

A SEWING GIRL.

"Now, girls, this won't do!" said Madame Molini, pouncing upon the six pale sewing-girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to sit and fold your hands, like fine ladies. Miss Sedgewick, you are waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why don't you go on with those buttonholes? Miss Fox, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once."

"But, madame, I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Fox.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setters at the windows opposite?" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mulleens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice, in the goodly city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth avenue as a French modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work. "I stopped just a minute, madame, with that bad pain in my side," she said, beginning to stitch away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said madame, severely, "you had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine and bought and paid for!" While Miss Sedgewick, in self defense, urged that she had not enough silk gimp to trim the polonaise and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated madame, "not enough! I know there is enough. You may just rip it off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically, and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages. What's that, Flora Fay?—the mode-colored silk dress? Finished?—And where are the two and a-half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed girl, recently from the country, who stood in an unconsciously graceful attitude before the fat and florid dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfasted the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening, uncut silk, and whisked it away upon a shelf. Two yards and a-half isn't much, but it's better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened the innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as madame rustled off to sordid the errand-boy for putting too much coal on the grate-fire.

"Don't you know, little silly?" whispered Miss Fox, laughing. "It's what she cabbages."

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora in amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You will, when you see the mode silk made up into a sleeveless basque for madame," said the other, "trimmed with the gimp that was left from Mrs. Astor's dinner dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white damasse ball costume."

"But you don't mean," said the breathless Flora, "that madame takes the silk that is left from the customers' dresses?"

"Gossip!" cried Miss Fox, "don't talk nonsense any longer. It's what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception room bell," shrilly called madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the pretty room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded mouldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea captain who boarded at the same quiet and inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a hall bedroom at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds having once boarded a summer at the old Fay farm house up among the Berkshires hills, and still retaining a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's kindness during the illness which overtook her there.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Admiration carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I sew in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half-sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of questioning surprise; "but she's very nice, and is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode-colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready." And presently madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high catches.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a young lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights, and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not made up in the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not all here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of polite impassibility. "The bias puffs and folds cut up the material shockingly, and—"

But at this moment little Flora Fay, who was packing some tulle capes and flous into a bandbox, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk, Miss Fox," she interrupted—"don't you remember?—on the shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip. Madame Molini, with ominously-darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of the silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper and handed it to Miss Fortescue, muttering something about "a mistake made by one of her young women;" and the young lady departed, a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay, with a scarlet spot glowing on each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged!"

"Discharged!" echoed Flora. "For what?"

"I want no one in my service," said madame, "who is too conscientious to fulfill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of that silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employment!"

So poor little Flora went crying home with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the boarding-house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No, she's not ill," said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she don't look out. She's boarding here, Captain Drake, on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a shadow, because she's lost her situation at that dressmaking place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run in debt, she says, not even for a meal of victuals. Ah!" the good woman added, "I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake.

"And Mrs. Drake, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story."

"It's a shame!" cried the captain.

"Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Arkwright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you would only come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, quite, said Mrs. Arkwright. And in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country-girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came there nearly every day; and little Flora, all unconscious of her own feelings began to watch for his daily visit as a heliotrope-blossom watches the sun.

Until, at last, there was talk of another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I have been here long enough," she said. "If I go to the Exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need change."

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter.

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling that I should sail to Jeddo?"

"I always had a horror of the sea," whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But, of course, Captain Drake, you must do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently, and when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table linen she was neatly hemming for Mrs. Arkwright.

"How bold and unmanly it is of me," she thought, to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me! If he had cared one iota for me would he not have said so?"

But the next evening at dusk Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he were still treading the deck of a strongly built outward-bound vessel.

"Don't run away, Flora," said he, as the girl caught up her work and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did—did you want to speak to me?" she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't I always want to speak to you. Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear what I've been planning."

"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart. He is going to be married, and he has come to tell me so."

"I have at last decided to give up the seafaring business," said Captain Drake, slowly.

"Have you?" fluttered Flora, faintly. "I am so glad."

"And I have bought a fine farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm, Flora, where you were born and brought up. I'm going to be a farmer."

She looked at him, the rose and lily following each other across her pretty cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "if I could only see the dear old place once more."

"But I won't go there to live," said the captain, determinedly, "unless you'll go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife. What do you think of it, little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. Arkwright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered, the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion.

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there's nothing in all the world that I haven't courage to undertake."

