

# The Port Tobacco Times

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by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing  
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humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp,  
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The Vigor is incomparable. It is color-  
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All of which we offer to the trade at prices as  
LOW as can be obtained in any market north  
of Washington. Buyers will find it to their  
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serving the hair. It restores, with the  
glow and freshness of youth, faded or gray,  
light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep  
black, as may be desired. By its use the  
hair is thickened, and baldness often  
though not always cured. It checks falling  
of the hair immediately, and causes a new  
growth in all cases where the glands are  
not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or  
otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality  
and strength, and renders it pliable.  
The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and  
prevents the formation of dandruff; and,  
by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing  
properties, it heals most if not all of the  
humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp,  
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**CHAPTER IV.**  
THE CORONATION CEREMONY.  
Col. Spalding and the ladies had  
waited long and anxiously for the  
arrival of the young men, and many  
were the suggestions and surmises as to  
the reasons that detained them and  
the causes of their delay. When the  
old family clock struck the hour of  
eleven, and as yet the welcome sound  
of carriage wheels on the gravelled  
walk had not awakened pleasant echoes  
through the halls of the old mansion,  
the ladies rose to retire, requesting  
the Colonel to have them awakened  
in case anything had happened to the  
expected guests.  
The Colonel quieted their alarm by  
laughingly assuring them that it was  
not an unusual thing for young men  
to take a glass too much on a festive  
occasion, and that their friends had  
probably met another party of young-  
sters, and were enjoying a convivial  
glass, while recounting their experi-  
ences and discussing the events of the  
day.  
Even while trying to reassure the  
ladies and to quiet their apprehen-  
sions, the worthy old gentleman was  
himself becoming alarmed. He knew  
Lester to be a sober and temperate  
young man, however impulsive and  
reckless he might be; and he judged,  
from the demeanor and manner of  
London, that he would not so debase  
himself, as to make his first appear-  
ance at Rosedale in a state of intoxi-  
cation.  
Summoning his valet Steve, who  
had grown gray in his service, and  
had often in the days gone by, when  
the Colonel himself a roistering blade  
and full of fun, sat up and waited the

**KINDERHOOK.**  
BY LONDON.  
All was quiet in Bryantown, save at  
the hotel, which was resplendent with  
light and filled with revelers. Here  
our travelers stopped, on pretense of  
taking a farewell drink, but in reality  
to allow Neale and Gardner who had  
ridden close behind the carriage, time  
and opportunity to give their horses  
privately to their servants, and then  
join Lester and London.  
Just outside of Bryantown there is  
a present a good road and neat bridge  
across the stream, which permeates  
the swamp. Several hundred yards  
above this bridge, the road from Beau-  
town joins the road to Port Tobacco.  
At the time of which we write full  
sixty years ago, these roads passed  
through a dense piece of woodland,  
and an almost impenetrable thicket  
covered the swamp on either side of  
the stream. Here was the place the  
attack was expected and here it took  
place.  
The carriage had passed the bridge,  
and Tom, the driver, had gathered up  
the reins in his left hand and called to  
his horses to "go up an' git," when  
the watchful Jim plucked his sleeve  
and shouting "lookout!" discharged  
his pistol. A loud roar, a smothered  
groan and a heavy fall followed the  
report of the pistol, and a dozen dark  
figures emerged from the bushes on  
either side of the road. From the  
open carriage doors sprang London  
and his friends, firing as they sprang,  
while the gentlemen from the front  
and the two darkies from the rear,  
with loud shouts came riding toward  
the carriage discharging their pistols  
towards the bushes.  
The would-be-highwaymen were  
caught in their own trap. Completely  
surprised, astounded and terri-  
fied-stricken, they took to their heels  
and fled to the swamp, having fired  
only two effective shots. One of these  
struck London in the left arm, while  
the other wounded the faithful and  
daring Jim in the right leg.  
Judging from the cries and curses  
and groans that followed the report  
of each volley from London and his  
friends, quite a number of the rascals  
must have been wounded, but only  
one was severely injured, and that was  
the one that Jim had fired at in the  
beginning of the melee. He was  
found unconscious by one of the  
brave boys, which had been placed in  
the middle of the road, with the in-  
tentions of stopping the carriage and  
horses and overhauling the party.  
Jim's fidelity and watchfulness had  
frustrated the nefarious design of the  
scoundrels.  
As soon as a report of the wounded  
was made and the extent of the  
extent of the damages made known to  
all, Lester proposed that the entire  
party should ride together to Rosedale,  
and pass the night there.  
Mr. Brooks, the only married man  
in the party, proposed a compromise.  
His wife and children would be  
expected to stay at home, therefore, could  
not stay all night, he and his friends  
would ride with the party to Rosedale  
and partake of some refreshments;  
then his friends would accompany  
him to his home, and be his guests  
for the night.  
Lifting the wounded stranger with  
all possible care, they placed him in  
the carriage alongside of Jim, and  
London piloted his head tenderly in  
his own lap. They had hated one  
another, but the battle and the strife  
were over now, and London was as  
tender-hearted in peace as he was  
hot-hearted in strife.  
Tom was ordered to drive slowly  
and cautiously and the party moved  
on, Lester remarking to London that  
Col. Spalding would be downright sur-  
prised and would mistake this cortege  
for a funeral procession in earnest.

