

MOCKSVILLE, N. C.

The oldest employes in the Postal Department in Washington are James H. Marr, eighty-one years old, and Inze Lawrenson, eighty-four. Both were appointed by Andrew Jackson in 1831.

Professor Baird says fishes can live to be 150 years old. We don't doubt this in the least. They are always the largest fishes too. That is the kind that always breaks away from the hook at the very last moment, and never is seen again.

The electric well or pit in Taliaferro County, Ga., still continues to cure severe cases of chronic rheumatism. The well is located on the side of a small mountain four miles from the Sharon station, on the Georgia railroad. It was dug last summer in a search for gold.

The Rev. John White, a colored preacher of Greenwood, Ark., who will be 102 years old in July, has taken out a license to marry Mrs. Edie Smith, who is a giddy girl of sixty-five summers. The Rev. John has been preaching eighty-one years, and has married twice.

A German paper says that extraordinary activity is displayed at the Krupp Works in Essen, and that new buildings are required to enable the works to complete the orders for guns for the German Government within the specified time. This is not a sign of peace by any means.

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separates Sicily from Italy, will, when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The place selected is where the channel is two and one-half miles wide and three hundred and sixty-one feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduct of steel rails to a height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the water.

A Springfield (Mass.) man has discovered what has long been pretty well known—that the real mission of the mosquito is to purify. He had two hogheads filled with water, and into one he put a lot of wrigglers or embryo mosquitoes. The water free from the wrigglers soon became foul, but that containing them remained sweet. So he concludes that mosquitoes keep our swamps from becoming foul and pestilent.

The attention of all electricians is called to the fact that the French Government has offered a prize of 50,000 francs (about \$10,000) for a scheme rendering the application of electricity possible and economical as a means of heat, light, chemical action, mechanical action, mechanical purposes and medical purposes. The adjudication of the prize is left to the Academy of Science at Paris, and correspondence from all nations is invited.

There is a specimen in the United States mint which illustrates how a coin may become famous without the least premonition. In 1849 a law passed Congress ordering \$20 gold pieces to be struck. One piece was struck. Something happened that delayed the work, and the year closed. Then, of course, the dies had to be destroyed, as no more of that date could be legally issued. It is marked "unique," was the only one struck and hence is "priceless."

There are local developments of co-operation throughout the country that are interesting reading. The great Cambria iron works at Johnstown, Penn., which employs 6,500 persons, has decided to make its "company store" a co-operative concern. It sells \$1,000,000 a year in goods. The capital will be \$200,000. Holdings by any one person are limited. Dividends cannot go above ten per cent. Stockholders have a first claim of six per cent. Then all purchasers of \$10 worth of goods have three per cent. off; then the stockholders, if there is still further profit, may have their dividend raised to ten per cent. Above ten per cent. all profit goes to customers in a rebate on purchases.

Colonel W. L. Utley, who recently died at Racine, Wisconsin, was "the owner of the last slave on American soil," says a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel. When he was in Tennessee with his regiment, a colored boy escaped from his master and sought refuge in the Colonel's tent. The owner came into camp the next day and demanded the surrender of his property, but Colonel Utley refused to give up the boy. Several years afterward the slave-owner brought suit in the United States Court in the Milwaukee District for damages, and secured a verdict of \$1,000, which Colonel Utley paid. "This," says the correspondent, "was the last judgment of the kind. Colonel Utley applied to Congress for relief, and more than ten years after the emancipation proclamation he was indemnified by the government for the money he gave for the boy's freedom."

THE MORE God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know he has special work to give them.

LIGHT. I said, one day, "O life, you're little worth—Made up of toil and care and blighted hope, With pain and sin and all their ills to cope; The day of death is better than of birth." Even as I spoke Love put a hand in mine. And its dear presence drove all gloom away, As shadows flee before the dawn of day, And life became a heritage divine.

THE LITTLE TRAMP.

Several years ago, while employed as local editor of a Western rural newspaper, I was taking my customary afternoon ramble about town one day when I heard one of a group of boys in a loud voice ask an approaching lad:

"Where'd you sleep last night, Bud?" I stopped and turned to see who this "bud" was that had been asked such a singular question. He was a spare boy, apparently not over nine years old, and his pinched features gave evidence of want. His feet were bare, and a hat several sizes too large covered his head to his ears. His clothes were common, but neat. He passed the crowd of boys, and with a step that indicated energy and activity came toward me.

"Mister, do you know anybody that wants to hire a boy?" he asked, in a pure childish voice, and the honest blue eyes looked at me hopefully for an answer.

