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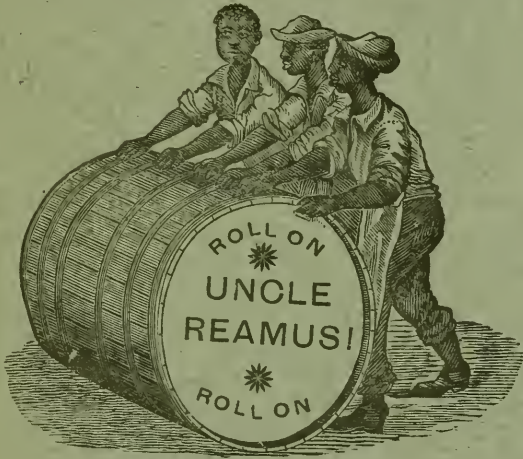
"A PLAY"

ON

The Spanish Cuban War

BY C. H. HAMMERSLY,
OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

THE GREAT NEGRO DELINEATOR.



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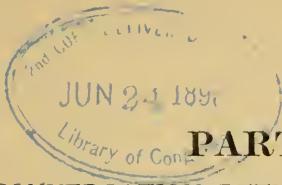
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PART I.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO DARKEYS OVER THE CUBAN QUESTION.

The Spring always calls the fisherman to the bank of the beautiful James, and as I was on my way to see a poor sick woman, I had my attention called to a large placard that ran thus :

PIEDMONT IRON & ALUM CURES DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

and while I was reading the long list, and wondering if it could be true, I heard some one talking very loud and fast. I hitched my pony and ventured in the direction of what I took to be almost a fight, and through the thick evergreen I saw Uncle Billy and Uncle Ned fishing. I came to a halt, and the first thing I heard to cleverly understand, was Ned's reply to Bill : " Does you think they ken whip us ? " " Whip who ? "

" Is you eber seed 'em ? I tell you, I hear our white folks say dat dey feard if de don't send de boat down dar, de feard dey'll sassanate Gen'l Lee, an de sent de 'Maine' one de had, an Mr. Lee felt better all de time hit's dar—pretty nigh. De sent de 'Maine' boat de hed ? Dat's what de did, and dat's what I sed."

" Well Bill : Look here. Did de send dat boat jist ter took ker ob Gen'l Lee ? In course de did. You see he is one ob our big folks, an taint like you an me. If I was ter slip in dis here creek an git drowned de would hardly look for me. But when de big General feel sorter skeered dey send de boat dar to took ker ob him."

" Well, tell me who am dat det send de boat down dar."

" Nigger, you is er fool. Uncle Sam sent hit."

" Well, I want ter ax you dis : Is Uncle Sam think more ob one man den he do ob 266 what fell in de sea and git drowned ? Pears ter me like dis ; dey am jist as bad off dead is de Gen'rl would be, an if de got er wife, de wife cry is loud is de Gen'rl's wife. But law, man, if de had put dat bum in de Gen'rl an blow him up like de say de did de boat our folks done start ter make er railroad ter Cuba from sun down. Yes de would "

" Well, is yur hear 'em say what de am gwine ter do bout de boat an de mens de say am loss ? "

" Well, I hear 'em say de President am don got so pespered he dun took off he hat and dun sot down ter rest, an mose all de 'lature and de man dat do his writtin is done

took holiday. Dey so tired. You see dis am a heaby question, and hits gettin pretty close to dem all."

"Well, is you hear 'em say who tis as blow up de boat you scussin bout?"

"O yes; dey say hits one of our folks."

"How cum our folks ter blow up our boat?"

"Dey don't think tis any ob dem furiners dat's got sense nuff ter do sich er smart trick, and dats how cum hit tires de President an all dem so."

"Do dat bait in dat goad longs ter you?"

"Course hit do."

"Well, spouse I fling hit in de creek? You gwine ter set dar an not at me ter pay fur hit? an is Uncle Sam gwine ter let dem Spaniards drown he bes boat an not ax dem ter pay fur hit?"

"Now dat aint no lustration, cos dis am bait and de am folks."

"Folks? Dey wont nuthin but bait, and I said so soon is I hear 'em say de gwine ter send hit dar, and I bleve Uncle Sam feard to raise any spression on de subjek. Dey done had one fuss, and loss ebry nigger day had an pretty nigh all de rest, an de aint mouthing much fur any more fuss, an den de aint got more en two loads er powder an shot er piece fur de guns do got, so de tell me. Dey am been so bizzv in de 'lature all de time, bout de high tariff, an de low tariff dey aint got no boats nor guns nether. Well is you hear bout what Englin say?"

