

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

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Illustrations By **RAY WALTERS**

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two young ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute Appleweight. Ardmore organizes a big hunt. Griswold also takes the field. Frank Collins, Atlanta reporter, is arrested by Ardmore, but released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition. Griswold's men capture Bill Appleweight.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Now we'll see what's happened," said Habersham. "It looks almost too easy."

The members of Griswold's party who had been thrown round to the farther side of the church began to appear, one at a time. There was no nervousness among any of the band—a fact that impressed Griswold. They were all risking much in this enterprise, but they were outwardly unperturbed, and chewing their tobacco silently while they awaited the return of the two active agents in the conspiracy who had dealt directly with Appleweight. Habersham counted heads, and announced all present or accounted for.

The tall leader who had ridden the mule was the first to rise out of the underbrush, through which he had crawled circuitously from the rear of the church. His companion followed a few seconds later.

"We've got Bill, all tied and gagged and a-sitting of his boss," drawled the leader, "and the boss is tied to the back fence. Rest o' his boys thought he's gone ahead, but they may miss him and come back. He's safe enough, and if we keep away from him we'll be ready to light out of the gang scene trouble and comes back to look for Bill."

"You're sure he's tied up so he can't break away or yell?"

"He's as good as dead, a-settin' of his boss in the thickest back tree."

"And now," said Habersham, "what we've got to do is to make a run for it and land him across the border, and stick him into a North Carolina jail, where he rightfully belongs. The question is, can we do it all in one night, or had we better lock him up somewhere on this side the line and take another night for it? The sheriff over there in Kildare is Appleweight's cousin, but we'll lock him up with Bill, to make a family party of it."

"We'd better not try too much to-night," counseled Griswold. "It's a big thing to have the man himself. If it were not for the matter of putting Gov. Dangerfield in a hole, I'd favor hurrying with Appleweight to Columbia, just for the moral effect of it on the people of South Carolina. We'd make a big killing for the administration that way, Habersham."

"Yes, you'd make a killing all right, but you'd have Bill Appleweight on your hands, which Gov. Osborne has not until lately been anxious for," replied Habersham, in a low tone that was heard by no one but his old preceptor.

"You'd better get over the idea that we're afraid of this outlaw," rejoined Griswold. "The governor of North Carolina dare not call his soul his own where these hill people are concerned; but the governor of South Carolina is a different sort."

While they thus stood on South Carolina soil, waiting for the safe and complete dispersion of the Mount Nebo congregation before seizing the captive they had gagged and tied at the rear of the little church, the fates were ordering a very different termination of the night's business.

Miss Jerry Dangerfield, galloping away from the duke of Ballywinkle, with no thought but to widen the distance between them, turned off at the first cross-road, which began well enough, but degenerated rapidly into a miserable trail, through which she was obliged to walk her horse. Before she was aware of it she was in the midst of a clearing where laborers had lately been cutting timber, and she found, on turning to make her way out, that she was quite lost, for three trails, all seemingly alike, struck off into the forest. She spoke aloud to the horse to reassure herself, and smiled as she viewed the grim phalanx of stumps. She must, however, find her way back to Ardsley, for there were times when Jerry Dangerfield could be serious with herself, though it rarely pleased her to be serious with other people; and she

knew that the time had long passed for her return to the house.

She did not know then that three men had witnessed her flight from the duke, or that they had taken swift vengeance upon him for his unpardonable conduct in the moon-blanching road. It was not Jerry's way to accept misfortune tamely, and after circling the wall of timber that shut her in, in the hope of determining where she had entered, she chose a trail at random and plunged into the woods. She assumed that probably all the roads and paths on the estate led more or less directly to the great house or to some lodge or bungalow. She had lost her riding-crop in her mad flight, and she broke off a switch, tossing its leaves into the moonlight and laughing softly as they rained about her.

Suddenly ahead of her through the woods floated the sound of singing—one of those strange, wavering, peixu antiquities peculiar to the south. She rode on, thinking to find help and a guide back to Ardsley; then the music ceased, and lights now flashed faintly before her, but she went forward guardedly.

"I'm much more lost than I thought I was, for I must be away off the estate," she reflected. She turned and rode back a few rods and dismounted, and tied her horse to a sapling. She was disappointed at not finding a camp of Ardmore's wood-cutters, to whom she would unhesitatingly have confided herself; but it seemed wise now to exercise caution in drawing to herself the attention of strangers. She did not know that she had crossed the state line and was in South Carolina, or that the singing she had heard floated from the windows of Mount Nebo church.

