The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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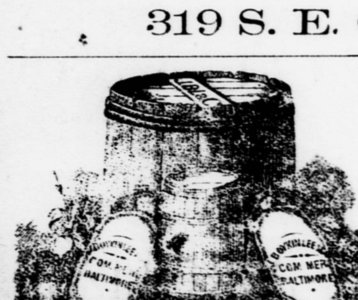

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Mail Orders receive Prompt Attention.

A LITTLE TOO EARLY
FOR SPRING STUFF; NEVERTHELESS WE HAVE MADE EARLY PURCHASES, BECAUSE WE HAVE SECURED STYLES IN
SPRING GOODS
THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN BOUGHT LATER. THE FIRST SPRING MONTH IS ONLY A FEW DAYS OFF, SO WE ADVISE OUR CUSTOMERS TO BUY A LITTLE IN ADVANCE OF SPRING, AND SECURE THE FIRST NEW THINGS OF THIS SEASON.

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New Patterns in Spring [illegible]
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Silk Rhadames in Woods and Browns, $1.
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Hamburg Embroidery, half price, 1c., 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 7c., 8c., 9c., 10c. up
Every Department in our Store well Assorted with New Goods.
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BEEF & IRON.
A Most Effective Combination.
CELERY—The New and Unequaled Nerve Tonic
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IRON—(Pyrophosphate)—The Great Remedy to Enrich the Blood and Nourish the Brain.
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 upon overtaxed mind and body. In fact, it gives tone to all the physical functions, and bouyancy to the spirits.
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INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.
THE HARTFORD LIFE
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ANNUITY COMPANY,
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THE COMPANY was organized in 1866 and did business upon the Endowment and Annuity Plan until the fall of 1879 when they adopted the safety fund system, by which plan they can now carry insurance at les than half the cost of the old time companies
The safety fund renders the payment of every policy to the very last man, an absolute certainty.
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.

R. H. MITCHELL, General Agent for MARYLAND.
M. THOMPSON, Agent for CHARLES COUNTY
JNO. T. DIGGES, Examining PHYSICIAN.

Select Reading.

AN OPPORTUNE WITNESS.

THE RESULT OF A SOMNAMBULISTIC FREAK—HOW TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WERE MADE HAPPY.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to get home!" said Mr. Briscomb, emphatically.

And he climbed out of the buggy, with a beaming face, and hurried up the front walk; while the hired man, who had driven him from the station, turned into the lane with a flourish and rattled down toward the barn.

Anybody might have been glad to get back to so cozy a home and so unmistakable a welcome.

A big dog came bounding around the corner of the house to meet him, prancing around him excitedly and making frantic attempts to lick his face.

Mrs. Marks, the housekeeper—Mr. Briscomb was a hopeless bachelor—paused in her preparations for supper to smile and nod from the window; and two young persons, who were sitting on the front steps, jumped up hastily, took charge of Mr. Briscomb's satchel, and dragged a chair out on the porch and pressed him into it.

These were Mr. Briscomb's boarders—Ruth Hanes who had come from the next county to teach the district school; and Horace Bennett, who was surveying for the new railroad and buying land therefor.

It was whispered that the most of the surveying had been done in the neighborhood of the school-house, the children bearing witness to the fact that the young surveyor was a very frequent visitor, and that hardly a day passed that he was not on hand to walk home with the teacher.

"Well—" said Mr. Briscomb, removing his traveled stained hat and wiping his forehead.

And he stopped short, and appeared to fall into a reverie.

His companions were silent. They were not quite sure which would be the more appropriate—sympathy or congratulation.

Mr. Briscomb had been to a point several miles distant, to receive the money left him by a brother who had died six months ago—the six months having been consumed by a slow and sure system of probating

"He was worth more than anybody thought," said Mr. Briscomb, at last [illegible]. "He left Martha and the boys more than they can ever use up if they try; and he also left me six thousand dollars."

The surveyor and the little school teacher looked at each other breathlessly.

To them, working hard for their modest earnings, and appreciating the value of money, it seemed an overwhelming amount.

"I've got it right here," Mr. Briscomb continued, tapping his breast pocket, "and it's worried me all the way home. You see, I don't know what in the name of goodness to do with it."

"That's the last thing that would trouble me," said Horace; and Ruth laughed, as she always did at Horace's sallies.

