

# 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.

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## ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

### FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

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J. Benj. Mattingly,

GENERAL AGENT FOR SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Passaic Agricultural Chemical Works



LISTER BROTHERS, Proprietors.

Fresh Bone Super-Phosphate of Lime.

AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE.

U. S. PHOSPHATE and CELEBRATED GROUND BONE.

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Nos. 54 and 58 Bachman's Wharf Baltimore, Md.

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John M. Lloyd,

GEN'L AGENT FOR

G. OBER & SONS COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

AND DEALERS IN FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

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DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE. DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE & POTASH. WHITE HALL PHOSPHATE. LOCUST POINT COMPOUND. FARMERS STANDARD MURATE POTASH. SULPHATE POTASH. GROUND TANKING AND ALL FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

Before purchasing your Fertilizers for the coming season, it will be to your interest to give us a call. All the above brands are strictly reliable, because we keep in stock all kinds of the best grade material from which we can make you any grade of fertilizer you may need.

This house is an old established one, and every thing they sell you is represented. As an evidence of the superiority of our goods, we have increased from 21 tons per annum, the first year, to one thousand and eighty-five tons, this being our sales in Charles and St. Mary's counties the past year. I shall not be satisfied until I sell every responsible 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. Ober & Sons Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. I. Burch, at Baytown, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our Collector and Sales man, 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 Maryland to buy the best Fertilizers offered to the people of any State in Union. All responsible orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

Yours very truly,

JOHN M. LLOYD.

N. B.—What Mr. James F. Mattingly, a large and practical farmer of Choptank District, St. Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound: He says that he can grow as large Tobacco from other fertilizers as he can from Oberg's, but while other's is just as good as to quality, it weighs from 1 to 2 more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will be glad 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 others both for Wheat and Tobacco.

W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 105 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE.

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LARGE WAREHOUSES ON WHEELS GOOD OUTSIDE STORAGE. Cargoes of all kinds Received, Discharged and Shipped.

Special attention paid to consignments of LUMBER.

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W. M. MUSCHETTE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PORT TOBACCO, MD.

Will attend promptly to a business entrusted to his care. Can be found at the office of R. H. Edley, Esq.

Call and be convinced of what we say.

C. E. HOSBACH,

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1885, FALL & WINTER 1886.

NOVELTIES.

Our counters are loaded down with the latest Men's and Boys' SUITS, OVERCOATS and PANTS.

Every new style of Fashion and Fabric and prices the lowest in our long experience. As heretofore, our great aim is reliability. Real merit and low prices combined, insure us a continuance of past favors, while strict attention to the smallest details, and newest fashions put us always ahead of all competitors.

A Custom Order Department in connection full of the latest novelties!

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

It was the evening of the commencement exercises at Mrs. Weston's large boarding school. All was noise and excitement. The pupils were lying about in a flutter of anxiety and in various stages of incompleteness.

"What have you done with my flowers, Nell? There, how provoking! You have tipped over my powder! Your elbows are always in the wrong place," quoth Miss Lydia Holcamp, one of the older girls, her temper getting the better of her. "Dear me! There, I'm ready as last. I wonder where that Miss Barker is. I want her to give me another drilling in that recitation. I dressed early on purpose, and now I suppose she will be away prinking her dollified self."

"Dear me, Lydia, you have had more instructions on your recitation than any of the rest we had on theirs. I should think it would be better to study by yourself, and let Miss Barker have a little rest. The poor thing is overworked."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Holcamp with a sneer; "she likes to show off, that is all. If she didn't like it, she wouldn't be a teacher of education."

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Her own father was a rich man, and the families had always been on terms of friendship. Harry and his sister she knew would consent, and failure was not to be thought of. But Miss Barker's services were not to be secured; she was engaged with some of the pupils.

"You cannot see Miss Barker," remarked the preceptor. "You will have no difficulty with your piece, Miss Holcamp, unless you fail to recollect certain of the passages. I recollect correctly, Miss Barker advised you to make sure of those points. Have you done so?"

"Oh, I remember it perfectly," answered Miss Holcamp with confidence. "But I wished Miss Barker to show me how to fall into that dramatic attitude which I like so much."

"Think of what you are saying, Miss Holcamp, and that will aid you to the expression. Miss Barker can not give all her time to you."

Lydia went rattling away. The evening advanced, the guests assembled, and at last Lydia's turn to recite arrived. She was a girl of most remarkable assurance, and she went fearlessly on until suddenly her memory failed her. It was what the teachers had feared. Miss Holcamp had planned all kinds of rural scenes, and she was not a student. She looked helplessly toward Miss Barker, who prompted her. Again she went on. Again she stopped for want of words.

At last, after several promptings, she came to the end of her selection. Miss Barker had retreated behind the draperies, sore and disappointed that one of her most promising pupils had thus failed. "It was all your fault," burst forth Lydia, "you hateful, disgraceful thing! I believe you were jealous, and meant I should fail, when you went and hid yourself away with those children to-night. You know I needed another lesson."

The fair little teacher turned pale and trembled. She was not accustomed to such language. Most of her pupils were kind and obedient. She was slim and young and pretty, this teacher, and a great student and worker. All the teachers respected and liked her.

"You have made me fail, and I hope I may never see your face again," concluded Lydia, as she flounced away. Just outside of the draperies stood a handsome young man. He heard the abuse lavished upon the young teacher and his lip curled.

