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Original Poetry.
[RE-PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]
[Written for THE TIMES.]
POOR BLIND RICHARD.
BY LOSTOW.
United in life, amidst its trials and cares,
The tie, that once bound them, has never been broken.
Together they lived, the master and slave,
The word of farewell has never been spoken.
They served the same God, at the same altar knelt,
Together partook of the sweet bread of heaven;
Bowed their heads at one time to the feet of the priest,
When to both the sweet benediction was given.
Poor Blind Richard through life was true to his master,
To his master on earth, to his Saviour on high.
Through sunshine and storm, through joy and disaster,
He was faithful to both, till his time came to die.
No sunlight for him, as his lone pathway he trod,
No light here below to guide and to cheer him,
But affection made smooth the rough ways of life,
And his footsteps were safe, for angels abroad.
With humble submission to the will of his God,
He reached the same goal for which others are striving;
With his heart fixed on high, he was free from all care,
All love for the world and its pleasures on living.
Hand in hand they followed the way of the Cross,
Who follows that way knows nothing of blind-ness,
And Blind Richard could see with the eyes of his soul,
His Saviour's sweet face, all beaming with kindness.
His master would lead in the highways of life,
But he led his master in pathways more glorious;
By humility taught him submission to God,
In the struggle with sin to be always victorious.
There's no blindness in heaven—no colorless there,
In the mansions on high, the distinction is merit.
Who follows most closely the steps of the Lord,
Will his graces and favors most largely inherit.
The same flowers bloom o'er both of their graves,
Thro' the walnut tree loughs the same angels are sighing,
And angels stand guard, where the same Cross is seen,
O'er the spot where the slave and the master are lying.
No embossed heraldry tells of their fame,
Nor inscribed are their deeds on the bright page;
But their names are recorded in God's book of life,
And their souls with the saints shine resplendent with glory.

KINDERHOOK.
BY LOSTOW.
The excitement was intense, as the horses came rushing down the home stretch for the first time. Handkerchiefs were waved by the ladies, who stood on the chairs and benches; the men cheered vociferously, and young America yelled like Comanche Indians. Carrington passed the judges stand first, his face beaming with the flush of victory and his white linen suit sparkling in the bright sunshine; next behind him came Lester in his green jacket, his handsome face aglow with excitement, urging his black with his whip; after him followed Major in his blue uniform, beads of sweat rolling down his face in the intensity of his excitement and the persistence of his efforts, as with voice and whip he urged his beautiful bay; while close behind him, with only a half length between the horses, rode Loudoun in his red cap and jacket, his fine, noble face, calm and serene, lit up by a quiet smile, sitting his horse like a centaur, swaying his body with the motion of his horse, without moving hand or foot, his horse and himself looking more like a painted animal, ridden by a bold rider, who was conscious of his own skill, of the speed and bottom of his horse and felt determined to win.
Ten to one on the gray horse, sang out in stentorian tones of old Col. Plunkett, who had won more money at horse races than any man in his country.
"Done," cried several young men, who stood near the old gentleman.
"Take care, Colonel, you will certainly lose," remarked Mrs. Spalding, near whose party the Colonel was standing.
"No fear of that, my friend," exclaimed the Colonel. "See, he has passed the third, and is fast pushing Carrington, who is led by Lester. By Jupiter, it will be a pretty race yet between Charles Lester and his friend; and still I say ten to one on the red jacket," muttered the old gentleman, as the four horses came lumbering down the home stretch for the second time. Lester leading Carrington by a length and Loudoun's horse running nearly side by side with Carrington's, and leading Major's by two lengths. As they passed the judges stand, Loudoun laid his whip gently on the neck of his spirited gray, who cocked his ears and passed the bewildered Carrington like a flash. The race during the last quarter of a mile was really splendid. Loudoun had quietly but steadily gained on Lester, and as they entered the home stretch side by side, the excitement was painful. There was no cheering now. The crowd instinctively hushed its lungs and held its breath. Just one hundred feet from the finish, Loudoun bowed gracefully to Miss Spalding, who was standing on a chair near the track, leaving her beautiful head forward in breathless excitement, laid his whip again gently on the neck of his gallant gray, and passed under the wire

a winner by a full length, with Lester second and Major third, with Carrington hanging on his flank.