"There's the bank," Mr. Briscomb went on, musingly, "but I'm afraid of banks. And there's the railroads; I suppose I might take stock in some of them. But I ain't partial to railroads either. I guess I'd better keep it by me till I've looked around a little," he concluded, rubbing his chin disturbedly

"Where will you keep it?" said Ruth wonderingly

"Well, I've been thinking about that," Mr. Briscomb responded, looking at the porch floor with contracted brows. "I thought of the back of the old settee, and the inside of the straw tick, and the clock case; but I've come to the conclusion that they'd be the first places anybody look. Finally I thought of the thing. There's a loose board up in the floor of my room—the northwest corner—just room for a box under it. I can put my trunk over it, and there it is. Nobody'd think of going there."

"Nobody but me," said Horace, cheerfully. "I should know exactly where to go."

At which Ruth laughed again, and Mr. Briscomb smiled absently.

He was very fond of his boarders; he often wondered how he could have thought the old home cheerful before they came, and what he should do when they were gone.

"I'd better get it off my mind," he said, rising; "I'll go and do it now."

And he went into the wide hall and up the stairs.

"He ought to invest it at once," said Horace, disapprovingly. "He'll always be uneasy while he has it on his hands."

"I am afraid so," said Ruth, looking after him regretfully.

And then the conversation drifted to less practical subjects than that of Mr. Briscomb's money, and was carried on in a rather lower tone.

It was of Mr. Briscomb's money that Ruth was thinking, however, as she sat in her window that night, looking down the sleeping road and listening to the chirp of a belated cricket.

She had heard a slight jarring sound from the next room—her host's; and her thoughts had flown immediately to the loose board and Mr. Briscomb's inheritance.

She sat motionless, with startled face, listening intently.

A soft step crept down the steps—she heard it plainly; and the front door opened with a creak.

Ruth felt her heart beating fast and her hands trembling; but she arose to her feet and leaned far out of the window, straining her eyes.

A tall form stepped softly to the ground and made its way through the yard with a careful, stealthy movement.

But at sight of it, Ruth gave a sigh of relief and laughed softly to herself.

She stood watching the proceedings of the ghostly figure until it turned and came toward the house—until the front door closed softly, and the stairs creaked under the ascending tread.

Curiosity, perplexity and amazement had filled her face in turn, to be followed by regretful pity.

"Poor man!" she said to herself compassionately. "It will worry him into his grave, at this rate."

School closed, a week or so later, for one of those untimely occasions which district school committees are fond of decreeing; and the surveyor drove Ruth to the station—she was to go home for the holidays.

These two had come to an understanding. Ruth wore a ring on the proper finger, and all their conversation of late had been upon one subject—which was, upon how little a young couple of strongly modest wants could safely start out together.

They had not yet succeeded in bringing the probable amount within the narrow limits of Horace's salary, although their feats in this direction had been marvelous; but they had not dreamed of losing courage.

"I shall begin cutting rags for carpets as soon as I get home," said Ruth, cheerfully, as the train came rumbling in. "Dear me! what will mother say?"

She shook her handkerchief from the window as the train moved slowly off, and leaned forward to catch Horace's parting words:

"I'll be there to meet you, of course."

With that assurance still in her ears, it was no wonder that, when she stepped off the train, two weeks later, and looked around with an eager smile, the sight of the deserted little station would have filled her with something like dread.

Nobody was in sight except the station-master, and he was tipped back in an easy chair against the baggage-room door half asleep.

Ruth walked to the edge of the platform and looked anxiously up and down the road. There was a cloud of dust in the distance, and she watched it with a frightened heart.

But the wagon which lumbered up slowly and stopped before her [illegible] Mr. Briscomb's [illegible] countryman who stepped out so awkwardly the person she had hoped to see. She recognized him as a neighbor of Mr. Briscomb; and her fears returned.

"Going down to Briscomb's, ain't you?" said the young man, hesitatingly. "Want to ride? I can take you down as well as not."

Ruth climbed into the wagon silently. Why had not Horace come? Something must be wrong.

"Heard about that surveyor fellow?" her companion observed, as they drove away, and he looked at her sympathetically.

"About what?" said Ruth, clutching the seat, tremblingly.

"It was the day after school let out," said the young man, obviously divided between pity for her distress and his enjoyment of telling a startling story. "Briscomb went to the mill that day, and the surveyor (Bennett) he went out to Crawford; he said he wanted to telegraph to the railroad company a bout something or other. Well, when Briscomb got back—you know he had a lot of money willed to him lately—well, he got to thinking about that money, and he went to see if it was all right. He kept it up in his room, under the floor, with a trunk over it. Well, the money was gone. The trunk was just as he left it, but the money wasn't there."

