Denton Journal.

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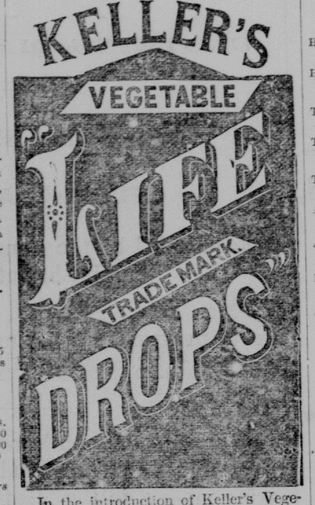

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops,)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

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Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar Alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Blotches, Neuralgia, Boils, Eruptions, Headache, Nervousness, Jaundice, Fever & Ague, Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

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are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

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The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produces Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

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are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

"HOW WOMEN LOVE DRESS."

BY W. W. CRANE.

He sat by a window at twilight,
And placidly puffed his cigar.
He gazed on a neighboring sky-light,
And thought of his bank stock at par.

Two voices came upward, as high as
The place where he sat, from the street;
Two ladies, on "gored" and on "bias,"
Were holding communion sweet.

Then he mused upon feminine folly
And fashion's absurd excess;
And he said with a tone melancholy:
"How women do rave over dress!

"Just get any two of them started
And they'll talk for a month about clothes."
He spoke like a hero, strong-hearted,
Who all such frivolity loathes.

"And the way they oppress the poor creatures
Who build all those dresses and things!
They'd like to make marks on their features
For a little mistake in the strings."

Here a knock at the door. When a waiter
And a new suit of garments appear.
"Oh, they've come, have they? Strange they're not later.
Quick, light up the whole chandelier!"

One glance from a proper position
Suffices their fate to decide;
The linings are only Silesian,
The trowsers a trifle too wide.

"Well, if I don't pitch into that Schindler!
I never did see such a bilk.
Why I *told* the outrageous old swindler
I wanted the linings half silk!

"Oh, hang all the scoundrelly tailors!
The collar's a half inch too high.
The trowsers—they might be a sailor's!
Now *wouldn't* I look like a guy?"

Each glance makes him more and more irate.
"Why they look even worse from behind!
I'll blow up the sneaking old pirate;
I'll give him a piece of my mind.

"I'm done with the scoundrel, that's certain.
Now, if ever I saw such a sight
May I be eternally——" (*Curtain!*
The rest wouldn't suit ears polite.)

Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac."

Children and their Treatment.

One of the singular facts of our humanity is the amount of intelligence with which we are born. We are credited with very little, and perhaps what we do have is in an entirely plastic condition; but it is intelligence, nevertheless, and useful intelligence applied to no sentimentalities so much as to hard facts.

Any one who has had the opportunity of making careful observations in the matter has noticed that before a baby is three days old he has made up his mind about several things, or being who is it that is master of the situation, and whether he can get a thing or not by crying for it; and although one might suppose that in reality the creature had not yet even adjusted his eyes to an angle of vision yet in those three days a wonderful deal has been learned by him, and he has found out who he is, and who his mother is, and what is the chief end of babies. The further amount conveyed passed in less than two years is absolutely amazing; and we may be proud of ourselves when we remember that we all did it. But however that may be, we have reason to thank or to reproach our ancestors for the direction given us in that early period, the regularity of habits formed or initiated, and the prevention of crying before thought of it.

One of the first things a good nurse attends to is the feeding of the baby at proper intervals, and before he begins to worry for his nourishment. This requires so attention and forethought, for the newly born babe needs his food as frequently as once in every hour and a half; after three months in every two hours; and at about nine months the interval may be lengthened another hour. The infants stomach digests in much less time than that of adults, and needs to be the oftener replenished.

There is only one case in which the child is not better when fed by its mother, and that is when the mother happens to be the victim of scrofula or other hereditary taint. About these matters we are necessarily very much in the dark; but it is generally thought that the child's chances of inheriting disease, where disease existed in the mother, are materially lessened if another nurse be procured, or if the child be brought up by hand. In the latter case, the milk should be had from one cow—unmixed, that is with the milk from any other cow—and diluted with one-third water, in sufficient quantity to satisfy hunger, and it is best for the child when unsweetened by sugar. In the other case, great care should be exercised in the selection of a nurse; if it is possible, her own hereditary tendencies should be ascertained, as well as the more peculiar circumstances of her past life, and it is absolutely indispensable that she should be of good temper, virtuous behavior, and healthy body. If she is melancholy, passionate, slothful, intemperate, or in any way vicious, the child had better starve than be given into her arms. The nurse when secured should be well fed, but little crossed in her innocent whims, and kept as comfortable and happy as possible.

