# The Port Tobacco Times

## AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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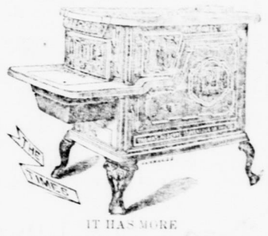

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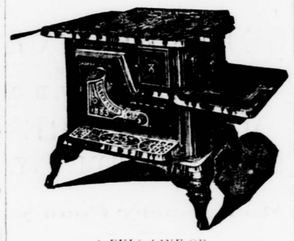

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A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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GENERAL

*Commission Merchants,*

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near Pearl, New York.

Magistrates Blanks.

For sale at this OFFICE.


### Unto Death.

Look!

A gaunt, shambling wolf which has been making erratic circles on the prairie suddenly stops, lifts his nose high above the grass, and sniffs the air in every direction.

Hark!

A long-drawn howl—a sound which rasps on your nerves and brings a chill. The honest growl of the tiger would be music in comparison. It has no honest echo, but you hear the r-r-r-r-r sneaking across the half-mile of prairie to that evil company in the thickets beyond.

The echo is hardly lost in the pines before it is caught up and sent back by a dozen throats, and a moment after a pack of wolves break cover and race across the grass to join the lone animal which sent forth the rallying call.

Skulking—malignant—devilish! There are beasts which will look you square in the face. The wolf never does. Restless eyes—uneasy bodies—lolling tongues—yellow fangs!

The pack head across the prairie to the South, sniffing at the summer breeze as they run, and at each long leap their eyes grow fiercer and clots of foam fly from their red mouths to blotch the velvet grass. It is a trail they are following, and the scent is fresh.

Come on!

It is a strange sight which meets our eyes. Lying stark and stiff on the prairie, fingers clutching the grass and a look of agony on the face already turning purple under the hot sun, is the body of a hunter. Dead? No need to ask that when you have seen the terrible hole in the breast, and the blood which has welled out and soaked the grass and changed the color of the flowers. His rifle lies at his side—his pack at his head. No accident? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. There is one who could tell us if he could but speak.

"Here, dog!"

Lying beside the dead—rising quickly up as we approach—is the hunter's friend and companion—a grand old dog. He looks straight into our eyes. If we have come to bury the dead with kind hands, it is well. If we have come to rob the master—beware! There is Courage and Fidelity and Determination.

Hush! The dog wheels about and faces the north. A sound has reached his ears which sets his eyes aflame and raises every hair on his back. Yelp! yelp! yelp! It is the wolves—the pack which picked up the trail he had made as he went to the north in search of water.

Now watch!

There are twenty to one, and the scent of the dead adds to their fierceness and daring, but as they advance to within ten paces of the dog every wolf comes to a stop. Standing with his fore paws on the breast of the dead, the dog growls a warning at each and every one before him. He could run away and save his life, but the base idea never comes to him. He will fight the whole pack—he will die defending his dead!

See! The wolves huddle together for a moment, as if in consultation, and then they break up and form a circle about their victim. The dog wheels slowly, growling his wrath and uttering his defiance. Even now he could break through and escape, but he will not. Of a sudden the leader of the pack dashes at him, but he returns to the circle—whipped—bleeding—vengeful. His place is filled by three companions, and for a moment the corpse is hidden from view and the uproar is frightful.

Grand old dog! They have tasted of his blood, but he has sent them crawling back. Placing his paw again on the breast of the dead he growls defiance to the last.

It is over! At a signal the whole circle closes in, and the struggle is ended and the feast begins. There is a tearing of flesh—a low growl of satisfaction—and it is scarcely five minutes before the last wolf has vanished from sight, leaving only the stains of blood on the grass for the vultures to look down on.

