The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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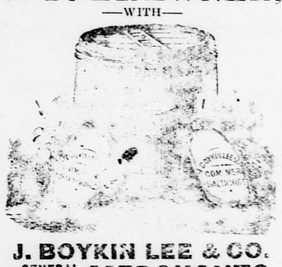

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This Preparation has proven to be exceedingly valuable for the cure of
Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, General Prostration of Vital Forces, Loss of Physical Power,
And all DERANGEMENTS consequent on overtaxed mind and body. In fact it gives tone to all the physical functions, and buoyancy to the spirits.
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A man of forty years old can carry one thousand dollars on his life, and thus secure that amount to his family at his death, by the payment of about ten dollars a year, and when he has paid his ten dollars additional into the safety fund, and has been a member for five years, his payments will be greatly reduced by dividends declared every six months. The safety fund is already over $400,000 and is rapidly increasing. They have a cash capital of $250,000 and assets amounting to over one and a quarter million.

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Select Reading.

A MISFIT MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Frederick the Great was a very peculiar man. He was as full of eccentricities as a herring is of bones. Some writers who have studied his character very closely maintain that most of the time he was crazy. One of his peculiarities was to stroll out with a denture sort of a look on his face and a rattan cane in his good right hand. All at once he would bend it, the cane, out of shape around the persons of his loving subjects as he found loitering or loafing. All such were positive that he was a little out of his mind, and should be locked up in the asylum for the feeble-minded.

Frederick's great hobby was his regiment of giants, of which he was proud as if he were their parental ancestor. It was the opinion of his majesty that marrying his giant soldiers to women of similar stature a race of giants would be the result. The feelings and wishes of the parties thus mated were never taken into consideration, consequently many of the marriages entered into at the instigation of Frederick were not satisfactory to anybody except himself.

One day Frederick was taking a ride on horseback in the vicinity of Potsdam. He was then quite an old man. Not far from the road was an object that attracted his attention. At first he thought it was a haystack, but he was not quite sure of it, as haystacks were not in the habit of moving. The object moved.

Frederick rode up to it, when to his utter amazement, the object was transformed into the biggest woman he ever saw. She was bending over digging potatoes. As she stood up she shut out from the view of the king, a vast quantity of blue sky. In fact, the king, who had dismounted, was almost frightened as he looked up at this giantess.

She seemed to be seven or eight feet tall but well proportioned. She held her apron with one hand, while she allowed the potatoes, with which it was filled, to drop into a large basket by her side. With her left hand she wield d a shovel with as much [illegible] had been a toasting fork. [illegible] and a face as [illegible] a [illegible] that indicated much [illegible]

"What are you doing there?" asked the king.

"Can't you see for yourself? I'm digging potatoes. Did you think I was playing on the piano?"

"How old are you, sissy?"

"I was seventeen years old on my last birthday, bubby."

"Only seventeen! It hardly seems possible that you could have grown all that distance in such a short time."

"Well, I did, and I did most of it by myself, too, although I had a good start. You are a polite gentleman, you are, to ask a lady her age. "If I were to judge of your age by your size I'd say that you hadn't been weaned yet although your face shows that you were not born last week."

The king, who was not accustomed to this sort of talk, was angered, but recollecting that this peasant girl had no idea of his identity, he smiled, and regaining his good humor, continued the conversation.

"You amuse me little one. You are not married, I suppose?"

"No, and I don't expect that I will have a chance to get married for the next hundred years, or at least, until the old king pegs out. The way that old sinner holds out is scandalous. He takes all the men of any size and puts them in his big overgrown regiment at Potsdam. You ain't going to propose to me are you, now that you are talking about marriage.

"No, not just yet, I am too young."

"If you are matrimonially inclined I was going to recommend my grandmother. She is a widow about your age. She was 103 last summer. She is just the kind of a frisky young thing you need to soothe you in your declining years. She is a daisy at frying pancakes."

A happy thought flashed through the monarch's mind.

"Look here, little one, I want you to take a note from me to a gentleman in Potsdam. Here is a thaler for your trouble," and taking his note book, Frederick tore out a leaf, wrote a few lines, and handed the note with his ring to the giantess. "You take this note and ring to the colonel of the guards at Potsdam, and tell him that the gentleman who gave it to you said to be sure and carry out the instructions contained in the note."

"All right, sir," she said, taking the money and the note, "do you want me to lift you back in the saddle, old man?"

