

# OREGON SCOUT

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

## AS HE GROWS GREYER.

The leaves may fall on the autumn wind,  
But they never can fade away.  
For the blood red leaf of October  
Is more grand than the verdant of May.

The blossoms of spring-time bear promise  
and hope  
To the heart that is happy in youth,  
But the golden sheaf and the crimson leaf  
Tell the grander story of Truth.

They prove that the past was worth living—  
Its promise and hope not in vain,  
The promise of spring-time is richly fulfilled  
In the red leaf and rich golden grain.

To my mind this thought brings a couplet  
I read in a poem one day—  
"Will you love me, then, 'mid the falling  
leaves  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?"

Youth's love, like the promise of spring-time,  
Is hopeful and happy and bright,  
"Twill truer and firmer and happier be  
In life's waning, yet rich, golden light.

As I love the dear look of honey brown hair  
With a love that can ne'er fade away—  
With the same true love—yet hallowed by  
time—  
I will love the dear locks of gray.

—Eugene H. L. Rondolph.

## "PENNY GAFFS."

A Cheap and Harmless Kind of Amusement.

Fat and Lean Women and "Freaks of Nature," as seen in London—Something About the Risks of the Business.

London! One Saturday night I was strolling aimlessly along one of the principal market thoroughfares in the neighborhood of Hoxton, when my attention was drawn to a crowd of people outside a shop, the window of which, instead of being filled, as usual, with goods suited to the requirements of the locality, was occupied by a large canvas, painted all over in glaring colors with marvelous figures of performing dogs, fat women, skeletons, giants, red Indians and a number of odd-looking animals, to classify which under their correct genus would have puzzled the most eminent living naturalist. In front of the shop a piano-organ, evidently ordered to stop there for the occasion, poured forth such cheering lays as "Wait till the Clouds Roll By," "Jeanie," and "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," varied by a lively jig or breakdown, which was the signal for a number of children in the roadway to perform singular gymnastic feats, which passed muster for dancing. A fat man with a red face and a very hoarse voice stood guard at the entrance to the shop—the inside of which was concealed from the eager gaze of those without by a dirty curtain of green baize stretched across the doorway—and endeavored to induce the crowd to pay their pennies and "walk in." His harangue, frequently repeated, was something like this: "Just agoin' to begin, Signor Barberino's great traveling show—admission one penny—where can be seen the wonderful fat woman of California, and that hextraordinary freak o' nature, the armless child, which can write with its feet, and never knows the loss of its harms, 'cos it never had none, and also 'cos nater 'as provided it with legs what does twice as well. Now, then, there—stand aside, and let the lady pass." (This to a group of small boys who had got as near to the doorway as possible.) "Thank you, marm—Just agoin' to begin, as exhibited before all the crowned 'eads of Europe and all the ryal family, and specially engaged to appear at the Himpieral theater of Peking, in Chiney.—No dogs admitted, sir; and children must be paid for.—Signor Barberino's," etc.

The impression left on most of the crowd seemed to be that if they missed that show, it would be a matter of regret to them for the rest of their natural life, for they pressed eagerly forward and paid their pennies. In about seven minutes the shop was crammed with a miscellaneous crowd of men, women—with some of their purchases for the Sunday dinner bulging out of baskets too small to contain them—and boys and girls of that intermediate age between childhood and youth; little children in the charge of bigger children; and one or two of a better class of young men, who seemed to have dropped in merely for the fun of the thing.

I entered with a number of others, and obtained a place as near as I could to another hanging of green baize at the further end of the shop, for I imagined that behind this must be concealed some of the wonders so graphically painted on the canvas outside. The place having become full, the green baize was drawn aside, and a young man with a very East-end look handed out a short, fat, ugly, greasy-looking woman of about four feet in height, but weighing, I should think, about eighteen stone. She was dressed in a showy, tawdry material, covered with elaborate trimmings equally tawdry, and seemed pleased with the amount of attention she received. When the East-end young man had finished a minute account of her height, weight, age, measurements, etc., members of the crowd were requested to "shake hands with the fat lady;" and an intimation was given that should any of the audience, in the performance of this act of friendly greeting, pass any coin of the realm from their own into the lady's palm, why—well, the fat lady would not be offended.

This part of the ceremony having been got through, displaying on the

part of the crowd an eager desire to get near enough to have the honor of touching the lady's hand, she was handed back again behind the baize screen; and another woman, the antipodes of the first one, made her appearance. She was about five feet eight inches in height, dressed in dirty white muslin, covered all over with pale blue and pink bows. The East-end young man stated she was only four stone in weight, and gave various other particulars, which were all received by the audience with rapt attention. The sight of this hideous specimen of humanity was too much for me, and I elbowed my way to the door, thus missing the remaining attractions of the show, including the "hextraordinary freak o' nature the armless child," whom, however, I was destined to see at a future date.

