

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

A little crumbling path led round the rock and along the edge of the ravine. I chose it because from it I could see all the fantastic shore, bending in a semi-circle towards the sea of Breckhou, with tiny, untrodden bays, covered at this hour with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the headlands falling across them.

I was just giving my last look to them when the loose stones on the crumbling path gave way under my tread, and before I could recover my foothold I found myself slipping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, and vainly clutching at every bramble and tuft of grass growing in its clefts.

I landed with a shock far below, and for some time lay insensible. As nearly as I could make out, it would be high water in about two hours. Tardif had set off at low water, but before starting he had said something about returning at high tide, and running up his boat on the beach of our little bay. If he did that he must pass close by me. It was Saturday morning, and he was in the habit of returning early on Saturdays, that he might prepare for the services of the next day.

At last—whether years or hours only had gone by, I could not then have told you—I heard the regular and careful beat of oars upon the water, and presently the grating of a boat's keel upon the shingle. I could not turn round or raise my head, but I was sure it was Tardif.

"Tardif!" I cried, attempting to shout, but my voice sounded very weak in my own ears, and the other sounds about me seemed very loud.

He paused a moment, and stood quite still, listening. I ran the fingers of my right hand through the loose pebbles about me, and his ear caught the slight noise. In a moment I heard his strong feet coming across them towards me.

"Mam'selle," he exclaimed, "what has happened you?"

I tried to smile as his honest, brown face bent over me, full of alarm. It was so great a relief to see a face like his after that long, weary agony.

"I've fallen down the cliff," I said feebly, "and I am hurt."

The strong man shook, and his hand trembled as he stooped down and laid it under my head to lift it up a little. His agitation touched me to the heart.

"Tardif," I whispered, "it is not very much, and I might have been killed. I think my foot is hurt, and I am quite sure my arm is broken."

He lifted me in his arms as easily and tenderly as a mother lifts up her child, and carried me gently up the steep slope which led homeward. It seemed a long time before we reached the farmyard gate, and he shouted, with a tremendous voice, to his mother to come and open it. Never, never shall I forget that night. I could not sleep; but I suppose my mind wandered a little. Hundreds of times I felt myself down on the shore, lying helpless. Then I was back again in my own home in Adelaide, on my father's sheep farm, and he was still alive, and with no thought but how to make everything bright and glad some for me; and hundreds of times I saw the woman who was afterwards to be my stepmother, sealing up to the door and trying to get in to him and me.

Twice Tardif brought me a cup of tea, freshly made. I was very glad when the first gleam of daylight shone into my room. It seemed to bring clearness to my brain.

"Mam'selle," said Tardif, coming to my side, "I am going to fetch a doctor."

"But it is Sunday," I answered faintly. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly on a Sunday from Sark; and the last fatal accident, being on a Sunday, had deepened their reluctance.

"It will be right, mam'selle," he answered, with glowing eyes. "I have no fear."

"Do not be long away, Tardif," I said, sobbing.

"Not one moment longer than I can help," he replied.

CHAPTER III.

I, Martin Dobree, came into the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he story to tell my remarkable share in its events. Martin, or Doctor Martin, I was called throughout Guernsey. My father was Dr. Dobree. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island, but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three or four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downwards.

My father lived ostensibly by his profession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobree, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house we dwelt in, a pleasant one, was not a large one, though for its extent it was lucrative enough. But there always is an immense number of medical men in Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a fortune.

My engagement to Julia came about so easily and naturally that I was perfectly contented with it. We had been engaged since Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that was a point Julia was bent upon. A suitable house had fallen vacant in one of the higher streets of St. Peterport, which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I should have chosen my home to be. She and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishing.

That was about the middle of March. I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and centering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on my return, I heard my father calling "Martin! Martin!" as loudly as he could from his consulting room. I answered the call instantly, and whom should I

see but a very old friend of mine, Tardif, of the Havre Gosselin. His hands were all weather-beaten face betrayed great anxiety. My father looked charged and irresolute.

