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## Poetry.

### SUNSET THOUGHTS.

When we were at school together, Jack,  
There was down on neither's cheek!  
Now—if I look back along our track—  
Which has gained what we would seek?  
For the woman you loved is lying  
In a churchyard far away,  
And the sunset, so swiftly dying,  
Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,  
And they've hung it on the line;  
And critics, good as well as knacks,  
Sublime in this dab of mine.  
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,  
And the lips, whose praise I'd prize,  
Have passed from the world. So be it,  
But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,  
The gold in the western sky,  
Though the present's black as the stormy  
Hour of release draws nigh. [Crack,  
For peace will be won when life is done,—  
Beyond the gloom lies the gold.  
Oh! the sunset hour has for us power  
And a charm it lacked of old!

## LITERATURE.

### QUITS.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

If we don't have some fun with these financial city gentlemen, I'll give up, said Nell Bartlett to her cousin, as they were preparing to retire.—They think just because they live in a great fact they know it all and we nothing. The fact is, Blanche, I invited you here on purpose. There will be lots of picnics, and wood-wanderings, and boating, and horseback-riding, and all that sort of thing. And they'll make good gallants, even if they are so soft enough to believe that we swallow all their brainless flatteries as effectually as a great spider does a fly.

Do you not judge them harshly, Nell? You know you have seen but very little of them as yet. O, I judge from others that have visited their neighborhood, and of all things that I detest "Miss Nancy" men who believe girls are simple playthings—and fools!

Be careful! answered her more reticent cousin Blanche Goodwin. Suppose they should overhear you?  
Well, listeners—you know the rest. But there is no fear of that. The gentlemen have gone down to visit the lake, by the sweet silver light of the moon, get their thin boots wet, and more that likely take cold, for mother and your humble servant to doctor with sage, honey and honey.

Be still, Nell. I am certain I scold the smok of a cigar.  
Nothing quite so poetical, I'll be bound. Mor-likely it is old Patrick with his pipe. He always has to snuff the stock about this time, and never without his "duddens." I expect some night he will burn us out of house and home.

The conversation was continued at length. Girl-friends have always so much to talk about and so many secrets (?) to tell. The merits of the gentlemen in question were discussed with as much deliberation and earnestness as if they had been weighty affairs of state.

But they were mistaken about not being overheard, in part, at least. Boyd Layton had not gone with his friend to visit the lake, and it was the perfume of his cigar that had been wafted to the delicate nostrils of the fair cousins. True, his care had caught only the opening of the conversation. But that was enough to put him upon his guard; and when Charley Palmer returned he told him of it, adding, with a laugh:

These girls—beautiful ones, I must confess, especially Miss Nell, with her long soft black hair, brilliant eyes, exquisite complexion, voice like a bluebird, and laugh like the fairy-bells of song.

I incline to the other—Miss Blanche. She is far more near to my ideal of beauty. Granting all you say of the other, my taste runs to the blue eyes and golden hair of the more "spirituelle" cousin. However, as they will never be more to us than passing friends and pleasant summer companions, there is no need of discussion.

Well, as I was about to say, these young ladies have made up their minds that we are fair game, and will no doubt endeavor to play all sorts of tricks upon us. So we must be upon our guard, and match them as far as difference in sex will permit. Any way, it will contribute to make the summer pass lively, and will be harmless amusement. I am sorry a passage of wit, if not of arms, is to be inaugurated, but glad of the prospect of our would-be-tormentors. It would have been dull without, for one tired of building brooks, and trees, and fiddling I made up my mind long ago that if I were a peepster I would never draw a

landscape without introducing a female figure with—

Dancing blue eyes and golden hair, and all that sort of thing! laughed his friend.

Perhaps, but, seriously, Blanche Goodwin would not make a bad model, according to my mind.

And dashing Nell Bartlett, according to mine, you would insinuate.