"Who am Englin? Is dat some more ob our big folks is want ter do sumfin?"

"Lor, Nigger; No. Englin is a little dot in de sea, bout is big is ole massa's quarter plantation, and got er feelin on ter em like Miss Lucy's little pet dorg, if you step on hit's tail; look like hit want ter eat up ebry thing on de plantation, an cos de Spaniards do sumptin to em in Cuba de am ginning ter growl like Tip—but de aint nothin no how, an if Uncle Sam caint fix em up in three days, taint no use fur ter talk, an if dey aint tickler bout what de do, de say dey will take Cuba an put hit in one ob our big boats an fetch hit over here till de get settled. Hit's jist a little place ter stop at an rest any how."

"Say, whar you git hook from any how? Look like de fish rudder bite yourn den mine any how. Dis hook am de hook Massa Tom had fore de war. Hit's er French hook. You don't know bout dat does you?"

"Naw!"

"Well you got er heap ter larn fore you can ketch fish like I ken any how."

"Well, what come ob son, Dick?"

"Dick he up North now. I ceived er letter from him yisterday talkin bout de steal works whar he work. Say de dun started ter makin jectiles fur de war, and de aint gwine ter let de engine git cole no mo dis year. But he say he aint gwine ter leff dar fight er no fight. Say he fight on de lan, but he aint no duck ter fight on de water, an he aint."

"I ax you jist now is you seed em—dem Spaniards?"

"Well, sah de look like de eat dirt. Dey yallow an little, but de am tough is er mule, an fight like er game ruster, an dat's how cum our white folks feard to fool long em I reckon. I seed dey mistis when I'm at de World's Fair in Chigargo, an she look like de ground aint good nough ter walk on, but she aint keer jist so she can git er cigarette to smoke, an she puff an tell dem what ter do an de do it, and if our folks try ter make dem do like de want em to do, she wont let em do it, and de done see how de do in Cuba, an de feard ter say er word, caus de don't want no fuss any how. Well, is hear bout de way de treat folks in Cuba? You look out fur dat hook dar now. I bleve dat's er big fish arder dat hook now. Is you got any more ob dat same ole terbacker is ye had las week? Gimme er chaw. When I sell some ob my fish I gwine ter ketch I pay ye back."

"Dis am de Grape bran, and hit's de best in de town."

"How long is yer been married ter yer present wife yer got now?"

"De first gal I married was Sarah. She longed ter de Statums, an she was one fine ooman, but she die bout nine year ago next diggin tater time, an de following year bout cuttin wheat harvest, I seed America and tuck her in. You aint neber married yet is yer?"

"Naw, what I want ter marry fer? When I'm er boy an grown I spected ter be sold any time, an I jist said I'm single an I'll stay so, an I did, an so I am, and if Uncle Sam call fer mens ter help move Cuba out ov the way ob dem Spaniards, I'm one to call on, caus I know dey aint gwine ter tech er gun long is de don't tech Gen. Lee, and de am feard ter put de hands on ter him De dun heard bout what he done while he was General, an de feard ob him, an Uncle Sam done had all de fuss he want, and I bleve if de fish don't bite no better I go home an see if dat boy aint done writ again."

"Whar dat cat-fish I done kotch? Blame me if dis eel aint done gone an eat it up. Well, dats jist what the Span-

iards am tryin ter do wid Cuba. Take de eel, an yer got de fish, an less go."

"Dat is what Uncle Sam gwine ter do, take Spain an he got Cuba, lessen dout dey feard to fool long em an I bleve de is. You seen dat dorg since yer been here? Well las night dat dorg houl't and houl't all night, and my ole ooman ken always tell when dat dorg do so what gwine ter happen, an she lay wake all night, an bout chicken crow dis mornin she say Ole man! Ole man! I say what. She say tis er letter from our boy in de post office, an you go an fotch hit home, and if you go wid me home de ole ooman'll read hit ter you. Here's de dorg, less go"

They got home and the old man calls for the letter, and I was anxious to see it, and went over and asked if they had a son in the North, and if they had heard from him any time lately? They said they had just received a letter and gave it to me to read, and here is a copy:

CARPENTER STEEL WORKS,
March 19th, 1898.

