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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

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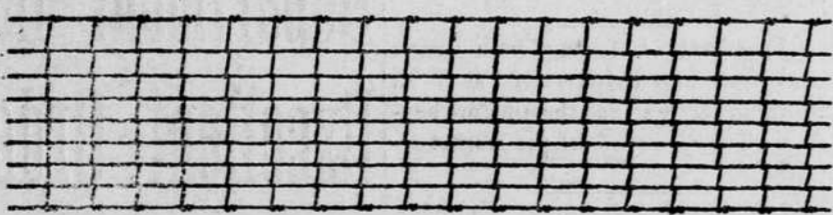
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CABLED FIELD and HOG FENCING, 24 inches to 28 inches high; the best all-purpose fence made. Also STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE for yards and lawns, and STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD and ORNAMENTAL STRIP for horses and cattle. The most complete line of wire fencing of any factory in the country. Write for circulars.

DE KALB FENCE CO., De Kalb, Ill.



MANHOOD RESTORED! "NERVE SEEDS." This wonderful remedy guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infertility, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5, by mail, prepaid. With a \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it. Take no other. Write for Free Medical Book sent sealed in plain wrapper. Address: N. E. W. S. B. & C. O., Masonic Temple, Chicago. For sale in McCook, Neb., by L. W. McCONNELL & CO., Druggists.

Advertise in the McCook Tribune

MY SWEETHEART.

The camera's lens was opened; A vision quickly passed; In through the lifted shutter, Which closed and held it fast. Although 'twas but an instant By some mysterious art The camera drank its beauty, And treasured it at heart. And wrote the vision down With all its charming grace, And gave to me a copy— It was my sweetheart's face. So here it is before me, Perfuming all the room Among sweet wild rose blossoms Which never cease to bloom.

A picture and a frame— Which sweetest, who can tell, The frame of June's fresh roses That from the magic spell Of her deft touch drew life, And seeing her blushed pink, Or her own pretty likeness, Of whom it's sweet to think? With flowers for a frame So rare that nature's flowers Would wonder whence they came.

—Detroit Free Press.

MISS THANKFUL.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her, for to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful the name was, after all, quite appropriate.

She was a faded looking little woman of 45, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day seamstress and made enough to pay her board and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And, no matter how unappreciating the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some excuse.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simons' young daughter, grow up into womanhood and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house, confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening, a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along toward home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slowly, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said softly, "it's there yet. I made sure it would be sold. So cheap too. Only \$1.50." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink, one of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress this year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have set my heart on it. Even my dresses have been brown or black. They last better."

"I've had a kind of brown and black life anyway. But there now, that sounds complain, and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too," he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at the goods. I—she hesitated—"was just noticing that blue satin bag over there in the corner—see?"

"Oh, yes, that pretty bag. Pretty thing. Cheap too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold today. Will be tomorrow likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders, partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding house, she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas, she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said. "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones—a name I do abominate, and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes and washed out hair! But then he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard of extravagance. She carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stepped to take off her bonnet she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the

store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink roses are lovely. I'm silly as I can be. I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day, and I'm just glad I got it—so there!" Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk.

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party tomorrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence happily. "I am going to wear my blue cloth dress. I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash. That will freshen it up. But, oh, I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was a light blue and lined with pink. Such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the best, though, and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sort of wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it 20 years ago you might have," she said, with the serene thoughtlessness of youth.

Miss Thankful grew silent.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him, but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time 25 years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said. "He was good looking and so tall, but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up the courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I want them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old if it lies 25 years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed, she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag; there was no need. Florence would know who sent it, and then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door almost before Miss Thankful was dressed and came in with a flushed, happy face.

"Oh, Miss Thankful," she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift! What do you think—that blue satin party bag?"

"Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet, and he grew just as red and stammered so. I know why now. Mother says I may keep it, and I wrote him a note of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. That was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Meantime Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

DEAR MR. JONES—Florence thinks you sent that satin bag. It would be dreadful for her to know differently after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not ever tell her that you did not. Your friend, THANKFUL HOPE.

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out, then, that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of a half dozen attempts:

DEAR MISS FLORENCE—That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared. It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

ERASTUS JONES.

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bellboy and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished, "if it had not been for Miss Thankful I would never have had the gift to send that, and what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it, bless her!"

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best dress that Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress.—Ann Deming Gray in Hartford Courant.

If They Keep Growing.

Housekeeper (greater Chicago, 1994)—Johnny!

Johnny—Yes, ma.

