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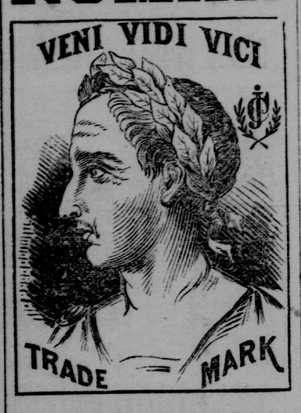

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Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

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This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

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The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

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Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

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The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

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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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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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And many other Diseases.

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Roman Liniment

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.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!
For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Dr. W. JAQUES & CO., No. 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

SHE MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old church-yard stood a stone,
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of Time had crumbled it
So only a part remained.
Upon one side I just could trace
"In memory of our mother!"
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stones
Where a great hero lies;
By this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!" What
A noble record left;
A legacy of memory sweet
To those that were bereft;
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was an humble resting place,
I know that they were poor,
But they had seen their mother sink
And patiently endure;
They had marked her cheerful spirit,
When bearing, one by one,
Her many burdens up the hill,
Till all her work was done.

So when was stilled her weary heart,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life; but written not
In any book of fame;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won—
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

Saved by the wrong War Horse.

As the passengers on the train from St. Louis to Cincinnati, upon the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, crosses the Wabash bridge at Vincennes, if he will look out of his window, on the left-hand side he will see standing there a square, two-story brick house surrounded by a porch. That house was the residence of William Henry Harrison, when Governor of the Indian Territory; directly in front of the house he will see a few old locust and elm trees, in a group. There it is in the midst of those trees that General Harrison was seated with an open file of men under arms before him many years ago waiting the approch of Tecumseh, the great war chief of the Shawnees. Dark and potentous clouds had been gathering over the settlements on the Wabash Tecumseh the brave but wily chief of the Shawnees, and his brother the prophet, had ranged the woods and planted the war posts from tribe to tribe, and the rifle and tomahawk of Indian warfare were ready for their dreadful work upon the frontier settlers. Could it be staid? Could not a treaty of peace be made? Gen Harrison resolved to try. He asked of Tecumseh, through a messenger, a personal interview, privately between themselves, to see if they could not avoid the sacrifice of human life that must follow war. Tecumseh accepted the proposed interview with apparent satisfaction—the time for the meeting was fixed, and Vincennes the place agreed upon. Gen. Harrison soon after learned that Tecumseh, instead of meeting him alone, would bring with him a chosen band of warriors, prepared to seize and carry off the General a captive, and then fall upon the frontier settlers with all their savage fury. The General prepared to meet his willy foe; selecting a few brave men, doubly armed, at the appointed hour he took his seat, his chair leaning against the large old elm, you see in front of the little grove; his men in open file facing in with their arms in perfect order, at shoulder, ready for the word of command. Tecumseh and his warriors came in sight, but seeing that his plot had been discovered, and that the General was prepared,, leaving his warriors behind, he stepped boldly forward, his blanket thrown over his shoulders, his breast bare, leggins tied at his knees, moccasins on his feet, bare headed, face painted, and eagle feathers sticking his hair, his black eye looking vengeance, as he marched with proud, defiant step up the open file to the seat of the General. As he approached the General rose and offered his hand. Tecumseh stepped back, stood erect, and silently fixed his eyes upon the face of the General, without moving a muscle. The General speaking to his interpreter, "Tell him his great father offers him a chair to be seated upon." The moment the interpreter communicated the message, Tecumseh with his eyes still resting on the face of the General, spoke in a loud, firm tone of voice: "My father! the sun is my father. and the earth is my mother, and I will recline on her bosom," and sat down directly in front of the General. The General—"Interpreter, ask him if he will make peace, or if he is bent on war." Tecumseh—"I am sick." The known meaning of which was that he was dissatisfied. "Will you have peace or will you have war?" This he answered by a look that told his meaning. "Tell him if he will have war to spare the women and children—let it be war of men." Tecumseh, rising from his seat, stretched out his arm to its full length, with his fist clinched. Your women and children are safe. My warriors against your men." He turned and marched proudly down the file, joined his warriors and left for his forest his forest home; the tocsin of war was sounded and the Indians began to concentrate in their war lodges. Tecumseh and the Prophet were everywhere rallying their red brethren and arousing their war spirit. General Harrison was not idle; he saw the coming contest not without some alarm for the safety of the frontier settlers He soon raised an army, composed of as brave men as ever drew a sword, or fired a rifle—volunteers from Kentucky and Indiana, men who understood Indian warfare, and were anxious to meet the savage foe.

