FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.

Mrs. Rachel Ivie, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable at times to walk without assistance. The kidney secretions were very irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health, and I am able to do as much work as the average woman, though nearly eighty years old."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WERE STILL SUPPLIED.

"Have you given some fresh water to the gold fish, Anna?"

"No, ma'am, they have not finished what I gave them the other day."

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutzkoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Schools for Tubercular Children.

Special schools for tubercular children have now been established in Providence, Boston, New York, Rochester, Washington, Hartford, Conn., Chicago and Pittsburg. New York has three schools and Washington, D. C., two. The board of education of New York city is proposing to establish three more, and similar institutions are being planned in Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Newark, N. J.

In cities like Providence, Boston and New York, where outdoor schools have been conducted for two years, the results obtained from the treatment of children in special tuberculosis open air schools seem to show the great advantage of this class of institutions. This, coupled with the experience of open air schools in Germany and England, proves that children can be cured of tuberculosis and keep up with their school work, without any danger to fellow pupils.

Pathetic Pride.

Willie had had a tumble when he was a baby and his hip was so hurt that ever afterward he was obliged to use a crutch. On one occasion, when his mother had bought him a new crutch of the latest and most approved style, Willie expressed his enthusiasm and delight in the roundest terms. "And oh, mother!" he exclaimed, in conclusion, referring to a little friend of his who having the use of both legs had no need of crutches, "won't Johnny Knowles be jealous!"

He Knew the Reason.

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly ain't quick enough."—Bazar.

SECRET WORKERS

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was.

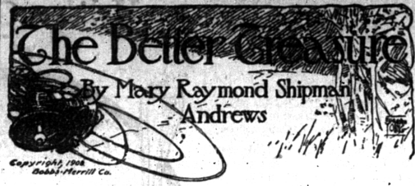
"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart troubles have all disappeared.

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



(CONTINUED.)

"Lying awake, the boy could not bear to think that the dear horse and cow stood hungry in the barn, on their last night of life; how he stole into the kitchen and found the coarse bread and the milk that were saved for his own breakfast, and carried them out to the stable; how, as he came to the door, he heard strange hoarse voices speaking low, and listened and found that it was Friedel and Minna talking together; how then he remembered that once a year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, dumb beasts may find speech in memory of the night when the Christ-child lay among beasts, in the manger; how little Hans listened to the thin old horse and the hungry old cow and heard them grieving for the poverty of their master and mistress and heard them speak of the secret which, if the beasts might have speech to tell it, would make everything right; how Hans went in boldly then and gave the animals his breakfast, and asked them to tell him the secret; how they told him, in unused, rusty voices, that beneath the empty stall of the stable was a treasure of gold, buried a thousand years before by the Romans, which would make his mother and father richer than they could dream; and how just then the bells of the distant village rang for Christmas morning, and the poor beasts were dumb again, and Hans went back to his bed and waited for daylight to tell his father and moth-

"Don't Go to Sleep, Benny—Listen."

er, who dug for the treasure and found it and were happy with the horse and cow, and rich ever after.

The story ended, and the children were quiet, as if listening, thrilled, to those stammering hoarse tones of the good brutes in the chilly stable.

"Now, chickens, you must go to your roosts," the mother broke their dream, and her words ended in a sigh. "Father! it's too bad to have him left out of Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Benny sturdily. "Nobody can say 'Peaceful Was the Night' 'cept father. It's too bad for father he had to go to the thing-ma-jig's funeral;" and, being Christmas Eve, Benny went unreproved for the description of his great-uncle.

"Father'll be home before morning, won't he?" asked the girl, and went on. "Oh, I remember. You said some time in the night, but we can't tell when, 'cause the trains get late. Well, I hope he'll be here in the morning when we wake up. It wouldn't be Christmas without father; would it, mother?"

"I can't bear to have him out so late," the little woman said, and her tones were troubled. She went on as if thinking aloud—a way she had with her big 'babies. "Father isn't well—he ought to go south—I wish he could go," and Benny answered in strong baby tones:

"Oh, he can't go, mother. We have not got money enough—you said we hadn't."

"No, dear, we haven't," she sighed; and the girl shook her mane of hair back thoughtfully.