Dear Dad and Mamma:

i am now on the eve of goin ter Cuba to see what i ken do ter help de government out of dis trouble they is in of de boat "Maine" an the folks as is dead an loss from the sinkin of one of our biggest boats. The capen ob our gang say we ken discover all de property dat is loss by de oberthrow of the ship in less dan no time, an dat if i go long wid em i ken make 10 dollars er mont an git my clothes and rashins, an soon is we git em all strait i ken own er farm dat de Spaniards used to hab. De government gwine ter condiscate all de stuff dey had and gib hit to us soldiers, an i want you all to be ready is soon is i writ fer ye ter come—ter come. Taint while ter plant no terbacker, nor taters, nor corn, for i will cen for you the first Sunday in June.

Your son,

DICK.

P. S.—Taint no use to writ ter me till i writ ter you.

DICK.

I asked Uncle Billy if that was so?

"Yes Sar. Dat's my son Dick, and he tells de truth, an me an my ole ooman is fixin up all our stuff ter be ready soon is Dick cen fer us. Dick's mighty smart, he done live up North till he got more sense dan eny up dar, an he know."

"When do you thiuk you will go fishing any more?"

"Lor, Boss, I go ebry day. I got ter do somtin till Dick cen fer us, an I fish ebry day."

“Do you think the United States can fan out the Spaniards?”

“I did’nt think so till I ceived dis note from Dick ; but what Dick say is so, an now I know if he gwine wid de boys up North de gwine to cen fer me an de ole ooman soon.”

“Ole man, Ole man, come ter dinner.”

“Hit’s ready, Boss, wont ye come in an try some ob de ole ooman’s cookin?”

CHAPTER II.

I went in and found that Aunt America knew what to do with the black bass from James river, and while there the preacher came in and asked me :

“Does yer read de ‘Journal?’”

I told him I did.

“Well, Sar, hit’s de onliest paper in de world yer need fer ter read. De all try ter hab er paper, but de aint on time like hit, and hit know twelve monts what gwine ter happen an hit say so.

“Now when de bring dat gal, Evangeline Cisneros out ern de jail, aint de done done sumpiu? I’m dat glad I lay de paper down an wipe de tears out ern my eyes. I felt like I could jist see em on de top ob de houses going fer life ter de boat, and I sed den dey paper take de cake. Well while de dar, de see what de Spaniards doing to em, and de writ em up, an dat is done sot de hole tribe ov em gin de paper, but dat aint nothin, an de am wile now bout hit, but de don’t keer. Our folks is jist hankin fer de paper all de time, an I preached all day yisterday bout de Cubans, an I say if Uncle Sam can take what de done ter him, he ken swallow er razor handle an all, an my folks cry cos I sed dat. De am so teched bout de honor ob de Mericans. An I took dis text : ‘But when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of war be not terrified. And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven,’ an dat text sot em all strait, an I told em de truth. Yes I did – all but one thing, Boss, I couldn’t tell ter save my life where is de ‘divers’ places, but when hit come ter me right den I knowed, cos de government sent de ‘divers’ right ter de place, an dey dive and see all bout what dem puny Spaniards do ter our boat, de ‘Maine’ boat we had, an stead hit being de earthquake, hits our boat, de Maine boat we had, but hit’s all true like de book say, cos taint no use ter hab er earthquake when taint nobody ter hurt, an den dat aint no ‘divers’ place ou de lan no how, an man I preached so plain de all took sides

wid me an say 'Preach on,' 'Preach on.' An I did, an mos all de sistern what was dar said de bleve de Lord jis put de words in my mouf like de ravens did de food to Elijah, an I dot full ob what I fine in de text de sun down fan I know hit, an Brudder Jones say ter me, 'Kant yer stop till I kan go home an feed my cows?' Den I discontinue an nounce de diction ter em. Boss, I wish you had er bin dar yisterdy ter hear me. I was sailin sure. Well, sir, when I git home I find de commotion I had in de text, an hit's from de ole ooman. She say ter me 'where is yer been all day?' Den I know I in fur war, and I tell her I been preachin. Den come de commotion ob de text, an I aint know what ter do—she aint neber done so before. As she jerk me round an round in de floor, an dese here notes ob my summun fell out ern my pocket, an she grab em up an say, 'Dis is hit, dis is hit. You writ to gals, an say you off preachin an all dat. I'm tired ob all dis any how.' An she menced to read, an when she come to de text whar hit speak of 'War in divers places' she let de hole bundle fall out er hands and wid tears in her eyes came up and flung both arms roun my nake, an cry an cry till she most dun got sick. She say she forgive me for all she done done soon is her eyes rest on dem words cos she read all de do ebry day in de New York Journal. How de divers hunt up all de tricks dem little drawed up Spaniards do ter our Maine boat, Boss? I felt bad nough when de ole ooman do me so, but I know de Lord can took ker ob me any whar, an I know he will. Boss, whar does you lib? Does you know Bill and Ned?

