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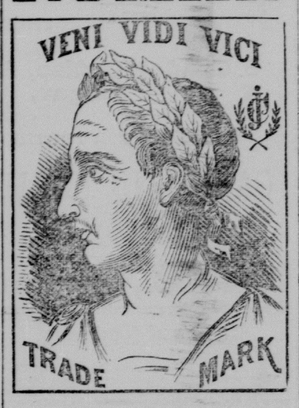

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Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it 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 excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

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This painful and annoying complaint is instantaneously cured by the application of the 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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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

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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And many other Diseases.

KELLER'S
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.

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

RIGHT OR WRONG.

There's a way that leads up to goodness,
To heights that are most sublime,
Away from the fields of darkness,
The sorrowful haunts of crime;
And as you begin life's journey,
A pause you're compelled to make,
For there are two roads before you,
And which are you going to take?

There are comrades waiting to join you,
The noble, the good, the true,
The false, the worthless, the vicious,
The evil ones not a few;
And how can you choose among them?
How can you stand up strong,
Without a God to help you
Decide between Right and Wrong?

One step in the way of evil
May fasten the temper's spell;
One taste of a proffered pleasure,
And the thirst you may never quell.
With liberty, life and manhood,
All that is good at stake,
There are two roads open before you,
And which are you going to take?

Halt at the narrow crossing.
Whisper an earnest prayer.
Heed not those mocking voices,
The enemy's touch beware.
Pledged to the cause of virtue,
Sustained by a Savior's might,
When two roads open before you,
You will surely turn to the Right.

Taming a Pretty Tyrant.

She was a tall, fine-looking, dark-eyed girl, who stood beside the gate, spitefully kicking the pebbles with her pretty slippered foot, and now looking defiantly up in the stern face of the good-looking young fellow, leaning over the fence, a foot or two away.—His brows were drawn into a frown, and his lips compressed, but he tried to make the tones quite steady, in which he said:

"Very well, Lida, make your choice now."

"Oh! it's come to that, has it?" asked the girl, with a scornful toss of her pretty head.

"It has. You've played fast and loose with me just as long as a fellow with any manliness can stand it at all. I've let you toss me about as you please, like a baby would a ball, and now it's got to quit. If you choose to go to the circus to-night with Jim Thompson, it's all right."

"Jim Thompson's a gentleman!" snapped Lida.

"He's a tipsy booby!" retorted the young man, hotly, and, as the sequel proved, not very wisely. For the girl turned instantly, and answered: "Whatever he is, he don't call other people names! I'm going right to answer his note and tell him I'll go, and you can go where you please, Bob Lewis!"

"Stop one moment!" the young man's voice recalled her, as she was abruptly leaving him. "That's your choice, is it, Miss Wheat?"

"That's my choice, Mr. Lewis! If that's all you have to say, I need'nt wait."

"That is not all. I should like to say good-bye, if you please. To-morrow will find me far enough from here.

"Indeed! Might one ask where you intend to go?"

"Never mind that; perhaps you will hear to-morrow. We may never meet again. Will you shake hands for good-bye?"

The girl's heart throbbed hard, but she was too proud and angry to show her feelings. She held out her hand at once. "Certainly; good-bye, Mr. Lewis; a pleasant trip to you." Bob Lewis pressed her hand hard, and looked firmly in her face, but he said simply "good-bye, Lida." One instant—then he dropped her hand and turned away. As she reached the door she turned and spoke once more to him:

"Oh, Bob!"

"Well!" He turned back quick as lightning.

"You'll be apt to see Jim Thompson up town. Would you kindly tell him for me that I accept his invitation and will go with him to-night?" Bob's face flushed, and he ground his heel hard into the sidewalk, as the willful girl thus coolly added insult to injury. But he knew she did it purposely, meaning to aggravate him, and he determined she should miss her point.

"Certainly, anything to oblige you," he answered with a coolness equal to her own. He walked rapidly away, and Lida went into the house to spend and uneasy day. For she did care for Bob Lewis, and she knew she had treated him shamefully. She did not believe he really meant to go away, but she was half afraid, and when evening came she was more than half tempted to write a note, excusing herself to Thompson, and telling Bob she would go with him.

But a girl's pride kept her from it. "I've got myself in a scrape, now, and I'll go through it," she said, as she dressed to go out. "He'll be sure to come around to-morrow, and I'll coax him to make up. It's fun to play off on these fellows once in a while."

But when Miss Lida entered the brilliantly lighted circus-tent that night leaning on Jim Thompson's arm and caught a glimpse of Bob Lewis, stern and gloomy, she didn't think it quite so funny.