The following Monday afternoon I was passing on business through the same thoroughfare, when I observed the red-faced man with the hoarse voice standing, or rather lounging, outside the entrance to the show. Having a quarter of an hour to spare, and feeling interested in the extraordinary beings I had seen on the previous Saturday, I accosted him, and asked him if he would come and have something to warm him at a neighboring public-house; intimating, as an excuse for my speaking to him, that I had been in his show on the Saturday. No apologies seemed necessary, and I proceeded to question him as to the working, prospects, etc., of his show.

"Where do we get the living curiosities from? Well—lots o' places; generally the least likely uns. Sometimes a poor family has some sort o' deformed child born, and they gits to hear as 'ow, in a show like ours' (the straightened himself up), "they gits taken good care on, and 'as a chance o' making something besides what we pays 'em. They comes and offers us the curiosity; and if we thinks it'll take, why, we gives 'em a sum down, and so much a week as long as they're with us; and precious glad they are of it, they are. You see, it's friendly all round; it pays us; it pays the poor people; it pleases the curiosity; and it amuses the public. If we didn't take 'em into our show, they'd very likely git sent to the workhouse, or kicked about and ill-treated, 'cos they wouldn't be able to earn their own living. But when they're with us, their people gits kind o' proud of 'em, and will come and 'ang around the show, and seem glad if they can git any one to listen to 'em when they says they're related to the curiosities inside. There's always plenty of offers a-coming to us. Sometimes we buys a performing animal of some circus people when he's old and not good enough for them, but quite smart enough for us. Sometimes we gits 'em young, and trains 'em ourselves. Sometimes—But there—it won't do to tell you hevery thing, or you'll be writing to the newspapers or something o' that kind."

This dark allusion to something mysterious heightened my curiosity, and I endeavored to draw him out further, but with no success; and he presently went on again as follows:

"Pay—Yes, of course it pays, else we shouldn't keep on the same lay. There ain't much to be done anywhere in the daytime, and none at all just here; but of a-night, we can fill the show as many times as we likes; and although it's only a penny, when there's sixty or seventy people go in every quarter of an hour, you see it mounts up. Lots on 'em goes in three or four times, they gits so interested. After one show's over and a fresh batch ready, some of those who went in first 'll come back and pay agin, p'raps bringing a friend, who was awaiting to hear what the first one said about it; and then they goes in agin, 'cos they can't remember how much the fat lady weighs; or else they gits to feel a sort o' pride that they've bin to our show more times than any o' their mates. Lor bless you, sir, I'd lieve some on 'em feels sorry they wasn't born a curiosity themselves! Yes, it's always best to git in what's called a low neighborhood, though why it should be called low, I dunno. Poor people's pennies are as good as any one else's, as far as I can make out; and if any o' the young fellers ever gits obstreperous or a-teasing of the curiosities, we've only got to speak a bit sharp to 'em, and they're as quiet as a murderer after he's been and got 'anged."

The reader will observe that his similes were both forcible and original.

"Yes, about a week is the time for staying in one place—sometimes a fortnight, and we have ran as long as three weeks when we've had some first-class curiosities. But we allus seems to be moving, and never gits settled. Of course, if one of our best attractions dies, as they often does if the weather's bad, we have to shut up for a time, 'cos it gits noised about that there ain't half so much to be seen as 'as announced. There never is, you say? Well, and wot if there ain't? Are 'e any worse than any one else, I should like to know? Is the man what advertises medicine to cure every thing a-telling the truth any more than us? Is the man what waters his milk, and takes his davy it's pure, any better? No; but just 'cos it's us, and our show ain't quite all what it says on the canvas, we gits called rogues and swindlers."

I saw it was time to replenish the empty tumbler; but, in spite of it, I could get very little more out of the hoarse-voiced man. I had evidently touched his dignity, so, wishing him "crowded houses" wherever he went, I left him to his reflections on the inequalities of social adventures generally.

Since then I have been to scores of "peppy gaffs," as they are called in the

neighborhoods which are favored with their visits, and have seen natural deformities ("freaks of nature," the canvas generally has it), wild animals (generally poor beasts which want a lot of gauding before their "hot blood" can be got up sufficiently to make them look fierce), fat women and skeletons, strong men and dwarfs, jugglers and acrobats, performing dogs, snake-charmers, and latterly, "thought-readers;" the last-mentioned having all been pupils of the leading thought-readers of the day, and paid a fabulous sum for their initiation into the many mysteries of the art. Sometimes the tricks done are really clever; sometimes as transparent as crystal; often, by the aid of an accomplice, who, despite his endeavors to appear to be one of the crowd, can generally be picked out by the discerning, because he invariably overdoes his part; and sometimes they are not tricks at all, but miserable attempts, which deceive nobody. But the people who go to see them are satisfied, and that is every thing. They can give a penny where they could not afford sixpence; and, if the entertainment is not intellectual, it is certainly not very harmful, the only real objectionable feature being the exhibition of natural, or, more correctly speaking, unnatural human deformities.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## STREET POLITENESS.

An Essay Toward Proving That Manners Should Make Women as Well as Men.

The ladies of this city are rapidly learning to keep to the right on muddy crossings, and are also adopting other simple courtesies which are putting them to the front as the handsomest and best of the sisterhood in America, but occasionally an obstinate, strong-minded, contrary specimen is encountered, who will persist in ambulating to the left, or doing some other equally inconsistent and unnecessary act. A gentleman who has traveled extensively in Europe remarked to a reporter, while discussing some of the characteristics of the gentler sex, that the men of America are largely to blame for the disposition of some of the fair creatures to take this surrender of every thing as a matter of course, for they have so long treated them with such gallantry that many have been educated into regarding as a right what is simply a courtesy. In Paris or Vienna, for instance, if a street car be crowded with males, and a lady should enter, not one of them would venture to offer a seat, and the lady herself would not expect it. The women there have never been taught that they had any more rights than a man, and for that reason, if an American should extend a courtesy he is accustomed to at home, he would be stared at as an Anak, and even the lady herself would be tempted to regard it as impertinent. And then he said that the ingralianties to the ladies to be met with across the Continent were sufficient to keep an American's blood boiling, and he never wanted to see similar rudeness extend to this country, although the ladies sometimes invited it by the matter-of-fact way in which they pre-empted every thing in the line of accommodation to which their fancy inclined.

It was Florence Marryat who once wrote that Americans excelled all nations in attention to their women, but that the American ladies were the most unmanly; but she awarded the palm of boorishness to the men of her own nationality, which is English. In New York, and even in cultivated Boston, a churlish treatment of ladies in a public conveyance is beginning to make itself felt, and in the former city the *Six* sneeringly speaks of an incident on a car, where a gentleman surrendered his seat as a "lost art." The average American, however, whether rich or lowly, is proud of a chance to be tender and chivalric to a lady, and he is amply compensated if his courtesy be recognized as a courtesy, and not accepted as a right.

It seems like a little thing to keep to the right on a muddy crossing, but there are many ladies walking about who never stop to consider the limited passage, and coolly appropriate it as they would a seat in a car. There are men, too, who do this thing, but as a general thing they do it at the risk of being pushed to one side, for they know that while the average man will take a good deal of a woman he will stand no foolishness from one of his own sex, and will elbow him into the mud without the slightest compunction of conscience if he neglected to obey the common law of keeping to the right.—*Indianapolis News.*

## A Congressman's Faithfulness.

As John Quincy Adams, then a representative in Congress, was crossing the hall of the House of Representatives on the afternoon of Monday, May 18, 1840, one of his feet caught in the straw matting on the floor, and caused him to fall with such violence as to dislocate his right shoulder. After being conveyed to his residence, however, the shoulder was restored to its socket, and, regardless of what most men would consider a very sufficient reason for remaining at home, this faithful representative, with his bandaged shoulder and disabled right arm, was again at his post in the House of Representatives at the usual hour of meeting the next day.—*Bos. Perley Post, in Boston Budget.*

"Have you ever sat upon an iniquity?" asked the coroner of a cowboy. "Betcher life I hev, stranger," was the ready answer. "And what kind of a verdict did you bring in?" "A charge of murder against the doctor."—*N. Y. Herald.*

A York State judge is wrestling with the question whether hatching eggs is manufacturing chickens.

## SCALLOP FISHING.

How One of the Rare Delicacies of the Eastern Markets is Obtained.

Though it had long previously been enjoyed by the shore towns in New England, the introduction of the scallop as an edible into the New York markets is as recent as 1858 or '59. Now the annual product of the fishery, which is restricted in area and subject to much variation, amounts to something like 75,000 gallons in all, worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars at first cost; and New York receives and dispenses about three-fourths.

The species of scallop in question is *Pecten irradians*, which is common in suitable places all along our coast. Besides this there are half-a-dozen other varieties, living at more or less depths in the Western Atlantic, one of which, the great *Pecten tenuicostatus* of the coast of Maine and the Bay of Fundy, was formerly highly valued by the people of that region, but now is too scarce to appear on the tables of even "the rich" except at rare intervals.

Scallops are caught by hand-dredging from small sail boats. The dredges are about thirty inches in width, have a scraper blade upon the bottom, and in favorable weather several may be thrown over from each boat. In shoal water an iron-framed dip net is sometimes used on calm days. It is pretty hard work, and entails exposure to very severe weather.

The only edible part of the scallop is the spongy mass of muscle (the adductor) which holds the shells together, and this part is skillfully cut out by "openers," who have their homes at the landing places where the dredgers take their cargoes to be sold. It is the buyer, not the dredger, who "opens" or "cuts out" the meat and prepares it for market. In some places men alone are employed in this work, at others women and girls for the most part, and they will earn from eighty cents to \$1.25 a day. The work is performed with great dexterity. The motions of an expert opener are but three after the scallop is in hand. The bivalve is taken in the left hand, palm up, with the hinges of the scallop towards the opener's body. The knife—a simple piece of steel ground sharp, and with one end stuck in a wooden handle—is inserted in the opening of the shell furthest from the breast. The upper "eye" is severed through by this movement. A dirt at the same moment throws off the upper shell. The second motion cuts the lower fastenings of the eye to the upper shell and takes the soft and useless rim off. The last motion pitches the shell into one barrel and the soft and slimy rim into another, while the eye is thrown into a basin of yellow stoneware holding a gallon. They are then poured from the basin into a large colander, thoroughly washed, placed in clean boxes and shipped to New York and Brooklyn. As little fresh water or ice is placed in contact with the "meats" as possible, as it is thought detrimental to their firmness and flavor. As this is altogether a winter operation, the help of ice in transportation is not usually needed.

There is, or ought to be, no waste in the scallop fishery. On Long Island the refuse is taken by the farmers as manure. The sea-faring agriculturists have always been accustomed to replenish their half-exhausted lands with the scrapings of the beach, and with the menhaden and other seine-fish which could be caught plentifully enough for the purpose in the offing—much to the disgust of every stranger who found himself to be toward their fields. This demand failing, there is always sale for the refuse to the regular fertilizer-factories scattered along the shore.

The shells are preferred above all others by the oyster-planters as "stools" or "cutch" to spread upon their deep-water planting-beds as objects upon which the oyster-spawn may "set" and grow. This wise preference is due to the fragility of the scallop-shell, permitting it to break into pieces under the strain of a growing cluster of oysters, each one of which will be benefited by the separation, which frees it from the crowding of its fellows and gives it room to expand by itself into comely and valuable rotundity, instead of remaining a strap-shaped distorted member of a coalescent group. All their shells, therefore, can easily be sold by the openers to the oystermen at from three to five cents a bushel.—*Bruce Ingersoll, in American Naturalist.*

Excavations in Rome.

The Roman archeologist, Prof. Rudolfo, has had for the past sixteen years the absolute control of Roman excavations. Speaking of his work in conversation, he said: "The excavations in Rome are now being conducted by the national government, the municipal government and private citizens. Hundreds of statues and busts we have found, some of marble, others of costly bronze, many in perfect preservation. The Government has spent within the last twelve years not far from \$1,000,000, but it has been a remarkable business investment, for the value of our finds is placed at \$4,000,000. So rapidly is the work going on that we are almost unable to store properly from day to day the results of excavation."—*N. Y. Post.*

George Panenke, of Anoka, Minn., with his dog and gun, started to walk to a lumber camp. He met two men, and leaned on his gun as he talked to them. His dog jumped upon him, hit the hammer of the gun with his paw, the gun was discharged, and George was shot dead.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## WHO KNOW ITS VALUE?

That is a fair question in regard to anything, and as to "Compound Oxygen" it may have the complete sort of an answer by any applicant to Drs. STARKEY & FALES, 133 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who have names to whom they may with full consent refer in nearly every State and Territory of the United States. Judge Kelley, "father of the United States House of Representatives," heads the list of willing witnesses. Every professional practitioner is represented. Send for the literature on the subject which will come to you free.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filed by H.A. Matthews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the river Kishna. It is more than 6000 feet in length, and is 12,000 feet high.

## A SUGGESTION TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unhealthful influences, upon which they implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects of vitiated atmosphere, uncustomed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health. On long voyages, or journeys in the adjacent tropics, it is especially useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zone on their journey or traveling in such regions, and it is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intermittent and remittent fever, and other diseases of a malarial type, but cures them, and is especially recommended for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia and other countries.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you are becoming bent forward.

