

# 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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Commission Merchants,  
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Country Produce.

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**A CARD.**  
**J. W. MONTGOMERY,**  
BULLEN & MCKEEVER  
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THE firm of Bulch & Montgomery having been dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bulch & McKeever for the transaction of a General Commission Business for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and other country produce. Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past I respectfully solicit the continuance of same in the future. (Feb. 5-2-87.)

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**MONEY** to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this work. Any one can do the work and live at home. No capital needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outside free. Address TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Beginning Monday July 4th.  
NO MORE CUTTING WILL OR CAN BE DONE.

Our entire stock is at your mercy. This is the Clearing Sale of all Clearing Sales. Goods next to given away. We have concluded to close all our fresh, reasonable goods in remnant, as well as off the price, at a bona fide loss of 25 per cent. We wish to close out \$20,000 worth of stock previous to our inventory. These prices are for one and all. No more deviations from the great mark-down than any so-called one-price concern in the District. So you can form an idea that we mean business when we undertake such a great sacrifice as this.

### FROM OUR REGULAR STOCK.

6-cent Cream Cribble Suet, clearing price..... 6 Cents  
9-cent Striped Trawl Cloth, clearing price..... 12 1/2  
20-cent Merrimack, light and dark, Sattens, clearing price..... 25  
8-cent Fancy Cotton and Worsted Dress Goods, clearing price..... 25  
10-cent Striped Worsted Dress Goods, clearing price..... 25  
80-cent Silk Sarab, clearing price..... 80  
\$1.19 Black Satin Marvellous, clearing price..... 80  
5-cent Figured Laces, clearing price..... 5  
7 and 8-cent Dress Prints, clearing price..... 5  
5-cent Dress Prints, clearing price..... 5  
8-cent Andromeda Cotton, clearing price..... 8  
8-cent Heavy checked yard wide Shirting, clearing price..... 8

### See what we have done with our Short-Ends in Woolen Goods!

High colors in Nan's Velling, soiled, clearing price..... 2 1/2  
9-cent Figured Cray Cloth, clearing price..... 9  
12-cent Challis, clearing price..... 12  
12-cent Navy's Velling, all shades, clearing price..... 12  
19-cent All-Wool Shirts, clearing price..... 19  
25-cent Figured Dress, clearing price..... 25  
25-cent Blue and Red Checked, clearing price..... 25  
25-cent Wool Stripes Novelty, clearing price..... 25  
29-cent All-Wool Dabbe, clearing price..... 29  
23-cent Blue and Red Checked, clearing price..... 23  
10-cent Reversible Wash Goods, clearing price..... 10  
6-cent Fine Black and Figured Laces, clearing price..... 6  
29-cent Turkey Table Linen, clearing price..... 29  
12-cent Plain and Figured Laces, clearing price..... 12  
15-cent Plain and Figured Sattens, clearing price..... 15  
9-cent Zanzibar Suet, clearing price..... 9  
10-cent Fancy Stripes and Plaid Flannel, clearing price..... 10  
60-cent Fancy New Table Linen, clearing price..... 60  
29-cent Turkey Table Linen, clearing price..... 29  
4-cent Standard Prints, clearing price..... 4  
4-cent Furniture Calico, clearing price..... 4

### SMALL WEAR!

15-cent Fine Sateen Window Scarfs, clearing price..... 15 Cents  
Turkey-red and Cotton Handkerchiefs, clearing price..... 7  
Infants' Shirts Cap, soiled, clearing price..... 1  
500 pairs of Swiss Hosiery, including drop stitch, Lisle and silk clocked balbriggan, all dark colors and full regular make, including 30, 45, 39, 25, 19 and 15-cent—all go at the clearing price..... 12 1/2  
75-cent Slightly soiled Kid Gloves, clearing price..... 30  
12-cent Misses' Ribbed Hose, clearing price..... 12  
15-cent Ladies' Fancy Lisle Hose, clearing price..... 15  
49-cent Balbriggan Vests, full regular make, clearing price..... 29  
25-cent Gent's Gaiters, clearing price..... 25  
10-cent Gent's Linen, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, clearing price..... 10  
85-cent Pleated Bosom Unaltered Shirts, all patent stays, clearing price..... 59  
50-cent 1/2 Roundtop Bed Spreads, clearing price..... 39  
5-cent Tea Towels, clearing price..... 5  
\$1.89 Gold-imp and Antique Handle Gloria Umbrellas, clearing price..... \$1.45  
10-cent Curtain Serim, clearing price..... 10  
10-cent Fair Oil Cloth, clearing price..... 10  
19-cent Table Oil Cloth, clearing price..... 12 1/2

