tons, this being my sales in Charles and St.

Mary's counties the past year. I shall not be satisfied until I sell every respectable farmer in

Southern Maryland, as it is not only for my own interest I wish to do so. My greatest desire is

to induce the planters of Southern Maryland to use strictly first class goods and can only do so

by dealing with a first class house. If you will buy your goods from the G. O. & S. Co.,

Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. J. Birch, at Baltimore, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our

Collector and Salesman, will be glad to receive your orders, and I will devote as much time as

I can in the two counties the coming season in order to induce the farmers of Southern Mary-

land to buy the best Fertilizer obtainable to the people of our State in Union. All responsible

orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

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weighs from 1 to 2 more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will here add that Mr.

Mattingly is not only a very good and prosperous farmer but strictly reliable. Mr. Mattingly

has used our goods for several years and says he will use no other both for Wheat and Tobacco

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MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't very young,
(I say her lady friend);
She isn't very fair,
With velvet curls and curls.

No! Not in looks of fashion
Across her cheek and nose;
She isn't very tall,
Except a trifle more.

Her voice is low and sweet,
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty she does speaks.

It is not her beauty,
That I prize so much;
Or her wit, or her grace,
The leg that is so true.

She is who she is,
To fashion's latest fads,
I never let her go,
For my little wife.

And though she has with gifts,
The duties she may give,
Who does her hardy duty,
And so I love her wife.

To me she seems a creature
That I cannot do without;
I would not change one feature—
One curve from crown to foot.

And if I could be never
Her love and her heart,
I would not be for ever,
The leg that is so true.

The leg that is so true.

A FEARFUL MESSALIANCE.

BY AGNES GRIFFIN.

Mrs. Seelye Vancouver was much to be pitied. But assuredly there were few things, if any, she would more have resented, than compassion in any shape. She was wont to say that people could, or should, remain "them selves," no matter what adversity temporarily befell them. In other words, that though she and her daughter might now find themselves cramped in their means, they were still Vancouver for all that, and might, and should, insist upon being treated with a due amount of deference, not otherwise bestowed upon those of commoner clay with whom they came in contact.

At this present moment, for instance, though she felt it the severest trial that her poverty-stricken aristocratic gentility, maintaining itself by shrewd and diligent means, did not in degree, would have a good deal for the marshaling and engineering of a grand army, had yet been called upon to bear; that she should be encouraged temporarily, for a moment, to relax her frugal and general restraints, in a far away farm-house, which advertised "Winter Board" for city people at comparatively low rates, she still conducted herself with a lofty ease of manner, which should, it did not so do, have properly impressed the worthy couple who ministered to her wants, and who had first done front room, with complete suit of blue oiled furniture, she and the young lady who had received her Grandmother Vancouver's name (Abigail) jointly occupied.

But this same Miss Abigail was at times a source of vexed annoyance, for all she was so placid and gentle, to her mother. Her falling was, she was not half enough a Vancouver. She took after her father, Mrs. Vancouver sometimes thought, with an aristocratic disdainfulness; and if Seelye had been less soft, less yielding, had had the proper energy, ambition and pride, his widow and daughter would not now be reduced to the wretched subserviences and expediences and mortifications of their actual mode of life.

Abigail looked like her father also. She was standing by the window, a slim, slightly stooped figure, taller than the average height of women, with a mop of pale gold hair, that seemed too heavy for the rather delicate head, and a soft, perhaps a trifle pathetic expression, that had remained very child-like for all her twenty years. "Has no style, no air," her mother had said to herself, with regret and impatience.

"Gail, who was that very common young man on the porch as we came in? He seemed to be flirting with Esther Gardner, did he not?"

Gail started a little. She had, in truth, from her post, been envying the dullness somewhat by watching the young man in question, who still looked like her father also.

"I don't know, mother—at least, I think his name is Hal Lander."

"Is he engaged to these people's daughter, then, or what?"

"No, I don't think he is engaged to Esther Gardner," said Gail, a little quickly. "He is a neighbor, I believe she said."

"Well, in any event, what did he mean by bowing to you in that familiar way? He did it with such an air as though he were quite on speaking terms with you."

"I did speak to him night before last," faltered Gail, coloring a little.

"You did? Who?" demanded Mrs. Vancouver sharply.

"I was downstairs with Miss Gardner. She introduced him to me, and so—I couldn't—one can't be well help being."

"I wish," exclaimed Mrs. Vancouver, "you would learn to complete a phrase when you begin it, Gail, and speak a little more succinctly and to the point. It is so crude and uneducated that fragmentary way you have!"

