

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.

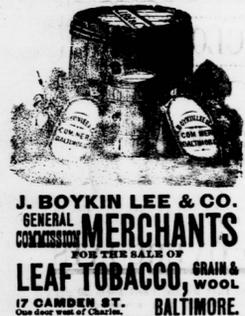
Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 26, 1886.

Volume XLIII.—No. 24.

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. BOYKIN LEE & CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
LEAF TOBACCO, GRAIN &
WOOL
17 CAMDEN ST. BALTIMORE.

Chipchase Bros.,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool &
Country Produce.
106 South Charles street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will give special attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of FERTILIZERS, CLOVER SEED, GROCERIES AND IMPLEMENTS furnished at LOWEST PRICES. Liberal advances made on consignments. We have engaged the services of MR. AUGUSTUS V. GRAY to sell for us in this county. (April 4-ly.)

DULLEY & CARPENTER
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain &c.
87 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

E. D. R. BEAN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides,
Furs, Live Stock
and Produce Generally.

ALBIN PRICE & CO.,
909 La. Ave., & 910 C. St., S. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Gen'l Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs,
Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-
WOOD, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS
WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
DEALER IN
Lumber, Shingles, Laths,
Nails, Lime, Cement,
Calced Plaster, &c., &c.
MANUFACTURER OF
FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,
BRACKETS, AND ALL KINDS
OF WOOD WORK.

B. F. PEAKE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Building Materials, Hardware
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Window and Door Frames, Lime and Cal
clined Plaster, Moulding, Hand Rails,
Paints, Oils, Lead, Cement,
Slate Mantels, &c.
Cor. King & Pitt Streets,
No. 3m ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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 E. H. Edelen, Esq. (jr. 3-ly)

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.

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. Jamison, Capt. Alex. Franklin, Thos. B. Holzer, Alex. Heston, John B. Carpenter, H. H. Owen 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. GUY STREET, COR. BALTIMORE
MARINE BANK BUILDING.
Factory, Locust Point, BALTIMORE.

Regular Brands—SPECIAL NO. 1 PERUVIAN RAW BONE & POTASH, AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME, PURE DIS. RAW BONES, PURE DIS. RAW BONES & POTASH, PURE DIS. BONE, PURE DIS. BONE, DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE, DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE, LOCUST POINT COMPOUND, FARMERS STANDARD MIXTURE 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, 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 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. I. Burch, at Bryanswood, or Mr. C. E. 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.

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 our fertilizer 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 there 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 for his Wheat and Tobacco.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES, BUGGIES!
CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!!
All Kinds at All Prices from \$50 up.

A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY \$73.
Call and be convinced of what we say.

H. D. SCHMIDT,
21 N. Liberty Street, BALTIMORE.

Know!

That you waste time, patience and money, when you go elsewhere for clothing for Men or Boys, before coming here! The quicker you find this out the more money you will save. Our 2 1/2 story warehouses contain the largest, the most varied, the newest and most fashionable Stock of Fall and Winter garments in Baltimore, all our own make, offered to you at tempting Prices.

OEHM & SON
HEADQUARTERS
Sleigh Goods!

Assortment Large, Prices Low
IRONED SWELL CUTTERS,
SWELL CUTTERS, NOT IRONED
SLEIGH BASKETS,
TWO AND FOUR MASSESERS.
Sleigh Runners,
ONE TO TWO INCHES SQUARE
Sleigh Bells, Plumes, Plushes,
CLOTHS, CARPETS, COULINGS,
SHOES, IRONS, BOLTS, ETC.
Quotations Cheerfully Given
"CAMBRIA"
Link Bar Wire,
"CASTORINE"
THE RELIABLE AXLE OIL.
"CASTORINE"
THE BEST AXLE GREASE.
COACH FINDINGS,
Bar Wire, Steel,
VARNISHES,
MASCAY'S FINE COACH COLORS.

J. B. KENDALL,
618 Penna. Ave., 619 B. St.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Volina Cordial
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS,
MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

Volina Cordial
IT is invigorating and De-
lightful to take,
and of great value
as a Medicine for
weak and Ailing
Women and Chil-
dren.

