Denton Journal.

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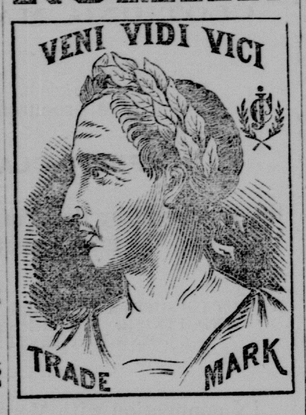

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Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it 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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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.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

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.

Weakness of the Ankles and Joints.

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.

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Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine

Published by request.

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

ANONYMOUS.

Hold the lantern aside, and shudder not so!
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow!
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair!
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, you would see a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother: my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share!
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

YOU WILL GO! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps!—MY heart will lead me aright!
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory!—What horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
Grief, horror, or pity for aught here below
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell,
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell!
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over towards this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all—
Not mid the stragglers—where he fought he would fall!

There's the moon through the clouds: Oh! Christ, what a scene!
Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?
Hark! a groan; there, another—here in this line
Piled close on each other.—Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore—Pah! they died for this rag!

Here's the voice that we seek—Poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts.—What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? a message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live
To take it for the sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife"—ere he reeled down among the dead!

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point!—'twas the ninth!—Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! what a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing—Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone!

He's dying—he's dead!—close his lids—let us go.
God's peace on his soul!—If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick!
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick!
I can not! I can not! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of war.

He's not here—and not here!—What wild hopes flash through
My thoughts as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!—
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white!
O God, my brain reels!—'Tis a dream! My old sight
Is dimmed with these horrors—My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest!
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch: was it for THIS?

HE WAS YOURS, TOO; HE LOVED YOU? Yes, yes, you're right!
Forgive me, my daughter: I'm maddened to night!
Don't mean so, dear child: you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes—but the old die of tears!
Yes, take him again! Ah!—don't lay your face *there!*
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are!—Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own.—Say a word to me,—speak
Am I crazed?—Is she dead?—Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worse!
I'm afraid! I'm afraid! alone with these dead!—
These corpses are stirring! God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home!
Why, the slain are all dancing!—Dearest, don't move!
Keep away from my boy! he's guarded by love!—
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep!

TWO "IFS."—The late George Washington could lose his temper on occasions as well as more common folk. It is related that when he and the other commissioners were locating the city of Washington they found a certain David Burns, the owner of some property, rather disgruntled. After enduring for a while his opposition, the father of his country hastily remarked: "Mr. Burns, if the Federal city had not been located here, you would have been a poor tobacco planter, instead of a rich land owner." "Vera, weel, Mr. Washington," replied Burns, "an, if ye hadna married the widow Curtis ye wad ha' been a poor land surveyor, instead of a rich slave owner." Subsequently the two became great friends.

A WATCH that saved the life of E. W. Leavenworth, a student at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, who was shot at Wilkesbarre, Pa., is on exhibition in Troy. The flattened bullet is imbedded in one case, the works are thoroughly demoralized, and an apperture forced through the opposite case.

Our European Letter.

WHAT IS TRANSPIRING IN RUSSIA, TURKEY AND OTHER COUNTRIES—AFFAIRS IN ITALY, ETC., ETC.

Last week "What is going on in Europe?" was an easy question to answer. It was principally Slaughter. This week there is a prospect that this ancient divinity will spell himself out in letters of red from the Black Sea to the Atlantic. The double-headed Eagle of Austria is trimming his plumes and the Lion's mane is beginning to bristle and if the peace is once broken there will be bloody work for those out of employment. How many were lost in this war between Russia and Turkey? The Russians admit their killed and wounded number 90,000: nay, they particularize the figures and call it 89,305—to give it an official look, perhaps. But who ever knew a government to tell the truth about such matters? While the war is going on it is less than the actual number, and after it is over probably more. In the first instance alarm must be silenced; and in the second vanity must be gratified. But if this is to become a free fight the figures of the dead and wounded will appall the world.

On the 31st of January the armistice was signed, but before the news was permitted to be verified, it appears that Russia was clinching the nail she had already driven in the Turkish coffin, and was securing her military advantage on the sly by moving troops into Bulgaria and taking possession of stratagetic points. On the 5th inst., for instance, she was reported as pushing toward Constantinople, and as having seized a port on the Sea of Marmora, notwithstanding Turkish protests.