return of the bachelor parties, he told  
him to take up his quarters in the  
hallway near the front door and try  
and keep awake; and as soon as the  
carriage arrived, to come into the  
library and rouse his master. The  
Colonel then retired to the library and  
seating himself in his favorite arm  
chair was soon fast asleep.  
The clock had just struck the hour  
of three, and the watchful chanti-  
cleers in the poultry yard were stretch-  
ing their limbs and testing their  
throats in joyful salutation to the  
coming morn, when old Steve, who  
had been struggling hard to keep  
awake, roused by the clock was en-  
deavored to close the strokes, and  
had already numbered seven in the  
lapsed state of his unbridled fan-  
tasy, jumped up and threw open the  
door, in time to see the carriage slowly  
approaching surrounded by men on  
horseback.  
Half asleep, fatigued with his long  
watch, and in dread of some calamity,  
this novel and unexpected sight was  
too much for the faithful old dorker,  
stammering the door with a noise that  
awoke a thousand discordant echoes  
throughout the entire mansion, and  
uttering an unearthly howl, old Steve  
rushed into the library to arouse the  
Colonel.  
This last attempt was useless. Not  
only the Colonel, but all the inmates  
of the house were aroused by his yell,  
and as Steve rushed to the library  
door, the old gentleman rushed from  
the room, and after a long, careful  
and serious examination, the  
Doctor gravely shook his head.  
The ball had entered the left side very  
near the region of the heart, and it was  
a chance like that of the toss of a penny,  
whether or not the young man would  
recover. A strong constitution, care-  
ful nursing and above all perfect rest  
would be needed to enable the  
patient to pass successfully through  
the ordeal.  
The first he had evidently had, if it  
had not been exhausted by dissipation,  
—the other two requisites he assur-  
edly would have, said the Doctor, if  
Col. Spalding sustains on the present  
occasion, the reputation he has al-  
ready obtained by a life-long exhibi-  
tion of the virtues of benevolence and  
charity.  
Col. Spalding bowed and pressed  
the hand of the Doctor, in return for  
the graceful compliment. The two  
gentlemen had been intimate from  
boyhood and had grown up together.  
They took their degrees the same year  
at Georgetown College, and after mar-  
riage had settled in the same neigh-  
borhood.  
(To be continued.)

**Select Miscellany.**  
"A Bed in a Bath."  
Some men can sleep anywhere and  
under any circumstances. There is  
nothing except a longer. There is  
something about an ordinary  
lounge that will drive away sleep from  
the sleepiest person in the world. A  
person will go to church and sit right  
straight in a pew and go to sleep while  
the minister is trying his best to keep  
the sleep awake, but let the same man  
go home and lie down on a lounge and  
he will go to sleep in ten minutes. No  
body knows what it is about a lounge  
that drives sleep away. Harry Morris-  
son, a young gas-fitter of Ed. Claire,  
who is boarding at his brother-in-law's  
was asked to sleep on a lounge in the  
sitting-room, as there was sickness in  
the house, and it might be necessary  
to call on him in the night to go for  
the doctor. He never was much on  
lounges anyway, but there was nothing  
mean about him, so he prepared to  
go to his rest so as to be handy in  
case of emergency. He camped down,  
and for two hours tried to go to sleep.  
Sometimes the back of the lounge  
would rear up and hook in the back,  
and then it would stab him somewhere  
else. The springs would work through  
the cover and cork cover themselves  
into his flesh, and every hair of the  
lounge cover seemed to stand on end  
and run into his vital parts. He got  
nervous, and wished they would call  
him and send him clear to Chip-pawa  
Falls after a doctor. Finally, he got  
up and went into the bath-room,  
where there was a bathtub, which  
looked to him as though it might make  
a downy bed, such as an angel  
might sleep in, compared to the  
lounge. He is no angel, but he got  
some quilts and a pillow and put them  
into the bath-tub and lay down in it,  
and in five minutes he was asleep.  
Most young men kick more or less in  
their sleep, and Harry is no exception.  
He kicked and his feet came in con-  
tact with the faucet and turned the  
water on. The cold air struck the  
quilts and made no noise to awaken  
him, but gradually the cold fluid  
found its way up his trousers legs,  
along his spine and, in fact, all o-  
ver him. He began to dream that he was  
on an Arctic expedition, and while he  
was lumbering on a piece of frozen  
ground, a polar bear was eating  
his feet off. Then he dreamed he was  
shoveling snow on a railroad and a  
snow plow had run into him and  
threw him forty feet into the air. It  
was at this time that he was grasped  
by the hair of his head by his brother-  
in-law and jerked out of the bath-tub  
under the impression that he was try-  
ing to commit bathtubicide. The  
brother-in-law, who had got up to call  
him, found him nearly covered with  
water, snoring as peacefully as a dea-  
con in a church.  
After a man gets to be 38 years old  
he can't form any new habits much  
the best he kin do is to steer his o'd  
ones.