She became now the astonished witness of a series of incidents that occurred so swiftly as fairly to take her breath away. A tall, loosely articulated man came from the direction of the church and walked toward her. She knelt at the tree and watched, the moonlight giving her a clear view of a rustic somewhat past middle age, whose chief characteristics seemed to be a grizzled beard and long arms that swung oddly at his side. The brim of his wool hat was turned up sharply from his forehead, and she had a glimpse of the small, keen, gray eyes with which he swept the forest before him. He freed a horse which she had not before noticed, and she expected him to mount and ride away to join others of the congregation whom she heard making off in a road beyond the church. Then, with a quickness and deftness that baffled her eyes, two men rose beside him just as he was about to mount; there was no outcry and no sound of scuffling, so quick was the descent and so perfect the understanding between the captors. In a moment the man was gathered up, bound, and flung on his saddle. She had a better view of him, now that he was hatless, though a gag had been forced into his mouth and a handkerchief tied over his eyes, so that he presented a grotesque appearance. Jerry was so absorbed that she forgot to be afraid; never in her life had she witnessed anything so amazing as this; and now, to her more



Renewed His Efforts to Free Himself.
complete bewilderment, the captors, after carefully inspecting their work and finding it satisfactory, seemed to disappear utterly from the face of the earth.

In the woods to her left she thought she heard a horse neigh; then she saw shadows moving in that direction; and again, from the road, she heard the brief debate of the two men as to the whereabouts of "Bill;" and it struck Jerry humorously that he would not soon see his friends unless they came and helped him out of his predicament.

It may help to an understanding of Miss Jerry Dangerfield's character if it is recorded here that never in her short life had she failed to respond to the call of impulse. She was lost in the woods, and strange men lurked about; a man had been attacked, seized, and left sitting in a state of absurd helplessness on a horse presumably his own, and there was no guessing what dire penalty his captors had in store for him.

Quiet reigned in the neighborhood of the church; the lights had blinked out; the bang of the closing shutters reassured Jerry, and she crept on her knees toward the unconscious captive, loosed his horse's rein and led it rapidly toward her own horse, a little farther back in the woods. Her blindfolded prisoner, thinking his original captors were carrying him off, renewed his efforts to free himself.

Jerry gained her own saddle in the least bit of a panic, and when she had mounted and made sure of the leading-strap with which her prisoner's horse was provided, she rode on at a rapid walk until she reached the clearing, where the stumps again grimly mocked her. She stopped to

listen, and heard through the still night first one cry and then many voices in various keys of alarm and rage. Then she bent toward the prisoner, tore the bandage from his eyes, and with more difficulty freed him of the gag. He blinked and spluttered at this unexpected deliverance, then blinked and spluttered afresh at seeing that his captor was a young woman, who was plainly not of his world. Jerry watched him wonderingly, then addressed him in her most agreeable tone.

"You were caught and tied by two men over there by a church. I saw them, and when they went off and left you, I came along and brought you with me, thinking to save your life. I want to get home as quickly as possible, and though I do not know you, and am quite sure we never met before, I hope you will kindly guide me to Ardsley, and thereby render me a service I shall always deeply appreciate."

Mr. Bill Appleweight, alias Potet, was well hardened to the shocks of time, but the pleasant-voiced girl, coolly sitting her horse, and holding his own lank steed by a strap, was the most amazing human being that had yet dawned on his horizon. He was not stupid, but Jerry's manner of speech had baffled more sophisticated minds than Appleweight's, and the sweet sincerity of her tone, and her frank countenance, hallowed as it was by the moonlight, wrought in the outlaw's mind a befuddlement not wholly unlike that which had possessed the wits of many young gallants south of the Potomac who had laid siege to Jerry Dangerfield's heart. But the cries behind them were more pronounced, and Appleweight was nothing if not a man of action.

"Take these things off'n me," he commanded fiercely, "and I'll see 'y' safe to Ardsley."

"Not in the least," replied Jerry, who was herself not unmindful of the voices behind. "You will kindly tell me the way, and I will accommodate my pace to that of your own somewhat ill-nourished beast. And as there's a mob looking for you back there, all ready to hang you to one of these noble forest trees, I advise you to use more haste and less caution in pointing the way."

Appleweight lifted his head and took his bearing. Then he nodded toward one of the three trails which had so baffled Jerry when first she broke into the clearing.

"That's the rightest," said Appleweight, "and we'd better git."