"Well, if you come ter our church next Sunday I gwine ter preach from de udder part ob my text, 'Terrified,' cos Uncle Sam am so pestered all de time bout his boat, an de mens he lost dat he most forgit he got er country, and I gwine ter help him out all I kin. Well, I got to go, hit's time de boy done fotched de New York Journal now, an if its anything new hit's got it sure. And Boss, de ole ooman say she gwine ter hear me preach all do time hereafter."

PART II.

“A DESERTER.”

Uncle Reamus on the Treacheries of Spanish Cuban War.

—JUNE 1, 1899.—

While out collecting a few things he thinks best to have on hand he meets Uncle Bill, who accosts him thus:

“Whar de name gord is you gwine wid dat load you got dis time o’night?”

“Hish man, don’t you talk too loud now. You ain’t know whar I’s bin all dis time, is you? Now—

“But you ain’t tell me whar you’s gwine.”

“And nudder is I tell you whar I’s been—but ef you help me ter take dese yer taters to my patch whar I gwine to plant I tell yer what yer ain’t know about.”

“Do yer ole ooman know yer done cum home again?”

“I ain’t seed her yit, but I gwine to send fur her to cum whar I is. You see, year fore las de officers tell me hits heap ob our folks in Cuba dat am starving to death, and if I go long wid em I can help em heap. Well, I go in un man’s stead; I help dem; I wus off den dey. And de yellow fever-cum in de camp like rats in de barn, and I see bout one hundred ob our mens laying stretched out dead that morning—but I dodged hit fer bout two weeks. Las one night I hear er voice say ter me: “Reamus! Reamus! you can’t stay here an not took de fever, an you best ter take ter de bushes.” And I reason dat all night, an next mornin I see dem all lay out on de groun dead, an I tell um I gwine ter de woods ter see if I can’t git sum roots dat sure cures de yallow fever, and I lef. I aint never see em no more.”

“Well, how de name ob Lord did you git cross de water?”

“You talk too loud; you aint neber hab sich er time as I had.”

“I set up on er big rock an see dem Spaniards blow up heap ob our boats, and de mens fell in de sea like apples off de tree in de fall, an General Lee say ter em: March on brave boys, march on, till all dem pure au holy Cubans get

der freedom. An I say, yes, General Lee I gwine ter march on, an I did. You go dar and see what I see, an you gwine ter march on like General Lee say, too. Say, is yer lost in dese here woods? I don't bleeve a bar kin fine dis place, an lessen dout you take me home, I jist as well be in Cuba."

"Great sakes! What sort er hole is dis here in de ground?"

"You cum long here, and don't yer fool long me. I show you sumpin, and when I tell you er word don't yer tell hit ter yer wife—if you eber see her any more."

"Golly! Who am dat yer got here? Be still an talk wid yer eyes an let yer mouf res er little."

"Dis am er frend ob mine from Cuba. His name am Don De Valso Barger Targium."

"God Almighty!!! Is you er angel? And did you find dis place fur Remus? Dat nigger gwine ter talk he head off sure. If you don't stop yer tongue you aint neber gwine ter see your ole ooman no more. Now shut yer mouf up an let me tell yer what yer got ter do. Fuss, I gwine ter tell you how I git here, an we got em all here in dis cave now, an if you keep still we gwine ter let you be partner wid us. Now dis am one ob de big animules dat grow in de rich land ob Cuba, an we feard dat de Spaniards gwine ter brake em all up, an I jine Val Don an he sew me up in dis skelitum an fetch me here, an we gwine ter zibit all dis stuff soon is de don't keer if I'm gone. We gwine ter hab er musieam to show de folks, an tell em I cum in de blockade, in dis cow skin skelitum, an den we take de cash. Dat's hit."

