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UP TO DATE

If you are not the News ANT

The Door Of Unrest

Strange Hallucinations of a Remorseful Shoemaker

By O. HENRY Copyright, 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

I sat an hour by sun in the editor's room of the Montopolis Weekly Bugle. I was the editor.

The saffron rays of the declir sunlight ditered through the cors-stalks in Micajah Widdup's garden patch and cast an amber glory upon my paste pot. I sat at the editorial desk in my nonrotary revolving chair and prepared my editorial against the offers which

desk in my nonrotary revolving chair and prepared my editorial against the oligarchies.

Then in from the dusky, quiet street there drifted and perched himself upon a corner of my desk old Father Time's younger brother. His face was beardless and as gnarled as an English walnut. I never saw clothes such as he wore. They would have reduced Joseph's coat to a monochrome. But the colors were not the dyer's. Stains and patches and the work of sun and rust were responsible for the diversity. On his coarse shoes was the dust, conceivably, of a thousand leagues. I can describe him no further, except to say that he was little and welrd and old—old I began to estimate in centuries when I saw him. Yes, and I remember that there was an odor, a faint odor like aloes, or possibly like myrrh or leather, and I thought of museums.

"I am glad to see you, sir," I said. "I would offer you a chair, but—you see, sir, "I went on, "I have lived in Montopolls only three weeks and I have not met many of our citizens." I turned a doubtful eye upon his dust stained shoes and concluded with a newspaper phrase, "I suppose that you reside in our midst?"

My visitor fumbled in his raiment, drew forth a soiled card and handed it to me. Upon it was written, in plain but unsteadily formed characters, the name "Michob Ader."

"I am glad you called, Mr. Ader," I said. "As one of our older citizens you must view with pride the recent growth and enterprise of Montopolis. Among other improvements I think I can promise that the town will now be provided with a live, enterprising new-par-

pa"—
"Do ye know the name on that card?"
usked my caller, interrupting me.
"It is not a familiar one to me," I

Again he visited the depths of his ancient vestments. This time he brought out a torn leaf of some book or journal brown and filmsy with age. The heading of the page was the Turkish Spy in old style type. The printing upon it

ing of the page was the Turkish Spy in old style type. The printing upon it was this:

"There is a man come to Paris in this year 1643 who pretends to have lived these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself that he was a shoemaker in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, that his name is Michob Ader and that when Jesus, the Christian Messias, was condemned by Pontius Pliate, the Roman president, he paused to rest while bearing his cross to the place of crucifixion before the door of Michob Ader. The shoemaker struck Jesus with his fist, saying: 'Go; why tarriest thou?' The Messias answered him, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry until I come,' thereby condemining him to live until the day of judgment. He lives forever, but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a fit or trance, ou recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth in which he was when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age.

"Such is the story of the Wandering

"And then I sets down and takes off a shoe and rubs me foot that is frosted, and the imperor tells me about it. It seems that since I passed that way before the imperor had mandamused the impress wid a divorce suit and Misses Poppaea, a cilibrated lady, was ingaged widout riferences as housekeeper at the palace. "All in one day, says the imperor, 'she puts up new lace windy imperor, 'she puts up new lace windy curtains in the palace and joins the anti-tobacco society, and whin I feels the need of a smoke I must be after

travels."
And now I detected a new flavor to
Mr. Michob Ader. It had not been
myrrh or balm or hyssop that I had



of bad whisky and, worse still, of low comedy, the sort that small humorists comedy, the sort that small humorists manufacture by clothing the grave and revered things of legend and history in the yulgar, topical frippery that passes for a certain kind of wit. Michob Ader as an impostor, claiming 1,900 years and playing his part with the decency of respectable lunacy, I could endure, but as a tedlous wag, cheapening his exercitors story with some hook.

grew less.

And then, as if he suspected my thoughts, he suddenly shifted his key.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he whined, "so one night they decided to run her away. A crowd of men and women drove her out of her house and chased her with sticks and stones. She run to her father's door, callin' for help. Mike opens it, and when he sees help. With the men drove her with his fist and

"Special contents of Press dispatching the property of the Wandering Jones of the Contents of

among a pile of barrels and old dry goods boxes, was the Imperor Nerwid his togy wrapped around his toes, mokin' a long, black segar.