The crowd now recovered its breath and its lungs simultaneously, and cheer after cheer went up with a rush made for the gallant gray and his handsome rider. The gray was there in charge of the groom, but the rider was no where to be seen. Knowing well the speed of his pet horse, being a superior horseman, and feeling confident of victory, Loudoun had provided for the present emergency, by scribbling a note to Mrs. Bigson and handing it to his boy Joe a few minutes before the race, thereby securing a small room in her hotel, whither he might retire. Joe had put his clothes there and handed him as soon as he was alighted from his horse. So throwing a long linen duster over his uniform and donning a straw hat, he had passed to the house through the crowd, while that very crowd was looking for him, and frantically calling his name.
Eating to find Loudoun, the crowd picked up the next best man, and hoisting Lester, who was well known to them and a great favorite with every body, upon the shoulders of six stalwart men, they carried him in triumph to the judges' stand. The judges dispatched scouts in every direction for Loudoun, but as his hiding place was known only to his groom Joe, and to Mrs. Bigson, the scouts returned from their search unsuccessful. The groom was examined. He replied that Massa Ned had told him to take good care of the horse, to put him in the Madam's stable, and not to leave the stall of the horse until young George, Joe's son, would come to relieve him in his watch over the favorite gray.
As to Mrs. Bigson, she was well paid to keep silence, and, owing to the position she occupied, she was the best depository of secrets of every kind, of which Bryanston could boast.
So after waiting a half hour, the judges awarded the first prize to Lester, the second to Major and the third to Carrington. As only three prizes were given, Loudoun received no testimonial of any kind.
During the distribution of the prizes, Loudoun stood at the window of his little room, watching the glimpses and striving to catch a glimpse of the countenance of the lovely Miss Spalding, for whose sake alone he had consented to beat his old friend Lester. It had been his determination all along to ride his horse so as to beat the other competitors, and by keeping his gray alongside of Charles's black, to prevent the others from overtaking Charles's horse, and also to coach the black, and at the last moment to let the gray and allow Charlie to win the race.
But the meeting with Miss Spalding and that unlucky speech of Charles, asking her to crown the victor with her own scarf—the scarf that had encircled her own waist like neck and had rested on her breast, was too much for his philosophy; and friendship, as it generally does and justly should do, yielded to the promptings of love.
So just as Charlie, having escaped from the fickle crowd, changed his attire, and presented himself to the ladies as exhibiting to them the badge, the trophy of victory, and displaying the moustache of Charles's black, to which had been awarded him as victor in the race, he received a familiar slap on the shoulder, and turning, beheld his old chum Loudoun smiling serenely and looking as cool as a cucumber after a summer shower.
Wringing Loudoun's hand with the cordial grasp of real friendship, Charlie exclaimed:
"Where in the name of all that is holy and righteous, did you spring from, Ned Loudoun, or rather where in the mischief did you disappear to?"
"I just this morn'g came from the hotel," replied Loudoun, smiling and bowing to the ladies. "And Lester, dear fellow, permit me to congratulate you on your honors. You worked Charles county better than I ever did, I didn't want to beat you, but Charlie did, and you know Charlie generally has his own way."
"Who is Charlie, Mr. Loudoun?" exclaimed Miss Lou, looking in his manly face with an expression of real surprise, "and how could Charlie beat Charles in his large hazel eyes, a merry twinkle in his large hazel eyes."
"Oh, that is easily explained," returned Lester laughing, "Loudoun has named his horse Charlie, out of friendship for me; and I little dreamed that when he named him four years ago, during our long vacation, that Charlie would beat Charles, as he did to-day. However, if the prize medal was placed around my neck to-day, thro' the chivalric generosity of my old friend Ned, I shall have the consolation, Ned, of seeing you wear the emblem of victory, which will be placed around your willing neck with due formality by our kinsman Lou, who is blushing all over like a peony, or the red rose you wear on your heart," and Charlie fanned himself "unmercifully after his long oration."