She set the pace at a trot, and was relieved in a few minutes to pass one or two landmarks which she remembered from her flight through the woods. As they splashed through the brook she had forded, she was quite confident that the captive was playing her no trick, but that in due course she should strike the high-road to Ardsley which she abandoned to throw off the duke of Ballywinkle. It was now ten o'clock, and the moon was sinking behind the forest trees. Jerry took advantage of an occasional straight strip of road to go forward at a gallop, but these stretches did not offer frequently, and the two riders kept pretty steadily to a smart trot.

As they walked their horses through a bit of sand, the prisoner spoke;

"Who air 'y' u, little gal?"

Jerry turned in the saddle, so that Appleweight enjoyed a full view of her face.

"I am perfectly willing to tell you my name, but first it would be more courteous for you to tell me yours, particularly as I am delivering you from a band of outlaws who undoubtedly intended to do you harm."

He laughed—a curious, chuckling laugh. He had ceased to struggle at his bonds, but seemed resigned to his strange fate. He had not answered Jerry's question, and had no intention of doing so. The sudden attack at the church had aroused all his cunning. Appleweight, alias Potet, was an old wolf, and knew well the ways of the trapper; but the bold attempt to kidnap him was a new feature of the game as heretofore played along the border. He did not make it out; nor was he wholly satisfied with the girl's explanation of her presence in that out-of-the-way place.

He had several times called out directions as they crossed other paths in the forest, and they now reached the main trunk road of the estate. The red bungalow, Jerry knew, was not far away. Her prisoner spoke again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turpentine and Forests.

You do not know the turpentine tappers, but if you come to Florida you will soon find them out. It is a curious business that will deliberately destroy all the forests of a half dozen states for a little immediate gain; and still more curious is the lassitude that allows the destruction to go on. The French have a method of tapping trees which gives a profitable return and leaves the trees practically uninjured. In this way an industry is perpetuated, but our American tapping is another thing.

The trees are cut with a broad ax, heaving out great slices and leaving scars from which the resin flows into boxes at the bottom of the cut and is scraped once a month into casks. The cut is repeated each year, and in six or seven years the tree is exhausted. So go great forests of pine that stand 80 to 100 feet high, leaving us thousands of acres of standing lumber which will be cut down by portable sawmills. The end of it all is a haggard waste.—E. P. Powell, in *Outing*.

Her Plans.

Mistress—I feel very ill, Bridget. What would you do if I should die? Maid—Faith, an' I cud give warnin' to the master as well as to yourself.

ALL OVER NEBRASKA

University Professor Suicides.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 3.—Prof. F. J. Phillips, professor of forestry at the State university, committed suicide at his home in Lincoln by inhaling gas. Prof. Phillips left three letters, one of which was addressed to his wife, instructing her how to notify the proper officers when the body was discovered. The other letters were addressed to the chief of police and coroner. Two weeks ago Prof. Phillips had been offered an assistant professorship in the University of Michigan. He declined this on the advice of Chancellor Averey. In his letters Prof. Phillips asserted that he feared that he would soon become a chronic invalid and would be a constant burden to his family. He was 30 years of age and a graduate of the University of Michigan. He was secretary of the Michigan Athletic board when a student there. The professor was one of the most popular instructors at the university.

Held Without Bail.

Madison County.—The preliminary hearing of Henry Stehr, charged with the murder of his 4-year-old stepson, Kurt Stehr, was held before County Judge William Bates. He was bound over to the district court, bail being denied. Stehr is the stepfather of Kurt Stehr, whose feet were so badly frozen during the blizzard about Christmas time that amputation was necessary. Through neglect of the child's parents medical assistance of any kind was not had until the little feet had practically rotted off and when the operation was had it was too late to save his life.

Passed Bogus Checks.

Otoe County.—A man giving the name of A. B. Easley came to Nebraska City and registered at the Watson hotel and claimed to be a live stock commission man. He remained about the city several days and managed to pass several checks and among them was one for \$20 on Landlord Theiman of the Watson hotel and was drawn upon the City National Bank of Holdrege. He left the city before it was ascertained the checks were bad. It has been ascertained that he is wanted at Seward, Fairbury and other places.

Rich Gold Strike.

Dodge County.—County Attorney Joseph C. Cook, Roy Cook and other Dodge and Washington county men are greatly elated over the assays received from their gold mine in the new Jarbridge district in northeastern Nevada. The district was opened last fall, but the rich stakes were not made until December. A sack of ore recently received was sent to the Omaha smelter and returns show that it runs in gold and silver \$10,637.66 to the ton.

Lectures on Newspaper Life.

Hamilton County.—At the big banquet held in Aurora, seventy-five men and women found seats. The supper was served by the women of the church. The principal event of the evening was an address on Horace Greeley and his type of journalism, given by the editor of the State Journal. After the address there was a running fire of questions by the guests upon current phases of newspaper life.