"Have one, Michob? says he.
"None of the weeds for me, says langther pipe nor segar. What's the use,' says l, 'of smokin' when ye've not got the ghost of a chance of killin' yerself by doin' it?

"True for ye, Michob Ader, my perpetual Jew,' says the imperor, 'ye're not always wanderin'. Sure, 'tis danger gives the spice of our pleasures—next to their bein' forbidden.'

"And for what,' says l, 'do ye smoke be night in dark places widout even a cinturion in plain clothes to attend ye?"

"Have ye ever heard, Michob,' says the imperor, 'of predestinarianism?"

"Tve had the cousin of it,' says l. 'Tve been on-the trot with pedestrianism for many a year and more to come, as ye well know.'

"The longer word,' says me friend Nero, 'is the t'achin' of this new sect of, people they call the Christians. Tis them that's raysponsible for me smokin' be night in holes and corners of the dark.'

"And then I sets down and takes off a shos and rubs me foot that is frosted, and then I sets down and takes off a shos and rubs me foot that is frosted, and the walked to be the wander in the year 1643 and related to the Turkish Spy an extraordinary story. He cialmed to be the Wandering Jew, and that—and not been light that day.

Judge Hoover was the Bugle's candidate for congress. Having to confer with him, I sought his home early the next morning, and we walked together downtown through a little street with which I was unfamiliar.

"My yes," said the judge. "And that reminds me of my shoes he has for mending. Here is his shop now."

Judge Hoover stepped into a ding, and saw "Mike O'Bader, Boot and Shoe Maker." on it.

There sat my Wandering Jew on his shoemaker's bench trimming a half sole.

Judge Hoover inquired kindly con-

way. "Old Mike," remarked the candidat "has been on one of his sprees. I gets crazy drunk regularly once month. But he's a good shoemaker."
"What is his history?" I inquired.
"Whisky," epitomized Judge Hooves
"That explains him."

I was silent, but I did not accept the explanation. And so when I had the chance I asked Old Man Sellers, who

chance I asked Old Man Sellers, who browsed daily on my exchanges.

"Mike O'Bader," said he, "was makin' shoes in Montopolis when I come here goln' on fifteen year ago. I guess whisky's his trouble. Once a month he gets off the track and stays so a week. He's got a rigmarole somethin' about his bein' a peddler that he tells ev'rybody. Nobody won't listen to him any more. When he's sober he shu't sich a fool."

But again I would not. Not yet was my Wandering Jay rightly construed

my Wandering Jay rightly construed for me. I trust that women may not be allowed a title to all the curiosity in the world. So when Montopolis oldest inhabitant (some ninety score years younger than Michob Ader) dropped in to acquire promulgation in print I siphoned his perpetual trickle of reminiscence in the direction of the uninterpreted maker of shoes.

Uncle Abner was the complete history of Montopolis, bound in butternut.

"O'Bader." he quavered, "come here

in '60. He was the first shoemaket in the place. Folks generally considers him crazy at times now. But he don't harm nobody. I s'pose drinkin' upset harm nobody. I spose drinkin upset his mind—yes, drinkin' very likely done it. It's a powerful bad thing, drinkin'. I'm an old, old man, sir, and I never see no good in drinkin'." "Did Mike O'Bader have a great loss or trouble of any kind?" I asked. "Lemme see! About thirty year ago there was somethin' of the kind. I

there was somethin' of the kind, I recollect. Montopolis, sir, in them days

used to be a mighty strict place.
"Well, Mike O'Bader had a daughter
then—a right pretty girl. She was too
gay a sort for Montopolis, so one day she slips off to another town and run away with a circus. It was two year before she comes back, all fixed up fine clothes and rings and jeweiry. see Mike. He wouldn't have nothin' to do with her, so she stays around town awhile, anyway. I reckon the men folks wouldn't have raised no objec-tions, but the women egged 'em on to

ight and that cited in the cited in the cited in the cited for news who it is he hits her with his fist and knocks her down and shuts the door.

"And then the crowd kept on chunkin her till she run clear out of

town. And the next day they finds her drowned dead in Hunter's mill pond. I mind it all now. That was thirty year ago."

I leaned back in my nonrotary re-

volving chair and nodded gently, ill a mandarin, at my paste pot. "When old Mike his a spell," went o Uncle Abner, tepidiy garrulous, "I hinks he's the Wanderin' Jew." "He is," said I, nodding away,

MEN OF LITTLE WIT.