I knew of no one wanting to hire a boy, especially one so small. My interrogator had evidently undergone severe privations, and was doubtless greatly in need of assistance.

"What kind of work," I inquired, "can you do?" "Oh, sir, most any kind," he replied. "I can build fires and sweep and run errands and saw wood, but the last work I had was on a farm, and there I dropped corn and pulled weeds and watered and fed the stock, but I took the chills, and Mr. Thompson told me that he wouldn't need me any longer, and he gived me two dollars and told me I'd have to go somewhere else."

"And how long now have you been without work?" "Almost six weeks."

"And do you mean to say that you have lived on two dollars all this time?" "No, sir. I got so cold 'nights that I'd almost freeze, and so I took one dollar and seventy-five cents and bought this coat"—and he looked down at the coat fondly. "I spent the rest of my money for something to eat when I got hungry," he added.

The honest manner of the boy convinced me that he was telling the truth, and, inquisitiveness being a part of my business, I began questioning him.

"Where is your home?" I asked. "I haven't got any," he replied. "Is your father or mother alive?" "No, sir, they've both been dead a long time. When they died a man came and took my little brother and sister away, and I don't know where they went. Mr. Campbell said he'd take care of me, but I wanted to be with my brother and sister, and I run away and went the way I see the other boys go, and I just kept on going," and here the little strange tramp broke out into deep sobs.

"Mister, if you know anybody that wants to hire a boy, please tell me," he said imploringly after a moment's silence, "cause I'm so hungry."

I took the boy to a restaurant near at hand and directed the waiter to give him whatever he wanted. In the conversation in the meantime I learned that he had been tramping from place to place since the death of his parents, working at whatever he could get to do for a living, often going for days with scarcely anything to eat, and frequently sleeping outdoors at night. However, in all his tramps he had never been in a city, and he seemed to think he was the only homeless boy in the world. He knew nothing about bootblacks and newsboys. When asked why he did not go to the Orphans' Home, he inquired with wonder if there was such a place, and his eyes beamed with delight at the thought of there being a home for him.

"Oh, I'd do anything for a home!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever go to school?" I asked. "No."

"Can you read?" "Yes, sir. My mother and Sunday-school teacher learned me to read, and I never forgot how. I read old papers whenever I can get them."

"Can you write, also?" "Yes, sir, and just let me write something for you to show you."

I handed him my note-book and pencil. "What do you want me to write?" he asked. "Well," I replied, "write your name." He slowly and carefully scrawled his name on a page of the note-book, and with a sort of triumphant smile handed it to me, remarking:

their education by diligent study of entering the printing office, and some of our greatest men were once printer boys. Maybe you could, too, but you'd find it very hard, Tom."

"I'm used to hard things," he retorted, rather dryly, as I started to leave him. The paper on which I was at the time employed was not in the need of an apprentice, and the son of a politician had been promised a situation as soon as a vacancy was made, so there was no prospect for Tom Browne, the homeless and penniless little wanderer, getting a job in that printing office. Although I had talked in a manner likely to encourage him, for the purpose of testing the strength of his desire to become a printer, I believed he would make a satisfactory apprentice, and that the printing office would be the best means for the improvement of the boy mentally.

While his education was very limited, it is no poorer than other boys whom I had known to become good printers, and some editors and publishers. The printing office, according to contemporary biographers, is a prominent men of public life, and it is appropriately called by some the "American Boy's College." It has an educating influence upon the boys which is to be found in no other place, and I became convinced that Tom ought to be placed in a printing office, but I saw no way of getting him there.

My afternoon's work consisted of writing an account of the startling developments growing out of an investigation of the records of several county officials, and I had about exhausted my notes when the "devil" of the office came in and announced:

"There's a little barefooted fellow in the hall that wants to see you." The "little barefooted fellow" was Tom, and he came toward me looking very nervous. "I had good luck to-day, and I give you this much now for what you done for me to-day," and as he said this he laid twenty-five cents on the table before me—half of his earnings. I remarked that he owed me nothing and protested against taking it; but as he looked displeased I said nothing further, and put the money in my pocket.

"Well, I'm goin' to leave to-morrow," Tom remarked after a short silence. "You've been a mighty good friend to me to-day, and it makes me feel kinder bad to think about not seein' you again; but then I must go. It's gettin' to be cold weather, and I want to find steady job if I can 'fore winter comes on. I'm goin' to start early in the mornin', and I guess I won't see you again 'fore I leave."

