

The Oregon Scout

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A new and popular development of electrical science is the electrical hair curler. It is said to be equal to the most exacting demands of the feminine coiffure, and the beard or mustache can be curled in any style in two minutes.

The British census will be taken in 1891. The cost of the census of Great Britain in 1881 was £172,000 for a population of 26,000,000. For England and Wales the cost per 1,000 of the population was £4 15s. 5d. in 1861, rising to £5 5s. 7d. in 1871, and £6 12s. 6d. in 1881.

During the Franco-German war the ladies in England were busy making paper cushions, which they sent to France to be used for the wounded in the hospitals. Hundreds of thousands of these cushions were sent and were of great service.

Damascening is producing upon steel a blue tinge and ornamental figures, sometimes inlaid with gold and silver, as in Damascus blades. It is so called from Damascus, which was celebrated in the middle ages for this class of ornamental art.

A very ancient Egyptian papyrus recently discovered at Kahun was evidently part of a medical treatise and contained this prescription: "Treatment of a woman who is pained in her legs and in all her limbs, as one who is beaten. Do with regard to her thus: Let her eat grease until she is cured."

At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the postage stamp, held recently in England, a stamp was shown worth 100 guineas. It was from the British Guiana collection and showed a rude postmark on pink paper.

In 1814, when the Thames was frozen, a printing establishment was set up and many collectors rejoice over a little volume entitled "Frostiana; or, a History of the River Thames in a Frozen State. London: Printed on the Ice in the River Thames, 1814."

A well digger living in Talbotton, Ga., was hired to clean out a well. When he came out of the well in the evening it was noticed that his jet black hair had changed its color from black to a bright yellow or golden shade. The cause is unknown.

The annual production of India rubber balls in different countries (in dozens) is: Germany, 2,850,000; France, 800,000; Russia, 750,000; England, 630,000; Austria, 520,000; America, 500,000; Italy, 450,000; total, say, 6,500,000 dozen. The demand for German balls is increasing yearly. Germany now exports to England about 850,000 dozen and to America about 900,000 dozen.

A necklace of great antiquity was found some time ago in the course of some excavations on Lord Home's property at Dundee, Scotland. This necklace was claimed by the crown as treasure trove, but the treasury after much deliberation has returned it to Lord Home on condition that he presents it to the museum of antiquaries at Edinburgh.

The discoveries made by Stanley show that the Nile is the longest river in the world, being at least 4,100 miles in length. Were the Mississippi regarded merely as a tributary to the Missouri, as some geographers contend, the latter would surpass the African water course, having a length of 4,500 miles.

It will be seen how dangerous it may be for untidy children to scratch each other through the report of seventy-eight examinations of the impurities under finger nails recently made in the bacteriological laboratories of Vienna. The cultivation produced showed "thirty-six kinds of micrococci, eighteen bacilli, three sarcinae and various varieties; the spores of common mold were very frequently present."

Trackmen grading for the Delaware and Hudson's new double track, while excavating on the northwest corner of Broadway and Van Dorn street, Saratoga, a few days ago, uncovered the old Kellogg well, a relic of the early settlement of the "upper village." It was covered over about a quarter of a century ago. It was located in Van Dorn street and had a pump in it until a fracas concerning the custody of the pump handle caused the death of Officer W. W. Mitchell while endeavoring to serve a legal process on the party having it.

Sung at the Holy Sepulcher.
Recently the Duke of Norfolk wrote from the holy land to inform her majesty of an interesting and unique incident in connection with the visit of the English pilgrims to Palestine. On St. George's day, for the first time since the age of the Crusades, Pontifical high mass was sung at the silver altar in front of the Holy Sepulcher by an English prelate, the Hon. and Right Rev. William Clifford, bishop of Clifton, and his lordship also preached, after which the anthem, "Domine Salvam fac Regnam Nostram"—in other words, "God Save the Queen"—was sung by the pilgrims. This was the first instance that the queen or other British sovereign had been publicly prayed for in that place previous since the time of Richard Cour-de-Lion, and certainly the first since the Reformation.—Exchange.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

So Called "Higher Education" That Often Works More Harm Than Good.

I am glad that there are a few men in this age of the world like the old farmer who once said to me that "wimmen hadn't no need o' larnin' beyond a knowledge of how to write their own names and read fairly well." But I do sometimes think that this higher education for women should be governed in some degree by considerations as to what their future lives are to be. This conviction was strengthened the other day after I had read the account of a marriage of a young friend of mine. He is a plain, plodding, good natured sort of a young fellow, of ordinary mental capacity, working for a very good salary, but I doubt if he ever has anything more than a salary, by way of income, and it was this part of the wedding notice that set me to thinking: "The bride is a graduate of our high school, of the W— Normal school and of K— university. She has made a special study of the languages and speaks and reads French, German, Spanish and Italian with as much ease as her mother tongue, while she is very proficient in many scientific studies."

