TIT FOR TAT.

"Good mornin', Miss Kate," said young Mickie Free;
"Good mornin' again; it's yourself sure I see,
Looking bloomin' as iver." But Kate turned away
As she said, "Mister Mickie, I wish you good day.
You're a heartless deaver; now don't say a word!
Pretty tales about you and that Norah I've heard!
You know you danced with her the day of the fair
And praised her gray eyes and her very red hair.
You called her an angel; quite in love with her fell:
And at night when you parted, you kissed her as well!"
Then young Mickie gave a sly wink as he said,
"I desaved her, my darlin'; this may turn your head;
Yes, faith, I desaved her; my darlin', it's true,
For I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied 'twas you!
Yes, that's what I did;
Katie, it's true;
I shut both my eyes,
And fancied 'twas you!"

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Mickie Free,
You may desave her; but you don't desave me;
I'm not to be blarneyed, Mick, a word in your ear;
You had better be off, for my dad's comin' here."
"O, your dad's comin', is he? That's not him I see
Now bobbin' behind that owld blackthorn tree,
For it's Paddy Mahon." "O," said Kate with a sneer,
"You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie, dear,
And shure you are right; 'tis my own darlin' Pat,
So take my advice, Mick, and get out of that;
For he's comin' to coort me. Now listen, my lad;
When that boy kisses me, oh, won't you be glad!
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do
But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy it's you!
That's what I'll do;
Mickie, it's true;
Shut both my eyes,
And fancy it's you!"

AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN CITY.

Older than Rome, more famous for its science and learning than Athens, the birth place of men renowned in science and art, the home of women of genius and learning, the ancient etruscan city of Felsina, the Bononia of the Romans, the modern Bologna, impresses the stranger with a weird and ghastly feeling of awe, as though passages and experiences of another existence were recalled to the memory. We sat down in the night at the railway station outside the walls, and passing through the massive gateways, wander along under the interminable corrodors through long and narrow streets, dimly lighted by the flickering taper in many a shrine of the holy virgin; and imagine ourselves in a mediævil city, peopled only with the dim phantoms of the past. Daylight scarcely serves to dispel the illusions of the night in this quaint old city. Domiciled in a hotel entered from the street through an arched passage into a spacious court, with fountain and statuary, filled with rare plants and flowers, we walk about for miles and miles under stone arcades built out over the sidewalks, the fronts of the tall and stately palaces and other buildings of Roman and Lombardic architecture overhanging the narrow streets. We pass the celebrated leaning tower which has preserved its frail center of gravity for so many centuries, and sepulchers and monuments of heroes whose names are only known to us, and enter the churches of San Dominico and San Petronio and many others, filled with columns, statutes and ornaments, the spoil of early struggles with the Saracen and the Turk, with many pictures of the ideal saints and heroes, faithful teachers and holy martyrs for conscience sake.

