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move on the part of the manage

on Oakley read the obnoxious edal his blood grew hot and his mood reut. It showed evident and unal care in the preparation, and he ed correctly that it had been writand put in type in readiness for the It was a direct personal attack. for the expression "the new mansent," which was used over and could mean but the one thing.

en's first impulse was to hunt Ry up and give him a sound thrashbut his better sense told him that this rational mode of expressing adignation would have been excusnough a few years back, when he only a brakeman, as the manager the Buckhorn and Antioch railroad ms necessary to pursue a more pa

ge knew he could be made very unfar if these attacks were persisted This he did not mind especially exas it would interfere with the carout of his plans and increase his bolties. After thinking it over he inded that he would better see Ryand have a talk with him. It would barn, he argued, and it might do good, provided, of course, that he at keep his temper.

went directly to the Herald office found Griff in and alone. When strode into the office, looking warm, the latter turned a trifle for he had his doubts about the ger's temper and no doubts at about his muscular development, ch was imposing.

ch was imposing.
I came to see what you meant by
Ryder," his caller said, and he
jout the paper foided to the insultarticle. Ryder assumed to exarticle. it carefully, but he knew every

h, this? Oh, yes! The story of reduction in wages down at the shops. There! You can take it

m under my nose. I can see quite

ell." repeated Ryder after him. exasperating composure. The edwas no stranger to intrusions of sort, for his sarcasms were freally personal. His manner varied t each individual case. When the aged party stormed into the office, thful and loud lunged, he was genwilling to make prompt reparaespecially if the visitor had the mtage of physical preponderance is side. When, however, the caller uncertain and palpably in awe of as sometimes happened, he got ort of satisfaction. With Oakley rsued a middle course.

ell?" he repeated. that do you mean by this?" think it speaks for itself, don't

went into this matter with you, you know as well as I do why the are cut. This"—striking the paper aptnously with his open handhe worst sort of rubbish, but it serve to make the men feel that re being wronged, and it is an you notice that? I didn't know

vas too subtle for you." suldn't resist the gibe at Oak-

bed of course but intended e the men less confidence in me. I'm not going to stand any more sort of thing!" is conscious he had brought his

his to a decidedly lame conclu-

I'll tell you one thing, Mr I'm editor of the Herald, and tallow any man to dictate to me I shall print. That's a point I'll a for myself." know the situation. You know

be general will dispose of his inhere unless they can be made estaining, and, whether you like t not, he stands as a special ence to the town."

by know what you have told beringly.

ley bit his lips. He saw it would been better to have left Ryder He felt his own weakness and bility to force him against his be fair. He guiped down his nd chagrin.

n't see what you can gain by up this matter." a you don't."

to understand you are hostile

thems you, yes. You haven't

glance to stray off up the tracks. Burself by coming here as could bully me into your inking. I didn't get much from my call on you. You you could attend to your ffairs, and I can attend to mine is easily. I hope you appreciate

termed on his heel and left the cursing himself for his stupidity ing given the editor an opporto get even.

CHAPTER X.

course of the next few days n decided that there was no our of trouble from the hands. are settled back into their ac I mit. He was only a little less tr, perhaps.

was indebted to Clarence for the warning he received as to what store for him.

e about in this way. Clarence Ired to the yards, where, seobservation, he was indulga quiet smoke, furtively keeping open for McClintock, whose nts were uncertain, as he knew and experience.

the board fence was in front of butting off the yards from the and of the town. At his back

was a freight car, back of that again were the interlacing tracks and be-Fork, with its inviting shade of sycamores and willows and its tempting swimming holes,

Suddenly he heard a scrambling on the opposite side of the fence, and ten brown fingers clutched the tops of the boards, then a battered straw hat came on a level with the fingers, at the same instant a bare foot and leg were thrown over the fence, and the owner of the battered straw hat swung himself into view. All this while a dog whined and yelped; then followed a vigorous scratching sound, and presently a small, dilapidated looking yellow cur squeezed itself beneath the fence. Clarence recognized the intruders. It was Branyon's boy, Augustus, com-monly called "Spide," because of his exceeding slimness and the length of his legs, and his dog Pink.

As soon as Branyon's boy saw Clarence he balanced himself deftly on the top of the fence with one hand and shaded his eyes elaborately with the other. An amlable, if toothless, smile curled his lips. When he spoke it was with deep facetiousness.