"Who is the tall fair girl in gray?" he had inquired during the evening. "Miss Barker, the teacher of education," had been the reply.

He started, "Is it possible?" said he. "She appears as young as the pupils."

Not one word came from Miss Barker's lips now, but he heard teachers and scholars exclaiming that it was a shame after the attention she had lavished upon Miss Holcamp during the past term. Mr. Harry Quintard (for he was who had overheard Miss Holcamp) made his way to the pre-

## Select Poetry.

THE OLD MILL.

Here on the brow of the hill I look  
Through a lattice of logs and leaves  
On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof,  
And the moss on the rotting eaves.  
I hear the creaker that goes to and fro,  
And the rushing water's sound,  
And I see the black floats rise and fall  
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I made these notes when I was young,  
With my quill on the house before,  
And talked with Nellie, the miller's girl,  
As I watched my turn at the door.  
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## Dang You

Ex-Congressman Gunter was, during the war, a proud and impressive officer. He was not afraid of the enemy and never sought a chance of keeping out of harm's way, but it was a well known fact that the clanking pomp and blareney of the war was to him quite as interesting as the gleam of the bayonet or the "cannon's opening roar." In January, 1862, Gunter marched his men from the northwest to the capital city. While the men were halted on the opposite bank of the river, Gunter went over into the town, and while there, became acquainted with several young ladies. In the presence of these ladies he decided to make an impressive show; and he told them they would be cheered by his troops as they passed.

"Now, boys," said Gunter when he had gone back to his men, "when we cross over I want you to march just as gracefully as possibly can. A party of ladies will be standing on the hotel balcony. When I take off my hat and shout 'Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the southern confederacy, you must all cheer.' The men were not in a cheering humor. They had marched through many miles of snow. The peacock feather to them, while it might have been picturesque, possessed not that great charm which lurks around a loaf of bread and a place to sit down. Just before arriving opposite the hotel on the balcony of which the ladies stood, one of the officers said:

"Boys, we've got enough of this foolishness. Don't open your mouths. Pass it along the line."

The word was passed along. Gunter took off his hat, waved it and exclaimed: "Three cheers for the ladies of Little Rock, Jeff Davis and the southern confederacy."

The men were marching in a most zig-zag and slatternly manner. No one cheered. Gunter's head and breathed an oath as a glow-line. Shortly after the soldiers passed the hotel, a yellow dog ran into the street. Then the men yelled. Gunter raved. Standing upon his stirrups he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, I know you can't cheer a party of ladies, but you can cheer a dang yallar dang you."

Never afterwards did Gunter place so much confidence in his men.

The Man of Genius.

Wordsworth's saying has often been repeated, that many men of his age had done wonderful things, but that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. Southey no lenient critic, considered his mind "infinitely and ten thousand fold the mightiest of his generation." Dr. Quincey speaks of him as "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed among men." He answered to Hazlitt's "idea of a man of genius." Sir Humphrey Davy looked to his efforts as to the efforts of a creating being. Charles Lamb saw in him "an archangelic little damaged." Scott, Byron, Irving, Christoher North and even Carlyle, acknowledged the magic of his influence. Arnold considered him the greatest intellect that England had produced within his memory. I have spoken of him as "the true sovereign of modern English thought." Sterling, Lamb and Maurice and Cardinal Newman are agreed that he breathed a new life into spiritual ideas, and deepened and freshened the current of religious thought. Lastly, may be quoted the striking testimony of Mill: "No Englishman, Bentham excepted, has left his impress so deeply in the opinions and mental tendencies of those among us who attempt to enlighten practice by philosophical meditation."

Vinegar is Cheap

A sign in a Third Avenue grocery window reads: "Pure Russet Cider, 4 cents a Quart."

"That cider was never made by a breath of country air," said a man in a blue jacket who was passing the window yesterday, "and it was never any nearer an apple tree than it is now as it stands in the barrel at the rear of the grocery."

"Made of sulphuric acid and glucose, then," suggested a companion.

"No, that's too expensive."

"What is it made of?"

"Sawdust. I work in the shop where it's made. Pure apple cider is worth 30 cents a gallon. Sawdust costs about one-fourth of that. We take the sawdust from a couple of wood yards—hemlock, hickory, maple—every kind, and so it comes. We dump it into a big retort and heat it with a coal fire. Just 47 per cent of what boils over is crude vinegar. It has to be purified a bit and boiled down a little, but it is pretty good vinegar. When the wood reaches a certain point in the heating process it becomes charcoal and is cooled off and sold to the makers. We can beat the grifter on the vinegar business and not half try."

Iowa has five women lawyers and 122 women physicians.

At a recent English wedding the bridesmaids carried large bunches of grapes instead of flowers.

The tax rate has amounted to \$6.50 on the \$100 in a Pacific coast town—Mono—for the coming year.

The death rate—18.11 per thousand inhabitants—in Boston last week was, relatively, the smallest for years.

A new craze has broken out among visitors to Maine—gathering pine needles with which to stuff cushions and pillows.

## Select Reading.

Astonished Burglars

A Cleveland paper tells the story:—Mr. Spafford heard some one moving in the kitchen, and opening the door asked who was there. Immediately two revolvers were presented at his head with the command, "Your money or your life!"

"What?" asked Mr. Spafford, who cannot hear very well.