Passing the Pinacoteca, we find a succession of well-lighted galleries, better adopted to the purpose of exhibiting large pictures than any others in Italy, except the magnificent galleries of Venice, and although the collection is not large it comprises some of the finest examples of the works of Cimu di Comegliano; Vannucci called it Perugino: Robusti called it Tintoretti; Robolini called it Francisca Francia, the friend of Rapheal, and who painted his likeness in Rome; Barbiera called it Guerino, Zampier called it Dominichino and Elizabetta Sirami, the pupil and competitor of Guide Reni. Raphael's famous picture of St. Cecilia represents the Spanish patron of music as a rather stout, and even buxom middle-aged woman dressed in a heavy brocade garment reaching up close to the neck and covering the arms, with no attempt at artistic nudity, in company with four others saints, listening with ecstacy to a concert around the great white throne. The rapt, intense spiritual expression, is very effective and worthy of the great master. There are no conventional tricks of pious custume and pallid devotion, but the artist has taken an ordinary, healthy whole-some looking female and by his genius transformed her into a beautiful and spiritual devotee; even the drapery is full of extatic emotion. The representation of various musical instruments at her feet are beneath the dignity of Raphael, and were painted in by Jean di Udine, one of his pupils. This picture alone draws many tourists to Bologna, although not recognized as equal to many othea of the great artist's masterpieces, for all of his works are masterpieces. There is but one Raphael, and no other artist approaches him as to be worthy to kiss the hem of his garment. Here, also, we see six great pictures of Guido Reni, the most striking and beautiful being the massacre of the innocents, and Samson victorious over the Philistines. Here, also, we see Guido's head of Christ crowned with thorns, designed in paste upon paper, which has been engraved so often and is seen everywhere, and which has become the traditional and conventional representation of our Savoir. These pictures establish the reputation of Guido Reni and entitle him to be ranked among the great artists of his age. Besides the allegorical fresco of daybreak, the "Aurora" of the Raspigliosi palace in Rome, there are no other pictures that so fully exemplify his great genius and justify his being placed in the company of the great masters in painting. His distinguished pupil, Elizabeth Sirani, daughter of Andrea of that name, but for her early death, hastened by partiality and injustice, would have outstriped the master as many gifted scholars have done in all times. Although her designs and paintings were approved they were afterward rejected, and her commission for an important work at Rome annulled, when it was known that the artist was a woman. It was even reported that her strange death, in her 27th year, was caused by poison administered by jealous and disappointed rivals. About a dozen of the productions of her brush, including her masterpiece, "The Adoration of Saint Anthony," are found in these galleries, which attest the prominence of her genius. Some of the smaller ones are exquisitely beautiful, especially "The Apparition of Saint Phillip Neri," and the "Saint Mary Madelaine." Among other paintings by female artists we notice one by Caterina Vigri, painted in 1452, two hundred years before Sirani's time, representing the martyrdom of St. Ursula; also, some fine portraits by Lavinia Fontana, daughter of Prospero Fontana, the preceptor of Calaoci, painted about the year 1600.

The University of Bologna occupies the palace of Cardinal Poggi, which was built by Tibaldi and improved and enriched by Abati and Terachim about the middle of the sixth century, and thus unveils to us an epoch in the history of Italian art. It became the property of senate in the year 1711, and the astronomical observatory was built in 1725 under the patronage of ——, thus reversing the action of a former Pope in condemning the investigations of the great Galileo. The library consists of one hundred and fifty thousand bound volumes and 6000 manuscripts. This institution has long been famous for the exalted learning of its profession, and the superior character of its instruction; and it maintains its pre-eminence to the present day. It has kept pace with the progress of the age, and the investigations of modern thought; and the researches of its professors, and the learned philosophers of Bologna have extended into archæology, and geology and kindred sciences. The great numbers of students availing themselves of the instructions of its different departments—in some seasons exceeding three thousand in number—attest its continued popularity and usefulness. In this palace of learning we enter the amphitheatre—lecture hall—where Luigi Galvani performed so many of his experiments and instructed his pupils in his discovery of animal magnetism, and sit in the same chair upon the forum from which he and other famous scientists and philosophers delivered their discourses. Here, in the year 1466, the daughter of Dr. Andrea Novella lectured upon jurisprudence, standing behind a screen in order that her beauty should not divert the attention of the susceptible young students from the gravity of the subject. The preceding instructor upon the same subject was also a woman, Signorina Calderini, whose portrait exhibits an interesting and intellectual countenance; but she did not render herself so famous as her successor, nor being blessed, or cursed, with such fatal gifts of beauty. Laura Bassi was also a lecturer on philosophy in 1623, and Manzolini, of anatomy in 1760, and Clotildi Timberini was professor of Geeek in 1760. Portraits, busts, and tablets of all these "dottoresse" are to be seen in the grand sala, and the statues of Tamborini and Bassi in the loggin are beautiful specimens of arts and monuments to these noted female professors. So it seems that the right of woman both to know and teach law, physic, philosophy, and language was early recognized among the literati of Bologna. It was reserved to our times to recognize the propriety of her being also a teacher of divinity. The walls of the grand salon of the medical department are covered with representations in fresco of the coats-of-arms of many noble students who graduated in medicine from the university long centuries ago.

