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The Roman Liniment has proved effect-

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This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

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Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

it is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

Spavins,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
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Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

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Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

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YOUNG AGAIN.

I'm growing old, but what of that!
The winter snows are on my hair,
And like an antiquated cat
I love my fire and easy chair.

To sit and think, and read the news
Through pebbles twain that bridge my nose,
A matted stool beneath my shoes,
To coax the dull blood to my toes.

I'm growing old, but what of that!
Each fading sense, each twinge of pain,
But tells me with familiar chat
I'm coming to my youth again.

And bide me joy that changes stern
Renews, reviews the meanest thing—
That life is born when grasses turn
That out of water leaps the spring.

And such a spring! Rejoice with me!
That age and mildew pass away,
That a brief cycle sets me free
To launch into unfading day.

The snow shall shade from out my hair,
Dim eyes and weakness flee with pain,
Heart's ease the wrinkled brow repair,
And all my youth come back again.

Night flames his wings and turns to-day,
'Mid joy and bells the heart is born;
Though all things seem to pass away,
To all shall come another morn.

Him we call death with kindly hand,
Plants all the daisies of the plain,
And when o'er me he waves his wand
I shall renew my youth again.

My Ministering Angel.

We were all at Long Branch. All included Tom and his wife, Nettie, and your humble servant, Walter Byrne, Tom's cousin, and a wandering waif of a rich man, without occupation, home or family ties. Nettie was Tom's wife's cousin. I had heard it said before I went down to Long Branch, on Tom's invitation, that Nettie had emphatically declared that she knew she should detest Walter Byrne, for she hated an idle man, she despised a roving man, and rich young men were always horrid.

Being gifted with a moderate amount of self conceit, and accustomed to receiving rather flattering attentions from the fair sex, I stroked my mustache and shrugged my shoulders, resolved that Miss Annette Raymond's detestation was a matter of profound indifference to me.

The first time I saw her she was bobbing up and down holding on to the bather's rope. Tom was driving me over to his cottage, and pulled up his horses.

"There's Nettie," he said, "in the broad straw hat and scarlet suit. Halloa, Net!"

A pair of saucy black eyes gazed at us, and a piquant, pretty face was visible under the straw hat.

"Where's Amy?" shouted Tom.

"Got a headache."

Tom laughed as we drove on.

"Amy won't bathe unless I am with her," he said, "she is nine-tenths afraid."

While I was in my room, arranging my bachelor belongings, Nettie came across the garden in a crisp pink muslin, with her black hair braided and tied with pink ribbons. She was more than pretty then, the most brilliant brunette beauty, not more than seventeen years old, slender, graceful and altogether bewitching.

For three weeks we quarreled about ten times a day. Nettie mocked at my lazy speech, taunted my stylish costumes, made fun of my neckties and my gloves, and gave me fully to understand that I was a coxcomb. I bore it philosophically, but in my heart I raged. I was not accustomed to being treated in that style, but Nettie seemed to ignore my bank account entirely.

We nearly came to a better understanding when I fainted, but I came to consciousness perceiving a fragrance of cologne water near me, and knowing that something was held to my lips. I tasted wine, but I was too weak to speak. Little cool hands arranged some soft bundle under my head, and then a fan stirred the air around me. I must have slept, and again I awoke.

Very near me, on the next seat, I heard a low, sweet voice, saying:

"We get off at the next station, and I hate to awaken that poor sailor for my handkerchief. I put it over his bundle for a pillow, and there is another on his forehead."

A voice, pettish and familiar, answered:

"Just like your impudence! Now, that common fellow will have your handkerchief! You are too horribly impulsive! It is very forward and unmaidenly to have been fussing over a strange man, at any rate. You don't know how he may annoy you."

Low and sweet, quivering a little, came a voice in answer:

"He will never annoy any one. If ever death was written in a face I saw it in his face.

"It is none of your busines."

"It is my business. You may scold as you like. If it is unmaidenly to stretch out a hand to a dying man for five minutes, then I shall never meet your ideas of decorum."

And as if to prove her words, the speaker arose from her seat and leaned over mine.

My head was lower than the back of the seat, resting on the window sill and my feet stretched out to the next space. I kept my eyes closed and I knew the handkerchief upon my forehead was moistened again with cologne water, just as the train stopped. The conductor shouted "Elizabeth," and the ladies behind me gathered up their traps and departed.

I could only see linen dusters and brown veils, as they walked down between the car seats, but I kept my seat.

Elizabeth had been my own destination, for Tom had always a cordial welcome for me, and I longed to die where there was some friendly face in sight. But I kept on to New York, presenting myself to my old landlady, who had some difficulty in believing in my identity, but being convinced, nursed me as if I had been her own son.

Tom came to see me when my lawyer informed him of my return, but the ladies had gone to the Delaware Water Gap for the summer, and I was well pleased. Much of my faith in Amy's friendship had evaporated, and I wanted my shaved head to be covered—my emaciated face to fill out before Nettie saw me again.

