

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER IV.

This was my wife's story, as I drew it from her among tears and sobs. Her name was Clara Huddleston; it sounded very beautiful in my ears, but not so beautiful as that other name of Clara Cassilis, which she wore during the longer and, I thank God, the happier portion of her life. Her father, Bernard Huddleston, had been a private banker in a very large way of business. Many years before, his affairs becoming disordered, he had been led to try dangerous, and at last, criminal, expedients to retrieve himself from ruin. All was in vain; he became more and more, cruelly involved, and found his honor lost at the same moment with his fortune.

About this period Northmour had been courting his daughter with great assiduity, though with small encouragement, and to him, knowing him thus disposed in his favor, Bernard Huddleston turned for help in his extremity. It was not merely ruin and dishonor, nor merely a legal condemnation, that the unhappy man had brought on his head. It seems he could have gone to prison with a light heart. What he feared—what kept him awake at night or recalled him from slumber into frenzy—was some secret, sudden and unlawful attempt upon his life. Hence, he desired to bury his existence and escape to one of the islands in the South Pacific, and it was in Northmour's yacht, the Red Earl, that he designed to go.

The yacht picked them up clandestinely upon the coast of Wales, and had once more deposited them at Graden, till she could be refitted and provisioned for the longer voyage. Nor could Clara doubt that her hand had been stipulated as the price of passage. For, although Northmour was neither unkind nor discourteous, he had shown himself in several instances somewhat overbold in speech and manner.

I listened, I need not say, with fixed attention, and put many questions as to the more mysterious part. It was in vain. She had no clear idea of what the blow was, nor of how it was expected to fall. Her father's alarm was unfeigned and physically prostrating, and he had thought more than once of making an unconditional surrender to the police. But the scheme was finally abandoned, for he was convinced that not even the strength of our English prisons could shelter him from his pursuers.

He had had many affairs with Italy, and with Italians resident in London, in later years of his business; and these last, as Clara fancied, were somehow connected with the doom that threatened him. He had shown great terror at the presence of an Italian seaman on board the Red Earl, and had bitterly and repeatedly accused Northmour in consequence. The latter had protested that Beppo (that was the seaman's name) was a capital fellow, and could be trusted to the death; but Mr. Huddleston had continued ever since to declare that all was lost, that it was only a question of days, and that Beppo would be the ruin of him yet.

I regarded the whole story as the hallucination of a mind shaken by calamity. He had suffered heavy loss by his Italian transactions; and hence the sight of an Italian was hateful to him, and the principal part in his nightmare would naturally enough be played by one of that nation.

In short, and from one thing to another, it was agreed between us that I should set out at once for the fisher village, Graden Wester, as it was called, look up all the newspapers I could find, and see for myself if there seemed any basis of fact for these continued alarms.

The village is one of the bleakest on that coast, which is saying much; there is a church in a hollow, a miserable haven in the rocks, where many boats have been lost as they returned from fishing; two or three score of stone houses arranged along the beach and in two streets, one leading from the harbor, and another striking out from it at right angles; and at the corner of these two, a very dark and cheerless tavern, by way of principal hotel.

I had dressed myself somewhat more suitably to my station in life, and at once called upon the minister in his little manse beside the grave yard. He knew me, although it was more than nine years since we had met; and when I told him that I had been long upon a walking tour, and was behind with the news, readily lent me an armful of newspapers, dating from a month back to the day before. With these I sought the tavern, and, ordering some breakfast, sat down to study the "Huddleston Failure."

It had been, it appeared, a very flagrant case. Thousands of persons were reduced to poverty, and one in particular had blown out his brains as soon as payment was suspended. It was strange to myself that, while I read these details, I continued rather to sympathize with Mr. Huddleston than with his victims, so complete already was the empire of my love for my wife. A price was naturally set upon the banker's head, and, as the case was inexcusable and the public indignation thoroughly aroused, the unusual figure of £750 was offered for his capture. He was reported to have large sums of money in his possession. One day he had been heard of in Spain, the next there was sure intelli-

gence that he was still lurking between Manchester and Liverpool, or along the border of Wales, and the day after a telegram would announce his arrival in Cuba or Yucatan. But in all this there was no word of an Italian nor any sign of mystery.

In the very last paper, however, there was one item not so clear. The accountants who were charged to verify the failure had, it seemed, come upon the traces of a very large number of thousands which figured for some time in the transactions of the house of Huddleston, but which came from nowhere and disappeared in the same mysterious fashion. It was only once referred to by name, and then under the initials "X. X.," but it had plainly been floated for the first time into the business at a period of great depression some six years ago. The name of a distinguished royal personage had been mentioned by rumor in connection with this sum. "The cowardly desperado"—such, I remember, was the editorial expression—was supposed to have escaped with a large part of this mysterious fund still in his possession.