No animal food should be given a child before it has cut several of its teeth; then it may have a tolerably well-picked chicken-bone to suck, but a few teaspoonfuls of the juice of underdone beef or mutton are best for it. Beef and mutton tea, given in very small quantity once a day, after a child is six or eight months old, is beneficial; but too much of that stimulates more powerful than is good, and the child's brain may feel it injuriously. Flakes of cracker softened with cream and hot water, a thin oatmeal porridge, farina gruel, or arrowroot if oatmeal should prove unwise, or crusts of bread boiled in milk, may be added to a child's diet at this time. Whatever the diet is, it should be given with precise regularity, as this suits both the health and the temper, and the child should never be forced to take a spoonful more than it seems to desire. Nor should the food be administered to a child while it is lying down; it should at any rate, be partially upright, to the greater ease of all concerned.

As the children advance towards weaning, the diet should gradually approach the more solid article; and when the child takes both readily, nibbles biscuit, eats a potato with salt and cream, or an oatmeal pudding, these can easily be substituted for the original diet. It is a cruelty to wean a child, unless positively necessary, before it reaches the age of nine months, as it almost always impairs its vigor; or should it be weaned in the summer months, or during any trial of teething. When it is decided upon, it should be done at once, with no half-way measures, as a different course only prolongs the pain on both sides, to no good end. No food at all now should be given in the night. The process is usually about as real grief to the mother as to the baby; but she can console herself with the knowledge that, provided it is seasonable, it is for the best good of the child, to whom a longer indulgence would be hurtful.

By this time a child, if it does not really seem a "grown person," has full of gin, savor of Sairy Gamp as it will, although we think the pain wonderfully violent that anise tea and often-ceanged hot flannels will not overcome. But there is no reprobation severe enough for those elders who amuse themselves with giving the tender little two and three year old children a glass of wine, or a mug of beer, or a thimble-ful of punch; and it usually brings about its own punishment, although too late to be of any practical use except as warning for the next generation. When it is considered that in every family where there are children their good health is one of the chief elements of happiness there—as any one will see who may have been present and remember the agonized condition of the whole household when a little life in it was threatened—and when it is further considered that the greater part of good health depends upon the judicious choice of good food, it will be felt that no care or time can be grudged to the furnishing of the little folks' table.

Laying the Cable of 1866.

It may seem a simple matter to distribute or "pay out" the cable, but in practice it is exceedingly difficult. Twenty are stationed in the tank from which it is issuing, each dressed in a canvass suit, without pockets, and in boots without nails. Their duty is to ease each coil as it passes out of the tank, and to give notice of the marks painted on the cable one mile apart. Near the entrance of the tank it runs over a grooved wheel and along an iron trough until it reaches that part of the deck where the "paying out" machine is placed. The latter consists of six grooved wheels, each provided with a smaller wheel, called a "jockey," placed against the upper side of the groove so as to press against the cable as it goes through, and retard or help its progress. These six wheels and their jockeys are themselves controlled by brakes, and after it has been embraced by them the cable winds around a "drum" four times. The drum is another wheel, four feet in diameter and nine inches deep, which is also controlled by powerful brakes; and from it the cable passes over another grooved wheel before it gets to the "dynamometer" wheel. The dynamometer is an instrument which shows the exact degree of the strain on the cable, and the wheel attached to it rises and falls as the strain is greater less. Thence the cable is sent over another deeply grooved wheel into the sea. On deck is a small house, which is filled with delicate scientific instruments. As the cable is paid out it is tested here. If a wire or a nail or a smaller thing is driven through it and the insulation is spoiled, an instrument called the galvanometer instantly records the fact, and a warning is given at all parts of the ship. The man in charge touches a small handle, and an electric bell rings violently in the tank and at the paying out machinery. At the same time a loud gong is struck, at the sound of which the engines are stopped. Delay might cause much trouble or total failure, as the injured section must be arrested and repaired before it enters the water.

The "Great Eastern" went ahead at the rate of five nautical miles an hour, and the cable smoothly overboard. Messages were sent to England and answers received. The weather was bright, and all hands were cheerful. On the third day after the "splicing" of the shore-end with the main cable, that part of the ocean was reached where the water suddenly increases in depth from two hundred and ten fathoms two thousand and fifty. One of the earlier cables broke at this place and was lost forever. The electricians and engineers watched for it with anxious eyes. It was reached and passed. The black cord still traveled through the wheels unbroken, and the test applied by the galvanometer proved the insulation to be perfect. The days wore away without mishap until the evening of July 17, when the sound of the gong filled all hearts with a sickening fear.

The rain was falling in torrents and pattering on the heavy oil-skin clothing of the watchers. The wind blew in chilly gusts, and the sea broke in white crests of foam. A dense and pitchy cloud issued from the smoke stacks. The vessel advanced in utter darkness. A few lights were moving about, and shadows fell hither and thither as one of the hands carried a lantern along the sloppy deck. The testing room was occupied by an electrician, who was quietly working with his magical instruments, and the cable could be heard winding over the wheels astern, as the tinkling of a little bell on the "drum" recorded its progress.