"Hi, come out from behind that roll

But Clarence said not a word. He puffed away at his cigarette, apparently oblivious of everything save the contentment it gave him, and as he puffed Spide's mouth worked and wa-tered sympathetically. His secret ad-miration was tremendous. Here was Clarence in actual and undisturbed possession of a whole eigarette. He had to purchase his cigarettes in partnership with some other boy and go halves on the smoking of them. It

"Say, got one of them coffin tacks that ain't working?" he inquired. Clarence gazed off up the tracks, ignoring the question and the questioner Spide's presence was balm to his soul. But as one of the office force of the Buckhorn and Antioch he felt a certain lofty reserve to be incumbent upon him. Besides, he and Spide had

made him feel cheap and common.

been engaged in a recent rivalry for Busic Poppleton's affections. It is true he had achieved a brilliant success over his rival, but that a mere schoolboy should have ventured to oppose him a salaried man, had struck him as an unpardonable piece of impertinence for which there could be no excuse.

Spide, however, had taken the matter most philosophically. He had recoguized that he could not hope to compete with a youth who possessed unlimited wealth, which he was willing to lay out on chewing gum and candy his experience being that the sex was strictly mercenary and incapable of a disinterested love. Of course he had much admired Miss Poppleton. From the crown of her small dark head, with its tightly braided "pigtails," down to her trim little foot he had esteemed her as wholly adorable; but, after all, his affair of the heart had been an affair of the winter only. With the comrious things to think of. He was learning to swim and to chew tobacco. The mastering of these accomplishments pretty well occupied his time. "Bay," he repeated, "got another?"

Still Clarence blinked at the flerce sunlight which danced on the rails and said nothing. Spide slid skillfully down from his perch, but his manner had undergone a change.

"Who throwed that snlpe away anyhow?" he asked disdainfully. Clarence turned his eyes slowly in his direction. "Lookee here. You fellows got to keep out of these vards or I'll tell Me-Clintock. First we know some of you kids will be getting run over, an then your folks will set up a lively Get on out! It aln't no place for little boys!"

He put the cigarette between his lips and took a deep and tantalizing pull at it. Spide kept to his own side of the ditch that ran between the fence and

"Huh!" with influite seorn, "Who's a kbl? You won't be happy till I come over there and lick you?" "First thing I know you'll be stealing

serso front "My gosh! The Huckleberry 'd have to stop running if I swiped a coupling

Clarence had recourse to the eigarette, and again Spide was consumed

with torturing jealousies. "Where did you shoot that salpe anyhow?" he inquired hamblingly.

Once more Clavence allowed his

"For half a cent I'd come across and do what I say?" nided Splife, stooping down to roll up his trousers leg and then easing an unclastic "gallus" that cut his shoulders. This elicited a short and contemptuous grunt from Clarence. He was well pleased with himself. He felt Spide's envy. It was sweet and satisfying.

"Pay!" with sudden animation. "You fellers will be going around on your uppers in a day or so. I'll bet you'd

give a heap to know what I know!" "I wouldn't give a darned cent to know all you know or ever will know!" retorted Clarence promptly.

"Some people's easily upset here in the cupols." tapping his brimless cover-"I wouldn't want to give you ing. brain fever. I don't hate you bad enough."

"Well, move on. You ain't wanted around here. It may get me into trouble if I'm seen fooling away my time on you."

"I hope it will," remarked Branyon's boy, Augustus, with cordial ill will, He was literally bursting with the linportance of the facts which he possessed, and Clarence's indifference gave

him no opening. "What will you bet there sin't a

Clarence blandly, "but if there is one we are ready for it. You bet the hands won't catch us napping. We are ready for 'em any time and all the time." This, delivered with a large air, impressed Spide exceedingly.

"Have you sent for the militia a'ready?" he asked anxiously.

"That's saying," noting the effect of his words. "I can't go blabbing about, telling what the road's up to, but we are awake, and the hands will get it in the neck if they tackle the boss."

To Clarence, Oakley was the most august person he had ever known. He religiously believed his position to be only second in point of importance and power to that of the president of the United States. He was wont to invest him with purely imaginary attributes and to lie about him at a great rate among his comrades, who were ready to credit any report touching a man who was reputed to be able to ride on the cars without a ticket. Human grandeur had no limits beyond this.

"There was a meeting last night. I bet you didn't know that," said Spide. "I heard something of it. Was your

father at the meeting, Spide?" he asked, dropping his tone of hostility for one of graelous familiarity. The urchin promptly crossed the ditch and stood

"Of course the old man was. You don't suppose he wouldn't be in it?" "Oh, well, let 'em kick. You see the boss is ready for 'em," remarked Clarence indifferently. He wanted to know what Spide knew, but he didn't feel that he could afford to show any special interest. "Where you going-swimming?" he added.