I was still brooding over the fact, and trying to torture it into some connection with Mr. Huddleston's danger, when a man entered the tavern and asked for some bread and cheese with a decided foreign accent.

"Siete Italiano?" said I.
"Si, signor," was the reply.
I said it was unusually far north to find one of his compatriots; at which he shrugged his shoulders, and replied that a man would go anywhere to find work.

Even as he was speaking, I raised my eyes, and, casting a glance into the street, beheld three men in earnest conversation together, and not thirty yards away.

It was already drawing toward the close of the day before I had returned of the newspapers at the manse, and got well forward on to the links on my way home. I shall never forget that walk. It grew very cold and boisterous; the wind sang in the short grass about my feet; thin rain showers came running on the gusts; and an immense mountain range of clouds began to arise out of the bosom of the sea. The sun was about setting; the tide was low, and all the quicksands uncovered; and I was moving along, lost in unpleasant thought, when I was suddenly thunderstruck to perceive the prints of human feet.

Step by step I followed the prints until, a quarter of a mile further, I beheld them die away into the southeastern boundary of Graden Fioe. There, whoever he was, the miserable man had perished. One or two gulls, who had perhaps seen him disappear, wheeled over his sepulcher with their usual melancholy piping. The sun had broken through the clouds by a last effort, and colored the wide level of quicksands with a dusky purple.

I stood for some time gazing at the spot, chilled and disheartened by my own reflections, and with a strong and commanding consciousness of death. I remember wondering how long the tragedy had taken, and whether his screams had been audible at the pavilion. And then, making a strong resolution, I was about to tear myself away when a gust fiercer than usual fell upon this quarter of the beach, and I saw, now whirling high in air, now skimming lightly across the surface of the sands, a soft, black felt hat, somewhat conical in shape, such as I had remarked already on the heads of the Italians.

I believe, but I am not sure, that I uttered a cry. The wind was driving the hat shoreward, and I ran round the border of the fioe to be ready against its arrival. The gust fell, dropping the hat for a while upon the quicksands, and then, once more freshening, landed it a few yards from where I stood. I seized it with the interest you may imagine. It had seen some service; indeed, it was rustier than either of those I had seen that day upon the street. The lining was red, stamped with the name of the maker, which I have forgotten, and that of the place of manufacture, Venedig. This (it is not yet forgotten) was the name given by the Austrians to the beautiful City of Venice, then, and for long after, a part of their dominions.

The shock was complete. I saw imaginary Italians upon every side, and for the first, and, I may say, for the last time in my experience, became overpowered by what is called panic terror. I knew nothing, that is, to be afraid of, and yet I admit that I was heartily afraid; and it was with a sensible reluctance that I returned to my exposed and solitary camp in the Sea wood.

There I ate some cold porridge which had been left over from the night before, for I was disinclined to make a fire, and feeling strengthened and reassured, dismissed all these fanciful terrors from my mind, and lay down to sleep.

How long I may have slept it is impossible for me to guess, but I was awakened at last by a sudden, blinding flash of light into my face. It woke me like a blow. In an instant I was upon my knees. But the light had gone as suddenly as it came. The darkness was intense. And, as it was blowing great gusts from the sea and pouring with rain, the noises of the storm effectually concealed all others.

My fears were immediately diverted from myself, for I saw that I had been visited in a mistake; and I became persuaded that some dreadful danger threatened the pavilion. It required some nerve to issue forth into the black and intricate thicket which surrounded and overhung the den; but I groped my way to the links, drenched with rain, beaten upon and deafened by the gusts, and fearing at every step to lay my hand upon some lurking adversary.

For the rest of the night, which seemed interminably long, I patrolled the vicinity of the pavilion, without seeing a living creature or hearing any noise but the concert of the wind, the sea and the rain. A light in the upper story filtered through a cranny in the shutter, and kept me company till the approach of dawn.

CHAPTER V.

With the first peep of day I retired from the open air to my old lair among the sandhills, there to await the coming of my wife. The morning was gray, wild and melancholy; the wind moderated before sunrise, and then went about and blew in puffs from the shore; the sea began to go down, but the rain still fell without mercy. Over all the wilderness of links there was not a creature to be seen. Yet I felt sure the neighborhood was alive with skulking foes. The light had been so suddenly and surprisingly flashed upon my face as I lay sleeping, and the hat that had been blown ashore by the wind from over Graden Fioe, were two speaking signals of the perils that environed Clara and the party in the pavilion.