Sues for Slander.

Dodge County.—Ernest Kern, a real estate dealer in North Bend, has brought suit against Robert High and Charles High of that town for \$5,000 damages for assault and battery and slander. The plaintiff claims that one of the defendants assaulted him at North Bend and on the same day the other continued the fight at Schuyler and that both have made untrue statements about him.

Farmers Buy Elevator Site.

Howard County.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Elevator association of Dannebrog a deal was closed whereby the farmers become owners of the property of E. G. Taylor, whose elevator was recently burned. Thus they have coal sheds, corn cribs and an excellent site for their new elevator.

Stores Burned at Republican City.

Harlan County.—Fire consumed the store buildings owned by A. T. Smith at Republican City. Harman & Justice occupied one room with a general stock of merchandise, which was a total loss. Stock was valued at \$8,000, which was partly covered by insurance.

Shopman Commits Suicide.

Lancaster County.—Eugene M. Noyes, special machinist at the Havelock shops, committed suicide, shooting himself above the right ear. Domestic troubles apparently prompted the act.

Land Values in Gage.

Gage County.—The top price was paid for Gage county farm land when Justin Grell sold his eighty acres located four miles north of Beatrice to John K. Penner for \$135 per acre.

Poisoned by Canned Kraut.

Brown County.—George Wheeler and wife suffered from ptomaine poisoning caused by eating canned sauerkraut. Both victims of the poison were very sick for several hours, but a physician was called and prompt action prevented serious effects.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, THE GREATEST WHEAT MARKET ON THE CONTINENT

REMARKABLE YIELDS OF WHEAT; OATS, BARLEY AND FLAX IN WESTERN CANADA LAST YEAR.

Figures recently issued show that the wheat receipts at Winnipeg last year were 88,269,330 bushels, as compared with the Minneapolis receipts of 81,111,410 bushels, this placing Winnipeg at the head of the wheat receiving markets of the continent. Following up this information it is found that the yields throughout the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, as given by agents of the Canadian Government stationed in different parts of the States, have been splendid. A few of the instances are given:

Near Redvers, Sask., Jens Hortness threshed about 50 acres of wheat, averaging 29 bushels to the acre. Near Elphinstone, Sask., many of the crops of oats would run to nearly 100 bushels to the acre. A Mr. Muir had about 200 acres of this grain and he estimates the yield at about 60 bushels per acre. Wheat went 35 bushels to the acre on the farm of Mr. A. Loucks, near Wynyard, Sask., in the fall of 1910. K. Erickson had 27 and P. Solvason 17. In the Dempster (Man.) district last year, wheat went from 25 to 30 bushels per acre. Fifteen acres on the Mackenzie & Mann farm today went forty-three bushels to the acre. In the Wainwright and Battle-river districts yields of wheat averaged for the district 26 bushels to the acre. M. B. Ness, of the Tofield, Alberta, district, got 98 bushels and 28 lbs. of oats to the acre, while near Montrose, over 94 bushels of oats to the acre was threshed by J. Leonie, notwithstanding the dry weather of June. Further reports from the Edmonton district give Frank McLay of the Horse Falls 100 bushels of oats to the acre. They weighed 45 lbs. to the bushel. A 22-acre field of spring wheat on Johnson Bros' farm near Agricola yielded 40½ bushels to the acre. Manitoba's record crop for 1910 was grown on McMillan Bros' farm near Westbourne, who have a total crop of 70,000 bushels, netting \$40,000 or 2,200 acres. G. W. Buchanan of Pincher Creek, Alberta, had 25½ bushels of No. 1 spring wheat to the acre. Mr. A. Hatton of Macleod district had wheat which averaged 21 bushels to the acre. B. F. Holden, near Indian Head, Sask., threshed 950 bushels of wheat from 20 acres.

On the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, wheat has gone below 40 bushels, while several, such as the Marquis and the Preston, have gone as high as 54 bushels to the acre. At Elstow, Sask., the quantity of wheat to the acre ran, on the average, from 26 right up to 40 bushels per acre, while oats in some cases yielded a return of 70 to 80 bushels per acre, with flax giving 13 to 14 bushels per acre.

