The Port Tobacco Times

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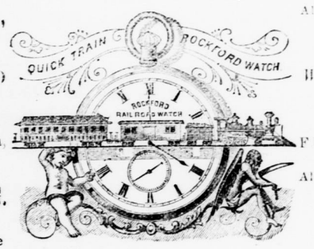

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F. H. Dupee, Esq., agent for Harper & Bros., Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case—eczema rodens, which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which finally yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

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Milk Crust.

Mrs. Bowers, 176 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

Falling Hair.

Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it. Thomas Lee, 229 Frankfort St., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff, which for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one quarter of an inch in thickness, cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

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For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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Select Poetry.

THE ÆSTHETIS.

Oh! we are two Damsels Æsthetic,
And for "Color" and "Tone" sympathetic
The traditional Cake
We most usually take,
And we also write Verse Antithetic.

For each's an Æsthetical Maiden,
And Mandie, Burne-Jones, Seymour-Hayden,
Rossetti and Wilde
Seem tame, meek and mild
When at Poetry or Pottery we wade in.

We play on the Harp and Bassoon;
We can Rink, dance the Racquet and Spoon
But our taste is severe,
And in naught we appear—
But old Gold, Olive Green and Maroon.

Our Kensington Stitch beats a fence;
And our Fans, Flower-painted, Immense;
While the work they call "Crewel,"
Makes many a Duel
'Mongest men who are Truly Intense.

Our Lilies are Languid and Faint;
At Sunflowers our Equals there ain't;
And Raphael's Cupids
Are fat little Stupids,
Compared to the King that we paint.

For Cupids are always a Bother
To girls that have no little Brother;
But when Models are Scarce,
Almost Any will Pass,
So we turn in and paint One Another.

Some think us "too Awfully Quite,"
But indeed and indeed, they're not right
"Quite Awfully Too,"
We may be, it is true,
Which is Different you see, by a Sight.

—*Adam Clarke in the Judge.*

A Select Story.

Did He Propose.

"I couldn't do it," said Martyn Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the seductive hour before the gas jets are lighted and window blinds are pulled down—the delicious twilight, when grate fires shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow mildly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better, for the click of the crystalized pearls against the glass filled up the silence, and made the cosy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martyn Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes, fixed full on the fire, saw—no one can tell what or how much they saw!

"Suppose she should say 'no,'" he burst out, seemingly *apropos* to nothing at all.

"Suppose she shouldn't," observed Guy Barnes, drily.

"I tell you, old fellow, it's exactly like having a tooth pulled out. Your friends stand by and say, 'Be a man; it's nothing!' It isn't they who have under the doctor's forceps.

"Complimentary to Miss Clen."

"Nonsense. You know what I mean. But really and truly, I've tried and I can't do it."

"Very well," said Barnes, indifferently; "then it is an understood thing that you are to live and die an old bachelor."

"I didn't say that."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. You expect Fanny is going to propose to you; that's it."

"You are a heartless miscreant," Ellerslie cried out, half laughing, half impatient, as he sprang to his feet and tossed the remnant of his cigar into the fire, "and I shall not waste any more words upon you—unless, indeed, you'll go round to the fair with me."

"Where Fanny Clen has a stand? Not if I know it. The money market is rather tight with me just at present, and these fancy fairs are not better than a den of robbers, where a defenceless young man is concerned."

And Martyn Ellerslie went on his way alone.

The hall was all a glitter with gas lights and fragrant with flowers when he got there; the pretty feminine sparks lurked each behind her table, well laden, all smiles and dimples, while the throng of victims ebbed and flowed around them.

"Mr. Ellerslie found himself greeted with acclamation.

"You will take a share Mr. Ellerslie?"

"Do please put your name down here, Mr. Ellerslie; there are only ten blanks left."

"Oh, Mr. Ellerslie, you are the very one we are waiting for. I've kept seven for you—seven is always a lucky number."

"Mr. Ellerslie! don't, pray, spend all of your money until you've taken a share in this mammoth doll, with a trunk full of clothes."

And thus our hero was flung hither and yon on the wave of the fair, drawing nearer, however, with every description, to the table over which shone the blue stars of Fanny Clen's eyes.

But when he got there he was smitten with a sudden silence.

Fanny looked wonderingly up.

"It's a fine evening," he hazarded.

"Is it?" asked Fanny. Why, I thought it was snowing!"

"So it is" said our hero, growing very red, and overturning with his elbow a crimson Venetian flask (for which he immediately had to pay a sovereign.) "I—I mean it isn't a very fine evening."

"Oh!" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Martyn, feeling acutely that he had made a donkey of himself.

Then he went away, and didn't see Fanny Clen again the whole evening—probably because she was the only person in the whole room he cared a fig about seeing at all. But so unkind is fate to love and lovers.