Housekeeper—Step over into greater New York and get me half a pound of green tea; there's a good boy.—Good News.

DANGER IN THE BRIDAL TOURS.

The Medical Aspects of the Case Presented to Those About to Marry.

The custom which obtains so generally of taking a fatiguing journey as a part of the nuptials is regarded by high authority as one of the barbarisms of civilization. Let us illustrate the injurious physical tendencies by a typical case. During extremely cold weather there occurs a wedding, which, from the standing of the parties, attracts some attention. The happy couple, we are told, are off for their wedding trip to a still more frigid section of country.

Though conscious of danger and discomfort, to some extent, which is greatly increased by their inexperience in traveling, they cheerfully assume the risk and responsibility, as to all married couples a bridal tour seems to be considered as absolutely essential to give the marital union an importance without which it would, in their opinion, be unromantic and but a partial marriage. The tour causes fatigue, exposure and excitement, making regularity of life impossible—in fact, the act involves the reverse of all that the rules of health and physiology require.

Again, it constantly happens in the case of both sexes that a slight indisposition, which passed unnoticed in the hurry of preparation, is aggravated to a serious and even fatal extent by the excitement, exposure and neglect on a wedding tour. No man, for instance, would think of postponing his marriage on account of a slight cold. If he staid at home afterward and took care of himself, it would pass away like other slight colds, but often on the bridal tour the malady develops into a chronic disease. A prominent physician recently said:

"Many cases of brides and bridegrooms in my professional experience came under my observation dying of typhoid fever just after a wedding trip, which had caused the early symptoms to be misunderstood and neglected. In one instance that came under my observation a healthy and vigorous young man, just returned from a bridal tour, died of typhoid fever in Troy, his sickness being superinduced presumably by the fatigue and exposure incident to the journey. It will thus be seen that the medical aspect of a bridal tour is sufficiently important and the risk incurred sufficiently great to cause the wedded pair, if they wish to be actuated by impulses of reason and prudence rather than by the dictates of custom, to pause before they undergo the trials of a wedding journey."—Troy Times.

Rare Presence of Mind.

"I knew a sea captain who died some years ago who displayed great presence of mind at a most critical time," said Henry S. Roberts of Boston. "His ship had caught fire, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take to the boats in a hurry. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the embarkation, and at last every one but himself was got safely into the boats. By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder, the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and taking a cigar from his pocket coolly bit the end off and lighted it with a piece of the burning rigging. Then he descended with great deliberation and gave the order to shove off. 'How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?' he was afterward asked by one of the passengers. 'Because,' he answered, 'I saw that if I did not do something to divert your minds there would likely be a panic and upset the boats. The lighting of a cigar took but a moment and attracted the attention of everybody. You all forgot yourselves in thinking about my curious behavior, and we got safely away.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Danish Peasantry.

The Danish peasantry have a notable love of order and symmetry in household arrangement, placing their furniture wherever possible in pairs and in exactly corresponding positions. One old peasant who had accumulated a little money and had been prevailed upon to buy his daughter a piano seriously considered buying another to place against the opposite wall. Their bedsteads consist of green boxes, generally painted red or green and heaped with feather beds, between which they insinuate themselves winter and summer. If unable to afford so many feathers, the underbed is of straw and receives so little attention that mice build their nests in it and race back and forth squealing shrilly without disturbing the stolid peasant slumbers. The bedding is not washed oftener than once or twice a year.—Philadelphia Press.

Wire Shafting.

From a recently published estimate of the strength of the proposed wire shafts for steamships it appears that in this important respect the most satisfactory result is realized. When made in five sections, with a total length of 100 feet and 15 inches diameter, the shaft will have 25,000 No. 7 steel wires, each 25 feet long, with 50,000 fastenings, and as each wire and each fastening will sustain a load of 500 pounds without rupture or injury there is thus exhibited a total inherent strength of some 37,500,000 pounds, or an amount 25 times greater than the continuous force of an engine of 5,000 horsepower, which is indeed a significant showing.—New York Sun.

Landlords and Tenants.

Capitalist—I should just like to know why my new apartment house continues to stand empty?

Agent—It is your own fault, sir. You refuse to admit children.

"I said nothing of the sort, sir. I objected only to small boys."

"All the same, people who have boys big enough to shovel snow and dig garden won't live in a flat."—Good News.

An Earth Angel.

St. Peter (at heaven's gate)—Come in. Fair Spirit (anxiously)—Is my halo on straight?—New York Weekly.

TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME—LEAVES.