The boy's words made me feel badly, too, and I made no reply. After looking at me in silence for a moment or two he said:

"Some day I'm going to be a newspaper man, too."

"What direction do you intend to go, Tom?" I asked. "I'm goin' to take the P. road," he replied.

I had a warm friend who was the editor of a newspaper in the city, and I had a message to send by him, I wrote a letter to Edmondson, recommending Thomas D. Browne as the boy I thought he had long been hunting for; that, although he was quite small, and perhaps illiterate, he was quick of movement, was anxious to learn, and I believed would be satisfactory; that at least he was worthy a trial. I handed the letter to Tom, and requested him to deliver it to Mr. Edmondson when he reached P. We then went to a boarding house near by, and I directed the landlord to give Tom meals and lodging. As the lad would receive no money from me, I also gave the landlord a dollar, which was to be given Tom before he left town. I did not have courage to bid the boy "good-by," and without saying a word to him I hurriedly started to leave but he caught me by the hand, and his eyes glistening with tears, he looked up at me sorrowfully as he said:

"Good-by, good friend!" I muttered some reply and hurried away. That was the last time I saw Tom Browne, the little wanderer, but two weeks afterward I received a letter from Edmondson, and a note from Tom was inclosed, which read as follows:

"Dear friend I got hear All Right and I Am working in mr. edmondson printing office. He is very well and i thank you for writing that letter i hope i will see you sum day. Yours truly thomas D. browne."

Several weeks afterwards my connections with the Journal came to an end, and I went West with the innumerable caravan of fortune seekers. For several years I wandered through Mexico on the Southern and Western States. Fifteen years passed by. An exciting political campaign was in progress, and I was ordered to accompany General S. in his canvass of a Western State for the purpose of reporting his "grand omissions and masterly efforts." At most places there were committees whose special duty it was to provide for the comfort and pleasure of the representatives of the press, and these committees, without exception, seemed to regard it as necessary that every member of the local press, from the item-catcher to the editor-in-chief, should go through the ceremonies of an introduction.

A large assemblage greeted our party at a small city in the interior of the State, and a long procession, headed by our barouche, as usual, passed through the principal streets. As we were passing a row of fine business houses my attention was directed by a gentleman at my side to an attractive building which he stated was the publishing house of the Times, a prosperous journal of great influence in that section, and that the editor, though a young man, had manifested remarkable ability. As the procession proceeded other evidences of the little city's thrift were pointed out. When we arrived at General S. spoke for over two hours and was followed by two or three local politicians, who made short speeches. When the meeting adjourned we had just thirty minutes left in which to reach the train, and as we were about to start one of the Committee on Entertainment beckoned me aside and introduced "Mr. Browne, editor of the Times," a fine-looking young man of pleasing address.

As the fraternal grip was passed he remarked: "We have met before."

Where and when I had met this Mr.

Browne I could not recall to mind. Observing my confusion, he continued: "I see you don't recognize me now, but doubtless you remember meeting, about fifteen years ago, in T., a half-starved and homeless lad named Tom Browne."—Chicago Ledger.

Beecher's Love of Beautiful Jewels. Mr. Beecher's fondness for jewels is well known. F. C. Marvel, a jeweler in Maiden Lane, and clerk of Plymouth Church, said the other day: "Mr. Beecher did not care for the intrinsic value of gems, but for their beauty of color. He cared much more for opals, sapphires, rubies and amethysts than for diamonds. He had no liking for stones that had been cut for intaglios and cameos. He used to say of such stones: 'Oh, what a pity! they have been ruined.'"

"Form and color appealed to him most strongly. He used to say that he liked the sapphire better than the opal, owing to the fact that the color was richer. He had several fine specimens which he carried about with him most of the time. He used to come to my store and rummage by the hour among the precious stones, and he would do the same thing at other jeweler's shops. When in Boston, Chicago or San Francisco, he used to do the same. He told me that one of the regrets with which he left London was that he could not bring with him an especially fine amethyst."

"He did not wear jewels often. He had a fine aquamarine set in a ring, which he sometimes wore in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. And he had a splendid opal which he used to wear when away from Brooklyn. But he was averse to making any display of precious stones. He enjoyed their wealth of color and seemed to find inspiration in them. He used to say that when tired it rested him to look at gems."

"He did not have a large collection of them, but a choice one. He prized the best specimens and bought what suited his own taste. He seemed to know what he wanted, and could tell the value of a stone at once. Without special training he was an expert in gems."—New York Tribune.