He paused to note the effect of this announcement and stared at his companion in astonishment.

For there was nothing like amusement in her face.

"Well," she said calmly, "what did he do?"

"He told the neighbors about it. If you'll believe it, he hadn't thought of suspecting anybody of taking it; he always was good natured. He thought it must have been rats carried it off. But we thought right away of that surveyor, and when we found out that Briscomb had been simple enough to tell him where he kept it, we was pretty sure it was him that took it. So we went out to Crawford—two or three of us—and got out a warrant and arrested him. We didn't expect to find the money on him, of course; and it wasn't. But there ain't a doubt but what he's got it somewhere. Anyhow, he's having his trial now, out to Crawford, and the chances are all against him. We do things up quick out this way," he concluded with an air of satisfaction. Truly, this little school teacher was a strange person. The amusement had died out of her face, and a profound indignation had filled it.

She grasped his arm eagerly.

"He did not take it!" she said scornfully. "I know where it is this minute. You must drive me out to Crawford immediately."

The Crawford court-house was filled to overflowing. The trial, coming as it did, into the midst of the sleepy summer days, when excitements were few and proved a great attraction.

It was an exceptional trial, too. The plaintiff had been unwilling to prosecute, and had seemed troubled ever since at having been led into doing so. The prisoner was the most honest-looking of young men, and behaved remarkably, as an innocent person would have done, and the evidence against him was very slight and purely circumstantial. But in spite of these confusing facts, the vast majority believed in his guilt, though rather against their wills—he was such a frank-looking fellow.

Mr. Briscomb was sitting with down-cast eyes and a troubled expression. Horace sat, with his head in hand, looking weary and hopeless, and the plaintiff's counsel was demanding of the jury, for the twentieth time, why, if the prisoner had not taken the money, he had come to Crawford upon the day of the robbery upon an obviously trumped up errand? Clearly, he had come to place the money in safe hands; his accomplice was probably in their midst.

The door opened suddenly and forcibly, and a young girl, with a flushed and eager face, came hastily in. At the sight of her, Horace raised his head and his face brightened.

She gave him a sweet smile, unmindful of the astonished observers, and made her way to Mr. Briscomb's side.

"You buried it yourself under the locust-tree!" she cried, grasping his coat-front, and shaking him a little in her eagerness. "I saw you. "You were walking in your sleep, of course; but I didn't know it then. You came down, the same night you came home with it, and dug a place under the locust-tree and put it in!"

Poor Mr. Briscomb stared at her in bewilderment; the spectators looked at each other, and whistled softly; the plaintiff's counsel looked disgusted.

There was a solemn pause, which the plaintiff's counsel broke by demanding testily; that the evidence of "this person" be taken in the proper way.

But nobody seemed to hear him.

"I used to," said Mr. Briscomb at last—"I used to walk in my sleep every night regular, and do queer enough things. But I did think I'd got over it."

Somebody in a corner of the room clapped a pair of timid hands, and the next instant the room resounded with the cheers of a delighted crowd.

How a committee of three was appointed by the judge to go and prove the young lady's remarkable statement; how that committee returned in triumph, and presented Mr. Briscomb with a small box of deceitfully modest appearance, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators; how, for a confused period, everybody appeared to be congratulating everybody [illegible]; and how Mr. Briscomb drove home in state, with the surveyor and little school teacher on either side of him, and relief and happiness beaming from his good natured face—these were the chief topics in Crawford for a week, after which Mr. Briscomb's money was forgotten.

But Horace and Ruth had substantial reasons for remembering it.

It was Mr. Briscomb's money that made the way smooth to their marriage, a few months later, and that built the snug little house they called home.

Striving to be Rich.

The wish to be rich is natural, and within limits, promotive of human progress in all directions. But what is it to be rich? To most people who have little or nothing $10,000 would seem a fortune. To those who have $10,000 the amount seems small, but $100,000 looks like about the right figure. The man who has $100,000 declines to be called a rich man and sighs for a million, while the millionaire thinks of the vast fortunes of the Astors and Vanderbilts, and deems himself poor by comparison. Is any man ever rich? That is to say, is any man ever as rich as he wants to be?