Don't bark, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sarg's Catarrh Remedy.

Try a cloth wrung from cold water, put about the neck, for sore throat.

WHAT A POSTAGE STAMP WILL DO.

Now read this carefully, and note every word, for it may lay the foundation for your future happiness and health. Any man or woman, young or old, that suffers with any disease, no matter what it is called, or of how long standing, or who has doctored you, if you will sit down and write me a full history of the case, and all the symptoms, I will write you my opinion of the case, the probability of a cure, and cost. I am prepared to treat everything requiring surgical appliances as well as medicinally; am a graduate; 30 years practice. Men and women both can write to me in strictest confidence. Persons coming to the city are requested to call on me. Enclose a stamp and address.

W. B. FORDEN, M. D.

Office—8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland, Oregon.

## LIVING ON THE REPUTATION OF OTHERS.

"Take everything that I have but my good name; leave me that and I am content." So said the philosopher. So say all manufacturers of genuine articles to their horde of imitators which thrive upon the reputation of others. The good name of ALCOCK'S PODOUS PLASTER has induced many adventurers to put in the market imitations that are not only lacking in the best elements of the genuine article, but are often harmful in their effects. This is not only theft, but might well be called malpractice. Such a thing ought not to be. The public should be warned against those frauds, and when an external remedy is needed, be sure to insist upon having ALCOCK'S PODOUS PLASTER.

Coughs.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are a sure remedy for Coughs and Sore Throat. 25 cts. a box.

A strong cup of coffee will remove the odor of onions from the bath.

## JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION ON MEDICINE.

"There is two kinds of medicine besides the kind you Rub On and the first kind is the Soft kind which you take with a spoon while a man holds your Head and you kick and Bingle some because it hurts so and the other kind is the Hard kind which is called Pills and it is the Hardest of the whole because it is so Hard to go Down but it does not make any Difference which kind you Take when you get it took you wish you had not for it makes quite a Row in your Stomach and Runs Around."

Evidently Johnny's experience in medicine does not include Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills," which are easy to take and do their work quietly and calmly. Neither does it include in the way of "Soft Medicine" Dr. H. P. Row's "Golden Medical Discovery," which though powerful to cure all chronic arrangements of the liver and blood, is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects. Unequaled as a remedy for all scrofulous diseases, pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swollen glands, gleet or thick neck, liver-sores and hip joint disease.

A cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.

Other agencies of Eastern type-founders have to pay freights and will advance their prices.

Relief is immediate and a cure sure. Pico's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

**Cuticura**  
A POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
Skin and Blood  
Disease—  
from  
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA soap, a real skin beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA the great skin cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and circulating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scald head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA Soap, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA Medicated Soap.

**HALL'S SARSAPARILLA**  
Cures all Diseases originating from a disordered state of the BLOOD or LIVER. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scrofula, Tumors, Salt Rheum and Mercurial Pains readily yield to its purifying properties. It leaves the Blood pure, the Liver and Kidneys healthy and the Complexion bright and clear.

J. R. CATES & CO., Proprietors  
417 Sansome St., San Francisco.

## RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

We will pay your fare from any part of United States to Portland and hotel expenses while here if we do not produce indisputable evidence from well-known bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers as to our reliability in the cure of reducible rupture or hernia without knife, needle or sharp instrument. You are secure against accident from the first day until cured, and the cure guaranteed permanent or money refunded. You can work every day, no matter what your occupation, without danger or inconvenience. Consultations free. Office hours from 10 to 4 daily. Correspondents will receive stamps, reply and address free. Forth & Luller, rooms 8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland, Oregon. Mention this paper.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Try taking cod-liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an antidote remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

Well ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

Go to Towne & Moore when in Portland for best Photographic and Crayon work.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

**Red Star**  
TRADE MARK.  
**COUGH CURE**  
Absolutely  
Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.  
SAFE.  
SURE.  
PROMPT.  
25 Cts.

THE CHARLES A. FUGLETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK.  
THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY**  
For Pain.  
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.  
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.  
THE CHARLES A. FUGLETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S**  
VEGETABLE  
COMPOUND.  
Is a Positive Cure  
For ALL of those Painful  
Diseases of the Female  
System, such as  
Disordered  
Action of the  
Liver and  
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It will cure  
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**GERMAN REMEDY**  
For Pain.  
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.  
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.  
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For ALL of those Painful  
Diseases of the Female  
System, such as  
Disordered  
Action of the  
Liver and  
Bowel, and  
all  
the  
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Affections  
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