Volina Cordial
IT gives NEW
LIFE to the
whole SYSTEM
by Strengthening
the Muscles, toning
up the NERVES,
and completely Dis-
cussing the food.

Volina Cordial
A Book, Volina,
by leading U. S.
physicians, telling
how to treat Dis-
cussing the NERVES,
and completely Dis-
cussing the food.

Volina Drug and Chemical Company,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.
CHAPEL POINT MILLS.

Select Reading.

WHAT TONY DID.

"Have you seen the Freshman?"
"Which?"
"There is but one you could see."
"Humpty Dumpty? Oh, he per-
vades the place. The trees in the
campus shrank into bushes when he
came into it."

The students who were going up to
chapel in groups were calling to each
other, joking and laughing. But there was
but one subject to-day for their jokes.
"Have you seen the Babe?" "Tom
Thumb," "Bully,"—they had a dozen
nicknames for this unfortunate fresh-
man, who had arrived the previous
night, and had been seen at the hotel
by some of them.

He was not at chapel, however, so
that the majority of us were disap-
pointed.

I had an errand to Prof. Tyndall's
room that morning, and found there a
very meek, anxious little woman,
who had brought her son up to col-
lege.

She was speaking as I entered.
"You understand, professor, he is
my only child. I am a widow. He
is all I have."

"I do not understand, madam," said
the good old Professor, gently, "and all
that I can do to make him a useful
man shall be done, rest assured. But
in the end it depends on the lad him-
self."

"Oh, Tony's willing! He does his
best. But we're very poor. It has
been hard work for years to raise the
money for him to come here, and now
I want him to learn everything right
away. Greek and Latin and mathe-
matics and history and—"

"Is your son a good arithmetician?"
Or has he a talent for languages, or
belles lettres, or what has an incli-
nation for?"

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, unless it is
his meals. He's very fond of dinner,
especially when there's pot pie. But
as for books, he doesn't banker for
any of them. That's the reason I
brought him here."

"I should like to see the boy," said
the worried professor.

"He's just outside. But you'll be
gentle with him," she said, anxiously,
"He's a mere boy, a perfect
fool child. Come in, Tony, dear!"

The professor looked away to hide a
smile as the young man came
up, leading an immensely overgrown
youth as she would a baby.

"This is Tony, sir. That is his pet
name, but Anthony Briggs Brasher
is his full name."

"Take a seat, Mr. Brasher," said
the professor, placing a chair for the
lad. "A few questions, perhaps, will
give me an idea of the best course for
you to choose. Many of our studies
are elective. How far have you gone
in Latin?"

"Tony's red face was perfectly round,
and not a wrinkle in his lines, but a
boy of six. But there was great anxiety
in his eyes, as he said, in a husky
whisper, 'I never could get beyond
the grammar, sir.'"

"And in Greek?"
Tony shook his head. The exami-
nation on every subject brought the
same result. The professor frowned.
"You are fit only for the preparatory
school, I fear. As to mathematics,"
Tony's face lightened. "I don't
think I am quite such a dunce in
mathematics as in other things. I
like the study. I have gone through
geometry and algebra twice."

"Well, well," said the professor,
"we shall see. You will undergo a
regular examination. If you must
enter the preparatory school, it will
make your course a year longer."

"Oh, dear, Tony, do try!" almost
sobbed his mother. "You know all
that depends on your getting through
soon. I want him to be a minister.
His father was a minister. He'd
earn our living that way, and serve
God, too. I want him to live for the
glory of God and the good of the
world."

The professor attended her respect-
fully as she went out. Tony lingered,
caching a sigh of me.

"Are you one of the students," he
said.
"Yes," I had an odd bewilder-
ment as to whether it was a child or a
game, eager man who was talking to
me.
"I suppose it's hard work here?"
"Pretty hard even for a bright fel-
low," I replied.
"Well, I can't do it. I'm not very
bright; I'm a regular dunce. I've
made up my mind to that. Except,"
his queer, dark eyes brightening, "in
one or two little things, but they
wouldn't count here."

whole college. He was "Babe," "In-
fant," "Humpty Dumpty" still, but
every man, from the professors to the
newest freshman, liked Tony. He was
so good-humored, so sincere, and a-
bove all, in such deadly earnest with
his work! He began with fresh zeal
every morning to score a fresh failure
before night.