The following additional points of the armistice conditions are asserted in special dispatches to the London morning papers:

That the railway between Adrianople and Constantinople be repaired and operated, and also the telegraph line between Adrianople and Odessa by way of Constantinople; the raising of the blocade of the Black Sea and the Danube for everything except ammunition; the Russians to occupy the Black Sea coasts from the Russian frontier to Baltchik; and from Missioui to Derkioj; on the Sea of Marmora the Russians to occupy Batjuk, Tchkmadje and Tscharaioj; and on the Ægean Sea from Enos to Eckri. These are in addition to the points held by the Russians at the signature of the armistice.

Of course England is excited over what is termed in some quarters "Russian perfidy" in thus advancing on Constantinople and other points after the armistice was signed; but after all it is quite likely that she will be found equal to the emergency. Five of her best ironclads have sailed for Constantinople, and even if the Russians should actually take possession of the city, the ironclads can dislodge them at any time; so that the unusual sharpness of Russia's diplomats gives her less real advantage than was at first supposed. To be in fact master of the situation Russia should have complete possession of the strategic points on both sides of the Dardanelles, while it looks now as though Great Britain was putting herself in readiness to seize these positions herself when the right time comes. But one thing is pretty clear, namely, that Russia will not be permitted to settle the issues of the war to suit herself entirely.

While the aggressive ambition of Russia thus forces a sympathy with Turkey as against her great enemy, the attitude of Greece, ready to assail Turkey at any moment, is looked upon as natural. Thessaly has declared itself annexed to Greece and asked the protection of the mother country, and it may be deemed good policy to strengthen Greece as a barrier to Russia. Certainly the idea would be received with good will by the people at large for the Christian element has never relinquished its belief that the Turk has no business in Europe.

The fact that Prince Amadeus of Italy has assumed his place at the head of the army corps of Rome does not agree with the feminine gossip from Europe to the effect that he was about to become a monk.

Among other incidents now quoted as showing the characteristics of Victor Emmannuel is one evincing his early determination to Italicize his reign when the governmental reins should pass into his hands. On the evening when his father Charles Albert fled to Portugal, he remarked to Radetzski, "I do not want to be King of Sardinia. You once told my father that Italy was his; and you were nearly right; for Italy shall be mine."

That the dead king's scepter has passed into no weaker hand appears from the contest between the Vatican and the Court in regard to the funeral ceremonies. The former insisted that the services should be simply "for the king," and not "for our king," but finally by concession of the Pope the words "for the King of Italy" were allowed to be used. This was the first step toward the contest of his kingdom by the new King Humbert. Another was when his brother Amadeus, who forsook the mastery of Spain for individual peace, proposed to visit the Pope for the purpose of softening the feeling between the two. King Humbert with an angry gesture forbade it, saying, "I will not begin my reign with an act of self-abasement."

King Humbert's sisters, the Queen of Portugal, and Chlotilde, the wife of "Plon Plon" Napoleon, were there, and with Amadeus were lodged in the Quirinal Palace, and crowds of the people all sorts poured into Rome from all parts of Italy—"from the Adriatic to the Alps."

For The Journal.

Old Maids.

This is a mysterious class of Adam's posterity, who from some grand mistake made at the time of their creation never got beyond the age of twenty-five years. We do not mean to say that they all "give up the ghost and die" at the time, or before this age is attained, but for the reason already given, remain stationary, at least in regard to age. True, the crows' feet round their soul-inspiring eyes get deeper and deeper, the wrinkles on their sunny brows become more and more visible, and the features generally thinner and sharper, in spite of the vain attempts of powder and paint, at restoring youthful freshness. Some one says that the reason there are so many old maids is because there are so many. We wonder if some one accounts for old bacheloas in the same way? One peculiarity of old maids is their perfect neatness, so much so, that if a person is remarkably neat in her personal appearance, "She will surely die an old maid." Is she exact in her expenses and frugal in her domestic concerns "She was cut out for an old maid," or does she show any love for the feline or canine race, she is, at once condemned as an old maid. It is evident that old maids have existed from time immemorial, and we find embodied in Queen Elizabeth an illustrious specimen of one class. In close proximity with the idea of an old maid there follows one of sharp, pinched, peaked noses; squeaky, squally, snarly voices; long, slender necks, wasp-like waists, snuff boxes of various forms and sizes, reticule of huge dimensions, woolly lap-dog and playful kittens.

