

### AFTER WAR THE SONG OF PEACE.

Dark drifts of clouds shut out the sky,  
The air is rent with sounds of strife;  
My brother marches forth to die,  
Or take some fellow mortal's life—  
The Peace the world has waited for  
Shrinks pale behind the skirts of War!

Across the plains the rats are deep  
Where engines of destruction passed;  
The blinds are drawn where orphans  
weep.

And blood is flowing free and fast;  
The hills give back the cannon's roar;  
The Song of Peace is heard no more!

My brother mocks me in his heart,  
I blame him for the stand he takes;  
The world Christ saved is rent apart,  
And every tie that bound us breaks!  
The war god shrieks, the sabre gleams,  
And crimson streaks are in the streams.

But God was reigning in the sky  
When David went to smite his foe;  
And God is reigning still on high,  
And still inspiring men below!  
And when the sounds of battle cease,  
And when the work of War is o'er,  
Then shall the hopeful Song of Peace  
Swell higher, clearer than before!  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

### The Smuggler's Stratagem

HOW HE SAVED HIS TRUNKFUL OF DIAMONDS.

When Capt. Owens, recently retired from the command of a transatlantic greyhound, joined the little circle of men seated around the stove in a downtown shipping office, where they had spent the greater part of the afternoon discussing rates for over-sea freight, marine insurance and other interests of the maritime world, the conversation naturally turned to the grave responsibility resting upon the captain of a modern ocean liner. They talked of the thousands of human lives which are annually entrusted to his care; of dreary hours on the bridge, when the white fog hangs and wind moans of the shipwreck and the drowned, or when the winter gale is whistling and the icy spoon-drift hurls against the funnels. They talked of the sudden derelict and the iceberg, which so often defy the skill and watchfulness of the transatlantic captain. "Is it any wonder then," said one of the circle, "that a skipper's hair is white before he is fifty and that his face is as wrinkled as a crumpled bank note. Look at Capt. Owens. Looks ten years older than he really is. I'll warrant."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the captain, with a twinkle in his gray eyes which seemed out of keeping with the general trend of the conversation, "it is a wearing life; there's no getting away from that fact. Yes, you have got to think pretty quick at times, and sometimes you have to act before you think. Speaking on this strain reminds me of how Capt. Blank of the Nereid once saved his vessel and the lives of all on board by acting promptly in an emergency. Capt. Blank is not very proud of the whole affair, and I doubt if he ever told it to any one. At all events he never received a vote of thanks suitably engrossed from the passengers, but perhaps he was not much disappointed." After this preliminary the captain told the story, which in substance is as follows:

Just before the Imperial Line steamship Nereid, Capt. Blank, pulled out of its dock in Liverpool for New York City, some years ago, a thick-set man with a heavy black mustache ran up the gang-plank and gazed anxiously at the passengers, who were crowded along the rail watching the bustle and confusion on the dock. He evidently found the person for whom he was looking, for he gave a sigh of satisfaction, rushed down the gang-plank and sent a cablegram. Then he boarded the vessel again, secured a stateroom and did not appear on deck nor at the seat assigned to him at the dining table in the saloon until the vessel was well out to sea. He registered under the name of James Sweeney.

This is the cablegram he sent: Collector of Port at New York: "James Packard, smuggler, on board steamship Nereid. Thousand of dollars' worth of diamonds concealed in small trunk. Will arrest him at quarantine. McGrath, Inspector."

The inspector's cablegram caused much satisfaction among the revenue officers in the city; for diamonds had long been leaking into this country from England and the dispatch gave evidence that no mistake had been made when McGrath was selected to cross the ocean and hunt the smugglers down. Meanwhile the Nereid ploughed her way through the waters of the North Atlantic and on the third day out she had made such good time that the captain began to look for a record-breaking voyage, while the passengers, no less eager, made bets regarding the exact time that would elapse before the vessel arrived abreast of the Sandy Hook Lightship. Packard, who was known aboard the ship as Thomas Gray, a broker, was the most gentlemanly of smugglers, and his engaging conversation and polished manners made him the life of his table and established him as a prime favorite among the passengers in general. McGrath, known to the passengers as

Sweeney, was not so popular. No one knew anything about him or his business, and, moreover, he ate with his knife. And then, too, his eyes had a suspiciously roving cast which set him down in the minds of many as a professional gambler. But the inspector did not care. In fact, he was supremely happy; for he had forced an entrance into Gray's stateroom with the aid of a skeleton key during the smuggler's absence and had located the small trunk. That was all he wanted. When the time came he would seize the trunk, point Gray out to the inspectors and his work would be accomplished.