### MATTING & WINDOW SHADES.

15-cent White Matting, clearing price..... 10 Cents  
18-cent Fancy Matting, clearing price..... 12 1/2  
20-cent Fancy Matting, clearing price..... 15  
25-cent Fancy Matting, clearing price..... 18

### WE HAVE A BIG LINE OF THESE GOODS.

50-cent Fine Orange Shades, clearing price..... 41 Cents  
60-cent Fine Orange Shades, clearing price..... 51  
80-cent Fine Orange Shades, clearing price..... 59

### RUGS!

50-cent 36 by 18 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price..... 36 Cents  
\$1.09 50 by 21 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price..... 1.09  
\$2.46 66 by 30 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price..... 1.79  
\$3.99 82 by 36 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price..... 3.29

### SHOE DEPT.

100 pairs Men's and Boys' Low Shoes, clearing price..... 50 Cents  
100 pairs Ladies' Fox Button, clearing price..... 49  
100 pairs Children's Spring-heel Shoes (8 to 14), clearing price..... 49  
100 pairs Men's Hook B's, clearing price..... 45  
100 pairs Boys' B's, English Ties, clearing price..... 50  
200 pairs Children's Rubber-Top Slippers, clearing price..... 24  
Infants' Fine Kid Cakes, clearing price..... 24

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COX'S STATION, I am now prepared to do all the SAWING and GRINDING that may be needed by the farmers of that section. My facilities are ample for good and rapid work.

GRINDING DAYS: Wednesday and Saturday. Sawing done on Shares or for Cash.

Lumber, Shingles, Lathes, &c. Always on hand or sawed at the shortest notice. Hoping to receive a share of the public patronage I promise good work in return. J. F. HAYDEN.

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The very heart of the City is the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, Charles Street dividing it into east and west, and Baltimore Street halving it into north and south. The above is a correct plan of the central portion of Baltimore, indicating the streets, the leading hotels, &c., and Ohm's Acme Hall, Baltimore's Largest Clothing and Furnishing Goods House.

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\$300,000 WORTH OF ELEGANT CLOTHING.

Men's Good Strong Suits, \$6 to \$12, formerly \$10 to \$15. Stylish Cassimeres and Worsted Suits, \$10 to \$15. Fine English Suits, \$10 to \$15. Imported Fabrics, all colors and shades, \$10 to \$15. Finest Imported Cloths in the world, \$10 to \$15. Boys' Suits, best in the world, \$10 to \$15. Boys' Stylish Suits, in Navy and Cadet, \$10 to \$15. Boys' and Young Men's Fine Suits, \$10 to \$15. Best Shirts in the world, \$10 to \$15. Neckwear, \$10 to \$15.

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When visiting the city, make this Store your headquarters. Every convenience for strangers, and baggage checked in or out of charge.

"TO ORDER" DEPT. TRUNKS. See the grand stock of Washed, dressed and perfect fit guaranteed, at very low prices.

Write for Catalogue, full descriptions and Samples, which will be sent out free of cost. Post yourself in styles and prices by visiting the Great Store at Baltimore. If you wish good Goods at low prices.

### JACOB MEYERS.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER! WINDOW SHADES. Floor and Table Oil Cloth.

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THE Old Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store of Baltimore city, is now prepared to show Spring Styles of Wall Paper and send samples to any part of the country, at short notice. Write for the same when required. Will sell Wall Paper and Window Shades at factory prices. Call on or send to him for beautiful lines.

### JACOB MEYERS,

39 North Gay St., Baltimore.

Has no branch House or any connection with any other house in the city.

### UNDERTAKING

COX'S STATION.

MR. P. W. ROBY having recently purchased the undertaking office of C. F. Hayden is at all times prepared to attend to funerals in any part of the country, at short notice. COFFINS and CASKETS of any description furnished at reasonable prices, and undertaking in all its branches performed at the most approved methods.

Thanking the public for past favors I would most respectfully ask for a continuance of the same. P. W. ROBY.