Besides the multitudes of arcades throughout the city, there is a covered archway from one of the principal gates of the city—the Porta San Isia—to a church and monastery upon a hill three miles distant. The chapel of the Madonna Di San Luca was built in the year 1160 to contain the picture of the Virgin, painted by the Greek physician and artist, the apostle St. Luke. It became a chapel of pilgrimage, and to accommodate the immense throngs who visited the sacred picture the church was enlarged and beautified, and this arcade constructed at an enormous expenditure of money and a hundred years of time. Among the many magnificent paintings which adorn the walls of this church is a beautiful one by Elizabeth Sirani, painted in her 20th year, representing the baptism of Christ. The arcade is built with two stories, the upper one for foot passengers and the lower one for carriages, and consists of 635 arches of brick and stone and twice as many columns of marble. At intervals along this curious way fifteen chapels are constructed, each bearing upon its wall a fresco representing the fifteen mysteries of the rosary. At the foot of the hill upon which the church is situated is a magnificent arch very appropriately called *Il Arco Meloncello* (the portico of melancholy) from which the arcade branches off to the Convent of Certosa, built in 1335 and suppressed in 1797, and now used as a cemetery. This unique and beautiful burying place occupies the convent which was built upon the ancient site of an Etruscan cemetery, and the cloisters have been enlarged and and added to until it has become a vast metropolis, filled with toombs, statues, tablets, busts, and inscriptions of the most interesting character. The dead are deposited in the massive walls through openings made in the outside, which are closed up with cement, and the monuments and works of art are placed in secure position upon the inside, sheltered from the weather, where they remain for ages. Many of the finest pieces of statuary and antique monuments have been removed from churches and cemeteries in the city and vicinity, and productions of many of the best modern artists, both in painting and sculpture, are found in the numerous chapels and long galleries of this strange sepulchral city of the dead. Here we pause to admire a beautiful full-length statue by Canova or Scandeliari, and there before a bust by Bartolini or Salvini. We are deeply impressed with the appropriate gracefulness and beauty of a white marble female figure set in relievo against a black marble background, representing the pensive sorrow of a young girl at the tomb of her lover—the work of a young Bolognese sculptor. A noble statue of a woman with her finger to her lips, representing silence, stands before the tomb of a gallant young officer killed in a duel. The story is that the officer was the brother-in-law of the silent lady, and that another gentleman, who had also conceived a passion for her, imagined he stood in the way of his success, and in his insane jealousy challenged and shot him. The real history of the affair was never certainly known, as the lady preserved a strict silence in regard to it; but, as the rumors and gossips were very unpleasant to herself and husband, they removed from the country, and another brother caused this singular monument to be erected. Everywhere we see portraits on canvas, and frescoes, and mosaics, on the walls, and one can wander here for hours listening to the gossip of the loquacious custodian, relating to the private and romantic histories of the quiet sleepers beneath these lofty arches of stone, supported by long rows of gleaming white marble columns. Altogether, it is the most appropriate and agreeable receptacle for the dead known to our humanity. There is something repulsive in the idea of the ancient Egyptian caves filled with innumerable bandaged and shriveled images of the dead. The Roman catacombs are dark and gloomy store-houses of nameless bones; and even the modern necropolis of Paris, the famous Pere la Chaise, has the repulsive feature of deep and narrow wells, into which the remains of loved ones are lowered and placed one upon another until the "grave" is filled. Even our modern park cemeteries, embellished with walks and trees, grass and flowers, beautiful as they seem, are redolent with worms and decay, not to mention the unpleasant suggestion of a resurrection before the time and a possible dissecting-room; and many of them seem like immense marble yards, filled as they are with flat head and foot stones, lines of crumbling curbstones, decaying wooden fences, or black and rusting iron inclosures. The disgusting collection of bones in churches in Rome, and in many rural chapels in Switzerland and the Tyrol, labeled "Here lies the bones of our beloved daughter," etc., are simply horrible. If the dead are to be sepulchred and preserved to await a resurrection to a new life, commend us to the cloister system of Bologna. The open area which is surrounded by all these galleries and cloisters is reserved for the burial of the poor, and burned to make room for new comers, the ashes being deposited in urns and placed under the open porticos. This seems barbarous, indeed, when compared with the care taken of the bodies of the rich; but it is no worse than the custom at Pere le Chaise of evicting the tenants of rented graves who are in arrears for rent, and tumbling them into common trenches outside the city; or the Spanish custom of stripping the dead before casting them into a pit with quicklime to hasten decomposition; or even the practice of the Parrees, of Persia, who deposit the bodies of their dead at the summit of tall towers that the birds of prey may pick the flesh from the bones, which then drop through the gratings into the dead charnel pit beneath. Surely there is some better, wiser, more economical, and more philosophical, as well as more natural and agreeable method of disposing of the dead than any of those yet practiced upon this changing and alterating footstool of the Almighty by His darkened and groping children.

