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This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

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The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

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Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

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The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

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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, &c., as a single trial will convince all.

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Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

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"A Woman at the Bottom of It."

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside his paper and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am fast growing out of patience with the text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would seem strange in this world, made up, as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now, there are hundreds of poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we can hope to become, in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly; so much so that his wife, rocking her baby asleep in the farther corner of the room inquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be so. We don't think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! And you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked up in my heart; but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am, worthy to be the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching with baby still held tightly to her bosom, you frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be expected; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded:

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap, without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oath he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach wrenching, I came off victorious and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them. True, every word of it," continued the speaker. "One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't any thing to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who was beside me, but by and by, a lady said, very softly and pleasantly:

'Would you please, little boy, be more careful, for I am going to a party, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled.'

"I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving, to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel."

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautifuly woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did was to look. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon."

"'Have you a mother, little boy?'" she next asked in the same tone.

"No, ma'am," I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"'You have a father, then, I suppose?'" she kept on.

"No, ma'am, no father."

"'Brothers and sisters?'"

"Neither, ma'am."

"'Then the little boy is all alone in the world?'"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has your mother been dead?'" and the dear woman looked away from my face and waited till I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, so sweetly—oh! I never shall forget it: 'And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?' pointing to my cheek, where the tell-tale cud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

'I must leave you now,' she continued, 'but here is my card; if you come to see me almost any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other.'

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I could do nothing—with her I could grow to man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage, I called upon this lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point of my life, and before I bade her good-bye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings a week at her house, and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meeting with the mistress of his heart any more than I did to these meetings with my friend.

I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—and that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers. where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe that woman. During the last three months of those years I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes, when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I'm only a little tired—that is all."

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John."

"I think you can, ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after: and when I hear folks saying, 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."

A Merry Heart.

I'd rather be poor and merry, than inherit the wealth of the Indies with a discontented spirit. A merry heart, a cheerful spirit, from which laughter wells up as naturally as bubbles the springs of Saratoga, are worth all the money bags, stocks and mortgages of the city. The man who laughs is a doctor, with a diploma endorsed by the school of Nature; his face does more good in a sick room than a pound of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go right, he laughs, because he is pleased, if they go wrong he laughs because it is cheaper and better than crying. People are always glad to see him, their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway. Who can help loving the whole-souled, genial laughter? Not the buffoon, nor the man who classes noise with mirth—but the cheery, contented man of sense and mind! A good humored laugh is the key to all breasts. The truth is, that people like to be laughed at in a genial sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous, you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbors! Why will the people put on long faces, when it is so much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears come to us unsought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles; and to find the flowers where others shrink away for fear of thorns.

Let Them Alone.

Never try to rob any one of his good opinion of himself. It is the most cruel thing you can do.

Moreover, it is by no means doing what you would be done by.

Crush a woman's self-esteem and you make her cross-grained and snappish.

Do the same to a man and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but you'll never do it.

The people who think best of themselves are apt to be best.

Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often crop out after one has been told one has them.

It only gratifies a momentary spite to force your own unfavorable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never did any good.

Ah! if this world, full of ugly people people and awkward people, of silly people and vain people, knew their deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have!

The greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory indentity. If that which he calls I pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise he is utterly miserably.

Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirrors before their eyes, unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a flaw never be prepared for you.

In those things which we can not help, may we ever be blind to own shortcomings. We are neither, ugly, awkward, nor uninteresting to ourselves, if we do not know it.

An idiot may have the wisdom of Solomon in his own conceit. Let him be. and the path to the grave will be easier for him to tread; you will be no worse, he much better.

Leave every man as much self-esteem as his conscience will allow him to cherish. It may be a pleasure to enlighten people as to their faults of mind and person, but it is certainly not a duty.

Lost Time.

Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning with its state some day when he has spent a few hours in going through the proofs, by fact and reasonings, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truth wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination of the grounds in which known truth rests, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines of themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true; he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being—the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted and time spent in self-improvement. He will feel himself, in one case, listless and dissatisfied—in the other comfortable and happy; in the one case if he did not appear to himself humbled, at least will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser and, therefore, a more exalted nature.