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Martin," he said; "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

"Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, "beg of you to come this instant even. She has been lying in anguish since midday yesterday—twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Be quick, doctor! If she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, and our friendship was still firm and true. I shook his hand heartily—a grip which he returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.

"I knew you'd come," he gasped.

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobree puts up what I shall have need of. I'll be ready in half an hour."

The tide was with us, and carried us over buoyantly. We anchored at the fisherman's landing place below the cliff of the Havre Gosselin, and I climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat secure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then that I



"HE PAUSED THEN."

gave my first serious thought to the woman who had met with the accident.

"Tardif, who is this person that is hurt?" I asked, "and whereabouts did she fall?"

"She fell down yonder," he answered, with an odd quaver in his voice, as he pointed to the cliff and rather high portion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her—two hours, Dr. Martin!"

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She beckoned me to follow her into an inner room. It was small, with a ceiling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the little dainty luxuries about it, with which I was familiar in my mother's bedroom. A long low window opposite the head of the bed threw a strong light upon it. There were check curtains drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, home-spun linen. Everything was clean, but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the home of a fisherman.

But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused involuntarily, only just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a delicate refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful lips almost as white; and a mass of light, shining silky hair tossed about the pillow; and large dark gray eyes gazing at me beseechingly, with an expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

That was what I saw, and could not forbear seeing. I tried to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me; but it was altogether in vain. If I had seen her before, or if I had been prepared to see any one like her, I might have succeeded; but I was completely thrown off my guard. There the charming face lay; the eyes gleaming, the white forehead tinted, and the delicate mouth contracting with pain; the bright silky curls tossed about in confusion. I see it now, just as I saw it then.

CHAPTER IV.

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds, yet during that pause a host of questions had flashed through my brain. Who was she come from? How did it happen that she was in Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself sharply to my senses; I was here as her physician, and common sense and duty demanded of me to keep my head clear. I advanced to her side and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and felt her pulse with my fingers.

"You are in very great pain, I fear," I said, lowering my voice.

"Yes," her white lips answered, and she tried to smile a patient though a dreary smile, as she looked up into my face; "my arm is broken. Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. Martin Dobree," I said, passing my hand softly down her arm. The fracture was above the elbow, and was of a kind to make the setting of it give her sharp, acute pain. I could see she was scarcely fit to bear any further suffering just then; but what was to be

done? She was not likely to get much rest till the bone was set.

"Did you ever take chloroform?" I asked.

"No, I never needed it," she answered.

"Should you object to taking it?"

"Anything," she replied passively. "I will do anything you wish."

I went back into the kitchen and opened the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Spoons and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether unprepared for my case.

I stood for a few minutes, deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from the duty before me. Tardif could not help but see my chagrin and hesitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to die."

"No, no," I answered, calling back my wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep."

I returned to the room and raised her as gently and painlessly as I could. She moaned, though very softly, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine looking anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain be tenfold greater.

"I would rather you cried out or shouted," I said, "Don't try to control yourself when I hurt you. You need not be afraid of seeming impatient, and a loud scream or two would do you good."

I felt the ends of the broken bone grating together as I drew them into their right places, and the sensation went through and through me. I had set scores of broken limbs before with no feeling like this, which was so near unfeeling me. All the time the girl's white face and firmly set lips lay under my gaze, with the wide open, unfinching eyes looking straight at me; a mournful, silent, appealing face, which betrayed the pain I made her suffer ten times more than any cries or shrieks could have done. I smoothed the coarse pillows for her to lie more comfortably upon them,

and I spread my cambric handkerchief in a double fold between her cheek and the rough linen—too rough for a soft cheek like hers.

"Lie quite still," I said. "Do not stir, but go to sleep as fast as you can."

Then I went out to Tardif.

"The arm is set," I said, "and now she must get some sleep. There is not the least danger, only we will keep the house as quiet as possible."

"I must go and bring in the boat," he replied, bestirring himself as if some spell was at an end. "There will be a storm tonight, and I should sleep the sounder if she was safe ashore."

