

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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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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Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-
WOOD, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS,
WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.

Returns thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same.
(Feb. 5-2 m.)

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To Secure High Prices.

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Commission Agent
For all kinds of Country Produce.
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Agent for Chemical Fertilizer Co of Baltimore city, Germ Patent Family Flour, and Wats's Richmond Flours.
May 4-11

MONEY TO LOAN.
ON DESIRABLE FARMS
in Charles County in sums to suit.
G. A. RASCH,
158 Carrollton Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

J. Benj. Mattingly,

GENERAL AGENT FOR
SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Passaic Agricultural Chemical Works



LISTER BROTHERS, Proprietors.

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AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE.
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John M. Lloyd.

GEN'L AGENT FOR

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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 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 object 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 Ober & Sons Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. L. Berek, at Hyattstown, 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 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.

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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.

Poetry.

SANDS OF DEATH.

Death, men say, is like a sea
That engulfs mortally,
Treach'rous, dreadful, blindingly
Pull of storm and terror.

Death is like the deep, warm and
Pleasant when we come to land,
Covering up with tender hand
The wave's drifted error.

Life's a tortured, brooding gorge
Win of passion and of rage,
And transmute to booming surge
Foam-crests of ambition.

Death's a couch of golden ground
Warm, soft, permeable mound
Where from even memory's sound
We shall have remission.

Select Reading.

THE WIDOW'S PUMPKINS.

It was a brilliant October morning, the frost sparkling with hoar frost, the trees waving their jeweled arms to the sunshine, and Eliakim Ellis was driving serenely down Hay Hill. "Ain't a poet," thought he, "but if I was, I could write a lot of rhymes about like this. Why, it's poetry all the way through. And—eh?—how?"

That was the widow Hepsy Hall, standing at the door of her little one-story house, and beckoning with her long, lean arms toward him. The farmer drew his rein. "Hold on, Sorrell!" he apostrophized his steed. "You ain't never in a hurry, when I want you to be, so I calculate you can stand still a bit now. Wal, Miss Hall, what can I dew for you this mornin'?"

"I've got some pumpkins that I want to sell," said the Widow Hepsy. "Drefffal likely ones."
"Pumpkins!" echoed Eliakim. "Why bless your soul, Miss Hall, pumpkins is a dreg in the market, just now. The pumpkin crop has turned out powerful good, thank Providence, and our folks is feedin' 'em to the cows."
"A show of dire disappointment crept over the old woman's face as she stood there, unconsciously picturesque, against the early fog tendrils and crimson woodbine leaves, that garlanded the doorway. The tears came into her dim eyes.

"Then I may as well give up," said she in accents of despair. "For I ain't nothin' else to sell, and Belinda's hat at such store on my comin' down this mornin' afore cold weather set in."

"Eh?" said Mr. Ellis; good-naturedly. "You was a-goin' down to Belinda's, eh?"
"I can't without no money," said the Widow Hepsy Hall. "And I was sort of calculatin' on them pumpkins for a while, but I ain't nothin' else to sell, and Belinda's hat at such store on my comin' down this mornin' afore cold weather set in."

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But Mr. Ellis took advantage of a tin peddler coming along on the side of the street, and engaging his help meet's attention to smuggle in the load of pumpkins.

"I won't waste 'em anyway," said he, "if anybody's hogs is to eat 'em it may as well be mine."
"That afternoon, when he came into supper a thing happened which had never before befallen him in all his married life.

He found the tea-kettle cold, the Graham cakes unbaked, the table unspread and his wife crying piteously. "Eh!" said Eliakim, blankly. What in all creation's the matter now? You ain't sick, by you Loisy? Yes, I be! sobbed Mrs. Ellis. "Heartack, Liakim. Oh, what hev I done? I've sold them gray pants o' yours to the tin peddler, and never remembered how I'd put that hundred dollar coupon bond you gave me to keep in the pocket, because I calculated no burglars would take a pair ragged old pants, Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

For one minute Eliakim Ellis stood silent. A hundred dollars was a hundred dollars to this hard-working man, who could only save and scrape by lites.

But he looked at Louisa's pale, wee begone face, and his great tender heart rose within him like the billows of the sea.

"Don't fret, Lois, my gal, he said, cheerfully. "It was only an accident. 'Tain't worth frettin' about. And he bent down and kissed her forehead—a rare occurrence in their undemonstrative household. "We'll go to work and make it up as fast as possible, my dear."

"O, Liakim!" sobbed the good wife, "I don't deserve you should be so good to me I'm a cross, scoldin' creature, and—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" he good humoredly interrupted her husband. "Guss! I ain't goin' to hev my wife abused this way."

"And I'm sorry I spoke so short a bout them pumpkins," added Louisa, dolefully.

Mr. Ellis whistled under his breath. He was almost disposed now to regret that he had paid out that dollar for the Widow Hepsy's pumpkins.

