

TO A BIRTHDAY.  
What boots it if our natal day  
Has not forever come to stay,  
But year by year slips one away?

WAS IT...  
AN EXCHANGE  
OF SOULS?  
A Story Which May Account For  
Many Strange Things We See  
In This World.

It was the night before that memorable charge up San Juan hill. Private Carter was a fragment of that long, thin blue line in support of the rough riders. He was a volunteer and had never experienced the baptism of fire. He was afraid of the morrow. His heart almost shriveled up in his broad chest at the thought of what he might expect to face, and then in turn it expanded to almost suffocation. He was afraid of himself. Would he walk up bravely to whatever fate was in store for him, or would he shrink and quail before the foe? were questions that he asked himself as he looked up at the twinkling southern stars. By right of his physique his place was at the head of the first four of his company. At the preparatory camps he had learned the foot maneuvers and manual of arms with an aptness that placed him in line for promotion to that of a non-commissioned officer if nothing better. He was the right pivot for his four. Would the conduct of any of the other men turn on his actions in the action of the morrow? Would he come out a corpse, a craven coward or a man worthy of promotion? His thoughts flew away, skipping over the waters with the swiftness of a bird. Nothing impeded their progress as they went back over the track of the vessel that had brought him to this unfamiliar southern clime. His body lay back in a drowsy state, and soon he slept soundly, but his mind, his soul, was somewhere else. It touched lightly at New York city and went on into the rural districts with a bound. He saw his comfortable home. At that very moment his aged father was reading from a daily paper to his anxious mother while she sat with clasped hands on the opposite side of the lighted lamp. He could see that they were deeply interested in the story of the impending battle at the great southern gate to Cuba. The very dream on his mother's face almost made him sorry that he had enlisted against her wishes. But something seemed to pull him on from that beloved spot. There was the old family dog curled up in his kennel. He saw him as plainly as day as he passed out the back way. He felt like stooping down and patting the old fellow on the head as he passed. Strange to him, the dog did not even look up. Always before the dog had been ready to bounce in his feet at the approach of his young master in anticipation of a caress. Notwithstanding fond recollections of the dear old home caused him to linger, Private Carter could not stay. Some unexplainable power drew him onward. He was off on the wings of thought again. A touch here and a touch there brought him back to Camp Alger. The great Washington monument flashed on his vision as he passed, the same as it was the day the cars bore his regiment to the seaboard for embarkation for the front. There was neither pause nor delay until he walked into ward 8 at the corps hospital. He passed down the narrow aisle between the cots. He brushed against the Red Cross nurses as they went to and fro ministering to the dying, but they paid no attention to him. They did not seem to see him. At last he stood before No. 21. The card on the curtain gave the record of the fever patient for the day. To one not familiar with it it looked like a plain card with lines drawn across it at right angles to each other and a heavy, wavy line running from left to right and as crooked as the average river line on a map, the variance being several degrees in crossing half the card. Private Carter had been there before and knew exactly what that card meant. He looked closely and saw that in the previous hour the wavy chart line had taken a decidedly upward tendency, indicating that the fever was high. The patient was talking in a rambling sort of way, and the nurse was trying to soothe him, but he did not appear to recognize her or what she was doing for him. He did not seem to know that there were 500 other poor fellows languishing on all sides of him in that great tented hospital. Private Carter stooped to hear Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others.

What his comrade was saying. He and John Spear had been boys together. They left home the same day to enlist. Their names went down on the muster cards one after the other. They had bunked together, were "roomers" in the long, hot days of extended order drill, so generally practiced in modern infantry warfare. Spear was stricken by that much dreaded disease, typhoid fever, a few days before the regiment was ordered to the front, and the next man in height fell into his place and closed up the gap in the front rank. The morning Spear bunched up his blanket and few belongings and was taken from his quarters by the ambulance he told Carter that he felt that his days of drilling were over. As the ambulance rumbled down the company street he held up his throbbing head and took a farewell look at his comrades, who were drawn up in line for morning drill, and wondered whether or not he would ever see them again. The white tents danced before his eyes like fleecy clouds. Now as Carter stopped over his fevered comrade he could hear him murmuring in his delirium: "Oh, if I only could have gone with the boys! I know I could have gone up with them to the very mouth of the Spanish gulf. Now, there's Carter. Won't he be brave and come back a hero? What cruel fate keeps me here in this accursed place?"

