Denton Journal.

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KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE TRADE MARK DROPS

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;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

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 K[illegible] [illegible]ing from Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce 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.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

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. [illegible] Maine

ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
The vest that is bright and new,
And the liveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

LOCAL OPTION.

The Hon. Felix Brunot, of Pennsylvania, and also one of her ablest men, came on from Pittsburg, where he resides, to Philadelphia, with a committee appointed by their fellow-citizens in the East on the subject of re-enacting the *Local Option Law*. They had it once, but the city mob, and Liquor-League money induced the Legislature to repeal it. Mr. Brunot's argument is so full of good sound common sense that I send it to you and hope that it may be re-produced in your columns. It is astonishing how far Caroline county and other parts of the Eastern Shore are ahead of Philadelphia and indeed Pennsylvania generally in that form of Christian civilization. Please hear Mr. Brunot, of Pittsburg:

THE HON. FELIX BRUNOT'S SPEECH.

We come to you in behalf of a meeting of the clergymen of Pittsburgh of all denominations to solicit your advice and co-operation in an effort to induce the Legislature to Pennsylvania to enact a Local Option Law for the repression of intemperance in such cities and counties as may vote to adopt it. The To consume the time of such an audience as is before me in painting the gigantic evil and its results, would be but impertinence. The question is, How shall we crush the power of the giant? How shall we save his victims and rescue society from his influence?

One of the chief obstacles to success from the diversity of views as to the method by which this is to be done. There is union enough as to the end desired, but disunion as to methods turns our strength to impotence. No great reform was ever accomplished without the strength which union gives, nor will this be a success until the clergymen of the land shall stand shoulder to shoulder in ther leaderseip of the great army of Christians, in absolute union as to the line of march, as well as the objective point. The present differences range all the way from the man who believes in moral suasion, or Christian motive only, and is warm-lo opposed to prohibitive legislation, and him whose faith in the force-powerwould demand even the prohibition of grape-growing. I would fault none of these, but pray and strive that we may all come to see eye to eye, as we already feel heart to heart in our desire for the good of our fellow man. The Christian opponents of prohibitive legislation are as earnest as to the objective point—reform, as its friends. They have substantially had their way for a long time, but still the demon rages. They have their way, but none more truly than themselves mourn over the increase of intemperence. They have their way by the help of our general enemy. Or is it not more correct to say, the enemies of Temperance reform have their way by the help of the reformers!

It is always safe and wise to do that which the enemy most opposes. He knows best what will most injure his own cause. There is no doubt or division in the ranks of the enemies of reform as to the effect of restrictive legislation upon the liquor traffic. The distiller, the dealer, and the drunkard are a unit on that question.

Assault, theft, murder are crimes which moral suasion and example do much to repress; but what a state of society should we have if moral suasion and the suasion of Christian love were alone depended on for the suppression of such crimes. God himself does not rely upon moral suasion alone, and our blessed Saviour gives to us the law of love only to reinforce the command, "Thou shalt not" and its penalties for transgression.

There are features in the Local Option Law which especially commend it to my judgment. I do not think its opponents who class it with so-called sumptuary laws, or laws restricting personal liberty in matters of food clothing &c., are just in so classing it. Under despotic government sumptuary laws have often been oppressive and odious, because made for the profit of the ruler to the oppression of the people. In a Republic the enactment of such laws is hardly possible, and, if made, they could not be enforced. The proposed Local Option Law is no more a sumptuary law, in the odious sense of the term, than is the law to prevent the sale of diseased meats and vegetables—to regulate the sale of drugs and poisons; to prevent the fouling of the Schuylkill waters; to prohibit the sale of game out of season; for the prevention and punishment of drunkenness, and many other laws upon the statute book. This movement not only recognizes the fact that a law not sustained by sound public opinion would be useless, but guards against any mistake as to what is public opinion as to the point at issue. It does not accept the dictum of a minority or the claims of enthusiasts as to public opinion, but requires the people by actual vote to say whether the law is for the public good and whether they want it or not. Nothing could be more strictly in accordance with the principles of our government of the people, by the people, than this.

