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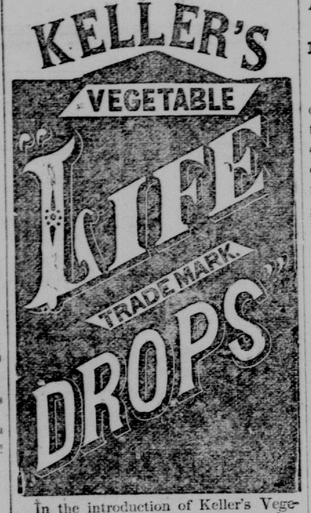

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Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

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Ulcers, Rheumatism,
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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.

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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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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.

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OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The Original and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating, to W. B. Squire, Worthington, Greene Co., Ind.

A Valedictory Address

DELIVERED BY

Dr. C. W. Williamson to the Adamsville Debating Society.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is the custom at the close of a series of lectures or discussions for some member of the society to deliver a valedictory or the farewell address. This task has fallen upon me, and as the night is growing old, I will endeavor to be brief and will not detain you long. In our discourse we may digress a little from the subject, but will endeavor in our train of thought to adhere to the utility of lyceums and the advancement of education. When we lift the veil of time and look back to the days of yore, we can see our ancient fathers groping in the darkness of superstition and groveling in the dust of ignorance. It is a matter of impossibility to go back to the remotest ages of antiquity and trace the gradual improvement in any two successive eras, which melt into each other by indefinable gradations; but if we select distant periods, the evidences of mental advancement are signal. Many of the superstitions connected with the early ages of the world prevail now; but at that period the marvelous deeds and fancied whims were confined to the higher intellects, whilst at the present day they are mainly restricted to the vulgar. I believe that the delusions under which our forefathers labored were inevitable—that the improvement of the world is destined to proceed in cycles, and that whenever a new light bursts upon the eye, it requires some time before the organs discern clearly amidst the unaccustomed blaze. In this there is truth; and as the world proceeds successive cycles will doubtless exhibit the fruits of anterior experience. Ages of obscurity, bootless conjecture, and dreamy enthusiasm preceded those of sound sense and rational observation. It has appeared in every region of the globe; and from its entensive prevalence, it is eveident that the human mind, especially in its state of ignorance and barbarism, is a soil well adapted for the reception and cultivation of credulous doctrines and superstitious notions. It is well that we live at this enlightened day, when education has transcended the heights of ignorance, and the dark cloud of superstition which so long obscured the intellectual horizon, has vanished, and the sunlight of knowledge and intelligence is diffused throughout the civilized portion of the globe. Lyceums or library associations are the very keys to the store-house of intellect, and are organized for the purpose of knowledge and drawing forth the hidden talents of both young and old. Debating societies are beneficial to the listners as well as those who participate in the arguments, from the fact that those who have not had to advantage of education, can learn much both of ancient and modern history, and many other facts that are brought forth by the contending parties, which are based upon true philosophy and sound reasoning. To the educated and to the participants, they are schools which have no parallel in refreshing the memory and unlocking the store-house of knowledge and letting loose the slumbering and inactive talents which would otherwise be forever lost. To become a good debater it requires application and deep thought,—without which the finest talents are worthless: and with which the humblest are valuable. One may read forever, and if his mind passively resign itself to the same entertainment or mechanically runs the round of the same ideas, he will be growing none the wiser, nor stronger; he will be, for all his reading, as really stationary as if he had slept through the years or ages. To become intellectual and to grow strong in intellect, there must a grappling with new thought, and new forms of thought. There must be something studied, something searched out, that is not at first obvious; something investigated that will task the powers of reason, something on which the mind will feel that it must pause and concentrate its utmost efforts. The truth is, that the same law obtains in the cultivation of the mind, that governs all other success,—the law of labor. Woe to the young man who thinks to rise to the heights of intellectual power by any easy flight. All the noblest efforts of the mind are intense, laborous, patient efforts; all real genius, all true originality, all lofty poetry, all powerful writing and speaking consists in mental labor and nothing else. Any person who spends much of his time in reading reviews and romances, and abhors every severe task, though he be a respectable man, can never be much more, be his talents what they may. Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement,—none more so than our debating schools. They cause the student to read and digest all intricate subjects which make them more easily of comprehension; they encourage nature to perfect her work; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of argument and competion. If I were to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the dicipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest and cause the word of instruction not to spread over the surface, like an artificial hue, but to penetrate the heart and soul of its objects,—it would be the debating societies of the land. This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery of means has been brought in our day under a severe revision, and with such facilities for mental cultivation, the student is enabled to gain knowledge with greater ease than our fore fathers who lived before printing was invented, and whose education was received through manuscripts and tradition. After speaking of the utility and advantages of the school system at the present, and the facilities for instruction which the modern student enjoys, it will not be amiss to say a few words in regard to the deportment of children while at school and the mental training which they receive from their parents, while around the fireside of their humble cottage. The time has come when no parent is willing for his children to be unless by kindness or moral suasion. Good treatment and persuasion will do for some childred, but for the majority of them, especially boys, who have arrived at the epoch of puberty, the rod is the remedy par excellence, and if you spare it you will spoil the child. To pass a school house at recess or at noontime, and hear the vulgarity, the blackguard and henious hallucinations which are uttered by the polluted lips of the juvenile, is enough to disgust the fair sex and drive away the vernal blush from the fair cheek of the tender damsel. At this enlightened day morality as well as science and literature should be taught in order to preserve the virtue and character of the coming generation. One quarter or half a century ago, when the parents of to-day were school children, such was not tolerated in our schools, and why? Simply because in those days the teachers were told by the parents to correct their children if they disobeyed the rules of the school, and such was done, not by moral suasion, but with the moral switch, and to-day if the rod were used more, it would be far better for both parent and child. "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," and just so with the juvenile: his mind is easily bent and led astray, but when once gone, nothing