I had my taste for salt water amply gratified, and I rebelled when the doctor ordered a sea voyage to perfect my recovery. But he had his way; and again it was summer before I returned home, and accepted Tom's invitation to his cottage at Long Branch.

"We have concluded to take a cottage at Long Branch this summer," he wrote, "and want you to join us, if possible, in July."

How can I describe Nettie—Nettie Raymond still—after the three years of separation? Beautiful as ever, animated—accomplished—she was fascinating to all. But the imp of mischief had not quite deserted her, though she was more dignified. She was not openly saucy, as she had been, but could put stings into quiet, apparently innocent speeches, and I often winced under her satire.

For I did love her then. Every hour added to my admiration—my affection—yet there was never in her manner one atom of encouragement on which to hang a hope.

Although I had recovered my health and strength almost entirely, I was still subject to attacks of headache that prostrated me for hours—conscious of nothing but terrible pain.

The first one I had at Long Branch came on about three weeks after my arrival, when I had walked too far in the sun. Tom was alone when I staggered into the house, nearly blind, and he put me down upon a wide lounge in a lower room, darkened the windows and put cold water on my head.

"Amy will be here presently," he said; "she has gone to ride with Nettie. I'll keep Nettie out of your way, old fellow. She must be rather a torture to a sick man. Vivacity is all very well in its place, but I had as lief shut up a swarm of mosquitoes in a sick room as Nettie."

I made no reply, and lay mute and miserable until the carriage drove up.

"Ill? Walter ill?" I heard Amy say in a low voice. "Go in, Nettie, and see if he wants anything."

"You can attend to him," said Nettie coldly. "I have my dress to arrange for the hop."

"Nettie!" this in a provoked whisper. "you are not going to let half a million of money——"

"Hush!" was the sharp reply. "I wish he was a beggar!"

"He would be very much obliged to you."

But Amy little dreamed she spoke the truth. Nettie wished I was a beggar! Why? Could it be that my wealth was the barrier ever between us, that as a beggar I might have won her love?

My heart throbbed heavily, as Amy opened the door of the room where I lay, and came softly to my side.

"Walter," she whispered, and then stole out again.

"He is asleep!" she said, and I heard her go up stairs. But presently there was a soft rustle in the room, and a ray of sunshine that had crept to a crack in the shutters was shut out. A perfume hovered about me, though the handkerchief was not laid upon my head, and then a little choking whisper came to my ears:

"Poor fellow!" I can never forget he saved my life once."

The soft rustle came nearer, and Nettie was looking down at me, when I opened my eyes. She was startled, but only showed it by a faint flush on each fair cheek. Her voice was quiet as she said:

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Wont you please fan me?" I said, after trying to think of an occupation that would keep her near me. Still, she fanned in a hasty way and I said:

"You have not improved since last summer. You made a fan imitate the gentlest of summer breezes then."

"I? I never fanned you before!"

"Once before," I said, "you fanned me, bathed my forehead, and pillowed my head on this!" and I drew out from my breast pocket a flimsy handkerchief marked "Annette Raymond."

But Nettie was only bewildered. The gentle act of pity and charity I had cherished as a memory almost sacred, she had almost forgotten.

"You did not recognize me," I said, "I am the sailor you thought dying in the cars last summer."

"It cannot be possible!" she cried.

"It is true, Nettie!" I continued, imploringly catching her hand as she was going to arise, "why must all your gentleness be kept for beggars. Cannot you give one little corner to a rich man who loves you. See how I need you as much as I did last summer, when you thought I was a pauper and dying. Now my heart is dying for your love,

She was trembling, blushing, yielding, and I did not spare my pleading. With all the eloquence at my command I wooed her, and at last the little hand in mine struggled for freedom no longer, and Nettie consented to be my wife, my ministering angel for life!

MANNERS AT TABLE.—As do the old so will the children do. If, when a child asks for a biscuit, it is picked up by the parent and handed around one at a time, or thrown at the child, there is no chance to reprove the child when it does the same to the parent. When a parent eats with a knife, and forgets to use a fork, the child is warranted in doing the same. A chatty, cheerful table is always desired, free from formal stiffness; but freedom is not rudeness, ease is not boorishness; good breeding will show its presence quicker at table than in parlor or saloon. Let the parents be careful to set the example, and the children will not be slow to follow.

A DENTIST tried his first operation with gas upon a robust colored female. After she had used up all the gas in the office, she wheeled in the chair and shouted:—"Hurry up, boss and bring on another bag of sweetened wind."

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

Murder Will Out.

There is a story told in English green rooms, says Celia Logan, to the effect that a certain carpenter, a long, long time ago, murdered his wife by driving a nail into her skull. He fled, and the better to conceal his identity became an actor He rose to eminence and the whirligig of time and wheel of chance brought him to the very village in which, years before, he had killed his wife, whose murder, however, so the story runs, had not been suspected, her long, thick, black hair concealing the cruel wound from which no blood had flown.