The young men had sought a retired place in the country to pass the summer months and rest from their labors. Both had studied hard—received diplomas, and been admitted—Boyd Layton as a lawyer, and Charles Palmer as a physician, and when autumn came would enter into practice. They had met the "girls," as good motherly Dame Bartlett called her daughter and niece, at the supper-table, and been impressed with their beauty and grace. They, too, had graduated and received diplomas to practice, though in a very different sphere of life (would to heaven women would stick to it), as wives and mothers—going through first a preparatory course of Cupid!

It was no necessity that had led Farmer Bartlett to take the young men as boarders. His acres were broad, fertile, and paid for, and he had some thousands in the bank. But all his children save Nell had "gone on before," and the house was lonely. So he acceded to the request of old friends and took "the boys" in for a season.

For some days all was quiet and decorous between the parties. As she saw more of their boarders, Nell began to question the propriety of "running rigs" on them, and to change her opinion as to their belonging to the class with which she had at first allied them. But she was too fond of fun to give it up without a struggle, and more than once the spirit of mischief prompted her. Yet something occurred that forced her to wait a better opportunity; and the whisperings of her cousin made her more cautious than she would otherwise have been. Blanche was certain the men had got something in their manner in the way they watched, that convinced her of this; and at length even the volatile Nell was impressed with the policy of lulling any suspicion they might have entertained.

And so the most critical, fault-finding and savagely moral old spirit could have found no flaw so far as their behaviour was concerned, as they tramped the woods, picnicked by some shady pool, took rides upon horse-back, floated over the grassy lake, or dropped a line to the fisher, hoping they would "mark and inwardly digest" to their undoing.

Where to-day, children? asked Mrs. Bartlett, as they sat gossiping around the breakfast-table, after having finished the meal. By the term "children" she included the quartet of young folks.  
We are at the service of the ladies, responded Layton, gallantly.  
And that means, Nell, interlarded her father, smilingly, that you are expected to suggest some sally-goose chase to occupy the day.

I don't think it fair, she answered, pretending to pout, and doing it with wonderful archness, but the onus as well as the blame of all these expeditions should come upon my shoulders.  
They couldn't come upon a prettier pair, Nell!  
Boyd Layton was of the same opinion as the old gentleman, and expressed it with his eyes, even if he did not dare to do so with his tongue.

You'd completely spoil me, father, if I'd let you! she answered, with becoming blushes.  
No, I leave that to your husband! And laughing heartily, he betook himself to the overreaching of the farm work.

Well, suggested the mother, to cover the confusion of her daughter, and turn the conversation into another channel, I don't suppose you intend to sit moping around the house all day—you four? It is altogether too pleasant, and there'll be plenty of storms to keep you in doors.

But I don't know where to go, mother. We have visited all the places of interest I can think of.  
Suppose you try the glen. I don't think you have been there.

The suggestion was carried out; the day passed pleasantly; the return home was late, about the going down of the sun, when both of the gentlemen started suddenly, and exclaimed in a breath: Good heavens! what a terrible sight!

Blanche turned pale, and clung to her cousin, but Nell did not appear in the least alarmed.  
It is only a poor crazed woman, she said, who lives in the vicinity, and has watchers.

Is she dangerous? questioned Layton, as he and his friend placed themselves so as to defend their fair companions in case there should be need so to do.

Not, ordinarily, I believe, though I have heard that when her temper was aroused, or when she was suddenly awakened from sound slumber, she was spitefully vindictive.

Dangerous or not, continued Layton, I should not care to meet her alone in the dark, to enter the room in which she was confined, or even one of which she was a temporary occupant.

You seem to have a particular horror of one crazed, Mr. Layton.

Yes, and it is a fear I could never account for, save that I was terribly frightened by a lunatic woman when very young; that must have given a coloring to my life.

Very likely. How is it with you, Mr. Palmer? I must confess to something of the same dread as my friend. Even a rabid dog or poisonous serpent has not so much terror for me.

Strange. But see, she is turning away from the road.

Does she ever visit your house? questioned Blanche; and well named so that particular time, for her soft cheeks could boast of no roses.

She used to do so frequently, but of late she seldom comes. In fact, I do not remember to have seen her before this summer.