It was perhaps half-past 7, or nearer 8, before I saw the door open and that dear figure come toward me in the rain. I was waiting for her on the beach before she had crossed the sandhills.

"I have had such trouble to come!" she cried. "They did not wish me to go walking in the rain."

"Clara," I said; "you are not frightened?"

"No," said she, with a simplicity that filled my heart with confidence. For my wife was the bravest, as well as the best of women; in my experience I have not found the two go always together, but with her they did; and she combined the extreme of fortitude with the most endearing and beautiful virtues.

I told her what had happened and, though her cheek grew visibly paler, she retained perfect control over her senses.

"You see now that I am safe," said I in conclusion. "They do not mean to harm me; for, had they chosen, I was a dead man last night."

She laid her hand upon my arm. "And I had no presentiment!" she cried.

Her accent thrilled me with delight. I put my arm about her and strained her to my side, and, before either of us was aware, her hands were on my shoulders and my lips upon her mouth.

We may have thus stood for some seconds—before we were startled by a peal of laughter close at hand. It was not natural mirth, but seemed to be affected in order to conceal an angrier feeling. We both turned, though I still kept my left arm about Clara's waist; nor did she seek to withdraw herself; and there, a few paces off upon the beach, stood Northmour, his head lowered, his hands behind his back, his nostrils white with passion.

"Ah, Cassilis!" he said as I disclosed my face.

"That same," said I, for I was not at all put about.

"And so, Miss Huddleston," he continued slowly but savagely, "this is how you keep your faith to your father and to me? This is the value you set upon your father's life! And you are so infatuated with this young gentleman that you must brave ruin and decency and common human caution—"

(To be continued.)

MOSBY AND LEE.

How the Last Confederate Flag Was Carried Through Alexandria.

The conversation has naturally drifted into war channels, and the major had the floor.

"Well, Col. Mosby, you know, was a good fighter, but when Gen. Grant sent him to China the Virginians turned the cold shoulder to him. One day he was making a speech in Alexandria. He told the Virginians that they ought to vote for him.

"Why," said the colonel, "I fought all over northern Virginia for four years. Talk about my war record! Why, my war record is a part of the state's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last confederate flag through this very town."

"Yes," replied Fitzhugh Lee, "for I was here at the time."

"Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed Mosby. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the state's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said Fitzhugh Lee. "I saw him do it. He carried the confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick was after him, and he carried it so blamed fast you couldn't have told whether it was the confederate flag or a small-pox warning."

He Escaped.

Wife—Did you see the doctor today? Husband—Yes. Wife—Well, did he give you anything for your cough? Husband—No; I was lucky enough to see him first.

SANTIAGO HARD PINCHED.

Spanish Lieutenant Draws Gloomy Picture of Conditions There.

FOOD AND AMMUNITION SHORT

The Insurgents Have Cut Off Almost Every Source of Supplies—Spanish Troops Openly Clamor for Surrender, Claiming That the War Is Simply Murder.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 27.—In letters to a Spanish friend here, received a few days ago, Ferdinand Miller, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy and second in command of the port of Santiago, says the town is in no position to withstand a long blockade. Food is scarce and ammunition is running short. Many families have left the town for the interior to escape privations, the insurgents having cut off almost every source of supplies. The troops are disheartened and disaffected, and openly clamor for surrender, expressing the opinion that the war is simply murder, and saying that Spain should never have entered on the contest. They say they were morally defeated from the first and that the campaign will only result in the loss of blood, etc. Many of the Spaniards are passing over to the insurgents. Colonel Anipiano Sanchez, commanding a regiment in the Santa Clara district, has escaped in disguise and joined Garcia.

From information Sampson has received the attention of the Vesuvius will next be directed to Cayo Ramones, where is situated the powder magazine. Santiago is within range and if the magazine were exploded by a dynamite shell the occurrence would seriously embarrass the operations of Cervera's squadron.

From an authentic source it is learned that Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, has called for a vessel to take him off with other British subjects. The government will give no information on the matter, but the Alert, which is lying at Port Royal, has received sealed orders to proceed here. Six Cuban families in Santiago have cabled urgent messages to friends to endeavor to get them out of town, as they fear their lives are in danger from the Spanish troops when Americans attack.

REPORT FROM SHAFTER.