The sultry July night wore on. All was quiet, except the sentries calling the hours. Carter listened to the heavy sentry sending the word, "Eleven o'clock, and all is well!" to his piping voiced comrade on the next beat and marked the contrast. But he hovered about the cot of his dying comrade. Even the rattle of the sword of the passing officer of the day did not detract his attention from the pined face of Spear. Once he flung a thin, almost transparent hand over the edge of the cot, and Carter attempted to take it between his hands and cool it, but somehow it seemed something intangible, and he could not grasp it. The surgeon came along and, pulling the curtain aside, glanced in. The nurse was moistening the lips of the lying soldier and smoothing back the hair from the pale forehead. "At the turn of night his troubles will be over," the surgeon said, dropping the curtain of thin mosquito bar and passing out. "Why could I not have died on the field of battle?" murmured the passing defender of his country's flag. "Why must I be stricken down by a camp disease and die without the honor of having fired a gun at the enemy?"

Like the first cock crow at the dawn of day, a lusty sentry at the guardhouse of a distant regiment took up the call, "Twelve o'clock," and before it had reached the starting point and he had added the words "and all is well!" the same cry was going around all the other regiments in that great camp of preparation. But Private John Spear in the great long hospital tent did not hear or heed the call. His eyelids fell, his hands lost their tension, and he remained strangely quiet. The nurse softly tucked a sheet about his form and pulled a latticed screen on each side of the cot, so that those adjoining might not know what had happened, and softly retired. Private Carter still stood and gazed on the form of his inanimate companion from boyhood. He did not seem to know what had happened. He had never heard of thought transference, the sending of the soul out on missions, or any other of the modern theories on this and kindred subjects. He thought he was there. Who can say he was not? His body was lying on Cuban soil in a state of relationship next akin to death. His body was there. But who knows where his soul was? And who knows what mysterious things the attachment of these two friends may have brought about?

The body of Private Spear lay in the hospital cot, but Private Carter hovered over it. Somehow he could not leave. He wanted to remain beside his friend. That night and the next day passed, and the remains of the dead soldier did not show all the symptoms of death. There seemed to be a lingering spark somewhere about him. His parents had been advised by telegraph of what had apparently happened and asked whether the remains should be shipped home or buried in beautiful Arlington. The shrill bugle brought the body of Private Carter to his feet with a bound at the foot of San Juan hill on that fateful morning. He did not feel just like himself. At first he did not seem to know just where he was. The sun roundings looked strange. Looking down the line, he saw his comrades struggling to their feet to get into position for roll call. When the name of Private Carter was called, he did not answer, but glanced to the right as if expecting to see some one not within his line of vision. He was at the head of the company and intuitively side stepped to the left to make room for the man on the pivot. The first sergeant looked up from his book, saw Private Carter in his place and checked him as present. After the company was dismissed for whatever breakfast could be procured Private Carter astonished his comrades by asking strange questions. He wanted to know, among other things, how they had got there and why it was they were out without tents and camp equipment and what was going on. "You'll find out soon enough what's going on," volunteered one of the boys who belonged farther down the line. "Look out there at the Spanish sentries. They'll give you a taste of their manners before the day is over." It was not long until the rough riders went up that famous hill with the red in a private file. The volunteer line as support advanced watered and seemed uncertain in its movements. The Buffalo soldiers in the rear came on with a

Dr. Byers will visit Rockingham professionally, for the treatment of Eye, Ear, and Nose. Highest medical endorsement and twenty years experience.

pell and seemed about to trample down in their rush to the front any one in the way. At the bugle call to the charge Private Carter seemed to awaken from a dream. He threw up his head, and his eyes glistened. His body came into a soldierly position as if by magic. Already the spiteful Spanish bullets were finding their marks. The sharpshooters were seeking those wearing the stripes of officers and "noncoms." The corporal at the left of Carter went down after a stumble in the long grass. A private in the same four dropped his Springfield and clutched a wounded arm. Private Carter paid no attention to what was going on around him. From the time the order to fire at will had been given he advanced without flinching, firing as he went. Much of the time he was in advance of the firing line and, contrary to the usual conduct of a private, was exhorting his companions to greater speed. He was among the first to push into the Spanish works and had two prisoners when his captain came up. After the fight was over he was warmly congratulated by his comrades in regard to his actions under the first galling fire of the enemy. His superior officers recommended him for promotion, and the less fortunate in the company envied him his great courage and bravery in the face of the enemy. The victors made themselves as comfortable as possible the night after the assault on San Juan hill.

The next day after the apparent death of Private John Spear at the Camp Alger hospital his remains were removed to the deadhouse to await word from his home as to the disposal of the body. He lay there all the succeeding night, with no sound to break the stillness except the sentry's measured tread. Just as the relief was approaching in the morning the sentry thought he noticed a disturbance inside. The regimental band was playing to welcome the rising sun, and all the companies were in ranks with uncovered heads, so he did not give much heed to the noise. However, just as the corporal with his rifle came up the noise was repeated. The sentry pulled back the flaps of the tent and looked in and was considerably startled to see Private Spear sitting up holding his head. The hospital call was sounded, and in a few moments two hospital men brought Private Spear's bag to a hospital on a stretcher. He was assigned to his old cot and from that hour improved rapidly. In a few weeks he was back with his company. The surgeon said he must have had a sinking spell at the time his fever turned and had been so nearly dead that life could not be detected. The first day he was back in the hospital Private Spear told the Red Cross nurse of a strange dream he had had. He said he dreamed that he was not sick at all, but was with his regiment in Cuba and that they had been in a fight in which there was a lot of cavalry and white and colored infantry, that the Spanish had been vanquished and that he was never so happy in his life as when he plunged into the works and captured two Spaniards.

When Private Carter awoke the next morning after the rough riders had become famous the world over, he seemed at a loss to account for where he was. He did not remember many things his comrades talked to him about. When one jocosely asked how soon he was to be measured for stripes, he looked at the questioner in blank astonishment. Finally he made up his mind that he must have been so greatly excited that he did not know what had happened. It was not long, however, that he earned promotion and not know about it. This matter puzzled him greatly, but he bore the promotion modestly and went on doing his duty. Second Lieutenant Carter and Sergeant Spear are now both soldiering in the Philippines in the same company, both having re-enlisted after their discharge from the Spanish-American war. They often discuss those queer notions that got into their heads in those early days in July, 1898. Neither of them believes in the supernatural, but both are at a loss to account for some impressions that they cannot get rid of. It is a little difficult for mortal man to tell just who did go up San Juan hill in the rear of the famous riders in the guise of Private Carter. And who or what was it that kept the spark of life in the body of John Spear those long hours he was thought to be dead? All such questions must be followed by an interrogation point. But, if the souls of those two men exchanged tenements on that momentous night, who was it deserved promotion—Private Carter, whose real self was not there, or John Spear, whose body was in Camp Alger? The regimental officers settled that. It was Private Carter's body at any rate which faced the Mausers, and that was all they could hurt.—Pomeroy (O.) Tribune-Telegraph.

Both Used the Same Basin. A man in an office building went to the lavatory to wash his hands. As he withdrew them from the basin and was rubbing them together he saw beneath the edge of the marble top what seemed to be a tiny pair of hands going through the same motions. Stopping down to assure himself that he was not the victim of a delusion, he saw that there was a gap between the top and the basin and that a young rat was perched upon it. The rodent seemed to think that he was as much entitled to the use of city water as was his big neighbor, for he was dipping his fore paws into the water alternately and licking them off in order to satisfy his thirst.—Chicago News.

A Slight Return. "The last laundry I patronized was the worst I've struck yet." "In what way?" "Why, I sent 'em six collars, and all I got back was the buttonholes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MUD HENS HIS PREY.  
He Thought Them Ducks and Blazed Away at a Great Rate. "I was somewhere along in the teens when the tragedy took place, a long-legged, gander shanked, country gawk. I was at that time the possessor of a new ten-gauge breechloader and an insatiable appetite for killing game and especially wild fowl—verily, a pitiless combination. I wish to record it here that I am not the least bit proud of my share in the transaction, but it happened a good many years ago, so I will risk telling it. "I had spent the day in the woods chopping and was returning home shortly after sundown, pretty well fagged out and hungry enough to eat a rawhead ham. Between the woods and house lay a mile wide strip of low bottom land, dotted with rice ponds and small lakes, the favorite loafing place for all the ducks and mud hens in the country. It was late in the fall. The ponds were covered with an icy blanket, the wild fowl had migrated, leaving the bottom deserted of bird life. Nevertheless, as I crossed the bottom, from force of habit, I suppose, I was, as the boys say, 'rubbering' for ducks. "In passing the foot of a long, narrow lake my vigilance was rewarded. A quarter of a mile up the lake I beheld, to my amazement, a big air hole black with ducks. The very next moment when I passed it the morning, and I was at a loss to account for their sudden appearance, but as I gazed wonder was replaced by a wild frenzy of exultation. I would get my gun and murder the whole mass or as many as possible before they flew and then brag to the boys of the number of ducks I had killed at one shot. Noble thought! Fatigue was forgotten, and I barely touched ground as I flew over the bottoms. "The purple shades of evening were slowly dimming all objects as a long-legged specter sneaked crouching along the rush fringed bank of the lake up to the air hole where the unsuspecting ducks were sporting. There was a flash, a roar, and a swash was moved through the huddled fowls. I had counted on their springing into the air at one jump, when I would tunnel another hole through them. To my utter astonishment, not a bird of them offered to fly—just sloshed around the air hole a little and settled down, wondering where the earthquake came from. "Bully! They're dazed with the cold. Maybe I can kill them all," I exulted. Another swash was cut, leaving another blanket of dead birds on the water. Instead of flying the survivors only huddled together the closer. "Funnest ducks I ever shot at. Must be a hole full of cripples. If it is, I may as well kill them and get them out of their misery." You see, I was getting ashamed of myself and was apologizing. Another charge went tearing across the water. "That time 'something come.' My battery had been planted at such effective range that nothing could stand the fire and live. There was a general exodus from that air hole, but I'm a sinner if the whole outfit, instead of flying, didn't crawl out on the ice and run in all directions. Then for the first time I smelled a rodent. In slang language, I tumbled. I had been pouring charge after charge into a belated swarm of worthless mud hens. "I was disgusted. My feelings were hurt, my pride was wounded. I took one look at the objects of my unholy ambition and, shouldering my gun, sneaked off home soliloquizing: "My son, you are a brilliant and successful duck hunter. What you know about the characteristics of ducks and mud hens would make an exceedingly valuable book for crematory purposes. Had you possessed the brains of a tumblebug you would have seen at a glance the situation. Evidently the distance from the outside of your cranium to the gray matter within (if there is any) is a Sabbath day's journey. "The next morning I walked around by the air hole. Thirty-five dead mud hens lay frozen in the ice. The balance had migrated at night."—Minneapolis Journal.

If the Earth Should Stop. The stopping of a projectile always results in the generation of heat. The velocity and weight of a projectile being known, the amount of heat developed by its stoppage can be calculated. In the case of large bodies moving rapidly the result of the calculation is something astounding. For example: The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000 tons. It travels in its orbit at the rate of over 18 miles a second. Should it strike a target strong enough to stop its motion the heat developed by the shock would be sufficient not merely to fuse the earth, but also to reduce a large portion of it to vapor. It has been calculated that the amount of heat generated by a collision so colossal would equal that obtained from the burning of 14 globes of coal, each equal to the earth in size. And should the earth itself be stopped and all into the sun, as it certainly would do, the amount of heat developed by its impact on the sun would be equal to that generated by the combustion of 5,000 earths of solid carbon.—Philadelphia Record.

More Than Theory. "I have studied finance very thoroughly," said the young man who wanted to help the bank president make a brilliant success of his enterprise. "Consequently I thought I would go into the banking business." "Well," answered the elderly man as he polished his glasses, "I don't see why your having studied finance should be any hindrance. But you must recollect that you wouldn't expect a man to be a first class hand in running a wood and coal yard simply because he had studied botany and geology."—Washington Star.

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Wall.

A Cuckoo Caught in the Act. Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room in its foster mother's nest by evicting the rightful occupants, hatched and unhatched. As, however, few people have had the good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it has been rather difficult to understand exactly how the ingrate managed to turn out eggs and squabs. A patient naturalist, John Craig, has now solved the mystery, and in The Feathered World there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stepbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoo in the two pictures is once grasped one can see how well adapted for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping back sideways, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the expense of the family of its foster parents.


What Is Science? "Trained and organized common sense" is Professor Huxley's definition of science. There is probably no better. The popular mind persists in thinking that there is a wide difference between science and knowledge in general. Yes, there is a wide difference, but it is just the difference that there is between a trained and organized body of men for the accomplishing of some great work, and a crowd of men unorganized and undisciplined. What unscientific knowledge has accomplished may be roughly seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are trifling. It will be profitable for us, in order to get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the history of science and the development of the scientific idea.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Longest Swim. Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record. Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, which ran until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile owing to the tide falling him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles. The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours 27 minutes 42 1/2 seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

The Walter Knew 'Em. A down town restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Careworn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters, and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled out to the cook, "Two supes and a Hammelet!"—Detroit Free Press.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LAND. By virtue of the power given by a deed of trust executed by D. M. Morrison to me, dated January 13th, 1896, and registered in the Register's office of Richmond County, in Book G. G. G., page 446, I will sell at public auction, at the Court House door in the town of Rockingham, Richmond County, to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday the 4th day of December 1899, the land conveyed to me by said deed of trust, and bounded and described as follows: First Tract—That portion of a tract of two hundred acres conveyed to Walter K. Covington by his father H. H. Covington, by deed of gift, dated the 18th day of April, 1866, and recorded in Book Y, page 290, of the Register's office of Richmond County, and which lies North of Dean Branch, containing by estimation one hundred and fifty acres, more or less being the same land conveyed this day to D. M. Morrison by H. S. & R. S. Ledbetter. Second Tract—Beginning at the intersection or fork of two branches, and runs the various courses of the Western prong, being the line between the McKenzie land and the Dean land, about 24 chs. to a corner of the Dean land, a poplar (down) thence along a line of the Dean land about S. 25 W. 8 chs. to the road, Dean's corner; thence as said road and Dean's line S. 39 E. 336 chs., 26 W. 8 chs., S. 19 W. 2 chs., S. 34 W. 8 chs. to a pine stump by said road, called the short pine corner of the Dean land; thence along Dean's other line S. 15 W. 13 chs. to a stake, its corner; thence N. 84 E. 8.10 chs. to a large pine by McKenzie fence, thence S. 75 E. 17.85 chs. to a corner; thence S. 16 E. 1.50 chs. to the Crawford road; thence as said road S. 44 W. 8 chs. S. 2 E. 10 chs., S. 15 E. 8 chs., S. 8 W. 3.50 chs. to a corner of 100 acres granted to B. B. McKenzie; a pine pointer by said road; thence as its line reversed N. 70 E. 550 chs. to a line of a tract conveyed by Walter K. Covington and Esther C. Covington to their daughter, Sallie, wife of William Watson, thence as her line and with the line of a tract conveyed by said parties to their grandson, Walter Covington, N. 78 chs. to a sweet gum pointer at a ditch; thence North 6 W. 11 chs. to a maple, a pine and poplar pointers, the beginning corner of a tract of 68 acres conveyed by W. K. Covington and wife to B. J. Bolton by a spring; thence down the spring branch to the beginning, (containing one hundred fifty acres. Third Tract—A parcel of land containing fifty acres conveyed by H. C. Dockery to Amanda Covington by deed dated April 19th 1884, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Richmond County, in Book P. P. page 37, and bounded and described as follows: Adjoining the McKenzie lands, the Hamp Covington lands and others, the same being willed to H. C. Dockery by his father Alfred Dockery, and for further particulars see said will. The last two tracts being the same tracts conveyed to D. M. Morrison by H. S. Ledbetter and R. S. Ledbetter. 'His 19th day of October, 1899. A. G. Brenizer, Trustee.

A government crop report just issued estimates the cotton crop at least than 9,000,000 bales.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa. Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel, Galiene. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vissyburg, Bechealand, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when trouble with bowel complaint, and given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by S. Biggs.