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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 excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

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The Roman Liniment has proved effectual in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate 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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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

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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.

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Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The Original and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating to W. B. Springer, Worthington, Greene Co., Ind.

JOHN JANKINS' SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin'"
If your life an't nothin' to other folks,
Why what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I said to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buying a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be any mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin'
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man who gives
The Lord Amens at my preachin'
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
As a coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And a nudgin' my wife; and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation;
And I am much afraid that most o' the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of singin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin,'
And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a biliin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

Winter's Cold Steam.

A Heatless Motor Which Can be Made at Half the Cost of Steam.

[FROM N. Y. WORLD.]

Upon the battered door of a frame building within a stone's throw of Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, there is nailed a tin sign, upon which idlers—for none but idlers would think ordinarily of looing at the door of such a house—may read that the place is occupied by Francis Winters, mechanical engineer. But the doors and shutters are barred, and people in the neighborhood look upon the house with distrust. When a reporter entered the house yesterday the lower floor of the building appeared to be unoccupied. At the head of the stairs there is a door which opens into a large, airy apartment. The walls are bare even of plastering, but there is a carpet upon the floor and a full supply of chairs. In an adjoining room is the device by which the Winters Manufacturing Company, with its capital stock valued at $10,000,000, expects to reap a speedy fortune. Mr. Winters, who is assisted by an engineer named Warring, said to the reporter, "Before we show you the machine I want to tell you about the accident mentioned in THE WORLD to-day, the leisure compelled by which led me to think out the project of generating the motor. It occurred in February, 1876. I had then been for several years in the employ of the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad, an engineer on a locomotive. My engine was one of the best that the company owned, and I was assigned to carry the fast trans over the road with it. When ever the directors went out or there were special excursions my engine was always selected. The result was that I came to think as much of it as a sporting man would of a favorite horse. One night the round-house at St. Paul caught fire. My engine was inside. I had left it early in the evening with about ninety pounds of steam in it, which I thought would last until 5 o'clock the next morning, when I intended to replenish it. The roof of the round-house had caught fire when I got there. The engine was about ninety feet from the door. I saw that I could save it and rushed in, preferring to run the chances of having it smash into something outside, if it was necessary, rather than to lose it by fire. I jumped into the cab and opened the throttle. There was no steam. I looked around and found that the janitor of the building had applied a patent arrangement of his, which he called an injector, to the boilers and had forgotten to remove it. Then I saw that my only chance was to build a new fire, open the throttle and let the engine run out when it would. In thirteen minutes I had gotten up fifteen pounds of steam. Suddenly there was a deafening explosion. I thought that the roof was falling, and with a jump I landed on the back of the engine and ran around a wood pile near the head of it, hoping to escape that way. But the passage was blocked and I had to make a detour agound by the engine again. By this time the floor was in flames. It had been saturated with oil for months, and I presume a shower of sparks must have fallen upon it. I had presence enough of mind to realize that I must either reach the door or be roasted where I stood. I can never tell how I managed to run ninety feet through that body of flame. I wore a seal skin overcoat and cap. Otherwise I should probably never have come out alive. I remember that I stumbled two or three times on the way out, for I could not see and was protecting my eyes as well as I could with my hands. I must have regained my feet and pushed ahead by force of mere instinct. When I got out in the air I fell to the ground unconscious. The flesh upon my hands hung in shreds; one of my ears was burned to a crisp, and my hair was entirely gone. For nine months I lay under medical treatment in St. Paul; then I came here. The flesh under both eyes had been burned away to my cheeks. I knew that I should never be fit for work again unless the flesh could be replaced, and although the physicians told me the experiment would be a hazardous one, I resolved to risk it rather than to suffer as I should otherwise be obliged to. The first operation was performed in Dr. Knapp's office, on Twelfth street. There were five or six occulists present and a crowd of students besides the operator. I was in the chair for an hour and a half. The second operation lasted an hour and thirty minutes and the third an hour. After that I was kept in a dark room for six months. That gave me time for reflection." Mr. Winters pointed to a V-shaped mark on his forehead from which the flesh was taken to make the lower eyelids. These lids which stand out over his cheeks in bunches as large as a man's finger, were opened a year after they were made end some of the flesh was removed. Before that he could see only by looking sideways, the bunches obstructing his vision in front. The swelling had subsided, he said, within the past few months, and he expected that they would become still further reduced.