Happy, indeed, is the neighborhood in general that is blessed with such a species of humanity. Being common property, she is everybody's aunt, everybody's nurse, and everybody's friend and confidant.

St. Paul says, that "they that marry do well," but here remembering his own bachelorship, and wishing of course to justify himself, he adds, "they who do not, do better." This sentiment may have been very admissible in the days of St. Paul, when love and poetry were all moonshine and "honeys," "ducks" and "dears" were not known.

But in these latter days when men have all become guardian angels and women the guarded angels, matrimony is decidedly indispenable and old maids decided humbugs. But was there ever an old maid who was not one from choice? She would not marry, not she, it was so delightful to be free and independent, showed she was strong-minded. O resignation, thou art a jewel. O thou disconsolate, discontented, disengaged old maid; long and lonely hath been thy weary pilgrimage! Hath thy lengthy journey of single blessedness left the with a despairing, broken heart? Hath hope, so long deferred, made thy heart sick? Would we could offer some word of consolation, or let fall some ray of light upon thy dark and cheerless pathway. Would we could procure some healing balsam, that we might apply it to the wounded, fainting heart. But sorrow not; with hope, arm thyself. Those locks long since thinned and whitened by Time's busy fingers, are not entirely destitute of beauty, that set of ivory, once ro bright and pearly, thanks to the dentist, may be remodeled; that complexion, once so pure and white may be powdered and painted, and as in days of yore, thou mayest yet assume the mask of beauty and drapery of fascination. Revive again the flickering, dying flame of love in thy heart, invoke some fair goddess to thy assistance, determined to conquer or die. Hasten in pursuit of something; capture something, though it be but a coat-skirt behind a mustache, or a brainless pate under a handsome beaver—anything, anything so thou escape the obliquy of being called an old maid, for she most certainly is the climax of all nuisances.

JULIAN.

Hillsboro', Feb. 12, 1878.

Causes which led to the Revolution

The facts and arguments which follow, relating to the causes which led to the American independence, have perhaps never been so fully and clearly set forth. It is scarcely more true that it was the stupid acts of George III, and his ministers that brought about the separation than it is true that the French Revolution was caused by the incapable government and reekingly corrupt court of Louis XVI. To be sure, George was a more active agent in precipitating the catastrophe than was Louis; but in both cases the causes of disaffection had long been accumulating, and the motives of an inevitable convulsion had long been ripening. It was long a delusion in this country that the Stamp Act was the main cause of the revolt of the American colonies. That measure was, in fact, only the last straw which broke the camel's back. Curiously enough, ws must look to the revolution of 1688 in England for the inauguration of the policy which ended by the loss to the empire of its most vigorous offshot. That revolution, the starting-point of the constitutional liberties which the English people now enjoy, the event which turned the scale against the predominance of the authority of the crown and in favor of that of Parliament, which made a free press, and fair elections, and individual progress, possible, also brought into power the class and interest which was to urge legislation fatally hostile to the well-being of the colonies upon the Government. This was the commercial class and interest. The commercial policy of England which succeeded the Revolution was really the great cause of the American struggle for independence. It was blindly and despotically restrictive, narrow, and selfish, and aimed to aggrandize the trade of the mother-country at the cost of utterly crippling the industries of the colonies. The list of restrictive and prohibitive acts of Parliament, from the time of the Revolution of 1688 to the Stamp Act, amazes us not more by their number number than by their excessive and scandalous rigor. Nonder that the colonists, finding their commerce hampered, their industries paralyzed, their products shut out from foreign markets, while the right to tax them without representation was sternly enforced, grew first cold, then indignantly hostile to the mother land, which should have found its interest in fostering them in every effort and pushing them forward in the world. The first grievous offense of this character was the navigation laws by which the colonies were restricted to trading in English-built ships, and could only trade with Great Britain. They were soon strictly forbidden to trade in wool or woolen manufactures with each other; since, forsooth, according to the English statesmanship of the last year of the seventeenth century. the mnaufacturing of wool in the American colonies "would inevitably sink the value of lands in England!" Not content with this, the Government went on to discourage, and, as far as possible, to entirely suppress manufacturing industry in the colonies. The House of Commons passed a resolution that "the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tended to lessen their dependence upon Great Britain." Then an act was passed that the Americans should not manufacture iron of any kind, or make so much as a bolt, a spike or a nail; but this "raised so vehement an opposition that it was dropped." Up to 1750 so fearful was England that American manufacturing thrift would outrival that at home, that American iron exported England was loaded down with duties so excessive as to be wellnigh prohibitive. When, in that year, the duties were reduced, and pig and bar iron were admitted from the colonies into British ports free, and the imperial legislators hastened to keep American industry within the narrowest feasible limits by enacting that "no mill or other engine for rolling iron, or furnace for making steel, should be permitted in the colonies." When the English found that the Americans were making their own hats from native furs and sending hats to other countries—this being also a British industry—a law was passed forbidding Americans to export hats, "not only to foreign countries and the mother country, but even from one colony to another;" and, still further to cripple this rising industry, no colonist was allowed to engage in it until he had served an apprenticeship of seven years. American hatters were also forbidden to have more than two apprentices at the same time, or to teach the trade to a negro. Not only did the mother country strive to check the industries of the colonies, but she insisted on confining their commerce to such limits as might be solely beneficial to herself. The colonies venturing to get their sugar, rum, and molasses from the French West Indias, a law was made "imposing heavy penalties on all rum, sugar, and molasses, imported into America except from the British colonies."—*Appleton's Journal.*