About nine miles above the city of Lafayette the Tippeconoe enters the Wabbash river; the passengers on the trains from Lafayette to Chicago, will notice about seven miles from Lafayette, on the left hand sideof the cars, a beautiful inclosed white-grove, widening, from the point they pass to the north, on the west side, skirted by a narrow prairie, on the east by a wide, low prairie, and on the north by level woods. The spot is known as the "Tippecanoe Battle Ground;" now the property of Indiana, by donation from the late John Tipton. It was on that spot the dreadful battle was fought between the American forces, under the command of General Harrison, in person, and the combined Indian warriors, commanded by the Shawnee prophet, brother of Tecumseh, who had inspired his warriors with the superstitious belief that they would be invincible.

The army had encamped early in the evening on that elevated open wood. Near the south end, the company of the brave Capt. Spencer, the father-in-law of General Tipton, was stationed. General Tipton was at that time ensign of the company. Near the upper end of the ground was the temporary marque of Gen. Harrison. I refer to the report of the battle for the plan of the encampment, this sketch is from recollected private conversations with Gen. Tipton and Gen. Harrison. Gen Harrison rode a beautiful fleet gray mare, that he had tied with the saddle on, to a stake near his marquer, to be ready at a moment in case of alarm. Major Owen of Kentucky rode a bay horse. After the gray mare was hitched, it became necessary in order to pass a baggage wagon, to remove her and tie her at another place; without the knowledge of Gen. Harrison, the bay horse of Major Owen was afterward tied to the post where the gray mare had been.

A dark night came on. It was probable that the Prophet would strike that night if at all; the men lay upon their arms, the officers at their respective commands. Hark! the sound of rifles. The sentinels were either shot or driven in; the attack was made over the east and west banks of the high lands, bordering the prairies. The moment the alarm was given, every soldier was upon his feet, and the mounted officers in their saddles. Gen. Harrison ran to the post where he had left his gray mare; finding Major Owen's bay horse he mounted, leaving the gray for the Major if he could find her. The general dashed down to where he beard the firing, rode up to Capt. Spencer's position, at the point of the high ground around which the prairies meet; there the enemy had made the first main attack—deadly in effect. There stood the brave ensign John Tipton, and a few of the surviving men of the company. Gen. Harrison—"Where is the captain of this company?" Ensign Tipton—"Dead." "Where are the lieutenants?" Dead." "Where is the ensign?" I am here." "Stand fast my brave fellow, and I will relieve you in a minute." Gen. Tipton told me in after years that a cooler and braver man, on the field of battle, than Gen. Harrison, never lived. It was a deadly night, the Indians with rifles in their hands, concealed from view, in the darkness of the night, fighting to desperation, under the inspiration of their superstition,—being the attacking party and knowing where their enemy lay, had great advantages, which nothing but the indomitable courage of our brave men could have met and finally repelled. The moment the alarm was given, the brave Maj. Owen ran to his stake, but his horse was gone; near by he found and mounted gray mare of the General. He was scarcely in the saddle before he fell mortally wounded, pierced with rifle balls, which were intended no doubt for Gen. Harrison, as the Indians knew he rode a gray, and must have been in ambush near. The men and officers that fell that dreadful night were the bravest of the brave. Their names are not only recorded upon the records of our country, but will ever be treasured in the memory of every Indianian, with heartfelt gratitude and undying sorrow. I visited the common grave of the these brave dead, who fell in that terrible battle. You will find it in a grove of white-oak trees perforated by balls. The victory was dearly bought, but it secured a lasting peace to our frontier.

Kindness.

How sweet and pleasing to the human heart is the voice of kindness! It falls upon the ear like the melody of distant music, entrancing the senses and captivating the soul. It awakens within us the feeling of gratitude, and under its influence the heart grows warm, breathing forth in turn the same spirit, and expanding daily, as the opening bud expands in the warming sunlight. Hard, indeed, must be the heart which is not moved by kindness. It must be a stranger to those holy influences which adorn and beautify the human character. It must be completely under the power of the evil one. But the heart whose soil is susceptible of cultivation, kindness softens, beautifies, restores, enriches, and causes it to produce good fruit.