Poor Gail, who indeed could speak to the purpose well enough when not intimidated, answered nothing.

"And another thing, I wish you to understand, once for all, that it is not proper for you to be making acquaintances among people of this stamp. Remember who you are. Miss Gard-

ner 'passé encore'—she is our land-lady's daughter, and those people have curious notions of equality; but I do not desire you to be more than distantly and commonly civil even to her. That fellow and men of his kind, I should think, you could quite draw the line at without being told."

"They went down to their tea, which the gardener knew as 'supper,' in stoneware. Abigail felt oppressed and in disgrace. She had not thought the young man, Hal Lander, common-looking, nor had he proved common-acting. He was a handsome fellow, stalwart and broad, with his feet two of height, and having a dark skin upon which the healthy color glowed radiantly. "A country bumpkin," Mrs. Vancouver would have said. But such definition would have been extremely short sighted. Hal had an easy, frank manner, and he expressed himself well. "He is not a country bumpkin!" Gail asserted to herself with more of heat than she was usually moved to.

A few days later the young woman called Esther Gardner, a cherry-blossomed, good-natured young person of rather bonnie vivacity, on driving a round from the stable with the buggy, requested Miss Vancouver's company for a drive. It was not Mrs. Vancouver's way to reject conveniences from other "folks" than her own, when they happened to be thrust upon her. A feeling of curiosity in this wise was not, through some aristocratic reasoning of her own, incompatible with her theories of ease. Accordingly Gail, looking very winsome in her warm wintry suit, was directed to take the vacant seat in the hospitable buggy. "I thought you'd go to the old mill," said Miss Esther. "It's a splendid ride round there."

The old mill in question, now disused, proved to be on the way to a big yellow house, with ample piazzas and an orchard at the back, which must in summer have been very picturesque, and even in this cold landscape had a home-like and cozy prosperous appearance. And now Miss Esther's probable interest in choosing this route became apparent, for Hal Lander, in a fur cap and a rough coat and top hat, which costume could do a way with the symmetries of his victoriously shapely limbs and trunk, was seen prowling with an air of alert ownership about the premises. On seeing the buggy he came quickly forward, removing the cap from the driver's head, and with a rough and ready disposition to crinkle at the roots of Miss Gardner's hair, that showed a disposition to crinkle at the roots of the dress, indeed, had seen two years' service already; but this fact was not apparent to the eyes of this unobservant young man.

"Oh, no!" cried Gail nervously. "Thank you. We can't really!"

"Oh, come on," replied Miss Gardner, adding kindly: "He'll treat me. I'll do the very best I can," laughed Hal Lander.

At that moment he was reinforced by the appearance of an old woman who acted in the capacity of house-keeper to this well-to-do young bachelor farmer, and who hospitably threw open the front door. Gail found herself, overwhelmed by the majority, walking, without volition of her own, into the best parlor, and taking her seat on the slippery hair cloth sofa.

There was an air of solid, homely comfort about the old house, inside as well as out. And the bright winter sunlight came in and flooded the high ceiling room.

"May Ann would like the best rooms shut up like the grave. But I want the light and air," laughed Hal Lander.

In the corner there stood a fine new piano. "I say he's got it for his wife," remarked Mrs. Ann. "It's as though he was counting his chickens after they're hatched," whereat she laughed with some enjoyment of her joke.

"Hush, there's a good woman," said Hal. But, somehow, he changed color a little, and looked furtively at Miss Vancouver. And she, poor girl, for no apparent reason, found herself blushing, too. And to escape from this apparent embarrassment, when Esther vouchsafed the information that "Miss Vancouver played splendidly," she sat down at the instrument and made the old room echo to the, for it, wonderfully novel strains of a Chopin vals.

Then Mrs. Ann, bustling about, brought in some rich old strawberry and currant wine and some of her own pound cake of that morning's baking. And the two visitors were taken about to view the house with all its big "spare bed rooms" upstairs and the capacious linen closet, where old Mrs. Lander had stored up her household treasures, and in all these peregrinations it seemed to Gail as though she and her entertainer were conversing in falling behind the others, and that, though nothing surely was uttered that these might not have heard, there were words, tones and looks which must be mutually pondered over in private letter.

When the two girls got into the buggy again, Gail had her rugs and wraps very carefully tucked around her, and as they drove off, she glanced up with a faintly smiling "good bye," she looked straight into that pair of handsome black eyes. She leaned back and sat a little while in silence, her heart beating more

quickly than its wont.

