

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844.

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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 & Country Produce.**  
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We will give special attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of  
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Liberal advances made on consignments.  
We have engaged the services of MR. J. GUSTUS Y. GRAY to solicit for us in this country. (April 4-12)

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E. D. R. BEAN, Marcellus Burch  
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Consignments Solicited and prompt returns made. (Jan. 29 18-86)

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Gen'l Commission Merchant  
FOR THE SALE OF  
**Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-wood, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS, WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.**

Return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same. (Feb. 5 2-m)  
ESTABLISHED.....1822  
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Windows and Door Frames, Line and Calced Plaster, Moulding, Hand Rails, Paints, Oils, Leads, Cement, Slate Mantels, &c.

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

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Can be found at the office of R. H. Edelen, Esq. (Jy. 3-17)

## 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.

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THE BEST FERTILIZERS NOW IN USE  
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Nos. 54 and 58 Bachanan's Wharf Baltimore, Md.  
FACTORY--NEWARK, N. Y.

I have an Established Warehouse at La Plata, on the B. & P. R. R., and have all ways on hand there a full line of all grades of the above Fertilizers ready for immediate delivery. References: J. H. Langley, W. M. Jameson, Capt. Alex. Franklin, Thos. B. Delaney, Alex. Hensley, John B. Carpenter, H. H. Green and all who have used these goods. We have a most excellent article for POTATOES and all kinds of Garden Vegetables.

## John M. Lloyd.

GEN'L AGENT FOR

**G. OBER & SON COMPANY,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**STANDARD FERTILIZERS,**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**FERTILIZING MATERIALS.**

OFFICE, 25 S. GAY STREET, CORNER MARINE BANK BUILDING,  
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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, besides we keep on 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 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. L. Burch, at Bryansville, 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 Chaptin 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 Obe's, but while Obe's is just as good as to quality, it weighs from 1 to 1 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.

**BUGGIES! BUGGIES, BUGGIES!**

**CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGE!!!**  
All Kinds at All Prices from \$50 up.

**A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY \$73.**

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21 N. Liberty Street, BALTIMORE.

For First-class Clothing for Men and Boys, cut and made in the finest Styles and of the best material, both Foreign and Domestic, call at Acme Hall--You are sure of your moneys worth every time and fuller measure for value than you get elsewhere.

**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, INVERTIBLES, LESS WE HAVE MADE EARLY PURCHASES, BECAUSE WE HAVE SEVERED STYLES IN

**SPRING GOODS**  
THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN BOUGHT LATER. THE FIRST SPRING MONTHS IS 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.

It was certainly a veritable antique, and I had a perfect right to be proud of it. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion. It was, after all, a poor thing at first sight--only a dilapidated looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by seasons and sea water.

But in the eyes of an antiquary the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished and the mosaics with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word "Roma," with which its ancient maker had cunningly carved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, had he not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother, professor McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was witness for the truth, and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overboard," he had said, and then he had turned again to inspect his treasure. "Only regret," so ran his professional thoughts, "that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* yesterday; that boy Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Indiscreet*."

"Here's a gentleman speering for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a man about twenty, short, fair, and frank looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor, "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as I must tell you."

## Poetry.

**THE DISAPPOINTED.**  
There are songs enough for the hero  
Who dies on the right of fame;  
For those who miss their aim.

For those with a tearful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
And knows that his last best arrow  
Has heaped back from the mark.

For the breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who falls with his strength exhausted  
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence  
With a sorrow all unknown;  
For those who seek consolation,  
Yet walk their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers,  
Who share love's tender pain;  
For those whose passion  
Is given and is vain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
For those whose hearts are true,  
For those whose love is true,  
Who rarely lose the rue.

For the plan would be imperfect  
Unless it held some sphere  
That paid for the toil and sweat  
And saw that they were wanted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

## Select Reading.

**ROMA.**  
CHAPTER I.

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"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"But sir," was the rejoinder, "I assure you I have often seen this lady with the bracelet described in the paragraph; and she herself has no doubt it is hers. It was brought to her some years ago from Rome. You know they make them on the antique model still. The lady is very anxious to have the bracelet restored to her; and Professor Buchanan is so well known in the antiquarian world that we felt sure he would wish to be undeceived as to the value of an ornament which has no claim to antiquity."

"This last sentiment was certainly a delicate piece of flattery. The Professor accepted it as a literal statement of the truth."

"Deed," Mr. Henderson, said he "and that's a fact. But how will I know," continued the cautious Scotchman, "that the lady has got you after it? And how will she have dropped it into the sea?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Henderson, "I have brought my credentials with me. Here is my card and here is an exact description of the bracelet."

He handed a card and a piece of paper to the Professor, whose last hopes faded away as he read the minute description of his treasure. He knitted his brows to gain time.

"Of course," said the young man, "it must have become injured by being in the sea."

"Through a man of theories, the Professor was satisfied. "I am satisfied, young sir; I was mistaken," said he, resuming his ordinary manner. "But now, may I ask who was the lady who lost it?"

"The lady--Oh, well, sir, the lady who sent me here, is my sister," Mr. Henderson reddened again. "And, sir, you will not, I hope, mind my asking you to keep this to yourself. There are reasons--"

"No more, Mr. Henderson; say no more; you may be sure I will not be ready to tell my mistake. Pretoria here, Pretoria there. There's no lack of Edie Ochiltree, though the King's beakmen are extinct."

He opened the drawer, and taking out the bracelet, surveyed it rather ruefully.

"That is it," said Mr. Henderson, "but it is a good deal the worse for water. I don't wonder, sir, you were misled. It looks as old as the hills."

The Professor slowly wrapped it in paper and said, as he handed it to the young man:

"And will the lady have dropped it in the sea?"

"Well, she knew it was hers, directly she read the paragraph, and--"

"Well, I'm not asking to know more, said the elder man.

"And now I must be off, sir, with many thanks for my sister and myself for your kindness, but first, you must be good enough to let me know what I owe. I know what these fishing fellows are, and how they swindle you."

The Professor, however, obliquely refused to satisfy Mr. Henderson's curiosity on this point, and he found it impossible to urge the matter further. It might have been that he now blushed to own to having given a sum which at the time seemed moderate, but any way the Professor would only restore the bracelet as a gift to Miss Henderson.

It that immediately convinced the Professor that it was the bracelet? I hardly know, unless it was the sensitiveness of his antiquarian conscience? From whatever cause it arose, it is certain that he at once jumped to a conclusion, and glanced behind the lady, who was so comely taking her soup, to her companion.

Not Mr. Henderson. It is a question whether the Professor was more puzzled or relieved. Not Mr. Henderson; a man older, darker, handsomer. Well, the "laddie" had said it was from his sister he came, and after all, was not this lady rather like him? A bride, no doubt. He had the curiosity to look at her third finger, as well as her wrist. There was the magic circle, and young, too, and pretty, with an air of composed happiness which it did him good to see.

He made a little advance in handing her the salt. She turned and looked at him with the sweetest gray eyes he had ever seen, and a few minutes after they had entered into conversation. She and her husband had spent the Winter in Italy, she told him, and were now going into the Pyrenees. "That day they had been to the Roman baths and to the amphitheatre, and she grew merry over the recital of the way she had teased the cicerone of the latter."

"I told him," she said, "that the amphitheatre at Verona was far more perfect, and hurt his feeling dreadfully. You really must take pity on him to-morrow, and restore his self esteem for his favorite topic, when he was both amused and not pleased by the gentleman's referring to a paper on Roman antiquities, read before the Society of Antiquaries, and asking him if he agreed with one of the theories put forward."

"Deed," said the Professor, "I more than agree. I originated it."

"Indeed," replied the gentleman, with an interested air. "I fancied it had been original on the Professor's part."

"That it was," said our friend, with dry humor, "I was the originator."

"Oh, then I am speaking to Professor Buchanan," said the younger man. "I beg your pardon, sir."

The Professor, with a polite smile, looked at the young man. "I am not limited to time," said the Professor, "that is not my idea of enjoyment."

The lady had somehow become silent; she was engaged with her pocket. The French gentleman again opened fire, and the Professor's attention was distracted from his right-hand neighbors. He noticed their departure, for they bowed with pointed politeness, and she shortly after passed into the *salon de lecture* to look at *Galligiani*.

It was, perhaps, an hour later that the young husband returned, and, again entering into conversation, asked him if he would like to come into their *salon* and look at some photographs, as he and his wife were leaving Nimes next morning, and they would both like to see him again.

"My name is Montevros," said he, as he led the way to their room; and we are at the end of a long-wedding tour."