### Select Reading.

#### A REMARKABLE TRIP.

Hon. Wolfe Rahill, of Chicago, looking for all the world as though he had just issued from the proverbial hand box, was strolling over last night at the Windsor Hotel where he was engaged in an arching the tape line for the last quotation for July wheat. The set of Mr. Rahill's claw-hammer coat was faultless; his shirt bosom, from the centre of which a lustrous opal shot forth moonlike rays, was immaculate and unmarred; while his trousers, marked by the latest fashions of gentlemanly fady, the Prince of Wales crease, fitted him in a way that a once filled with envy all the heavy swells of Gotham who were buzzing about the wide corridors.

"It beats the world," Mr. Rahill remarked, looking up from the paper ribbon that he held between his thumb and fore-finger. "It is the greatest accomplishment of the century."

"The Chicago wheat deal," queried a listener in vain effort to catch his drift.

"Nonsense!" he returned, dropping the line, and thrusting both hands into his trousers' pockets.

"The Chicago wheat deal is an old story. The same thing has been done over and over again. No, sir; I was speaking of the train on which I left Chicago last evening, and on which I came into Jersey City to-night—one of the new Vestibule Trains that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put on between the two cities."

"It's the very best," he said, "but stop, let me tell you about it and yourself will have to hunt for terms efficiently glowing to describe it. I came back to Chicago yesterday after a business trip west as far as Omaha. I was dusty, dirty, and weary, and I longed for nothing so much as a bath and a good sound sleep. I was tired of the rumbling and rattle of the cars, the flying cinders, the cramped sitting posture, the dust over everything, the railroad lunch-rooms, and the railroad sandwiches. I made up my mind that I would settle down in Chicago and never stir out of it again until I had to."

"Well, what do you suppose happened?"

"When at last I reached Chicago, I found my chair thereon among the letters on my desk before me. I found an invitation to a friend's wedding in New York. Time to-night, 7:30. I railed at my unlucky stars. Much as I disliked railroad traveling I would have some doubt if the distance to have seen that man married. In days gone by we were as mere Damon and Pythias. I stated the case to my partner, and growled like seven bears because I had not come home a day earlier.

"Well," said my partner, after a moment's hesitation, "if you stop growling and hustle about a little you might get there yet."

"Man alive!" exclaimed, "you're crazy. The Pennsylvania Railroad, New York and Chicago Limited, which makes the fastest time of any train east, leaves in less than an hour, and does not arrive in New York until seven o'clock to-morrow night. The wedding takes place in a church some where up Madison avenue. Now if the name of Heaven could I get ahead, put on a dress and an overcoat, and be in the church in half an hour!"

"You're behind the counter," said Tom—Tom's my partner, you know. "Trust this matter to me, and I'll have you there before the organist strikes up the wedding march, or you can call on me for ten thousand bushels of July wheat at 70."

"Well, I just put myself trustingly into his hands. The first thing he did was to start a messenger off to my house with my satchel, and instructions to put in my dress clothes and two changes of underwear, and to be at the Union Station by five o'clock sharp. The next thing he did was to secure a section for me on the Pennsylvania's Vestibule Train for the afternoon; and it was only by luck that he got it. Everything, I believe, had been engaged for days ahead, but somebody, who couldn't go, brought back this ticket, and so I was saved. At five o'clock, still dusty, dirty, and weary, I climbed into the most luxurious car it has ever been my good fortune to ride in. I found that the section of which I was the lucky possessor for the trip, was a little peculiarly upholstered drawing room, with cushions and hangings of a tint that I think I have described somewhere as crushed strawberry. The fittings were of satin wood, and the ceiling was decorated in silver. There were silvered lighting arrangements too. Not gas brackets, my friend, but that whole train illuminated by electricity. Well, I found that there was a toilet-room connected with that section of mine, which, together with the rest of the train, and so I found privacy I could have all I wanted. I did want it, because I had a number of letters with me that I had found at the office and that I had no time to read carefully before I started. I shut myself in for a while with my letters, after washing my face and hands, and getting the porter to give me thorough turning.

"Then I became aware of the fact that I was hungry, and so I made inquiry as to the dining car. It was forward, I was told, and I stroled thither, passing through another car on my way. Although we were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, there was no necessity of catching hold of the seats to steady myself as I went. That train glided along as smoothly as a train on polished runners over

### HOW JOHNSON KEPT HOUSE.

"You can go just as well as not, my dear," said Mr. Johnson, as his wife was bewailing the impossibility of leaving home to visit her mother, who had invited her.

"But how will you get along while I am gone?"

"As if I could not keep house as well as any woman!" said Mr. Johnson, indignantly. "That is, if I had a mind to. It would be a little strange if a man that could build a steam engine, and tame the electricity, and calculate to eclipses for a hundreds of years to come, could not boil a potato, and make coffee in a pot!"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Johnson; "but I'll confess, Charley, that I never looked at it in that light before. I never supposed that in being a scientific man, the art of being able to cook well came along with it."