Turning from this subject, by an easy transition we are reminded of the coming meeting of the savants of the world who are investigating the history of the dead past by study of the inscriptions written by nature upon her rocks and minerals, preserved in her strata, and revealed by the upheaval of her earthquakes, the eternal corrosion of the elements by the constant action of frost and snow, by the ever changing yet sure and consistent action of her laws. The second international congress of geologists is to be held at Bologna during the coming year. The first congress was held at Paris in 1878. One of the main objects of the conference is to devise a method for the unification of geological names and figures, and the formation of some identical geological nomenclature. It is also proposed to establish an international system of colors and figures adapted to the representation of geological maps. All scientists and philosophers, and observers of the laws of nature, will appreciate this movement, and be struck with its magnitude and importance. and the great advantages it will give to united and systematic scientific research. A common system which scientific men of all nations and all languages can understand will render the dissemination of newly-discovered facts and phenomena easy, and increase the interest and expedite the discoveries of philosophic men throughout the world. Prizes are offered for the best methods, the first prize being five thousand francs, and all plans should be sent before May 1, 1881. Committees will report on Jan. 1, 1882. It is desirable that essays and communications should, as far as possible, be written in French, that being the common diplomatic and scientific language, and better known and understood than any other. Correspondence should be addressed to Prof. M. J. Capelline, President of the Association. It is desired and expected that scientific men of the United States will contribute their mature thought upon this subject, and be present and participate in the deliberations of this most important congress.

FERNANDO JONES.

Iscariots.

The world is full of Iscariots. The original was not so bad as he was painted. He did not mean to compass the death of the Saviour, but though he could save thirty pieces of silver and that the power of his Master was too absolute for any harm to come to him. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men like him in the world. There are men who will betray their country in a small way to make money of it. They console themselves with the thought that the country is too great to be shaken by so little a transaction, and yet out of them have grown all our Indian wars, because of them almost all the sorrows and divisions of the country have come, and because of them the masses have fallen off in respect for the authorities so much that really upright men hesitate before jeopardizing their good names through accepting office, The baneful evil descends to private life and becomes the father of a thousand heart aches and crimes. The clerk loves his employer, would not harm him for the world, and yet some time he ventures to take a dollar, unaccounted for, from the till intending to replace it next day. Like Judas he wants the silver and believes that the act of getting it is not a betrayal of his Master; but the next day he wants more and the result is flight or a prison, or often, as did the Iscariot of old, he goes out and hangs himself. A great evil may cloud or fetter a community. You will find a thousand men who will denounce it to you and tell you it ought to be abated, but if the test comes that requires their presence or their signature they will refuse. Why? Because for the little silver they can gain by hiding their thoughts, they have sold their souls, and are willing to make those who nurse the wrong believe they are smiling approval. The greed for gold is emasculating the world. Men are betraying their Master, principle, every day for it, as much as did Judas Iscariot. They are obsequious to wealth; they smile approval to tyrannies; they withhold their hands from the palms of honest poverty; they betray their own manhood; they are Iscariots for coin. The eyes of mothers catch the gleam of gold and become facinated until they betray their daughters into false marriages even while, like Iscariot, they kiss them. Young girls walk the streets and watch the finery displayed in the windows, and the Iscariot within then begins to whisper "Of course you'll not betray yourself to the world, but you are very poor, and the mantle of the night will conceal for you a little indiscretion." Either the old Iscariot has been too much blamed or there is not blame enough for those who imitate him in modern days. The thing most full of human nature in the New Testament is that the Savior, or even after at His touch the eyes of the blind were opened, and at the sound of His voice the grave gave up its dead—the most natural thing, we say, was that He was betrayed by one He thought his friend, and that He was betrayed for money.

Bill Jones owned one of the bill-boards of a Michigan town, but business being dull he was compelled to sell it in order to pay his hotel bill. It rather bored Bill to have to sell his bill-board to pay his board bill.

A Yankee who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at least by the remark, "the shakers gave it him."

The Littles.