### They Couldn't Make Him Speak.

They had a dime supper in the neighborhood of Pawtucket, conceived and carried out by the ladies. The conditions of this novel supper were these: For every word spoken by the gentlemen at the supper-table a forfeit of 10 cents was imposed; but, on the other hand (as duties are always compensated with rights and restrictions with privileges), it was agreed that whoever could weather the whole supper, submitting to all queries, surprises, and ingenious questions without replying, should be entitled to it gratuitously. Many and frequent were the artifices and subterfuges resorted to by the ladies in attendance to entrap the unguarded, and one after another stout and discreet man went down before the constant volley of artful interrogations. At last all fell out and paid the dime penalty save one individual—a queer chap whom nobody seemed to know. He attended strictly to business, and passed unheeded the jokes, gibes and challenges. They quizzed him, but all in vain. He wrestled with turkey and grappled with the goose. He bailed out the cranberry sauce with an unswerving hand, and he ate celery as the scriptural vegetarian ate grasses; and, finally, when he had finished his fifth piece of pie, he whipped out a pocket-slate and wrote on it in a large and legible hand, "I am deaf and dumb."—*Providence Journal.*

### He Might Catch It Himself.

Among the regular passengers on the Boston, Lynn & Revere Beach Railroad is a somewhat celebrated chemist, who has lately compounded a mixture for the cure of cholera. Last evening he was in conversation with Conductor Bradbury regarding his discovery, and being very much interested in its wonderful medicinal properties, he raised his voice so as to attract the attention of all the passengers in the car. "Why," said he, "my medicine will knock the cholera higher than a burnt boot. I wish it would come here, and I would show you how quick I would conquer it and make my fortune besides." "What's the matter with your going out there where it is and wrestling with it?" blandly suggested the genial Bradbury. "Why, I might catch it myself," innocently replied the would-be cholera exterminator, and the roars of laughter that filled the cars at that moment so confused the worthy inventor as to cause his sudden retirement to the smoking car.—*Boston Herald.*

### A Perfect Female Figure.

"Define a good figure!" said a well-known Detroit sculptor. "Well, a good figure is a rarity. There are so many girls who come to me to pose as models and so very few who are of the least use! Their knees are crooked and their arms bent and their waists pinched in—there is always something wrong. See that head and trunk? That is Proserpine. She is shrinking away from Pluto who is about to carry her away to the infernal regions to be his wife. Now do you know that it took sittings of five different models to make that one piece.

"I did see a good figure once. She was almost perfect. You know the Venus de Medici is supposed to be the perfection of form. Well, this girl's figure was almost identical with hers. Had I wished to make a full sized statue I would not have changed her one iota. She was a very wealthy girl and very indolent. Sitting always in her room in neglige costume and taking so little exercise, she grew to be the very perfection of grace. Every pose was a study, and every move beautiful. And do you know that girl laced—terribly so. She compressed her waist, I should think, seven inches smaller than it naturally was. But then she wore corsets for only about three hours each week, she went out so little. She was a very attractive girl, but not very pretty—very good figures seldom are. I will give you her dimensions. She was 5 feet 4½ inches high. Then she measured 31 inches about the bust, 26½ inches about the waist, 35 inches over the hips, 9 inches from the armpit to the waist, 11½ inches around the ball of the arm, 9½ inches around the elbow, 6½ inches around the wrist. You see she tapered 4½ inches from the bust to the waist; that is right. Then her hands and her feet were good and large. An artist always looks for large extremities. The feet of this girl were 9½ inches long. 'What an immense hoof?' do you say. Well, not so very large. I think it was a No. 4 shoe she took. Now, here is a cut of a foot not so large, you will say. Well, it measures 8½ inches. The fingers of the hand too, must be long and taper with a curve backward at the tips. Women have come to me so proud of their hands, such tiny hands, and yet perfect deformities, with every finger warped and crooked.

"I should have said, of course, that no figure can be good unless well rounded and free from angles. I must confess, though, that a fine statuesque figure would not look well draped in the present fashion. Yes, I will give my idea of a fine figure in the present fashion. Bust measure, 32 inches; waist, 24; 9 inches from armpit to waist; long arms and long neck. By 'neck' I mean from the collar-bone to the chin; and, recollect this, I would far father see the waist 25 inches than 23. This figure shall be 5 feet 4½ inches in height. I once saw a figure I admired a good deal, that was 34 about the bust and 26 about the waist."