By dint of pushing, he was taken
into the freshman class.

"I doubt if he ever goes further,"
said Prof. Tyndall to me (I was now a
tutor in the lower school). There's
not a mean or vulgar trait in that
grat at body. Under his good humor,
there is a fine, noble nature. But a
minister he will never be. Even if he
could ever speak in public he never
can take the training."

The half-yearly examinations were
at hand. Tony broke down again in
Latin and Greek. I went to his room
that evening, and found him sitting
straddle of his chair, his chin on the
back, staring steadfastly in the fire.

Tony's round face was as boyish as
ever, but there was an infinite depth
of longing and pain in his dark eyes.

"Hard luck, Brasher," I said.
"You don't know the worst. Here is
a letter from my mother, counting
the time until I shall be a minister;
doing something for the glory of God's
gospel and the good of the world.
How can I tell her I am thrown back
another year? I ought to be at work
now supporting her."

"I thought you did that during the
summer, and earn enough to help us
both; but it is very poorly. Other
men of my age would have a oppor-
tunity. She is growing old. She ought
to live like a lady."

"Will you persist here?"
"I will stay the four years as I have
promised her."

I could not reach him with any
courage or comfort. Tony was tread-
ing the depths of misery where no
man could come nigh to him.

But after that day there was a sin-
gular change in him.

He was regular and attentive in his
classes as he had been before; but out-
side of the college he withdrew himself
from his old companions, gave up his
fishing and his club. He was seldom
seen on the ball or cricket grounds;
he scarcely gave himself time for his
meals.

His door was always locked, but
vague reports crept out that "the
Babe" was surrounded by piles of new
books, sheets of drawing paper, neu-
tral salts, &c.

By degrees this order of things be-
came habitual and ceased to provoke
remark. There was a gravity and ear-
nestness in Tony never seen before.

Sometimes he took a holiday, came to
the ball-field, and this his wild "Hur-
rahs!" drowned all the others.

"Time passed. Men who began with
Tony were now seniors. He was only
beginning his sophomore year.

The college stood in the suburbs of a
large city, and the boys naturally
took a keen interest in all public
events. Among these was the erection
of a large church which was to be the
most stately and beautiful in the city.

The money to build and endow it had
been left by a man of great wealth
who requested that it should be kept
forever for the use of the poor.

All the leading architects submitted
plans to the committee. One was
chosen, and the work of building was
pushed with energy. It was near the
college, and the boys were so interest-
ed in the matter that the new church
became a place of daily resort, and as
its massive dome and airy spire rose
in the air, each lad felt that he per-
sonally had a share in it. Tony es-
pecially was in the habit of going
daily to the building and spent hours
in watching its rapid growth, and
talking to the workmen.

At last it was finished. It was to
be consecrated the day before com-
mencement.

Mrs. Brasher came up to the col-
lege that day. Her reports of Tony's
progress had been vague. She came,
full of despairing fears to verify them,
and made her way at once to Prof.
Tyndall's room.

"I have not Tony's confidence," she
complained. "He writes to me that
he is trying faithfully to satisfy my
wishes, but that he knows it is use-
less. He does not go into details."

"The professor went into details, end-
ing with, 'It is fully to be de-
voted to me. You must see that the
effort Tony has made to become a
minister is useless, as he says. Are
you not willing even now that he shall
take up some other work in life?'"

her own troubles, her eyes filled, her
face shone as she listened with the
great concern, all of whom were
moved and touched.

"There is one thing more to be told,"
said the speaker, "which makes this
noble offering still more worthy
Most of the architects in the city and
State submitted anonymous plans for
this building. The one chosen was
the work of a young man. It is his
first work, but it shows a power and
skill which ensure him fame and for-
tune. He refused to accept any re-
ward for it. He offered this first fruit
of his undoubted genius to the service
of Him who endowed him with it.

This man, who more than any of us
dedicates this church today to the
glory of God and the good man, is
your friend and neighbor Anthony
Brasher."

