WAR'S DARKER PICTURES.

SCENES ON LIAO YANG PLAIN.

The Tall Grain Cut by Peasants on Recent Battlefields—Incredible Endurance of a Wounded Japanese Soldier—The Pariah Dog—Wounded Combatants No Longer Enemies—Outward Indifference of the Manchurian Natives—Bandit Scouts.

Special Correspondence of The New York Evening Post.

All the kaoliang, that tall millet with its burden os grain at the top like tasseled corn, is being cut low on recent battlefields. On coming battlefields it stands in rows, in strips, in sparse clumps, or harvested in towering stacks—in any design or condition that will serve to cover our own earthworks, and sentries, or assist in stealthy infantry reconnoitring, or disclose the approach of the enemy. The Chinese farmers hasten to cut it as the armies dictate, glad to be able to save some of their crop.

Children no bigger than a blade of the stalk, wearing nothing but a pigtail down their backs and a narrow blue apron depending from the neck in front, give help with the sickle; and so do the elderly women, who have hitherto been so fearful of showing themselves that it appeared there were no women in Manchuria. Strong as any peasants are these women, delicately as they move on the tiny feet which the men have made them bind centuries so they would never run away.

One of them, in the plain before Liao Yang, came upon a prostrate Japanese soldier. He looked dead, but he was merely in a last faint. It was twelve days subsequent to the end of the battle: the searching parties had not found him. New recruits passing on their way to supply the vacant places at the front were called. They got their first glimpse of what a battle may mean to an individual.

WAR AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

The unconscious soldier had been struck in the thigh by one bullet, and one tibia had been shattered by another. The recruits saw the attempts he had made to bandage and dress his wounds with the "first aid" material, which every soldier carries; they saw the wrapping brown with dried blood.

Bent and broken millet within reach showed how he had fed himself during the twelve days of his painful isolation. He had eaten the tassels of grain at the top by pulling them down to his mouth. Exhausting one spot, he had only to drag himself a foot or two to be among plenty again. It was want of water, of course, which tortured him most and which finally took his senses away. After reviving at the hospital, he spoke of holding his mouth open to catch rain, of setting his cup for it, of making a hollow with a piece of khaki, and of lapping dew from blades of the kaoliang in the morning. Yes, his shattered shin had ached; but lack of water to wet his tongue, that made him think he must die.

There are worse sights in the kaoliang. It gives one a shudder to see a flock of rooks settling and circling, and the tail-down way in which pariah dogs—cousins of the Siberian wolf—emerge upon the paths as you are riding along needs no interpretation. In the busy days of burial, many Russians were not placed very deep. Once in a while you see a uniform containing a few bones, beside a violated grave. The other day, as the attaches were being shown the positions the first army fought for, the whole party surprised a dog tugging hard at something. It ran, leaping; and there lay a poor Cossack, wholly uncovered, with one trouser torn away, revealing—well, soldiering is not merely a parade through waving flags and cheering friends, singing dear songs of country under beautiful camp-fires, nor even all shooting and getting decently shot.

Another episode, which, however, I cannot describe at first hand, was this which comes through Gen. Fuji, of the Kuroki army: Several wounded men lay on a hillside after a night charge. Six were Japanese and seven were Russian. They saw one another, and crept together and stretched themselves side by side to keep warm. One Russian, whose hurt was in the arm, offered to steal down the hill to water and fill all the canteens. He had gone only a little distance when he was shot by comrades who could not distinguish his uniform. Another Russian volunteered. He got safely out of sight—but he never returned. The Japanese got him. The rest of the men could not walk, so all lay quietly in one group, enemies no longer. In the morning they were found by a patrol, and cared for in the same hospital.

After Liao Yang battle one missed the numerous curling smokes which heretofore had risen from a fighting place that had been won. One missed also those tandem couples of soldiers bearing between them on a pole a heavy box of ashes. There were so many dead here, and it took so long to find them, that only officers were incinerated. The ash of the hard part of their throats was preserved and shipped back to be buried in Japan; but the men of common rank had to be buried in quickly dug trenches holding sixty or eighty each.

