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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,

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Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

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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.

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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.

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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

The Girl who Saved the General.

Far down the Carolina coast lies the lovely island of St. John, where stood, one hundred years ago, a noble brick-built mansion, with lofty portico and broad piazza.

It was the home of Mr. Robert Gibbes and his beautiful young wife, and the great house was full at all seasons. Eight children had already come to this good couple, and seven little adopted cousins were their playmates—the orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, sister to Mr. Gibbes. He himself was a cripple, and could not walk. In a chair which ran on wheels he was drawn daily over the pleasant paths, sometimes by the faithful black servants, sometimes by the still more devoted children, who tugged at the rope like so many frisky colts. The loveliness of the spot suited well its name of "Peaceful Retreat," by which it was known through all the country.

But in those troublous times it could not always remain "peaceful." In the spring of of 1779, the British took possession of all the sea-board. General Prevost marched up from Savannah and laid seige to Charleston. But hearing that General Lincoln was hastening on with his army, he struck his tents in the night, and retreated rapidly toward Savannah. He crossed the Stono Ferry, and fortified himself on John's Island, as the island of St. John's was often called.

For weeks now the noise of musketry and heavy guns destroyed the quiet joy at "Peaceful Retreat." The children, in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming, and suddenly grow still and pale. The eldest daughter, Mary Anna, was a sprightly, courageous girl of thirteen. She had the care of all the little ones, for her mother's hands were full, in managing the great estate and caring for her husband

After a time, the enemy determined to take possession of this beautiful place. A body of British and Hessians quietly captured the landing one midnight, and, creeping stealthily onward, filled the park and surrounded the house. At day-break, the inmates found themselves prisoners.

Then came trying days for the family. The officers took up their quarters in the mansion, allowing the family to occupy the upper story.

John's Island was less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that "Peaceful Retreat" had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy. Two large galleys were immediately manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion.

Sailing noiselessly up the Stono River, at dead of night, the vessels anchored abreast the plantation. Suddenly out of the thick darkness burst a flame and roar, and the shot came crashing through the British encampment. The whole place was instantly in uproar. The officers in the house sprang from bed, and hastily dressed and armed. The family, rudely awakened, rushed to the windows. A cold rain was falling, and the soldiers, half-clad, were running wildly hither and thither, while the officers were frantically calling them to arms. Mary woke at the first terrible roar and fled to her mother's room. The excitable negro servants uttered most piercing shrieks. The poor little children were too frightened to scream, but clung, trembling, to Mary.

Mrs. Gibbes was in great distress. She knew not, at first, whether it was an attack by friends on the camp, or an assault on the house by the enemy. She ordered the servants to cease their wailing and dress themselves Then her husband and children were prepared; and while the cannon bellowed in quick succession and the noise around the house grew louder, the father and mother consulted what was best to do. It was now evident that the attack was by their own friends, and its object was to dislodge the enemy. But Mr. Gibbes did not know that the house would not be fired on, and he advised instant flight. He was carried to his chair, and the whole household sallied forth from a back door.

The scene was terrific. The night was pitchy dark, and when, just as they stepped out, a sheet of flame belched forth from the vessels, it seemed to be almost against their faces. The roar shook the ground. The troops were too busy saving themselves to notice the fugtives, and they pushed on as rapidly as possible.

No one was sufficiently protected from the rain. Little Mary had the hardest part, for nearly all the children were in her care. The mud was deep. Some of the little ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried—Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the servants were near her, but none of them seemed to notice her or her burdens. The last horse had been carried off that very day; there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly, a ball came crashing by them through the trees! Then a charge of grape-shot cut the boughs overhead. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now—it was too late to turn back. In her agony, the mother cried aloud on God to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so she could hardly keep up. Another crash! The shot shricked past them, striking the trees in every direction. The assault was fierce, the roar was incessant. The frightened family rushed on as swiftly as possible toward a friend's plantation, far back from the shore; but it was soon seen that they would not have strength to reach it, even if they were not struck down by the flying shot. The Americans were pouring their fire into these woods, thinking the enemy would seek refuge there. The wretched fugitives expected every moment to be the last. On they pushed through mud and rain and screaming shot.

Soon they found they were getting more out of range of the guns. They began to hope; yet now and then a ball tore up the trees around them, or rolled fearfully across their path. They reached one of the houses where their field-hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion, and out of range. The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered, Mrs. Gibbes felt her strength leaving her, and sank upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched, trembling with terror and exhaustion, the family gathered around her. She opened her eyes and looked about. She sprang up wildly.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "where is John?"

The little girl turned pale, and moaned: "Oh, mother! mother! *he's left!*" She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

"Silence!" said Mr. Gibbes, with a stern but trembling voice. The tears were in his own eyes. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and, moreover, was deemed a sacred charge, as he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbes's sister, intrusted to him on her death-bed.

The wailing ceased; there was silence, broken only by sobs, and then the master asked:

"Who is willing to go back for the child?"