"Good gracious! He looks as if he might do something awful!" she said mentally. "He fairly scares me! I'll send for him the first thing to-morrow morning and straighten things up with him."

She could not enjoy the circus at all. She pretended to be in great glee, and laughed and flirted as gay as the gayest. But not even the stale jokes of "the most renowned jester and clown of the arena" could win a real hearty laugh from her.

But then, neither Jim Thompson nor Bob Lewis knew her fine spirits were feigned. Neither did they know that she cried herself to sleep after she went home.

The next morning the first news that Lida Wheat heard was that Bob Lewis had joined the circus and gone off with the troop!

"I don't believe it!" she cried in consternation.

"Well, you may," said her little brother Frankie. "I was up at the depot, and I saw him get on the train with my own two eyes. Reckon I could tell you something, too, Missy.

"Oh, Frank, do then!" pleaded Lida, now pale and scarlet.

"What'll you gimme?" queried the cute youth.

"Oh, anything!"

"Gimme a nickel?"

"Yes. Tell me, quick?"

"Hand her over first! No pay, no tell!" declared Master Frank, extending a somewhat dirty paw.

In despair, Lida went quickly to her purse, took out the promised nickel, and gave it to the rapacious urchin.

"Now, tell me!" she cried.

"Well, sis, I was standin' on the platform to see 'em pull out, and when I saw Bob Lewis a gittin' on, I hollers out, 'Hallo, Bob! going to leave?' and he says, 'Yes, I am. Tell your sister I'll never trouble her any more.' So, that's all. I'm a-going to buy some marbles, you bet!"

He ran off, and poor Lida sank back into her chair, pale and faint. She did not cry—she only sat still and thought a moment, deeply. Then her plan was made.

She jumped up quickly and put on her hat and sacque. Not saying a word to any one in the house she went into the street. The first person she met was Jim Thompson.

"They say Bob left with the circus troupe this morning," Jim told her, after they had exchanged good mornings.

"So I heard. Wonder if it's true?"

"I believe so. The wagons went before day, but the actors went over to L——town on the train. They show there to-night."

"Do they? Well, good-bye, Jim, I'm going to stop here at Jessie's."

She went into a pretty little house, where lived her intimate friend, Jessie Jager.

"Come, Jess, get on your hat quick!" she cried. "You've got to go over to L——town to-day with me, and we've only got time to catch the eleven o'clock train."

"Well, but what for?" asked Jessie.

"I'll tell you on the way. You *must* go—its real important, Jess. Come, hurry up! We'll come back to-day."

"If I must, I must," said Jessie, hastily beginning to brush her hair.

Lida had cousins in L——town. She went to their house, accompanied by her friend, Jessie, as if she had merely come over on a visit. After a while she told one of her cousins, a boy of fifteen, that Bob Lewis was there, with the circus, and she wanted to see him. If he would find Bob and bring him to her, she would give him money to go to the show.

Well pleased, the lad went on his errand and an hour later, Bob Lewis was in Lida's cousin's parlor, asking for her.

"He didn't ask for any one else," said the young girl who let him in.

"You go, Lida, and the rest of us will stay out here to see the procession pass, and here the band play."

That was just what Lida wanted. She hurried into the parlor.

"Oh, Bob, what *are* you doing?" was her greeting.

"Talking to you, I believe," said Bob, smilling. "I didn't expect to see you here to-day."

"I came specially to see you!" said Lida, blushing red, but determined.

"You did? I am surprised! What can you wish of me?"

"Oh, Bob, I want you to forgive me and make friends, and not go off with the circus."

"I can do the first thing easily, Lida, if you care anything for me. And the last, I never had the least idea of doing."

"Didn't you come with those circus fellows?"

"On the same train, yes. As one of them, why no! certainly not. What put that into your head?"

"Everybody said so, and Frank gave me your message, and I thought—"

"If you thought I meant to get away you were right. I meant to stay here to-day, settling a little business matter, and then I was going out of the State, to stay for good," said Bob, very gravely.

"I thought I had driven you off, and I couldn't bear the idea!" began Lida and then she broke completely down. Bob took up her words.

"I was going on your account, Lida, but, if you'l promise to quit flirting, and marry me before long, I'll go home and stay there. Will you Lida?"

Well, it was provoking—but Lida knew she must give up, now or never. And so—well, the circus passed just then, and what with the band playing and the crowd making a noise, of course I couldn't hear the rest.