"No, I thank you, little girl," replied the king, mounting his horse. As he rode off she called after him.

"Be careful, bubby, that you don't spill yourself off that big horse."

The king rode off smilingly. He was under the impression that he had done something very shrewd.

The giantess possibly suspected that the old gentleman on horseback was playing some trick on her. It is also possible that she opened the note and read it. It is not altogether impossible that the sly piece knew all the time that she was talking to his majesty, and her ignorance was altogether assumed. Who can tell what a woman knows or don't know?

At all events she made up her mind not to deliver the note. As it happened an old woman, wrinkled and bent with age, came down the road. The giantess motioned to her to approach.

"Good morning, grandmother Shippel, do you want to earn a thaler?"

Did she want to earn a thaler? That was more money than the poor old creature had seen for one time in years.

She took the ring and note and hobbled off in the direction of Potsdam at a rate of speed that was astonishing in one so aged. The giantess looked after and then throwing back her head she laughed so loud that a peasant plowing in a field half a mile distant paused in his work, and looked to see what was the cause of the atmospheric concussions.

As for the old woman, it was not long before she was ushered into the presence of the colonel of King Frederick's regiment of the guards. He was a man of immense size. After he had read the note and examined the ring, he rubbed his eyes, looked down at the shriveled up little old woman, passed his hand over his perplexed forehead, re-read the note, and seemed to be more perplexed than ever.

The king's note read as follows:

Have the bearer married at once to the tallest man in your regiment. You are directed to carry out this order without fail or delay, and the slightest deviation will incur my displeasure.
FREDERICK WILLIAM I., REX.

"This is something extraordinary," soliloquized the colonel. "How this marriage is going to promote his majesty's intentions in regard to the future race of giants passes my comprehension, but that's none of my business. The king's word is the law. Orderly!"

The orderly advanced, saluted and came to the position of attention

"Order Corporal Schmock to report to me at once; also the chaplain of the regiment."

The corporal entered; he was the biggest man in the regiment. When he was informed of the order of the king he stamped his foot, that is inwardly, for no outward signs of insubordination were allowed. As for the aged bride, at first she seemed to hesitate, but finally she chewed the border of her apron and expressed unwillingness to thwart the wishes of the king. She was extremely willing to conciliate his majesty, no matter to how much inconvenience she might subject herself.

The chaplain of the regiment came in, and in about ten minutes corporal Schmock and Anna Shippel were made one. After denying himself the pleasure of saluting the bride, corporal Schmock hastened to the nearest saloon and in an incredibly short time he was in the guard house as drunk as a lord.

A few hours later Frederick rode into the court-yard of the barracks. He dismounted and was received with the usual honors by the colonel.

"How is Corporal Schmock coming on as a married man?"

"He is in the guard house, may it please your majesty."

"What has he been doing?"

"He got drunk as soon as the marriage ceremony was over"

"Release him. His young wife will naturally feel lonesome."

"Did I understand your majesty to say young wife?"

"Of course; she says she is only seventeen."

"I am afraid your majesty has been deceived but possibly she meant to say seventy-one. She looks to be at least that old"

"Then she must have aged very much during the last few hours. Bring her in"

The aged dame was led in. She was very much embarassed and was ready to sink through the floor, particular when her eight feet of husband was also brought in.

He hurled himself on the floor with a mighty proneness and besought the king to have him court-martialed and put him out of his misery, pointing sadly to his venerable bride, who, like the daughter-in law-elect of the Mikado, was "simply appalling."

Koko's distress was mild compared to the mental anguish of Corporal Schmock.

The king laughingly remarking that it was plain that there was a limit to his power, told the wretched young husband that he would be allowed to procure a divorce As for the giantess, the king allowed her to dig potatoes unmolested. The incident opened his eyes to the fact that there was a limit to the power of even the great Frederick.—*Alex. Sweet.*

The Grocer's New Boy.

A Michigan avenue grocer took on a new boy the other day, and when it came noon he catechised the lad as to the price of butter, sugar, clothes-pins, eggs and other articles which might be called for and went home to dinner feeling that the boy was all right.—When he returned after an hour he missed a barrel of flour and asked what had become of it.

"Sold it!" was the proud reply.

"For cash?"

"No; the man said he had an account here."

"The dead beat! He took advantage of you!"

"Oh, no, he didn't. He said he couldn't wait for us to deliver it, and he rolled it out the back way and went after a wagon to take it off. Oh, no—he didn't beat us any."