"Who speaks of peonies and red roses and blushes, and where in thunder did you go to, Mr. Loudoun, after that splendid race?" exclaimed Colonel Spalding, who with Capt. Humphrey had approached the party unobserved. "Captain Humphrey this is Mr. Edward Loudoun, of Virginia, an old friend and college chum of that name, Charles Lester. Now gentlemen, give an account of yourselves," and handing a chair to the Captain, the Colonel took a seat, and looked first at Lester and then at Loudoun.
"This is too bad," cried Charlie. "I have just made one tremendous effort

at a speech, and now, Colonel, you ask me for another. It is positively too much for me. I can ride horse back, dance a jig, and whistle Yankee Doodle several times a day, but I'll be blessed, if I can make two speeches on the same occasion. Come to my assistance, Loudoun, old fellow. You were a famous speaker in the Philodemic Society, at Georgetown. Show the present company, what you can do. I am played out and wound up."
"Stop your nonsense, you artful dodger, and answer my question," shouted the Colonel, laughing heartily.
"I think you should call Ned here the artful dodger, since he dodged you all so cleverly awhile ago. Go on Ned. Be my substitute. Take my place and I will play audience."
"I should like to play audience myself, Lester, if I could have the pleasure of occupying such an orchestra chair as that, and in such good company too," rejoined Loudoun, bowing to Miss Lou, like a knight of the olden time.
"But since my friend Lester here will not speak, I must explain. Charlie, before we let the ladies to mount our horses for the race, proposed that Miss Spalding should crown the victor with that beautiful scarf that encircles her neck, and my horse must have heard of the arrangement, for he fairly ran away with me and beat Charlie's horse, in spite of my determination to check him."
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Colonel. "The cat's paw of the bag now, Captain. The whole thing is as clear as noonday. Tell that story to the ladies, Mr. Loudoun. You didn't want the prize at the judges' stand, but you wanted that scarf, you sly fox. All right, sir. Go it while you are young. I have myself seen the day, when I'd sooner win a smile from a fair lady, than wear the highest honors all the judges in these United States could bestow. And now, Louisa, since you have made that promise to the young gentlemen, you must keep it. No Spalding yet, lady or gentleman, ever went back on a pledge given."
"I really did not make any promise," stammered Miss Lou, blushing crimson and casting her eyes upon the ground.
"She didn't say so, when I suggested the arrangement," exclaimed Charlie, "and silence, you know, also implies consent, cousin Lou."
"That's true, Charlie," added the Colonel. "So the day after tomorrow is the day appointed for the bestowal of the prize. The place will be my house at Rosedale, the time, a few minutes before dinner, and now I shall leave you for awhile, to find some of my friends and invite them to be present at the ceremony," and linking the Captain's arm in his own, he bowed politely and good natured old Colonel started for the hotel to extend his invitations, and see about the lunch, he had previously ordered for his guests and the ladies.
"Charlie, you are a real naughty boy," said Miss Lou, "and I have a great mind to get angry with you for getting me in this scrape."
"Scrap! the mischief! It is the very thing I wanted to happen. I was puzzling my brains to discover how I could manage to get my friend Ned introduced to our friends in the country, without parading him about on exhibition from house to house, and this day's events have solved the riddle in the best possible manner. In the first place Ned wins the race, and everybody is wanting to know the name of the gentleman, who could out-ride Charlie's horse, and every body answers everybody, Loudoun of Virginia; in the second place your beloved father enters into the spirit of the joke, and invites a select party of friends to a dinner to witness the coronation proceedings; in the third place, it will be a grand conclusion to the Spring races, to see a handsome young gentleman, crowned by a lovely bewitching young lady. If that isn't the longest oration I'm ever guilty of perpetrating, I'll subside into rustic obscurity and speculate on the prospects of a grass crop," and Charlie clutched furiously at a bunch of grass near by, and thrust part of it in his mouth, to prevent the possibility of any one asking him to speak again for the present.
"I feel confident that Miss Spalding will exonerate me from all blame in the matter. Even if I had struggled to win the prize which any gentleman should feel highly honored in obtaining, I did not anticipate that such publicity would be given to our innocent banter. However," he added, "as I am in for it, I shall not back out, and I shall consider it a rare privilege to be the victim on the altar of sacrifice when Miss Spalding officiates as priestess at the ceremony."
