The Huntingdon Journal.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

Selected for the Journal.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in the valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—[Deut. xxxiv., 6.

By Nebois lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling—
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure waves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out on his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns the hallow'd spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battle won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place
With costly marble drest.
In the great minister transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with this golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, most wondrous thought
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hill he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell.
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

A Good Story.

UNEXPECTED RACE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of our large towns of Worcester County Masvachusetts, used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if the latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and aided in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pomp was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might have stopped them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the county. This horse was of the old Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as lief have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of argument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey discovered that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the very next Sunday evening, he hid the bridle under his jacket, went out into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled, and the racing was about to commence. Pomp mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pomp won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pomp succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicion, and he now longed for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course of wickedness he followed up for two months, making his appearance upon the racing ground every Sunday afternoon as soon as he could after "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his very motion when upon the track, showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During this week he made inquiries and learned the thing had been practised all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on the next Sabbath he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pomp to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons and some of the other members of the church accompanied the minister home with their horses.

'It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came to my knowledge," said the indignant clergyman, as they rode on.

'It is, most assuredly,' answered one of the deacons.

'Horse racing on the Sabbath!' uttered the minister.

'Dreadful!' echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers-on were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth then turning to his companions:

'Now, my brothers,' said he 'let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my land should be desecrated thus!' for it was indeed a section of his farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders who at once recognized "old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

'Wicked men!' commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, 'children of sin and shame—'

'Come on, old hoss,' cried one of the jockeys, turning towards the minister. 'If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go.'

'Alas! O, my wicked—'

'All ready!' shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. *And off it is!*'

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

'Who oa! who oa oa! cried the parson at the top of his voice.

'By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!' shouted one of the wicked men who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the parson. 'You ride well.'

'Who-ho-ho-o-o! who a oa' yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was all of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing with eyes and mouths wide open.

'Don't stop,' cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgn's joining the race. Don't stop,' he shouted again, 'it's a two mile heat this time, Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go and *off it is!*'

These last words were of course known to the horse and no sooner did Morgan hear them, than he stuck his nose out again, and again started off The poor parson did his utmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

'Upon my soul, parson,' said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle, he not having yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, 'you ride well. We had not looked for this honor.'

'Honor, sir!' gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face.

'Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments.'

'I—I, sir! I joined you?'

'Ha, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw through it; I saw how slyly you put your horse up, But I don't blame you for feeling proud of old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you needn't fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop your beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you suffer.'

This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

'Villains, what mean you? Why do ye thus—'

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke, the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we wont stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two-mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hookey but you did it well. When you want to try it again, just send us word, and we'll by ready for you. Good-by!"

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing.—It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permision from his master? They knew how much store he sat by the animal, and at length they shook their heads with doubt.

"It's very very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable," suggested a third.

"On my soul, brethren, spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner.

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all.—Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search, he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing Old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoons! Pomp, found out this much—but could *not* find *who* did it!"

As soon as it became known to the church, the members confered together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So Parson Ridewell, was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race" with him, to "bet on his head," or to "put him against the world on a race." But Ridewell grew older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his *unexpected race.* Besure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.

The Housewife.

To Extract Grease from Cloth.—The following is infallible: To sixteen ounces of rectified spirits of wine add ten grains of carbonate of potash, (pure) half an oz. of essential oil of bergamot, and one ounce of sulphuric ether; mix and keep in a glass stoppered bottle. Apply with a piece of sponge, soaking [illegible] when the grease is recent. The mixture emits a peculiarly fragrant odor, and being a fluid soap, chemically combined, will be found a perfect solvent of oily matter.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cheap Dye.—Chestnut bark boiled in water, in an iron vessel, makes a kind of stone color more permanent for either cotton or woollen goods than some more expensive dyes. Dip the goods in a solution of copperas and alum, in water, then in the dye; stir constantly until the color is deep enough, and dry before washing.

Apple Pudding.—Put a pint of sour, sliced apples in a small pudding dish, and cover with a batter made of one cup and a half of sour cream, one egg, two cups and half of flour, and a tea spoonfull of saleratus. Bake ¾ of an hour; eat with cream and sugar.

White Cup Cake.—One cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, the white of four eggs, half a cup of sour cream, half a tea-spoonful of saleratus, and three cups of flour. Or one cup of sugar, one of butter, the whites of eight eggs, and one cup of flour.

Muffins.—Melt half a teacup of butter in a pint and half of milk; add a little salt, a gill of yeast and four eggs; stir in flour enough to make a batter stiffer than for griddle cakes; if kept in a moderately warm place it will rise sufficiently in eight or nine hours.

To Clean Black Silk Gloves, Kid Boots and Shoes.—To three parts of white of egg, add one part of ink. Mix it well, then damp a sponge with it, and rub it over the gloves, &c.

Certain Cure for Sores and Runnings.—Wash them in brandy, and apply elder leaves, changing them two or three times a day. This will dry up all the sores, though the legs were like a honeycomb.