Envy man who can swap horses, or  
ketch fish, and not lie about it is a  
pious as men get to be in this world.

**Two Sides to the Question.**  
This world is not by any means so  
one-sided as many people imagine. It  
is a great mistake to suppose that the  
joys and sorrows of life are unequally  
distributed. For instance, we will  
take the rich man, who, figuratively  
speaking, is rolling in wealth, and to  
the casual observer the very cream of  
pleasure is continually spread before  
him; but one who makes human na-  
ture a study, and possesses the power  
to look deeper than the surface, can  
readily decide that with all his riches  
he is not happy. He knows nothing  
of the contrast between plenty and  
poverty, of sweet rest after toil. If he  
desires anything, his wealth is the  
"open sesame" which immediately  
flings wide the door, and lo, it is  
spread out before him. Which of two  
men would enjoy his dinner most, the  
one who only had to walk into the  
next room for it, or the man who was  
obliged to walk five miles before being  
able to obtain it? Assuredly the latter.  
The rich man's pleasures pull upon  
him. If there is no poisonous alloy  
mixed with his cup of pleasure, the  
very lack of the necessity of exertion  
lessens to a great degree the enjoyment.  
But alas! how many magnificent  
houses have their skeletons in the  
closet, hidden from the light of the  
world, yet still there to confront in  
secret!

Many a seemingly brimful cup of  
pleasure holds at the bottom the bet-  
ter lees of misery. There are some  
who at first do not seem to be obliged  
to drink to the very bottom and taste  
the bitterness, but fit from cup to cup  
of pleasure, sipping only the sweet  
nectar from the top, "leaving the bot-  
tom for me," say some envious ones.  
Oh, no! follow out their lives and note  
the end. At last there come on more  
cups of pleasure, and we see them re-  
tracing their steps, cringing before the  
stern hands of fate, and drinking from  
cup after cup of the lees. Oh, let  
those who have pleasures mixed with  
sorrow not complain.  
I never was guilty of downright  
envy but once. A friend of mine  
seemed to have been chosen for for-  
tune's favorite; wealth showered upon  
him; sickness in his family was un-  
known; his wife—one of the most  
lovely women I had ever met—was  
devoted to him; he had her; their four  
children were models of beauty and  
intelligence—his home was perfection.  
Alas! how soon was all changed!  
Within one short month wealth had  
taken wings—wife and children slept  
beneath the snow. He had often re-  
marked to me: "My earthly happi-  
ness is complete—my cup of pleasure  
is overflowing." Within one  
month he was a beggar. "I have drunk  
the cup of misery to the bottom; there  
can be no more for me."  
In striding after the false light of  
ignis fatuus we often crush the sweet  
violets beneath our feet. Let us be  
thankful for the pleasure near us,  
and cease pining for those beyond our  
reach.—*Weekly Magazine*