Poor Gail was not by nature deceitful, but she found it very hard and ultimately impossible to tell her mother of the manner in which the afternoon had been passed. Nor could she bring herself afterward to mention chance meetings which always seemed now to be occurring between the owner of the Lander place—whom she had learned was, by reason of his good looks, good character, and very prosperous worldly conditions, the great "catch" for all the girls thereabouts—and hers if several of these had happened on Sunday mornings when Gail had walked over the snowy fields to the little Episcopal church alone. And these remembrances—of the icicles glistening on bare boughs in the sunlight, of the crisp, crackling snow under foot, of the handsome, eager eyes bent down near her own—seemed to be such as could not sufficiently be brooded over during all the ensuing week.

Had Mrs. Vancouver been a more observant person she might have remarked certain subtle changes effecting themselves in her daughter—a warmer tinge at times in the soft cool cheeks, a little far-away look in the childlike blue eyes, an absent-minded abstraction in fits, which generally only with a slight start. But Mrs. Vancouver had better things to think of; she was engaged in the maturing and engineering of one of the many strategic moves by which she managed to "keep up" the appearance of being "in society." For instance, she was soon going South now. They would be there five or six weeks at a large hotel. But that would suffice. She would be in a position to say to those who inquired later, when having vigorously renounced she could return once more for a time to civilization, that they had "been South for the winter." The farm-house would be quite eliminated. All these devices saddened Gail; her mother said she would not have had the intelligence to "keep her head above water." To the girl it seemed as though it would be better not to effect that feat at all than to compass it by means of these continual sacrifices of frankness and truthfulness.

One evening—it was a week before the day set for departure—there was a ball given in the neighboring village town hall. Esther Gardner had repaired to it with flying colors and compassionate the poor "lucky" people who missed such festivities.

Gail, feeling a little lonely and depressed, had wandered down into the deserted sitting room with a book she did not read. Presently there was a sound of footsteps on the piazza outside, and then the front door was opened and Hal Lander stood there. "I thought I should find you," "Why—now is it? Are you not at the ball?"

She stood in the bright circle of the shaded lamp, tall and slight in the long, warm crimson dress. He, bringing in with him a gust of the keen night air, stood and regarded her.

"Would you sit down?" she said faintly.

"The whole house was still. The ticking of the great grandfather's clock in the next room could be clearly heard. Overhead Mrs. Vancouver was placidly reading some memoirs of Napoleonic salons.

The next day the worthy lady had commenced packing up her "things." It was growing dark, though the days were now so perceptibly lengthening and Gail had been out since early in the afternoon. Mrs. Vancouver was becoming somewhat uneasy when a small day, in a red comfortable, came thumping up to her room door with a bit of a note. The cryptography was tremulous that Mrs. Vancouver failed to recognize it at first as her daughter's. But directly she did so, bearing the missive open in a very un-Vancouverish hurry. It ran thus:

"My dear Mother—Please oh please do not be despondent with me! I could not help it, truly and really. I love Hal Lander very much, and he loves me. It is not sudden. We have loved each other all winter—only I did not dare tell you. And now I am married to him, dear mother. We were married just an hour ago. It is all right if you will only think. Everyone will tell you how good he is. And oh, dear mother, he is my husband now! I hope you will forgive us both. We are going across. But oh! I have you will soon let me kiss you again! Your devoted daughter, ABIGAIL LANDER.

P. S.—I am very happy, dear mother. He is so good to me."

This pitiable little epistle Mrs. Vancouver read thrice through and then had an attack of the most genuine, old-fashioned hysterics. She took to her bed and the head of the Vancouver's, Gail's eldest uncle, was in hot haste telegraphed for.

He was a hard headed man, gifted with strong sense, and after looking into the facts of the case, he past re-emption offered and insulted his sister-in-law by observing that she was so ill, that Abigail had not done so ill.

"Not done so ill! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Vancouver explained that Mr. Lander was proven to be a well brought up young man of unexceptionable morals, a fine fellow, and one very well provided with this world's goods, his father, a thriving old farmer, having left him various moneys, beside the Lander homestead and farm.

"He is in love with Gail—she is in love with him," he concluded. "They needn't always live on this place. And, considering all things—what with the state of your affairs and all—I don't think it so bad. I guess the child will enjoy a quiet life of plenty, in any case."

But then this matter-of-fact uncle was not a representative Vancouver. He reasoned altogether inadequately

considering the blue blood that ran in his veins. Other Vancouver's there were who lifted up their voices in a cry of absolute indignation.

They had never done anything for Gail in all her life. But now they showed their interest in her by pel