"But no doubt you are right, and if you think you need manage for a fortnight, I'll go to mother's to-morrow."

"Manage? Of course I can manage. And you shall see that I will have a neat house and as good a table as you, and not spend all my time patting around, as women do, either."

So Mrs. Johnson, relying upon her husband's capacity as a household manager, departed for her mother's.

Mr. Johnson had invited Sam Brooks, a bachelor chum of his, to come and board at the house with him during the absence of Mrs. Johnson. He had boasted of his ability to manage domestic affairs more than once before Brooks, and he wanted to prove that he has not been overrating his talent.

Brooks had come over the previous night, to help Johnson "start out fair," and, when Mrs. Johnson was out of the house, the two men began planning their work for the day.

"I aim to be at the office at eleven," said Johnson, "and it is now nine. That gives us two hours to get the dinner cooking, wash the dishes, and do the chamberwork. Dinner will cook while we are down town, of course. My wife always gets going, and then she sits down for her sewing or fancy work, till it's time to put it on the table. Brooks, did it ever strike you that women have an all-fired easy time of it?"

"Of course, they have," said Brooks, "with emphasis. Anybody could see that, with half an eye. Yet they are always complaining of being overworked."

"Well, women are natural complainers, I suppose," said Johnson, hunting around after his wife's apron and getting it on up under his arms, "and rubbing his scalded wrist, "Let us wash the dishes and talk over what we'll have for dinner."

He seized the boiling tea kettle from the stove, and dropped it instantaneously, and the water ran into the coal in the hod, and under the mat, and under the door into the dining-room.

"Ough!" cried Johnson, blowing and rubbing his scalded wrist, "There must have been steam. Confounded the thing! I didn't think of the water's running all over the house. Give me a rag, quick! I'll mop it up."

He seized the fine damask tablecloth which Brooks handed him, got down on his knees, and commenced mopping up the water.

"Your coat-tails are in the coal-hod," cried Brooks. "By George! it's too bad, and that delicate gray, too!"

Johnson got up with a hurried whick of the tails aforesaid, and they sweet a five dollar turban from the table, and broke it into fragments.

"It never rains but it pours," said Johnson, striving hard to keep his temper, as he surveyed the wet black streaks on his coat. "We've made rather a bad inning, Sam; but we shall come out all right. And we'll wash the dishes in cold water. I'll wash, because I have got an apron on," and he piled the dishes into the pan, and commenced washing them in china altogether, and dashed some cold water on them. "Where is the dish cloth, I wonder?" poking around under the sink, and bringing to light a calico rag, which had evidently been used to clean lamps.

"What is the dickens is that smells so strong of kerosene?" asked Brooks, sniffing the air suspiciously. "I wonder if I've got any on my clothes?" glancing around behind him, and examining the skirts of his coat. "By Jove, Johnson, it's your dish cloth! The oil is fairly dripping out of it."

Johnson threw it on the floor with a gesture of disgust, and substituted the towel they had just wiped their hands on. The cold water flew in every direction, but the grease did not start on the dishes. Brooks suggested soap which slightly mended matters, but was not entirely satisfactory.

"Seems to me the dishes don't feel nor smell just as they do when Anne washes them," said Johnson thoughtfully; "but then perhaps it is imagination. Now, Sam, what shall we have for dinner?"

"Perhaps it had better be a simple one, till we get the hang of things a little more," said Sam, with caution.

"What do you say to a chicken pie, tenderloin steak, a custard pudding, and some light hot biscuit?"

"Admirable! Nothing could be better or simpler. I will go out and order the chicken and the steak, and you shall make the pudding. I guess Anne would stare if she could see how nicely we are doing."

"Then the Hon. Wolfe Rahill made the announcement that he intended to take the Limited back to Chicago at nine o'clock this morning, and bade his friend good night.—N. Y. Times.

The area of tobacco cultivation in Virginia is said to be diminishing, but the quality of the production is improving.

It is said that "boans are peculiarly liable to injury by moisture, and should never be hoed except in dry weather. If soil touches the leaves when wet by rains or dews it injures them by causing rot. This is especially true after the season begins and it is better to have all the work of cultivation and hoeing finished before that time."