"The only thing that bothers me," said the inspector to himself one day, as he sat in the smoking room, puffing a very fat, black cigar, "is how the devil he ever expected to get that trunk ashore." That thought, however, did not worry him much and he soon became engrossed in a game of poker with two actors and a champion heavy-weight pugilist.

Had the smuggler remained in blissful ignorance of the identity of the inspector he would probably at the present time be enjoying an enforced confinement at the expense of the Government. But, unfortunately, the inspector had forgotten to lock the stateroom door after he had forced it with his skeleton keys, and this did not escape the notice of the acute smuggler. He had locked the door. Who opened it? He became suspicious and then alarmed. From a steward he learned that Sweeney had been seen loitering around the passageway some time before. That was sufficient. He never had liked the way Sweeney had eyed him on various occasions. What was to be done? At 5 o'clock the next morning the vessel would be off the Lightship. He thought a minute, then ran to the smoking room and, as he expected, found Sweeney absorbed in his favorite game. That was just what he wanted. He went back to his stateroom, and then tip-toed noiselessly to the inspector's door, a little further down the passageway. It was unlocked. He left it wide open and then ran back to his stateroom, seized the trunk—it was a small affair—carried it to the inspector's room and shoved it under his berth. This done he shut the door with a sigh of satisfaction and went on deck. He had still one more card to play, and if things worked right it would be a trump.

Sweeney retired late that night and neglected to take off his clothing. It is likely he would have retired with his hat on had he not left it in the smoking room.

At 6 o'clock the next morning the smuggler played his trump. With a mysterious air he beckoned Capt. Blank down from the bridge. The vessel had not broken a record and the captain was in a sour mood.

"Well, well," he said impatiently, "what is it?"

"Listen," said the smuggler impressively. "I have a confession to make. I come to tell you that in a short half-hour this ship will be blown to atoms. It is my duty; it is in your power to prevent it. Listen. This man Sweeney is a dynamiter and anarchist, an arch fiend whose hands and heart and soul are reared red with blood of the innocent lives he has taken. Years ago his father was lost in the wreck of one of your vessels. He has sworn revenge, it has been his main object in life. I fell under his hypnotic influence and was compelled to aid him in his dastardly scheme. But the spell is broken and I hasten to save your ship and our lives."

"Well, what is it man? Out with it!" roared old Blank excitedly.

"It is this," said the smuggler calmly. "Under his berth there is a small trunk. It contains nitro-glycerine in a sufficient quantity to wreck New York City. A time lock is attached and it is set for 6:30. Don't hesitate; act promptly or we are lost. Do something, dispose of the trunk somehow and all will be well." And Gray frothed at the mouth and fell to the floor in a very realistic faint.

The captain barely noticed the smuggler. With a roar and a bellow he summoned the first officer and half the crew.

"Get that trunk," he roared, "and heave it overboard. Clap the man in irons."

The crew made a rush for Sweeney's door and broke it in with a bang. Half of them fell upon Sweeney and bound him hand and foot, while the rest laid hold of the trunk, carried it up stairs with a rush and hove it far over the stern. Sweeney was locked up in his stateroom and when the revenue officers boarded the vessel at Quarantine and asked for McGrath, the inspector, and Packard, the smuggler, Captain Blank assured them that he had never heard of either of the gentlemen. He said that he had a dynamiter aboard named Sweeney who had tried to blow up the ship, but no smugglers or detectives. The smuggler was the first man down the gangplank when the vessel was warped into the dock and when McGrath was released he told Captain Blank several things that made him blush. The other inspectors did likewise. The trunk was picked up by a sailboat containing the smuggler's confederates, who had sailed out from Sandy Hook to signal Gray that the authorities at this port were on the lookout for him.—New York Sun.

### When Age Begins to Tell.

A man is beginning to get old when he thinks it is more fun to remember what fun it used to be to do things than it is to do them.—New York Press.

### TRIED THE CHINESE WAY.

Paid His Doctor Only When Well, but the Plan Had Its Drawbacks.

"The Chinese system of paying their physicians while the patient keeps well and shutting off the salary when he gets sick always struck me as being singularly sensible," said one of the tenants of a big New Orleans office building. "You see, it gives a doctor every incentive to make an unavoidable illness as brief as possible, while our method of paying while we are disabled offers just the opposite inducement. Of course, I don't mean to say that any reputable practitioner would deliberately keep a patient laid up for the sake of his fee, but the temptation is certainly mighty strong and last New Year's, after settling a whopping big bill for the preceding quarter, I made up my mind to give the Chinese method a trial—just as an interesting experiment."

