

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Letter from a Cat—Saw Himself in the Mirror—A Queer Indian Legend—Benning from Death, a Strange Story from One of Our Seaport Towns.

**Letter from a Cat.**  
Dear Editor: I hereby take My pen in paw to say, Can you explain a curious thing I found the other day? There is another little cat Who sits behind a frame, And looks so very much like me You'd think we were the same. I try to make her play with me, Yet when I mew and call, Though I see her mew in answer, She makes no sound at all, And to the dullest kitten It's plain enough to see That either I am mocking her, Or she is mocking me. It makes no difference what I play, She seems to know the game; For every time I look around I see her do the same. And yet no matter though I creep On tiptoe lest she hear, Or quickly dash behind the frame, She's sure to disappear!  
—St. Nicholas.

**An Indian Legend.**  
A curious legend, which we are told that the Indians believe and relate to this day, is about a huge natural spire of weather beaten sandstone, which rises sheer and stark eight hundred feet from base to top. This natural obelisk is in Arizona, in Dead Man's Canyon, and is called "The Spider's Tower."

It happened, many centuries ago, that one of the peaceful cave dwellers was surprised and pursued by a hostile tribe, and driven into this canyon. On and on he fled, vainly seeking a hiding place in which to take refuge. The enemy was steadily gaining upon him, and his strength was nearly exhausted, when, coming near to this huge pillar of stone, he descried a silken cord hanging from the top of it.

With trembling haste he fastened one end of the rope to his belt, and taking fast hold of it as high as he could reach, he began to climb, hand over hand, resting his feet in the jagged rock.

Nearer and nearer the hostile band came, but when he had gained the summit of the rock, their arrows could not reach him, for the protruding edges protected him. Many days they waited for him at the base, but he fed upon dew and eagles' eggs and defied their siege.

And when at last they departed, and he returned to earth by means of the silken cord, he had learned that a spider, seeing his distress, had spun this cord of extra strength, and fastening one end to the rock, had dropped the other that he might be saved.

For, like all the brute creation, the spider loved the quiet cave-dweller better than the unmerciful hunters; and it was in gratitude to his preserver that the Indian told his story to his tribe; and you, to this day, may visit the spot and see the "Spider's Tower."

**Sly Mr. Coon.**  
Mr. Goodrich, of Potter County, Pa., missed a great many of his chickens, and one night not long ago he hid near his henhouse to catch the thief. He had not waited long when he saw a four-footed coon come stealing along the fence and squeeze in at a small hole near one corner, which he had not noticed before. As soon as the coon was safe inside Mr. Goodrich clapped a big stone over the hole and went inside to capture the coon, and closed the door after him. Through a window in the henhouse the moonlight came in so that he could see plainly all over the floor, but he could not find the coon any place, and had almost made up his mind that it had found some other way out when he chanced to look up at the roosts, where the chickens were sleeping, and saw two great eyes staring at him out of the dimmest corner. The coon had slipped up on the roost among the chickens, thinking that perhaps Mr. Goodrich would not see him. At first he had his back turned, but he was curious and had to see what was going on. And that is why he got caught.

**Running from Death.**  
In one of our seaport towns lives a mother who determined that, whatever happened, her son should never be drowned. Her father was a sailor, and was drowned at sea. She lost her husband and her brother in the same way. The horror of the great deep was upon her. Only those that had lived by the sea know what this terror is. To guard her only son from a watery death became a real passion with her. The thought qualified all her plans for his future and kept her in ceaseless watch of his movements. As the boy grew he was not allowed to paddle in boats or to learn to swim, and when he was old enough to earn his own living his mother sent him to an inland town in the neighborhood of Boston.

"When you get started," she said, "I will come and live with you. I don't ever want to see the water again." It was not long before the young man found work as a teamster. His work was satisfactory to him and to his employers, but one day the horses took fright and ran away. The heavy wagon swerved and upset upon a plank bridge, under which a little stream flowed. The driver was struck, and

becoming unconscious was hurled into the brook. The water barely covered him. He was drowned.

There is an ancient Jewish proverb, "Wherever a man is destined to die, thither will his feet carry him." A curious corroboration of this saying is related in the Talmud. On one occasion King Solomon, attended by his two scribes, met Azrael, the angel of death. Seeing that the angel's countenance was sad, Solomon inquired the reason, and was told that the king's scribes had been demanded at his hands. On this, Solomon transported his two favorites to the land of Luz, where, according to a current legend, no man ever died. The next morning Solomon beheld Azrael again, but this time the angel was laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" demanded the king, surprised.

"Because," he answered, "O King! You have sent these men to the very place whence I had been ordered to fetch them."

