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VEGETABLE
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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 KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

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

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

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

LIVER COMPLAINT.

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

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. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

You have the very best.

Out at work in the fields,
Husking the yellow corn,
Is a man whose honest heart
Beats for you night and morn.

Were you to search the world,
What would you hope to find
Better for heart or hand
Than this you would leave behind?

Ah! little girl, the hills
May glow with a splendid grace,
But the valley, after all,
Is a very pleasant place.

And nothing that life can give,
Be it ever so sweet and good,
Could be one-half so good
As this love beneath your feet.

Though the hills seem glory-crowned,
Yet the hills are bleak and drear,
But the valley is sheltered; warm,
Stay in the valley, dear.

FAMOUS DUELS.

HOW THEY FOUGHT IN FLORIDA.

A Loafing Tour Through the Land of the Hotspurs—Reminiscences of the Time of the Seminole War—A Personal Insult that led to Half a Dozen Fatal Encounters.

Some of the bloodiest duels on record were fought in Florida. The Seminole war, in 1837, brought to the front a lot of reckless young blue bloods that were full of fire and sparkle. Gay livers for the most part, they headed carelessly through the world and carried the whole defense of their lives in their pistol fingers A pressure of the trigger was the answer they gave to protest of deprecation. The brush they had with Osceola and his yellow devils warmed them up sharply, and when Crince Murat settled upon their coast with a colony of Frenchmen, challenges flew thick and fast. The Frenchmen, of necessity and with pleasure, fought their way through, and very soon the already turbulent society of Florida had received a deeper tinge from the splendid drilling of the cut and thrust followers of "the Prince." It was in Florida that the feud began in which the Alstons, Willis and Augustus, lost their lives. I was sitting one night in Brown's hotel—a famous old rendezvous of forty years' standing—pickling myself in orange brandy and munching soaked biscuit, when a shuffling old fellow approached me. I recognized him as Mr. Zabran, a ragged postscript to the life of a gentleman, engaged at the time in the humble but respectable business of washing dishes at the hotel. "Do you see that ragged hold up there over the furder fly brush?" asked the old man. Upon my replying to the question, which really did not require any answer, but was thrown out by the crafty old gabbler as a lasso, with its interrogatory loop at the end, he reflectively wrapped his cup towel about him, and sitting down, remarked: "Well, sir, if all the blood that was shed in the quarrel in which that hole was made was smeared on these walls it would redden up this whole room, I can tell you." The sanguinary seduction that the old fellow had put into his story, and pushing him a glass of brandy, I asked him to tell me all about it. Then and there, in that musty and half-ruined hotel, full of its wild and riotous memories, the old fellow told me a story that for fierce gallantry and recklessness puts fiction to shame. The actors in it, of sunny and heroic temper, of large wealth and illustrious lineage, are dead. Their descendants yet live and stand high among the highest. Of course, it is impossible to avouch the particular correctness of the details of the story, or the most of those that follow, but the general points are believed just as written.

A DUEL OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

"In the Seminole war," said Mr. Zabran, evidently ambling down a well-worn groove of conversation, "Governor Call, of this State, commanded a crack regiment. One morning he received a note announcing that his wife was quite ill. He at once repaired to her bedside. During his absence a battle was fought. Shortly afterward an article appeared in the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, of Augusta, insinuating that Governor Call had purposely absented himself from the battle. The paper containing this article reached the camp and was at once the subject of comment. Lieutenant Augustus Alston determined, in the absence of his colonel, to protect his honor, mounted a horse and plunged through the woods for Augusta. Reaching that city he made his way to the *Chronicle* office and demanded to know the author of the offensive article. It turned out that it was Governor Reed, of Florida, for a long time a bitter political enemy of Call'. Lieutenant Alston at once sent him a peremptory challenge. Governor Reed replied that he would be happy to accommodate Lieutenant Alston with satisfaction as soon as he had concluded an affair with Lieutenant Willis, of Call's staff, who had already favored him with a note upon the same subject. Alston thereupon had to content his soul in patience until the affair with Williams was over. He did not have to wait long. A meeting was soon arranged between Reed and Williams, the conditions of which were that they were to fight with bowie knives, until one or the other should be cut down. At the meeting the men came upon the ground, stripped to their shirts. They advanced until they met each other. Then they clasped their left hands together in a firm and dead game grasp, standing toe to toe. The keen and shining knives were then placed in their right hands. At a signal they were dropped perpendicularly along their legs. At the next word they were rais d into the air, and then the terrible fencing began. It was a brief, strenuous struggle. The long knives cut and gashed and wheezed through the flesh of the combatants and clashed and sparkled against each other, now buried in vital tissue and now whipped out with a dim, bluish moisture veiling the blades, until at length Lieutenant Williams fell, hacked almost to pieces. Governor Reed escaped without disabling injury.