"Now you may as well look at the machine," he said, rising and shaking himself as though to be rid of the remembrance of that horrible experience. Then he led the way to the workshop through a small door at the further corner of the room.

"There it is," pointing to the centre of the room, where upon two raised platforms, open at the bottom, the machine stood. It was an apparently simple contrivance. On one of the platforms stood an ordinary hydraulic engine, to which two pipes were attached, one a three-eights tap furnishing furnishing water from the street at a pressure of thirty-five pounds, and the second, an exhaust-pipe, through which the water was carried to a drain after it had passed through the engine. The action of the water propelled a piston through a ten-inch cylinder, and this piston was connected with a four-inch cylinder in which the motor was generated. The ten-inch cylinder merely supplied the power by the common hydraulic process for the action of the piston in the generator. A steam process that would furnish the same power would be of equal value for the purpose since it has nothing to do with the generation of the motor save to work the piston in the generator. The second cylinder, which does the work is supplied with water by a branch pipe connecting near the floor with the main one that supplies the engine. The second cylinder is air-tight. At each stroke of the piston the water leading from this branch pipe pours into the vacuum and is forced through a series of valves in the piston. By the time that the piston returns to admit a fresh supply of water all of the former supply has disappeared through a series of valves in the upper part of the cylinder in the form of a gas which is the motor itself. Its course from the upper part of the cylinder lies through a pipe run along the ceiling to a steel tank in one corner of the room. This tank is capable of withstanding a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch.

Mr. Winters said yesterday, as he turned the water into the cylinders, that he had been suspected of using a chemically prepared mixture in the generation of the gas. To show that such was not the case he drew off a portion of the water in the generator into a tumbler and passed it around to be tasted. As the piston began to work a guage upon the wall indicated the pressure up to 300 pounds. After the engine had been working about ten minutes there was a burst of moist vapor from the air chamber over the generator, which indicated that the steel tank was full of gas. Mr. Winters explained that the outburst was occasioned by a defective air chamber, and that in the large machine which has been constructed there will be an automatic arrangement to indicate excess of pressure. He explained the moisture by saying that a film of water had probably forced its way through the valves and had coated the inner side of the chamber. Then he turned the stop-cock in the steel tank and the gas came hissing out. Except for an instant, when the stop cock was first turned there was no moisture, and the gas had neither heat, odor nor color. Afterwards he connected a pipe leading from the tank with an ordinary Baxtar upright engine which he ran at pleasure. He then let the gas run through several tanks containing coal tar. After this process the gas was lighted from an ordinary burner, and a dark blue body of flame resulted.

"The simplicity of this process makes it mysterious," Mr. Winters said after exhibiting the machine and showing the uses to which the gas could be put. "When we say that nothing enters the generator but water and that it is converted into this gas, which does not condense and is without moisture people laugh at us. Yet such is the fact. There are eighteen valves in the piston in the generator, and four others in the space above the piston. Probably that arrangement of valves consumes the water and generates the gas. I have a theory as to how it is done, but I am not yet disposed to reveal it. When Chief Engineer Osborne examined the generator for the Board of Underwriters he told me that when he was constructing the waterworks for Jersey City he often noticed that some such power as this was generated in the ordinary machinery at the works, but never thought to utilize it. During his examination of the generator I drew the water from a tank on the roof, which was filled under his direction, and subsequently I drew it by suction from a tub on the floor and generated the gas under a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch. The experts expressed themselves satisfied with the fairness of the tests, but could not understand how the gas resulted from them. It was on that account that the letter requiring the certificate of a chemist that the gas was harmless was sent to us by the Board of Underwriters. We claim that it is superior to compressed air because there is no heat produced in generating it. We packed ice around a coil of pipe filled with it, but it was not at all affected. We also claim that it could be forced through fifty miles of pipe with scarcely enough friction to be noticed on a guage, and that it can be introduced into manufactories at half the expense of steam. The largest expense is for the water, of which a large quantity is required. It can be utilized under a pressure varying from three pounds—equivalent to a fall of six feet—upwards to a limit not yet determined. The large machine which is now completed will probably be placed in a building near the Second avenue car-stables. Then we shall place machines in St. Paul and elsewhere.