The great mass of people who desire more wealth do so because they are now and then, if not continually, conscious of being pinched. Between their wants and their incomes they are in a strait, and only by the exercise of economy and ingenious management they are able to make both ends meet, to say nothing of laying up money for a rainy day. But the secret of happiness in such cases is not to be found by increasing the income.—Wants grow as fast as the means of gratifying them, often faster. One who is constantly in debt on an income of $1,000 will be as badly off on $30,000. His scale of expenses will more than keep pace with the increase of his means. The root of the difficulty is in the fact that many persons will always live beyond their means, and will always fret because the means are not larger.

The secret of true riches is given by the Apostle: "Godliness with contentment is great gain," or as the original Greek word signifies *money-getting*. This is the only kind of riches that endures the tests of life. It does not matter how much we have, if we are consumed by longing for more we are not rich. No matter how little we have, if we are content therewith we are rich. If a man cannot increase his income, perhaps he can decrease his desires, which will come to the same thing.

"The sky had on its full-dress shirt, with studs of golden stars," wrote a Denver poet.

Little girl: "Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over if all the water flows into it?" "Nonsense, child! Don't you know its full of sponges?"

A young lady in San Leando dreamed the other evening that she was riding and that the horse was running away. She jumped and fell from the bed to the floor, dislocating her shoulder. Thrown from a nightmare, as it were.

Rich Men of Europe.

For many years the richest individual in all Russia was Herr Steiglitz. When he retired from affairs in 1860 he held property to the value of nearly £2,000,000. But the richest men in the land of the Czars at the present time are the two Noble brothers.—They are of Swiss origin. While traveling through interior Russia they saw thousands of acres of land aglow with the light of oil gas. They at once purchased entire districts of the apparently worthless fields, sunk oil wells, and now control more petroleum than any other concern in the world. Their wealth is really beyond calculation, though a correspondent thinks that £80,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate.

It is to the Rothschilds, however, that belongs the honor of being richest among men. Their united properties—and their properties must be considered as united from rather peculiar family and business relations—pass even beyond the millions. In the last twelve years they have loaned to certain European governments nearly £90,000,000. Their lordly power is shown in a modern instance. In 1866 the Prussian government demanded an indemnity of £5,000,000 from the city of Frankfort. The head of the Rothschild house in that city sent word to Count Bismarck that if an attempt was made to force the levy he would break every bank in Berlin, and Bismarck was compelled to give way. The enormous wealth of the Rothschilds is doubly remarkable from the fact that the family was totally unknown a century ago. Interior only to the Rothschilds are the Baring brothers, who have "at instantaneous command" £60,000,000. It is noteworthy that the Barings owe their commercial rise to an American, Mr. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, who many years ago, had the house appointed the American agency in London.

Among the richest of monarchs is the Czar of Russia, who enjoys from his personal estate an income of £2,000,000. The Sultan of Turkey is allowed for the support of his court over £1,200,000; in addition to this he has a private income of £1,000,000. The Emperor of Austria is granted a yearly allowance of £1,500,000

There are several noblemen in England who have immense wealth at their command. The Dukes of Buccleuch, Devonshire and Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute have each of them rent roll of £400,000 per annum. The Duke of Portland, who died recently, left unentailed property of over £2,000,000. The greater part of his palace was constructed under ground. His banquet hall, ball room, riding school and a number of superb guest rooms are veritable tunnels, decorated in a fashion so splendid as to seem, when described, like a story of the Magi.

Richer even than any of these millionaires is the Duke of Westiminister, who undoubtedly has the largest income of any individual in the world. His fortune lies largely in the diametrically opposite regions of London known as the West End and Seven Dials. He owns acre upon acre of the most aristocratic domain in London, and his tenements cover miles in the worst slums in the world. His income quite passes the limit of the credible, and is said by some to amount to £10 a minute.—*London Times.*

A Curious Marriage Custom.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians at Cote de Beaupre, north of Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church, the bridal party, in caleche or carriole, make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to church for vespers. Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table, the bride keeps her seat, and someone asks with great dignity, "Why does madame wait; is she so soon in bad grace?" She replies, "Somebody has stolen my slipper; I can't walk." Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe. The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful, they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for whom there must be liberal pay. The church forbids round dances, so they content themselves with contra-dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which a guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful, the victor demands a prize from the groom.

The fact that the Concord School is to discuss Plato this summer will give Western papers a chance to produce authentic wood-cuts of the great philosopher.

A blank crop report was sent out by a Cleveland paper for the farmers to fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written on the blank side in pencil: "All we we've go in this neighborhood is three widders, two school-ma'am, a patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of 'taters, and a durn fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owns eighty sheep and a mule, which the same is me, and no more at present."