Just as he was edging his way out of the place, in a very dispirited and dejected frame of mind, there was a rush and a flutter, and he heard his own name called in all the notes of the human gamut.

"What is it? he asked, vaguely staring around him.

"You've drawn the big doll!" cried little Sibyl Percy, dancing up to him, and laying in his arms the huge waxen abomination, with its flossy yellow curls and imposing pink and white complexion; while somebody else brought the big trunk and little band box. "It's just like travelling with a wife," said Sybil, mischeivously.

"But what the—ahem! what am I to do with it?" asked our bewildered hero.

"Give it to somebody," said Sibyl, inwardly hoping he would act promptly on the suggestion and bestow the prize on her. "Any one would be delighted to receive such a present.

"Do you think he would?" asked Mr. Ellerslie, vacantly. And then he went away.

"Great stupid fellow!" cried Sybil, spitefully, and she tripped back to her friends.

"I never saw such a goose," said Laura Barrington, who had three sisters of her own at home.

"But what am I to do with it?" said Martyn to himself, as he traversed the wintry gloom of the midnight streets. "Oh, I have it!" I'll give it to Fanny Clen and she can make a Christmas present of it to her little black eyed cousin!"

He laid the dol, rejoicing, on a sofa, and went to bed, sinking into dreamland just about the time that Fanny Clen was taking the hairpins out of her magnificent golden hair before the dressing bureau in her own department.

"Why, Fanny, what ails you?" cried Dora, her, eldest sister. "You're crying?"

"I'm so tired," guiltily confessed poor Fanny.

And she wept herself to sleep, thinking how foolish she had been, and that of course Martyn Ellerslie didn't care a straw about her. Why should he?

Mr. Ellerslie rose the next morning full of his momentous resolve, and made such a toilet that the very landlady's little boy, seeing him go out with a big doll, neatly encased in her pasteboard box, under, his arm, ejected, profanely,—

"Oh, my eyes, what a swell!"

The black eyed, little cousin admitted him. Yes, Cousin Fanny was at home—would he walk into the parlor?

And our hero, before he had fairly made up his mind in what terms to bestow his gift, found himself bowing to a fair-headed vision in a sunny light room, surrounded by heads of cut flowers.

"How do you do, Mr. Ellerslie?" said Fanny, coloring and smiling; "I am making bequets, you see, for to night."

"Exactly so," said Martyn, and then he reflected how much more appropriate a remark he might have made and turned very red.

"Pray sit down," said Fanny.

"I—I—the fact is, Miss Clen," said Mr. Ellerslie, plunging in sheer desperation into the midst of his subject; "I have called—I hope you won't be vexed—you have only to say so if you don't like it."

Fanny dropped her sprig of heliotrope, and looked in surprise.

"I know it isn't of much consequence,' went on Martyn, turning the pasteboard box round and round in confusion, "but if you'll accept it I've known and esteemed you so long, and,—"

The damask roses deepened on Fanny's fair face. It had come at last, then, the proposal she had anticipated so long and anxiously.

"Not of much consequence? Oh, Mr. Ellerslie!" she repeated reproachfully.

"Would you care for it?" he demanded, quite oblivious in the embarassment of the moment that he hadn't even named the gift.

"Care for it!" the tears sparkled in Fanny's eyes. "When you know that I love you, Martyn."

And she ran straight into the arms of our astonished hero.

When he went down the doorsteps he was an engaged young man, how and when he scarcely knew, himself. And as fate would have it, the first personage against whom he stumbled was Guy Barnes.

"Hello!" said Guy. "What's up?"

"Don't speak so loud," said Ellerslie, passing his arm through that of his friend. "She's engaged to be my wife."

"Who is? The divine Fannie, the fairest of her sex?"

"Of course; who else should it be?"

"But I thought you couldn't screw your courage up to the proposing mark?"

"I didn't propose."

Guy Barnes stared.

"You—didn't—propose! Then how could she have accepted you?"

"That's just what I can't exactly comprehend myself," said the puzzled lover. "We are engaged—that is certain—but I can't for the life of me remember when or how I proposed."

"But of course you proposed," observed Guy. "People always do get a little flurried, you know."

"Do they? Well, I suppose that was the case with me. But I don't remember—"

"Oh, don't be such a ninny!" said Guy Barney, impatiently.

"I wish I could remember just what I said, though," observed Martyn.

And even after he was duly married he never could quite recall whether he proposed or not But as long as dear little Fannie was all his own, what did it signify?

Select Miscellany.

A Tale of Royalty.