"However, it's done, he said to him self, "and it can't be undone. Loisy'd best be left in the dark, I guess, about it."

He was slyly kindling the fire while Mrs. Ellis moved sadly about, making preparation for the evening meal. There was a lively tattle played by a very energetic pair of crickets on the door outside.

"Come in!" shouted he. "And who should make his appearance but the tin peddler himself."

"Hello, square!" said he. "Guess there's been a mistake somewhere. I ain't buyin' no government coupon bonds. I'm in the trade. I found this ere in your old pockets. So I allowed it was best to bring it back right away."

He held out the folded slip of parchment. Eliakim looked oddly at it. "Fetch on Diogenes and his lantern!" said he. "I calculate here's the honest man at last!"

"Get out!" said the tin peddler. "I don't want noons of your slybilled fun poked at me. But I tell you what I do want. Them there pumpkins that you was cartin in when I exchanged a sauce-pan and two dippers for the gray pants with your good lady, I'll give you five cents apiece for 'em."

"Done!" cried Farmer Ellis, joyful.

"There's to be a big dinner up to Staples Hill, went on the tin peddler. And they're goin' to bake two hundred pumpkin pies, and all the pork and beans that's to be had. And their's goin' to be a corner in pumpkins. I've got my wagon out here, so I guess we'll load up right away."

"And thus the hundred dollar coupon bond was returned all safe and sound, by the tin peddler, who was as honest as he was shrewd, and widow Hepsy Hall's pumpkins were satisfactorily marketed. So much so, indeed, that Eliakim even purchased out of the profits a snuff colored merino gown, which he left at the opening of the door the very next time he drove past.

"It's a pity she can't share more of the good luck," said he.

Mrs. Hall found the gown, neatly wrapped in paper, at the door, when she came from cranberrying in the swamp, and she never knew where it came from. But she made it up and wore it to her daughter B-rindy's in the city.

But honest Eliakim has not yet told Louisa, his wife, that he bought Widow Hepsy's pumpkins, and paid a dollar for them in hard cash.

SAM PATCH'S LEAP.

A Name as Immortal as that of Rip Van Winkle.

Sam Patch was of obscure origin, and was born in Providence, R. I., in 1800. His childhood and boyhood years were passed as a wharf rat, spending his days in picking up whatever unconsidered trifles he could find without an immediate claimant, and his nights wherever nightfall found him.

He then became a sailor, and being a skillful swimmer, amused himself by jumping from yard-arms, and bowsprits into the sea. He led a roving life on land, and about the time he reached his twentieth year, found himself at Paterson, N. J. Here he was employed for a time in a cotton mill, and here, also, he commenced the career that led to ultimate immortality.

Besides the falls of the Passaic, which Frank Stockton, in "Radder Grange," has immortalized as a "dry fall," Paterson has, or had in the days of Patch, a famous chasm bridge, suspended some eight feet over the Passaic river. From this bridge in 1827 Sam made his first daring leap and became the hero of the hour. After this he went about the country jumping from yard arms and main-tops and all sorts of dizzy heights. In this same year of 1827 he crossed the whole country were attracted to Niagara Falls by a widely advertised scheme that a vessel, or as it was called, the Pirate Michigan, would be sent down the rapids and over the cataract with a crew of furious animals on board. Thousands of people from all parts of the country journeyed to Niagara to see the spectacle, and on the 8th day of September, 1827, the brig Michigan, a com-manded vessel, was sent over the cataract. On board was a crew in effigy, an old buffalo, and old and young bear, a fox, raccoon, an eagle, two geese and a dog. The young bear escaped from the vessel before the falls were reached, and succeeded in swimming ashore; the rest were carried over the falls. One goose was recovered below, the only survivor of those that made the descent. The exhibition created so great an excitement that Sam Patch determined to outdo it.

Proclaiming as his motto that "some things can be done as well as others" he avowed his intention to make a leap from the top of Niagara Falls into the river below. On his way to Niagara Sam gave exhibitions wherever he could find a suitable place, and coming to Rochester he there undertook to leap the falls of the Genesee, a height of one hundred feet. As part of the show Sam had a pet bear which he invariably carried to make the first leap. His first exhibition at Rochester was given in the presence of a large number of spectators, the banks of the river being crowded. Ascending the heights at the place selected, dragging his bear after him he calmly surveyed the crowd below him; and then shoved reluctant brain off the ledge into the depth below. The animal's descent was successful, and he swam ashore. Then Sam followed him. Leaping straight down, his feet together and his hands pressed to his side, he shot like an arrow into the pool beneath.

When the crowd saw him emerge from the water a great cheer resounded, and the people rushed to the water's edge and carried him triumphantly up the bank.