To live one's life naturally and righteously, without faithless worry and fret, is both good sense and good religion. Over-anxiety not unfrequently invites the very disasters that imagination dreads.—Youth's Companion.

**This Cat Works.**  
Near Stockton, Cal., is a cat by the name of Bildad, whose mistress, Miss Angie Eddes, also owns some almond trees. When these nuts are ripe, and start to fall, Bildad begins work. His mistress sets a large basket out in the almond grove, and goes back to the house. Then Bildad picks up all the plump brown nuts, and carries them to the basket, never stopping till it is full, when the useful cat goes in and pulls at the apron of its mistress to let her know that it should be emptied, so Bildad can fill it again. Bildad also churns. Mr. Eddes has made a treadle to work the churn, and upon this Bildad stands and churns away. The cat can tell by the sound of the milk when the butter has come, and strikes with his paw on a little bell to let his mistress know that he is through. Besides all this Bildad plays and enjoys a romp as much as any other cat.

**Horses That Count.**  
A Russian doctor has spent a great deal of time finding out how much animals can count, and has found that horses can count more numbers than any other animals. He has found that a parrot can count four, a cat six, crows ten and some few dogs twenty. But he found horses that could count more than this. One would plow across a field 20 times, and would then stop and rest, but it never stopped at 19 or 21. Always just 20. Another horse always counted the miles along the road by the white mile posts that were set up, and stopped every 25 miles, as it had been taught to do, to be fed. Another one was always fed when the town clock struck 12. When the clock struck 11 it would lift up its head and listen, but when the bell had stopped would again droop its ears. But when the clock struck 12 it always neighed loudly for its dinner.

**Bear Liked Sugar.**  
In a Vermont maple sugar camp, owned by a Mr. Forsythe, the owner this spring often missed cakes of the maple sugar which had been set out in the snow to harden. For a long time the men at the camp watched for the thief, but never caught him, until at last one day they found bear tracks leading away from the camp, and followed them until they came to a cave in the hillside. Mr. Bear was not at home, but in one corner of the cave they found their cakes of maple sugar neatly piled up. Mr. Bear had hidden away nearly 200 pounds of the sweet stuff, and when they went to carry it away they met him coming through the woods, walking straight up on his hind feet like a man and carrying more sugar in his arms. When he saw the men he did not wait to be shot, but dropped his sugar and ran away like any other thief.

**Wise Squirrels.**  
In Kansas City there is park which is near a school, and in the trees of this park are many squirrels. All day long they frisk and scamper about, with their bushy tails up over their backs, peering around the limbs of the trees with their little, beady eyes, at the grown-up people without a bit of fear. But as soon as they hear the bell for school to let out they scamper for their nests, and by the time the first boy is out of the door there is not a squirrel to be seen. The wise little animals know that when the bell rings the boys will come out and stone them. More than this, the squirrels have learned never to show themselves on Saturday. This speaks well for the smartness of the squirrels, but it speaks badly for the Kansas City boys.

**Long-Lived Prime Ministers.**  
Speaking of Lord Salisbury, who entered on his 70th year February 3, the London News says for a British statesman he can hardly yet be considered an old man. He is younger than Sir William Harcourt by some three years, and he has colleagues in his cabinet who are his seniors. Moreover, measured by the duration of the life of the queen's prime ministers, his career should have still many years to run. The cares of office seem to be favorable to longevity. Peel's career was short by a tragedy, and Melbourne did not live to a great age. Other of her majesty's premiers, however—Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, all exceeded the allotted three-score years and ten. Lord Salisbury is one of the oldest members of parliament, having entered the Commons so far back as 1853 as Conservative member for Stamford.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## THE BRIDE OF NATIONS, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From Chapter LXII of *Isalah, Verse iv.* As follows:—"Thy Land Shall Be Married"—The Republic Is Cursed by Greedy Monopolists.

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As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exultant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our National Capitol was a pageant and all that grand review and bannered procession and National Anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public discourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until the three legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for a long time Monopoly decided everything. If Monopoly favored a law, it passed; if Monopoly opposed a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other, the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly has the Republican party in one pocket and the Democratic party in the other pocket. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, state elections, national elections. With bribe he secures the votes of legislators, giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative position, employing them as attorneys if they are lawyers, carrying their goods 15 per cent less if they are merchants, and if he find a case very stubborn as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our states explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the senators of that state received \$175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that state received between \$5,000 and \$10,000 each, the governor of that state received \$50,000, his clerk received \$5,000, the lieutenant governor received \$10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received \$5,000 each, while \$50,000 were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the states of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States today is Monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat, upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal, and every man, woman and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four states of the union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to make all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds of thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness, and in the United States proposes to take the wealth of sixty or seventy millions of people and put it in a few silken wallets.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the bans of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring Monopoly that his land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but Infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme court, and the governors of states, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the Book that makes the difference between the United States and the Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornean cannibalism. If Infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charters—mother of English magna charta and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that Holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

