

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, APRIL 23, 1886.

Volume XLIII.—No. 45.

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.

J. Benj. Mattingly,

GENERAL AGENT FOR SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Passaic Agricultural Chemical Works



LISTER BROTHERS, Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fresh Bone Super-Phosphate of Lime.

AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE.

U. S. PHOSPHATE and CELEBRATED GROUND BONE.

THE BEST FERTILIZERS NOW IN USE

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES

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

FACTORY—NEWARK, N. Y.

John M. Lloyd, GENERAL AGENT FOR

G. OBER & SON COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD FERTILIZERS,

AND DEALERS IN FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

OFFICE, 25 N. Gay Street, Corner second

FACTORY, LOCUST POINT, BALTIMORE.

Regular Brands: SPECIAL NO. 1 PERUVIAN RAW

BOYD & POTASH, UNBURNED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF

LIME, PURE LIME RAW BONES, FINE DIS. RAW BONES

& POTASH, PURE LIME BONE, PURE RAW GENUINE

DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE, DIS. BONE PHOS-

PHATE & POTASH, WHITE HALL PHOS-

PHATE, LOCUST POINT COMPOUND,

FARMERS STANDAR MURATE POT-

ASH, SULPHATE POTASH,

GROUND TANKING, AND

ALL FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

Before purchasing your Fertilizers for Wheat the coming season, it will be to your interest to give us a call. All the above brands are strictly reliable, besides we keep in stock all kinds of the best grade material from which we can make you any grade Fertilizer you may need. 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 responsible farmer in Southern Maryland, as it is not only for my own interest I wish to do so. My greatest desire is to include 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 try your goods from the G. O. & S. Co. Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. L. Birch, at Bryanswood, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our collector and Sales men, will be glad to receive your orders, and I will devote as much time as I can in the two counties the coming season to induce the farmers of Southern Maryland to try the best Fertilizers offered to the people of any State in Union. All responsible orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING STOCK.

Now being delivered from our Workrooms, we are

Selling Off

All the balades of our Winter Stock of Over-

Suits and Single Pants,

For Men and Boys at prices in which costs not considered. All must be sold at any sacrifice. Most of these goods can be worn with comfort right into Summer. A visit to our Store will more than pay expenses of a trip to Baltimore.

OEHM & SON,

230 W. Pratt Street,

55 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. HENLEY'S

CELESTINE

BEEF & IRON.

A Most Effective Combination.

Handy & Cox,

143 N. Howard Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

THE HARTFORD LIFE

ANNUITY COMPANY,

HARTFORD, CONN'T.

Will Insure All Healthy subjects, Male and Female.

The Company was organized in 1860 and did business upon the Endowment and Annuity Plan until the fall of 1879 when they adopted the safety fund system, by which plan they can now carry insurance at less than half the cost of the old time companies.

The safety fund renders the payment of every policy to the very last man, an absolute certainty.

A man of forty years old can carry one thousand dollars on his life, and this secure that amount to his family at his death, by the payment of about ten dollars a year, and when he has paid his ten dollars additional into the safety fund, and has been a member for five years, his payments will be greatly reduced by divide dividends every six months. The safety fund is already over \$100,000 and is rapidly increasing. They have a cash capital of \$250,000 and are accumulating to over one and a quarter million.

General Agent for MARYLAND, H. MITCHELL,

CHARLES COUNTY, M. THOMPSON,

JNO. T. DIGGES,

W. N. DALTON,

MONY. STRICKLAND,

DALTON & STRICKLAND,

Fine Shoes.

No. 939 Penn. Avenue. N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fine Hand-Made Shoes for Ladies and gentlemen, equal in Fit and Finish to custom work, for less money is a specialty of ours.

Effect Reading.

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

Mrs. Piery was not in good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table pouring coffee for her husband, and dispensing bread and butter to the three plump little Pierys. She was a handsome, over-dressed woman, with a good deal of false hair, frizzled and pinned and braided on the top of her head, and a complexion that bore a remote witness to the constant use of cosmetics. And Mr. Piery, at his end of the table, was evidently ill at ease, as he broke his eggs and tumbled diligently at his roll.