"I wish I could find a lot of money like Hans, for father," she said.

The fascination of the firelight as the children lay in their beds, their mother gone, held the drowsy eyes open. The girl, the more aggressive, the more imaginative of the two, went back, with a thought working its way in her mind, to the story which had a hold on both, the story of how two dumb brutes may talk once a year on Christmas Eve.

"Do you believe it's true, Benny?" she consulted her brother. "Mother didn't say it wasn't, you know."

"Then it's true, and I believe it's true," said Benny stoutly. "I'm glad they can. I know Nigger would enjoy a talking. He looks like he wanted to talk when he squeals, and he squeals words sometimes. I heard him say 'corn bread' one day."

Alice lifted her brown head from the pillow and leaned on one elbow and stared into the fire. "Nigger's out in the barn," she reflected. "Father took Mr. Jarvis' horse because Nigger's foot was lame. Benny—" she began excitedly, and stopped.

Benny gave an enormous yawn and turned his heavy yellow head. "Wh-ut?" he inquired.

"Don't go to sleep, Benny—listen!" the girl begged. "I've got an idea—something lovely, really. Why can't we go to the stable to-night—it's Christmas Eve—and listen to Nigger talking, like Hans listened to Friedel and Minna? And maybe he'll know about some treasure and we could get lots of money, and give it to father to go south with. Mother would be glad."

The boy's sleepy eyes opened and gazed at her. "Wouldn't it be naughty?"

As happened once before in a garden, "the woman tempted him." Benny was swept out on the tide of his sister's adventurous spirit, and while the fire steamed and purred an undertone they made their plans. Very nearly were the plans shipwrecked by Nature, however, for, as they waited till the night should be older, the clock ticked, the fire sang a lullaby, and the children fell asleep.

But at half-past eleven a log dropped noisily, the light of it blazed up and the adventurer-in-chief, the deed to be done in her veins, awakened. It needed all her energy to persuade the boy, numb with sleep, that sleep was not the one possibility in a midnight world. But there was a persistent spirit in her, and in ten minutes two muffled little figures crept through the shadowy house and out over the white lawn, misty with still-falling snow, and up the slope to the door of the stable.

There were half-visible footsteps in the white carpet on the ground, but the big flakes had blurred them, the children did not notice. An hour before a man had hurried along the road from town, a powerful man, walking fast. As he walked he spoke to himself in a low tone.

"The note about Pat O'Hara's broken leg ought to take him three miles out of his way—it ought to delay him an hour. Lucky I remembered where the horse and trap would be kept."

He passed a stream, tinkling silverly in the stillness under its roof of ice and snow. He halted and stared down.

"I took my first trout in that hole," he murmured, and swung on.

But the ghost of a boy had caught his arm and clung to him and went with him down the road. He could not shake the ghost-boy loose.

"Dr. Harding took you home to lunch that day," the boy whispered, "and the trout was cooked, and they made an event of it."

"Well, what of that?" the man answered the memory aloud. "I'm not going to hurt Dr. Harding, am I?"

"He won't give up what he has set himself to guard."

The big fellow spoke again grimly: "He'll have to." The muscles of his bent arm tightened. The clinging ghost-boy clutched closer.

"You couldn't hurt him! You could not do it in this place, where the good years of your life were passed. You know every foot of this ground—every foot of it has a happy association. You've played hide-and-seek in that barn of Harding's, and gone to sleep in the hay-loft. Can you go there and take money from him?"

The man's hand flew out. "It's not his money—I wouldn't rob him. It's money that ought to be mine—it belongs to Sidney Maxwell, my cousin, and it's Maxwell money—family money. They make millions a year—I'm one of them and I've nothing—worse than nothing. I ought to be as rich as he—it's a drop in the bucket to what I ought to have."

"Whose fault is it that you haven't it?" the insistent whisper came. "You threw away your chance."