**The Lawyer's Boy.**  
Anybody who thinks that the boy  
employed around a lawyer's office has  
nothing to do but empty the paper  
docket, run to the postoffice, sweep  
the room and read the jokes of Black-  
stone, is greatly mistaken. A boy  
—that is a prize of a boy, and one  
who will eventually become a great  
lawyer himself—has a heap on his  
mind, and no time for sling-shots or  
tops.  
Yesterday while a Detroit lawyer was  
in court, with his boy in charge of the  
office, a newspaper man who was  
hunting through the files of black  
stumbled upon the young attorney and  
was received with:  
"Come right in, sir. The papers in  
your case are ready to be signed."  
"What case?"  
"Application for divorce."  
"But I'm not the man."  
"Ain't you? Well, you look like him.  
Let's see? Are you the defendant in  
the Jones vs. Brown case of trespass?  
If so, I am to tell you the case is  
put over until next Saturday, at the  
same hour in the afternoon."  
"No, I am not Brown."  
"Well, that's all right. Let's see  
again? I was to tell Ryan that his  
case against Peter for Slander, would  
not come on during this term, and to  
suggest to him that he amend his  
declaration. You have not given the  
dates, whereon the defendant called  
you a 'reptile' and a 'sneak'?"  
"But I am not Ryan."  
"Is that so? That's too bad, but  
perhaps you can't help it. Was it  
your wife who eloped with a man  
named Blake?"  
"No."  
"Then you are not Mr. Clem. I  
was to tell him that he forgot to state  
the particular time at which he first  
noticed a coldness in her demeanor.  
Let's see? Oh! there that big'n case.  
I was to say to the defendant that the  
prosecution appear to have hunted up  
and got hold of the testimony of a  
third female who claims to have mar-  
ried you in Toledo in 1864, and that  
your case looks shaky. We will, how-  
ever, do our best to pull you through  
as we do our own clients."  
"You are off again; I am not the  
man."  
"Dear me, that's another. Well, all  
right, I was to say to any new client  
that Mr. — would be back in an  
hour. Come in and sit down and  
look over the city directory. We will  
take your case at the lowest cash price  
and do our level best to win it. Con-  
sult no other firm until you have given  
us a trial."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**Dreams That Come True.**  
A belief in the truth of dream warn-  
ing has lingered even to our own day.  
It was not very prevalent in past cen-  
turies. Macaulay has ridiculed Arch-  
bishop Laud for the care with which  
he recorded his dreams in his diary;  
but the prelate was no more supersti-  
tious in this respect than were many  
of his contemporaries. The medical  
historians generally note some dream  
prophecy before any great event took  
place. A pious monk dreamt of the  
fatal accident that should befall the  
Red King. Henry IV. of France was  
warned by a dream, which he bathed in  
and opposed by evil dreams the night  
preceding his assassination. It is an  
undisputed fact that, in the present  
century, a murder was discovered from  
the circumstance of one of the parents  
of the victim dreaming where the  
body was concealed.  
Bishop Hall relates a curious story  
of a cure effected by means of a dream;  
in a cripple dreaming that he bathed in  
a certain well in Cornwall and was  
restored to health. Acting on this  
visionary prescription he recovered the  
use of his limbs. The bishop at-  
tributes this dream to a "good angel."  
Probably, as Lord Byron says of pro-  
phesies, people note the fulfillment of  
dreams and forget the failures—pass  
over the ninety-nine baseness visions,  
but record the hundredth that hap-  
pens to be verified.  
Authors, artists and musicians have  
carried on their work in their dreams,  
sometimes with more success than in  
their waking hours. Tartini, an  
Italian composer, dreamt that he heard  
a fiend perform at a concert on the  
violin. He attempted to reproduce  
it when awake; but, thought "Devil's  
Sonata" is ranked among his finest  
productions, the composer declared  
that it was so inferior to the music of  
his dream, he could have broken his  
instrument with vexation at his failure  
to produce that beautiful melody.  
Condensation of Franklin worked out  
elaborate calculations in his sleep,  
and remembered them on awaking.  
Lord Turlow is said to have com-  
posed part of a Latin poem in a dream  
and Sir J. Herschell has left a verse  
which occurred to him in similar  
circumstances. Goethe records that  
his dreams often assisted him in his  
compositions.

**A Phosphorescent Cat.**  
They had a billin' old time at the  
West End recently. Mr. Monk's  
boy took the family cat and rubbed  
phosphorus all over him. It was about  
nightfall when he completed the job  
and let the cat go. The hoodo, began  
right away. The cat got into a barrel  
and began to yowl, and that attracted  
the attention of a policeman who  
elaborate calculations in his sleep,  
and remembered them on awaking.  
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**Springfield (Mass.) Daily Union.**  
**His Answer.**  
They tell of one of our citizens who was  
coming toward the place of business, that  
he was approached by a lady acquaintance  
of the family, who said: "Mr. —,  
I hear you are suffering from rheumatism,  
is it so?" "Rheum' is m'm," said our  
citizen of few words, as the sure antidote  
has been used, and thus commented upon: Mr.  
C. N. Manchester, Culer street, says rela-  
tive to his experience; I have used St. Ja-  
cobs Oil, and esteem it the best remedy I  
have ever tried. It acts like magic, and I  
cannot over estimate its value, when I  
pronounce it the greatest rheumatic rem-  
edy of the age.

**Richer in Ammonia and Soluble Phosphate**  
Than any other fertilizer sold, except OUR EXCELSIOR, and is made with the same  
purity; uniform quality guaranteed. Fine and dry, is excellent order to  
use a very superior quality.

**PURE DISSOLVED BONES.**  
And keep constantly on hand a large supply of high grade PERUVIAN GUANO.

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