but a thunder bolt of God's love and mercy will ever bring him back to the path of rectitude and right. Early impressions are lasting ones and if you will not correct your children at home, allow your teacher to do it, and it will save you many hours of trouble. But if you think your children perfect and need no correction, we can only say, go on in your hoodwinked condition, and the time will soon come when your heart will bleed in sarcow and your cheek will blush with shame over the wrongs of those whom you bore and upon whose bosoms they nestled their infant heads. We will go back or return to to subject by saying, a good book is the best of friends. You may be counselled by it when you have no friend in whom you confide. It does not reveal your secrets, and it teaches you wisdom. By laying in a store of useful knowledge, and adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you can not fail of being happy with yourself, and being well received by mankind. "Education forms a common mind," and the way to obtain wisdom is by labor and close application. "Wisdom to gold do we prefer, and gold is dross compared to her." It is an established fact that exercise is essential to the welfare of the human being, and so it is with the different organs of the splanchnic cavitices: if they remain inactive, they will be illdeveloped and become more or less atrophied. We are well aware that physical labor developes the body, and gives tonicity to the muscular fibers, so also, the mental exercise of the brain will cause the convolutions to develop and the mind to expand, which will give a greater capacity for the reception of education. But we must remember that there is such a thing as intellectual dissipation. Man is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and is so constructed that it requires time for labor, both mental and physical, and time for rest and relaxation of the brain and nervous system. There are persons who are released from the salutary necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions, and who vainly seek for happiness in intellectual dissipation. In my experience, such persons are novel and fictitious readers, and usually continue in such dissipation until some hinge in the mental action of their brain becomes dislocated. In way of advice I would say to such unfortunate people, do not burn the midnight oil, for it tarnishes and blackens the brain. Select your good and useful books,—read less,—generalize and digest more. But there is no way that you can spend a portion of your unoccupied hours more pleasantly than in holding converse with the wise, and the good, through the medium of their writings. To the industrious mind books form an inexhaustible source of enjoyment, and furnishes materials for interesting and useful conversation. Those who are ignorant of books must, of course, have their thoughts confined to very narrow limits. They have nothing to say of importance, because they know nothing of importance. A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservative from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to character than the love of good books. They are the handmaids of virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our responsibilities, strengthen our principles, confirm our habits, inspire us in the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon that which is low, and groveling, and vicious. The high value of mental cultivation is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. "Knowledge is power." It is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the storehouse of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe. In this free community there are no privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society. And as every man is a freeman, he has a voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust in the community of which he is a member. What then is the duty of persons in these circumstances? Are they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents by discussing minor subjects in our common lyceums, and to acquire the knowledge which is necessary to enable them to act, with honor and usefulness, the part assigned them on the stage of life? Your minds will live forever, and are capable of endless progression in knowledge, of endless approximation to the Supreme Intelligence; if, in the midst of unremitting success, objects of new interest will be forever opening before you: O what prospects are presented to the view of man! What strong inducements to cultivate his mind and heart, and to enter upon that course of improvement here, which is to run on, brightening in glory and in bliss, ages without end! In conclusion it behooves us to say a few words in behalf of our little society, which was organized in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-one. It first arose from humble beginnings, but so rapidly grew, that it became necessary to the welfare of the society to frame a constitution and by-laws by which the members should be governed. Year after year, and week after week, we have met at our district schoolhouse for the purpose of gaining knowledge, by discussing intricate questions, and drawing forth new ideas and philosophical doctrines from the contending parties. I am happy to say our efforts have not been fruitless, but, on the contrary, have been crowned with success. Therefore, it is the duty of every man and every woman to lend his and her mite and encourage debating societies, from the fact that they teach men to think and reason for themselves. If we are to believe, because Mr. A. believed, or to act, because Mr. B. acted, we will not be scholars indeed, but only pupils, and very stupid pupils, too; we should be nothing more or less than A.'s tool or B.'s valet or slave. Let us, therefore, firmly resolved to merit the appellation of scholar, a title far more honorable than that of knight, nobleman, or minister of state, for it is to the scholar that the world is endebted for laws, for science, and for all the arts. The scholar is the promoter of virtue, and decency and good conduct, both by his precept and his example; for it is to him that mankind turn their eyes to see what is wisdom, what is virtue, and what is true liberty. All those who are not by education brought out of the bondage of ignorance, are slaves indeed,—slaves of lust, superstition and ignorance. Had we lived when Hesiod wrote and Homer sung the glories of the globe, we should have been as ignorant as our predecessors, but the wheels rolled on to a period when education triumphantly surmounted the credulous doctrines of superstition and gained a supremacy over ignorance,—and to-day, while science and literature are marching onward with gigantic strides, wisdom, the handmaid of virtue, is casting a halo of glory upon the miseries of the fallen race. Let us aim, therefore, to become scholars indeed, not only that we may embellish our understanding with every ornament of learning, but let us endeavor, during our transitory state here below, to enroll our names on the imperishable scroll of fame, that they may go down untarnished to immortality. As most of the members of this society are farmers, and are obliged to seek a livelihood in the open fields beneath the noontide glare of the sun, it becomes necessary, as the evenings are growing short, to bring our exercises to a close for the season. As this is the last night of our meeting, it may be possible that some of us will never enjoy the happy privilege of attending another series of debates. Should such be the case, may the smiles of heaven beam upon you all with uncommon refulgence, and may your deportment through life, and the good deeds that you have done upon earth, be the means of assuaging the pangs of parting life, and smoothing the pillow of dissolution. It now behooves us to retire to our respective homes to enjoy that inestimable blessing of sleep,—a respite to the tired and weary,—how unspeakably grateful, how restorative. With these considerations, and many thanks for your kind attention, we bid you a hearty and cordial farewell.