No one spoke. Mr. Gibbes turned to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones, Mrs. Gibbes called her husband's attention to Mary, who was kneeling with clasped hands, in prayer, at the foot of the bed. In a moment, the little maid rose and came to them, saying, calmly:

"Mother, I must go back after baby."

"Oh, my child," cried the mother, in agony, "I *cannot* let you!"

"But, mother, I must," pleaded Mary. "God will take care of me."

It was a fearful responsibility. The guns yet roared constantly through the darkness; the house might now be in flames; it might be filled with carnage and blood. Mrs. Gibbes turned to her husband. His face was buried in his hands. Plainly, she must decide it herself. With streaming eyes, she looked at Mary.

"Come here, my child," she called through her sobs. Mary fell upon her mother's neck. One long, passionate embrace, in which all a mother's love and devotion were poured out, and the clinging arms were opened without a word. Mary sprang up, kissed her father's forehead, and sped forth on her dangerous mission of love.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was still dark and full of terrors, for through the trees she saw the frequent flashes of the great guns. The woods were filled with the booming echoes, so that cannon seemed to be on every hand. She flew on with all speed. Soon she heard the crashing trees ahead, and knew that in a moment she would be once more face to face with death. She did not falter. Now she was again in the fierce whirlwind! All around her the shot howled and shricked. On every side branches fell crashing to the earth. A cannon-ball plunged into the ground close beside her, cast over her a heap of mud, and threw her down. She sprang up and pressed on with redoubled vigor. Not even *that* ball could make her turn back.

She reached the house. She ran to the room where the little child usually slept. The bed was empty! Distracted, she flew from chamber to chamber. Suddenly she remembered that this night he had been given to another nurse. Up into the third story she hurried, and, as she pushed open the door, the little fellow, sitting up in bed, cooed to her and put out his hands.

With the tears raining down her cheeks, Mary wrapped the babe warmly and started down the stairs. Out into the darkness once more; onward with her precious burden, through cannon-roar, through shot and shell! Three times she passed through this iron storm. The balls still swept the forest; the terrific booming filled the air.

With the child pressed tightly to her brave young heart, she fled on. She neither stumbled nor fell. The shot threw the dirt in her face, and showered the twigs down upon her head. But she was not struck. In safety she reached the hut, and fell exhausted across the threshold.

And the little boy thus saved by a girl's brave devotion, afterward became General Fenwick, famous in the war of 1812.—*Charles H. Woodman, St. Nicholas for July.*

The Success of the Maine Law.

The following is a portion of a letter written by the Hon Neal Dow, in correspondent of a Western

"Now, if it be admitted that the people of Maine have the ordinary share of common sense, this would be impossible if the operation of the law had not been most beneficent, in the judgment of the people. If there had been any respectable doubt on that point it would have found expression in the Legislature, on the passage of the act of 1877.

"Both our political parties have put themselves clearly upon the prohibition platform, and no fact can more clearly mark the popular opinion here of the value of the Maine law to the interests of our State and people.

"It is quite safe to say that, before the Maine Law, no people in the country consumed more intoxicating liquors, in proportion to their numbers than ours, That proportion would be now about thirteen millions of dollars annually, and I have never heard the bitterest enemy of temperance and prohibition pretend that the quantity is now more than half a million, and that figure makes a liberal allowance for all the liquors smuggled into the State in violation of the law. The balance of that large sum we have in our business and in our pockets, and the effects of this great change are seen everywhere, in the wonderfully improved condition of the State and the people, in all their interests. No one denies that this is so."

A MODEL BARN.—An intelligent farmer writes: "I have a plan which utilizes all the room with stabling the most convenient and economical of feed time and labor. With a farm of 174 acres, I had an old-style barn, 40 x 50 with barn floor in the centre, stabling for thirteen head of cattle in each end of this barn, which takes takes 14 feet or one of the new additions. The barn now stands 40x78. Fourteen feet off for barn floor leave two rows of stabling, each 50 feet long, which stables, (in stancheons) 17 head of cattle each, or 34 in all. The hay mow is in the barn, the stabling on each side, the cattle facing the mow, which is 14 feet wide by 50 long, same length as the stabling. The other addition is a back stable 14x40; can be used for sheep, or partitioned off to suit your convenience. Above the stabling the barn is all free for storing hay or grain.

WHAT is a country without a fourth of July?—*Free Press.* Quiet, thank you.—*Boston Globe.*

HE who expects a friend without faults may expect.

Dogs and Sleep.

We find in that excellent sporting paper, *Forest and Steam* (of New York) of the 9th instant, an article upon the dog. It is an analysis of a paper read by Dr. Alexander Hadden, of New York, before a meeting of a section of the American Institute. We gather from this analysis some interesting facts, and an account of a theory put forth by the Doctor that is important.

In 373 counties of 23 States dogs killed in 1865 77,854 sheep. The whole number killed in the United States during the same period was estimated at 500,000, and the loss to wool-growers was estimated at $2,000,000.