Picking up sticks is slow business, but is profitable if enough sticks are picked up, and if sticks will sell. Gigantic fortunes have been made bygathering fragments that seemed worthless. A Frenchman became wealthy by picking up crusts of bread in the streets of Paris. He dried the crusts and sold them for bird food. During our war men rolled up majestic fortunes by following the army and picking up bits of fat and scraps of meal. There are old men and women who spend their time in hooking out from ash barrels and dirt heaps the little pieces of coal and other substances which have been overlooked. Although these people are dirty and wear tattered clothes, some of them have large possessions. The old Scotch proverb, "Many a nickle makes a muckle," lies at the basis of the successful enterprise of these slow and patient gatherers. Each piece picked up is of infinitesimal value. To the careless observer these pieces seem of no value at all; and it is only when their value is massed that it is perceptible. The fact that the accumulation of the little sometimes leads to solid prosperity contains a wholesome lesson to the profligate persons who squander their little opportunities and throw away their spare moments. To save time and material is not only desirable, but praiseworthy.

There is, on the other hand, a danger of overdoing the business of devotion to the infinitesimals. John Bunyan pictured a man whs was so closely occupied with his muck-rake as to neglect brilliant inducements which were offered him from another direction. This groveling person was delighted to rake together dried leaves and chips of dirt that he could give no attention to the crown of solid worth offered him by a condescending angel.

There is a story of a man who once found great success in picking up pins from the pavement, and who was so pleased by it that he ever afterwards walked with eyes directed downward, looking for pins. History records that in the course of his life he found a great many pins; but it adds that he never had a soul above pins. There was an old merchant down town who had a practice of making out his bills on bits of brown wrapping paper, and of writing his letters on scraps of anything that would hold a pencil-mark. He grew immensely rich; and died despised by everybody, yet leaving a substantial fortune to relatives who rejoiced that such a miser was gone.

Every now and again a few paragraphs and stories go the rounds of the press about how Stephen Girard or some other eminent financier grew rich on saving bits of string or hammering crooked nails straight. These are circulated with a view to making prodigal young men into thrifty ones. We are told that Rothschild or Coutts or Jim Fisk, or somebody, earned their first few thousand dollars by untying string from bundles instead of cutting it into short and valueless bits. A. T. Stewart is by some people supposed to have taken his first steps to wealth by making crooked nails from packing boxes into straight ones. It is not recorded how many times he mashed his thumb in the early stages of his busines, when crooked nails dodged the blows of the hammer and flew up to hit him in the eye. The Astors are supposed to have saved enough on bait for the traps in which old Mr. Astor caught the animals whose fur he sold to erect the big hotel in New York which bears their name. And so it is with stories of others who have piled up the world's wealth.

Now the fact is that a great many of these stories and examples are simply ridiculous, and lead young men to substitute the ignoble for the noble in their purposes and aims. There were days in which it paid for an intelligent young man to straighten nails, for hardware was not then what it is now. When nails are as now only a few cents a pound, mest young men can employ their time in better ways. An industrious youth does well to be thrifty in the use of twine and other sundries, but if he spend ten cents' worth of time and effort in saving three cents' worth of string, the investment is a poor one. The man who wants to hold his head high among men of business has nothing to gain by using old scraps of paper instead of decent stationery. There is a commendable sort of thrift and there is a thrift which is despicable. The man with the muck-rake may have been an industrious fellow, but give us rather the man who has enterprise enough to look upwards and ambition enough to robe himself in a becoming manner, while he diligently seeks success in great things as well as small and in those which are worth looking after rather than in those which are to be despised.

Oregon Machinery Depot.

H. P. Gregory & Co., importers and commission merchants of San Francisco, have lately opened a branch of their house at No. 43 Front street, Portland. For many years they have been known as one of the heaviest California firms dealing in machinery, engines, etc., and their large and growing trade in Oregon has compelled them to open a house here. Mr. Stewart McClure is the resident partner here, and is a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. They carry wood working machinery of all kinds, saw mills and saws, machinists tools, steam engines and boilers, lubricating oils, blowers and exhaust fans, and make rubber goods a specialty. A complete line of engineer supplies can always be found at their Portland house, where the best of terms is always given to the trade. Catalogues sent on application.

Beach & Co.

This firm, successors to Coggins & Beach, dealers in paints, oils, glass, doors, sash, blinds, etc., is doing a very extensive business, which extends to various points on the North Pacific Coast. They import direct from the East the great bulk of their stock, which enables them to sell cheaper than those who purchase their stock either in San Francisco or this city, and which accounts for their rapid increase of patronage. Persons desiring anything in their line would do well to give them a call before investing elsewhere.