Personal Character of the Czar.

The Czar saw at length how the wind blew and abated a zeal which led to nothing. He had fits of impatience, and occasionally broke out in passionate threats, which made his obstructive servants tremble. More than once, on detecting an act of injustice or disobedience, he punished the offender with prompt and blighting disgrace; and then so sternly insisted upon the execution of his orders that what he desired done.

But these eruptions were as the last efforts of a volcano which was exhausting itself. Every one at the court knew that the coldness of those whom he loved could bring him to subjection. He was soon cajoled, hoodwinked, and led about br his weak points like a boy. Sundry placemen who had been his companions in boyhood had the reputation of being able to do with him as they pleased. He dreaded to offend them. If one of them wanted some impossible favor, or was huffed at the exposure of some abuse in which he was concerned, he had only to leave St. Petersburg, and the Czar would mope about dismally for days.

These tiffs always ended in the favorite getting everything he had schemed for. Alexander has never quarreled with a personal friend. Intrigues are hatched at court, calumnies reach his ears, but nothing ever shades his faith in a man whom he has once admitted into his intimacy, liked and trusted. It is only a pity that the men who have most enjoyed his confidence should in general have been conspicuously undeserving of it. He is not a shrewd selector of friends. Like many men of good heart, his willingness to give pain and his sensitiveness at receiving it tend to a selfishness which craves for constant flattery; not the flattery of servile compliments, but that of friendly attentions, good humor and kindness.

The Czar like to be thought a good fellow, and the men who have succeeded best in managing him are those who had treated him with adroit familiarity, as if they were his equals and liked him for him for his personal qualities. He is a good linguist; he read much French literature when he was young and has remembered enough to make his conversion lively. He still delights in French novels, plays and musis, and is a great lover of hospitalities *en petite comite*, chiefly after the manner of those *soupers de beaux esprits* which Catherine II used to give at the Hermitage.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A French chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers on street doors at night. Figures traced with it are so lustrous as to be read even on a dark night, and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive and not injurious.

A LADY asked a little boy how he liked the new baby.

"I don't think she agrees with me," he replied.

"Why doesn't she agree with you?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I couldn't bear to see mother kiss her."

A LARGE quantity of the metal for cartridge shells for the Turks and Russains is made at Wolcottville, Conn., and the bras mill there is running night and day, making the general business of the town very good.

I SAY, cousin Constance, I've found out why you always call your mother 'Mater.'"

"Why, Guy?"

"Because she's always trying to find a mate for you girls."

STORIES first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

PRIDE is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

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