The feeble light entering by the door, which I left open, showed me the old woman comfortably asleep in her chair, but not so the girl. I had told her when I laid her down that she must lie quite still, and she was obeying me implicitly. Her cheek still rested upon my handkerchief, and the broken arm remained undisturbed under the pillow which I had placed under it. But her eyes were wide open and shining in the dimness, and I fancied I could see her lips moving incessantly, though soundlessly.

The gale that Tardif had foretold came with great violence about the middle of the night. The wind howled up the long, narrow ravine like a pack of wolves; mighty storms of hail and rain beat in torrents against the windows, and the sea lifted up its voice with unmistakable energy. Now and again a stronger gust than the others appeared to threaten to carry off the thatched roof bodily, and leave us exposed to the tempest with only the thick stone walls about us; and the latch of the outer door rattled as if some one was striving to enter.

The westerly gale, rising every few hours into a squall, gave me no chance of leaving Sark the next day, nor for some days afterwards; but I was not at all put out by my captivity. All my interests—my whole being in fact—was absorbed in the care of this girl, stranger as she was. I thought and moved, lived and breathed, only to fight step by step against delirium and death.

There seemed to me to be no possibility of aid. The stormy waters which beat against that little rock in the sea came swelling and rolling in from the vast plain of the Atlantic and broke in tempestuous surf against the island. Tardif himself was kept a prisoner in the house, except when he went to look after his live stock. No doubt it would have been practicable for me to get as far as the hotel, but to what good? It would be quite deserted, for there were no visitors to Sark at this season. I was entirely engaged in my patient, and I learned for the first time what their task is who hour after hour watch the progress of disease in the person of one dear to them.

On the Tuesday afternoon, in a temporary lull of the hail and wind, I started off on a walk across the island. The wind was still blowing from the southwest, and filling all the narrow sea between us and Guernsey with boiling surge. Very angry looked the masses of foam whirling about the sunken reefs, and very ominous the low-lying, hard blocks of clouds all along the horizon. I strolled as far as the Coupe, that giddy pathway between Great and Little Sark, where one can see the scorching of the waves at the feet of the cliffs on both sides three hundred feet below one. Something like a panic seized me. My nerves

were too far unstrung for me to venture across the long, narrow isthmus. I turned abruptly again, and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me back to Tardif's cottage.

I had been away less than an hour, but an advantage had been taken of my absence. I found Tardif seated at the table, with a tangle of silky, shining hair lying before him. A year or two had fallen upon it from his eyes. I understood at a glance what it meant. Mother Bonnet, whom he had secured as a nurse, had cut off my patient's pretty curls as soon as I was out of the house. Tardif's great hand caressed them tenderly, and I drew out one long, glossy tress and wound it about my fingers, with a heavy heart.

"It is like the pretty feathers of a bird that has been wounded," said Tardif sorrowfully.

Just then there came a knock at the door and a sharp click of the latch, loud enough to penetrate dame Tardif's deaf ears, or to arouse our patient, if she had been sleeping. Before either of us could move the door was thrust open and two young ladies appeared upon the door sill. They were—I flashed across me in an instant—old school fellows and friends of Julia's. I declare to you honestly I had scarcely had one thought of Julia till now. My mother I had wished for, to take her place by this poor girl's side, but Julia had hardly crossed my mind. Why, in heaven's name, should the appearance of these friends of hers be so distasteful to me just now? I had known them all my life, and liked them as well as any girls I knew; but at this moment the very sight of them was annoying.

They stood in the doorway, as much astonished and thunderstricken as I was, and glaring at me, as it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown lock of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

(To be continued.)

American Coal the Best.

"Ever since I was a boy I have been reminded of the old story about 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' whenever I performed unnecessary tasks," said Richard Harker of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in the lobby of the Shoreham last night. "To carry coals to Newcastle was supposed to be as futile a task as trying to sweep back the waves on the seashore. I have lived to see coals carried to Newcastle, however, and being an Englishman, it grieves me to say that the coals in question came all the way from America."