Mrs. Montevros greeted the Professor with a smile. She had ordered coffee, and as the three sat near the open window, the Professor could not but admire the sweet face and fresh grace of the young wife.

He looked over the photographs, and might have become too discursive on their merits, had not Mrs. Montevros, with a glance at her husband, said:

"I have wished to thank you myself, Professor Buchanan, for restoring to me what I so much value."

As she spoke she handed to him the ornament to which I have so often referred, and her husband said:

"Do not wonder you took it for a true antique, it was so much injured. Now you see it has a more modern air."

"Deed," said the Professor, who was handling the trinket: "We will, if you please, say no more of my mistake. Then, Madam, with his old-fashioned courteous bow," I had a theory which I was too glad to have confirmed, and I must confess that the word "Roma" was too much for me. Now I see it in a fresh light, and I assure you it pleases me more than any discovery to find I have been of slight service to you."

Mrs. Montevros smiled. She certainly had a wonderful smile, and there was an indescribable air of quiet content in the way in which she said, as she reclaimed her bracelet:

"Yes, I was very glad to have it a gain."

"And how did you lose it in the sea?" said the Professor, who had all ways felt a curiosity on this point.

The lady did not answer; she was arranging the lace at her wrist.

"She did not lose it," said her husband.

"Well, my dear," in answer to a glance from her, "you would thank the Professor yourself, so he may as well hear the whole story, and that is, Sir," said Mr. Montevros, "that I pitched it in myself--I did indeed. I had parted from this lady, who is now my wife; I was in wretched spirits, and I was determined that at least no one else should ever wear the present she had returned to me. And then she saw the paragraph in the paper, and guessed what I had done; and so by your means it came back to her."

"It was an omen," said a quiet voice. "The husband's eyes brightened; he gave a short laugh.

"The omen is fulfilled, you see, or we should not have met you here."

"Thank you for the word 'Roma,'" said the Professor.

**Resting After Meals.**  
A lady who has suffered from dyspepsia during almost her entire life, considers the suggestions in the following extracts from an article in a recent issue of *The Journal of Health* to be the most in accord with her own experience of anything on the subject lately published.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immediately by some employment that occupies the whole attention and takes up all, or nearly all, of the physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritability, a sure indication that nerve force has been exhausted; the double draught in order to digest the food and carry on the business has been more than nature could stand without being thrown out of balance. In another case, the person is exceedingly dull as soon as he has a few minutes of leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and can only move in its accustomed channels, and then only when compelled. This, also, is an indication of nervous exhaustion. Others will have decided pains in the stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy burden was inside. Others, again, will be able to eat nothing that will agree with them; everything that is put inside the stomach is made the subject of a violent protest on the part of that organ, and the person suffers under agonies in consequence. Others suffer from constant hunger. They may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least unusual exertion brings on the hungry feeling, and they can do more until something is eaten. It is almost needless to say, that inflammation is not stomach. Scarcely any two persons are affected exactly in the same way, the disordered condition manifesting itself according to temperament and occupation, employments that call for mental work, and those whose scene of action lies indoors, affecting persons more seriously than those carried on in open air and those which are merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them and rested a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food.

Nature does not do two things at a time and do both well, as a rule. All know that when a force is divided, it is weakened. If the meal were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well undisturbed before the nervous force is turned in another direction, patients suffering from dyspepsia could be few.

A physician once said: "It does not so much matter what we eat as how we eat it." While this is only partly true, it certainly is true that the most healthful food hurriedly eaten, and immediately followed by work which engages the entire available physical and mental forces, is much less than a meal of poor food eaten leisurely and followed by an interval of rest.

**Full Style.**  
"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at the Fifth avenue store.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "We have had them in only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The clerk explained that vice versa was French for servant buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

Akron, O., is a sort of heaven on earth. Fifty-seven million machines are made there in one day.

Those Men: "Think I'll run down to Hastings for a change." "Take the missis?" "I said 'For a change!'"

Information comes from St. Louis that the servant girls are joining the Knights of Labor. We think the "joining" is done by a priest.

"I hope Mr. Carlisle will never be President," said the Congressional lady who has literary soirees. "Have you read the Froude scandal as to how he treated his wife?"

Artesian wells have been sunk at several of the seaside resorts; but they will not be the greatest bore there this summer, by upward of considerable. They will be no match for the young man who apes the swell Englishman and runs down his own country.