"And I shall feel the more abashed and confused, when I reflect that there are other ladies more qualified to perform the duties of priestess, although the victim does so richly deserve the yoke he is to wear," earnestly responded Miss Lou.
"Thanks for the compliment, Miss Spalding, and permit me to add, that no fold in the pious yoke shall ever be creased, and none of its brightness tarnished, while it encircles the neck of the willing victim, however little he may have done to deserve to wear it."
"Well, Louisa," sagely interrupted Mrs. Spalding, "it is only reversing the custom that prevails in our tournaments. There the gentlemen crown the queen, here the lady crowns the victor."
At this moment the Colonel reappeared, and having proclaimed everything to be in readiness, the merry party adjourned to partake of a bouillottes lunch at the hotel, Lester es-

corted Miss Lou, and Loudoun conducted Mrs. Spalding; the Colonel and his little graceful Gracie leading the way.
(To be continued.)
Self Miscellany.
Don't Marry a Man to Save Him.
In these days of degeneracy on the part of our youth, while so many young men are going to ruin through habits of intemperance and kindred vices, it behooves us to sound the note of warning in the ears of the fair sex. Very often the alternative of either marrying a man who is addicted to vice or the prospect of old maidenhood, is presented to the fair girl in society; she must accept the one or stand the chance of the other. Now if marriage were a mere business transaction, the matter might be much more readily disposed of; but, unfortunately, hearts are concerned in the affair.
The girl loves the man, notwithstanding his propensity, and is ready to accept him, trusting to his love for her to overcome everything after they are married. Never was there a sadder mistake; for in nine cases out of ten if a man does not reform for his loved one's sake before married, he never will after; and any girl who marries a man who drinks or gambles may consider her fate sealed by the act.
"But," says some one, "what am I to do? If I reject my lover on these grounds he will drink harder and harder until he fills a drunkard's grave." This may be true; but better far better, that he only ruin himself than that he bring a wife and perhaps innocent little children down to the depths of poverty and misery.
Oh, girls, take warning, and trust no man who drinks! For if he has not the manhood to give up the habit for your sake he is not worth having and your whole future life may be ruined by an alliance with him. If the persuasions of a sweetheart will not win, the chances are that the prayers and tears of a wife will be of no avail to save a man from ruin.
Let me tell a short story whose warning, though often heard, is seldom heeded.
A sweet, loving girl became attached to a very promising young man; he was good-looking, came of a highly respectable family, and was prosperous in business; but, alas! he was fond of drink. Frequently when he called upon his betrothed his hand was unsteady and the bright eye dimmed. One night he came very much intoxicated, and caused great sorrow to his dear one and all the family by his conduct.
The next time they met Clara reproved him, and he promised to cease drinking. For a while he kept his promise, but he was tempted and fell; again he promised, and Clara trusted him.
The time was drawing near for the wedding, and the parents were very much distressed for the sake of their only daughter; they tried to persuade her not to marry Louis until he reformed entirely; but Clara said that after they were once married and home influence thrown around him, he would be different. Trustingly she gave herself into the care of a man who loved his glass more than he loved his heart's mate.
For a time he did well. The wife's heart beat high with hope; but in a fatal moment he yielded to temptation and the first cloud fell on their peaceful home. Gradually he became worse and worse, until he returned home more or less intoxicated every night. The prayers and pleadings of his wife fell on a deaf ear, and the kind husband became brutal and wicked. In three years the demon's work was accomplished, and Clara was left a widow, her husband filling a suicide's grave, her whole life blighted and woe.
Once more I would say to all who are contemplating matrimony: Test well your intended husband, and if he loves anything too much to resign it for your sake, refuse him although your heart may ache; and if he is worthy of you he will prove it by reforming from vice.—Waverly Magazine.

The Power of Humbug.
An individual who opened a small tavern near the field of Waterloo was frequently questioned as to whether he did or did not possess some relics of the battle, and he invariably and honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and one day, while lamenting to his neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travellers subjected him, his friend out him short with—
"Well make one help the other. Make some relics. What can I do?" inquired the man.