OUTWARD NATIVE INDIFFERENCE.

The attitude of the natives has the neutral character of indifference. They carry wounded Russians as they carry wounded Japanese, and both as they would carry logs or pails of water, suspended from shoulder poles. It is only because the "No. 1 Japanese Man," as they term the highest allen authority, has fixed prices that they do not charge their yellow brothers as much as they charged the Russians. When Field Marshal Oyama sent 1,000 yen to be distributed among the natives wounded by shells which fell in the city, and 1,000 yen more to the Scotch missionary's hospital, which cared for the dying, all was well. Three times their city was lightly looted; first, by the retiring and reckless Russians; then by the soldiers of the Mandarin; then by the in-rushing Japanese. By none was there looting such as you might fancy from the term. Some furs from this shop, all the beer that could be carried from that, all the chickens that could be caught anywhere, amounting to very little.

The Chinese saw no difference of treatment in the few hours they suffered from these changing dominations. Even the Hunghutze—those lawless ravagers—are pro-Russian where Russia controls, and pro-Japanese where Japan controls—if it pays. Below here they offered their fighting strength to the invading troops. Not accepted as soldiers, these bandits served as scouts, under direction of Japanese officers, one hears. As far south as Pulantien they certainly were sentries at official doorways. They are on duty about Shusanpo Hills now.

As scouts, their method of gaining information is to enter Russian lines, feign friendliness, tell tall stories of the vast array of the enemy south, of his countless number of great guns. Then, by way of the mountains, they remain the Japanese lines, give the characteristics, situation and extent of earthworks, disposition of strength, etc., and advise, "do not go here—big fort," "do not go there—many cannon," but "go very fast this way" and "very fast that way." The heads of Hunghutze drop nearly every day on the Liao Yang Mandarin's execution ground, but if a captive outlaw happens to wear a band upon his arm saying he is in Japanese employ, the Mandarin fears to touch him.

If the city of Liao Yang has a bias, it is in favor of the Russian. Ask why, and the cause is thus explained:

"Spoosee Russian- man wantee fox-spin. He no ask price. He say, 'I take,' and pay what merchant man say. Russia-man, he no care for money. What he wantee—buy."

That made times brisk in the ancient walled town. Prices rose till it seems comparatively an expensive city. So great is the demoralization that furs are dearer here than in Japan. Sheepskins with the wool on cost $1.50 each; beaver for a pair of gloves, $1.50; fur linings for great-coats, made of the delicate breasts of foxes, cost $70; lynx skins, $35; a woman's sleeve jacket of fox breasts, beautiful of course, but—$35; dogskins (tamed and crossed Siberian wolf), $12 for a sufficient number to make a sleeping bag; the fur of the legs of foxes, nicely matched and pretty enough and large enough for a woman's opera coat, $60 to $80. For a town next to the mountains, where pelts are obtained, these are inflated prices, and the lavish Russians are responsible. F. C.

GOING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The President's First Journey of Many Among the People—He Will Go to His Mother's Birthplace in Georgia and Make a Speech on the Race Question.

Chicago Tribune.

Missouri having gone for Roosevelt, the President is going to Missouri.

"Come and see the greatest exposition the world has ever seen," said a committee consisting of Mayor Rolla Wells, of St. Louis; W. H. Thompson and Corwin H. Spencer, of the exposi-company, to him at the White House to-night.

The President after some little figuring announced that they could "show him" on Saturday, November 26. He said he could remain only that day, but the officials figure that he will be so impressed with the magnitude of the fair that he will tarry with them yet a little while longer.

The invitation also was extended to the cabinet officers, and it is expected several of them will accompany the President.

President Roosevelt told the committee, jokingly, that he was sorry the landslide in Missouri overwhelmed his old friend, Senator Cockrell.