A Beautiful Answer.

When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from the plate, asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold chain from his pocket and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came and she said with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Why They Didn't.

The other day a boy of thirteen, who looked very innocent and childlike as he reposed under a shade tree on Beech street, roused up when joined by another lad of his own age and confidentially inquired:

"Well, did you make observation?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And we kin hook the apples, and not git cotched, kin we?"

"You wait a minute," commanded the other, as he held an old shingle up to the light to enable him to read the following "notes" in pencil:

"Went down in frunt of house; saw old woman with club; saw dog layin' low for us; saw red-hedded girl reddy to ring cow-bell and give alarm; saw man inside breathin' hard and achin' to kill a boy; hull family looked me in eye; pressure too heavy and I backed off; nice appuls, them, but under the circumstances I guess we'd better keep on chewin' ole lemons."

"'Nother disappointment added to our burden," sighed the first, and they loafed on.

"I told her I'd never smoke another cigar," he said softly, "and I won't. A pipe's good enough for me." And he gracefully drew a match.

It has been libellously said that women mourn for a husband only—for a second.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. And on no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account his differing from me in politics and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanities or their riches.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

A Mother's Influence.

Many a poor mother in a humble cot, with no money or position, has struggled hard to feed and clothe her little ones, to train them to be an honor to their country and a blessing to the world. Most of our useful prominent men came from such homes. Our church-yards are full of such pleasing mothers whose hands are meekly folded on their breasts. No worldly eye ever saw the record of their lives, only God an the angels. No tall monuments and high sounding epitaphs mark their resting places. What a responsibility rests upon the mothers of this country. Life is too short to be spent in accumulating things of this world that must perish. The children do not stay with us long enough to permit us to waste our hours in the pursuit of fashion and gayety. What we sow now we shall reap hereafter. How many who sow in tears shall reap in joy. God give to all mothers grace, and strength to fulfill their duties aright, that their influence for good may be felt from generation to generation.

A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Mrs. Troupe, the accomplised wife of a captain of the British navy, gives a lively account of a call she with two other ladies made upon Mrs. Washington, who, like her hunband's mother, was distinguished for her management of her household affairs. "As she was said to be so grand a lady," says Mrs. Troupe, "we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting with a check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Wasington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for her husband.

MIND ACTION DURING SLEEP.—A strange story is told of a very distinguished lawyer who was consulted upon an important and difficult case, which he studied for several days with anxious care. His wife then saw him rise in the night and go to a desk in a bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he carefully placed in the desk. He then returned to bed, and in the morning told his wife that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion about a case which had greatly perplexed him and that he could remember the train of thought of his dream. She directed him to the desk, and there he found the opinion clearly copied out, which proved to be correct.

"FATHER," said a boy who got kicked in the face by a mule that he was annoying, "shall I ever by as good looking as I was?" "No, my son," answered the parent, "I don't think you will be as handsome as you were; but you'll know a great deal more."

Yellow fever has made its appearance at several points in the Mississippi Valley, and is causing great alarm.

Education is a friend at home, an introduction abroad, an ornament to society, and a solace in solitude.

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