It occurred to me that a young woman who had been educated up to this high standard must have had little time for the study of many things it behooves the possible mistress of every home to know. I wondered of what earthly use her knowledge of chemistry, of astronomy and geology would be in the home she would now have and in the society in which she is destined to move. I bethought me of the mistress of a certain house, whose knowledge of botany is very much greater than her knowledge of bread making, and she could discharge the duties of a college president better than she can direct the affairs of her own wildly disordered home. Too close application to her books has greatly undermined her health, and her husband and children are objects of general sympathy in the neighborhood in which they live.

I recall the case of a hard working mechanic and his wife who made every sacrifice that their only daughter might receive an education better than that given her in the excellent public schools in the city in which she lived. After graduating from the high school she was sent for four years to a well known college, and came home highly proficient in many things she knows nothing about today, for she is now the wife of a hard working carpenter who cannot afford to keep even one servant for her, and she married in utter ignorance of some of the simplest rules of housekeeping. She has four children, and the system of housekeeping prevalent in that home would drive a tidy housekeeper crazy.

It does not, of course, follow that a highly educated woman must be either a slattern or an inefficient mistress of a home. But it cannot be proven that this so called higher education is of any value to the wives of nine out of ten men. The education given in our public schools is amply sufficient for their needs, and if to this can be added the practical education necessary to conduct a home and a knowledge of how to make that home a place of rest and peace and comfort to her husband and children, she need never blush because of her lack of knowledge. Of what use is a knowledge of chemistry and higher mathematics and hydrostatics to the wife of a man, who may have to do her own housework and care for her own children?

A great deal of fun and poor wit is poked at modern cooking schools, but what is taught at them might well form a part of every woman's education, for the palates of a good many men have keener sensations than their hearts when they are once fairly established in their homes, and the best of them think "a sight" of what they are to eat, so that it behooves every woman to go to a home of her own prepared to conduct its affairs in a wise and sensible manner. This is particularly true in this day of inefficient servants, when even wealthy women are sometimes compelled to discharge the duties of the kitchen and laundry and pantry themselves. A clear conception of her duties as a wife and mother should form a part of the education of every woman, even though she goes to her grave without knowing how to calculate the exact distance from the earth to the moon, or how to separate carbon from oxygen in anything in which those useful elements exist. She will most likely have a husband who can forgive such pitiful ignorance if she can make his home a place of rest and peace to him—a home that is indeed a home for the spirit.—Zenae Dane in Good Housekeeping.

Birds' Nest Soup.

Chinese birds' nest soup is a tasteless, gelatinous compound, according to the palate of western nations. These nests are most plentiful in British North Borneo, where they are found in caves. They are made from a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in all damp places; it grows about an inch thick, outside dark brown, inside white. It is taken by the bird in its mouth and drawn out in a filament backward and forward like a caterpillar weaving his cocoon. These "birds" are bats and swifts. The nests are gathered by candle light at the dizzy height of several hundred feet; these caves have been worked for seven generations, without any apparent diminution, though three crops are gathered in a year.—Good Housekeeping.

So Had the Editor.

Excited Lady (rushing into editorial rooms)—Oh, Mr. Editor, can't you print an obituary notice of my husband in this evening's issue of my paper?
Editor—Certainly, madam, if you will give us a few particulars. When did your husband die?
Lady—He isn't dead, sir, though the doctors give him up; but I thought if you printed the obituary it might save his life. I have heard of so many cases of that sort.—Burlington Free Press.

A Surprised Joker.

A laughable but rather embarrassing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in one of Boston's largest retail stores. A gentleman who is a little too fond of joking entered the store for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough, there stood a lady dressed, to his eye at least, just like the woman he was after.

Her back was turned and no one was near her; so he quietly approached, took her by the arm, and said, in a voice of simulated severity: "Well, here you are, spending my money as usual, eh?"

The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; it was that of an acrid, angry, keen eyed woman of about 50 years, who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the store by saying, in a loud, shrill voice: "No, I ain't spending your money nor no other man's money, and I'll—"

"I beg your pardon, madam," cried the confused gentleman, "I supposed you were wife, and—"

"Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no other man's wife, thank fortune, to be jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon! I pity your wife if you go round shaking her like you did me. If I was her, I'd—"

The chagrined joker waited to hear no more, but made his way out of the shop amid the titters and sly chuckles of those who had witnessed his confusion.—Youth's Companion.