The President's journey to St. Louis will be in the nature of a triumphal procession, and it is said it will be a first of many such journeys throughout the country. His trip to St. Louis will be an especial recognition of the fact that Missouri gives him her electoral vote and will send a Republican to the United States Senate for the first time in three decades. He will go to stimulate this affectionate leaning toward Republicanism.

He will depart by one route and return by another. In one or the other direction he will pass through West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the four States which rendered him so much honor at the polls. He will shake every hand he can reach, and make a personal response to every salutation.

This journey will be the President's first thankful acknowledgment to the people who have given him the largest popular vote ever cast for a presidential candidate. He is determined to know the people better, to mingle with them. He is resolved particularly to get closer to the people of the once solid South.

President Roosevelt will invade the South with arms wide open. He will visit his mother's birthplace. He will go into Georgia, which he regards as the State most hostile to his negro policy. He will make a speech explaining to the Southern people exactly what his attitude is on the race question. He will declare he never sought to establish race equality, and that he does not consider this possible or desirable. He will assert that his only idea is to recognize manhood wherever it is found, either white or black, and that he seeks to elevate the manhood in the negro. He believes such action will establish better feeling between the North and South.

In a word, Theodore Roosevelt henceforth will devote all his tremendous energies to become the patriarchal, almost the pastoral, head of the people, and not political President.

So hereafter during his incumbency in office he will deal in a more marked way with the people at first hand. He will mingle with the masses, learn their necessities, their desires and their ambitions. He will ignore the recommendations of politicians and the behests of party organizations. He will appoint to Federal office only such men as are acceptable to the people, and in his selections for office he may not be influenced by Senators, Representatives or by any leaders.

This determination follows and hangs on the pledge which Mr. Roosevelt voluntarily gave last Tuesday night when he said:

"The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate or accept another nomination."

Flagging the Enemy.

Youth's Companion.

The agent for "The Modern World of Music," hesitated at the foot of the driveway and glanced again at the bright red flag which fluttered from the front porch.

"Coming up or ain't ye?" called a loud voice, as a tall figure rose from a chair on the porch and turned toward the stranger.

"Are you going to have an auction or have you scarlet fever or something there?" called the agent.

"Tain't any auction, that's certain sure, bawled the voice from the porch, "and I don't reckon it's scarlet fever either; leastways the doctor ain't said so. Come up, won't ye?"

"I guess not to-day," called the book agent, and he spied on up the road.

The man on the porch resumed his seat and looked affectionately at the small red flag.

"Living outside the village as we do, I don't know how we'd manage without that little flag," he remarked to the summer boarder.

"It comes handy more ways than one. Folks are apt to be kind o' winded after they've climb' up the hill, and in times past we've had agents for one thing or another setting on this piazzarette hours at a time. But I most gen'ally hear of 'em in the village the day before, and since the iceman give me that little flag I haven't had a mite of trouble.

"I guess now I'll take her in; the iceman don't gen'lly come by on Thursdays, an' yet of course he might take a notion; but if he don't get along by this time o' day I am apt to give him up. Useful little critter," and he smoothed the small flag tenderly as he took it into the house.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nordy—"Washington could not tell a lie."

Butts (mournfully)—"I wish my wife was that way. She can tell one of mine a mile off."

COL. MOSBY'S DEEDS IN WAR

DENIES CRUELTY TO PRISONERS

The Confederate Chieftain Replies to the Hustead Charges—Never Shot Union Soldiers Captured by His Men During the War—Has Warm Friends Among Men Who Were His Prisoners Forty Years Ago—Never Unkind in Word Nor Deed.

Washington Post.

Col. John S. Mosby, the noted Confederate guerrilla chieftian, has made public a letter which contributes an interesting chapter to civil war history, as particularly relating to the Mosby command, its operations and general conduct, and is designed to defend that body against charges of inhuman treatment toward Mosby's prisoners among the Federal forces.