FAST HORSES.—The idea which gives a great value to a horse on account of its being able to win money is the one that is poisoning society. It is this that is making our young men corrupt and dissipated and reckless. This idea carried out induces men to get a living without work, and is the parent of untold mischief to the human race. God has so constituted men that by honorable employment their characters are ennobled. He has made "caste of worth the closest neighbor," and the young man who attempts to evade this law by obtaining possession of that for which he returns no equivalent, is standing on most dangerous ground. Horace Greeley said, "The darkest hour in the history of a young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it," and the actual experience of thousands of young men in this country has verified the truth of the dead philosopher's words. Gambling is the same degrading vice under whatever form it appears, whether in the gilded saloon, the pool-room, the cock-pit, the prize-ring or the stock exchange.—*Practical Farmer.*

WHAT is necessary to make one forbearing? A great deal of good sense joined to a little piety.

TRUE worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness.

MONEY is well spent in purchasing tranquilty of mind.

The Reliable Man.

Of all the qualities that combine to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of a good business man. The word itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality, that we are tempted, in our bilious moods, to deny its very existence. But there are, nevertheless, reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance. If any one of you know such a man make him your friend. You can only do so, however, by assimilating his character.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind and looks at it all around He is not a particular or a one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is moderate, not only in habits of body but also of mind. He is not a passionate man, if so by nature, he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter or schemer. He does not promise rashly. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with your property, or the administration of affairs, in his hands. He is a watchful, vigilant man. You feel secure in his protection. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deducted from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no one can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good. Is such a quality attainable? Most assuredly so. It is not born, it is made. Character may be formed, of course then its competent parts may be modeled to that formation.

Cork.

Not the city, but the article used to stop small beer bottles, etc. This valuable substance is nothing more nor less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in spain and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork tree is about fifteen years old the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; and, after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals, for even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk when it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife perpendicularly from the top to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to it, and at some distance from the former, and two horizontal cuts at the top and bottom For stripping off the pieces thus isolated he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade; sometimes after the cuts have been made he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetable within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry, and acquire a more compact texture by being scorched. To make them flat they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.—*Scientific American.*

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fall nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they earned, and wear what they have paid for.

John Randolph.

John Randolph was traveling in a part of Virginia with which he was unacquainted. In the meantime he stopped during the night at an inn at the forks of the roads. The innkeeper was a fine old gentleman. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start he called for his bill which on being presented was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way you were traveling."

"Have I paid my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please. Do you understand?"

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, the servant returned to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me a cent; just take which road you please.'

Why She Stopped her Paper.

She came bouncing through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, and without pausing to say, "How'd ye do?" she brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

"I want you to stop my paper."

"All right, madam."

"Stop it right off too," she persisted, wacking the table again, "for I have waited long enough for you to do the square thing."

She quieted down for a moment, as we ran our finger down the list of names, when we reached her's and scratched it out, she said:

"There, now mebbe you'll do as you'd ought to after this, and not slight a woman jes 'cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, bandy-legged, squint eyed, wheezy squaller born to them, you puff it up to the skies and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it is the squarest-toed, blackest-haired, biggest-headed, nobbiest little kid that ever kept woman awake o' nights. That's what's the matter, and that why I stopped my paper."

And she dashed out as rapidly as she came.

USE THE THERMOMETER.—On the subject of temperature of cream, a correspondent of the London Gazette says in very cold weather milk will stand twenty-four hours without having much cream upon it, while in summer, when the temperature of the milk is higher, a thick cream will rise in a very short time. The speedy coming of butter is similarly dependent upon temperature. Cream below a certain degree of heat will take a very long time to produce butter After filling the churn, and turning it to get the cream well mixed, he should test the temperature of the latter by means of a brewer's thermometer. When the cream is about 58 deg. F., the butter will invariably come in an hour. The temperature of the cream may be raised by adding warm water. In very cold weather the cans may be set neer the fire before churning. In the summer, when the cream is too warm, the temperature should be reduced by the addition of cold water. I have used the thermometer for severa years. I have used the thermometer for several years. The man who churns was at first prejudiced against it; now he will not be without it, and very naturally prefers using the thermometer to turning a churn three or four hours.

THE mind of youth can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting a wife: "Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

WANTED to know—What sort of implement does a man use when he cudgels his brains?"

IT is not enough to do good where opportunities offer: we ought to seek them.

LET pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.

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