Eight men who deserve to be slapped on the face—he who despises a man of power, he who enters a house uninvited and unwelcomed, he who gives orders in a house not his own, he who takes a second about the state of sent above his position, he who speaks to one who does not listen to him, he who intrudes on the conversation of others, he who seeks favors from the ungenerous and he who expects love from his present to the present of the present enemies.—From the Persian.

Look to the Calt's Feet. ed the colt is liable to develop blem-ishes or become crippled. Awkward movers are often made by allowing the feet to grow crooked.—Farm Journal.

THE PAST IS DEAD.

To live is to be up and doing today, not to be counting on the things that were, but to figure on the things that are and will be; not to say that today is not so good as yesterday, but to declare that tomorrow will be the heat day the un verse has ever seen.

ALASKA'S "SILENT CITY."

Wonderful Mirage That Is Said to mirage is that told in Amssa concerning the appearance of a city in the sky. This "slient city" is said to have actually been photographed, and, though there are skeptics, enough people claim to have seen it to make the story inter-

esting.

The first account of this "city of si-Willoughby. He was a miner in California and went to Alaska, where he settled in the vicinity of Muir glacier. settled in the vicinity of Muir glacter. In fact, it was Willoughtly who piloted Professor Muir when he ascended the immense ice field which now bears the scientist's name. Willoughby always told the story of this city which appeared in the sky with much earnestness, and he carried a photograph which he said he took after several visits to the spot whence the vision could be seen.

could be seen.

When Willoughby first went to Alas-When Willoughby first went to Alaska natives told him that at certain times of the year when the days were longest and the atmospheric conditions right they saw suspended in the heavens a town with streets, bouses and many different kinds of buildings. So impressed was he that he engaged the Indians to take him to the place where the city could be seen, and in their case.

the city could be seen, and in their ca-noes traveled to the spot.

After several attempts Willoughby at length saw this "silent city," as the natives called it. He said that the atnatives called it. He said that the atmosphere was so clear that mountains many miles away seemed near and that as he gazed the outlines of a city gradually assumed shape, and building after building came to view. He distinctly saw tall office buildings, churches and spires, houses and every indication that the city was inhabited; but, though he saw it several times, he could never detect a human being. A halo of light seemed to cover all. As he gazed the vision faded and gradually receded. So convined was he that he was looking at the mirage of an actual city that he made records to show that he had been on the exact spot whence the picture in

records to show that he had been on the exact spot whence the picture in the sky could be seen.

Willoughby's photograph was crude, but enough could be discerned to lead persons to assert that it was a view of Bristol, England, many thousand miles away. Willoughby told his story in 1888 or thereabouts. Since then several persons have said that they saw the mirage. In every instance the mirage was surrounded by a halo of light which poured a soft glow on roof and walls.—New York Sun.

Jenny Lind Hated Us.

Jenny Lind hated the Americans.
She abhorred the very name of Barnum, who, she said, "exhibited mejust as he did the big giant or any other of his monstrosities."

"But," said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny

member how they worshiped Jenny Lind." "Worshiped or not," she answered "Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a shownan's hands. I can never forget that."—From "The Courts of Memory," by Mme. Lindenerone.

Wholesale Favors.

The young man entered the president's office and stood first on one foot and then on the other. He dropped his hat, handkerchief and umbrella. Altogether he was in a highly developed state of personness

oped state of nervousness.
"Well, well!" said the employer. "Well, well?" and the employer.
"Out with it?"
"I have come, sir," said the young
man, and then began to stammer.
"Well, speak up! Have you come to
ask for the hand of my daughter or a raise in salary?"
"If you please, sir," stammered the young man, "it's both."—Exchange.

The Darkest Hour.
The darkest hour is when you find that all your coin is spent
And nothing but your timepiece stands between you and the rent.

between the control of the control o

base clout
if the bags are filled with waiting men
and two are out.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

darkest hour is when you find your dome devoid of themes, The darkest hour is when you and your dome devoid of themes,
When nothing seems to make a joke in spite of all your schemes.

You take your shears and pen and add unte some other's stock.

(The darkest hour is passing now—dve—forty-five o'clock.)

—Buffalo News.

Displaced the Heurglass.

The first accurate clock was set up in England at Hampton Court in 1840. Up to that time members of the royal suit used hour glasses in their private rooms.