The part was Hamlet. Whatever memories the place evoked he had sufficient mastery over his feelings to keep them hidden. The first scene of the fifth act came on. The theatre stood, on what had formerly been a burrying ground, and the property man had not to go far for skulls, but just dug a little and brought up a dozen or more, and at night tossed them into the trap for the grave digger to shovel on the stage. He handed a skull to the Hamlet, saying:

"Here's a skull now hath lain you in the earth for three and twenty years."

Hamlet—"Whose was it?"

Grave digger—"This same skull, sir, was Yorrick's skull, the king's jester."

Hamlet took the skull, saying:

"This—"

He turned pale and staggared, for the skull had left on it one long lock of black hair. Handed to him upside down the lock fell back, revealing a nail in the skull. The actor recognized it as that of the woman whom he had murdered just twenty-three years before. At this mute evidence of his guilt, coming from the grave to confront him, the actor lost presence of mind and his senses. In his insane utterancef he revealed his terrible secret, and was only saved from punishment by his fellow actors hushing him up and hurrying him away. He never recovered his reason, and died in a mad house, raving of the nail in the skull.

A Colored Skeptic.

When schools were established in the South for the education of the colored people, they were eagerly patronized by the colored folks of all ages.—Cov maidens of thirty and bashful lads equally old gayly trudged to school with diminutive primers in their hands, while the small fry swarmed in the school-houses, and were enthusiastic on the education question. Of Pete, the subject of our anecdote, it might be truly written that "ne'er did pencil trace a whiter eye or blacker face His former master, Dr. ——, had taken great pains with him, instructing him daily in reading and writing. In the fall Pete was to go to school, and anxiously looked forward to it. This was in 1869, when the sun was in total eclipse in August. There were all sorts of rumors among the colored people about calamities which would happen at the time of this phenomenon. A few days before it occurred the following conversation took place between Pete and a friend:

"Pete. did you know dar was gwine to be a 'eclipse ob de sun dis next week?"

"Yes," said Pete, "I heard de folks talkin' 'bout it."

"Pete, I hear dat awful things is gwine to happen when it comes. Dey say de world is gwine to come to an end."

Curling his lip in scorn, and fixing his big white eyes on him, Pete answered with contempt, "Go way, niggah. Don't you know school opens in *September?* How, den, can de world come to an end in *August?*

INFLUENCE OF HOME.—The unconscious influences of home, those which come from little things, little speeches, little deeds, and little offices, that best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love, are more subtle and pervading and plastic over the character than the teachings which we set ourselves formally to make. For it is not merely from what we say or what we do, but how we say it and how we do it, and in what spirit and temper, that the life of our life comes out and shows its quality.

A LITTLE fellow five or six years old who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much to large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smilling face, a kind heart and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and throughout the day when about your daily business.

ADVICE.—1. Sit erect at table with graceful ease, never loll or lean to one side. It indicates indolence.

2. Take your tea and coffee from the cup, from the saucer. It is ungenteel to sup from the saucer.

3. Use your knife as little as possible.

4. If you use water fill your goblet three-fourths full, or never less than two-thirds full. The fashion of putting only a small portion of milk or water into your tumbler is a low saloon and bar room custom. No young person who understands the origin and social significance of the custom, will expose himself or herself to the suspicion of low breeding and vulgar taste.

THERE is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the compliants of people who pretend to be ill. Dr.——, who was called by one of his patients for nothing, about a week, ended by inquiring:

"Then you eat well?"

"Yes."

"You drink well?"

"Yes."

"You sleep well?"

"Certainly."

"Wonderful," said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription.

"I am going to give you something that will put a stop to all that."

SALMON breeding has become so successful in France that these fine fish can be had in Paris as low as three pence per pound.

"That mule of yours is a fine beast. What do you call him?"

"Fact."

"And what do you call the other?"

"Fact."

"What! do you call 'em both Fact? How's that?"

"Why, you see, Facts are such stubborn things."

DON'T "DRAW THE LONG BOW."—"I am tired to death!" So you have said very often, yet you are still alive and well. "I had not a wink of sleep all night!" And yet your bed-fellow heard you snore many times. "I would not do it for the world!" And yet you have done many things equally as bad for a penny. "We were to our knees in mud!" And you knew very well that the dirt was not over your shoes.

WHEREVER a true wife comes home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses cealed with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light for those who else are lonesome.

A YOUNG MAN hired as clerk was told by his employer that all the clerks slept at the house, and that it was closed punctually at ten every night. "O, don't apologize," said the youth. "I don't care what time it's closed, if it's only opened early enough in the morning."

THE great brag heifer, belonging to Samuel Marvin, of Oxford Depot, Orrange county, New York, which last year gave 6,634½ quarts of milk in 365 days, is milking finely, and now near the end of her third month, gives about 24 quarts per day, and bids fair to outdo her former performance.

AN exchange advises its readers to lay in their coal. We should think that would be a dirty place.

"No, ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit. "I wouldn't even trust my own feelings."

NOAH was probably the only person who ever went to sea for fear of being drowned.

The Mormon churches encourage dancing.

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