We have been turning an important leaf in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent over 500,000 emigrants arrived. I was told by the commissioners of emigration that the probability was that in that one year 600,000 emigrants would arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who were they? the paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City, I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate \$300. I was told by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging \$1,000 in possession each. I was told by the commission of emigration that twenty families that had recently arrived brought \$85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for his kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steering all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at five o'clock every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the commission of emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack today on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being over crowded by foreign populations in this country. The one state of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian empire, yet the Austrian empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one state of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one state of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic empire, yet the Germanic empire supports 41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the Western states is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying: "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come! all ye people who are honest and industrious

and God-loving!" But say you: "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great Gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlesons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlesons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghenies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

**THE PALACE BELL.**  
How the Bellmaker's Daughter Helped to Make It.  
There hangs in the palace tower in Japan a wonderful bell whose sweet tones can be heard for over a hundred miles, and in the evening when the clear music is heard across the sunlit fields the stranger is told this legend: Long, long ago the emperor wrote to the maker of bells, bidding him cast a bell larger and more beautiful than any ever made before. He bade him put into it gold and silver and brass, that the tones might be sweet and clear, and that when hung in the palace tower its sound might be heard for a hundred miles. The maker of bells did as he was told; he put gold and silver and brass into his great melting pot, but the metals would not mingle, and the bell was a failure. Again and again he tried, but in vain. Then the emperor was angry and sent saying that if the bell was not made at the next trial the bell maker must die. The bell maker had a lovely daughter, who was greatly distressed for her father. Wrapping her mantle about her, she went by night to the oracle to ask how she could save him, and the oracle answered that gold and brass would not mingle until the blood of a maiden was mixed with them in their melting. Again the old man made ready to cast the bell; again all his efforts seemed useless, until his daughter, standing by his side, threw herself into the midst of the molten metal. When the bell was finished it was found to be more wonderful and perfect than any other ever made. But there is a sound in its thrilling tones that brings tears to the eyes of all and a pang to the heart, and the sound is the voice of the maiden whose blood of sacrifice gave to the bell its matchless sweetness.

## PLACED DEAD COWS ON TRACK

After That They Collected Damages from the Railroad.  
"It was a great scheme," laughed the claim agent, "and if I hadn't by the merest chance tumbled to the old man's game it might have been going on yet. Some time ago I was notified that a man down the road had put in a claim for damages. I looked the matter up, and as it was perfectly straight on the face of it there was nothing to do but to settle with the old man on the best terms I could get, and I did so, and was hardly back when I was again notified that the old man had had another cow killed by the cars. I looked into that claim a little more carefully, but it was all right as far as I could see, and I settled with him. Before I had time to catch a train back to the city the old man sent me word that he had had another cow killed by the cars. This struck me as being very strange, particularly so as none of the train crews had reported killing any cows. Moreover, they all denied it when questioned about it. I went out where the cow was still lying by the side of the track and found it almost cut to pieces. I was about to settle with the old man, as there was no other way out of it, when his 10-year-old boy came running up. 'Pop!' he gasped, 'there's another cow dead! Hurry up, and we'll drag her down here and make the old railroad think that they have killed two this time.' Well, the truth of the matter was that the old man's stock had been dying from some cause, and he, with great forethought, had dragged the victims down by the railroad grade, pounded a few holes in them with a pickax, and then calmly notified the railroad to settle."—New York Sun.

## Hard on Tom.

Cousin George—"They tell me you spent the afternoon with Tom Callow. Is it a fact that he has raised a mustache? I supposed you had heard the report?"  
Cousin Jane—"Really, I didn't notice. Am sorry I didn't ask him."—Boston Transcript.

"Buffalo," said a man from that city recently, "is going to have the finest railway station in the United States, and probably the most magnificent in the world. Architecturally, it will be a delight and an ornament to the town. Its great tower of the cathedral style rising to the altitude of 300 feet. It is to cost \$6,000,000, but it will exceed in size and beauty the Union depot at St. Louis, on which was expended \$6,500,000, and it will make Chicago's \$2,000,000 station look cheap."

The mosquito isn't the only bore that sings at his work.

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The figure sometimes has a great deal to do with making a thing bad form.

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