Hair Brushes.

An experienced hand will by touch tell if a broom or brush be all hair or a mixture. But if ever in doubt pull out or cut off a suspicious hair and apply a match. However well doctored, the deception will be shown at ence. Hairs will burn, rolling up ballitke, with the well known smell of burned hair, while a vegetable substitute will consume, leaving the charred portion like a burned match.

BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Some Famous People Who First

Some Famous People Who First
Saw the Light on or Abeut
Dec. 25.

There is some uncertainty
about the year and date of the
birth of Clara Barton, founder
of the Red Cross and famous
philanthropist, who died this
year, more than ulnety years
old, but it is generally believed
that she was born on Christmas
day in 1820 or 1821.

day in 1820 or 1821.

Lord John Morley, the celebrated British author and statesman, Gladstone's lieutenant and secretary of state for India in the Asquith cabinet, was born the Asquith cabinet, was born off Christmas eve. Dec. 24, 1838. Seven years later to the day King George I. of Greece first saw the light.

Lord Marcus Beresford, brother of the famous British admiral, was a Christmas day baby, as were also Lady Grey-Egerton and the Countess of Rothes, one of the survivors of the wreck of the Titanic.

Among those who were born

the wreck of the Titanic.

Among those who were born
on Dec. 26, "just too late for
Christmas dinner," were Admiral George Dewey, the Eaglof Leicester. Fir James Linton, the painter; the Duchess of Leeds Sir James Rankin, member of the British par and James D. Stephens and James D. Stephens, repre-sentative from California in the American congress.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

ANDLUBBERS that you are, did you · ever reflect that there is a world where Christmas is as meaning of December? Did you ever think far your own plum pudding to realize that the scafaring folk were living their Christmas day as if they knew naught of its fame? They do know what it means, however, as well as ever do you, but winds lash and waves thump on the 25th as on every other day, and it's a foolish sailorman who on turkey or holly berries. The chance

are he'll see little of them. Christmas is disobliging enough to ome in the very beginning of the mad-lest weather, and the weather never gives way one inch. The pilotboat people and the life savers make pa-thetic little attempts at holding holi-day, but ten to one they will be nothing more than attempts. If the sea

ing more than attempts. If the sea chooses to make merry in its own way the sea commands and must be obeyed.

The aprains of the life saving stations ong the beach try each year to celebrate with their men. A turkey is always brought to the headquarters and a good meal prepared around it as a star attraction. But anywhere from drumsticks to nuts and raisins may come the signal from the coast guard. Perhaps a crab fishing boat has capsized; perhaps it is a big ship down-the result is the same. The Christmas turkey is left to grow cold, the mince pie is forgotten, and it's off to launch the lifeboat and then to the oars and away. Night or day the summons may come. If at night there are a finshing of lights on the beach and a fight, man against storm, in the blackness of the surf.

on the blackness of the surf.
On the lightiship provision is made for a good dinner, but there the pleasure ends. Day and night the ship rides at anchor ten miles off shore. Always the clanging of the fog bell is heard and the light one. the lights are watched, and break in the lights are watched, and break in the monotony there is none, save for a better bill of fare than usual and an extra glass of grog, then back to the bell and the lights again, and men for-

You never know its value till you paw the old thing o'er.

As you stand beneath the shadow of the gloomy pawnshop door.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The darkest hour is when you find the tem three runs behind.

And betsmen-cleave the atmosphere as it they had gone blind.

You never know the value of a solid three base clout. them that it was no trouble out of the ordinary, but they could not be induc-ed to come back to the dinner. They are blase now and are laughing at other new men, but their companions

The darkest hour, we think, is when the wife of any man. Finds when he comes in off the road a dainty, fragile fan. In his inside coat pocket. Oh, the wicked ways of men!

It's time for us to go home and explain that fan again.

Houston Post.

Sea Snakes.

Sea snakes are very plentiful in the south Pacific. They are widely distributed, stray individuals having been so cured on the coast of New Zealand. When swimming close to the surface they exactly resemble an ordinary snake, except that the bead is always below water. At night they come asbore and its nong the rocks. They feed on fish, and, although their small double fangs appear harmless, they are reported to be very venomous.