The letter is written to Frank P. Moss, of Boston, Mass., a Union veteran who was captured by Mosby in Fairfax county, Va., October 13, 1863. During the Grand Army encampment in Boston last summer, Col. Mosby received an invitation from Mr. Moss and Capt. Bartop, of Brookline, Mass., both of whom are his warm personal friends, inviting him to attend a Union veterans' banquet to be held there. When this invitation was made public, Mr. Edward Campbell, of Uniontown, Pa., another Union veteran, wrote a letter to Mr. Moss inclosing another attacking Col. Mosby's conduct during the civil war. Mr. Moss transmitted this letter to Col. Mosby, who has replied as follows:

"My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 4th instant was forwarded to me at Warrenton, Va., where I was spending a few days. With it was inclosed a letter from Mr. Edward Campbell, of Uniontown, Pa., who says 'that I have a very excellent friend here who served in West Virginia during the war who holds an opinion of Mosby which I do not share. My friend, Capt. Hustead, declares that Gen. Mosby (I never was a general) deliberately shot one of his, Hustead's men, after Mosby's men had captured him.

"Capt. Hustead no doubt believes what he says, but he is speaking from hearsay—if he had been a prisoner and saw the shooting, I can see no reason why he would not have been shot too. The rules of judicial procedure require a criminal charge to be sufficiently definite to give reasonable notice to a party of the time and the place where the alleged offense was committed.

NO WITNESS AGAINST HIM.

"You observe that I am not informed of either; but I can plead in general terms that I never myself, nor did I ever know any one of my men, having been guilty of any such atrocity. If I had been guilty of this cold-blooded murder, then I could just as easily have murdered several thousand prisoners that I took in the war. There are many of these men now living and not one has ever appeared as a witness against me. Some of the best friends I have had since the war were my prisoners during the war. I had a great many collisions with the Second Massachusetts and the First Vermont Cavalry, in one affair with the Second Massachusetts we captured Maj. Forbes, of Boston, and 69 of his men. The Forbes family are my warm friends; they gave me a dinner at Parker's a few years ago. Among the guests were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and Mr. Justice Holmes. Gov. Grout, of Vermont, was an officer of the First Vermont Cavalry. He was wounded and captured by me. I met him a few years ago in Washington. If any one wants to know how I treated my prisoners let him ask Gov. Grout, Gen. Wells—now dead—belonged to the same regiment. He was my prisoner and my friend. I have received cards of invitation to the weddings of two of his children.

"When I was appointed by President Hayes consul at Hong Kong, Gen. Wells wrote a letter to Senator Edmunds asking him to vote for my confirmation. Senator Proctor, whose general (Stoughton) I captured at Fairfax Court House, called on President Roosevelt to urge my appointment in the Department of Justice. In the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley, the war records show the activity of my command against Sheridan; but in all the reports and correspondence you cannot find a complaint from any officer of the violation by me, or by my men, of any of the usages of war. Gen. Sheridan knew all about my character as a soldier. He published his memoirs, and while he has a good deal to say about the annoyance we gave him, he makes no complaint against me or my men.

"You observe that Mr. Campbell says that Capt. Hustead served in West Virginia. If I would condescend to rest my defense on an alibi, I could easily prove it, as my command did not operate in West Virginia, except in a small strip of the counties of Berkely and Jefferson, bordering on the Shenandoah river. The valley pike runs south from Martinsburg about 20 miles west of Harper's Ferry to Staunton, Va., in a parallel line to the Blue Ridge. Our operations in the Shenandoah Valley were in the country lined east of the valley pike, and never extended into West Virginia.