There was a moment's amazed si-
lence and then the air rang with the
shouts of the people.

All of the college men crowded
round Tony; his mother hung on his
arm, proud, as if half frightened. But
he stood looking at the white temple
as if in a dream, repeating the speak-
er's last words under his breath, "To
the glory of God and the good of men."

There are many young people who
cannot become what their parents
plan for them to be in life, but they
can become useful in following some
special gifts that God has given them.
Such may find the new school year an
encouragement to best effort in exam-
ples like Tony—and they are many.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
But one child—a daughter—had
been the union of Mr. and Mrs. Bum-
blethrop. She ripened into woman-
hood, but in ripening she had develop-
ed few of those feminine charms cal-
culated to attract suitors, and there were
indications she would die an old maid,
if her life spared. How to secure a
husband for her was the great problem
in the mind of Mrs. B., which she
was continually revolving, indignantly
sometimes that her husband seemed
to give himself no concern about it.

But a grave subject monopolized the
thought of Mr. B. He contemplated
building a new barn that should
eclipse any that his neighbors possess-
ed. He had thought to be the archi-
tect of his own barn, as he had been
of his own fortune, and had drawn up
and torn up innumerable plans for it.
But nothing he could devise afforded
satisfaction.

One day, as he sat together in their snug little
sitting-room. Mr. B. thought of the
barn; Mrs. B. was thinking of her
daughter—and the wariness of suitors.

At length Bumblethrop sprang to
his feet and exclaimed abruptly:
"By George, I believe I will adver-
tise for proposals!"

"Advertise for proposals?" cried
Mrs. B., struck all of a heap, as she
afterwards expressed. "Why, Bum-
blethrop, what would the neighbors
say to that?"

"Say, my dear? No matter what
they say. It's not at all unusual.
Such things are done every day."
"Yes," said Mrs. B. slowly, "I've
seen advertisements of that kind in
the papers, and she picked up a
paper to see if she could find all upon
her daughter—and the wariness of suitors.

"Then fellows, Mr. Bumblethrop?"
"Yes; the fellows that we want to
reach. Money's what they're after,
you know, and they will send in their
proposals by the next mail."

"How many—er—proposals do you
think we will get?" asked Mrs. B.,
who began to see an opportunity for
making an eligible selection, though
she didn't like that way of doing the
business.

"A dozen, like as not. But the more
the merrier. I shall ask for the
plans and specifications, of course, be-
fore selecting one."

"Plans and specifications!" exclaimed
Mrs. B., more bewildered.
"That's what I said. We must have
plans, mustn't we?"
"Of course," assented Mrs. B., who
had been doing nothing else but re-
volving plans for several years back.

"In the first place," continued Mr. B.,
"there must be a good solid founda-
tion."

"You mean pedigree?"
"Now you are thinking about the
stable, but we will consider that after-
wards. The next desirable is a good
strong frame, and it must be thorou-
ghly braced up."

"But I thought you didn't believe
in bracing up," said Mrs. B., quite
shocked as such a radical change of
sentiment on the part of her husband,
who was an unbending total abstin-
ence man.

"Mr. B., I don't see what you are
thinking of. A brace here and there
is absolutely necessary, and a man who
knows his business will put it in."

"Perhaps—you mean em-brace,"
said Mrs. B., coloring a little.
"Embrace," echoed B., with some
surprise. Then he added, testily, "So
here, mother, I don't want any of your
weak puns over the business. This
comes of reading those funny papers."
Mrs. B. rested silent and abashed.

"After some moments reflection he
replied:
"How many stories high can we get
along with?"
"Good gracious, Bumblethrop!"
cried Mrs. B., in a genuine alarm,
"can't we have one without any stories

attached? These stories are passed
about the mouth to mouth, and then
they get into the newspapers, you
know. It will be terribly mortifying
to Celia Ann."

"Mortifying to Celia Ann? I really
believe you are getting crazy. Stories
are necessary, if you want one that
will hold a good deal. Mr. Bumble-
throp?"

"You know what I mean. I want
one that is able to stow away lots of
fodder."