Indian Corn as an Aid to Happiness. Some good things are heard now and then in the New York elevated railroad cars, and the advice of a noted physician to a young man who complained of nervousness, loss of vision, night sweats and a poor appetite, the other morning, which was overheard by a reporter for the Mail and Express, is one of them.

"Throw away your cigarettes and eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast," said the learned doctor, "and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn is essentially an American institution. As the staple food of our daddies' it can really be said to have helped to lay the foundation of this great republic. With its product, the hog, it was in the remote past almost the sole food of the rural districts, and the forms are of much greater variety than we are accustomed to. Like corn-cake, it is good to roast, to bake or to boil, and can be fermented and turned into whisky, but its stimulating qualities are best procured by making it into a mush. It contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating and is easily assimilated. Though originally the poor man's food, it has come to be the rich man's luxury. It is cheap and of high nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of Johnny-cake, hoe-cake, corn or pone-bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life now a burden well worth the living, and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep."

Mounting a Herd of Buffaloes. Mr. Hornaday, the Government taxidermist, has a herd of queer-looking buffaloes in his studio in the old army building devoted to the Fish Commission in Washington. They are all the hulks or skeletons of the animals in mounting them, but makes up wooden ones. The whole herd, when done, will be mounted in the National Museum, and the poor, old moth-eaten effigies now on exhibition will be placed out in the Smithsonian grounds, where earth and background will resemble as much as possible the animal's native plains, and the taxidermist, rigged up in cowboy hat, leggings, and hunting shirt, mounted on his broncho, cinched and loaded as he was in Montana, will go through the pantomime of shooting the old beast again. During the performance several instantaneous photographs of the piece will be taken. This bull is the finest buffalo Mr. Hornaday secured while out on his official hunt. He was the last one seen, and his captor rode up alongside and had an opportunity to study the noble animal for several minutes before shooting him. Mr. Hornaday even dismounted and sketched the old fellow. This has been of great advantage in stuffing and mounting him.—New York Sun.

Getting Ahead. I saw a classic head With many a flowing curl, A sweetly pretty face, A whole figure of a girl; I stood and pondered long, In meditation lost, And tried to reckon up How much the fixin's cost. —Texas Siftings

I saw a modern head That smelt of hair oil crude, A simple grinning face And figure of a dude, I stood and ponder'd long, In meditation deep, And tried to calculate How long the thing would keep. —Graham Mountaineer.

I saw a gory head— 'Twas scratched and sadly torn— Upon whose troubled face A slugger's wounds were borne; I stood and pondered long, In meditation lost, Wondering from whose sanctum The fellow had been tossed. —Whitehall Times.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

MR BOWSER SHOWS GREAT TENDERNESS OF HEART.

Mr. Bowser balked in his Endeavors To Do Good—A Talk With Eliza. "I don't want the public to get the impression that Mr. Bowser is not a good-hearted man," says Mrs. Bowser, in the Detroit Free Press. "Such an idea would do him great injustice. He is a little queer in some of his ways, but all right as a whole, and a more tender-hearted man never lived. When we began house-keeping and got our first hired girl, Mr. Bowser called me into the library, shut the door, and dropped his voice down to the confidential pitch and said: 'Mrs. Bowser, let's start out right. Let's respect the feelings of that poor girl in the kitchen.' 'Certainly.' 'She's just as good as we are, and we mustn't put on any airs over her. She shall eat at the table with us, and if she has any time from her work you might learn her how to sing and play the piano.' 'I can't quite agree with you, Mr. Bowser.' 'Oh, you can't! Woman's mortal enemy is woman. Well, I'm going out and have a little talk with Eliza and tell her what I'm willing to do.' I listened at the kitchen door. Mr. Bowser is no man to beat about the bush. He went right at the business in hand by saying: 'Eliza, nobility does not consist in riches.' She slid away from him toward the sink. 'You are not to blame for being in your present position. How would you like to take singing lessons?' She looked at him with open mouth. 'And learn to play the piano?' She opened her mouth still wider. 'And, perhaps, learn how to sketch and paint?' She seized a pan of water in the sink and whirled on him with: 'You cross-eyed old reprobate to talk to an innocent girl in that fashion! Get out of my kitchen or I'll drown you in a minute!'

When we sat down to supper I wondered why Eliza hadn't put on a plate for herself and I asked Mr. Bowser when I should begin her piano lessons. "Mrs. Bowser have you lost the little sense you possessed two or three months ago?" he hotly exclaimed, and I thought it best to let the subject drop right there. A few days after that a boy about eight years old came to the door to beg, and as soon as Mr. Bowser caught sight of him he observed: "Call the little shaver in and let him see that the milk of human kindness has not all dried up. Now give him a good breakfast."