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.

"He then turned his attention to Lieutenant Alston. Being the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons. He selected a murderous weapon, now happily obsolete, but then of common use, and known as a yager. It was a broad mouthed, fulnel shaped, smooth bore gun that carried a handful of shot and was warranted to hit everything in the neighborhood of its aim. The duel was a most unfortunate one in its direct and remote results. Captain Kenon was Lietenant Alston's second. The principals were posted with their backs to each other. As the word 'wheel' was called it is claimed that Alston slipped and stumbled. The command, 'Fire—one—two—three!" followed almost immediately, and before he could recover his gun went off in the air. Governor Reed took cool aim, fired promptly at the word, and Lieutenant Alston Thus two gallant young fellows had already fallen in defense of the honor of an absent comrade. But the cruel feud was hardly opened. Col. Willis Alston, then living in Louisiana, heard of his brother's death, and became impressed with the idea that he had not been fairly killed. He claimed that Governor Reed should have withheld his fire when he saw his brother's gun spring aimlessly toward the sky. Indeed it is said that a sister of Lieutenant Alston had the lead taken from her brother's body and a new bullet moulded, which she sent to Colonel Willis Alston, and demanded that he should come and avenge their brother's death. Colonel Alston came as fast as possible to this hotel. Governor Brown met him as he rode up to the piazza, and at once divined his purpose. 'You have come here to challenge Reed?' he asked. Colonel Alston assented. Governor Brown then begged him to be very deliberate and cool and quiet about it. On the very night he got here, he was sitting near the fire-place yonder, with a large cloak around him, and his head bowed upon his hand. He had been sitting there only a few moments when some one brushed past him rather roughly. Raising his head he discovered that it was Governor Reed, the very man he had travelled so far to challenge to mortal combat. In an instant he was ablaze with excitement, and rising, exclaimed: 'You have murdered my brother, sir, and now do you presume to insult me? Draw and defend yourself, sir.' As quick as thought Reed drew a six barreled pistol and fired, tearing away Alston's third finger, just as the latter poured a broadside in his side. The fire was repeated, each man receiving another bullet. Colonel Alston was then out of ammunition, having only two horseman's pistols. Throwing back his long cloak, however, he drew his bowie and closed with his antagonist. In a few seething strokes Governor Reed was cut to the floor, and his opponent sank in a fainting fit. It was in that melee that that bullet hole was made up there.

A DEADLY MEETING.

"The two men were taken to their beds, and for several weeks were confined to their rooms. Colonel Alston was the first to recover. He was very much imbittered by the contest that had taken place, and said that he intended to kill Governor Reed on sight. A few days afterward he met Governor Reed on the street. He went home and loaded a double barreled shot gun, putting in one of the barrels, it is said, the bullet that his sister had moulded with the lead taken from his brother's dead body. Seeking Reed again, he fired at him on sight, tearing away his shoulder with the first barrel and riddling his heart with the second. This rencontre created the intensest excitement and led to some legal proceedings against Colonel Alston, which, however, did not result in anything. Colonel Alston shortly after this went to Texas. He had been there but a short time when he heard that Dr. John McNeil Stewart, a man of prominence in Brazoria, had commented disparagingly upon his affair with Governor Reed. Meeting Dr. Stewart upon the prairie a few days after this report had come to his ears, he handed him a letter containing the offensive language and asked him if he was responsible for it Pending their discussion of the matter at issue they fell upon each other with great fury. It appears that Dr. Stewart was armed with a pair of Colt's pistols and Colonel Alston with a bowie knife and shot gun. When found by their friends, Alston was lying at the root of a large tree, with four bullet holes through his body; Stewart was lying near by, with two loads of buckshot in his heart, stark and stiff. Colonel Alston was so badly wounded that he could only be carried in a blanket, slung hammock wise between two men. As he was being borne into the town in this manner his friends were met by a company of armed men, who fired a hundred shots into the blanket, killing Colonel Alston instantly."

THE CRUEL CODE.

This feud involving the death of so many superb men and bankrupting two powerful families, is one of a thousand that might be traced in fatal scarlet through the system of Southern society. We have only followed the direct vein of the feud. Were all the results, direct and remote, carefully looked up, it would be found that the publication of that article in the *Chronicle* caused the death of a score of chivalric gentlemen. It is a peculiar feature, too, that every challenge that makes up its bloody story was issued in defense of a comrade's honor. Prince Murat, albeit he was a quiet and scholarly man, was a stickler for the code. While there is no record of his having himself fought a duel, his edict was authority in dueling circles and his voice was never lifted against the practice. All trace of the warm spirited Frenchman and his comrades is swept away. The shock of war dislodged their influence from the heart of the Floridians, and it is a mayhap if any one of the inhabitants of Tallahassee now show you the spot where their royal guest lies buried. A law against dueling has been enacted, and hands that once played with the pistol handle have now perforce gone in terrible earnest to the plow handle. And yet there is not a people upon earth hotter in temper or more jealous of honor than these swarthy fellows, that thirty years ago might have heard, as they lay dangling in their cradles, the whip-like crack of pistols, as their fathers popped away at each other in some convenient glen.—*H. W. Grady in Phila. Weekly Times.*

A SPEAKER at a recent meeting of the Toronto Teachers' Association recommended that the history and geography of a country should as far as possible be studied simultaneously, and said that a good exercise was to take the marine arrivals as given in the newspapers, and require the pupils to give the most direct route taken by the vessels, the cargoes with which they would be most likely to be laden outward and inward, and the winds and currents which would affect their speed.

THIRTY MILLIONS STOLEN.—The New York *Sun* publishes a list showing that the money stolen in the United States during the past four years—beginning at a period just prior to the panic of 1873—by reason of defalcations, embezzlements, and breaches of trust on the part of city and county officials, bank officers, executors of estates, &c., foots up $30,000,000.

Benjamin Franklin was born just opposite the Old South Church, Boston, June 16, 1706. The family soon after moved to the corner of Hanover and Union streets, where Benjamin "grew up."

Interrupted Table Talk.

The other evening the Rev. Mr. Philacter sat down at tea with a very thoughtful air, and attended to the wants of his brood in a very adstracted manner. Presently he looked at his wife and said:

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Got an awful bump on the head s'afternoon," broke in the pastors eldest son, "playing base ball. Bat flew out of the striker's hands when I was umpire, and cracked me right over the ear an' dropped me. Hurt? Golly!" and the lad shook his head in dismal but expressive pantomime as he tenderly rubbed a bump that looked like a billiard ball with hair on it. The pastor gravely paused for the interruption and resumed:

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Saw Mrs. O,Gheminie down at Greenbaum's this afternoon," said his eldest daughter addressing her mother. "She had on the same everlasting black silk, made over with a vest of tileul green silk, tail basque pattern, oer skirt made with diagonal folds in front, edged with deep fringe; yellow straw that with black velvet facing inside the brim and pale blue flowers. She's going to Chicago."

The good minister waited patiently, and then in tones just a shade louder than before said:

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Went in a swimmin' last night with Harry and Ben, pop, and stepped on a clam shell," exclaimed his youngest son; "cut my foot so I can not wear a shoe; and please can't I stay home to-morrow?"

The pastor informed his son that he might stay away from the river, and resumed his topic. He said:

"The Apostle Paul says—"

"My teacher is an awful liar," shouthe second son; "he says the world is as round as an orange and it turns round all the time faster than a circus man can ride. I guess he hasn't got much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger toward the boy and said—"sh!" and the father resumed:

"The Apostle Paul says—"

"Don't bite off twice as much as you chew," broke out the eldest son, reproving the assault of his little brother on a piece of cake. The pastor's face just showed a trite of annoyance, as he said in a very firm, decided tones:

The Apostle Paul says—"

"There's a fly in the butter," shrieked the youngest hopeful of the family, and general laugh followed. When silence was restored the eldest daughter with an air of curiosity said:

"Well, but, pa, I really would like to know what the Apostle paul said."