"Yep." But Spide was not ready to drop the fascinating subject of the strike. He wished to astonish Clarence, who was altogether too knowing "The meeting was in the room over

Jack Britt's saloon," he volunteered. "I suppose you think we didn't know up at the office. We got our spies out. There ain't nothing the hands can do

we sin't on to." Spide wrote his initials in the soft bank of the ditch with his big toe while be meditated on what he could tell

"Well, sir, you'd 'a' been surprised if you'd 'n' been there."

"Was you there, Spide?" "Tep."

"Oh, come off; you can't stuff me."
"I was, too, there. The old lady sent me down to fetch pap home. She was afraid he'd get full. Joe Stokes was there, and Lou Bentick and a whole slew of others, and Griff Ryder." Clarence gasped with astonishment

"Why, he ain't one of the hands." "Well, he's on their side."

"What you giving us?" "Say, they are going to make a stiff kick on old man Oakley working in the shops. They got it in for him good and strong." He paused to weigh the effect of this and then went on rapidly: 'He's done something. Ryder knows about it. He told my old man and Joe Stokes. They say he's got to get out. What's a convicted criminal anyhow?

"What do you want to know that for Spide?" questioned the artful Clarence. with great presence of mind. "Well, that's what old man Oakley is

I heard Ryder say so myself, and pap and Joe Stokes just kicked themselves because they hadn't noticed it before, I suppose. My, but they were hot: Say, you'll see fun tomorrow. I should not be surprised if they sent you all a-kiting"

Clarence was swelling with the de called to Dan: sire to tell Oakley what he had heard rettes from his pocket. "Have one?" he said.

companion's liberality.

he might have been seen making his words which followed. ed in one hand, was skipping carry der me after this?" neross the cornfield toward the creek. followed by Pink. He was bound for Branyon roughly. "Talk's cheap." the "Shidy," a swimming hole his mother had charged him on no account | Fou. you infernal loafer?" to visit. Under these peculiar circum to consider any other spot.

CHAPTER XL

"AX," Clarence blurted out,
"there's going to be a strike!" or aloy glanced up from his

"What's that you are telling me, "There's going to be a strike, Mr.

Dan smiled good naturally at the chinten's speke only the truth. A

"I guess that has blown over, Clarence," he said kindly. "No, it sin't. The men had a meeting last night. It was in the room over Jack Britt's saloon. I've just been "Gost" garant

He told me."

chair toward him. "Now, what is it?" as soon as he was his information, its general incomplete ness and the frequent divergences occasioned by the boy's attempt to incorporate into the narrative a satisfactory reason for his own presence in the yards, did not detract from its control of the control o reminiscences as he saw fit, gave a men

ther?" For he had rather lost track Drug Co.

"I sin't betting this morning," said of the story and caught at the sudden mention of his father's name.

"Spide says they got it in for him. can't just remember what he did say. It was something or other Griff Ryder knows about him. It's funny, but it's clean gone out of my head, Mr. Oakley." Oakley started. What could Ryder know about his father? What could any one know?

He was not left long in doubt. The He was not left long in doubt. The have been driven out of existence by next morning shortly after he arrived the Pure Food Law. at the office he heard the heavy shuffling of many feet on the narrow platform outside his door, and a deputation from the carpenter shop led by Joe Stokes and Branyon entered the room. For a moment or so the men stood in abashed silence about the door and then moved over to his desk.

eyes. The whole proceeding smacked of insolence. The men were in their shirt sleeves and overalls and had on took off his hat. The others accepted took off his hat. The others accepted by Demaray under the guarantee that this as a signal and one after another it will cure or cost nothing. removed theirs. Then followed a momentary shulling as they bunched closer. Several who looked as if they would just as soon be somewhere else breathed deep and hard. The office force-Kerr, Holt and Miss Waltonsuspended their various tasks and stood up so as not to miss anything that was said or done.

Stokes took a step forward and cleared his throat as if to speak. Then he looked at his comrades, who looked back their encouragement at him. "We want a word with you, Mr. Oak

ley," said he.

What have you to say?" "Well, sir, we got a grievance," began Stokes weakly, but Branyon pushed him to one side hastily and took his place. He was a stockily built Irish-American, with plenty of nerve and a loose tongue. The men nudged each other. They knew Mike would have his sny.

"It's just this, Mr. Oakley: There's a man in the carpenter shop who's got to get out. We won't work with him no longer!"

"That's right," muttered one or two of the men under their breath,

"Whom do you mean?" asked Oakley, and his tone was tense and strenuous for he knew. There was an awkward stience. Branvon finneral his hat a

"The man who's got to go is your fa-

"Why?" asked Oakley, sinking his voice. He guessed what was coming next, but the question seemed dragged from him. He had to ask it.