W. C. Carnell had a yield of 42 bushels per acre from six acres of breaking. Neil Callahan, two miles northwest of Strome, had a yield of 42 bushels of wheat per acre. Wm. Lindsay, two miles east of Strome, had 1,104 bushels of Regenerated Abundance oats from ten acres. Joseph Scheelar, 11 miles south of Strome, had 12,000 bushels of wheat and oats from 180 acres. Part of the oats yielded 85 bushels to the acre, and the wheat averaged about 40 bushels. Spohn Bros., four miles southwest of Strome, had a splendid grain yield of excellent quality wheat, grading No. 2. A. S. McCulloch, one mile northwest of Strome, had some wheat that went 40 bushels to the acre. J. Blaser, a few miles southwest of Strome, threshed 353 bushels of wheat from 7 acres. Among the good grain yields at MacKlin, Alberta, reported are: D. N. Tweedie, 22 bushels to the acre; John Currin, 24 bushels wheat to the acre; Sam Fletcher, 20 bushels to the acre.

At Craven, Sask., Albert Clark threshed from 60 acres of stubble 1,890 bushels; in 20 acres of fallow 900 bushels of red flax wheat that weighed 65 pounds to the bushel. Charles Keith threshed 40 bushels to the acre from 40 acres. Albert Young, of Stony Beach, southwest of Lumsden, threshed 52 bushels per acre from summer fallow, and George Young 5,000 bushels from 130 acres of stubble and fallow, or an average of 38 1/2 bushels to the acre. Arch Morton got 5,600 bushels of red flax from 160 acres. James Russell got 8,700 bushels from stubble and late breaking, an average of 23½ bushels.

At Rosthern Jacob Friesen had 27 bushels per acre from 80 acres on new land and an average over his whole farm of 21½ bushels of wheat. John Schultz threshed 4,400 bushels from 100 acres, or 44 bushels to the acre. John Lepp had 37 bushels per acre from 200 acres. A. B. Dirk had 42 bushels per acre from 25 acres. Robert Roe of Grand Coulee threshed 45 bushels to the acre from 420 acres.

Sedley, Sask., is still another district that has cause to be proud of the yields of both wheat and flax. J. Cleveland got 30 bushels of wheat per acre on 100 acres and 18 bushels of flax on 140 acres. T. Dundas, southeast of Sedley, 40 bushels per acre on 30 acres; M. E. Miller, 34 bushels per acre on 170 acres of stubble, and 35 bushels per acre on 250 acres fallow; W. A. Day had 32 bushels per acre on 200 acres of stubble; and 35 bushels on 250 acres of fallow; J. O. Scott had 30 bushels of wheat per acre on 200 acres, and 18 bush-

els of flax per acre on 300 acres. James Bullock averaged 29 bushels of wheat; A. Allen 30 bushels; Jos. Runions, 40; Alex Ferguson, 38; W. R. Thompson, 35, all on large acreages. The flax crop of J. Cleveland is rather a wonder, as his land has yielded him \$60 per acre in two years with one ploughing. Russell, Man., farmers threshed 30 bushels of wheat and 60 to 80 bushels of oats. A. D. Stenhouse, near Melford, Sask., had an average yield on 13½ acres of new land, 63½ bushels of Preston wheat to the acre. Hector W. Swanston, a farmer near Welwyn, Sask., had 5,150 bushels of wheat from one quarter section of land. John McLean, who owns two sections, threshed 12,800 bushels of wheat.

His Head Was Hard.
It is a common belief that the negro's head is hard, capable of withstanding almost any blow. The following story told by a prominent young dentist of Danville, Ill., would seem to indicate something of the kind anyhow. Two negro men were employed on tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them.

When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head.

Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, nigger, you make me bite my tongue."—The Circle.

Probably Got Off.
Apropos of certain unfounded charges of drunkenness among the naval cadets at Annapolis, Admiral Dewey, at a dinner in Washington, told a story about a young sailor.

"The sailor, after a long voyage," he said, "went ashore in the tropics, and it being a hot day, he drank in certain tropical bars, too much beer. 'As the sailor lurched under his heavy load along a palm-bordered avenue, his captain hailed him indignantly.

"'Look here,' the captain said, 'suppose you were my commander, and you met me in such a condition as you're in now, what would you do to me?'"

"'Why, sir,' said the sailor, 'I wouldn't descend to take no notice of you at all, sir.'"

Scott's Rebecca in "Ivanhoe."
The character of Rebecca, in Scott's "Ivanhoe" was taken from a beautiful Jewess, Miss Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia. Her steadfastness to Judaism, when related by Washington Irving to Scott, won his admiration and caused the creation of one of his finest characters.

A Quick Sidestep.
Merchant (to widow)—I am willing to buy your husband's working business and good-will for \$5,000. Widow—Well, but I happen to be part of the working business. Merchant—Then I'll take only the good-will.—Fliegende Blätter.

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The Breed.
Stella—Is her coat Persian lamb? Bella—No; Podunk mutton.—Judge.

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