"I know it—I was a fool—I couldn't be controlled. But I was young, five years ago. If my father had lived, my uncle wouldn't have turned me out. It was Sidney who was down on me—reliable, satisfactory Sidney, who never had a temptation—never made a mistake—never threw away his birthright for a mess of pottage. He's gone from success to success without an effort." The man groaned. "I hate him!" he muttered. "I'm his flesh and blood, and he never throws a thought to me. We had our Christmas trees together, and played with our rocking-horses on the rug before the fire. He was kind as a big brother to me then. But now, the ends of the earth are no farther apart than he and I—Carl Maxwell, my chances all gone, a failure, a pauper." He shuddered. "This night a thief. Ah!" The syllable snapped sharply and he

Two Muffled Little Figures Crept Out Over the White Lawn.

threw out his powerful arms. "No, my chances are not all gone—there's one left." He struck his breast with his hand where the letter lay inside. "My one chance of beginning new is this night. I'll get that money which ought to be mine, and to-morrow I'll be off for China, and take up Bill Bacon's offer, and be an honest man, by Heaven, a successful one this time! I've got it in me, and I've learned my lesson. My God! I've learned my lesson. I'll work hard and earn my life and I'll send back this three thousand to Sidney Maxwell with my first savings. I will. Jove—it's a straight road—it's a chance in a million for a man at the last gasp. I'd be a cowardly fool not to take it—and after all I'm just borrowing—not stealing. I'll send it back sure as fate."

The sophistry which has soothed many consciences was good enough for this desperate one. Something which felt like self-respect, the unused sensation of a hope, sent him springing over the two miles from the railroad town to Fairfield, and through dim, well-remembered lanes to Fairfield parsonage.

He found his way readily down the shadowy drive to the stable, and the door, left unlocked for the master, opened at a touch. The horse stamped in his stall in the dark, and Maxwell went to him and spoke quietly, and he was still.

There was an empty stall next, where would be put the other horse arriving with Dr. Harding, and here the man stowed himself. When the clergyman led the animal to the opening, then, while his hands were busy, would be the time. He might have to struggle, to knock him down perhaps—he set his teeth and drew in a breath. It was not pleasant to knock down such a friend, but it had to be done, and he would be careful not to injure him. A trained boxer knows how.

He sat drawn together, in the thick straw, waiting. Nigger, in the stall close by, stamped uneasily and put his black nose through the opening above and sniffed and blew. He could see the horse's eyes gleaming in the darkness, and feel his warm breath. So settled was his mind on the deed to come that he dropped into a sleep, comfortably wrapped in the straw. Yet his nerves were alert, and he sat up quickly, on guard at a light sound from the outside. What was it? Even allowing for the snow-covered road it was not the sound of wheels—and, while he wondered, the side door of the building, which faced him as he sat hidden, opened. A late moon had risen, making the landscape outside as clear as day, and against the white ground he saw, astonished, the figures of two children sharply silhouetted.

This big girl held the boy by the hand as they peered in. The man, unprepared for this complication, watched them, troubled, uncertain, and immediately the boy spoke in a full, sweet voice.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go to bed."

But the girl stepped forward, warily poised, yet determined, and drew her brother. "Maybe he doesn't know it's us," she said. "I don't want to go back till I see." She dropped the boy's hand and was at the door of the box-stall. "Nigger," she whispered, "Nigger," and the horse whinnied and turned his head toward her.

The boy had followed, stumbling across the floor. "Maybe he doesn't know it's Christmas," he suggested. "Let's sing a carol so he'll remember."

The man in the stall listened. In a low tone, because it was a mysterious business they were on, the two sang:

Silent night, hallowing dawn,
Far and wide breaks the morn,
Breaks the day when the Saviour of men
Bringing pardon and healing again,
Holy, harmless and undefiled—Cometh a little child.

"Pardon and healing!"

They sang it and they were silent, waiting. Nigger sniffed softly, then whinnied.

Benny's slow speech began coaxingly:

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady—

He halted, listening. "I thought maybe he'd like that because it's

He Saw, Astonished, the Figures of Two Children.

about a horse. I thought it would interest him," Benny explained, and proceeded as if by force of inertia:

Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither do you wander
Upstairs—

Alice interrupted. "That hasn't got a single thing to do with Christmas, Benny."

"But it's on the next page," Benny argued stolidly.

Alice was firm. "It isn't the right kind of poetry—it ought to be sort of churchy and religious, because Nigger's a clergyman's horse and it's Christmas Eve."