MURDER A MORAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

"But I do not rely on the plea of the physical impossibility of my having done such a deed, but on the moral impossibility of it. No man can truthfully say that I ever did an unkind act or spoke an unkind word to a prisoner. This is not the first time that such a crime has been imputed to me and located in West Virginia. A few years ago I was introduced in Washington to a man from West Virginia by a friend who told me that the man had once been my prisoner. I asked him when and where I captured him; he said in 1861 or 1862 at a certain place in West Virginia. I told him that at that time I was a private in the First Virginia Cavalry, with my regiment in eastern Virginia, and that I had never been within a hundred miles in my life of the place where he said he was captured. The fellow was a Methodist preacher, who had called to get my friend to take him to the Pension Office—he wanted to be put on the pension rolls. He had told my friend that I had treated him with great cruelty, and that he would thrash me on sight. When I exposed the fraud, he went off at a double-quick.

"Capt. Hustead's report is simply an echo of the mythical stories that were told about me in the war that will some day be published as an appendix to the 'Arabian Nights.'"

IT NEVER FAILS.

Harris & Buquo, Erin, Tenn., manufacturers of the celebrated Erin Lime, have in their employ, in various departments of their business, several hundred men. The firm write to the Drummond Medicine Co., New York, in great praise of Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy for rheumatism, and say that they have cured four cases with it, and that it has not failed in a single instance. Send $5 to the Drummond Medicine Co., and they will ship to your address two large bottles—a six month's treatment—by return express. Agents wanted.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

WINE OF CARDUI

With Wine of Cardui on sale at every drug store, any woman can secure relief from the distressing pains of female weakness. With this great woman's tonic painful periods and bearing down pains can be avoided. Who would suffer unnecessary menstrual pain?

Wine of Cardui cures menstrual disorders in nineteen cases out of every twenty, and no woman who has suffered from this ailment has ever taken Wine of Cardui without securing great benefit, even when her trouble was complicated with more serious weakness.

Wine of Cardui has cured all manner of female weakness for three-quarters of a century, and a woman who has tried it has confidence in it—she will use no other because she knows Wine of Cardui cures.

Ask your Druggist for Wine of Cardui and be sure he gives it to you.

Wine of Cardui costs but $1.00 a bottle. It is within the reach of every woman. It brings positive relief, where the treatment of the best specialists fails—and a specialist's treatment is expensive.

Wine of Cardui is a cheap treatment—cheap because the cure is quick and certain. If you are trying other treatment and have failed to secure relief, Wine of Cardui is the medicine you should take.

FREEMAN, IND., March 2, 1904.

I have been suffering since last summer with change of life. I have doctored for it but found no relief until I commenced taking Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught. Before I commenced taking them I had to hire my washing done and now I can work all day and never tire. I think Wine of Cardui a blessing to woman. I cannot praise it too highly. I wish all the suffering women would use the medicine and get well.

MRS. KATE VANDEVENTER.

THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

It Is Being Brought Into Condition to Meet Heavy Demands Upon It.

London Times.

From accounts we have received from a traveler who within the last month passed over the whole of the Siberian Railway from Mukden to European Russia, it appears that the Russians are at present engaged in what is nothing less than properly completing the construction of the line and bringing it into a condition fit to carry the heavy traffic with which it now has to cope. At the time it was opened, although many fine permanent bridges were erected over the larger rivers, many of the smaller bridges and culverts were merely temporary structures of wood, which further were placed slightly out of alignment, so that the permanent bridges, to be erected afterwards, should afford a straight run. The work of putting in iron spans on concrete piers instead of these temporary bridges is now being vigorously pushed forward, being rendered all the more necessary by the decay which rapidly attacks the soft pine which was originally used. Another detail of the equipment to which great attention is being devoted is the erection of water towers for supplying the engines with water. Formerly this was done by means of pumping engines placed in chambers sunk six or seven feet below the ground in order to protect the water from freezing, and, as the tops of the engine tenders are some ten feet above the rail level, the water had sometimes to be raised through a total distance of twenty feet or more. These underground pumping stations are now being replaced at about forty places between Cheliabinsk and Kharbin by brick water-towers built up to a height of fifty-two feet, so that the engine tenders may be readily filled by gravity. To prevent the water from freezing in the tanks of these towers, there are packed round with oakum and protected by roughly shaped logs, which are again enclosed with a brick wall, the funnel which carries the smoke and steam from the pumping engine below being also carried up through the tanks to assist in maintaining the temperature.