"Within the last few years an enormous amount of coal has been shipped from Norfolk, Va., to various parts of England. Some of it went to Portsmouth, to the naval station there, and many tons were sent to Newcastle. We have better facilities for handling coal there than any other place in the United Kingdom. For many years it has been the center of the coal mining industry of our country and consequently the arrangements and appliances for shipping fuel to various parts of the country are away ahead of those of other towns."

"The coal that comes from the western portion of the State of Virginia—soft coal, I mean—is the finest fuel for steamships that is mined anywhere in the world. The coal seems to produce more steam from a small quantity than any I have seen. It is now used extensively on the vessels of the British navy and from what I saw a week ago in Norfolk and Newport News I should judge that the shipment must amount to millions of tons per year."—Washington Times.

A German Picture of the Future.

Scene—A schoolroom of the twentieth century.

Teacher (to a new scholar)—"Jack, are you inoculated against croup?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Have you your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur, and to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can stop over that wire, occupy an isolated seat made of aluminum, and begin your arithmetic lesson."

All Named the Same Date.

Hall—Well, good-by. Come and see me some time.

Story—Awfully sorry, old boy; but I've got over a hundred engagements that day.

Hall—A hundred engagements? Nonsense!

Story—Fact. Within a few days I've received over a hundred invitations to friends' houses and in every case "some time" was the date mentioned.—Boston Transcript.

Looking for Work.

"Yes, ma'am," said the ragged fat man; "I'm lookin' fur work. You ain't got no odd jobs 'or scrubbin' or washin' ter be did, have yer?"

"Why, you surely don't do scrubbing or work of that sort," said the housekeeper.

"Sure not. I'm lookin' fur work fur me wife."—Philadelphia Record.

Oldest Physician.

Gallus Ritter von Hockberger, Imperial and royal councillor of the Austrian court, is believed to be the oldest duly qualified physician in the world. He was born on Oct. 15, 1803, and is therefore 97 years of age. He has been practicing for seventy-one years, and still gives medical advice.

The way of the transgressor often leads to foreign shores.

COSTLY CHURCH VESTMENTS.

Those at St. Patrick's Cathedral Valued at Half a Million Dollars.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral there are vestments valued at half a million dollars. The collection is the finest in any cathedral in America, and compares very favorably with the vestments in many famous cathedrals in Europe, says the New York Sun.

Archbishop Corrigan presented to the cathedral the only complete set of Holy Thursday vestments in the world. Its value is \$20,000. In the set are thirteen chasubles, ten dalmatics, nine tunics, two copes and lace albs, amices and other vestments to correspond to the Holy Thursday service alone.

These vestments are for the archiepiscopal set proper and are of the finest imported white satin, embroidered in gold 90 per cent fine. The principal ornaments are the passion flower, wheat sheaf and grapes, embroidered in silks and gold, emblematic of Holy Week. The body of the vestments is worked with sprays of fuchsia. The remainder of the vestments in the same set are made of the finest moire antique, embroidered in colored silk and gold to correspond. This magnificent set of vestments was made by the Dominican nuns at Hunt's Point. To embroider the vestment it took fifteen nuns an entire year, working eight hours a day.

The chasubles are studded with pearls and rubies. The archiepiscopal set worn when the archbishop pontificates are of the finest red silk velvet. There are eight sets and they cost \$5,000 each. They are embroidered in pure gold.

A famous old set of vestments now in the cathedral sacristy was a gift to the late Archbishop Hughes. On these vestments, which are of the finest gold cloth, is worked the archbishop's coat of arms. They are embroidered in gold and incrustated with jewels. The set comprises vestments for twelve priests, besides the archbishop. It is valued at \$20,000 and was imported from Lyons. Archbishop Corrigan has worn these vestments occasionally.