The report of this feat with that of the others which had preceded it, attracted great crowds to Niagara. In witness the leap to be made there. The place whence it was made is called "Sam Patch's Leap," and is pointed out to the visitor to this day. It is on the west side of Goat Island, near the middle stairs. It is about ninety-seven feet, not the full heights of the falls. A ladder was raised, the bottom resting on the edge of the river, the top of the ladder inclining over the water, stayed by ropes fastened to the trees on the bank. A small platform reached from a ledge of rocks to the top of the ladder. From this elevation Sam made two successful leaps in the presence of vast crowds of people.

Sam was now invited back to Rochester, to repeat and even excel his former performance. In the early days of November, 1829, the newspapers of that village contained an advertisement like this:

HIGHER YET!
SAM'S LAST JUMP!
"SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE AS WELL AS OTHERS."
THERE IS NO MISTAKE IN SAM PATCH.

Then followed the announcement that on Friday, November 13, at two o'clock P. M., he would leap from a scaffold twenty five feet in height, erected on the brink of the Genesee Falls, into the abyss below a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet.

On that chill November day every available spot on the river bank was crowded with people who had come from Canada, from Oswego, from Buffalo, and from all the surrounding towns and villages, to witness the crowning achievement of the great jumper. It was to be his last great feat in the United States. Already he had signed an agreement to go abroad, and it was his ambition to leap from London Bridge.

At the appointed time, with a light heart and full of confidence, he reached the falls and climbed hand over hand up a pole to the platform.

Standing on the platform and bowing to the vast throng below him, Sam spoke as follows: "Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies, and he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies, he conquered nations, and he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it and will." He threw himself forward, but instead of descending in an erect and arrowlike position, such as he had always before maintained, he fell sprawling with his arms above his head. When he struck the water a thrill of horror went through the vast concourse of spectators, and when, after some moments, the body did not reappear, the crowd unconsciously fled as if some terrible disaster was coming upon them. For weeks afterwards the people of Rochester felt they had been accessories to a murder, and earnestly reproached themselves for permitting the foolhardy undertaking. The preachers denounced all the spectators as if by the brand of Cain was upon them and charged that they were murderers in the sight of God. The body was not recovered until the following spring.

Early Quakers.
THE HOME LIFE, THE MEETING HOUSE AND THE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The home life of the early Quakers differed very little from that of other Puritans, so far as outward appearance was concerned, nor directly the door was closed the difference was apparent. According to the rules of the society, men and women are in every respect equal in religious and social matters; the wife can be a minister or an elder just as well as her husband, and if she feels called thereon, is at full liberty to speak in the meeting. All readers of Puritan literature know that with whatever respect women may be mentioned, there is always an implied reservation that they are the inferiors of man, and the Puritan husband was usually in a very real sense lord and master. With the Quakers this was not so; the equality in the meeting-house was largely carried into the home life, and that it was not more complete was only on account of the one-sidedness of the law. As may be expected, Quaker households were usually very happy ones. The friends insisted that only members of their society might be united, and both before and after marriage assisted in making the wheels of life run smoothly, although it is to be feared they often insisted in turning them a good deal more than was necessary.

Before two Quakers could marry—that is, and remain in the society—the parties were required to attend a meeting and publicly announce their intention of being wedded. A committee was then appointed, which instituted inquiries to discover among other things, whether the man was in position to marry, and whether he was free from the claims of any earlier affection. They also inquired into the state of his health, and whether his relations had any objection to his marrying, and if not, if they saw any reason to object to the wife he had chosen. A committee of women made similar inquiries regarding the girl, and were very particular in examining whether she had flirted unwisely or otherwise misconducted herself. That the young couple had not sufficient means to marry upon was not considered in itself an insuperable bar, for the society, not having the fear of Malthus before its eyes, had a fund from which grants could be made toward furnishing. In very early times the parties were expected to be accompanied by their parents, or at the least to bring duly signed and witnessed assents from them, when they attended to announce their intention of getting married, but this was soon given up. On a date fixed the parties were required to attend a certain meeting, when, after they had stated they were still in the same mind, and if the committee of inquiry had reported favorably, permission to marry was formally given, and a day for the nuptials fixed.

PEBBLES.
Sitting Bull has five wives. They manage to keep wigwam for him.

A conductor of a street car calls it "True Love," because it never runs smooth.

Silence may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaire of a mute.

When the roast turkey was stuffed with chestnuts, Jones said it was time to ring the dinner bell?

"Now, then," said the dancing master, when he was setting his clock, "all hands around."

The degree that Harvard conferred on Princeton seems to be somewhere about 360 Fahrenheit.

A rolling eye never yet gave a piercing glance; but when a circular saw glances it always pierces.

Is there any good reason why a man who never pays his boot-maker should not be styled a freebooter?

"Papa," said a Spring Street urchin, anxious for a sleigh ride, "what are the weather 'prohibitionists' for tomorrow?"

Catherine Owen has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt, she will find that about ten dollars more is necessary, not including the dress-makers bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but the trimming and the making cost like sixty.