The existing permanent way requires continual attention. The rails are light—fifty or sixty pounds—and are laid upon transverse wooden sleepers in ballast, which, for the most part, consists of black soil, without stone or gravel. The result is that subsidences are frequent, notwithstanding that the sleepers are placed unusually close together. Then the soft pine of which the sleepers are made quickly rots, the more so since no preservative measures are adopted, and the necessity for frequent renewal is shown by the heaps of rotting sleepers that lie along the line.

Of course, every effort is being made to increase the capacity of the line to its utmost. One of the great difficulties encountered in this respect lies in the fact that the sidings at places where two trains going in different directions can cross each other were originally made so short as to be unable to hold the long trains now being run. This difficulty was minimized as much as possible by making the westward-bound trains short enough to go into the sidings and allowing east-bound trains, with as many trucks as the engines could manage, to run past them on the straight; but a radical cure is now being sought by building new sidings on the opposite side of the line to the old ones, of length sufficient to accommodate a train, or even two trains, of any length. These sidings are about twenty miles apart on the average, and to facilitate their construction the points to form their junctions with the existing lines are being shipped out in one piece, so that all that has to be done to fix them is to lay them on the ground and put in the fish-plate bolts. Very heavy trains are being run, the minimum load over many parts of the line being sixty-five trucks, while it rises sometimes to eighty-five or ninety. Traffic is most congested on the Manchurian section, between Tsitsihar and the Russian frontier, at Manchuria station; in consequence of the extremely heavy gradients there, not only are the trains shorter, but especially powerful engines are required, and even so the speed uphill is sometimes no more than a walking pace. The train in which our informant traveled, and which was not passed by any other train, took three and one-half days in getting from Kharbin to Manchuria Station, a distance of 500 or 600 miles. This section includes the Hingangin tunnel, which is not bricked and is very wet, it is lighted throughout by electricity, and watched by guards stationed in recesses cut at intervals in the rock. Big locomotive running sheds are now being built at Khabar for serving this piece of line, but before these were taken in hand, the nearest locomotive sheds were at Kharbin. The congestion of traffic is also very great at Kharbin, owing to the huge accumulation of wagons which it is impossible to send back to Russia without interfering with the east- bound traffic; and in order to gain some room for shunting and working the trains, a loop is being built from a point on the Mukden line a few miles south of Kharbin to join the Vladivostock line.

The fuel chiefly used on the railway is wood, and of this huge stacks six feet and eight feet high and many yards thick are to be seen at almost every station aboug the line, whether in wooded or unwooded regions, the quantities stored being apparently sufficient to last for years. Twelve miles east of Manchuria Station there is a coal mine yielding lignite of very poor quality, but at Mukden itself there is a large stock of coal, some of which has been brought up from Port Arthur, and some from the Yentai mines. The engines between Mukden and Kharbin are fired partly by coal and partly by wood.

Our informant took twelve days to travel from Mukden to Irkutsk, thus traversing about 125 miles a day, including the passage of Lake Baikal, performed in an old German paddle-boat, built at Stettin, which did not do more than eight knots. He saw the military trains rolling round the lake by the new railway. From Irkutsk to Moscow the trains were taking ten days to cover a distance which normally is done in six or six and one-half days. It must be remembered, however, that the west-bound trains were often kept for hours in sidings, preference being naturally given to east-bound trains. Of these latter he counted ten or eleven daily on the average (one day thirteen) in the time during which he was not sleeping, say from six in the morning till eleven at night. The total number passing in the whole twenty-four hours must, therefore, have been about sixteen.