But when Lida and Jessie went home, Bob went too. And there is to be a wedding soon, and Bob says, "If Lida don't behave herself afterwards, he just travel off with the first circus that comes along."

How to Make Cuttings Grow.

It has been ascertained that cuttings will develop roots much sooner in moist sand than rich. But the sand cannot maintain its growth for any length of time. To prepare pots for cuttings they should be filled nearly to the brim with rich garden loam—dark and porous, not clayey and soggy; then pour in one inch in depth of scourng sand—sea sand will do as wall as the yellow sand. Wet this thorougly, and place the cuttings, from which all but the three upper leaves have been removen, close to the side of the pot; the contact of the ware against the stem of the cutting promotes its growth. Press the wet sand firmly around the tiny stem. A great deal of your chance for success in raising slips and cuttings depends upon this. Plant as many cuttings as the pot will hold, from six to a dozen, according to the size of your pot; when they are firmly set in the sand, two or three can be inserted in the middle of the pot. Set them away in a dark, warm place for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. Thus, cuttings will grow briskly in a hot-bed because the temperature is not dry. Their growth depends upon light, heat and moisture. If a but is close at the base of the cutting it will strike the root more easily—is not so apt to decay. The roots shoot from the bud, and the lower down it is the surer your success. When the leaves drop, the plant is commencing to grow; if they wither on the stem it has begun to decay. By following these directions, no one can fail to grow all kinds of house-plants, Roses and all the rare flowers of the green houses are propagated in this manner. Many cuttings damp off from the soil being too moist.

GRATITUDE.—How true it is that a little act of kindness will often have a rich reward. Many years ago a merchant in San Francisco took into his house a poor, friendless, orphan, and clothed and fed and educated him. The boy grew to manhood, and the merchant obtained him a situation in which he rapidly rose to affluence. Years afterward the merchant failed and lost all he had. His family died, and he was reduced to absolute beggary. One night, while soliciting from door to door, he reached, without knowing it, the house of the boy whom he had befriended. Now mark the consequence of the generous act done by this man in the days of prosperity. That boy, as he gazed on his benefactor, and saw the degredation to which the once rich and happy man was reduced, remembered all the kindness received in his house, and all the love and sympathy bestowed upon the friendless orphan, and without a moment's hesitation—paid a colored person seventy-five cents to wheel the old mand out to the almshouse in a push-cart.

If you are bent on getting into a quarrel you will not have to search long for an opportunity. There is a proverb that runs, who wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick.

SHEEP will eat what no other stock will eat and thus save the labor required by the thrifty farmer to keep down noxious weeds.

Every enterprising farmer should make an experiment station of his farm, himself being the director.

The Farm as a Home.

There are questions of more importance than those of money making that meet a young couple just starting out in life. In the natural order of this, the welfare of their children must be included in all their life plans. Many parents since the day in which "Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom" because he saw that the plain was fertile and the pasturage good, have, like him, mourned the ruin of all that was dear to him, because of the evil associations their families were exposed to.

We believe that for health, morals and development of good traits of character there is no place like the farm to raise a family of children. Some celebrated writer (Horace Greeley, we think) has said that whatever calling in life a man expects to follow, there is no place until he is sixteen years old so good for him as the farm. It is a well known fact that the morality of children in our cities is fearful. All the surroundings of the farm tend to the healthful development of the body. The children breathe the pure air and are nourisned by food that is unadulterated. They are not confined to the house or a narrow court, but a thousand objects of interest call them to exercise in the open air, and under these benign influences children that would sicken and die in the crowded city grow up rugged and healthy. As with bodily health, even more so it is with moral health. During the years when the character is forming, and the children, with that exhaustless curiosity and imitativeness God has given them, are taking impressions that must influence them through life, how much better that they should be on the farm than in the village or city. On the farm they are less exposed to temptation, the parents can choose their companions and when out at play they are not likely to hear the blasphemy and see the depravity to which the children in the city must early become accustomed. That street influences are demoralizing needs no argument, and that it is impossible to keep children in the city entirely from these influences is equally certain, for they are so constituted they must take an interest in what is going on around them.

Another important object in favor of farm life is that is furnishes suitable employment to the young. This is intimately connected with the points already spoken of, for both health and morals are largely influenced by occupation. It is not only true that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

but equally so that employment which confines a growing boy in a shop or factory is unatural and unhealthy. In the city, as a rule, one must choose between idleness or employment that is constant and monotonous. On the farm there is an endless variety of employment, and that suited to the strength and capacity of the boy, and he is trained to habits of industry before he knows it.