"Well, aint you feel sorry fur de folks you lef in Cuba?"

"Golly! No! De feel sorry fer me. I preached ter em ebry day I'm dar, an I couldn't keep de tears out ern my eyes half de time, cos I find all my text in de word bout perrilous times, and fearful times, an all sort ob times, an I aint nebber find no times for me, an I feel rather skeered all de time. An when our folks chase dat lumber boat an kotch hit, an tell de Capten he dar prisoner, I'm dar in site, an de tears roll down he cheek like rain ob er April day, an he say he aint know we got er war till now, an he sot down an lay he hat on de groun, an cry an cry cos he can't see he sweet little baby no more till de war is done stop. I felt rite den er sorter chokin, but I say hit spepsia, an I go off an res er little. Den next day our folks on dey boat chase one ob de boats four miles, an shoot so close an fas wid dem Ratlin Guns, de stop de boat an cummed up to our folks like er hungry calf ter hit's mammy, an de lay de guns down at Gen'rl Lee's feet, an tell him de don't want ter hurt him no how. De bleve he am er big Gen'rl an er good man. When

I'm in de harbor I seed dem sen dem Saltpetres ter our boats ter try ter blow dem up, an when Gen'rl Lee see hit cumin he tell em ter turn dat Rup Gun on ter hit, an dey did, an dey did, an de buss de Saltpetre all ter pieces, an sail in Havanna, an when de got dar de find stid er de got ter fight de Spaniards de got ter fight er hole lot ob dem fool Cubans, an I say if de aint got no more sense dan ter fight our folks I gwine stay home, an I did. Our government don't let yer eat er pea nor er pernannur, nor er beat, fraid I reckon if de do dey will git ter be like er Spaniard or er tory Cuban. I say I aint gwine ter fight an starve too. So I left dar in dis cow skin, an de aint know hit till now, an you is all. What you keep on talkin fer? You aint see nothin yet. I live in dis hole twelve month, an de war still gwine on, an I don't bleve I ken stay here much longer, Don De Valso Barger Targium. I don't like de white ob dis nigger's eye. He gwine ter tell de white folks all about our musicam we got, an whar we is, an I bleve hit will be all safe to put him in de lower pit now, cos he gwine ter tell sure. Git dat rope. We gwine ter fix yer sure. You neber ax any man whar he gwine an whar he cum from in war times no more. Tie both dem hands hine him good. I read him all through. I read all de folks I see. Let him down in de lower pit, whar he'll stay."

"Lord! Lord! My poor wife an my be-be-be baby boy."

"Taint no use ter call on de Lord now. You better had not ax me whar I gwine ter."

"O! Reamus! Is I set an listen ter you preach an hear all dem good prayers you pray fer me an de government, an den you turn gin me like dis? Fore you cut de rope fer me ter drap, let me ax de Lord ter hear me. O, Lord! Dis an er fool country ob ours now, and eben de good preacher dat used ter try ter save my soul am now tryin ter stroy my body, an hit's all cos he got quainted wid er man he call 'Don De Valso Barger Targium;' now de both dun got uneasy and want ter take me from my poor wife an be-be-be baby boy. Lord have mercy, have mercy on my poor black soul an daru too. Ef our folks had let de Spaniards an Cubans lone dis here wouldn't er bin, an taint none ob dem dat say we got ter fight, gwine ter fight no how, an dey am jist killin our good folks, an de bad am at home an hidin in holes an dens in de ground. Lord, send er spasmodic vision ober de eyes dat de ken see how bad de am trying ter do ter me, an while I pray so good fer dem an say I jist is well be in Spain is here, I will ax er word for all de poor an suffrin in de land of Cuba, and my poor wife an little Johnny. Poor

little John ; pretty soon he got no papa, an jist one mammy, an all dat jist fer dese folks in de den. Let dem see dat dese eyes am white jist cos I glad dey got er good place ter hide from de folks dat want ter make em fight over no more dan er 'Bass Ball' "

"Cut dat rope ; cut dat rope, an turn dat nigger loose.

"He bone of our bone and blood ob our blood.

"Turn him loose."



United States, Cuba and Spain.

BY C. H. HAMMERSLY.

