

# 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.

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, MARCH 17, 1882.

Volume XXXVIII,--No. 40.

### To the Citizens of Port Tobacco And Vicinity!

A few facts for your consideration and to the interest of those who like to wear good clothes for little money.

On Saturday the 10th ulto we opened a

### FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING HOUSE.

In the New Three Story Building

310 Seventh Street, Near Pennsylvania Ave., (KATZEN'S OLD STAND)

With an immense stock of First-class Clothing for Men's Youth's Boys' and Children's Wear. OUR STOCK IS ALL OF

### Our Own Manufacture.

(The only House in this city who Manufacture all the goods they sell.)

We can give you a piece of same goods as the suit you purchase which at times is very useful.

Our Men's suits range in price from \$8 to \$28. Our Youth's suits from \$6 to \$25; our Boy's suits from \$3.50 to \$12; our Little suits from \$3 to \$10.

OVERCOATS to fit the smallest child to the largest man in Charles county from \$3.50 to \$10.

We have but ONE PRICE, every article marked in plain figures and no deviation. We sell for CASH ONLY. We never misrepresent an article.

We refund you your purchase money if after getting home, you or your family are dissatisfied. A call is respectfully solicited.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET, Washington, D. C.

S. KATZEN'S FINE, sep 24-ly Manager.

J. KARR,

629 Pa. Ave., Also Manufacturer and Dealer in

ROCKFORD WATCHES, Chronometers, District Columbia, FINE JEWELRY, Key, Stem-wind

WATCHES, All kinds of time, The best quick-train, time-keeper made, And warranted.

Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

Cut This Out For Reference!

Solid Leather Shoes at Low Prices! Ladies good Public Boot and Kid Button Boots at \$2 per pair. Our own make of Public Lace Boots with solid soles \$1.50, same in Button \$1.75.

We are offering a Special Bargain in an extra quality of Misses Public Button Boots at \$1.25. These are all leather, and will outwear two PAIRS of other Makes—Costing the same Money!

A FULL STOCK OF Men's and Boys' Fine and Heavy made Shoes Which we are offering at bottom prices

W. H. RICH, 717 Market Space, Washington, D. C.

The Leading Shoe House!

Established by John Summers, 1836

Jno. W. Summers, & Bro., Manufacturers & Dealers in

District Columbia, Carriages AND Spring Wagons, Nos. 13 & 15 Pitt St., Alexandria, Va.

William Hahn's Reliable Boot & Shoe House, 816 7th St., bet. H & I, [Sign of red Slipper.]

Branch, 1922 Penna. Ave. [Det. 19 and 20th.]

Wholesale and Retail.

Our fine Patent Specialties: 1. Gents \$2.50 double or single sole extra and kip boots every pair warranted.

2. Gents \$1.50 solid leather Gaiters and shoes, in 29 different styles.

3. Ladies \$2 fine kid and goat, worked boot-tops for the handsomest and best for the money in the market.

4. Our \$1.25 ladies Olive-tinted and kid and tan boots, equal in wear and style to any shoe.

5. The 50 cent school shoes, the only solid leather shoe for the price in the country.

Every shoe warranted as represented, another pair given instead.

W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 105 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE.

Dr. John T. Digges, Port Tobacco, Md. Office in the FEEGUSON BUILDING OFFICE HOURS From 10 to 12 a. m. and at other hours found at this residence, or less profusely engaged. m 13-ly

### Cuticura THE GREAT SKIN CURE.

Itching and Scaly Diseases. Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

Ringworm. Mrs. W. Brown, 18 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Skin Humor. F. H. Taylor, 101 W. 4th St., W. J. S. R. R., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Scald Head. H. A. Raymond, 101 W. 4th St., W. J. S. R. R., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Eczema. John W. Taylor, Boston, Mass., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Milk Crust. Mrs. Brown, 18 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Falling Hair. Frank A. Davis, Boston, Mass., writes: "I have used Cuticura for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Treatment. The Cuticura Treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Pills, and the external use of the Cuticura Ointment, and the Cuticura Soap.

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

Collins' Electric Plasters. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "I have used Collins' Electric Plasters for several years, and it has cured me of all my skin troubles, and for six years I have remained in good health."