Places American Loss at Ten Killed and Forty Wounded.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The first dispatch from General Shafter concerning the engagement between the Spaniards and the American forces reached the war department at noon to-day and was as follows:

"PLAYA DEL ESTE, June 25.—Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington—Baiquiri, June 24.—News from General Wheeler places our loss in this morning's firing about ten killed and forty wounded. Captain Capron, First United States volunteer cavalry, killed. Wounded—Major Brodie, Captain McClintock and Lieutenant Thomas (received here, and supposed to be an abbreviation). First United States volunteer cavalry; Major Bell, Captain Knox and Lieutenant Byram, First United States cavalry. Captain Knox seriously. Captain Wainwright, formerly reported wounded, is uninjured. The names of the others killed and wounded are not yet known.

"The Spaniards occupied a very strong and entrenched position on a high hill. The firing lasted about an hour and the enemy was driven from his position, which is now occupied by our troops, and a mile and a half from Sevilla. The enemy has retired towards Santiago de Cuba.—Shafter."

HOW ARMY IS DISPOSED OF.

Shafter's Troops Eastward of Santiago—Garcia's Men Hold 12,000 Spaniards.

PORT ANTONIO, Jamaica, June 27.—The situation as regards the disposition and location of the American, Spanish and Cuban forces are as follows:

General Shafter's army of 16,500 men is massed to the eastward of Santiago de Cuba, at Baiquiri and Juragua. General Castillo, with 1,200 men is at Baiquiri and Colonel Aguirre, with 200, at Juragua. These are to be joined by General Garcia with 4,000 men. Three thousand of General Garcia's men hold 12,000 Spaniards in Holguin, and General Rabi, with 1,000 men threatens 2,000 Spanish troops at Manzanillo. In Santiago there are believed to be 9,000 Spanish soldiers with such reinforcements as are had by the concentration movement now in progress.

BRITAIN EXPECTS A NEW TURN.

A Battleship Ordered to Lisbon to Protect English Interests.

LONDON, June 27.—The British first class battleship Illustrations, of 14,900 tons, sailed this morning for Lisbon under sudden orders received last night to protect British interests in view of possible war developments.

Ablene Tired of the Curfew Bell.

ALBENE, Kan., June 27.—The city council has ordered a stop to ringing the curfew bell at 9:30 p. m., which has been done for nearly two years. There has never been an arrest for violating the curfew ordinance and no attention has been paid to the bell for a long time.

Spanish Must Be Taught in New Mexico.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 27.—The superintendent of public instruction has decided that under the statutes the teaching of the Spanish language in the public schools of the territory is compulsory.

BATTLE NEAR SANTIAGO.

Thirteen Americans Killed and Fifty Wounded—Spaniards Routed.

PLAYA DEL ESTE, CUBA, June 27.—Yesterday four troops of the First cavalry, four troops of the Tenth cavalry and eight troops of Roosevelt's rough riders, less than 1,000 men in all, dismounted and attacked 2,000 Spanish soldiers in the thickets within five miles of Santiago de Cuba.

The Americans beat the enemy back into the city, but left the following dead upon the field:

Rough riders—Captain Alyn K. Capron, Troop L.
Sergeant Hamilton Fish, jr.
Privates Tilman and Dawson, both of Troop L.
Private Dougherty of Troop A.
Private W. T. Erwin of Troop F.
First cavalry—Privates Dix, York, Bejor, Kolbe, Berlin and Lemock.
Tenth cavalry—Corporal White.

At least fifty Americans were wounded, including six officers. Several of the wounded will die.

Twelve dead Spaniards were found in the brush after the fight, but their loss was doubtless far in excess of that.

General Young commanded the expedition and was with the regulars, while Colonel Wood directed the operations of the rough riders, several miles west.

Both parties struck the Spaniards about the same time, and the fight lasted an hour. The Spaniards opened fire from the thick brush and had every advantage of numbers and position, but the troops drove them back from the start, stormed the blockhouse, around which they made a final stand, and sent them scattering over the mountains.

The cavalrymen were afterwards reinforced by the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth infantry, part of the Ninth cavalry, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York.

The Americans now hold the position at the threshold of Santiago de Cuba with more troops going forward constantly, and they are preparing for a final assault upon the city.

These officers were wounded:

Major Brodie, shot through the right forearm.

Captain McClintock, Troop B, shot through the right leg.

Lieutenant J. R. Thomas, Troop L, shot through the right leg. His condition is serious. All of the foregoing officers were rough riders.

Other officers wounded are: Captain Knox, whose condition is serious; Major Bell, Lieutenant Byram. These officers are of the first cavalry.