"Tell them that Napoleon of Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down in that chair."
Not long after, an English tourist entered the tavern, and inquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The relic was brought to an incredible price. The next corner was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was accordingly sold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat; the fourth purchased the door-posts between which he had entered, and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advice the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the corner of a deep pit formed by selling the earth on which the house had stood.

Listen to This, Girls.
Dr. Carbally, an eminent physician and chemist, testifies that the cosmetics which the fashionable belles of the present day are so fond of using and deem so indispensable to their beauty, are the most deadly enemies to their vital system. Paralysis that fatal and frightful form of bodily infirmity, is said to be the result of the continual use of the paints or washes used for enameling or otherwise artificially whitening the skin.
Chief among these fearful auxiliaries of the toilet is that white horror, "Laird's Bloom of Youth," which is so extensively used by the ladies of society, married and single, for "making up" their complexions. The salts and lead contained in this preparation, which is the means of producing that pearly white, polished appearance of the skin, on applying it, is the active agent of paralysis, and any person who uses it, or any other lotion or powder containing these salts, is tampering with her life.
Dr. Carbally further tells us, seriously, that the peculiar droop of the hands sarcastically called the "kangaroo style," and which was supposed by the community to be a mere freak of fashion, really and truly had its origin in a partial paralysis of the exterior muscle of the fore-arm, produced by the use of those outward things. Some fashionable belle, no doubt, had suffered in this terrible way for her folly, and all fashionable geese of her acquaintance followed suit by crooking their wrists or drooping their hands, like so many hens with their wings broken.
We learn also that all powder, paint, and liquids which impart a polished, scintillating whiteness to the skin, contain metallic poisons, and are extremely dangerous. The more beautiful the more dangerous.

White House Shares.
A new Yorker was seated in an office in Gannett City, Col., one day, when a grizzled looking old chap entered and asked if that was the place where they sold shares of the White House Silver Mine. Being assured he was in the office of the company he observed:
"I have heard the White House spoken of as being a likely mine."
"It certainly is. We took \$10,000 worth of ore out in one day."
"Pshaw! She must be just old richness! How many men have you got to work?"
"Oh, about three hundred."
"Have you, though! Are the sheers going off purty lively?"
"Shares are selling like hot cakes, and we're making a few left. Everybody says the White House is a big investment."
"What are sheers worth to-day?"
"I'll tell you mine, five, though I know they will be worth face value to-morrow."
"No! You don't really mean ninety-five?"
"I do."
"Well, that's better; there's a hundred sheers which you sold my pard yesterday for twenty dollars. I went over to the mine, found nothing but a hole and a dead mule, and I told him I'd come up and get his money back, or do some shooting! I'm tarnation glad to find them sheers has riz from twenty to ninety-five. That will give my pard his money back, and buy me a winter outfit besides. Here's the sheers, and now let me see the color of your money!"
"But, sir, we—" said the old man, as he rested the end of his shooter on the edge of the counter.
The company had left his revolver in his overcoat outside, and he didn't believe the New Yorker would show for him.—After a look around, he began counting out the money with bland smile, and as he made the change he said:
"Certainly, sir—greatest pleasure sir. Serry you didn't hold them one day more, and get the full face value!"

Malaria, Whisky and Quinine.
In some parts of the West and South it is customary to mix whisky with water to destroy the poison, but those who do it simply take two poisons instead of one, and they do not counteract each other. The whisky rather helps the malaria poison along. It has been a question whether quinine has power to combat malaria. It has the power of averting the generation of malarial poison for a time, but it will not cure. It is, however, the only thing that can combat malarial poison, and hence I'm an advocate of quinine. You can do harm with it, but it will be hard work. I don't believe in constantly taking quinine even if you dwell in an affected district. Take a dose whenever you need relief. It will relieve you for a time. If you have neuralgia and headache and sometimes get bilious, and have a numbness that makes you apprehensive of approaching paralysis, you are very likely in a chronic condition of malarial affection. Quinine will relieve you temporarily, and if you go to the seaside or to the mountains you will be freed.—Professor Loomis.
No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstances may intervene to spoil it.
The truly illustrious are they who do not truly praise the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.