"But what was I to do, my dear?" she asked, after a brief silence, which was by no means peaceful.

"Do!" shrilly retorted Mrs. Piery. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a house for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?"

"My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piery, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself some day."

"And if I am, I shall not go begging among my relatives, that you may depend on," said Mrs. Piery. "And, after all, she isn't any relative of yours—only your brother's wife! I'd like to know what earthly claim she has upon you! I declare, the more I think of it the more I am amazed at the woman's presumption. Her very name is an aggravation, too. 'Plume Piery' indeed! I'll wager my new lace pin that she was a second rate actress when she married your brother. No, Mr. Piery, if you think that I—"

But here the torrent of the lady's eloquence was cut short by the unexpected appearance on the scene of the very subject of her objurgations—a tall, pretty woman of about four and twenty, whose wavy gold tresses and delicate fair complexion contrasted vividly with the deep mourning weeds she wore.

"A veil down to her feet, mentally ejaculated Mrs. Abel Piery. And a six-inch band of very best Courtland crepe on her gown. I wonder who'd expect to see for all this?"

Abel Piery, the kindest hearted of little men, welcomed his brother's widow with genuine hospitality; but Matilda, his wife, look'd askance at her with no friendly smile upon her countenance.

"Of course you will consider this as your home," said Mr. Piery, as he made haste to draw a chair close to the fire.

"Until you are able to suit yourself somewhere else," crisply added his wife.

The widow said little; she only looked, with large, watery eyes, from one to the other, as she sat there, the morning's gathering turning her fair locks to a mass of gold, the yearly decay of her skin arousing the liveliest envy in Mrs. Abel's heart.

"Though, of course, it's only some French balm or ointment or other, that I haven't heard of," said she to herself.

But after Mr. Piery had buttoned on his overcoat and gloves, he came back to the breakfast room, while his wife was putting up the children's school lunches in the pantry.

"I am not much of a talker, Plume," said he, in an odd, hesitating way; "but you are welcome, my dear—very welcome! And I hope you will try to feel at home. Don't mind Matilda, Matilda is a bit of a scold."

"Mr. Piery," uttered a sharp, warning voice, at this instant, from the threshold, "is it possible that you haven't started yet? And you know how particular lodge & Bodley are as to your getting to the store at nine precisely."

"Mr. Piery turned pink all over. "Yes, my dear—yes," said he. "I'm quite sure to be in time."

And he started off on a gentle trot. When he was gone, Plume took off her bonnet and veil, removed her mantle and gloves, and went into the kitchen.

"Can't I do something to help you, Sister Matilda?" said she pleadingly.

Mrs. Abel Piery looked, with cold blue eyes and lips firmly compressed, at the fair face, which was younger and fresher than ever without the jet black creole of the bonnet, and the slight graceful figure before her.

"No, I thank you," said she. "I am not used to having fine ladies in my kitchen."

"But if you will lend me an apron—"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Oswald," repeated the housewife. "You will find the newspaper in the hall. Perhaps the advertising columns may interest you."

"We are sisters," said the young widow, with a quivering lip. "Will you not call me Plume?"

"Oh, no, we're no relations at all, in reality," said Mrs. Abel Piery, weighing out ounces of sugar and pounds of flour with an unerring hand. "And really, your name is such a very peculiar one; Jane, or Martha, or Elizabeth would have been more to my taste. Perhaps, however," with a keen side-long glance, "you have been on the stage."

"No," said Plume, "I was a teacher when Oswald married me. But what did you mean about the advertising columns of the paper?"

"Situations, you know," said Mrs. Piery, reaching over to the raisin box. "Bridget, you have been at these raisins, as true as I live! There's half 'em gone since I was here last."

"No, mum, I haven't!" sharply responded Bridget, who was used to these kitchen skirmishes. "Shure I never lived in a house before where they counted the raisins and the lump of coal, and if I can't suit mum, it's a month's warning from today, if ye please."

"Situations!" repeated Plume, half afraid of Bridget's warlike demeanor, half puzzled at her sister-in-law's words.