Epidemics of cholera are pronounced by M. Thomasi Crudelli as practically impossible of prevention by cordons of military sentinels, quarantines of the exclusive type, or fumigations of suspected persons or property. He advocates, very forcibly, sanitary reform as the true preventive of death-dealing disease over wide areas, as it is the best safeguard of health at all times and seasons. As a palliative he proposes that the clothing of the sick should be disinfected by steeping in water containing 0.2 per cent. of mercurial chloride, because this precaution was found satisfactory at Palermo, during the epidemic of 1866. But it would be better, and in the long run cheaper, to subject the clothing of patients, and such other matters as are undeniably impregnated with what produces the disease, to cremation, to the action of actual fire, and let the community bear part if not the whole of the expense.

### A Queer Genoese Fashion.

We soon pass an immense house which was once a palace, but is now used for other purposes. Looking up, we see that one of the great windows in the second story is open, and a lady is sitting at it. She is dressed in very bright, though somewhat old-fashioned attire. Flowers and vines cluster inside the window, and there is a hanging cage with a bird. As we stop and look at her, the lady does not move, and in a few moments we perceive that the window, the lady, the open shutters, the sash, the flowers, and the cage are all painted on the wall in a space where you would naturally expect to find a window. This used to be a favorite way of decorating houses in Italy, and in Genoa we shall frequently see these painted windows, some closed, and some partly open, some with one person looking out, some with two, and some with none. The lady at this window has sat and looked out on the street for hundreds of years. Under her window, into the great entrance of the palace, used to pass nobles and princes. Now there are shops in the lower part of the palace, and you can have your shoes mended by a cobbler in the courtyard.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

The price of Meissonier's wonderful little picture, "The Vedette" is stated to be $22,500. Fifty years ago Meissonier's inimitable drawings fetched from $4 to $8 apiece. In order to finish them he had to spend half the day in the "Bibliotheque Nationale" at Paris, studying Indian engravings, which afforded subjects suited to the taste of the dealer whose orders the great French artist—then unknown to fame—was executing. Meissonier has for himself left it on record that his lunch then consisted of a raw apple, and his dinner (when he could afford one) of soup, fried potatoes and a bit of bread. He could only afford to sleep one night in two, and for six months he claims to have lived on a sum of 50 francs.

A prominent lawyer now practicing in this city tells the following: "An old darkey was under indictment for some trivial offence and was without counsel. The Judge appointed me to defend him. I was young and very fresh at the time, and it was my first case in court. As I went forward to consult with my client he turned to the Judge and said: 'Yo' Honah, am dis de lawyer what am appointed to offend me?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the old darkey, 'take him away, Jedge; I pleads guilty.'"—*N. Y. World.*

### The Skating Rink.

The father of a family remarked yesterday in some heat: "Last night I went to the skating rink on upper Broadway, for the purpose of taking my daughter home. I had left them there at 7 o'clock, and had then gone down to the Hoffman house to elect somebody. When I got back I walked in without their seeing me, and leaned over the railing gazing at the skaters. I was disgusted by the sight that met my eye. I am a liberal man, and don't believe in cooping a girl up as you would a rare exotic, or watching her as you would a criminal. But I made up my mind before I got home that night that it would be just as well to keep an eye on the girls as not.

The sight that met my eye was not an agreeable one. Both of the girls are young, you know, 17 and 18, and I suppose you have observed that they are pretty. At any rate, they are bright and fresh young creatures, full of life and fun. I send them to the park every morning before breakfast on ponies, they spend six months of every year in the country playing tennis and dipping into the ocean, and I had flattered myself that no nonsense concerning young men had entered their heads. I believe the skating rink has undone in an hour what it has taken me years to accomplish. You know they employ as assistants at the rink half a dozen spruce young fellows, whom I am told are hired solely on account of their good looks. They are, in fact, a remarkably pretty lot of little men. Their ages are from 23 to 25 or 28, and each of them has a nice curled mustache, carefully-banged hair, and gushing manner. They are dressed in uniforms, and they are the most conspicuous little crowd of mashers that I have ever seen. They are actually sickening.