Off the Beach at Long Branch.

The sand shark is sometimes hooked when not wanted, and, when wanted, not hooked. He is larger than the drum fish and will singly fight any number of his sturdy opponents. Fishermen declare the sand shark as harmless to man, refusing live or dead bodies as food, while his relative, the deep water shark, prefers human flesh, dead or alive, to all other food. As, however, this sand shark has teeth and mouth very much like his more formidable kinfish, I prefer to keep out of his way. I have met them several times with centre fin erect swimming with the power and velocity of a small tug. All sharks when cruising show their upper middle fin, and some sailors call them "battle" or "warning flags." Sailors have the highest opinions of their fighting qualities, as they say that frequently the ocean seems to boil when one of these sharks get into a serious tussle with his less formidable finny neighbors, and that invariably this monster sails off with fin erect, apparently unharmed, while numerous wounded or dead fish float in the vicinity of the aquatic battle field.

IT is curious that during these hot days Bob Ingersoll wasn't heard to cheep once.

From Blonde to Brunette.

Chicago Tribune.

Seldom has the electric fluid done a more curious thing than on yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, at the residence of H. L. Guild. Mr. Guild and his wife were occupying a bedroom in the second story, and Lottie, a bright-faced child of 4 years of age, with golden girls, occupied a double cot on the first floor, in company with her grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Ames, aged about 50 years. This cot was placed under the opening of the main flue of the chimney. The first recollection that Mr. Guild has of the situation was that he was on the floor of his bedroom with his wife clinging to him and screaming. He turned on the light, and at first glance discovered that the patches of plastering in the ceiling of his room and in the rooms adjoining were hanging over his head, and the lathing protruding. The shingles in the vicinity of the chimney were torn up. He then concluded that lightning had done the work. The next thought was of the grandmother and his daughter, Lottie, below. Upon arriving in the room, the little innocent, her face, head of curls, and hands black with soot of the flue, commenced to clap her hands at the appearance of the grandmother, who was also blackened with soot. Upon examination, Mrs. Ames was found to be in an insensible condition, and a doctor was summoned. He applied remedies

The child told how the fire came down the chimney and knocked herself and "gramma" from the cot to the floor. The child was subjected to a severe bath, and then was discovered the most remarkable feature of the whole affair. The profusion of curls, which were of unusual length, reaching almost to the child's waist, and which had been of a bright golden hue were of a blue-black or inky color from the roots to the tip. A closer examination revealed the still further singular fact that the scalp of the head was also colored, indelibly, it seemed, the same as the hair. Up to 6 o'clock on yesterday afternoon, after a lapse of 15 hours, and after repeated washings with ammonia and other solutions every hair remained the same shade as when the change was first noticed, and so with the scalp of the head.

The physician said that the remarkable change might have been the result of electricity, but beyond this he did not venture an explanation. He had heard of one or two instances like it. The vitality of the hair did not seem to be destroyed, for it was still as soft as silken skeines. The child seemed as lively as a cricket, and rather pleased than otherwise with the sudden transformation from a blonde to a brunette without cost.

Good Men For Congress.