"Pass me the mustard," said the pastor, absently."

Then the committee rose and the senate went into executive session and soon after adjourned.

New Year Resolves.

That you will decline the nomination for the presidency.

That you will pay up now and never let your subscription to the *Journal* get behind again.

That you will dig up a stone giant.

That you will not write a "family" novel, entitled "That Cross-Eyed sister-in-Law of Mine."

That you will not assist in celebrating the "centennial" of anything during the year—unless it is your own.

That you will not commit an excusable murder by pointing an unloaded gun at a friend.

That you will not for a "Third Party."

That you will have nothing to do with getting up a baby show. The present year is going to be a very unhealthy season for such shows.

That you will limit your visits to the residence of your prospective mother-in-law to seven nights in a week.

That you will, after you are married get up first and make the fires.

That you will not enter the lecture field.

That you will refrain from informing an editor how his paper should be conducted.

That you will not write an article for your local paper, explaining how the Turks might have defeated the Russians and ended the war six months ago.

That you will not write humorous paragraps.

That you will not, if you have a big fortune and several heirs, shuffle off this mortal coil until you have spent all your money, in order to prevent a disgraceful wrangle over your will.

That you will not start a daily paper to fill a "long felt want."

That you will subscribe for the JOURNAL and persuade all your friends to do likewise.

Uncle Moses's Lesson.

Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peer over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Ordah! Chillen, ordah! Leetle Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talkin' like a cunsterble on 'lection day"

When Jimmie ceased his conversation the chief resumed:

"I eails de detenshun ob de school ter de way youse been carryin' on dis bressed day. Wot yer bin a dom'? An' de way yer tongues is been a curuscatin' scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pulled the black chin forward.

"Now, I puts it ter yer, an' do you all lissen, an' you, too, Lize Milins; I ax yer dis question—How menny eyes you chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"How menny mouve?"

Unanimously—"One."

"Wat does dat mean? It means ver mus' see twice es much es yer tells.—Now how menny yeres yer got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"An' how menny mouves?"

"One."

"Dat means yer mus' heah twice es much es yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Gills, contribute de papers 'round 'fore we jines in pray.'

Old Si on Hell.

While they were resting from work at noon the other day Amos said:

"I heah'd er white man, reedin' in de paper dis mornin' dat folks folkes waz 'datin' now whudder dar was any hell or no!"

"Shucks!" said old So; "youse got dat wrong end fo'must, sho!"

"No, sah, dat waz what he read in de paper!"

"Whudder dar waz any hell?" repeated old So.

"Yes, sah; whudder when er man give out ob lyin' he went ter hell, or jess dissolved ter dus agin."

"Lookie heah! I don't want do sputе wid nobody, but ef enny man come foolin' 'round me wid dat sort of skriptur, he's gwine ter heah me git up yander inter shoutin' tones!" said Si.

"Why's dat?"

"Kaise taint gwine ter do! Yer jess make er nigger belebe dar ant no heaharter, an' see what yer comes ter. Ebery secon' house'll be er court hous' an' de houses twixt 'em'll be jale houses. Hit's moughty had ter keep 'em strate now yid de Sheriff an' bofe 'fore day eveys!"

"Den youse on de side ob de fiah an' brimstone!"

"Youse right, honey! Ef you tink youse gwine ter leebe dis wurld ter play snow bal some whar youse wrong. Dar's a warm place jess beyant heah fer de manigers ob do Freedman Bank and' chickinifters giuruly, else I'se gwine ter swap my him book fer peck er kyards!"

WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE?—it is like a large beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones, which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant objects and far off things of the world very near so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure house, a store house, for all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.

CONSIDERATION.—Inattention to little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration often results from a mere habit of carelessness; but, its effect upon the happiness of a family, it is a most unfortunate habit. A few words of thanks, of appreciative recognition, are easily spoken, and such words are precious to the soul that hungers for them. The are highly prized, and not soon forgotten. Take notice of what is done for you.

DEVOTION to public opinion was evinced by a lady aged eighty, who married a man of corresponding age because, she said, "he comes about my house so much that if I don't marry him people will talk!"

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