

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, JULY 2, 1886.

Volume XLIII.--No. 3.

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

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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 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. L. Burch, at Hyattsville, 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 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 Chaptin District, St.
Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound: He says that he can grow a large Tobacco
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weighs from 1 to 2 more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will here add that Mr.
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has used our goods for several years and says he will use no others both for Wheat and Tobacco

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A LITTLE TOO EARLY
FOR SPRING STUFF, NEVERTHE-
LESS WE HAVE MADE EARLY
PREPARATIONS, AND WE HAVE
SECURED STYLES IN
SPRING GOODS

THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN
BOUGHT LATER. THE FIRST
SPRING MONTH IS ONLY A FEW
DAYS OFF, SO WE ADVISE OUR
CUSTOMERS TO BUY A LITTLE
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Will Insure all Healthy Subjects, Male
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nuity Plan until the fall of 1879 when they
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they can now carry insurance at less than half
the cost of the old time companies.

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
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years, his payments will be greatly reduced by
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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
Physician.

Porty.

FOR THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES.
THE DISORDERED HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS HEWES.

Gloms is upon thy sleep he sits;
In the morning that might not stay;
Sorrow is in the breeze and
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim among thy early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than sunlight.

Friendest thou fair to a stranger's gaze,
My own sweet home of what day?
My children's birth place! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee.

How much I for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And I most eager for the post
That never more my step should meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me, midst thy singing birds.

"Till my heart dies, it dies away
For love which never deserved my treat
For all which went with "Dust to dust"
Up to my stars I have my heart.

What now is left me, but to raise
From this lone spot my spirit's gaze,
To lift through tears, my straining eyes
Up to my stars I have my heart.

Oh! many are the memories here,
But none are so dear as that
No haunting shade from things gone by,
May there be sleep the overhanging sky.

And there are those, whose long loved mein
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose path, where they are waiting,
Are left unto me, desolate.

I miss them when the hour is spread,
I miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon my dreams their dying eyes
In still and sorrowful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vaia
Tumble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this life is past,
Dims out our Father's face above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your (tho' life of lowly faith—
Guiding me, till on brighter shores
The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Select Reading.

PINKIE'S REVENGE.

"What a perfect shame that she got
here to-day!"

"Sh—sh—, she might hear you!"

"Nonsense! she is down in the
reception room. I don't suppose, if she
is from the back woods, she has got
eyes that can hear through floors."

"I'm afraid you are wrong. How can
you be so sure of that?"

"I don't care, mamma; she is sure
to be awkward and dowdy. How can
we have her at the dinner table to-
night? I shall be of mortification to
have to introduce her to Mr. Morris
as an acquaintance."

"Perhaps she will be too tired to
come down to dinner after such a long
ride. It is a little awkward to add
another to a set dinner party."

"Oh, mamma, bless you for the
thought! You can tell her that she
is too tired. You can arrange it, I
know."

"Well, I'll try."

"Then were the sentences which fell
on the ears of Priscilla Bent as she sat
alone, waiting to see the aunt and coun-
sins whom she had come all the way
from Kansas to New York to visit, of
whom welcome she felt as sure as if
she had known them all her life. It
was but a blunder of the servant that
she had been shown directly upstairs
to a room where she found her father
sitting mother and daughters.

"Pinkie! What a name!" continued
the first speaker. "Who ever heard
of such a name, except for a dog?"

"Her name is Priscilla," replied the
mother, "but Pinkie was given to her
by her father, when she was a little
girl, on account of her pink cheeks."

"Well, I will call her Priscilla."

"Your father will not like it," said
Mrs. Bent. "But we must go down."

A swift rush of three women down
the staircase, three loud exclamations
of dismay at the sight of the empty
reception room, looks of dismay and a
smothered whisper of exclamation.

"How stupid of Ben! Do you sup-
pose she heard?"

These were the opening scenes in
the swift little drama which here be-
gan so unobtrusively under Mr. Silas
Bent's roof this morning. And next to
these followed one which seemed
almost a justification of all that the
Misses Bent had said in regard to their
cousin. Slowly rising to her feet,
grasping her umbrella firmly in her
left hand, rose a tall, an exceedingly
tall young woman, who exclaimed in a
nasal voice:

"Well, I was just comin' to look ye
up. I didn't know that that fine
black gentlemen of yours had conde-
scended to let you know I was here,
four days an' four nights in the cars
is enough to kill an ox. But I'll be
all right as soon as I get my coffee. I
reckon breakfast's all cleared away
by this time, but I don't want much,
only a cup of coffee, if the cook ain't
brought it out. I'm real glad to see
you. I 'spose uncle got my letter,
didn't he?"

And pausing in her
breathless speech, pretty Priscilla Bent
looked sharply into the faces of her
equally shame-faced relatives. If they
had not been too guiltily disturbed in
their own minds by fears of having
been overheard in their own indispos-
table comments, they might have de-
tected a strange look on their Kansas
cousin's face, a mixture of twinkle and
terror. But they saw or heard nothing
except what so thoroughly corrob-

orated their worst fears. Even Mrs.
Bent herself, who had resolved before-
hand to be thoroughly kind to the
child of her husband's favorite
brother, was thrown off her balance,
and, in spite of herself, the welcome
she gave was curt and cool.