### Select Poetry.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand, With eyes as blue as the summer sea, While the sinking sun fills the land With the glow of golden mystery; Laughing aloud at the ocean's cry, Gazing with joy on its snowy breast, Till the hot sun licks from the evening sky And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore, A sailor lad and a maiden fair, Hand clasped in hands, while a tale of yore He tells in words, though love be old, And love alone the heart can fill; And the dear old tale that has been told In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built house on a sheltered bay, A wife looking out on the glistering sea; A prayer for the loved one far away, And praying lips' breath the old roof-tree; A lifted arm to the morning star, By the open door in the falling night; A welcome home and a warm embrace From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair, A golden light from the western sky, His wife by his side, with her silver hair, And the open book of God above; Street on the far the morning tale, And bright is the glow of the evening star, But dearer to him are the prayer walls, And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old church on a green hillside, The night that follows the morning star, The fisherman's boats lying out with the tide, In the hazy glow of the amber west, Children's laughter and old men's sighs, A rainbow bridging our darkened sky, And the sound of our lives from year to year.

### Select Story.

The Blacksmith.

BY R. M. NELL.

Young Joe, the blacksmith, was a sturdy fellow—rather tall, broad shouldered, arms big with muscle, and a good natured face, well worth seeing only for the sake of good humor he gave you.

Everybody liked him, and his forge was a resort for village idlers, who loved to watch him strike the shining sparks from the glowing iron and listen to his chery voice—forn something of a singer was Joe.

There was an hour in the day, from three to four in the afternoon, when Joe would have none of them. Why because the child Nellie across the way—a blue-eyed, sunny thing, dearly loved by the blacksmith—always spent that hour with him.

As Joe worked, she was wont to watch him in an old fastness, and when he talked by turns, she would ask strange questions that puzzled him.

### Old-Fashioned Sundays

The prevailing usages in respect of an observance of the Lord's day by Christian people, says the Hartford Courant, exhibit a wide variation from which the oldest people remember. In the olden times there were two services in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, one in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon, a brief recess dividing the two. The oldest Sunday School in this country is said to have been established since the year 1806, and Bible-clases and prayer-meetings are of no greater antiquity.

During the week preceding the regular administration of the Lord's supper, a preparatory lecture was preached, but other weekly lectures were exceptionally infrequent. New England was then inhabited by farmers, and each parish contained a widely scattered population with few facilities for frequent assemblies. The Sabbath gave them rest and society. The meeting-house precincts afforded a kind of exchange for the neighbors who before and between and after "meeting," discussed their crops, stock, politics, and whatever there was of news, while the women folks strove in vain to get through with the weekly accumulation of gossip and chit chat.

The boys and girls had high old times on the sly during intermission, when, haunting the horse-shed, or skimming in the field just over the fence, they escaped the espionage of parents too busy with their tongues to use their eyes to advantage. Oh, those motley gatherings on the meeting-house steps, to watch the different "teams" drive up and discharge their "lovely" and often blushing freight!

Those larks behind the meeting-house and in the "gallery," and back by the stove, and on the way home with the girls! Those flirtations in the choir behind the red curtains! There is no joy in the Sabbath of these days! At home the children learned the texts of Scripture and the catechism, and quietly waited for the lightning of God's electing grace to strike them, if it was so decreed, taking the failure of such lightning-stroke unconcernedly, as if it must be right either way.

When the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting began to be instituted here and there, opposition was made by many of the most devout and godly church members to all such innovations. It is a curious fact that the early church of New England would not tolerate the "plain" reading of Holy Scripture—that is, the reading of the Bible in its original language, which called it "stump" reading—those sticklers for the word of God. It is not twenty years since, in one of the prominent Congregational churches of Hartford, the reading of Scripture was confined to the forenoon service. The "long prayer" was a terror to the young. It must have been suffered by adults as a convulsion out and out of penance. What a weariness, too, its interminable nasal monotony.

Then came, at long intervals, the communion season, after the second service when most of the men and some of the women and all the children would go sally out, leaving the elect to their solemn fast. Tender scenes we have witnessed at such times in the rude old sanctuaries—scenes of pious grief, of earnest prayer, of faltering accents, the solemn silence in which the holy emblems were received, the weird, quaint music of the old minor tunes sung without instrumental accompaniment and by thin and quivering voices. With mute wonder and often uncontrollable emotion, the boy at his mother's side would watch the ceremony while musing on the words of the Lord's prayer.