1. We felt uneasy for General Lee
About one month ago ;
And sent the Maine just for to see
Why they should treat him so.
2. He said no danger could be near,
And now all this was vain,
He felt no harm, he had no fear ;
Relied upon the Maine.
3. But in the night while all was still,
And sleeping in their bed,
A sound was heard that sent a thrill
Like waking from the dead.
4. And then a second sound was heard
That called them from the plain,
They gaze in awe, but not a word ;
They see the sinking Maine.
5. The heart beats fast for those on board,
As they are dashed below ;
She sinks with her majestic load
Near the tide of Cuban shore.
6. The vengeance of our God is roused ;
Their blood the nation tries ;
The cause is dear we have espoused,
We'll not listen to their cries.
7. Why should a man their servant be,
To pay them all their gold,
When all are happy, bright and free,
And then not half is told.
8. In mother's breast bleeds a heart
When she sees that child so dear
Stabbed to death with Spanish dart,
And none to shed a tear.

9. She wonders if God can hear her cry,
Can hear such bitter wail ;
She tires of life, she longs to die,
To soar within the vail.
10. Such fearful deed as has been done
In Cuba by the year,
Cannot be told, cannot be borne
By mortal man that's here.
11. The Spanish court has lost its head
The Queen, so proud of state ;
She lives no longer, she is dead ;
So question not such fate.
12. The God who rules all nations wise,
Can cause all strife to end ;
The one that's right will ever rise,
You need not try defend.



The Volunteers for Cuban's War.

BY C. H. HAMMERSLY.

1. Yes, we enlist to serve our land,
We feel a kindred tie
That binds us in a perfect band,
Till all of us shall die.
2. With Captain Miller at our head,
We feel our hearts to burn ;
With tap of drum you hear our tread,
The Spanish we will spurn.
3. And in command of General Lee
Our fear is chased away,
And trials to us will ever be,
"To watch and fight and pray."

4. And while we watch in distant land,
And leave our dear ones here,
Will you not implore God's own hand
To keep our hearts from fear.
5. Our hearts are brave, we cannot lag,
We dare not turn our face ;
Our eye we have upon our flag,
The Spaniard we will chase.
6. With General Lee in the lead
And Miller at our side,
No other help we then shall need,
For God will then provide.
7. Onward boys ! ever brave and true,
Be steady at your post,
Nothing is too great for the blue,
No battle can be lost.
8. I hear the call of mother now
In Cuba for her life,
She prays that God will show her how
In Him to end her strife.
9. And now the boom of cannon fire
Across the waters deep,
Sends in the heart a long desire,
The land of Cuba sweet.
10. The Spanish force has fallen back,
They give to us the day ;
They see no courage we can lack ;
Gen'l Lee holds the sway.
11. Brave boys ! come home and greet the cheer
That waits to welcome you ;
Brave boys ! come home and do not fear,
You boys that wear the blue.
12. And General Lee that led you forth
In Miller's Company brave ;
We'll give to you his party oath,
All Cuba you did save.

THE BACHELOR AT HOME.

BY C. H. HAMMERSLY.

1. Alas! alas! how much we miss
Of joy, love and sunshine,
Where married men get the kiss
And have but one to mind.
2. The dirt all piled up in the room,
The bed all rumped too,
An hour of search to find the broom,
Then knows not what to do.
3. He is up early in the morn
To find his buttons broke,
His socks he always has to darn,
And then you hear him croak.
4. And now his face he has to clean
And comb his hair aright.
The like of trouble none has seen,
And still he braves the fight.
5. Some pretty girl he fancies yet,
But does not tell her so ;
She knows that she is just his pet,
And will not let him go.
6. While trash is found the whole day long
Scattered on the floor,
He sits and sings some comic song
Relating to the poor.
7. Some girl of culture and of art
That knows just what to say,
Will cut the cord that binds his heart,
And take him for her prey.
8. Now this is just a fancy sketch
On Bachelors in their den,
But when you find a bigger wretch
'Tis always with the married men.

Hamlet's Pile Cure,A Sure Cure for Piles.

H. H. H. Catarrh Cure,Cures Catarrh in all forms.

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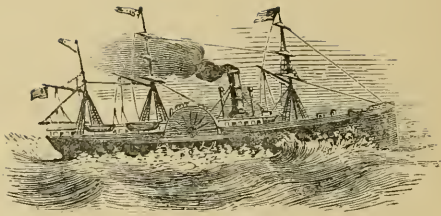
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