And I pray Heaven I may never do so, or any of her sorely-affected brothers and sisters, again, replied Layton, with a shawl of aversion, even if not actual fear, that he did not attempt to conceal.

The woman was indeed an object of deep commiseration, if not dread. She was tall, gaunt, with long dark hair hanging in tangled locks low down upon her shoulders; with eyes that revealed fitful fires, and surrounded by livid circles; with sunken cheeks; a pinched mouth and nose; and clad in faded and scanty garments—one that, seen even for a brief space of time, would not soon be forgotten.

But she passed along quickly, after giving them a broad stare, and disappeared in the direction (as Nell said) of her own house. And yet (though she evidently had no such foolish fears as were entertained by her companions) the first question she asked upon entering the house, was:

Has your Jane Mathews been here to-day, mother?

Yes, poor thing, and she appeared to be nearly starved. Did you meet her?

For a moment, upon the hill road. I am glad of it, for then she will go home. It always makes me nervous when I know she is wandering, for she has such a way of stealing into houses and taking possession of rooms.

Nell quickly turned the subject of conversation, lest Blanche and her father to entertain the guests, while she resisted her mother's was absent for an hour; returned and appeared more than ordinarily lively, sang and played the piano until late, and when parting with the gentlemen, added to her smiling good-night:

I trust the unfortunate being we chanced to meet to-day will not visit you in dreams.  
Heaven forbid! answered Layton; and I am sure the angels of our dreams will have sweeter faces. Ay, Charley?

Both of the girls unobtrusively and vanished before old and jolly Mr. Bartlett could pour in a bonafide that was certain to make the faces of all scarlet.

Layton and Palmer sought their own room. The night was beautiful, and having been deprived of their customary snuff, they sat by the open window, lighted cigars, and discussed their fair companions in very much the same style that they were being discussed. But at length even "for de cubans" and ideal legends lost their charms, and they began to prepare for the actual ones to which their long tramp would give the greater zest.

The solitary candle was lighted, and they were about to disrobe, when Boyd sprang back with an exclamation of terror, and whispered with pale lips:

By heavens! the crazy woman!  
Palmer answered Palmer, half vexed to have his thoughts of the lovely Blanche thus broken in upon. Palmy, Boyd! what are you talking about?

Look for yourself!  
Palmer, more cool than his friend, thought of the girls, and was inclined to believe it a trick. He walked nearer to the bed, made a more minute examination, and retreated again. There was no denying the fact. The miserably afflicted-d was lying there, covered to her shoulders, and they could see her shiver as if in pain. The dress, old and tattered, appeared to be the same, and there was not, could not be any doubt about the long dark hair.—It swept low down upon the neck in just the same fashion, though now part of it hung over and concealed the pallid face and burning eyes.

There is no doubt, answered Palmer. She has stolen in here from the night air while we were below.

And what in the name of heaven shall we do? questioned Boyd. If it was a man, we could grapple with him. Now it is impossible. Shall she starve? What if she should awaken and find herself alone with us!

Very certain were they that the woman was beginning to stir—was moving, and acting on the impulse of the moment, they dashed out into the hall and called loudly for Mr. Bartlett.

What on earth is the matter? he asked, rubbing his sleepy eyes. Is it thieves, or fire?

The crazy woman is in our room—in my bed!

Shoo! You don't say so?

It is true, Just come and see.

The disturbance aroused the old lady and

the girls, and soon they were all in the hall, talking in hurried yet careful whispers. Nell was the only one calm, and suggested that she should be awakened and removed. But who was to do it? Foolish terror had taken possession of all. They crowded on tiptoe and with hurried voices into the room, and old man Bartlett almost swore:

By looky! it is she, sure enough.  
And you had better let her alone, suggested his wife.

And be murdered or burned alive! cried Blanche.

I believe Mrs. Bartlett is right, said Layton. Charley and I will remain in the hall, and keep watch until morning.

If I had only another spare room, sighed Mrs. Bartlett.