Every music teacher or musician in Oregon, Washington Territory or Idaho, who will send their name and address to Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison St., Portland, will receive free for three months, a copy of his *Musical Review*, containing three new pieces of music each month, besides current musical news.

"The Hindoos perform the wonderful trick of making a mango out of nothing. The nearest approach we can make to that trick is to make a man go out of a door."—[Boston Post. We can do worse than that. We can make a man go out of his senses by inflicting such jokes upon him.

Our infidel reporter remarks that Bob Ingersoll can juggle the Anglo-Saxon language better than any man in America.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

To the People of the Great Northwest.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO A few facts and ask your careful consideration of the same.

First—That nearly nine-tenths of the people on this coast are afflicted with CATARRH in one or more of its various forms; many of whom are not aware of the origin of their sufferings, and consequently, in spite of all they are able to do, continue to suffer.

Second—That the accepted theory of the disease—that it "is simply a local inflammation of the mucous membrane lining of the nasal passages, produced by a cold"—as advocated by most practising physicians, is erroneous in the extreme, else why do they not cure so simple a disease which is merely the result of a cold?

Third—That Catarrh is not simply LOCAL but CONSTITUTIONAL also, being of scrofulous origin, hence capable of transmission to offspring, which accounts in part for its rapid increase.

Fourth—That vaccination is one of the prime causes of all scrofulous diseases, of which that form known as CATARRH is most prevalent.

Fifth—That without the proper CONSTITUTIONAL treatment, all LOCAL means must prove futile, why then longer continue the use of Snuffs, Douches, Inhalents, etc.?

Sixth—That we have made the above facts a life study, having been a great sufferer ourselves from this worst of curses, until CURED BY OUR OWN REMEDY, and are fully warranted in the assertion that they are FACTS; having for more than twelve years based our treatment of that loathsome disease, CATARRH, upon the above principles with the very best of success. So anxious were we to find a remedy that was specific for the cure of this disease that we have tested at different times in our practice most of the remedies now in use, and found that they were gotten up upon theory, and not on actual knowledge of the disease. Having become fully convinced that our theory of the disease is correct, and that when directions are strictly followed

OUR REMEDY IS SPECIFIC,

We have decided to place our SURE CURE FOR CATARRH in the hands of druggists throughout the great northwest, at the very nominal price of ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE. Already thirty druggists have ordered, and the SURE CURE has been sent them—some the second and third lots since August 15th. Nine of the leading druggists of Portland have it in stock: the well known and reliable firm of Hodge Davis & Co. are wholesale agents. Were it not that the Remedy possesses intrinsic merit, such a widespread demand and sale could not be effected in so short a time. The fact is that during our three years' practice in Portland we have fully established the reputation of DR. JAMES KECK'S SURE CURE FOR CATARRH.

We would caution you from purchasing—for the same as Dr. Keck's—any "Catarrh Remedy" which has not the autograph signature "JAMES KECK, M. D." upon each package, as some having other remedies on hand of which they wish to dispose, are representing them to be the same as Dr. Keck's; of course if ours were WORTHLESS they would not be compelled to resort to this unprincipled means to effect sales of inferior preparations.

Remember also that we make a SPECIALTY of the treatment of diseases of WOMEN

Very respectfully yours,
DR. JAMES KECK,
135 First Street, Portland.

November 1, 1880. n9

REMEMBER

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I have suffered from a kidney difficulty for the past ten years, accompanied with nervous spasms. Physicians gave me but temporary relief, but after using three and one-half bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, my nervous spasms were entirely relieved. My age is 77 years. I recommend this great remedy to all suffering from nervous troubles. MRS. MARY REESE.
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The Friend of Delicate Ladies.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the remedy that will cure the many diseases peculiar to women, Headaches, neuralgia, disordered nerves, weakness, mental shocks, and kindred ailments are effectually removed by its use.—The Mother's Magazine.

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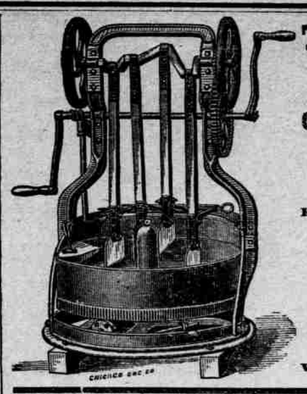

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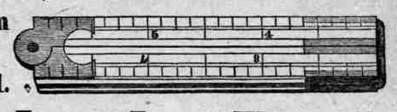
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