Pictures in Marble.

Several hundred people were massed all of yesterday in the central court of the city hall craning their necks and straining their eyes to see what the small boys were trying to point out. And when it caught their eyes what was it? On one of the white marble stones in the wall near the southeast corner was a minute picture of a nude female traced in the natural veining of the stone. The figure was standing upright, with arms stretched aloft and hair streaming down the back, very lifelike and quite artistic. There was no little discussion of how the sketch got there. Some were inclined to lay the blame on one of those wicked street arabs who had failed to catch the spirit of Anthony Comstock's teachings. But it was nature that did the work, and there the slender female will stand as long as does the city hall, unless the slab of marble shall be removed or a coat of whitewash covers it. But it gave the groups of idlers lots of wonderment yesterday. Men, women and children waited until their eyes had caught the curious figure, and then they passed on to let others get a sight and go in peace. Other lifelike figures are traced in the marble of the city hall, and if the curious get to work there is material for an art gallery.—Philadelphia Record.

An Extraordinary Dream.

A girl at Hackney, aged 19, with her two brothers and a young sister, was left in charge of the house while their parents attended a funeral in the country. In the evening the girl's sweetheart called. As she was alarmed at noises which she fancied she heard, he stayed at the house all night to reassure her. During the night he dreamed he saw the girl walk past him, beckoning him to follow. He awoke, and becoming alarmed went into the passage. Having dressed he went to the door of the girl's room and knocked. Receiving no answer he then awoke the others. On the bedroom door being opened the girl was found lying on the floor with blood issuing from her mouth. From a doctor's examination it would seem that the girl died at about the time that her sweetheart dreamed she beckoned him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Best Chocolate.

If you have a large and rather elaborate dessert chocolate may be served with, say, the third course, as an accompaniment to the remaining part of the meal; or, if the dessert be light, chocolate may be served the last thing with whipped cream and a sweet wafer. A senator's wife who is said to make the best chocolate in Washington gave the following recipe to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three-quarters of a cake of chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture and cook a few minutes longer.—New York Telegram.

Modjeska Apologized.

I think Mme. Modjeska is the most genuinely religious woman I ever met. She is the truest kind of a Christian. A woman of singularly gentle disposition, she never has a word of harsh comment or criticism for anybody. I was in her room one Sunday evening and we were waiting for Mr. Henley. Mr. Henley was late.
"That is just like him," Mme. Modjeska said; "he promised to be here at a quarter to 6 o'clock, and now it is 6 o'clock."
Then she paused a moment, and added:
"There, I have been abusing him, and I've just come from listening to a sermon on charity, too. I must apologize to him when he comes."
And she did.—San Francisco Call.

Split His Sides.

Two Irishmen were engaged in splitting rails in Australia when their employer overheard the following ready application of a metaphor:
"Hah, my joker!" exclaimed Paddy Burn, as he drove a wedge home with peculiar effect into a large block of the tree.
"Are you making him laugh, Paddy?" asked Jack Galway.
"Laugh is it?" rejoined Paddy, "troth, I'm making him split his sides laughing."—Youth's Companion.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Bulwer Lytton.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

The Benefits to Be Derived by Their Establishment in America.

In Europe, at Lyons, Crefeld and Como, Zurich, Mulheim, Paris, Berlin, Manchester, Bradford and other cities, there are schools in which the principles of the textile industry are taught. The Silk association of New York has long advocated the school and expended much money to secure it. One of its members said:

"The benefit which textile interests would derive from a trade school of their own in this country could hardly be estimated. The effect of its success could not, of course, be immediately felt, but the final result could hardly be doubted and can be foretold in one sentence: Absolute independence of all outside influences for these industries in their creative, industrial and commercial departments."

"While the United States is second to no other country as far as the common school and classical courses of study are concerned, in the matter of technical education we are sadly deficient even beside the smallest and most insignificant of European countries. A special school catering to the needs of the district in which it is situated is indeed an establishment which any town in Europe is proud to possess. In textile industries, particularly, the number of technical schools has been largely increased in Europe, with the result that the improvement in the process of manufacture has been steady, and there is now hardly any kind of textile manufacturing in Europe that does not possess an educational establishment in which the principles of the industries of the district are taught to the young men who have not yet entered practical life, as well as to their older brothers, who have already had the experience of the factory, but who wish to perfect themselves and are anxious to learn the scientific reasons why certain kinds of work should be done in a certain way."