A technical objection has been urged, that the Constitution delegates to the Legislature the power to make laws, and that they cannot transfer it to any other authority. The objection does not seem to be well taken. If it were so, the laws and ordinances of our municipalities which are made under authority given them by the Legislature would be unconstitutional.

The objection that the proposed law unjustly interferes with the personal right of citizens to carry on business pursuits which are at present lawful, or to pursue wealth and happiness in their own way, is more plausible than forcible and real. No law touching the personal conduct of men fails to find opponents among those with whose passions or preferences or pursuits it interferes. Just laws are not framed to the preference of individuals, but for the good of the people, and society itself, as in this case, must be the judge of what is necessary to its own protection and welfare. As members of the body politic we are bound to recognize its right to make law, for the general good, and our duty to submit to them when made. Again, the objection furnishes its own refutation. The objector produces his license and defends the existing law against your proposed improvement. What is the license law but an attempt of the body politic to defend itself against a great injury?—To protect society against an admitted evil by regulating and restricting it? We do not have laws to regulate and restrict honesty, virtue and benevolence. The fact that the liquor seller enters into a business restricted and regulated by laws and penalties, is a clear acknowledgment on his part of the right of the body politic to make such laws, and consequently the right to improve and protect them. Without meaning to draw any offensive parallelism, but only to use a striking illustration, I suggest that in some communities there are laws, regulating the social evil. Houses of prostitution are licensed and surrounded by restrictions deemed necessary for the protection of society, and the restriction and repression of vice. It, nevertheless, in such a community prostitution should continue to increase—who could admit a claim that the existing law is a bar against a better one, prohibiting houses of prostitution under pains and penalties; on the ground of its injustice to the bagnio keeper? The contract—if there is anything in the nature of contract in the existing license law—is with society for its protection, not with the liquor seller for his protection; and if the people demand better protection, or even prohibition, it is their right to have it. It is essential to organized society that every individual must give up a portion of his personal liberty for the good of the whole. Especially does this principle lie near the foundation of our own government. It is in the compact signed by the Pilgrims on the day before they landed from the Mayflower; it is the open secret of the success of our republican institutions.

HOW SCREWS ARE MADE.—At Smethwick, near Birmingham, England there is a screw factory which, with its clever mechanical contrivences is something to wonder at. All the sizes of screws used in carpentry and cabinet-making are made of iron wire choped into lengths and shaped in a series of self-acting machines. A blow on one end forms a head, which is speedily turned true in a revolving chuck, the nick is cut by a small circular saw, a revolving jaw then seizes the head, and the screw is turned in a twinkling. These, being self-acting, five or six can be kept going by one woman.

The Wonderful Clock of Strausburg.

Many have perhaps heard or read of this wonderful example of horological skill and mechanical ingenuity, but few perhaps remember its details or comprehend its designs.

This author of this discription, having had the pleasure of beholding the only correct model, will endeavor to refresh the memories of some, and enlarge the comprehension of others by a concise delineation of it.

The original stands in a magnificent Cathedral of Strausburg, from whence it has never been removed since its construction in the 14th century. It measures sixty feet in height, and surpasses every thing of its kind in the world for its astronomical, musical, mechanical and prorological learning, ingenuity and skill.

For convenience of description it may be divided into four sections. The first, or base, contains in its centre an Orrery, to the right of which is a picture typifying night, with Luna in her costly chariot drawn by fiery steeds; to the left, a splendid painting typifying day. The Orrery, on the Copernican system, has in its centre the brilliant sun, around which revolves the planets, at their relative distance and in their allotted times—that is, in the earth's days: Mercury 88, Venus 225 Earth 365¼, Mars 687, Jupiter 4,338, Saturn 10,759, Uranus, 30,687, and Nepture 60,127. Above this section, in a niche is the moon, so acted on, by the machinery as to give its different phases and its risings and settings just as mentioned by the almanac.

The 2nd section gives the time from 1851 to 1900—the years, leap years, months, days of the month, weeks and days of the week, hours, minutes and seconds of the day, the edacts, the golden numbers, the Dominical letters, and the day of the week upon which any day will fall to 1900.