There is a magic in kindness. It captivates its subject at will, and makes him yield to the promptings of a nobler nature. It conquers even one who is acting on the defensive, and takes the citidel as if by storm. There may be the man of dark and malignant passions, whose soul is roused under their influence like the troubled ocean, yet if the voice of kindness fell upon his ear, and its spirit be infused through his troubled soul, his anger shall abate, the storm shall cease, and a calm shall ensue, broken only by the occasionally receding surges.

Here, then, is a power which may be used with incalculable effect in promoting the happiness and interests, not only of individuals, but also of nations. Let every one act in accordance with the great principle of universal kindness, and many of those difficulties now occurring, both public and private, would be amicably adjusted. Under this controlling influence men would not desire to contend with each other, but strife and hate would be changed to peace and love. That golden day would dawn in which "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard lie down with the kid, the lion with the fatling, and a little child shall lead them."

Twenty Impolite Things.

Loud and boisterous laughing.
Reading when others are talking.
Talking when others are reading.
Cutting finger nails in company.
Joking others in company.
Gazing rudely at strangers.
Leaving a stranger without a seat.
Making yourself hero of your own story.
Reading aloud in company without being asked.
Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
Leaving church before worship is closed.
Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
A want of respct and reverence for seniors.
Correcting order persons than yourself, especially parents.
Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
Not listening to what one is saying in company.
Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
Answering questions that have been put to others.
Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
Laughing at the mistakes of others.

AN old salt, sitting on a wharf the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since.

MAKE it the interest of others to be your friends. Command honors as well as bestow them.

A MAN who halts between two opinions is lame on both sides of the question.

Hints to Writers.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in our own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straight-forwardness are.

Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gasses to breathe; but one will enjoy better health and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it will be."

THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology, For ten thousands of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we commend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine; it stimulates better than champagne; it is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds; not a phial full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

CURE FOR A PEST.—To those who are troubled with bed bugs, we give the following remedy, which an exchange assures us is both speedy and efficacious: Wash the room and furniture with salt water, filling the cracks with salt. When this is done, you may look in vain for the bugs. Salt seems to be inimical to them and they will not go through it. It is preferable to all ointments, and you can always assure yourself that you have the genuine article.

ELI PERKINS says on his ticket of admission: "In case of any accident to the lecturer, or if he should die or be hung before the evening of the disturbance, this ticket will admit the bearer to the front seat of the funeral, where he can sit and enjoy himself the same as at the lecture." This explains the rush to hear Mr. Perkins. The too sanguine public foolishly bases its hopes upon that delusive "if."

"GIRLS," said a worthy old lady to her grand-daughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your fond, dear grand-father, but I learned how to do it after awhile."

"WHAT has been done once can be done again." said some philosopher. This may be true, but we are inclined to doubt it. We once found a ten-dollar bill in a horse car, and we have been gunning horse cars in vain ever since."

Intercourse in Society.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or journals say? State your opinions without apology. The attitude is the main point, assuring your companions that come good news, or come bad news, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can communicate. Self-control is the rule. When people come to see us we foolishly prattle lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary. A lady of my acquaintance said: "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it." The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unreasonable which is private to two or three, or any of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgressions annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*R. W. Emerson.*

A MINISTER was riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbids inn-keepers to take pay from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took dinner without prayer, and ate supper without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman?" "That may be," responded Boniface, "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner, and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

BY ALL MEANS.—A shrewish wife, quite sick, called her husband to come and sit by her bedside.

"This is a sad world, my dear," said the wife, plaintively.

"Very," coincided the man.

"Were it not for leaving you I should love to quit it."

"Oh, my dear," eagerly responded the fellow, "how can you think I would interfere with your happiness? Go by all means."

The lady got well.

SHE (bewitchingly)—"Oh I'm so glad you're going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown?" He (flattered)—"Indeed, and may I ask why?" She—"Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolize all the good-looking men." Brown satisfied, but not so happy as he expected to be.

AN inebriate man walking along the street regarded the moon with sovereign contempt. "You needn't be so proud, ole fellow," he said. "You're full only once a month, and I'm full every night.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of movable alphabets." He was simply a printer.

A little boy who wore stripped stockings was asked by a man on the street why he made barber's poles of his legs. His pert reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"

IT is written of Socrates that, passing through a market, he said, "How few of all these things I want?" Soc was a mighty particular man about his vegetables.

THE purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want.

HE that knows not when to be silent knows not when to speak.

HE that composes himself is wiser than he that composes books.

Nothing overcomes passion sooner than silence.

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