Henry Watterson may be bumptious, but he is generous withal, and we can fully indorse what he says in regard to the return of General Eppa Hunton and Mr. Randolph Tucker to Congress from their respective districts in Virginia. Both of these gentlemen are encountering opposition. Mr. Watterson tells us in the columns of his *Courier-Journal*—and he gives excellent reasons—why that opposition should not prevail. "Tucker," he says, "is confessedly the most brilliant lawyer and orator on the Democratic side. Of Hunton it is enough to say that his character is of that wise, conservative type which commands the respect of both sides. Each in his way is a universal favorite at Washington." The country and the constituencies are fortunate in securing the services of such men. They ought to be re-elected as long as they are willing to serve. A member of Congress, no matter how brilliant he may be, cannot be of much service to the country or his constituents until he has been in office for more than a single term. The rules and practice of Congress are as difficult to understand and as tedious to acquire as the rules of practice and pleadings in our courts. The whole system is so artificial and so intricate that a man must study it long theoretically, and watch its operations in practice for many months before he can become familiar enough with it to make advantageous applications of it.

It is understood that the objections to Mr. Tucker are chiefly that he is not "practical" enough for his constituents. As to General Hunton, he is onposed because he was a member of the Electoral Tribunal which made Hayes President.

THE COURAGE OF THE FLY.—A writer in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says of the fly: "Ruskin has properly awarded to him a supremacy of physical courage over all the animal kingdom. He challenges comparison with that audacity with which a single fly will renew his attacks upon his giant adversary, man, undaunted by a hundred defeats. His courage is inexhaustible and no odds are strong enough to disenhearten him. When Solomon sent the sluggard to the ant for instruction, he might well have referred the coward to the fly for his reproof. The may be times when the fly excites our rage to dispair by his persistant assaults, but he can not but command our admiration by his unfailing pluck. He knows but one master and that is death.

A Practical Sweetheart.

A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a $2 pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked $3 upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for $5 in one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel. The girl examined the shoes in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and get a better bargain. Yesterday she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price $3 50, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid $5. The receipted bill was produced in proof and the boot man found it impossible to "go behind the returns." The smart girl took her $3 50 pair of shoes and obtained $1 50 in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for $3 to the young man, who very promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.—*Kansas City Times.*

How to Preserve Ice.

During illness ice is generally needed in the sick-room. The following method of preserving it is highly recommended, and is certainly worth trying:—Cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by a ligature round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so constructed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours; all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel, with comparatively open meshes, is preferable, as the water easily drains through it, and the ice is thus kept quite dry. When good flannel with close texture is employed, a small hole must be made in the bottom of the flannel cup, otherwise it holds the water, and facilitates the melting of the ice. Placed in a cup of this kind, two ounces of ice has been known to last for nine or ten hours.

Down to a Fine Point.

After the services were over on Sunday the reporter met the Rev. Arthur Mitchel in his study.

"You will allow me the use of your manuscript?" said he, in his blandest manner.

"What for?"

"Publication."

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I think by doing so I am depriving reporters and compositors of their legitimate day of rest."

"What!"

"No, sir; I cannot give it conscientiously. It is very gratifying to me to have my name in print, and I appreciate the honor you confer upon me. I would willingly give it on a week day, but I cannot on Sunday."

"Have you any objection to a short-hand reporter going to your church on Sundays and taking your sermon? Would you stop him?"

"I would not, because that lies with him."

A DUCK BATTLE.—We recently received from an eye-witness an account of a curious duck battle, on the Chesapeake Bay last fall. His attention was first attracted by a roaring sound, like the approach of a heavy squall, and turning his gaze upon the bay, myriads of ducks were discovered engaged in a desperate conflict. It was soon seen that they were mallards and canvass backs, struggling for the possession of the celery fields. They finally drew off before the gentleman could decide which were the victors. The bay was strewn with quantities of feathers as far as the eye could reach. —*Belair Ægis.*

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