"But the flour is done."

"Yes, but while this fellow was after a wagon another man came along and stole the barrel and got away with it! I'd like to see anybody take advantage of me.—*Free Press.*

The gold beater is one of the few men who works the hardest when he strikes the most.

The Strasburg Clock Outdone.

The famous clock of Strasburg is completely put in the shade by "the great World clock, or the 10,000 year time indicator." "It was constructed in Germany, during many years' labor, by Mr. Christian Martin, clockmaker." The clock marks the years and leap years and will run for a hundred centuries, when, as the bill frankly admits, its "mechanic works" will have to be changed. The face of the clock is about 10 feet square and has a large number of dials and little niches where 122 little figures have their abiding place. These latter, as the ever-ready bill explains, are "to allegorize human life." Every minute a sorrowful looking angel hits a bell with a sledge-hammer. When he has done this fifteen times another angel in a red robe strikes the first quarter. "The Genius," dressed in a Louis XIV costume, turns a dial, so that a figure is shown. At the same time a figure of a child appears at a lower door. At the third a middle-aged man with spectacles and a high hat and at the fourth, a decrepit old wreck with a white wig. While all this is going on below, Death, in the shape of a Comanche Indian with wings, has been vainly endeavoring to hammer a bell in an upper niche, but an angel has headed him off in every case and protected the human family "by raising the right hand in an allegorical relation," as per programme, until the forth quarter. Then Death gets the better of the struggle, strikes the hour and bundles the old man off into eternity. The twelve apostles are trotted out each hour. Above them is a figure of Christ, "who blesses with both hands each apostle in passing" as the bill states with mathematical exactness. At morning, noon and night a number of bell ringers ring their respective bells with vindictive energy and an old man drops upon his knees as if some one had kicked his legs out from under him. All these and many other wonders, exposing the family secrets of the Zodiac, the heathen gods, the seasons, the moon, and the globe all run regularly. The whole structure is surmounted by a cock, which crows at 6 and 12 o'clock.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Society Man in Washington.

A correspondent who seems to know whereof he writes gets off the following: "It doesn't require much capital to be an ordinary society man in Washington city. The furnishers and tailor's outfits afford the greatest hardships. I have seen scores of young men here who make twelve to eighteen hundred dollars a year, who can show nothing but a dress suit and some linen, a variety of walking sticks and a few pair of pointed shoes as the result of years of toil. I have seen, too, able-bodied young men, with soft, dreamy eyes, and a soft, empty head, who have the same outfits, and who share the income made by their mother or sister in a department—an income far below that named for the society man who works instead of his mother or sister. So there is little difference in them. There are hundreds of society dudes here who go everywhere—where there is no expense attached—and look like the sons of noblemen, who do not earn fifty dollars in a year, but who live off the income of a relative and make a display on ten dollars or twenty dollars a month. This is "pin money," but it is all they have. In Washington society one does not know by appearance, or by words, the sons of millionaires and the sons of the indigent apart. They all look, talk and act alike.

How Many Hours For Sleep.

There is an old saying that has frightened a great many people from taking that rest that nature demanded for them. "Nine hours are enough for a fool." They may be and not too many for a wise man who feels that he needs. Goethe, when performing his most prodigious literary feats, felt that he needed nine hours; what is better, he took them. We presume it is conceded by all thoughtful persons that the brain in very young children, say three or four years of age, requires all of twelve hours in rest or sleep. This period is shortened gradually until, at 14 years of age, the boy is found to need only ten hours. When full grown and in a healthy condition the man may find a night of eight hours sufficient to repair the exhaustion of day and anew create him for the morrow. But if he discovers that he needs more sleep he should take it. There surely something wrong about him; perhaps a forgotten waste must be repaired. His sleep evidently, has not been made up, and it has and he can spring to his work with an exhilaration for it he should sensibly conclude to let his instinct control him and stay in bed.

An Eight Hour Girl.

"Papa," said the daughter of a large employer of labor, 'are you in favor of the eight-hour system?"

"Well, daughter," he answered, "under certain circumstances I am."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she rapturously exclaimed.

"Why, my dear, why are you so interested?"

"Because, papa, George has been only staying four hours every evening, and he told me last night if you favored the eight-hour system he needn't go home nearly so early. You dear old papa, I'm so glad you are in favor of it," and she threw her soft white arms about his neck and choked off all explanations.—*Washington Critic.*

The ice cream sign is the harbinger of spring.