To Clean Black Silk.—Take an old kid glove boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and, when cool, add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

To make Yellow Butter in Winter.—Put into the cream, just before churning, the juice of grated carrots, and it will improve not only the color, but the quality of the butter.

Fried Cakes.—One cup of sugar, one of sour cream, two eggs, a tea spoonful of saleratus dissolved in a half cup of boiling water, and a little cinnamon or nutmeg.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Buckwheat cakes are improved by soaking fine the cakes left at one meal, and putting them into the batter for the next. H. M. D., Gansvort, N. Y.

Miscellany.

Questions for the Thoughtful.

There are seven hundred thousand pianos in use in the United States, according to authentic statistics. At $300 each, they would amount to over two hundred million dollars This sum would endow twenty agricultural colleges and experimental farms with a capital of $100,000 each—which would be of the greatest benefit to the country? Or it would build two thousand handsome and commodious school houses, costing one thousand dollars each—which would be the most useful? Or it would build a Pacific railroad; would this be as advantageous as the music machines? Or it would provide a splendid library, each of a thousand volumes or more, to one thousand neighborhoods—would this be a better outlay? Or it would provide every human being in the world with a cheap copy of the Bible, or a good Testament—would this be a profitable substitute?

Every one, however, thinks that he or she is excusable in his or her very particular case. Drops make the ocean—rivulets the mighty river.

There are, in the United States, at least fifteen thousand steeples to places of worship, costing on an average, six hundred dollars each. This sum, nine millions, expended in their erection, would give a Testament to every human being in Africa or a Bible to every adult; or thirty pages of tracts to every person in Asia; or a Sabbath-school library of fifty volumes each, to nine hundred Sabbath schools; or pay the schooling for one year of a thousand orphans. Would any of these objects be really worth more than the steeples, the houses of worship being equally comfortable in all other respects without them?

Could there not possible by any improvement in the way in which our good citizens expend some of their money? And are we as a people, sufficiently removed from [illegible] fering all provided for, so far as our *scanty* means will admit?

The Reported Great Lake in Africa is Nowhere.

The Westminster Review for October notices "Explorations and Discoveries during four years' wanderings in the wilds of South-Western Africa, by C. J. Anderson"—from which we extract this paragraph:

"C. J. Anderson has put an end to a lie which was beginning to gain credence among us. African missionaries, penetrating some little distance inwards from the southwestern side of the continent, recently brought information, which they received second-hand from Arab travellers, of a vast fresh water lake far in the interior, described as being of enormous dimensions—as nothing less than a great inland sea. Frequenters of the Geographical Society's meetings at Whitehall have observed in consequence, on the site which used to be marked in the maps as a sandy desert, a blue spot, about the size of the Caspian, in the shape of a hideous inflated leech. We trusted that a more accurate survey would correct the extreme frightfulness of the supposed form. Mr. Anderson, however, has spared us further excitement. The lake turns out to be a mirage—a mythus with the smallest conceivable nuclus of fact. On the very spot occupied by this great blue leech—long. E. from Greenwich 23, lat. 20 21—he found a small speck of bitter water, (not fresh) something more than twenty miles across, or the size of Lough Corrib, in Galway. So perishes a phantom which has excited London geographers for a whole season."

A Sacred Band of Friends.

In ancient Thebes a phalanx of warriors was formed numbering one thousand members, composed of pairs of friends, each pair consisting of a veteran and youth. The whole company was called the "Sacred Band of Lovers and Friends." They were pledged never to forsake one another no matter what the emergency. In a battle with Philip of Macedon, they all perished together, every man of them, side by side, in one place, surrounded by heaps of their foes. After the conflict Philip recognized them, and was so moved by the pathos of the scene, and the sublimity of their devotedness, that—alluding to the scandalous rumor concerning them—he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face—"Let no one dare to say that these were dishonored men." Now the plainest principles of social polity require that the whole world should be one sacred band of lovers and friends, inseparably united, sustaining one another through the trials of this tempted and faltering life, and beneath the eye of their Almighty Friend, dwelling together all around the regenerated earth in the bonds of peace, the beauty of holiness, and a community of weal.

Studying Grammar.

Joseph T. Buckingham, one of the best of living writers and grammarians, once said that "Not a child in a thousand ever received the least benefit from studying the rules of grammar before he was fifteen years old."

We believe that countless thousands of dollars are more than thrown away, in defective modes of modern school teaching. Children are put to studies long before their time—long before their minds are capable of comprehending their nature—and in the vain and painful effort to do it, disease is often engendered, by the premature and undue straining of the brain, to say nothing of that distaste and utter aversion to study, which is a very natural result, lasting sometimes for life, thus destroying, in embryo, minds which, had they been duly led, might have beep the ornaments of any age.