Far from the men and women of those days was the modern notion that laymen are especially competent to impart biblical instruction, and the modern usage which relieves the clergy from almost all responsibility for the working the machinery for the religious education of children. No ruder shock can well be conceived than that which would be experienced by sundry of the good forefathers could they suddenly revisit the regions they once inhabited and especially the sanctuaries wherein they formerly worshipped. What with "slips" for the old pews, preaching rails and desks for inaccessible pulpits and overhanging with sounding-boards, stained glass, steam heat apparatus, organs, and other popish ceremonies, heads bowed in prayer, and no chance to "swap horses" between services they would be miserable indeed, and agnate with horror at our improvements.

How much are we advanced, after all! Men talk of greater decorum, reverence, and so on, but we cannot forget that the Sabbath of our boyhood had a simplicity and sacredness that atoned for its occasional severities, and certain possibilities or stalties, honest fun for bright boys and girls such as the gradual de-sanctification of the day and the decorum of modern worship utterly forbid.

### Set of Miscellany.

He Didn't Mind the Expense

"Fifteen dollars for a little lunch for two!" exclaimed a prosperous-looking customer to the proprietor of Blank street restaurant the other day. "Why, what the deuce do you take me for?"

"I know it's a little steep," said the steak stealer, "but you're the only soul that's been in to-day, and my rent falls due to-morrow."

### At the Stamp-Window.

Just before eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon there were thirteen men and one woman at the stamp-window of the post office. Most of the men had letters to post for the Eastern trains. The woman had something tied up in a blue match box. She got there first, and she held the position with her head in the window and both elbows on the shelf.

"Is there such a place in this country as Cleveland?" she began.

"Do you send mail there?"

"Well, a woman living next door asked me to mail this box for her. I guess it's directed all right. She said it ought to go for a cent."

"Takes two cents," said the clerk, after weighing it. "If there's writing inside it will be twelve cents."

"Merely on me, but how you do charge!"

Here the thirteen men began to push up and hustle around and talk about one old match-box delaying two dozen business letters, but the woman had lots of time.

"Then it will be two cents, eh?"

"If there is no writing inside."

"Well, there is no writing inside." "It's a great hand to write. She's sending some flower seed to her sister, and I presume she had told her how to plant 'em."

### T e Story of an Historic Name.

A valentine given by a Ledger reporter, which was sent to a girl in Easton by a youth in Washington, brings to mind the story of a name, and of a name of note in American history.—The name of the sender of the missive is Return J. Meigs, and the same christian name has been in the Meigs family for several generations. Many years ago, in ante-revolutionary days, Jonathan Meigs courted a young lady who rejected his addresses. Meigs continued to love the girl, and though too proud and sensitive to try a second time to win her, he determined never to marry any one else and to live and die a bachelor unless she, of her own volition, relented. After a few years the lady relented, and perhaps got to know her own heart better, and sent a letter to her former suitor. Meigs got the letter and found in it only the two words, "Return, Jonathan." It was enough. Jonathan did return and made her his wife. Their first child was baptized "Return Jonathan," to commemorate the brief letter that saved the Meigs family from extinction, and from that day to this there has been a Return J. Meigs in every generation. The sender of the valentine referred to is the grandson of General M. C. Meigs, late Quartermaster-General, now retired.—Easton (Md.) Ledger.

### Just the Girl.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and he didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the lade-dah young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in the city. He managed by not paying his wash-woman and tailor, to take her to theatres, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic known to the genius, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith concluded to pop.

He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men a bay, so he had no fears of a rival. When the time came and he found himself in the company of his Laura in papa's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her dimpled little hand, used only to stroke the piano with and said in a bronzy voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed, grandiloquently: "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Court-avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No, dearest, but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl that is good tempered, smart, economical, and who loves me! Darling, do you know of such a one?"

Laura, faintly, "Yes, oh, yes, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some other man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my footsteps—who would rise early and sit up late for my sake?"

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing man!"

### Save Your Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one, who has journeyed before her to far-off land, from which there comes no message, and there over hopes one day to join him. No photographs can she recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.—Ez.

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one, who has journeyed before her to far-off land, from which there comes no message, and there over hopes one day to join him. No photographs can she recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.—Ez.

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one, who has journeyed before her to far-off land, from which there comes no message, and there over hopes one day to join him. No photographs can she recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.—Ez.

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one, who has journeyed before her to far-off land, from which there comes no message, and there over hopes one day to join him. No photographs can she recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.—Ez.

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the loved one, who has journeyed before her to far-off land, from which there comes no message, and there over hopes one day to join him. No photographs can she recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.—Ez.

Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.