An Exciting Adventure.

Not more than twenty yards from us (writes a famous African hunter, narrating an adventure with gorillas) upon the opposite side of the stream, stood two monster anthropoids. I quickly determined that they were a male and female. Abner, my friend, as he started back for his rifle, called them chimpanzees; but I knew better than that. The male, as he stood, was at least six feet high, and no chimpanzee ever approached that stature. And, moreover, the animal possessed a muscular development the most powerful I had ever conceived of. The head was broad and low, the brain-cavity being almost entirely behind the face, instead of above it, as in man; the ears were small; the nose broad and flat, with wide nostrils; the mouth exceedingly large, with thin, hard lips; the chin small and receding; with the muzzle very prominent. The eyes were small and deeply sunken, and the ridge above them prominent. The whole face was wrinkled and black, and its expression the most repulsive and forbidding that can be conceived of. The chest was massive and capacious; the shoulders were broad and heavy, and the limbs a solid mass of bone, muscle and sinew. The arms were not so long as those of the orang but longer than those of the chimpanzee. The body was mostly covered with short, coarse hair of a dirty, blackish gray color, the female being almost entirely black.

"It is not a chimpanzee," I said, as I moved back to the tree where my rifle stood. "There is but one family in the world to which these monsters can belong. They must be gorillas!"

More terrible looking monsters I never saw.

When the male found that he had attracted our attention he gave utterance to a deep, guttural cry; then he beat his broad breast tremendously with both his hands; and directly his cry arose in volume until it became a roar that made the very forest quake.

Abner asked me if we should fire. I did not know what to answer. I knew that if we fired and missed our mark we were dead men. If we did not fire the gorillas might leave us. And yet I wanted the skeleton and skin of the remarkable brute. However, our deliberations were very quickly and summarily brought to an end. The male suddenly gave a terrific cry—a cry like the concentrated war whoop of a thousand savages—and made a bound toward us. The sense of mortal danger instantly gave the tone of steel to my nerves, and my rifle came to my shoulder quickly and firmly. We both fired together but the gorilla was not killed. He leaped the narrow stream with a yell more terrible than the first and in an instant more he grabbed Abner's rifle and bent the steel barrels as though they had been of the softest lead. This moment was our last if my second barrel failed me. The gorilla had thrown down the bended rifle and another demoniac yell was upon his lips when I brought the muzzle of my piece close to his head and pulled the second trigger. There was a momentary faintness over my heart and great drops of perspiration started out upon my brow as the thought of failure flashed across my mind. But my rifle answered faithfully to the touch of my finger and the gorilla tumbled over with a bullet through his head.

Abner lay upon the ground where he had fallen in the attempt to escape from the monster, and I saw that he was powerless to help me. Fortunately the reports of our rifles, with the flash and the smoke, frightened the female gorilla, for she made off into the forest.

I found Abner weak and faint; but a few swallows of brandy soon revived him and in a short time his pulses were restored to their healthy beat. Let it not be thought from this that he was faint hearted. If some brave man wishes to experience what the faintness of utter terror is, let him find himself unarmed before a wounded, maddened, full grown gorilla. If he does not in that moment feel what it is to be stricken with mortal terror, then I should most unhesitatingly decide that he has no nerves and no heart.

A Criminal Lawyer.

Major Gassaway, a prominent San Antonio lawyer, seemed tired and worn out on returning to his residence.

"You look tired, dear. I suppose you have had a hard day's work again in court," said Mrs. Gassaway.

"Yes, I'm very tired. "I've had a difficult case, but I've won it."

"You had better take a cup of tea, and then go to bed and take a good night's rest."

"No rest for me to night. I'll have to sit up and watch the stable with a shot-gun to see that the carriage horse is not stolen."

"Why, who is going to steal it?"

"You see, I was defending one of the worst horse thieves in Western Texas this afternoon, and I cleared him. He is foot loose now, and I am afraid he will come around to night and steal my horses. Nobody's horses will be safe until that double-dyed scoundrel is out of town."

A bad cold makes some men very proud. It swells their heads.

Yellow is still fashionable and brass is cultivated accordingly.

A stuttering man ought to be always cool-headed and wise. He is compelled to think twice before he can speak once.

An Ohio girl can curl her tongue so as to touch her ear. We pity the man who marries a girl with a tongue like that.