The 3d section contains the dial, which gives the hours and minutes. On the right is an angel holding a sceptre. On the left one holding an hour glass. Above the dial in a niche is Father Time, a hammer in his right haud, scythe in his left and before him a bell. In front is a platform upon which Father Time stands with four figures representing the different ages of life:—Childhood, boyhood, manhood and old ago. Above this niche is another with a beautiful circular balcony and the right and left ends, and in the centre of which are three single mullion lancet doors: an angel of life and death, at each end of this balcony; above and behind a short space is another niche, with its balcony. The whole of this fourth section represents a chapel, on the the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture, surmounted by handsome spires, gilded crockes flying butteresses and trefoil ornaments. The clock works in this way, at every quarter of an hour. Childhood rises, passes in front of Father Time, who strikes once on the bell; they boyhood, when he strikes twice; manhood, three times; and last of all, old age, when Time is silent, but Death strikes the hour of the day. At the same time in the upper niche the centre door gracefully and slowly opens, and Christ walks out on the balcony, meekly folds his arms; then the door in the right opens, and the twelve Apostles walk gracefully out in order, pass around the balcony until they are opposite Christ, then bow and are blessed by him and pass on out of sight through the left door. Peter, alone, not bowing, but turning his back in denial of his Lord, when Satan comes out on the balcony above, and tempts him; then the cock on the weight tower claps his wings and crows, then Satan again appears, watches Judas, and stealthily follows him along the balcony until the door closes, and the large bell which has tolled onces for each apostle, now gives the signal, the procession is over. Meanwhile, the organ has been reverberating with delicious music. In the four coignes, the seasons are represented. On the right wing is the stair case, for those to ascend who have the clock in charge; on the left, painting represented the Fates, the muses of astronomy and music, with a handsome portrait of Copernicus.

The inventor of this clock had his eyes put out by an edict extant in Strausburg in the 14th century, for fear that another might be constructed like it. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers of the law, Uitric Goldschmidt, a native of Wissemburg, a fellow workman of the inventor, and an apprentice at 14 to the celebrated Maybaum, watchmaker of the Rue des Arcades, after years of labor, anxiety, study, constant devotion and application, banishment, poverty, want and privation, finally succeed in reproducing a similar one, except one-fifth less in size. Well may one exclaim, when having understood this clock how unlsmited is man's capacity, and what glorious rewards attend study, energy, constant devotion and application.—*M. Duckett.*

A Case of Professional Jealousy.

BY MAX ADELER.

There is a very fierce rivalry between our two undertakers, Tooms and Sinnickson, and sometimes it causes trouble. On the day of old Mr. Chew's funeral, which was conducted by Tooms,, a colored man named Banks was to be burried Sinnickson. It so happened that the two processions reached the turnpike leading to the same moment. Both hearses were moving a slow walk, but as soon as they got abreast of each other Sinnickson touched up his horses and made them walk rapidly. Then Tooms put on more speed and tried to drive across the front of Sinnickson's horses, in order to block them off and keep them in the rear. Whereupon Sinnickson remarked that if Tooms didn't take that old coffin cart out of the way he'd rip the wheels off and bang it into splinters.

"You keep behind," said Tooms; "I don't 'low no nigger buryin' to take the lead of me."

"There ain't no decent nigger in the country that kin git dead enough to be willing to ride behind such horses as them of yourn.

"Oh! there hain't hey?" replied Tooms; "Well, just let me tell you that there's more money in the near hind leg of one of my horses than you ever made by selling yaller pine coffins for mahogony."

"If my horses weren't better'n yourn I'd a killed 'em long ago and got you to burry 'em. It's more in your line of business.

"We'll see about that," said Tooms as he started his team at a brisk trot.

"I'll bet we will," exclaimed Sinnickson whipping his horses furiously

A second later and both horses were going down the turnpike at the rate of twelve miles an hour, the coffins bouncing about in them at a furious rate, and the friends of the deceased parties looking out of the carriage windows at the race, some cheering the undertakers, and others feeling pretty mad about it.

The funeral processions, however, proceeded to the cemetry, and when they reached it they stopped to wait for the undertakers to turn up. It was then about half past twelve o'clock—a little after four somebody saw a man coming at the cemetry gate with his nose bloody his right eye swollen and discolored, and his clothes torn and covered with dirt. It was Tooms. He was balancing a coffin on the front axletree of a vehicle only two wheels of which remained. He limped up to the grave pushing the crowd before him, and sliding the coffin off, he exclaimed:

"Gosh! but I'm tired! I've run that thing along on these wheels for nearly four hours."