"Yes," said Mrs. Abel Piery, paying no attention to Bridget and her skilful in a glove factory, you know, or a fancy store, or even as a nursery governess or attendant to some elderly invalid. For, of course you know," with another of those oblique looks that made Plume feel so uncomfortable, "you expect to work for your living. We are not rich enough to support all our relations. Abel's salary was reduced last year, and no one knows how strictly I have to economize to make both ends meet. And a strong woman like you ought not to sit down on a sickly man with a family, like my husband, because—"

"Stop, oh, stop!" said Plume, lifting her hand as if to ward off some invisible terror. "He said I was welcome. He told me—"

"That's just like Abel!" said Mrs. Piery, scornfully. "He'd take in all creation if he could. He never stops to think whether he can afford it or not."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plume with dignity. "It shall not be for long. I will look at the newspaper at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piery, graciously. "Of course you won't mention our little chat to Abel. He might be vexed; and after all, I'm only speaking for your good."

Plume looked up to her with an expression of face which somehow made Mrs. Abel Piery feel as if she was shrinking up like a withered wren in its shell.

"Yes, I know," said she. "But you need not be afraid; I am no tale bearer, to make mischief in anyone's family."

Mrs. Piery felt very uncomfortable after this little conversation was ended.

"How she did look at me!" thought she. "But I only spoke the truth, after all. We can't be burdened with her support! Let Abel talk as he pleases, and no matter what she says, I believe she has been an actress!"

But an actress could have put on such a cold stare as she did."

Half an hour afterward, when the bell rang, and some one inquired for Mrs. Oswald Piery, Mrs. Abel took her head to the cake she was making out of the oven.

"Company already," said she; "and gentlemen company, too, as I live! Well, if this is the way she intends to go on, the sooner she suits herself with a situation the better!"

Mrs. Piery had been secretly anxious for an opportunity of quarreling with her sister-in-law; here it was at last, and when the old gentleman with the glossy broadcloth suit was gone, she bounced into the parlor with a spit on either cheek bone like signal of war.

"So you have been receiving company, Mrs. Oswald?" said she.

"Yes," Plume innocently answered. "Gentleman company, too!" cried Mrs. Piery.

"It was Mr. Van Orden, my husband's lawyer," explained Plume.

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Piery. "All that sounds very well; but I have the character of my house to maintain, and—"

"He is coming back with a carriage," hurriedly spoke Plume. "I am to go to his house at once. Mrs. Van Orden is willing to give me the shelter which my own relatives grudge me!"

"I wish her joy of her bargain, I assure you," said Mrs. Abel Piery, with a toss of the mountains of false hair that crowned her head.

And so the two women parted, in no spirit of amity.

"I dare say she'll go straight to the store," thought Mrs. Abel, and invent a pitiful story for her husband's benefit. And Abel will make a great fuss—Abel was always soft about his relatives—but I shan't mind it. I always have been mistaken in my own house, and I always will be. Oswald's widow or no Oswald's widow."

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling apprehensive when her husband came in to tea. For when Abel really was angry, his anger signified something. But to her surprise, he entered all smiles, and rubbing his palms gleefully.

"No, Plume has gone," said he.

Effect Reading.

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

Mrs. Piery was not in good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table pouring coffee for her husband, and dispensing bread and butter to the three plump little Pierys. She was a handsome, over-dressed woman, with a good deal of false hair, frizzled and pinned and braided on the top of her head, and a complexion that bore a remote witness to the constant use of cosmetics. And Mr. Piery, at his end of the table, was evidently ill at ease, as he broke his eggs and tumbled diligently at his roll.

"But what was I to do, my dear?" she asked, after a brief silence, which was by no means peaceful.

"Do!" shrilly retorted Mrs. Piery. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a house for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?"

"My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piery, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself some day."