"In considering the foundation of technical schools in America the experience of other nations can be used to advantage, and much experimenting will thus be dispensed with. In order to profit by such experience, and to save the first steps in the dark, it is necessary that the various systems of technical education adopted in the different European countries be made the subject of careful study and comparative observation, the best points being taken from each and adapted to the condition required by the industries of the country."

"It would be useless at this stage to attempt to foreshadow the details regarding the actual establishment of the first American technical school. If it were intended to establish a whole national system of technical education the general plan might be to have a number of lower schools in all cities of any importance, in which the principles of all the sciences could be taught; these schools to act as feeders or nurseries for a central technical university. Private effort could hardly accomplish this. The establishment of such a complete educational system would tend to elevate the moral and material standing of the country, and especially of the various industries; but the scope is so vast as to be hardly attainable without the aid of the national government."

"If we consider textile industries by themselves, we find that in regard to tuition that can be given which would be of value to the students in their future calling, there are three chief departments to be considered—the mechanical, the chemical and the artistic. Although these departments differ widely from each other, they are, nevertheless, so closely connected as to be indispensable to each other. A student who makes a specialty of one must, at the same time, know something of the other two, and it is therefore necessary that all three directions should be under the same roof if any completeness is to be the result."

"Thus a single school may be made to do for textiles all that circumstances now so urgently demand. We of the textile industries may not hope to build to completeness the grand fabric of technical education, but by co-operation we can rear and occupy one tower of this great stronghold of industrial freedom and progress.—New York Star.

An Old Time Auctioneer.

John H. Draper is, by the way, one of the very few successors we have to the witty auctioneers of the generation gone before us. When he perches himself in his armchair, florid and handsome, and with his fine flexible voice commences to do business, you may be sure that the fun will soon begin. He has a word for every one, and a repartee for every occasion. A man who had eaten too much dinner growled when a beautiful little Corot was knocked down for \$125. "There," said the auctioneer solemnly, "you hear Corot's ghost, don't you?" A drunken man, who had wandered in and fallen asleep in a remote chair, fell over on the floor just as a strong Michel went at \$95. "The price made him faint," was the auctioneer's comment. When a brilliant Vibert, a cardinal, all in red under a red umbrella, walking in a sunlit garden, was put up, and one of the audience went up to examine it on the easel, the auctioneer said: "You've often painted it that way yourself." A Monticelli he described as a good "all the week picture." You could call it what you wanted, and turn it a new way every day out of the seven, and give it a new title. Any one who knows Monticelli's absinthique fantasies of color will appreciate the description. When a tentative bidder offered a raise of \$1 on a Corot, and a good one, the auctioneer made it \$2.50. The bidder protested that he had only made the big ure \$1. "All right," said the auctioneer, "I'm lending you a dollar and a half to preserve your self respect." When the sale ended the auctioneer gravely thanked his audience, forgave them for their coldness on the ground that he did not blame them for being shy of picture sales nowadays, and sent them off with the valetudinary, "God help the old masters!"—To-Dav.

Sir Boyle Roche.

Perhaps a few particulars about Sir Boyle Roche, the high priest of Irish "bulls," might be interesting to your readers. He was of the ancient family of the De La Russes, of Fermozy, was member for Tralee from 1775, and was created a baronet in 1782. He began one of his speeches in the Irish house of commons as follows: "Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes." And another began: "Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." A letter of his is still preserved, supposed to have been written during the rebellion of '98, though it is doubtful if he ever put so many "bulls" together on paper. It is as follows:

"DEAR SIR—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end, and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the mail coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind, and by great good luck there was no body in the coach but two outside passengers who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, and to it we went. By the time half our party was killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword, not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different, chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu! I have only time to add that I am yours in great haste. B. R.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried; therefore I beg you to write and let me know."—London Spectator.

He Lost His Job.

Klager, the famous actor, was engaged to play the part of Gessler in "William Tell" at the Leipzig theatre. Being a great favorite with the students, he sat boozing one afternoon with several rich undergrads from Courland. When the time for the performance drew near, his boon companions tried to persuade him from going to the theatre, but as he remained proof against their entreaties, one of the gentlemen offered to stand three hampers of champagne if Klager was not back at the tavern by 8 o'clock. To the astonishment of the company Klager preferred to pay for the champagne himself if he did not return by that time, says a foreign exchange.

As he could not possibly have been struck down by Tell's arrow at the hour stated, the jovial party wondered how he would get over the difficulty, and accompanied him to the theatre. Here the action of the play went on much as usual until the scene of the apple. But when Tell said: "Am I compelled to aim with my cross bow at the head of my child? Rather will I die!" Gessler went up to him, shook him by the hand and said: "I really cannot blame you, Tell, I wouldn't do it myself; let us be friends." Of course the curtain was dropped. Klager was back at the tavern by 8 o'clock and won his bet, but naturally lost his engagement at the Leipzig theatre.—New York Telegram.