The cook stuffed him until he could eat no more, and then Mr. Bowser brought him into the sitting-room and cut his hair, washed the little one's face with his own hands, and was going to call the cook in to wash his feet, when I protested: "Now, Mr. Bowser, that is going too far. We don't keep a county house here."

"Don't we! I wouldn't have your mean spirit for all the money in America! It is just such people as you who have added to the woes of poverty and the wickedness of the world." "But we can't make such a fuss over every beggar who comes along." "Nobody expects you to. You are expected to stand in the door with a crowbar and brain every poor unfortunate who stops to ask for a mouthful of food. I shall go home with this boy. I want to have a talk with his father, and it may end in my adopting him."

Mr. Bowser led the boy away, and it seemed, as I afterwards came to know, very home with him. When he left the boy's house a man was chasing him with a shovel, and a woman with a hoe handle was trying to head him off, and the boy himself stood in the door and clapped his hands. When Mr. Bowser came home I asked what had become of his adopted son, and he roared at me: "None of your business! If I had your spirit I'd expect to be struck by lightning!"

When we got our horse we got a man to take care of him, and at their first interview I heard Mr. Bowser say to him: "Now, Mr. Johnson, you are not to blame for your lack of education. You have not had a show. Take that barn and manage it according to your own judgment. I've got a suit of clothes in the house for you, and there are plenty of books in the library."

Mr. Johnson took ten books from the library on the first day of his arrival. On the second day he disappeared. So did the books. So did the harness and robes and a lot of tools. Mr. Bowser was furious. He wanted ten detectives on the case all at once, and as he started to telephone for them I said: "Perhaps he has retired to a cave with the ten books to enrich his mind."

"And perhaps I ain't the biggest idiot in the State of Michigan for marrying you!" he shouted back as he ground away at the crank and lifted the Chief of Police of his chair.

Already Dressed. "What does this mean, Emma?" asked a boarder who had just joined the select circle in Montague Place. "Did this turkey wear a shirt?" "What do you mean, Mr. Brown?" returned Emma severely. "Here is a shirt button in the stuffing, and I merely wanted to know if it belonged to the bird," said Brown, carefully placing the button on the side of his plate.

"Now I think of it, sir, it may be all right; I believe the missus bought that turkey already dressed." "Not bad for Emma."—American Register.

No Silver Lining Any More. Something had gone wrong with Sarcasticus, and he was despondent. "Come, cheer up," said his wife. "It will all come out right in the end. You know 'every cloud has a silver lining.'" "No, I don't know it," replied Sarcasticus gloomily, "and what is more, I don't believe it. If they did have a silver lining some smart cuss would have invented a machine for ripping the lining out before this."—St. Paul Herald.

Wouldn't Spoil the Dinner.

An old war veteran, who had been through half a dozen campaigns, and was not very particular about what he ate, was invited out to a swell dinner party. He sat almost directly opposite the hostess, and was painfully conscious that every move he made could be observed by her. Suddenly, at the light of the festivities, the veteran came across a caterpillar in his salad. A furtive glance at the hostess disclosed the fact that she too had discovered the embarrassing circumstance. It was a critical moment, but the old soldier was equal to the occasion. Without changing a muscle he gathered up the caterpillar with a forkful of the salad and swallowed both! The look of gratitude which he received from his hostess, a few minutes later, warmed the very cockles of his heart. In due time the story leaked out, and when somebody asked the old campaigner how he liked caterpillar salad, the reply came like a hot shot: "Do you take me for a man who would spoil a dinner party for a little thing like a caterpillar!"—Detroit Free Press.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent writing from Jacksonville, Fla., says that the town is full of Northern folks, and that the position of the natives is well stated in the words of a little darker who, asked how he got a living, said: "In the summer, sah, we lives off de fishes; and in de wintah we lives off de sick Yankees."

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A Remarkable Cure. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of a bad case of Abcess of the Liver as any human being could be afflicted with and live. I was confined to the house for two years, and, for the last three months of that time, was unable to leave my bed. Four physicians treated me without giving relief, and, in fact, nothing helped me, until I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using a quarter of a bottle of this medicine I began to feel better, and every additional dose seemed to bring new health and strength. I used three bottles, and am now able to attend to my business. I walk to town—only one mile distant—and return, without difficulty. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has accomplished all this for me.—W. S. Miner, Carson City, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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