Taking all these influences into consideration, we think there can be no question that under similar home influence children are much more likely to grow up useful, moral citizens, with well developed physical powers, on the farm than in the city. Those parents who have seen their children sicken and die in the crowded city, or what is far worse, grow up moral wrecks, could tell us what value to place upon these influences if they had the oportunity.

An Unlucky Kiss.

"Now," said the old man, as he drove in the last nail, "if they want to swing on the gate let them do it. It's strong enough to hold 'em now; and moonlight's cheaper than coal oil, anyhow."

"Husband, you are a brute to talk that way!" said his better-half.

"What's the matter now, old woman?"

"You know that Matilda don't swing on the gate at night with her young beau. Oh! that I should ever have lived to hear father say so!"

"Now, look here, old woman! don't you condemn Matilda for that."

"Not condemn Matilda for swinging on the gate with a young man in the night! Why you vulgar old wretch!"

"You'd better not."

"Better not! And she my own child too!"

"You are getting too much excited" my dear."

"You are an old fool and a brute to talk to me as you do! You know I never get excited; but I will vindicate my child, even when her father slanders her."

"I didn't do it!"

"I say you did!"

"I say I didn't!"

"And I say you did, did, did—so you did!"

"You'd better go in the house, my love!"

"And leave you here to slander my child? No, sir! I'll have you to understand that Matilda's mother's has some respect for her if her father has some respect for her if her father has not."

My love! why will you fly off on a tangent, and work yourself into such a pet? Now, after all, what have I said against Matilda?"

"Said? Didn't you accuse her of improper conduct?"

"By no means."

"Didn't you say she stayed out at night with young men, and it saved expense, you old skinflint."

"I was only jesting."

"Oh! you were? Your own flesh and blood—my poor, innocent, Matilda—to be made a jest! That I should ever have lived——" and the poor woman broke down with sobbing.

"Now, see her, old woman!" said the husband kindly, but firmly, "if you don't hush your nonsense and dry up, I'll tell Mattie's beau not to be caught swingging on the gate with her at night, and I'll tell him why."

"You will, hey?"

"Yes, I wil; because, when I was a courting young man, I was swinging on the gate with a young woman, one night, and Sam Solomon happened to pass by just as she gave me the good night kiss."

She commenced feeling around for something.

"It was the most unlucky kiss I ever got—for Sam gave up trying after that and as soon as he got out of the way it was me or nobody."

It was lucky he got over the fence and rround the corner as quick as he did, or the surgeon wouldn't have had an easy job of it.

Edison's Early Life.

This remarkable inventor, of whom the public has recently heard so much, is still a young man having been born in 1847 at Milan, Erie county, Ohio. His mother was of Scotch parentage, but born in Massachusetts; she was finely educated, literary and ambitious, and had been a teacher in Canada. Young Edison's only schooling came from his mother, who taught him spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. He lost his mother in 1861, but his father a man of vigorous constitution, is still living, aged seventy-four. When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan. The boy disliked mathematics but was fond of reading, and, before he was twelve years old, had read the 'Penny Cyclopedia," Hume's "England," Gibbon's "Rome." He early took to the railroad, and became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk line, running into Detroit. Here he had access to a library, which he undertook to read through; but after skimming over many hundred miscellaneous books, he adopted the plan of selecting reading on subjects of interest to him. Becoming interested in chemistry he bought some chemicals, and fixed up a laberatory in one of the cars. An unfortunate combustion of phosphorus one day came near setting fire to the train, and the consequence was, that the conductor kicked the whole thing out. He had obtained the exclusive right to sell papers on the road, and employed four assistants; but, not satisfied with this, he bought a lot of second hand type, and printed on the cars a little paper of his own, called the Grand Trunk *Herald*.—Getting acquainted with the telegraph operators along the road, he took a notion to become an operator himself. In his lack of means and opportunities, he resorted to the expedient of making his own apparatus at home. A piece of stove wire, insulated by bottles, was made to do service as the line wire. The wire for electro magnets he wound with rags, and in a similar way presevered until he had the crude element of a telegaph; but the electricity being wanting, and as he could not buy a battery, he tried rubbing the fur off cats' backs but says that electricity from this source was a failure for telegraphic purposes.

There isn't much difference between a grass widow and a grasshopper, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

A man who was struck by a drunkard the other day, says, that he was treated to a "whisky punch."

A word to the wise is always sufficient, no doubt, but the trouble is, so few are wise.

That which is bigger than the biggest nutmeg in the world is a nutmeg greater.

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