"We got nothing against you, Mr. Oakley, but we won't work in the same shop with a convicted criminal." "That's right," muttered the chorus

Oakley's face flushed scarlet. Then every scrap of color left it. "Get out of here!" he ordered hotly.

of men again.

"Don't we get our answer?" demanded Branyon. While the interview was in progress McClintock had entered and now stood

at the opposite end of the room, an at-

tentive listener. "No?" cried Oakley hoursely. "I'll out whom I please to work in the hops. Leave the room, all of you!

The men retreated before his fury. their self confidence rather dashed by it. One by one they backed sheepishly out of the door, Branyon being the last to leave. As he quitted the room he

"We'll give you until tomorrow He took the part of a pack of ciga think it over. But the old man's got to go.

McClintock promptly followed Bran-Spide promptly availed himself of his you, and Clarence elected after him. He was in time to witness the uncork-"Well, so long," the latter added; "I ling of the master mechanic's vials of got to get back." And a moment later wrath and to hear the hot exchange of Pass, Ore , on Tuesday, the 11th day

"You can count your days with the "We'll see about that?" retorted

"What's the old man ever done to

"Shut up, Milt, and keep your shirt stances it was quite impossible for him on?" said Stokes in what he intended should be conciliatory tones. "We only want our rights."

"We'll have 'em, too!" said Branyon, shaking his head ominously. "We ain't dagoes or Polacks; we're American mechanics, and we know our rights."

"You're a smeak Brancon! What's he ever done to you? You needn't be so particular about the old man's record. You know as much about the in wide of a prison as he doesn't

talking with a fellow who was there but critical Clarence. "What a soak- and will offer proof to show that the er!" Branyon fell up against the side "Sir down," said Oakley, pushing a of the building near which they were standing. Otherwise he would have gone his length upon the ground, and seated. And Clarence, editing his the hands maked in between the two

corporate into the narrative a satisfactory reason for his own presence in the yards, did not detract from its value in Oakley's estimation. The mere fact worm medicine ever offered to that the men had held a meeting was mothers. Many indeed are the sensi-In Oakley's estimation. The mere fact worm medicine ever offered to that the men had held a meeting was methers. Many indeed are the sensitin itself significant. Such a thing was ble mothers, who write expressing new to Antioch, as yet unvisited by in

EFFECT OF THE FOOD LAW

Driving Many Worthless Catarrh Medicines Out of Existence.

Many worthless remedies that have been advertised for the cure of catarrh

Oakley pushed back his chair and as haier that comes with every outfit, they approached came slowly to his feet. There was a hint of anger in his eyes. The whole proceeding smacked and soothing and healing any irrita-tion in the mucous membrane.

their hats. Stokes put up his hand and take of his hard and sold take of his hard and hard our statement of the hard our statement our statement of the hard our statement of the ha

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Notice is herbey given that the undersigned has been appointed adminis-tratrix of the estate of Celia A. Smith. All persons having claims against the said estate are notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at her place of reney at law in Grants Pass, Oregon, within six months from this date

Dated March 29, 1907. CARRIE FRY.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

Roseburg, Oregon, March 21, 1907. Notice is hereby given that in comof Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of Clifornia, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, MARY R. JOHNSON

MARY R. JOHNSON of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of Cailfornia, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7898, for the purchase of the NE34 of section No. 33 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., and will offer proof to show that the stience. Branvon finarral his hat a land sought is more valuable for its wife nervously. At last he said dog timber or stone than for agricultural timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon on Monday, the 10th day of June, 1907.

She names as witnesses: A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass, Ore., William Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., William Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., William J. Johnson of Oakland, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming ad-

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above decaribed lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Reseburg, Ore., March 21, 1907. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, en-titled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Ore-gou, Nevada, and Washington Terri-

tory, 'as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, WILLIAM J. JOHNSON, of Oakland, County of Alameda, State Range No. 4 West of W M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone toan for agricultural pur-poses, and to establish his claim to said land tefore Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants

of June, 1907. way cautiously in the direction of the office, while Spide, his battered hat Huckleberry numbered, Branyon," he made his arm and the cigarette church said. "I'm hanged if I'll have you up Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., Nellie Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., and County, Oregon.
Walter J. O'Connell of Oakland, Cal.
Dated this 22d Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are

requested to file their claims in this ffice on or before said 11th day of BENJAMIN L. EDDY,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timer Land, Act June 3, 1878, Roseburg, Ore., March 21, 1907, Notice is hereby given that in complunce with the provisions of the act Congress of June, 'an act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, California, Oregon,