M Florian Pharson tells an amusing anecdote about King Humbert of Italy, who is as fond of shoting as was his royal father, Victor Emmanuel. From time to time King Humbert, oblivious of all royal customs and court etiquette, separates himself from his suite, and, gun in hand, goes out alone in search of game, accompanied by his two favorite dogs. During one of his excursions he was met by peasant, who looked on with admiration at the havoc the King had made among a covey of partridges. He did not know the monarch, and seeing him in the dress of an ordinary sportsman, could not recognize him. He complimented him on his skill with his gun, and then told him that if he would come to his farm on the following morning at daybreak and kill a fox which had made several raids on his roost he would not mind giving him a couple of frances for his trouble.

King Humbert kept the appointment, and was fortunate enough to kill the fox. The delighted peasant welcomed him on his return, called his wife and children out, and insisted on the King sharing their breakfast with them. At the end of the repast the peasant took leave of his visitor pressing a two franc piece in his hand, which the King tossed up in the air and caught, declaring it was the first money he had ever earned. Two days afterwards the peasant was surprised to see an officer in uniform ride up in an open carriage with presents from the King for his wife and children. He then learned to whom he owed his obligation, and was confused at the familiar manner in which he had hob nobbed with royalty.—*From the London Globe.*

A Little Strategy.

Sometimes strategy proves as useful in love as in war. A young woman, whom the Cleveland, Ohio, papers mention as Miss Esther, had for suitors until last week, two very nice young men, but now, by a bit of strategy on the part of one, he is the only Richmond in the field. It appears that a number of persons of both sexes' who championed the cause of the other lover, arranged for a surprise party at Miss Esther's house, on St. Clair street. The unpopular lover was left out in the cold of course and no doubt his rival passed the day in assuring himself that he had the inside track, with the home stretch in full view.

But is so happened that the arrangement for the party came to the rival's knowledge Instead of tearing his hair over the situation, he straightway secured two of the best seats at the opera, and obtained a promise from Miss Esther that she would go with him that very evening. The pair left the house about ten minutes before eight o'clock, at which hour the company appeared.

Miss Esther was not at home. They were received by the old folks, and all, except the disconsolate lover, made themselves merry. They waited until long after the midnight hour, and when at last Miss Esther returned it was in a sleigh procured by the young man, who though left out in the cold originally, had frozen out his adversaries as well as thawed Miss Esther into acceptance of his hand.

Lincoln in Hot Weather.

We went up stairs and were taken to the door of a bed room looking out on the Potomac flats; a cheery cry of "Come in!" in a great, strong voice answered the Senator's rap, and I was *vis-a-vis* with the first President I had ever met. It was a broiling, breezeless summer day, and the sole occupant of the room, divested of coat, vest, cravat, collar and shoes, sat in a great rocking chair, in his shirt, trousers, stockings and loose slippers, "only these and nothing more." As he rose and came to meet us, I looked at him with surprise and wonder, for he was the most remarkable man I had yet seen; and I don't think I have seen such a one in all my journeyings since.

* * * As he talked he became excited, and rocked nervously and vigorously in his chair, and his long, lean leg, crossed over the knee of the other one, swung backward and forward like a pendulum. And, finally, from the violent swinging, off flew his slipper into the corner of the room. Never heeding it, he crossed the other leg instead, and went on with his ardent expression of feeling, in which Bingham joined, while I (as became my place) sat by, silent, but much interested and amused. Presently off flew the other slipper and, the conversation closing soon after, Mr. Lincoln rose and ushered us to the door with just three garments on his immensely long person!

But he was, of all men, the most independent of the effect of clothing or of outward appearance. Had he been clad in skins, one would have been impressed with his greatness by seeing and hearing him half an hour. For he was an uncrowned King, a man among men *Primus inter paves*, greatest among all great men of his age.

A poem entitled 'In the the Gloaming' has been received with a request that if not used it be returned. It will be used. The gentleman in charge of the office fire is too great an admirer of the muse to ever let kindling-wood supersede poetry.

Phenomena of Death.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the field in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In an instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen in and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt.

The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence, was impressed upon him by a blow, which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought.

But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute.

Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expresston is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath.

Some of these cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound, till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs, concluded his career. 'Yet his voice,' says the trooper, who himself told the story, 'gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness.'

Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar which occurred. An old officer who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal.

'Indeed, I feared so,' he responded, with impeded utterance, 'and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible.'

He laid his sword upon a stone at his side 'as gently,' says Hall, 'as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf.'

The Secret of Wing Shooting.