Then stepping up to Judge Pitman he whispered to him:

"Me and Sinnickson 'ave been playin' particular thunder! I beat him in the race, and then he run into me and smashed both hearses all into nothin'. Then we grappled and fit for about an hour, and finally I hit him in the stomach and curled him all up in the fence. But when I come to look for old Chew's Coffin it was gone. I must a dropped him out along the road somewheres. I danno where.

So what did I do while Sinnickson was laping there lowlin' but grab up Sinnickson's nigger and mount him on my front wheels, and bring him along. Old Chew's people won't know the difference. Less bury this chap and lay low about it, and Sinnickson can shove off old Chew on the colored folks. He'll do almost anything after the way I bounced him."

So the funeral services proceed, and just as they got the remains the grave in came Sinnickson, looking as if he had been passed a couple of times through a bark mill, and pretty nearly ground to rags. The first thing he said was:

"I say hold up there! You've the wrong man. Mr. Chew's laying in the ditch about three-quarters of a mile up the pike, and this is my corpse you're a burying."

"Don't pay any attention to that liar," said Tooms, with quite a perceptible change in his countenance.

"Who are you calling a liar?" said Sinnickson, and then he sailed into Tooms, and they had another tussle until Judge Pitman separated them. Then a committee of friends got a cart and went back for Mr. Chew, and finally every thing was properly arranged but as the folks went home Tooms passed Sinnickson at the cemetry gate shaking his fist at him, he said:

"Never you mind, old fellow. The next funeral I have'll be yours, and I'll not only run, but I'll have the corpse ready; you see if I don't."

There is a good opening for an amiable undertaker in our village.

Washington's Ideas of Civil Service.

When Washington was called to the presidency in 1789 there were no regularly organized parties, and there was no room for patronage in a partisan sense, and nothing could exceed the justice of the rules by which he was guided. Called to the executive chair even against his wishes, he said he would go to it under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatever, but would hold himself absolutely at liberty to act while in office with sole reference to justice and the public good. So much depended on wisdom and impartiality in this matter that, in case of injudicious or unpopular measures with regard to appointments, the government itself would be in the utmost danger of being utterly subverted: "My political conduct," he said, "in making nominations must be exceedingly circumspect." Again: "I do not intend to be swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from the ties of friendship and blood." All this time it is not to be supposed there was nobody to present his "claims." Even before his first inauguration, Washington was greatly annoyed by applications for appointments, and invariably represented to such persons the delicacy of his situation, and the impropriety of bringing such matters before him. He apprehended what afterward proved true: that there would be a hundred competitors for every office of importance; but for a long time he would give no decisive answer to the applications of any candidates whatever, and would only nominate such persons as in his judgment were best qualified to discharge the duties of the departments to which they were appointed. As between an intimate friend and a determined opponent, he gave a lucrative office, which both had applied for, to the latter, with the following explanation: "My friend I receive with cordial welcome. He is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities he is not a man of business. His opponent with all his politics hostile to me *is* a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power. As President of the United States, I can do nothing."—*Scribner for January.*

NONE ALIKE.—Is it not wonderful that no two things in all this world are alike. Not even two blades of grass or two leaves of a tree? Twin children often look much alike, and even the parents are sometimes puzzled to tell which is which, but each will have some mark to show that he is himself and nobody else. And what a wise provision of nature this is! If everybody was like his neighbor, who could transact any kind of business? Nobody could be sure that he was delivering goods to the right man, or asking the proper person to pay a bill, or that any certain individual had committed a crime. It is easy to see that such an arrangement would entirely upset society, and each man would have to get along by himself as best he might. It is well that we each have a distinguishing mark.

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love become less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge, of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful, and happy—our fellow worshippers forever.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

ONE Kentucky farmer appropriates the yearly product of one acre of his farm to the purchase of reading matter for himself and family.

WAR helps a great many trades. A concern in Ohio has an order for two hundred and fifty tons of paper for cartridges for Turkey.

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