Since that year no estimate has been given, but is believed that the ravages of the dogs have not at all lessened. The Doctor thinks that generally dogs are not stimulated to sheep-killing by hunger, but do it out of wild mischief. The habit, he supposes, is a remaining vice of the dog's wild nature. He assails the flocks seldom alone, but with company, and sometimes in packs. Dogs sometime gather about the neighborhood before the attack, and the number present seems to stimulate the disposition for murder, and they sweep the field in their impetuous attack.

He makes the striking remark that the slut never attacks sheeps—a statement we never saw made before, and one that can be readily controverted if not true.

Doctor Hadden says that the association of the dog with human society renders the posibility of his being cast off exceedingly improbable. Therefore he earnestly presents his theory as one that may cradicate the dog's tendency to sheep-killing and greatly diminish his liability to dydrophobia. He proposes the castration of dogs as a way to end sheep-killing and a variety of canine evils. This operation will break up the disposition to association with dogs, and to concoct the murderous visits to the sheep-fold. The dog's attachments to his master and home are thereafter never interrupted by savage expeditions.

The Doctor tried the effect of his plan upon a mongrel. He made a faithful and handsome watchdog, and showed no disposition to run with other dogs. He did not grow fat and sluggish, but remained bright, active and docile. A shepherd dog and a rat-terrier were experimented upon with the best results. Usefulness was not diminished in either, and both were docile, faithful and efficient, and the Doctor declares that it is his opinion that if all dogs that run at large were altered the ravages on flocks of sheep would cease altogether.

He states that the horse, the bull, and the ram become more docile by the operation. The altered dog becomes a less objectionable house-pet and far superior to the slut. He becomes a more reliable guard because less likely to be drawn off by other dogs, and, like the castrated cat, lives to be useful to a greater age.

An interesting point in the Doctor's theory is that castration would render the dog less liable to hydrophobia. Indeed, that disease is more often engendered by the fasting and rage and affrays that happen in running in companies than anything else. He thinks it is practicable thus nearly to put an end to the two great objections to dogs.

Out of these suggestions can not the people and the law-makers establish a platform for the securing of the blessing of protection against the two great evils of dogs? A friend suggests that in addition to any provision of law that might be agreed upon there might be a license-tax upon breeding dogs that would establish a value for them. Thus only desirable bloods would be propagated, and society be still further protected from dogs evils.

The subject is one of immense importance. The loss of more than $2,000,000 (a low estimate) from the ravages of dogs in one year in the United States is what we are sure the nation will not long endure, and the best way to put a stop to it is what it a necessity of the day.

A VERY sober and dignified citizen thought to teach a young bull how to be useful and work. He put his own head under one end of the yoke and the little bull's under the other. When he found the bull was running away with him down a dusty road toward a crowd, he measured sixteen feet at a jump, kept up with the bull and yelled to the top of his voice, "lookout! Here we come; darn our foolish souls. Head us, somebody;" and when being halted, and the yoke was being lifted from his neck, he yelled "unyoke the bull; never mind me. I'll stand,"

Why Lizzie didn't Marry.

They were seated together, side by side, on the sofa in the parlor.

"Lizzie," said he "you must have read my heart ere this; you know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred," she answered, very calmly, "you have certainly been very attentive."

"But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me?—Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred? Of all things! No, indeed; nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly; and Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Skinner have two very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either Mary's or Nell's shoes—that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred, I've had over twenty-three sleigh rides this winter—thanks to you and my other gentleman friends."

Fred winked a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill, or at the idea of Lizzie's sleighing with other gentlemen I can not positively aver.

"How many sleigh rides do you think my sisters have had? Not the sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, too, and so much attention as they used to have."

"Now Lizzie—"

"I'm fond of going to the theatre occasionally, as well as to a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it, if I proposed attending any such entertainment, to be invariably told that times were too hard, and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to have him sneak off alone."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then, if, once in a dog's age, he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places, at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously my side. I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and I need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is no nonsense."

"I'm the youngest of our family, and perhaps I've been a little spoiled. At all events. I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill-temper which he conceals from the rest of the world on my defenseless head.

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes. Fred; I know what you are going to say—that you will be different; but May and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived, and I'm inclined to believe them. No, no, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I shall awfully hate to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marying, there are plenty of girls who have no married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example if they have. Don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to fill your place—"

But before Lizzie had concluded, Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the street door closed with a bang; "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's precisely the way John and Alex swear and slam doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a perfect bear of a husband: but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau."

"EATING" RULES.—Never eat when much fatigued; wait until rested. Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise. Never eat while in a passion, or when under any great mental excitement, depressing or elevating. Never eat just before taking a bath, or before retiring at night. Never eat before regular meals. Thousands of persons have been prematurely laid in their graves simply from eating heartily when the system was not in a condition to properly digest and appropriate the food, When the system requires food, and is in a condition to make good use of it, it will call for it in a legitimate way.

Do right and fear no one; thou mayest be sure that, with all thy consideration for the world, thou wilt never satisfy the world.

WE may not like all the company we meet with, but if we are brought in contact with it we must make the best of it.

THE man who assumes to know everything generally knows very little about anything.

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