As I stood there gazing at three or four of these young whipper-snappers sailing along, clasping the girls' hands in their own and whispering in their ears, I was astounded by seeing my youngest daughter sail by in the clutches of the mashiest masher of them all. He had hold of both of her hands, and was leaning against her, whispering in her ear. His mustache rubbed against her cheek, his eyes were half closed, and she was as red as a beet and staring straight at the floor. I gulped. Before I caught my breath I descried sailing down the middle of the room another masher with my other daughter. They were even more familiar and affectionate than the first two. "What did you do?" I asked, as he stopped to thump his leg with his open palm. "Do!" he roared. "I walked out on the floor and yanked those girls to the benches in such short order that I pride myself that I was the center of attraction for a short time anyway. I expressed a few sentiments to the assembled mashers and took the girls home. I am given to understand now by the entire family, except my son, that I made a confounded ass of myself, but I don't believe it. No more skating rinks for me. They are too risky."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### The Rise of the "Metropolitan Correspondent."

I will not assert that the bricks found among the ruins of Ninevah, covered with cuneiform characters, were tablets which had dropped from the hats of "Assyrian Specials;" neither will I insist that St. Paul alluded to the news-correspondents of Athens when he spoke of those Greeks there who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." In ancient Rome, however, centuries before there were types or printing presses, telegraphs or ocean steamers, there were metropolitan correspondents. Wherever the victorious legions advanced, the Roman officers, both military and civil, were supplied with the lidibria ventes and the acta populi by special correspondents, who sent away from the imperial city, inscribed on papyrus, almost exactly the same matters about which we telegraph. We read in some of these chronicles which have escaped the ravages of time about the debates in the Capitol, the receptions of the Executive, the gladiatorial shows, the new public buildings erected, chats for idlers, and on-dits for scandal-mongers. The profession of "metropolitan correspondents" thus established has ever since been followed at the capitals of civilized countries; and now that they have telegraph and the printing press for the diffusion of their gatherings and gleanings, they are a recognized institution. The brains of the fifty or more here are the cameras through which the nation's history is daily daguerrotyped on the minds of at least 5,000,000 readers. Jefferson, who was the first President inaugurated here, had as his favorite correspondent William Duane, of the Philadelphia Aurora, who had the run of the White House, and was sneeringly called by the Federalists the Presidential bagpiper.—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

### Genius and Opportunity.

For a score of years the scientific school of criticism has tried to break down the barrier between ordinary minds and men of genius by proving that genius differs in degree but not in kind from common intellects. That this tendency should have grown in favor with critics is not surprising; it is merely an illustration of that larger tendency in modern science to regard all organic beings as related, and to obliterate the line of separation between the lowest men and the highest animals. But after accepting the assertion that men of genius are only ordinary men with some intellectual qualities developed to an unusual degree, how does that make genius any the less remarkable? It is in the difference that the marvel lies, and not in the resemblance. Science will never be able to do more than record that difference; it will never be able to explain it. So when we are told that Shakspeare or Goethe was the product of his time, we need not quarrel with the statement; but we know that no explanation of the fact that Shakspeare was Shakspeare can be given. That particular individuality which distinguished him from all other men, whether they were contemporary or not, cannot be explained by referring to the age or to the environment in which he lived.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Hand-made envelopes cost originally 5 cents each. The envelope-making machine now turns them out so that a thousand are sold for 30 cents.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

Before the wedding—Wooed and won. Five years after—Wooden one.—*New York Journal.*

Holland is increasing its number of wind-mills by two per day. It will be a great place if the wind holds out.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Holland has 10,000 windmills. During a presidential campaign America can see Holland and go her about 50,000 windmills better.

We don't know why the god of marriage is called Hymen, Julia, unless it is because the groom is generally a very "short" man after his marriage.