Effect of Imagination.

That the imagination has much to do in governing our physical welfare cannot be denied. We see too many instances of it. The doctor who testified on the witness stand a few days ago that the profession frequently gave patients dough pills, or some other subterfuge, and thereby relieved their minds, told what was known by many as the truth. People who imagine they are sick must be made to imagine that they are going through the necessary course of treatment. But I know of one peculiar case where a man left home in perfect health, and was made to believe he was ill by being frequently told that he looked very bad. It was a put up job and was done to test the effect of the imagination. The man became quite ill before he returned home, and merely because he was made to believe he was so.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Able with a Jury.

At a burglar's cell in the county jail, Lawyer Marks—Now, John, tell me were you concerned in this burglary or were you not? Are you guilty or innocent?
John—I'm guilty. If I were innocent I wouldn't say so.
"Why not?"
"Because you are a good deal better with a jury when you know you are lying than when you are telling the truth."—Chicago Herald.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

peculiar Circumstances Under Which They Several Times Met.

Among the many interesting pieces of personal history which, one by one, are coming to light as local episodes of the civil war, few are more striking than the story of two young men, who, shortly before the war broke out, were fellow students and room mates at a college in Pennsylvania, one of them a southerner.

Both were hard students, and aspired to be leaders of their class, and in time the sharp rivalry between them changed their friendship to bitter enmity. Mutual charges were made, and the hostile feeling finally culminated in a challenge from the southerner, which the other treated with contempt.

After graduation the young duelist went home, and in the cares and excitements of the following years his college quarrel was forgotten. The memory of it suddenly came back to him one day, after he had become a Christian, and shocked him with the discovery of a surviving hatred.

It was at the battle of Stone River. Our student, now a Confederate officer, was riding across the battlefield, when his horse nearly trod upon a wounded Union soldier. He dismounted, with the humane intention of giving some assistance, but when he looked the soldier in the face he recognized his old college enemy. He turned quickly to remount his horse, but better thoughts and feelings checked his first cruel impulse, and "in Christ's name" he caused the soldier to be removed to a place of refuge, and procured for him the services of a surgeon and a chaplain.

The wounded man knew his deliverer, but was too weak to utter inquiries or thanks. Informed that his wound was fatal, he could only request that his mother be written to, and assured that he "died like a true soldier;" and this kind service also the southern officer faithfully performed, as soon as the battle was over.

He had no suspicion that the care he had secured for the sufferer would prove the means of saving his former enemy's life.

After the war the northern man wrote to thank his forgiving enemy; but no answer was received, and further inquiry brought the information that he had been killed.

Twenty-one years passed; the northern man was a physician in prosperous practice, when business called him to Charleston, S. C. In a street of that city, then partly in ruins, the two men who had twice been dead to each other met again.

The startled doctor saw the classmate who had once been willing to take his life, and once had saved it. The man had lost his all in the great earthquake; and his old enemy and grateful friend took him and his needy family back with him to his own city, and established him in a good situation.

Not often does the chance of shifting events enable penitent foes to forgive and repay each other after this romantic fashion; but the Christian spirit may always be exercised, and may be all the more praiseworthy, because all the more difficult, if maintained in the midst of commonplace and every day surroundings.

And even if there be no opportunity for its display, if the old enemy be dead, or his whereabouts unknown, we may still cherish the kindly feeling, and be sure that the will is commended for the deed.—Youth's Companion.

Stuff of Which Gentlemen Are Made.

There is some goodness in human nature after all, and the Arounder was shown a sample of it yesterday afternoon on Maine street. The newsboys on the streets are hardly noted for their goodness and obliging dispositions, but one of them yesterday put some of the good people to blush. A little girl was going along with a large package of sugar under her arm. At the corner of Maine and Eagle streets she dropped the package, and the contents were scattered on the ground. The passers by laughed. Some said: "Poor girl, 'tis too bad," but no one offered to assist her, until a newsboy came along and saw the wreck. He promptly stopped, and kneeling down, he took a couple of the evening papers that he had paid for, and wrapping the sugar up neatly and tying the bundle, gave it to the little girl and started off.—Buffalo Courier.

An American going up or down stairs in a public hotel does not feel it incumbent on him to remove his hat if a lady should be on the stairs. In Europe it would be considered very rude if a man did not uncover under such circumstances.

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