### He broke his eggs in a tin pan, poured in some milk, dumped in a scoopful of sugar, salted the compound, gave it a stir, and set it down on a chair; while he and Johnson went to the window to see an old man, who had lost his hat, run after it. The sight was quite inspiring, owing to the high wind which was prevailing. And, when the two housekeepers returned to business, they were just in season to see Mr. Johnson's pet pointer cleaning out with the most scrupulous nicety the dish where the embryo pudding had been left.

"W. won't say anything about it to Anne," said Mr. Johnson; "she might think we were careless. Now, Sam, you contract the biscuit, and I'll go for the pie. I wonder if this chicken is a hen? Hamp! it smells rather odd—or something; but, of course, it's all ready to cook. Now for the crust—floor and water and baking powder. They make all kinds of pastry—don't they?"

"Yes, yes. That is, I think so," said Sam, a little doubtfully. "That is, all the newspaper advertisements say that baking powder will do anything; and of course it will make pie-crust."

Johnson had taken off his cuffs, and poured a couple of quarts of water into a pan, which he stirred thoughtfully, and added several spoonfuls of baking powder.

"This amount of water will make enough—won't it, Sam?"

"I should say so," returned Sam, manipulating his "right" biscuit, the dough of which was sadly inclined to run up his arms, under his coat sleeves, and two big dabs of which were sticking all unnoticed, to the legs of his pantaloons.

Johnson stirred in the flour rapidly putting in a good deal of muscle, and making the flour fly right and left—His hair and whiskers and eyebrows were peppered, and, when he had stirred in all the flour in the house, the mass was still a little thin.

"By Jove!" said Johnson, eyeing the result before him, "there is half a bushel of it! I never saw so much chicken-pie crust before. But this is a large chicken—a full grown one—adult; in fact, and a strong one, too, or my nose deceives me; but I guess this crust will hold him. Hold it open in the middle, Sam, while I envelop the biped in the crust."

The chicken, with his legs and tail still adorning his body, was put in to be cooked in the oven, and the remaining patted down. Johnson stepped back and eyed the construction of his hands critically.

"Sam," said he, "I think—yes I am certain that Anne never cooks them with their legs on."

So they cut off the legs, threw the mass into the oven of the stove, put some potatoes to boil, opened the draught of the stove, locked the house, and went down town.

As three, serenely, our two housekeepers as ended the front steps of the Johnson mansion. An odor, infinitely worse than the atmosphere of any soap-boiling establishment, met them as the door opened.

"They looked at each other. "What in the dickens is it?" they cried in chorus, and both made for the kitchen.

No wonder there had been a smell. The chicken-pie had burned fast to the bottom of the oven, and lay there, with the smoke pouring from it, a blackened mass of cinders; and Sam's light biscuits had burned entirely up, and left nothing but the pan, which had melted down into a mass of solid tin; and run out on the floor, which it had set on fire, and which was smouldering away, threatening every moment to burst into flame. The only wonder was that the house had not been burned down before they returned.

The tea-kettle had boiled dry, and cracked in two, and everything in the room was covered with a deposit of the very blackest soot. The two confederates exchanged glances. But they did not speak. It was no time for words.

Johnson seized the duster, and began to whisk the soot from the furniture, while Sam, with a courage which he had not shown before, proceeded to get the chicken-pie out of the oven, by the help of the tongs.

"I declare, Johnson," said he, as he hurried along, with the grass dipping from his burden and smearing the kitchen floor from toe end to the other. "I believe that the reason the thing smelled so strong was that we didn't take out the insides of the critter."

"Jerusalem!" said Johnson, "is that so? Well, if that's the case, it's lucky for us that it burned up!"

The two men set to work to wipe up the floor, and, while thus engaged, the door-bell rang.

"You go," said Johnson. "You ain't so smutty as I am."

"No, you go," said Brooks. "I am so hot, I shall take cold."

While they parleyed, the unmistakable giggle of young girls broke on their ears, and consternation seized them.

"It's Anne's sister Kate," cried Johnson.

"And Mary Hartley, too," cried Brooks. "And I wouldn't have her to see me for all I'm worth. Great Peter! what shall I do?"

"Kate has got a key. She will come in spite of us," cried Johnson.

"Anne gave it to us," cried Brooks, "and we gave it to her, so that she need not wait at the door. Perdition take the girls! Why couldn't they have waited till we'd got things straightened out? I'm going to run for it."

As he finished, Johnson dove down the cellar-stairs, while Brooks followed. Both men hid behind the cool-bin.

Soon the girls' voices were heard in

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