Still another set of vestments that has attracted general attention from admirers of artistic embroidery was presented to Archbishop Corrigan. They are rose color, and are worn on only two days in the year, and are permitted to cathedrals and collegiate churches only throughout the world. They are embroidered in fine gold and artistic needlework. On the chasuble is the usual cross, and the figures on the cross and designs on the frontispiece are worked in silk of different colors, gold and silver, on gold.

A very handsome set of vestments is one worn for pontifical requiem mass. It is of black moire antique silk.

A set of vestments for nuptial mass was prepared especially for Archbishop Corrigan's use. It is made of white satin and around the outer edge is worked a vine of forget-me-nots in colors that blend. Around the cross in the back of the chasuble are worked gold sprays of marguerites in vine shape. In the center of each spray is inserted a pearl. The cross is richly ornamented in pearls and pink sea shell embroidery.

Hundreds of persons who desire to examine the vestments visit the cathedral annually. Permission to see them is granted only to very few persons.

Of late years there has been a growing sentiment in favor of richer vestments in the Episcopal church. The Episcopal churches in this city were the most costly vestments are now at St. Ignatius, St. Mary's, St. Edward the Martyr's and the Church of the Holy Cross.

The late Father Brown, of St. Mary's Church, on 45th street, between 7th and 8th avenues, had some of the finest vestments in the country. He wore a cope on the hood of which was embroidered in gold a figure of the Virgin. The crown and necklace of the figure were of the finest first water diamonds. Angels that were embroidered about the figure were also thickly embroidered with diamonds. The embroidery on this cope was of the most artistic quality, and was worked by the Sisters of St. Mary. Father Brown also wore a very handsome stole embroidered with angels, the heads of which were worked in human hair.

Just His Luck.

Jack—I'll tell you what's the matter, George. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right, there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please, whether they are successful or not. Women like praise, and lots of it.

George—All right, I'll remember it. George (at dinner, same day)—My dear, this pie is just lovely! It's delicious. Ever so much better than those my mother used to make. She couldn't equal this pie if she tried a month.

George's Wife—Huh! You've made fun of every pie I ever made, and now—

George—But this is lovely.

George's Wife—That came from the confectioner's.

Widow's Flare.

In Sumatra, if a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untopped by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.—Womanhood.

A Mean Burglar.

The meanest burglar on record has been at work in Montreal. He broke into a baker's shop, and finding only 32 cents as plunder, took a single bite of every pie and cake in the place, thus rendering them unsalable.

The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

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\$5000 will be paid if this testimony is proved true. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

The Poor City Boy.

Oh, the city boy is bundled
In his heavy overcoat,
With his costly leather leggings,
And he slides upon the sidewalk
Where the ashes have been spread,
And imagines he is happy
On his bright new sled.

There's a hill that's high and sloping,
In the country, far away,
Where a boy who wasn't bundled
Fits to smother under to stray.
With the swiftness of the lightning
Down the gleaming hill he sped,
And no ashes ever grate
On his home made sled.

Oh, I pity the poor city

Boy who never gets beyond
The narrow, ashy sidewalk
Or some hampered little pond,
Ah, the hill was high and sloping,
And the way was clear ahead
Where a country boy west coasting
On a home made sled.

First of the Vanderbilts.

The first of the Vanderbilts in this country was Jan Aertsen Van der Bilt, a Holland farmer, who came to the new world in the first half of the seventeenth century, and who settled in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, about 1650. As the name indicates, the family belonged originally to either the village of Bilt, a suburb of Utrecht, or the parish of Bilt, in Friesland.

Peacemaker for the Railways.

Some years ago one of the biggest railroad corporations of this country employed a confidential peacemaker, with the idea of preventing suits, as far as possible, for personal damages. It has proved a profitable innovation, and is being taken up by other railroads.

It Surely Was.

He—I got up against a trolley accident coming home this evening.
She—You don't say?
He—Yes. I got a seat.

The Part He Took.

The Don—And what part did you take in this disgraceful proceeding of holding Mr. Waters under the pump?
Undergrad (modestly)—His left leg, sir.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

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