Nell drew nearer the bed. She was not so much unnerved by fear as the rest. She bent over the sleeper for a moment, and then said to Layton:

If you and Mr. Palmer will assist me, we can carry her out, and I think without awakening her, poor thing.

There was no one willing to second her suggestion, and after a little time, she continued: Then I must do it alone.

For the love of Heaven, don't touch her! exclaimed Layton.

Nell threw back the covering, lifted a cunningly constructed lay figure, from the head of which dropped switches and false curls, and dashed out of the room, laughing until the very rafters rang.

The rest stood looking at each other in the most foolish manner imaginable for an instant, and then the young men were suddenly left to themselves.

Said Blanche Palmer.  
An I wouldn't have been so frightened for anything, returned Layton. When I what's-a-we have made of ourselves. By Jove! Miss Nell carried it out well, and carried off all the honors. I have half a mind to run away, but I can't endure the battery of her laughing eyes.

Better remain and get even.  
If we can!

This little episode in their quiet lives afforded a topic for amusement for some time; and the girls slipped away without the men gaining an opportunity to in the least get even. The girls were constantly upon the watch, and every movement, and were as keen as their opposers.

Various plans were tried, only to fail. The delicacy due to ladies forbade many things that could have been done with impunity to those of their own sex—a delicacy and warmth of feeling that grew stronger every day to ward their fair tormentors, for they had ascertained that the quiet Blanche was not an innocent party in the fooling they had received.

The first had begun to touch the trees with its unseen fingers, and the leaves changed to hues that rivalled the sunset glories. The time when the gentlemen should have returned to city life and put on the harness of business had passed, but no heed was given to it. The solemn autumn—or something else—had made them oblivious of time, and caused a change to come over the spirit of their dreams.

The quartet broke into couples. Layton and Nell, and Palmer and Blanche, wandered away from each other. The faces eyes and words of the men became more earnest, and the lips and cheeks of the beautiful girls glowed a deeper carmine. Love was becoming more powerful than all other feelings, but yet the unsettled account between them gave the girls the advantage, and it often arose in their minds.

One evening their wanderings had led them further away from home than usual, and just as the sun was casting its far-well shadows, they paused to rest upon the brow of a hill that overlooked the home of Nell. Seated beneath a wide spreading chestnut, they were conversing gaily (with that inherent element of words that at such times is more eloquent than words) when suddenly something coiled around the neck of Nell, and gave a sharp puncture in the soft flesh.

Snake! exclaimed Layton springing to his feet.

O gracious! a snake! screamed Nell. Bursting through all the restraints of girlish modesty, she threw herself, half fainting, upon the breast of Layton, while Blanche lay trembling within the sheltering arms of Palmer.

The clinging serpent was torn away, Layton pressed his lips to the wound to draw the poison, and each of the men half carried their terrified charges homeward, soothing them with the fondest of words, and each feeling how very dear the other had become to him.

Supper finished the story was told with many Ohs! and Ahs! from good Dame Bartlett, while her husband asked, with far less interest than one could have deemed possible: What kind of a snake was it, Mr. Layton?

I didn't think there were any dangerous ones about here.

It might be called a constrictor, I presume, and thinking you and your good wife might be curious in the matter, I brought it home with me.

He drew from his pocket a piece of grape vine, sharpened at one end and continued:

About as dangerous as the crazy woman, is it not, Miss Nell?

Anyhow, Mr. Layton was obliged to suck the poison from the terrible wound! said Blanche, amid roars of laughter.

And, put in the old man, I suppose it made you mad, because you had not the same kind of a bite and the same remedy.

Hush! and come along with me. I want you, said his wife, and dragged him away.

Dim lights might have been seen burning to a late hour that night in the farm-house, and four hearts beat happily, and four pairs of lips whispered the sweetest words of earth, and gave the sweetest kisses.

At the morrow's breakfast the jolly old man sat in the room for sitting up so late, and asked if the mother of the crazy woman and the snake had been settled.

Yes, father, replied Nell, looking archly at her lover, and betrothed in blushes, "we have agreed to call it quits."