And when Mrs. Arkwright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered:

"I think I am the happiest creature in all the world to-night. Because, dear Mrs. Arkwright, he loves me."

Eminent Shoemakers.

Perhaps it was Coleridge who first remarked upon the great number of shoemakers that have become eminent in various walks of life; and certain it is that magazines and newspapers have found in men who sprang from this employment to higher things many subjects for interesting sketches, obituary notices and special articles.

There was a man years ago in Portland, Me., probably a shoemaker, but to all events too modest to give his name—who published a book which he called "Eminent Shoemakers," and the news that John Mackintosh, a shoemaker of Aberdeen has written two volumes of a "History of Civilization in Scotland" will give interest to some of the celebrated names which Portland shoemakers succeeded in bringing together.

Wm. Gifford, the founder, and long the editor of the London Quarterly Review, and then whom probably no shoemaker ever had "one author" thrown at him more often, or with better effect, told, we are informed, six long years at the trade which he "hated with a perfect hatred." George Fox, whom by the way, Carlyle has celebrated as one of the noblest men in England, "making himself a suit of leather," divided his time between making shoes and caring for sheep until he began to preach those sermons of his, and to do that Christian work which gave unto the world the first organization of the Society of Quakers. Robert Bloomfield, the poet, made shoes, and of him it was once said that he was the most "spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl." Hans Sachs, the friend of Luther, who wrote five folio volumes in verse that are printed, and five others that are not, was a most diligent maker of shoes in quaint old Nuremberg, and for all he wrote, never made a shoe the less, he said, and virtually reared a large family by the labor of his hands, independent of his poetry.

Among others this author mentions no less a name than Noah Worcester; Roger Sherman, too, is on the list, and Thomas Holcroft. Others might be—Henry Wilson one of them. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the father of John Adams, our second President and the father of our sixth, made many a shoe in his day during the leisure which his farm life gave him.

Why no Scotchmen go to Heaven.

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland, Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer no?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I o' a king that your Majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said: "The King of Heaven."

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A Beautiful Thought.

Ashes, after being thrown out, may be covered over with snow, so that they are completely hidden from view, and the spot looks as pure and beautiful as if they were not there; but in the spring, when the crystal covering is gone, the ashes appear again, and are not pleasant to look upon. "Tis the same way with a man's character. He may cover it for a time, carefully keeping all his sins from view, under the shield of fine clothing, money and good family connections, but when he comes in contact with the world everything is seen in its true light at the proper time. There is nothing particularly new nor beautiful about this idea, but the thought suggested itself the other morning when the head of the family instructed us to empty some of the ashes aforesaid. It was a mighty cold morning and we didn't feel like walking in the snow, so to save time—which is money—we dumped the cinders in the snow only a few feet from the door. We supposed they were well covered, but it was subsequently developed that they were not, and it was while shoveling them up that the beautiful thought came to us.

Truth is often funnier as well as stranger than fiction. Last Friday a newly-married couple, on their wedding tour, stopped at a hotel in Binghamton, and after having been assigned a room, were escorted to the elevator. After viewing the interior of the little room in the elevator, the groom stepped out and asked the clerk if he took him for a greenhorn. The clerk replied in the negative. "Then give me a room with a bed in it," replied the unsophisticated young man. Matters were explained, and the elevator shot upward to the third story.—(Oil City Derrick.)

FOUND AT LAST.

A Positive and Never Failing Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Gout.

Hundreds of testimonials given to Dr. Henley, un-asked, are in his possession from his own women, living right here among us, testifying to the wonderful curative powers of his Rheumatic Neutralizer. Dr. Henley refers only to the testimonials given by well known parties in our midst, and never relies on far off and unknown individuals, as supporting what he claims to be true of his Rheumatic Neutralizer, that it will cure any case of rheumatism in existence. The doctor long since discovered the folly of applying external remedies for a disease that has its seat in the deepest channels of the blood, and therefore set to work to discover a remedy for rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice in his Rheumatic Neutralizer.

A DEFINITION OF RHEUMATISM.

If you have a thorn or splinter in your finger and you put on chlorine, or some other thing, you stop the sensibility of pain for a time only. The thorn is still there, and as soon as the effect of the drug dies away the pain returns. In order to get rid of the pain you must have that which has reached the flesh. That is precisely the same way with Rheumatism; you might rub on the skin some drug to stop the pain for a little time, but the pain is sure to return as soon as the effect of the drug dies away. Now it has been proven beyond the slightest doubt that Rheumatism is in the deepest channels of the blood, and that there is no other way to reach it than through the blood. This has been demonstrated right here in Portland by dozens of people that have been cured by Dr. Henley's Rheumatic Neutralizer. That it is the only medicine that has ever reached the cause and made Lasting and Permanent Cures. In fact, the only true principle for eradicating Rheumatism from the system is through the blood. It is a pack of nonsense to attempt any other method, that is, if you would wish a Permanent and Lasting Cure.