Dramatic views: "Your son is an actor, you say, Mr. Maginnis?" "Faith he is." "Where does he act?" "Down the Bowery." "And what roles does he play?" "Rolls, is it! Faith, he rolls up the curtain."—*Rambler.*

"Why did you strike that boy, my son?" asked a father. "'Cause he said I stole his top." "And you struck him to prove to him that you did not take it, eh?" "No, sir, 'cause I did take it, but I can whip any boy that says so."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A father-in-law at a wedding attempted to chaff the groom: "I hope now, sir, that you will not get into any more scrapes." "No," said the new son-in-law, "I shall not have a chance; I shall never get out of this one."—*Providence News.*

Terrified City Milkman (filling his can at the pump)—"Great Scott! What's that? Mary bring the gun quick, there's a wild beast in the yard." Mary (who was once in the country)—"Why, you old fool, that's a cow!" T. C. Milkman—"You don't say so."—*Puck.*

"Say, ma, I seen a nigger put seven eggs in his mouth all at once," said Johnny Quarle as he came in from his supper. "Humph, that's nothing; your father put that butcher shop and a horse and wagon into his," tartly replied Mrs. Quarle. Whisky was the ruination of the old man.

There is a tendency to refine on phrases that convey to the mind repugnant ideas. Hence our friends don't die; "they have entered into rest." Inasmuch as the condition of the departed is somewhat problematical, how would it be to substitute the following: "Withdrawn from circulation."—*Boston Post.*

"How much did Mr. Smith give you at his wedding?" asked a minister's wife of her husband. "Two dollars." "Well, that's a very insignificant sum for a rich man like Mr. Smith to pay for such a service." "It does seem a small amount," he replied, "but you must remember that he has been married before."—*New York Sun.*

A mother in New York City whose little son had fallen from the roof of her dwelling and caught on a telegraph wire, whence he was rescued by a daring descent of another lad upon a fire-escape, spanked her son and gave his rescuer 10 cents. Whatever may be said of the latter act, the former showed wisdom beyond that of the present age.

A sharp trick was played upon a Lambertville citizen a few days ago. He gave a tramp a pair of old pantaloons and was surprised shortly afterwards by a chap returning and giving him a five dollar note, which he said he had found in one of the pockets. So pleased was the citizen with the tramp's honesty that he presented him with a silver dollar, but imagine his rage upon discovering shortly afterwards that the bill was counterfeit.—*Trenton True American.*

Two middle-aged women, who had not seen each other for years, met the other day in City-Hall Park, and embraced effusively. After they had recovered their breath one asked: "Are you married?" "Oh, yes, and have five children—my husband is a brick-carrier in West Twenty-third street. "Are you married?" "Yes, indeed." "And your husband?" "He is a brick-carrier, too." "Where does he carry?" "In his hat."

A tramp applied to an Elizabeth, (N. J.) woman for food one day last week, and she scolded him saying: "Why don't you come at a decent time—right after dinner or breakfast—not in the middle of the morning?" He said: "I hain't got no watch," in such a piteous manner, that she relented and went to the kitchen to get him something. Meanwhile her reproof sunk deep into his heart, and, to guard against making such a mistake in the future, he walked into the parlor and carried off the handsome mantel clock.

"Excuse me, madam," said a gentleman politely to a lady from whose head he had accidently pulled a false switch in a crowded car. "I've seen enough of you to convince me that you are no gentleman," exclaimed the confused woman "And I," returned the suave man, handing back the lost switch, "have seen enough of you to convince me that you are no gentleman either."

"Pat, have you any prairies in Ireland like we have in Illinois?" "To be shure we have. Didn't yez iver hear of Tipperary?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A little fellow was climbing an apple tree, and when on the topmost limb, he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him she asked him if there was anything she could do for him now that he began to feel better. Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there anything he wanted? Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her the little sufferer said: "Yes, I want a pair of pants with a pocket behind." He got them.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Brother Gardner announced the following new legends to be hung on the walls during the fall and winter term: "A bigot am mo' to be feered dan a fule." "You kin silence a man by knockin' him down, but it takes argyment to convince him." "Human natur' kin sometimes be depended upon ober night, but it's the safest way to take a note of hand fur it." "A man's rating am not how much he kin run in debt, but how nigh he kin squar' up ebery Saturday night." "Industry am sartin to bring plenty, and economy neber goes b'arfut in winter." "Between sayin' nuffin' an' talkin' too much de world leans to de man who holds his tongue." "Our opinion of ourselves makes us all great men."—*Proceedings of the Lime Kiln Club in Detroit Free Press.*