"Bet or doubt's an I quits!" he roared; and was properly driven out of the room by the girls, for their engagement was too recent and too holy a subject to be jested about.

### Rules for the care of Sheep.

The general agent of the American Emigrant Company gives the following—

Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them.—Never let them stand or lie in mud or snow, and keep them clean early in the summer, and they may be turned out.

Drop or take out the lowest bars, thus saving broken limbs.—Count every day.

Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity at first.

If a ewe lose her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt. Let no lugs eat with sheep in the spring.

Give the lambs a little mill feed in time of weaning.

Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it. Sow rye to break up in cold weather if you can.

Separate all weak, or thin or sick, from those strong, in the fall, and give them special care.

If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and wash the wound; and if it is fly time, apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with a molasses healing. If a limb is broken bind it up with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.

Keep a number of good bells on the sheep. Do not let the sheep spoil their wool with chaff or dirt.

Cut tag locks early in the spring. For scours give pulverized alum in wheat bran; prevent by taking great care in changing dry for green feed.

If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs, pare the hoof if unsound, and apply tobacco with blue vitriol, boiled in a little water.

Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and wash carefully the pelt of any sheep that dies.

Have at least one good work by you for reference. This will be money in your pocket.

AN ASIATIC SCOTCHMAN.—Chinamen are as imitative as monkeys, and Scotchmen pervade the distant British colonies. Mr. Macpherson was upon the opening of sealed proposals for some public works in Otago, New Zealand, found to be the successful competitor for it. The supposed Scotchman who was unknown, was invited to attend to compete for his contract. To the amazement of the officials, a Chinaman, with a noble pig-tail, put in an application.

Where's Mr. Macpherson? asked the clerk. Mr. Macpherson? replied John.

How came you to be called Macpherson? Oh, nobody got nothing in Otago if he be not a Mac, replied the unabashed Chinaman.

A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my head swims round like a top." "Less so where I've been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

An Irishman engaged in fighting a duel insisted, as he was near-sighted, that he should stand six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist did to him.

"How many deaths last night?" inquired a hospital physician of a nurse. "None," was the answer. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

An old lady gave as her idea of a great man, "One who is careful of his clothes, don't drink port-wine, ken read the Bible with a spellin' the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumbling."

Why is a self-friend like the letter P? Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

We think it no more than right that men should seize Time by the forelock, for the old fellow, sooner or later pulls their hair out.



California Bitters  
Vegetable Preparation  
of the native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada  
Mountains, the medicinal  
properties extracted therefrom  
are gentle, purgative, and  
refreshing. It is the only  
success of VINEGAR BITTERS  
is, that they remove  
the impurities of the blood,  
and the patient recovers  
the great blood  
giving principle, a perfect  
regulator of the system,  
and a history of the world has  
compounded possessing  
all the virtues of VINEGAR BITTERS  
of every disease man is  
subject to. It is a gentle  
purgative, and has  
the property of  
regulating the  
Liver and Visceral Organs,  
and  
enjoy good health, let  
BITTERS as a medicine,  
of alcoholic stimulants.

DONALD & CO.,  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, New York.  
Wholesale and Retail.

It takes three Bitters  
to make one, and remain long  
their bones are not  
poison or other means,  
rashed beyond repair.

ISADIS preclude VINDICA  
recumbent. It is a  
sinking system,  
diffident, and Internit-  
chore so prevalent in the  
rivers throughout the  
world, those of the Mis-  
souri, Illinois, Tennessee,  
Ohio, and many others.

It is a  
Pain in the region of  
the stomach, and  
Anxiety so during seasons  
of dizziness, and  
extensive derangements  
of liver, and other  
treatment, a purgative,  
filling upon these  
is essentially necessary.

It is for the purpose  
of VINEGAR BITTERS,  
to remove the dark-color  
which the bowels are  
then stimulating the  
liver, and generally  
restoration of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,  
sore, Coughs, Tightness  
of the chest, Sour Eructations  
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