The doctor has come to the conclusion, after twenty-two years travel and close investigation, that the Liver has a great deal to do with Rheumatism. A man or woman with a good sound Liver seldom or never has any pains or aches. The doctor has put up a Concentrated Liver Pill, one pill for a dose. One of these Pills has more effect in rousing the torpid Liver than a gross of other Pills. By all means use the Concentrated Liver Pills in connection with the Neutralizer.

OFFICE: 203 Third Street, near Taylor, Portland, Oregon.

RODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Dodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles B. Laid, auditor of that state, was afflicted with the terrible kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Auditor's Dept., Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Dodge, Davis & Co., Dear Sirs:—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for my kidney system, which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,

CHAR. B. LAID.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Dodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer in Oregon or Washington. Price \$1 per box.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. M. Cannon, president of the bank of Spokane Falls and treasurer of Spokane county, is here to purchase mangle machinery. He seems to be well pleased with the present improvement of the mangle, and regards the future establishment, as its natural resources and advantages are such that invite immigration and capital to develop it. As regards his eyesight, he speaks in high terms of the operation performed by Dr. Pilkington, oculist of Portland, who some months ago performed a delicate operation upon the eye by cutting open the eyelid and removing a portion of iris and restoring perfect vision. Mr. Cannon will leave for home the first of the week.—(Daily Oregonian.)

Many persons miss their vocations in life because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls.

Frank G. Abell, the Gold Medal Photographer of Portland, is always good natured and happy, and no wonder, as his customers are always pleased with his work and pronounce it superb.

The "Pawnee, or Life's Lottery," is the sensation at the Elite theater, Portland, this week, with hosts of new stars in their specialties.

Messrs.—Largest stock on the northwest coast, orders filled promptly. Send stamp for catalogue and journal, Wiley B. Allen 153 Third Street, Portland.

Send \$1.00 to W. D. Palmer, Portland, for one year's subscription to the Pacific Over-seer, the great semi-monthly A. O. U. W. paper.

Emmons Blaine, the ex-Senator's youngest son, is a clerk in a railroad office at Fond du Lac.

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

O. N. P. Co. (Newspapers), No. 47.

Portland Business Directory.

MARK & WEBER, CIVIL ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS.

EMPIRE BAKERY.—Washington, Wash. You & I, Mr. Baker, Manufacturers of "White Bread," "Soft Rolls," "Pork and Beans" and Boston "Brown Bread" every Sunday morning.

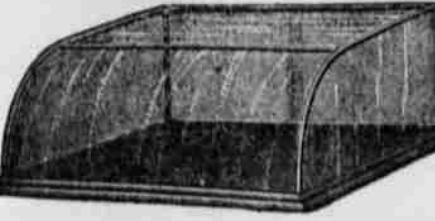
C. B. FEY.—Oak Street, Real Estate, insurance, manufacturer of Steel and Brass Stamp, Dies, Blanks, and other tools. Orders filled promptly.

BUENA VISTA POTTERY.

WHOLESALE DEPOT.—25 and 29 Front, A. M. Smith Prop., Manufacturers of all the same ware. Broom, brooms, axes, fire brick, etc. Country orders filled promptly.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. KENNEDY.—Attorney and Counselor at Law, Room 5 Decker's building. Legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for Inventions, before the Patent Office, or in the Courts, a specialty.



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This great Strengthening Remedy and Nerve Tonic is the best and most reliable of all the remedies of the kind. It is a powerful tonic for the system, and is especially adapted for the treatment of all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, General Debility, Nervousness, Irritability, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Loss of Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, Loss of Vigor, Loss of Energy, Loss of Force, Loss of Strength, Loss of Endurance, Loss of Stamina, Loss of Vitality, Loss of Health, Loss of Life.

It contains nothing injurious to the system, and is perfectly safe for all ages and conditions. It is a powerful tonic for the system, and is especially adapted for the treatment of all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, General Debility, Nervousness, Irritability, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Loss of Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, Loss of Vigor, Loss of Energy, Loss of Force, Loss of Strength, Loss of Endurance, Loss of Stamina, Loss of Vitality, Loss of Health, Loss of Life.

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