"Maybe he's afraid," she said, in a disappointed tone, yet still hopeful. "Benny, say the verse about 'Fear not' to him—that might make him not be afraid."

The unseen audience listened as Benny, persuadingly, as man to man, recited a hymn to Nigger.

"Fear not—"

urged Benny—

"Fear not," said He, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"Glad tidings of great joy!" The young man in the straw sat quiet and listened.

Whatever encouragement for beasts might be in a Christmas hymn, Benny meant to extend it to Nigger. Unhurried, with the sleepy note of a bird going to roost, his piping voice plodded on, telling a tale which he did not doubt. With the full angel song he ended:

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace.
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

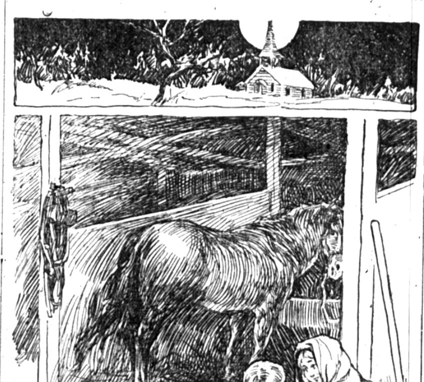
"Peace! Good-will!"

There was a stir in the empty stall, but the children did not hear it. From a mile away down the road came faintly a sound of hoof-beats, and Nigger blew out an agitated breath and whinnied again gently. It was very quiet. Alice and Benny, standing patient, thrilled suddenly as a strange, hoarse voice issued from the darkness.

"Merry Christmas, children!" the voice said.

The girl clutched the boy's shoulder. "He's talkin'—Nigger's talkin'," Benny announced, interested but imperturbed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"He's Talkin'—Nigger's Talkin'!"

Christmas Cheer.

"Old man," wrote the Billville citizen, "it was my intendin' to give you a fine present fer Christmas, but I come short this year by the sheriff levyin' on my cotton an' the govern ment on my corn; so I kin only send you a gallon jug of the last named, which ain't much as my ambitions is fer you; but I'll say this, old boy: There's enough in that jug to make you have the jolliest time o' yer life fer a day or two; ef you can't buy a circus ticket, there's a whole circus in six drams, an' a eternal movin' pictur show in 20; so make the most of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

BALLINGER TELLS OF YEAR'S WORK

Report of the Secretary of the Interior Received.

PROBLEM OF PUBLIC LANDS

Development Through Private Enterprise Under National Supervision and Control Desired—Reclamation Service Discussed.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The annual report to the president of Richard A. Ballinger, secretary of the interior, was made public to-day, and makes interesting reading. The report covers a portion of the time under the administration of James R. Garfield, and Mr. Ballinger gives him credit for his earnest and efficient services.

Secretary Ballinger comments on the old public land statutes, and continues:

"The liberal and rapid disposition of the public lands under these statutes and the lax methods of administration which for a long time prevailed naturally provoked the feeling that the public domain was legitimate prey for the unscrupulous and that it was no crime to violate or circumvent the land laws. It is to be regretted that we, as a nation, were so tardy to realize the importance of preventing so large a measure of our natural resources passing into the hands of land pirates and speculators, with no view to development looking to the national welfare.

Must Continue Prosecutions.

"It may be safely said that millions of acres of timber and other lands have been unlawfully obtained, and it is also true that actions to recover such lands have in most instances long since been barred by the statute of limitations. The principal awakening to our wasteful course came under your predecessor's administration. The bold and vigorous prosecutions of land frauds, through Secretaries Hitchcock and Garfield, have restored a salutary respect for the law, and the public mind has rapidly grasped the importance of safeguarding the further disposition of our natural resources in the public lands in the interest of the public good as against private greed. Notwithstanding this, it is necessary to continue with utmost vigor, through all available sources, the securing of information of violations of the public land laws and to follow such violations with rigid prosecutions.

Use Private Enterprise.

"On this present policy of conserving the natural resources of the public domain, while development is the key-note, the best thought of the day is not that development shall be by national agencies, but that wise utilization shall be secured through private enterprise under national supervision and control. Therefore, if material progress is to be made in securing the best use of our remaining public lands, congress must be called upon to enact remedial legislation."