The first accurate clock was set up in England at Hampton Court in 1540. Up to that time members of the road a family somewas. Sea Francisce Cail.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

"Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts," counsels 'Ruskin. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble his ories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of restful and precious thoughts which care cannot disturb or pain make gloomy or poverty take away from us, houses built without hands for our soults to live in—these things are not for earth alone; they are a part of the treasure that may be sent over.

MR. MARDIFIELD'S CHRISTMAS GRANDSON.

WONDER who they are!" said

"WONDER who they are!" said old Mr. Mardifield.

He was standing at the window of the breakfast room, looking across the sunny street at an unpretending little cottage.

"Whom do you mean, uncle?" asked Clara Barton, who expected to be her granduncle's helress.

"Why, those people across the way!"

"Oh. common folks, I dare say. Nobody else would live in that house."

Old Mardifield came to the breakfast table. He sighed softly as he took the cup from Clara's jeweled hand.

"Uncle, dear, you are very silent," said Clara.

"I was only thinking, my dear," said the old gentleman apologetically.

"I was only thinking, my dear," said the old gentleman apologetically.
"Only thinking." Yes, his mind had gone back years along the dusty track of time, and he find been mutely pondering upon what the result would have been had he shaped his course differently in the days that were gone. He had had a son once, of whom he had been proud and fond, and if—"I would have done anything for him—anything," thought Mardifield, swallowing his coffee. "If he would only have been willing to consult my feelings a little. But when he married that western girl it was like drawing a gulf between us, and he knew it. But he's dead now, and even on his deathbed he was too proud to

on his deathbed he was too proud to send for his old father." These were the thoughts that were passing through old Mardifield's mind. As the old geutleman was returning from a walk later in the cool sunshine a little fellow hanging over the gate

coosted him eagerly.
"Sir, are you Santa Claus?"
"Not that I know of. Why?"
"You are like the picture in my book," said the boy—"a fat old gentle-man, with a long white beard and lots of parcels. And my mamma said Santa Claus wouldn't come to our



6 Busche "MADAM, I AM SANTA CLAUS." house 'cause we were so poor. And 'want a stocking full of toys, like the other boys, and a new sled, and a pair

of skates, and I thought if I saw Sants Claus I'd ask bim."

and ran away.

"A counting little rogue!" thought cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By Mardifield. "Santa Claus, eb? An old gentleman with a long white bearded in the long white long white bearded in the long white long white bearded in the long white bea test such a chubby ruscal of a grand son as that if only-I wonder if they would object to my adopting him! Santa Claus, eh? Well, I believe I will turn Santa Claus for once?" The stars were shining out, tiny points of gold, through the darkness

field knocked at the door of the little cream colored cottage.

"Come in!" a gentle voice called, and Mardifield, groping his way through a semilighted hallway, found himself in the presence of a sweet faced wor in a pillowed chair, her fingers bu

of the Christmas eve, when Mr. Mardi

ly, "I am Santa Claus!" And then he told her the story of how little Lionel had accosted him it the morning.
"You are very kind, sir," said the "We are poor—so woman tremulously. "We are poor—so poor, in fact, that the barest necessariles of life are sometimes beyond our reach—and little Lionel's dream of San

You Know What You Are Taking

ta Claus must have gone unrealized if it were not for your thoughtful conthe smiled faintly, with a motion of the smilled faintly, with a motion of bottle showing that is is Iron ber white transparent hand toward the chimney, but is Mr. Mardifield duraged round to look he started as it smilten by some sudden blow.

"My God!" he gasped, "whose picture is that hanging over the mantel?"

"My bushond's portrait, sir."

"Your hushand's: Then." and be Blood Balm. It will purify

"Your husbands: Then," and be turned once more to face her, "you are Charley's wife!"
"My husband's name was Charles Mardifield," she answered Little Lionel, awakened by the loud voice in which the ofd gentleman had spoken, ast up in his bed, with disheveled curls and his eyes.

and big eyes.

"Santa Claus, Santa Claus!" he cried.
"Mamma, I knew he'd come!"

"My child," said Mr. Mardifield, lifting the little form in his arms, "Sants Claus has sent you a grandfather."

"When in trouble," said the eminent lecturer, "refrain from worrying." "But, doctor," asked a woman in the audience, "how can we?" "Anyway," replied the lecturer, "re

Martyrdom.
"Sympathetic people have a hard time in this world."
"In what way?"
"They have to listen to other people's troubles and never get a chance to tell their own."

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