"And if I am, I shall not go begging among my relatives, that you may depend on," said Mrs. Piery. "And, after all, she isn't any relative of yours—only your brother's wife! I'd like to know what earthly claim she has upon you! I declare, the more I think of it the more I am amazed at the woman's presumption. Her very name is an aggravation, too. 'Plume Piery' indeed! I'll wager my new lace pin that she was a second rate actress when she married your brother. No, Mr. Piery, if you think that I—"

But here the torrent of the lady's eloquence was cut short by the unexpected appearance on the scene of the very subject of her objurgations—a tall, pretty woman of about four and twenty, whose wavy gold tresses and delicate fair complexion contrasted vividly with the deep mourning weeds she wore.

"Of course you will consider this as your home," said Mr. Piery, as he made haste to draw a chair close to the fire.

"Until you are able to suit yourself somewhere else," crisply added his wife.

The widow said little; she only looked, with large, watery eyes, from one to the other, as she sat there, the morning's gathering turning her fair locks to a mass of gold, the yearly decay of her skin arousing the liveliest envy in Mrs. Abel's heart.

"Though, of course, it's only some French balm or ointment or other, that I haven't heard of," said she to herself.

But after Mr. Piery had buttoned on his overcoat and gloves, he came back to the breakfast room, while his wife was putting up the children's school lunches in the pantry.

"I am not much of a talker, Plume," said he, in an odd, hesitating way; "but you are welcome, my dear—very welcome! And I hope you will try to feel at home. Don't mind Matilda, Matilda is a bit of a scold."

"Mr. Piery," uttered a sharp, warning voice, at this instant, from the threshold, "is it possible that you haven't started yet? And you know how particular lodge & Bodley are as to your getting to the store at nine precisely."

"Mr. Piery turned pink all over. "Yes, my dear—yes," said he. "I'm quite sure to be in time."

And he started off on a gentle trot. When he was gone, Plume took off her bonnet and veil, removed her mantle and gloves, and went into the kitchen.

"Can't I do something to help you, Sister Matilda?" said she pleadingly.

Mrs. Abel Piery looked, with cold blue eyes and lips firmly compressed, at the fair face, which was younger and fresher than ever without the jet black creole of the bonnet, and the slight graceful figure before her.

"No, I thank you," said she. "I am not used to having fine ladies in my kitchen."

"But if you will lend me an apron—"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Oswald," repeated the housewife. "You will find the newspaper in the hall. Perhaps the advertising columns may interest you."

"We are sisters," said the young widow, with a quivering lip. "Will you not call me Plume?"

"Oh, no, we're no relations at all, in reality," said Mrs. Abel Piery, weighing out ounces of sugar and pounds of flour with an unerring hand. "And really, your name is such a very peculiar one; Jane, or Martha, or Elizabeth would have been more to my taste. Perhaps, however," with a keen side-long glance, "you have been on the stage."

"No," said Plume, "I was a teacher when Oswald married me. But what did you mean about the advertising columns of the paper?"

"Situations, you know," said Mrs. Piery, reaching over to the raisin box. "Bridget, you have been at these raisins, as true as I live! There's half 'em gone since I was here last."

"No, mum, I haven't!" sharply responded Bridget, who was used to these kitchen skirmishes. "Shure I never lived in a house before where they counted the raisins and the lump of coal, and if I can't suit mum, it's a month's warning from today, if ye please."

"Situations!" repeated Plume, half afraid of Bridget's warlike demeanor, half puzzled at her sister-in-law's words.

"Yes," said Mrs. Abel Piery, paying no attention to Bridget and her skilful in a glove factory, you know, or a fancy store, or even as a nursery governess or attendant to some elderly invalid. For, of course you know," with another of those oblique looks that made Plume feel so uncomfortable, "you expect to work for your living. We are not rich enough to support all our relations. Abel's salary was reduced last year, and no one knows how strictly I have to economize to make both ends meet. And a strong woman like you ought not to sit down on a sickly man with a family, like my husband, because—"

"Stop, oh, stop!" said Plume, lifting her hand as if to ward off some invisible terror. "He said I was welcome. He told me—"

"That's just like Abel!" said Mrs. Piery, scornfully. "He'd take in all creation if he could. He never stops to think whether he can afford it or not."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plume with dignity. "It shall not be for long. I will look at the newspaper at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piery, graciously. "Of course you won't mention our little chat to Abel. He might be vexed; and after all, I'm only speaking for your good."

Plume looked up to her with an expression of face which somehow made Mrs. Abel Piery feel as if she was shrinking up like a withered wren in its shell.

"Yes, I know," said she. "But you need not be afraid; I am no tale bearer, to make mischief in anyone's family."

Mrs. Piery felt very uncomfortable after this little conversation was ended.

"How she did look at me!" thought she. "But I only spoke the truth, after all. We can't be burdened with her support! Let Abel talk as he pleases, and no matter what she says, I believe she has been an actress!"

But an actress could have put on such a cold stare as she did."

Half an hour afterward, when the bell rang, and some one inquired for Mrs. Oswald Piery, Mrs. Abel took her head to the cake she was making out of the oven.

"Company already," said she; "and gentlemen company, too, as I live! Well, if this is the way she intends to go on, the sooner she suits herself with a situation the better!"

Mrs. Piery had been secretly anxious for an opportunity of quarreling with her sister-in-law; here it was at last, and when the old gentleman with the glossy broadcloth suit was gone, she bounced into the parlor with a spit on either cheek bone like signal of war.

"So you have been receiving company, Mrs. Oswald?" said she.

"Yes," Plume innocently answered. "Gentleman company, too!" cried Mrs. Piery.

"It was Mr. Van Orden, my husband's lawyer," explained Plume.

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Piery. "All that sounds very well; but I have the character of my house to maintain, and—"

"He is coming back with a carriage," hurriedly spoke Plume. "I am to go to his house at once. Mrs. Van Orden is willing to give me the shelter which my own relatives grudge me!"

"I wish her joy of her bargain, I assure you," said Mrs. Abel Piery, with a toss of the mountains of false hair that crowned her head.

And so the two women parted, in no spirit of amity.

"I dare say she'll go straight to the store," thought Mrs. Abel, and invent a pitiful story for her husband's benefit. And Abel will make a great fuss—Abel was always soft about his relatives—but I shan't mind it. I always have been mistaken in my own house, and I always will be. Oswald's widow or no Oswald's widow."

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling apprehensive when her husband came in to tea. For when Abel really was angry, his anger signified something. But to her surprise, he entered all smiles, and rubbing his palms gleefully.

"No, Plume has gone," said he.

"No, mum, I haven't!" sharply re-

Effect Reading.

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

Mrs. Piery was not in good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table pouring coffee for her husband, and dispensing bread and butter to the three plump little Pierys. She was a handsome, over-dressed woman, with a good deal of false hair, frizzled and pinned and braided on the top of her head, and a complexion that bore a remote witness to the constant use of cosmetics. And Mr. Piery, at his end of the table, was evidently ill at ease, as he broke his eggs and tumbled diligently at his roll.

"But what was I to do, my dear?" she asked, after a brief silence, which was by no means peaceful.

"Do!" shrilly retorted Mrs. Piery. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a house for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?"

"My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piery, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself some day."

"And if I am, I shall not go begging among my relatives, that you may depend on," said Mrs. Piery. "And, after all, she isn't any relative of yours—only your brother's wife! I'd like to know what earthly claim she has upon you! I declare, the more I think of it the more I am amazed at the woman's presumption. Her very name is an aggravation, too. 'Plume Piery' indeed! I'll wager my new lace pin that she was a second rate actress when she married your brother. No, Mr. Piery, if you think that I—"

But here the torrent of the lady's eloquence was cut short by the unexpected appearance on the scene of the very subject of her objurgations—a tall, pretty woman of about four and twenty, whose wavy gold tresses and delicate fair complexion contrasted vividly with the deep mourning weeds she wore.

"Of course you will consider this as your home," said Mr. Piery, as he made haste to draw a chair close to the fire.

"Until you are able to suit yourself somewhere else," crisply added his wife.

The widow said little; she only looked, with large, watery eyes, from one to the other, as she sat there, the morning's gathering turning her fair locks to a mass of gold, the yearly decay of her skin arousing the liveliest envy in Mrs. Abel's heart.

"Though, of course, it's only some French balm or