The electrician rose from his seat suddenly, and struck the alarum. The next instant each person on board knew that an accident had happened. The engines were stopped reversed within two minutes. Blue lights were burned on the paddle-boxes and showed a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough.

It is a very intricate knot that an old sailor can not untie, and the old sailors on the "Great Eastern" twisted and untwisted coil after coil until they succeeded in untying this one. The insulation remained perfect, and in a few hours all was right again. The accident caused much ill foreboding, however, as it showed how slight an occurrence might bring the expedition to a disastrous end.

On July 28, after a voyage of fifteen days, the "Great Eastern" finished her work, and her part of the cable was attached to the American shore-end, which had been laid by another vessel.—*St. Nicholas.*

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Strong Character.

Strength of character consists of two things, power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, to its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and quietly reply? That is a man spiritually strong. Or, did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home's peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are strong men, the spiritual heroes.

The Population of Rome.

First for the plebeians; if some day seeking for the convent of Neophytes or the house of Lucretia Borgia, you wander by accident among the straight streets, paved by the filth, around the Quarter des Monts, you will elbow thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, models, beggars, cicerones and *ruffianos* with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will salute "your excellency," and steal your handkerchief. I know of no other place in Europe, even in London, where one may meet with a more atrocious brood. As for the middle classes, I brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of them. A few distinguished artists, a few courageous and clever advocates, a few wealthy and competent farmers hardly suffice to constitute a real citizen class. But as for the nobility, heaven help us! Thirty-one princes or dukes, a vast number of marquises, counts, barons and chevaliers, a multitude of untitled noble families, among them Benedict the Fourteenth enrolled sixty at the capitol; an immense extent of seignorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; an incredible prodigality of horses, liveries and cabinets; regal fetes every winter; a remnant of small privileges and popular vexations; such are the aspects distinguishing a weak, ignorant, vain, servile and lazy Roman nobility, and holding it up to the admiration of every booby in the universe.—*La Question Romaine.*

NOTHING TO DO.—The brave man or woman will always find something to do. I know a little woman who, by her husband's illness, has been reduced to work for a livelihood. She will do anything which is honest. One week she does some copying. The next week she is at her sewing machine; a friend's eyes are weak and she happened to say she was looking for a seamstress. At once our heroine (for are not such heroines?) stamped on her pride, which squirmed horribly and said, "Remember she was your bridesmaid, and doesn't know how very poor you are; you had better pretend you know of a seamstress." Down came the foot, and the words are spoken bravely: "If I may take the work home, I will be very glad to do it." Another time there is a sudden sickness, and a nurse is required. She goes; and so, gradually, she acquired a reputation for intense earnestness in fulfilling her duty—that of earning money for her children—and, one thing leading to another, she learns how to support her family comfortably and with ease. Where there's a will, one can generally find a way.

"MAMMA, where do cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding.

"Where do you get you your tears?" was the answer.

After a thoughtful silence he again broke out:

"Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?

The latest thing in ladies's shoes—ladies's feet.

HARD WORK.—"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguised painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be obtained without it." Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labor of a lifetime, but it is not to be purchased at a less price." "There is but one method," said Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of a fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeaux, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, or raveled in a coach, ever talked with the peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and found that each of these men had a talent you have not, knew something you did not?" The most useless creature that yawned at a club, or idled in rage under the suns of Calcbria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

A GREATER MAN THAN THE PRESIDENT.—A Kentucky gentleman undertook recently to deliver an address before a certain Sunday school. After the children were gathered before him he began by saying that there were some very great men in the world.

"For instance," said he, "the Governor of Kentucky is a great man. Now all of you who have seen the Governor of Kentucky stand up.

Seven children arose.

"But," he continued, "there is a greater man than even the Governor of Kentucky. That is the President of the United States How many of you have seen the President of the United States?"

Two children arose.

"Now," the speaker proceeded, dropping his voice to a solemn key "there is some one greater than the President of the United States. Do you know who I mean?"

"Tilden, Tilden," chirped out a half dozen voices.

Then everybody smiled and a cardinal red flush mantled to the roots of the lecturer's hair.

WE "AIN'T THAT SORT."—While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout:

"Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!"

General Thomas, turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want."

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?"

"Well, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long has it been since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years."

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out: "Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"

DAN O'CONNELL is the laziest, but most brilliant reporter in San Francisco. He was, one day, detailed to report Dr. Stone's sermon. When the divine was about half through, Dan bethought himself of a yacht race, and folding up his notes, made his exit through the vestry room. The next day the sermon appeared in the *Chronicle*. The reporter had given a correct report up to the time he left, and then, getting the general gait of the theological argument, tacked on an extra holy column of brilliant metaphor, and highly colored descriptive matter, without much regard to theology. The Doctor came round in wrath next day, and wanted the reporter discharged. During the week, those of his congregation who had not attended the church, congratulated him on the last half of his superb discourse.

GOD is the Christian's banker. He honors all drafts drawn by a clear conscience, written by the pen of faith with the ink of love, on the paper of innocence.

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