But nothing appeared to damp the
terrible Pinkie. Radiant good humor
shone in her face, her tongue ran like
a clapper, and when the dinner party
was mentioned, Pinkie cried:

"Not much. I ain't too tired. I'll
just bunk down, and by 6 o'clock I'll
be as fresh as a rooster!" We don't of-
ten get a chance to a regular dinner
party out in Emporia, and I don't
mean to miss one this winter. I say—
shall I wear my very best? I've read
about the kind of clothes you New
Yorkers wear to dinners. But I've
got some A. No. 1 gowns, I tell you.
Now, you just show me my room and
I'll go straight to bed an' stay there
till dinner time. You let your black
man bring me a tumbler of milk, will
you, along about two o'clock, and a
doughnut or hard tack. I'm used to
catin' hearty in the middle of the day."

When the door was finally shut up
on Pinkie, her aunt and cousins ex-
changed looks.

"Horrible!" cried the youngest
daughter, Carrie. "It's worse than I
ever conceived. How could papa send
for her?"

"He has not seen her since she was
ten years old," said Mrs. Bent, diamet-
rically. "Of course he could not dream
she would be like this. He had al-
ways said her mother was a charming
woman, and they lived in Europe for
several years when she was little. It
is horrible, girls."

"Bunk down!" ejaculated the eldest
daughter, Sophia.

"Fresh as a rooster!" echoed Carrie.
"Mamma, I shall go to bed myself and
be too ill to appear to-night. I don't
believe Mr. Morris will ever cross our
threshold again."

"Then he is welcome to stay away,"
said Mrs. Bent, hotly.

While this distressed consultation
was going on between Mrs. Bent and her
daughters, Pinkie, locked in her room,
was holding one with herself—tears
sparkling in her eyes, but her face
was full of mirth.

"I will!" she muttered. "I will do
it! It will be good enough for them.
I know I can! I will teach them a
good lesson. But I'll have to work
like a Trojan to get the dress ready."

"Let me see what I have got that will
do. It is just what I need. That old table-
cloth will be just the thing."

"How lucky I brought it!" she
chuckled as she shook out the folds of
a white muslin of the most antiquated
country fashion. "Now I can go to
sleep and rest easy for an hour. 'Awk-
ward and dowdy,' that is what I will
be, and in five minutes mischievous
Pinkie Bent was sound asleep.

Anxiety and vexation had made
Carrie ill, and it was with a most un-
becoming flush on her harassed face
that she appeared in the drawing room
a few moments before dinner hour.
There sat the cousin from Kansas:
Was ever such a figure seen in a New
York drawing room before?

A plain white muslin made in the
shepherd style, very full and very
short, scarlet stockings, a broad scar-
let sash, and worst of all, on the head
a turban of white muslin, with a scar-
let poppy flaunting in front! This is
what the malicious Pinkie had done
with herself, whose trunks were full
of exquisite French gowns such as her
cousins had never owned and not of
teal ones. She knew at least that the
opals on her soft, white neck would
command a certain sort of respect,
even from inquisitive relatives.

"Thank heaven she wore them!
That will show people she at last has
money. That necklace couldn't have
cost less than \$1,000."

"Yes," said Pinkie, nonchalantly.
"Ma likes 'em best of all she's got.
They're ma's. I like flowers and
I'm great on artificial flowers; always
wear 'em every day."

The guests were already arriving.
Mr. Bent himself among them, he
having, according to the fashion of
New York business men, arrived home
only in time to dress for dinner. His
heart was full of affectionate welcome
for his niece, whom he remembered
well as a beautiful child of ten, only a
half-dozen years ago; he did not at
first note anything but the lovely up-
lifted eyes and the affectionate voice.

As the dinner progressed, even un-
observant Mr. Bent became aware that
his niece's attire was not what it
should be, and that her voice was too
loud. "But the women folks can soon
straighten that all out, and the child's
as pretty as a picture."

So also thought the Hon. Mr. Mor-
ris, who, to Carrie's vexation, being
told now by her that the young lady,
in white was a cousin, who had arrived
most inopportunistly from Kansas, had
exclaimed: "From Kansas! How
delighted I am! This is the State of
all others I am most interested in see-
ing. I am going out there in the
spring. If all Kansas ladies have so
wonderful a complexion as your coun-
sin, that is another reason for visiting
the region. Pray, present me to her,
will you? I should like to ask her
many questions. Perhaps, ah! he
stammered with a curious mixture of
diffidence and audacity one often sees
in Englishman, "perhaps your mother
will be so very good as to let me have
the pleasure of sitting by her side at
dinner—that is, if it will not derange
your plans."

"I am quite sure mamma will not
relinquish the pleasure of having you
chiefly to herself at dinner," quickly
responded Carrie, her heart full of an-
ger and mortification. Nevertheless,
several times in the course of dinner,
Mr. Morris heard the shrill voice, and

thought to himself, "what a pity the
American voice is so high pitched?"

When the gentlemen joined the la-
dies in the drawing-room Mr. Morris
looked eagerly for the Kansas cousin.
Not seeing her, he accosted Mrs. Bent
with true English bluntness: "do
not see your niece from Kansas; I
hope she has not gone; I was count-
ing on talking with her all the rest of
the evening."

With mingled resentment and con-
fusion Mrs. Bent replied: "My niece
went up stairs immediately after din-
ner."

In truth, Mrs. Bent was in a state of
nervous bewilderment. Without her
anxious suspecting the real reason of
Pinkie's withdrawal, she had perceiv-
ed that the girl was greatly moved as
she came quickly to her when they
were entering the drawing-room.

"Aunt I must ask you to excuse me.
I am going up stairs to change my
dress. I am not dressed as I should
have been."

"Never mind, child, never mind."
Pinkie was gone.

It did not take her long to finish
her transformation touches. The
dainty white sash silk, with billowy
reaches of white lace from the belt,
the soft, clinging gloves to the shoul-
ders, the opal bracelets, the white sat-
in slippers—all were in readiness. But
at last Pinkie's heart failed her.

"It was a shameful trick to play on
them. I shall cry, I know I shall;
and I'd rather die than cry before that
Englishman."

At last she stole down slowly, hesi-
tatingly. Black Ben caught sight of
her, and reeled back with excite-
ment.

It was unerring instinct that led
Pinkie, on entering the drawing room
to glide swiftly to her uncle's side, and
putting both hands into his to say:
"Dear Uncle Silas, don't you make
my peace with aunt and your friends
here for masequating at your dinner."

He had half finished speak-
ing the company had gathered close
around her.

"I must say," began Mrs. Bent, in
an angry tone. But Pinkie went on
resolutely:

"I could not resist the temptation
to live up to the New Yorker's idea of
a Kansas girl, just for an hour or two.
You know that I was exactly the sort
of person you all expect to see from
the West." She gathered courage as
she saw smiles. "Yes, you all know
it," embracing the group in her ap-
pealing glance, "and we all know it
now. Then forgive me. You will
ask them to forgive me, dear Uncle
Silas, won't you?"

But Uncle Silas was laughing too
heartily. He bent over and kissed her
forehead.

"I ask them all to forgive me for
kissing you," he said. "A capital
joke, Pinkie!"

"The best bit of acting I ever saw,"
cried Hon. Mr. Morris, "quite clever;
very neat. Upon my word, though, I
do not think now, really, Miss Bent,
I should not have seen through it; I
don't think you have deceived me."

"I should not have tried," replied
Pinkie very simply. Yet there was
a certain indefinable something in the
tone which made the Hon. Mr. Morris
change color.

There are no words in which to de-
scribe the embarrassment of Mrs.
Bent and her daughters.

"Had Pinkie overheard what they
said about her?"

They sounded her as far as they
dared. But they never found out.

To only one person did Pinkie ever
tell the whole. That was to the Hon.
Mr. Morris, after she had been some
weeks his wife.

"I thought it was so unjust in them,
Frank," she said—so cruel. "I'd
just give them a lesson, and let them
see that manners may be only skin
deep—easily put on or off. I'd never
have done it, Frank, if I'd seen you
first—never. I wanted to run out the
room as soon as I saw you look at me."

"You needn't have done so," replied
Hon. Morris, "for I thought as soon as
my eyes fell on you that I had never
seen so lovely a face before."

"Did you really?" asked Pinkie.

"Really," answered the Hon. Mr.
Morris.

Wanted Him Sent Up for Ten Years.

A jury composed of eleven business
men and an old fellow from across the
creek retired to the jury room. The
foreman, when selected, remarked that
he thought that the prisoner ought to
be sent to the penitentiary for five
years.

"That ain't long enough," said the
old fellow. "Lets put him in for ten."

"Oh, no, that won't do."
"Well, then," stretching himself out
on a bench, "am with yer."

"What, you going to hang the jury?"

"That's about it."

"My dear sir, we are anxious to get
back to our business."

"Then send him up for ten years."

"But that would be a great in-
justice."

"Th'n squat and make yourselves
comfortable, gentlemen."

"Have you any special reason why
the prisoner should go up for ten
years?"

"Think I have," throwing a quid of
tobacco at the spittoon.

"Will you please name it?"

"Yes, fur it want take me long.
He's my son-in-law an' I have been
supportin' him ever since he was mar-
ried."

He went up for ten years.

A Terrible Death.

A strange and mysterious occur-
rence has caused much excitement in
Millersburg, Dauphin county, Pa.—
On Thursday, May 4th, there was a
jovial crowd in a hotel at that place,
and while they were imbibing, Samuel
Mottter entered. Mottter was well-
known throughout the county as a
patent medicine pedler, and was about
fifty-five years of age. His wife died
in the month of May, some time ago,
and a dysentery had been living near
her, and she died on religious subjects
arose. The sacrament of the Lord's
Supper was talked about. Mottter be-
came very earnest in his talk, and
finally dared the men to indulge in an
imitation of the Lord's Supper. They
ag