"Why, I never heard you go on like
that before. Do you want a gourmand
for a son-in-law?"

"Gourmand? Son-in-law? Who's
talking about a son-in-law?"
"Why, you're are, ain't you? You
know I've been trying year in and
year out to marry off Celia Ann, and
didn't you say just now that you were
going to advertise for proposals?"

"Yes, I did," said B., a light sud-
denly bursting upon him.

"Well, what did you mean by it?"
"I meant," said Bumblethrop, pur-
ple from suppressed laughter, "propo-
sals for building my new barn." And
then he had to run out to the new
back yard where he could give vent
to his mirth in order to avoid sudden
apoplexy.

The Point of Death.
Although usually it is easy to tell
when dissolution has occurred, yet
there are cases which occur from time
to time rendering the matter one of
very grave uncertainty. The point at
which the soul relinquishes the body
is among the most difficult things to
ascertain. Perhaps this uncertainty
is one of the reasons why there is such
curiosity as to death beds and last
words. We are anxious to know how
affairs appear to those who are passing
away. They are undergoing the
great change through which every
one must pass.

How does it look to them? Very
little more information is to be gath-
ered from the dying than from the
dead. Certain influences may be
drawn from the surrounding—the
departing color, the cold, deepening
stare, the groan, the rattle in the
throat, the stiffening limb; but they
are as likely to mislead as not. And
the same may be said of the death sym-
ptoms. They are as enigmatic as the
declarations of the oracles. We may
take sometimes half a dozen meanings
from them, as, for instance, Google's

earthly darkness growing around him,
or was it the breaking of the eternal
light upon his vision, or was there yet
some deeper significance in the ex-
clamation?

Medical works show that people
have been resuscitated fifteen, twenty
and even thirty minutes after appar-
ent death. Heldon, the highwayman,
is said to have been dead three-quarters
of an hour. His body was cut
down after hanging that length of
time, and was handed over to his
friends after a thorough examination.
That night he was seen as well as ever,
except for a stiffness of the neck.

Pryce, the Norwich miser, was dead
as Caesar, according to those about
him, and until some thoughtful per-
son, distrusting the warmth of his
hands, administered a stimulant. He
arose and lived years afterwards. Cases
of mere trance are almost innumera-
ble.

Supposed deaths from drowning
show that resuscitation may take place
thirty or forty minutes after all life
has apparently left the body. The
question as to what becomes of the
soul in this long interval is the one
which puzzles many. But the chief
point in the matter is that the physi-
cians and friends should not too readi-
ly accept appearances in the critical
hour. There may, as in the Fraser
instance, be yet some spark of life re-
maining. As Dr. Lackerstein claims,
there is absolutely no reason why, with
the resources he employed at hand,
any one should die of an over dose of
chloroform or from a shock while un-
dergoing a surgical operation.

The Force of Growing Plants.
The force exerted by growing plants
is very great. Fungi are composed of
soft tissues, yet a growing mushroom
has been known to lift a large paving
stone. The rootlets of pines and cedar
growing on the sides of rocky declivities
penetrate narrow crevices in the
rocks, and finally by their growth
loosen huge masses and send them
tumbling down the cliff. Years ago
President Clarke, of the Massachusetts
Agricultural College, put a pumpkin
into harness and demonstrated that it
was capable of lifting thousands of
pounds. In a cemetery in Hanover
a seed germinated in a crevice beside a
tombstone which contained 20 cubic
feet. The seedling, now a small tree,
has lifted the stone over five inches.
Not the least wonderful of phenomena
of this class is the force exerted by a
radicle of the germinating plant. Dr. Ir-
win has demonstrated that it exerts a
force which, in proportion to its size,
is astonishing. This force the plant-
let utilizes in sending its roots into
the soil, and the strongest part of the
strange phenomenon is that the little
soft radicle is capable of penetrating
soil very much harder.

Eye, if sown now, will grow, and as
it is hardy, will furnish early green
food before the grass makes its appear-
ance in the spring.

The natural life of sheep is shorter
than that of any other domestic animal.
Five or six years in the limit of
practical usefulness, though valuable
breeding ewes may be kept one or
two years longer by careful treatment,