Branyon's last word he smashed his of Oakland, County of Alameda, State first into the middle of the carpenter's of California, bas this day filed in Mi-o-na stomach tablets, for he guar-sour visage with a heavy, sickening this office his sworn statement No. tees to refund the money if Mi-o-na sour visage with a heavy, sickening this office his sworn statement No. thud. Ne man called him a Har and 7899, for the purchase of the SE 4 of got away with it. ot away with it.
"Gee" gasped the closely attentive Section No. 6 in Iownship No. 35
South, Range No. 4 west of W. M., land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grauts Ore., on Tuesday, the 11th day cured and able to eat a hearty meal one, 1907. He names as wit without fear of pain or distress.

their children, while they owe to the Underwear Special, good Spring or troubles.

"What is that you say about my facuse of White's Cream Vermifuge, weight, 75c the suit.—Geo. S. Calberg." For he had rather lost track. For sale by Demaray and by Natinosi hoom Co. Underwear Special, good Spring houn Co.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
Roseburg, Oregon, March 21, 1907.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled act for the cale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

FIRMAN S. ORUMP This has naturally increased the sale of reliable remedies, and those that fulfill the provisions of the law.

Hyomei, for example, has a larger sale than before, and Demaray still sells it under a guarantee that it will cure No. 3: South, Range No. West W. catarrh or the money will be refunded.

Breathe Hyomei three or four times the land sought is more valuable for daily through the neat pocket in its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his tural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Joseph Moss, United States Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 11th day of Jone

He names as witnesses: Ed Hatha-way, of Dryden, Ore., Marion F. Crooks of Dryden, Ore., George B. Morgan of Grants Pass, Ore., and Engene E. Morgan of Grants Pass,

Any and all persons elaiming adthe above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register. April, 1907.

"Pneumonia's Deadly Work

sideace one mile west of Merlin or at bad so seriously affected my right the office of Robert G. Smith, attor- lung," writes Mrs. Faunic Conner, of Rural Route 1, Georgetown, Tenn., "that I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors' prediction - consumption - seemed inevitable, until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only real cough cure and restorer of weak, sore lungs." When all other remedies utterly fail, you may still win in the battle against lung and throat troubles with New Dicsovery, the real cure, Guaranteed by all druggists. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bot-tle free.

> NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the matter of the es-tate of Hannah Mur

1907.

ray, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that J. E.
Hair has been appointed administrator
of the estate of Hannah Murray, deceased, by the above entitled court, cased, by the above entitled court, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to the undersigned administrator at the law office of H. D. Norton, at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oreogn, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication, March 15, 907.

J. E. HAIR, Administrator. NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

SALE OF REAL PROPERTY. Notice is hereby given that Ora Hood, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administratrix of the Estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, has been duly licensed and commissioned by order of the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, dated March 20, 1907, to sell all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the real property hereinster. and to the real property hereinafter described, and that pursuant to said order, I will, after April 19, A. D., 1907, sell at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, on terms not WILLIAM J. JOHNSON, of Oakland, County of Alemeda, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7900, for the purchase of the SE54 of Section No. 18 in Township No. 35 South, mation of said court, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, in and to the following described real property. to wit:

the Albert Hood land, thence run east 27 rods; thence north 24 rods; thence west 27 rods; thence south 24 rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres, more or less, in Section four acres, more or less, in Section 17, Township 36 South, Range 5 West of Willamette Meridian in Josephine

Dated this 22d day of March, A. D., ORA HOOD.

Administratrix.

COSTS NOTHING UNLESS CURED

Liberal Way in Which Mi-o-na Stomach Tabluts are Sold by Demaray.

Nevada, and Washintgen Territory, as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1832.

"WALTER J. O'CONNEL."

"WALTER J. O'CONNEL."

"WALTER J. O'CONNEL." If a friend should tell you that he impess you with his physicia's skill. It is in this way that Demaray sells

does not cure Use Mi-o-na stomach tablets if you have any of the following symptoms; backache, headache, sleeplessness, nausea, distress after eating, specks before the eyes, despondency nervous-ness, loss of appetite, dizziness, pains in the side and limbs gulping up of undigested food, and you will soon be

Mi-o-pa costs but 50c a box, nothing if it does not cure. Demaray is the local distributor.

your cough is only in the throat and does not trouble you now, don't think that it needs no attention. When it has not had much of a start is the time to check it. The slightest cough easily leads to Pneumonia, Bronehitis and consumption. A bot-tle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will cure that cough. The price puts it within reach of all. For sale by National Drug Co., and by Demaray.