Shooting on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence, but any one with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to success in anything can acquire it. The secret lies in the hand becoming subservient to the eye. The two must be connected by electricity. The eye is never at at fault; if it were, there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card players and conjurers in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot. One often hears it said, "To be a good shot requires a quick eye." It matters not how quick the eye is unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Let one bird out of a trap before 500 people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practiced shot can throw up the gun to his shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull trigger before the bird has flown ten feet. Take the adroit fencer or boxer; he sees an opening and his practiced muscles obey the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpracticed eye can follow. Of what use is the sight on a gun? Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely see the barrels. A sportman should shoot his game the same as an Indian shoots his arrow, by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye but there is nothing gained by this. There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This is termed "snap-shooting." The other equally good, and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird, and when covered, fire while the gun is in motion.

A man in New York took a drink of whiskey at a bar, the other day, and instantly fell dead. Deaths from excessive joy are by no means uncommon.

To the query of a Danbury dentist to an applicant for a new set as to what sort of teeth she wanted, she said, 'Something that won't show dirt.'

An Ohio man died the other day immediately after asking for a glass of water. Probably, remorse and horror at the thought of what was coming killed him.

A Pretty Home.

Now that so many pretty things may be bought at moderate cost, the poorest woman can save a room from being meagre in its appointments.—She can avoid horse-hair sofas and violent carpets, and vulgar prints on the walls. Good engravings, a little cretonne, some knicknacks made by herself, a few grasses, a growing plant, and an open fire, are all that are needed to make a room pleasant and refined. What a pity it is that in a country covered with wood and firewood should be an expensive luxury, for there is nothing like it to make a home attractive! It burns up many a quarrel and morbid speculation, rights many a wrong, and promotes peace. No picture is so utterly cheerful as that of the family gathering round it as evening falls. No conversations are so fresh and witty as those which go up with the sparks. No companion is so lively and invigorating to the invalid, the recluse, the mourner, or the aged, as a wood-fire. It is the most healthful of all ventilators, the most picturesque picture, the most enlivening suggestion of energy few hymes possess this rare attraction. In the cities, however, we can make canal coal take the place of wood in a measure, and still rejoice in our opon fire.

The American Kiss.

The American kiss, we learn, has been made the subject of a book to be printed. Undoubtedly the book will be a very large one, for the American kiss is altogether too big a thing to be crowded into small space. It is, in fact, a great kiss, expansive and generous, and it comes in most wonderful variety and profusion. Probably no man ever found two American kisses just alike, and in their infinite variety lies a part of their sweetness. The genius of the American girl in giving life and seasoning to a kiss is not equal anywhere in any foreign land—except, possibly, in New Jersey. If the American kiss, in its every shape and dimension, were written about, it would show into how many millions of delightful forms a little thing can be put, but no human being could have the hardihood to undertake such a task, and it may be set down in advance that the alleged book, on the American kiss will be a very inadequate affair.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Many are interested in marriage anniversaries, and so we herewith give both the old style and the new:

First anniversary—Iron.
Fifth anniversary—Wooden
Thenth anniversary—Tin.
Fifteenth anniversary.—Crystal.
Twentieth anniversary—China.
Twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver.
Thirtieth anniversary—Cotton.
Thirty-fifth anniversary—Linen.
Fortieth anniversary—Woolen.
Forty-Fifth anniversary—Silk.
Fiftieth anniversary—Golden.
Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond.

The above is the old style; and we will give the new style, which is as follows:

Sugar wedding—A marriage with an attendant suit.

Tin wedding—One that 'pans out' well.

Crystal wedding—Marrying one addicted to the glass.

Silver wedding—Marrying a gray beard.

Golden wedding—When the groom is a minor and the bride a little vain.

Diamond wedding—When the 'washings' are large.

VARIETIES.

The man who stole a march and could'nt dispose of it sent it back.

A woman calls her husband Good Resolutions because he is always broke.

There is nothing more chilling to an ardent lover than the Beautiful's No.

Every man knows what the charge of the Light Brigade is when he gets his gas bill.

The roar of Niagara has been set to music; but what does it signify?—Even the heights of the Andes have been scaled.

When a Deadwood man rises up in a gin mill and says the whole crowd present are liars, he generally has a bang-up funeral.

The positive, comparative, and superlative degrees as to getting on the world are: 'Get on,' 'get honor,' 'get honest.'

Coal is so scarce in some parts of the West that young people engaged in courtship have to sit in each other's laps to keep warm.

In the world's broad field of polo, in the base ball game of strife, many a skin is barked severely, you can bet your precious life.

A ballot dancer died recently at Naples, leaving a large fortune. This shows how easy it is to accumulate wealth when one dresses economically.

A travelling printer, who, for want of employment at his trade went to work on a farm, came in one day to ask his employer if a hen should be set solid.

A doctor says that a whole mince pie eaten at bed time will not harm the most delicate system, It is dreaming of falling down a coal mine is what upsets one's nerves.

'Can there be happines where there is no love?' solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness perhaps, but, if the girl is awfully rich, there can be lots of fun.