Mr. Ballinger then gives in detail his recommendations for the classification of public lands, and the features of a measure which he advises for the direction of the disposal of water-power sites.

The Reclamation Service.

Concerning the reclamation service, the report says in part:

"In view of the importance of a speedy completion of existing projects and their proper extension, and of the necessity in 1912 of an adjustment between the states by which the major portion of the funds arising from the sale of public lands within each state and territory shall have been expended so far as practicable within such state or territory, and in view of the importance of making a beneficial use of waters already appropriated or capable of appropriation to which rights may be lost for nonuse, I believe an urgent appeal should be made to congress to authorize the issuance of certificates of indebtedness, or of bonds against the reclamation fund, to an aggregate of not exceeding $30,000,000, or so much thereof as may be needed."

Energetic reorganization of the Indian bureau is in progress, says Mr. Ballinger, and he recommends that the Indian warehouses at New York, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis and San Francisco be closed as soon as possible. A more advanced policy respecting the maintenance, improvement and operation of the Yellowstone and Yosemite national parks is urged on the government.

Contracts Made on Feast Days.

The fixed date for Easter is probably a matter of little concern in the United States, but of great importance in continental Europe, where rent and other contracts are written on such feast days rather than at New Year's or the 1st of May.

On Maneuvers.

Army Service Corps N. C. O. in charge of forage (to officer's groom who has come for extra rations for a horse)—"Have you brought a requisition?" Groom—"No. Ain't got none with us, but I've brought a bucket."—Punch.

Good for Something.

Subbubs—"What do you intend to do with that lot you bought in Swamphurst?" Commute—"I am thinking of making a fishing preserve of it."—Brooklyn Life.

Horrible Contingency Averted.

A man in Park avenue deserted his bride after four days because she called on him to button her shoes. We shudder to think what might have happened had she asked him to button her dress.—New York Herald.

In the Potion Scene.

First Young Thing (at the play)—"What do you think Juliet is thinking of now, as she lies there asleep from the effects of the drug?" Second Young Thing—"Hoping she doesn't sneeze."

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

Country Neglecting the Children.

If the percentage of tuberculous children recently ascertained by an investigation in Stockholm, Sweden (1.61 per cent.) were applied to the schools of the United States there would be 273,700 children between the ages of eight and fifteen who are positively affected with tuberculosis, according to a statement of the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis. As contrasted with this figure, there are only 11 open-air tuberculosis schools in operation in the entire country, and nine more under consideration. At the lowest estimate, even with all the schools now in operation and those proposed, accommodations will not be provided for four-tenths of one per cent. of the children who need this special treatment.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

That Single Thought.

You've heard the old story of sweet wedded bliss, of the two hearts that flutter as one, and the two souls single-thought sealed with a kiss, and have wondered, no doubt, how 'twas done. As a wise one who was by experience taught, this effect we will briefly explain; in most of the cases that "one single thought" is: "I wish I was single again!"

Marks on Silverware.

"Sterling" as used in connection with silverware means genuine silver. The addition of the word "patent" is to indicate that the particular design of the article on which the word appears is patented and that the article is genuine silver.

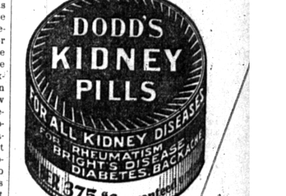
Imperfect.

Tommy—The doctors brought the baby.

Freddy—It looks just like ma had been shopping by telephone again.—Harper's Bazar.

WHEN YOUR JOINTS ARE STIFF and muscles sore from cold, rheumatism or neuralgia—when you slip, strain or bruise yourself, use Perry Davis' Painkiller. The home remedy 70 years.

The worm may turn, but the grindstone has to be turned.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unexcelled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

1,000,000 RAW FUR SKINS WANTED

for my manufacturing and exporting trade; Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and others. Top prices. Write for special quotations. A. E. BURKHARDT, International Fur Merchant, CINCINNATI, O.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

It will instantly relieve that racking cough. Taken promptly it will often prevent Asthma, Bronchitis and serious throat and lung trouble. Guaranteed safe and very palatable.

All Druggists, 25 cents.