No. 2, through passenger	5:40 A. M.
No. 4, local passenger	9:10 P. M.
No. 76, freight	6:45 A. M.
No. 64, freight	4:30 A. M.
No. 80, freight	10:50 A. M.
No. 145, freight, mixed	5:30 A. M.

GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME—LEAVES.

No. 3, through passenger	11:35 P. M.
No. 5, local passenger	9:25 P. M.
No. 63, freight	5:00 P. M.
No. 77, freight	9:25 P. M.
No. 147, freight, mixed	6:00 A. M.

IMPERIAL LINE—MOUNTAIN TIME.

No. 175, leaves at	8:00 A. M.
No. 176, arrives at	5:40 P. M.

NOTE:—No. 63 carries passengers for Stratton, Benkelman and Haigler. All trains run daily excepting 148, 149 and 175, which run daily except Sunday. No. 3 stops at Benkelman and Wray. No. 2 stops at Indianola, Cambridge and Arapahoe. No. 50 will carry passengers for Indianola, Cambridge and Arapahoe. Nos. 4, 5, 148, 149 and 176 carry passengers for all stations.

You can purchase at this office tickets to all principal points in the United States and Canada and baggage checked through to destination without extra charge, and for information regarding rates, etc. call on or address C. E. MAGNER, Agent.

HOME SEEKER'S EXCURSIONS.

Tell your friends in the east that on May 8th and 29th the Burlington Route will sell round-trip tickets at the one-way rate to points in Nebraska, Kansas, eastern Colorado, southwestern South Dakota and northern Wyoming. Tickets are good for twenty days, allow stop-overs, and will be on sale at all stations east of the Missouri river.

Annual meeting American Institute of Homeopathy, Denver, Colo., June 14 to 28. Annual convention National Republican League, Denver, Colo., June 26. Annual meeting Imperial Council Mystic Shrine, July 21 to 27. Annual meeting League of American Wheelmen, Denver, Colo., August 13 to 18. For the above occasions we will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 12 and 13, 23 to 25, July 21 to 23 and August 9 to 12, inclusive. Transit limits continuous passage in each direction east of Colorado common points. Final limit in each case, thirty days from day of sale. Stop-overs will be allowed after reaching the first Colorado common point, either on going or returning trip, within final limit. C. E. MAGNER, Agent.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 8th day of May, 1893, in favor of Oliver M. Hyde as plaintiff, and against James A. Piper et al., as defendants, for the sum of three hundred and seventy-three dollars (\$373) and seventy-two (72) cents, and costs taxed at \$26.18, and accruing costs, and co-defendant E. E. Atwater on his cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$329.47; and co-defendant Joel A. Piper on his cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$241.25. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section 3, town 4, north of range 23, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 4th day of June, A. D., 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated May 24, 1894. E. R. BANKS, W. S. MORLAN, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 7th day of July, 1893, in favor of Francis S. Stoddard as plaintiff, and against Robert Ackerman et al., as defendants, for the sum of four hundred and sixty-five dollars and eighty-four (84) cents, and costs taxed at \$4.73, and accruing costs, and co-defendants Burton & Harvey on their cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$18.65. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section 27, town 1, north of range 30, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 4th day of June, A. D., 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated May 24, 1894. E. R. BANKS, W. S. MORLAN, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 19th day of March, 1894, in favor of Josiah G. Adair, administrator, as plaintiff, and against Peter Ballins et al., as defendants, for the sum of eleven hundred and fifty-nine dollars (\$1159) and sixty-three (63) cents, and costs taxed at \$22.98, and accruing costs, and co-defendants Burton & Harvey on the same date obtained a decree for the sum of \$66.25. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section 3, town 1, north of range 27, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 4th day of June, A. D., 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated May 24, 1894. E. R. BANKS, W. S. MORLAN, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 8th day of May, 1893, in favor of Mary T. Hyde as plaintiff, and against John Gibbons et al., as defendants, for the sum of ten hundred and seventy-five (\$1075) dollars and eighty-four (84) cents, and costs taxed at \$19.43, and accruing costs, and co-defendants Burton & Harvey, on their cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$72.00. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The east half of the northwest quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 8, town 2, north of range 27, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 4th day of June, A. D., 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated May 24, 1894. E. R. BANKS, W. S. MORLAN, Sheriff of said County.

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Why Do You Cough?

Do you not know that Parks' Cough Syrup will cure it? We guarantee every bottle. There are many cough syrups but we believe Parks' is the best and most reliable. Sold by McMillen.