We consider it a radical defect in our schools, that children are made to study branches which are above their comprehension, allied to an error not less mischievous, of being sent to school too early, A child should never be allowed to enter a school-room, not even a Sunday-school, if it has religious parents, until the seventh year, and for the next three years, should be allowed to study but one branch at a time, for a period of not over two hours at a time in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon; to have no studying to do at home and be compelled to play in the open air, at least three hours after breakfast and two hours after dinner; the remainder of the time being expended in some pleasurable and useful handicraft.

From ten until sixteen, we would have them give four hours daily to brain work, learning one thing at a time, making thorough work of that one thing, so as never to have to learn it again, or unlearn a portion of it.

Be assured, it is for the want of some system like this, that so many of our children [illegible] of many things, but knowing nothing critically or thoroughly; for after all, that's only knowledge which makes us acquainted, with the minutiæ of any subject.

POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

The following table, compiled from official sources, and which is entirely correct, will be an interesting and useful table for preservation. It gives the votes cast in the several States on the 4th of November last for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

States.	*Buch'n.*	*Fillm'r.*	*Frem't.*
Maine,	38,038	3,235	65,514
N. Hampshire,	32,667	414	38,158
Vermont,	10,577	511	39,561
Massachusetts,	39,240	19,726	108,190
Rhode Island,	6,680	1,675	11,467
Connecticut,	34,995	2,615	42,715
New York,	195,878	124,667	374,705
New Jersey,	46,943	24,115	28,351
Pennsylvania,	230,154	82,178	147,350
Delaware,	8,603	6,175	306
Maryland,	39,115	47,462	281
Virginia,	90,352	60,132	286
North Carolina,	48,246	36,886	——
Georgia,	56,617	42,429	——
Florida,	6,358	4,833	——
Alabama,	46,639	28,552	——
Mississippi,	35,393	24,213	——
Louisiana,	22,169	20,731	——
Tennessee,	73,638	66,178	——
Kentucky,	69,509	63,391	369
Texas,	28,757	15,244	——
Arkansas,	21,899	10,796	——
Missouri,	58,164	48,524	——
Iowa,	36,241	9,444	44,126
Wisconsin,	52,857	579	66,092
Illinois,	105,344	37,451	96,180
Indiana,	118,672	23,386	94,376
Ohio,	170,903	28,125	187,497
Michigan,	52,139	1,560	71,762
California,	51,925	35,131	20,339
	1,828,022	870,358	1,437,625

The Electoral Colleges of the different States, with the exception of Wisconsin, met pursuant to law on the 3d ultimo, and cast their votes in accordance with the expressed will of their respective constituent States. The electoral votes will therefore stand thus:

For Buchanan and Breckinridge,	174
For Fremont and Dayton,	108
For Fillmore and Donelson,	8

These votes will be canvassed by the two Houses of Congress on the 2d Wednesday of February next.

☞ The late eccentric Dr. Abernethy, silenced a loquacious woman by the following expedient:

"Put your tongue out, Madam." The lady complied. "*Now keep it out until I am done talking.*"

☞ Prentice says, President Pierce in a letter to the New York Agricultural Society, declares his preference for a farmer's life. He will have a chance to go to raising potatoes after the 4th of March, and even though he may be as miserable a farmer as he is a President, we don't believe he will ever be able to raise as small a potato as himself.

Agricultural.

"He that by the plough would thrive Himself must either hold or drive."

How Deep Should Manure be Buried. This is a question which is still unsettled and there's as many different opinions on the subject now as at any former time, before it had been so much discussed.

It is still a question with many farmers, whether much is lost by evaporation, when manures are only partially burried in the soil. It is contended that nothing but water evaporates, and that all the real essence is left behind when the manure seems to be drying up, on the surface or very near to it.

It is also asserted that no loss is sustained when they are spread broadcast in October, over mowing grounds, and that more benefit is realized by this mode of application than by any other. It is difficult to settle such questions satisfactorily. Seasons and circumstances alter cases. We know that manures are often buried too deep, and we are not quite sure that any other covering than that which is done by the harrow is useful.

We have now a heavy field of corn of eight acres. It was planted late in May. All the manure was from the winter heaps, made by horned cattle and a horse, and a small quantity from a cowyard. This manure was carted out in the spring, and all of it spread over the field on the green sward furrows that were turned last fall and last May. No time was found to bury this manure otherwise than with a harrow—20 oxcart loads were put on each acre—and though the weather was rather dry till the middle of July, the corn is the heaviest that we have had for many years. —*Massachusetts Plowman.*

New Process of Making Butter. Mr. D. Minthorn, of Jefferson County, exhibited at our late State Fair at Watertown some process of making butter which he describes as follows:

This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making that butter can be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that prevades most of the butter at the present time.

"The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream, enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the buttermilk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice water until there ceases to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing, should there be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed, while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; skim the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer, drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead,)—In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room. When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing in making for hospitals, gouty invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt,) if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere or chamber of bin-oxide of nitrogen, I believe will keep any number of years."

Frosted Feet.—A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce says the following is a simple and effectual remedy against frosted feet, and one that will afford immediate relief:—Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.