GOWAN'S PNEUMONIA CURE

Cures Throat and Lung Affections.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Congested Lungs, etc., should be treated at once as such affections are very liable, if neglected, to develop into Pneumonia or Consumption. Gowan's Pneumonia Cure is a safe, speedy and certain cure for all such conditions and the only known reliable remedy for Pneumonia. It is applied externally, gives immediate relief and effects a prompt and permanent cure.

Sold by all Good Druggists, $1 per bottle

Mr. M. M. Ansley, T. F. & P. A., Atlanta & West Point R. R., Atlanta, Ga., says: "I have used Gowan's Pneumonia Cure in my family and do not hesitate to say that for coughs, colds and croup, it has no equal. I would not feel safe without a bottle of it within easy reach."

Mr. E. H. Lee, Agent So. Ry., Richmond, Va., says: "I have used Gowan's Pneumonia Cure in my family with most gratifying results, especially for chest colds and coughs. I find it a most excellent remedy."

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to

Gowan Medical Co., Durham, N. C.

HICKS' CAPUDINE CURES ALL HEADACHES.

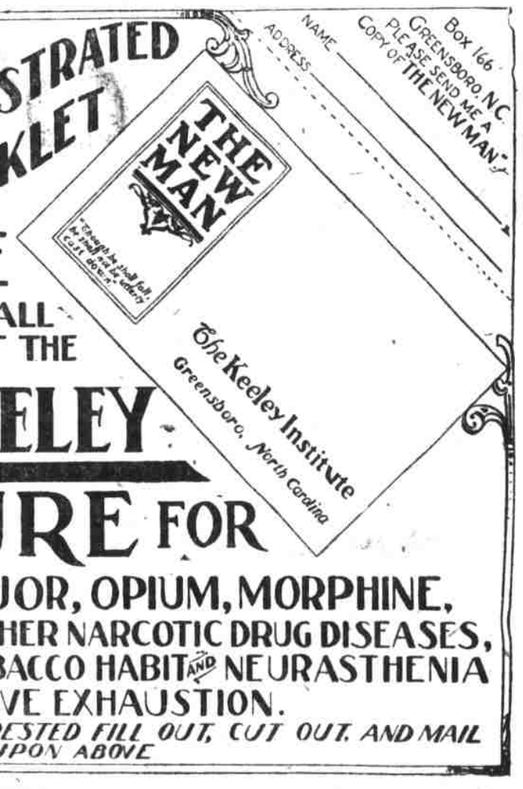
The perfect remedy for Colds, Indigestion, Periodic Pains, Brain Fag, etc. Prevents Train Nausea and Sick Headache. Braces the nerves. It's Harmless. Trial bottle 10c.

IT'S LIQUID.

THIS ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TELLS ALL ABOUT THE KEELEY CURE FOR

LIQUOR, OPIUM, MORPHINE, AND OTHER NARCOTIC DRUG DISEASES, THE TOBACCO HABIT AND NEURASTHENIA OR NERVE EXHAUSTION.

IF INTERESTED FILL OUT, CUT OUT, AND MAIL THE COUPON ABOVE



Stubborn Coughs and Colds

Obstinate racking coughs that settle on the lungs and may develop into Pneumonia over night are quickly cured by

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages, stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. **FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR** contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and is safest for children and delicate people.

Remember the name—**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**—and insist upon having the genuine, as no other remedy is so safe or as certain in results.

Given Up to Die With Croup.

Mrs. P. I. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three-year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live and I gave her up to die. I went to the store and got a bottle of *Foley's Honey and Tar.* The first dose gave quick relief and saved her life."

Editor Cured of Lung Trouble.

W. L. Straub, Editor of St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times, writes: "When coming across the bay from Port Tampa I got wet and caught a cold that affected my throat and lungs. I neglected it, thinking I would soon recover, but I kept getting worse, until I bought a bottle of *Foley's Honey and Tar,* and it cured me completely."

Three sizes—25c, 50c, $1.00. The 50 cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the $1.00 bottle almost six times as much. **Refuse Substitutes.**

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

R. H. JORDAN & COMPANY.