The following are among the soldiers wounded. Rough riders: Troop B—Privates E. M. Hill, Shelley, Fisher, M. S. Newcomb, Fred N. Beale and Corporal Rhodes.

Troop E—Corporal James F. Bean, Privates Frank B. Booth, Albert C. Hartley, R. G. Bailey, H. Alvers, E. J. Atherton, Clifford Reed and Sergeant G. W. Aringo.

Troop G—Sergeant Thomas F. Cavanaugh, Corporal L. L. Stewart, Privates George Rowland, H. J. Haefner, Michael Coyle, R. M. Reid and M. Russell.

Troop L—Privates J. R. Kean, John P. Dernap, Thomas F. Meagher, Edward Calberst and Nathaniel Poe.

Tenth cavalry: Troop B—Privates Russell, Gaines, Miller, Cross, Braxton and Wheeler.

Troop J—Privates Ridd and Mayberry.

Edward Marshall, correspondent of the New York Journal and Advertiser, was seriously wounded in the small of the back.

It is probable that at least ten in the list of wounded will die.

Captain Alyn K. Capron of Troop L, Roosevelt's rough riders, who is among the killed, was a son of Captain Alyn Capron of the First artillery, and was well known in Washington. He was a second lieutenant of the Seventh cavalry, and was recently promoted to be captain in the volunteer service and was given command of Troop L of the rough riders. He was a young and dashing officer, and regarded by his superiors as one of the most promising cavalry officers in the service.

J. R. HALLOWELL NO MORE.

Once Prominent Kansan Dies at Crawfordsville, Ind.

WICHITA, Kan., June 27.—Word was received here yesterday that Colonel James R. Hallowell, for ten years the leading lawyer and Republican politician of southwest Kansas, was dead at the home of his son in Crawfordsville, Ind.

JUDGE FOSTER TO BE RETIRED.

The Senate Agrees to Put the Kansas Judge on Full Pay.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—A bill was passed in the Senate yesterday providing for the retirement on full pay of Cassius G. Foster, United States district judge of the district of Kansas, and the appointment of another judge.

Hawkins Knocked Out.

NEW YORK, June 27.—"Spike" Sullivan of Boston knocked out Del Hawkins, the lightweight boxer from California, in the twenty-second of a twenty-five round bout last night at the Lenox Athletic club.

The Bill Will Not Be Pushed.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The supporters of the currency reform bill recently reported to the House by Mr. McCleary of Minnesota, have decided not to urge consideration further at this session.

Bankruptcy Bill Will Pass.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—After a long, hard fight the conference report upon the bankruptcy bill was agreed to by the Senate to-day, which practically insures the enactment of the law.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer cheerfully and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a withered plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet, the patient is soon again in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

In the whole of Greece there are only 152 newspapers.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, the largest single subscription to the new government war loan was made by the Old Line Bankers Life, amounting to \$60,000.

Optimism—The philosophy which we regard ourselves.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Liberty—The police court judge's equivalent for \$10 or ten days.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic over 1,500 years old has been found in Palestine.

To those visiting Denver we cannot say too much in praise of the American House. The table is one of the best in the country, and the service is unsurpassed any place. The artesian water used throughout the house is known everywhere for its purity. These facts and rate, \$2 per day, make it the most desirable house in Denver.

A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP
Makes the skin soft, white and healthy. Sold every where.

The obstinate man is usually too weak-minded to give up.

I never used so quick a cure as Fiso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Lose a minute, and the chase of a life-time will not catch it.

Nerves Out of Tune.
Just as the strings of a musical instrument get out of tune through lack of care and use, so the human nerves get out of tune, and make everybody miserable that comes in contact with them. Every tobacco-user's nerves are out of tune more or less, and real tobacco-slave's nerves are relaxed to the utmost. No-To-Bac is the tuning-key which tightens the nerves, makes them respond quickly to the emotions, resulting in the happiness of all. No-To-Bac guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong. We advise all tobacco-users to take No-To-Bac.

He who hurts your feelings, may be helping your life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

There are 40 varieties of the tobacco plant.

Low's Parrot for sale. \$2 per acre cash in hand. Crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

SYRUP OF FIGS
NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY!
THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS
is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALL ABOUT TEXAS
A handsomely illustrated book of 120 pages describing of Texas and the resources of that great state will be mailed to any address upon receipt of eight cents to cover postage.
T. J. PRICE, A. G. P. A.,
Meriden, Conn., U. S. N. E.
Patent, Tex.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Fig for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of the mucous membranes, gonorrhea, syphilis, and not astric, venereal, or other poisons.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

FISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHOEVER ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION