

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.
STRICTLY ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

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Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool &
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GENERAL AGENT FOR
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LISTER BROTHERS, Proprietors.
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Fresh Bone-SuperPhosphate of Lime.
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John M. Lloyd.
GEN'L AGENT FOR

G. OBER & SON COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STANDARD FERTILIZERS,
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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 that we sell is as represented. As an evidence of the superiority of our goods, my sales have increased from 12 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 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, of Bryansown, 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 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 Chaptico 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 OBER'S, but while OBER'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 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 others both for Wheat and Tobacco.

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for Men and Boys, cut and
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and of the best material,
both Foreign and Domestic,
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You are sure of your
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and fuller measure for
value than you get else-
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ACME HALL,
"The Glass of Fashion,"
No. 209 W. Baltimore Street,
(NEAR CHARLES)
BALTIMORE.
Mail Orders receive Prompt Attention
A LITTLE TOO EARLY

FOR SPRING STUFF, NEVERTHE-
LESS WE HAVE MADE EARLY
PUSHES, BECAUSE WE HAVE
SECURED STYLES IN
SPRING GOODS

THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN
BOUGHT LATER. THE FIRST
SPRING MONTHS ONLY A FEW
DAYS OFF, SO WE ADVISE OUR
CUSTOMERS TO BUY A LITTLE
IN ADVANCE OF SPRING, AND
SECURE THE FIRST NEW THINGS
OF THIS SEASON.

Yard Wide Shirting Percales,
Wide Madras and Summer Goods,
New Patterns of Spring Suits,
Ladies Blue Cretonnes for Dresses,
Silk Rhodanes in Woods and Browns, \$1
Trot Cloths in Woods and Browns, 50c
38 inch De Beige in Woods and Browns, 25c
28 inch Flannel Suits (new), 40c
Hansburg Embroidery, half price, 1c,
2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, up

Every Department in our Store well Assort-
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BEEF & IRON.
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CELERY, The New and Improved New York
Preparation of the Great Remedy for
Pain, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Sciatica,
Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, and all
the Blood Affections of the System, is
the most valuable medicine ever
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General Exhaustion, Debility,
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Sciatica, Gravel, Migraine, and all
the Blood Affections of the System,
Loss of Physical Power,
and all the ailments of the
system, are cured by this
remedy.

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INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.
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ANNUITY COMPANY,
—OF—
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Will Insure all Healthy Subjects, Male
and Female.

THE COMPANY was organized in 1866 and
did business upon the Endowment and An-
nuity 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 cer-
tainty.

A man of forty years old can carry one
thousand dollars on his life, and thus secure
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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
dividends declared every six months. The
safety fund is already over \$400,000 and is rapidly
increasing. They have a cash capital of
\$250,000 and assets amounting to over one and a
quarter million.

R. H. MITCHELL, (General Agent for
MARYLAND.)
M. THOMPSON, (Agent for
CHARLES COUNTY.)
JNO. T. DIGGES, (Examining
Trustee.)

Select Reading.
A BRAVE BOY:
OR,
MERIT RECOMPENSED.

BY MOLLIE MERIWETHER.

"Henry Hinkle," said a beautiful
young lady, as she threw up the sash
of the window at which she was stand-
ing, "tell that dirty boy to get off the
stoop at once."

Henry Hinkle, the livered footman,
who was arranging the mats in an ele-
gant coupe before the door, at once
moved toward the boy in obedience to
his lovely mistress's command.

But the boy, evidently a bootblack,
spared him the trouble by rising at
once and walking slowly away.

He was a poor emaciated, forlorn-
looking fellow, with his clothes hang-
ing about him in tatters, and his bare
toes peeping through the wide cracks
in his ill-mated shoes, but he had as
much pride in his humble way as the
fair lady at the plate-glass window
had in hers, and there was an unmis-
takable look of wounded dignity on
his begrimed face as he turned it for
an instant in the direction of the
spectator.

"I'll not soil their stoop with my
rags again," he thought, as the clear,
cutting tones ceased and the window
slid softly down to the sill.

But having reached the next pave-
ment beyond, he paused and again
turned his eyes to the lady's face.

She was extremely beautiful, re-
minding him of one of the bright
prints he had been wont to admire at
a downtown book-seller's, and for mo-
ments he fastened his eyes on the
charming picture before him.

"A cat may look at a king," was
his inward comment, and leaning a
zeal against a neighboring lamp post, he
watched until she descended the broad
stairs, entered the carriage, and was
driven away. Then, with a sigh and
shiver, for it was a cold, windy morn-
ing, he slowly shuffled away.

It was some years ago, before boys'
lodging-houses or other hospitable re-
treats were thought of, and like many
another bootblack and newsboy of the
period, when without means, he was
compelled to find food and shelter as
best he could.

On this morning he had arisen with
aching bones from the interior of an
empty hovel, where he had man-
aged to pass the night, and after tak-
ing a long look at the rits and con-
sidering he could not buy, had wandered,
he scarcely knew how or why, into the
present aristocratic locality.

Hungry, tired and cold, he scarcely
had the spirit to look about for an
other job; but midway down the block
he espied two gentlemen in conversa-
tion, and with an effort he quickened
his steps toward them.

"Have a shine, sir?" he asked, glance-
ing up at the elder of the two, a stout
old gentleman, faultlessly dressed and
carrying a gold-headed cane.

But a cry, "clear out!" accompa-
nied with a wave of the gold-headed
stick was the only reply.

"These young rascals ought to be
suppressed by the police as a nu-
isance," he heard him remark to his
companion as he turned away.

At another time he would have re-
turned the old gentleman's opinion
with a sarcasm as cutting as his own,
but now he was quite too discour-
aged and miserable to reply, and, sitting
down this time on the curbstone, gave
himself up to his own dismal thoughts.

"Might have known 'd better ter come
over among the swell, anyway," was
his inward comment, but it went no
further, for he was now accosted by a
big, countryman, who, in his homespun
gait, looked fully as out of place on the
avenue as the young bootblack him-
self.

"That's a boot black! arrange-
ment, ain't it?" said the man, nodding
at the boy and snuff.

The boy nodded in return.

"Well, then, bub, you up and gloss
my shoes, will you?"

"This bub was only too glad to do,
a faint smile fitting over his face the
while.

In a few minutes the "cowhides"
were, as the owner declared, "all
right," and, surveying them complac-
ently, he fumbled into the depths of
his great pockets for the change.

"You're what they call a perfeshun-
al boot-black, haunt you?"

"Then, by Jiminy! ver a poor spee-
imen 'n' the craft; look as though
you hadn't tasted cow flesh in a
month."

"Yer right there, boss; no more I
have."

"Thought so," was the rejoinder,
"and here's 15 cents fur ter buy your
breakfast."

"You are a bully cove," was the
boy's reply, as he pocketed the money;
"when you came this way agin I'll
shine you up for nothin'."

Fifteen cents at such a time was as
good as a fortune, and away sped the
boy to purchase a breakfast.

There is nothing which reflects on
the entire system as a good breakfast,
particularly when there is a strong
Northeast wind sending its icy breath
the very marrow of one's bones.

And so the knight of the blacking
brush found it on that chill Novem-
ber morning, all his former spite re-
turning as the last morsel went raven-
ously down his throat.

With a bound he was off down the
street, and soon, as luck would have
it, turning the pennies as fast as he
could reasonably desire.

It was near 8 o'clock that same eve-

ing, and our young friend, standing
beneath the light of a street lamp, was
turning over in his mind whether he
had best spend a portion of his earn-
ings in a theatre ticket or save it for
the morrow, when some one lightly
touched him on the shoulder.

Turning suddenly he beheld the ob-
vious visage of a young colored water,
with whom he had a slight acquaint-
ance.

"How are you, Sambo?" he asked,
patronizingly.

"Oh, berry well, tank'e, but Ize in a
powerful hurry, and I cinn over dis
to hunt some pussen to do me a
favor."

"All right, shady. Then I'm the
one yer after. How much are yer go-
ing to giv'?"

"Just one shilling, and it's only to
tote a note to a young colored lady
dat lib wid some white folks a piece
of town. She's actin' in the 'pacity
of chambermaid, and her name am
Sophronia Johnson."

"Well, give us the change and the
letter, an' I'm off."

"Whew!" exclaimed the boy, as he
started off with the letter in his pocket
and the directions in his head. "The
very house they druv me from this
mornin'! Wonder if the nigger will
order me off the stoop?"

As the young "colored gemman"
said, it was only a piece up town, the
house being on Madison avenue,
just above Hoffman street.

But as the boy neared the corner of
the street a piercing cry of "Fire!
Fire!" reached his ear. Hurrying on
to see from whence it came, to his
amazement it proved to be the very
house to which he was bent on his er-
rand as letter carrier.

The fire alarm had been sounded,
and a crowd was rapidly gathering be-
fore the door, and among them the
bootblack was soon standing.

In some way the fire had gained a
headway before its existence had been
discovered, and the flames were dart-
ing upward through the wide halls
and into the second story. The start-
ling case was wrapped in a "reathing cloud
of smoke, and little flames of crim-
son light appeared in its midst, and on
the pavement just beyond stood a gra-
haired man, with clasped hands and a
face stricken with terror.

Our young friend recognized him
at once. It was the same old gentle-
man who had told him so gruffly to
"clear off" that morning, and in an in-
stant he took it all in—that he was
the father of the beautiful young lady
he had seen at the window, and that
some one was perishing in the flames.

"My child, my pet!" he was saying,
piteously, to himself; then, turning
excitedly to the gathering crowd, he
exclaimed in tones that sounded above
the din of the approaching engines,
and the hum of the murmuring throng
about him.

"A hundred dollars to the one who
will save my grandchild! Who will
save my grandchild?"

"I will!" responded a shrill voice
at his side; no other than that of the
poor bootblack of the morning.

"You are only a child," he began.

But the boy, pointing to the twir-
ling flames above him, interrupted his
talk.

"Tell me were the child is, and for
God's sake be quick!"

"In the second story back, in a lit-
tle crib."

"Some of you fellows boost me onto
that lodge above the parlor window,"
said the boy to the gaping bystanders,
"and I'll have it down in a twinkling."

Quickly they did his bidding, and
in less than time it takes to relate it,
he had clambered to the front cham-
ber window, and, effecting an entrance
disappeared amid the choking smoke
that was fast filling the room.

He soon found the crib, and taking
the little sleeper in his arms, wrapped
it up head and foot in a blanket he
tore from the rosewood bedstead at his
side.

Then pulling off one of the sheets
he endeavored to tear it into shreds,
but in vain; it was made of the finest
and strongest linen. His knife, how-
ever, was in his pocket, and hastily
whipping it out, he cut it into a num-
ber of strips.

Then trying them together by way
of a rope, he fastened it about the
middle of the child.

"Here it is!" he shouted, and at once
proceeded to lower the child into his
grandfather's outstreached arms.

A great cheer sounded up from the
multitude below, and the firemen, see-
ing the precarious condition of the
boy, ran for a ladder. But every in-
stant the danger increased, and he
could now feel the seething fire almost
catching him in its merciless embrace.

"I must jump!" he shouted, and a
hundred hands reached out to catch
him as he gave the leap.

But with all the eagerness of those
beneath him, they missed their reckon-
ing, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Tender hands raised him, but there
was no recognition in the still, white
face.

A deep gasp across the forehead
pointed to the most serious wound he
had received, and, without once open-
ing his eyes or giving the least sign of
consciousness, he was borne to a hospi-
tal.

It was many days before he recover-
ed his senses—weeks before he could
walk. But when this stage had been
reached he was the recipient of good
things. The hundred dollars, which
seemed a fortune in his inexperienced
eyes, was certainly his; but better
than this was the news that the par-
ents of the child he had saved intend-
ed to take his future in their charge.

Since he has become a man of high
position and unquestionable ability,
and, whenever he is asked how he

came by the scar on his forehead, his
answer invariably is:
"I received it when I was a boot-
black, and I call it my 'revenge.'"
Baltimorean.

Using One's Eyes.

How many of us go through life
without ever realizing that our eyes
have to be educated to see as well as
our tongues to speak, and that only
the barest outlines of the complex and
ever-changing images focused on the
retina ordinarily impress themselves
upon the brain? That the education
of the eye may be brought to a high
state of perfection is shown in numer-
ous ways.

There are many delicate processes
of manufacture which depend for their
practical success upon the nice visual
perception of the skilled artisan, who
almost unconsciously detects varia-
tions of temperature, color, density,
etc., of his materials which are inap-
preciable to the ordinary eye.

The hunter, the mariner, the artist,
the scientist, each needs to educate
the eye to quick action in his special
field of research before he can hope to
become expert in it.

The following story from the *Pena
Monthly*, which is quite *appropos*, is re-
lated of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently
characteristic of this remarkably ac-
curate observer to have the merit of
probability. We are told that once
upon a time the Professor had occa-
sion to select an assistant from one of
his classes. There were a number of
candidates for the post of honor, and
finding himself in a quandary as to
which one he should choose, the hap-
py thought occurred to him of sub-
jecting three of the more promising
students in turn to the simple test of
describing the view from his laboratory
window, which overlooked the side
yard of the college. One said that he
saw merely a board fence and a brick
pavement; another added a stream of
soapy water; a third detected the color
of the paint on the fence, noted a
green mould or fungus on the bricks,
and evidences of "bluing" in the water,
besides other details. It is needless to
tell to which candidate was awarded
the coveted position.

Houin, the celebrated prestidigitator,
attributed his success in his profes-
sion mainly to his quickness of per-
ception, which, he tells us in his enter-
taining autobiography, he acquired by
educating his eye to detect a large
number of objects at a single glance.

His simple plan was to select a shop
window full of a miscellaneous assort-
ment of articles, and walk rapidly past
it a number of times every day, writ-
ing down each object which im-
pressed itself on his mind. In this
way he was able, after a time, to de-
tect instantaneously all of the articles
in the window, even though they
might be numbered by scores.

Snake Story.

Speaking of the venomous snake
which caused the horrible death of
the little boy who lived near Grand
Falls, Maine, a short time since, a
Lewiston man vouches for the truth
of a similar occurrence in the eastern
part of this State which came under
his observation not long ago. A young
fellow, who was a noted sportsman,
always running about the woods, gun-
ning and fishing, one day about a
month since took his fishing rod and
started for a trout brook where he
was wont to make his headquarters
during the fishing season. He tells
the story himself, but about noon, he
saw by being warm he became thirsty
and stretched himself out on the bank
of the trout brook and began drinking
a cool draught from a clear pool just
below a small waterfall. How the
misfortune happened he can scarcely
explain, but when in the very act of
drinking he sucked into his stomach a
large water snake, and while he was
drinking he saw the snake crawl up
his arm and into his mouth.

It was with difficulty that he crawl-
ed home and obtained assistance of
physicians. His symptoms grew
alarmingly serious soon after medical
aid was summoned. The doctors did
everything in their power, but all
their efforts only resulted in making
the young man's condition more crit-
ical. The snake nearly choked the
man to death several times by crawl-
ing back and forth in his throat. The
young man was nearly dead, when his
friends advised him a last resort to go
back to the trout brook, lay down near
the water, and that perhaps the gurg-
ling of the water brook might en-
ter the water snake out of his stom-
ach back to his native haunts.

The victim of this awful calamity
thought the experiment only a foolish
chance for life, but he consented to
try it. He was carried to the brook
and placed directly beneath a water-
fall where the stream rushed down a
steep, rocky descent, making noise en-
ough to wake a dozen snakes. He
had remained in the water long be-
fore he felt a motion of something
crawling in his stomach. Gradually
the sensation became higher and high-
er, and the viper began slowly crawl-
ing up the poor man's throat. The
water had won the victory, for the
slimy reptile stuck his head out of the
man's mouth, saw the water rushing
past, and leaped into the brook. An
attempt was made to capture the wa-
ter snake, but it was unsuccessful.
The man lives to-day to tell the story.
—Lewiston (Me.) Democrat, May 15.

Our friend Primus Tucker has a dog
that he call "Illogical Inference," be-
cause it doesn't follow.

A bright little boy in Brooklyn, at
the beginning of Lent when he was
his Sunday school teacher, "Who had
fasted forty days and forty nights,"
replied: "Dr. Tanner."

Curious Action of Mind on Mind.

Talking of these tests recently with
a friend, who has been a professor