"I was afraid to make the proposition to my regular physician, who's a very stiff-necked old-timer, and would probably have brained me with a stethoscope under the impression that I was impugning his honor, so I hunted up a very earnest, able young doctor whom I knew to be struggling hard to get a foothold, and laid the scheme before him. 'I'm in delicate health,' I said, 'and your profession generally gets a good deal of my money from one year's end to another, besides penning me up in bed and preventing me from attending to business. Now, I'll give you \$12.50 a month as long as you keep me well. If I get sick your pay stops until I'm up again. He thought a moment and accepted.'

"Well, how did it turn out?" asked one of a group of listeners.

"I'm just coming to that," replied the speaker. "For a week or so it worked all right. The doctor dropped in once or twice to look me over casually, and I had a pleasant feeling that some one was vitally interested in seeing that I kept well. Then came the first unpleasant experience. We had a rainy day, and I was hurrying up Canal street toward the office when a man suddenly pounced on me and dragged me into a hallway. It was the doctor. 'Good heavens!' he fairly yelled, 'where are your rubbers?' 'I don't know,' I stammered, startled half out of my wits. 'Then give me the money to buy you a pair at once,' he said, 'or you'll be down with pneumonia and I'll lose a whole month's wages.' He was so fierce that I shelled out and missed several important engagements while I waited."

"A few nights afterward I was quietly eating a rum omelette in a restaurant when who should rush up but that same confounded doctor. 'Run omelette!' he grasped, turning pale as death. 'Why man alive! do you want to take the bread right out of my mouth?' and with that he grabbed the omelette and ordered me some tea and toast. 'Your digestive organs are very sensitive,' he said, 'and an attack of gastritis would mean \$5 or \$10 out of my pocket. I'm a poor man,' said he, 'and I can't afford to take any such chances. It wouldn't be just to my family.'

"I ate the tea and toast, which I abominated, and began to wonder whether the Chinese system was quite as much of a cinch as it seemed at long range. Well, I won't bore you with all the details, but I give you my word for the next two weeks I suffered martyrdom. That infernal doctor was continually bobbing up at unexpected places, determined to keep me well or perish in the attempt. At last he passed the limit. I was at the theatre with a party of friends, and by some horrible fatality he was sitting in the next row. He kept shifting about uneasily, and finally, right in the midst of the performance, he leaned over and whispered hoarsely: 'Say did you remember to put on your chest protector?' Everybody near us tittered, and I yearned for his gore.

### The Convenient New Cork Tiling.

A product called cork tiling has recently been placed upon the market which is made of what is known to the trade as "virgin cork," ground and pressed, and otherwise treated by a patented process, and which is free from the cement and glue usually employed to hold the particles together. We are informed that tiles made of this pure, compressed cork form an admirable flooring, which, besides being noiseless, water proof, warm and geru proof, is capable of withstanding heavy usage. By varying the degree of compression and modifying the manufacturing process slightly, sheets of cork different in color and density are obtained, which when sawed and finished in the form of panels, can be used for wainscoting alone, or in connection with cork tile floors. Cork compressed into sheets and sawed to the size and thickness desired constitutes a very efficient pulley covering. It is said that a pulley covered or lagged with compressed cork will transmit from fifty to sixty per cent. more power with the same tension of belt than one having only a smooth iron surface.—Scientific American.

### For Sweeping the Streets.

A new street-sweeping machine has been designed to be operated with ease by one man. There is a shaft supporting two small wheels to carry a brush frame with a receptacle balancing the brush, and two handles at the rear by which the brush is pushed along the pavement.

### COWS, OR STEAM ENGINES.

Which Have Done the Most for the Advancement of Mankind?

Ernest Seton-Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc., in writing in the Century of "The National Zoo at Washington," raises an interesting question as to the relative value of domestic animals and human inventions.

At the beginning of this century the continent of North America was one vast and teeming game-range. Not only were the Buffalo in millions across the Mississippi, but other large game was fully as abundant, though less conspicuous. Herds of Elk, numbering ten or fifteen thousand, were commonly seen along the upper Missouri. The antelope ranged the higher plains in herds of thousands; Whitetail Deer, though less gregarious, were seen in bands of hundreds; while bighorn sheep, though still less disposed to gather in large flocks, were rarely out of sight in the lower parts of the eastern Rockies, and it was quite usual to see several hundred blacktail in the course of a single day's travel.

But a change set in when the pioneer Americans, with their horses, their deadly rifles, their energy, and their taste for murder, began to invade the newly found West. The settlers increased in numbers, and the rifles became more deadly each year; but the animals did not improve in speed, cunning, or fecundity in an equal ratio, and so were defeated in the struggle for life, and started on the down grade toward extinction. Aside from sentimental or esthetic reasons, which I shall not here discuss, the extinction of a large or highly organized animal is a serious matter.

1. It is always dangerous to disturb the balance of nature by removing a poise. Some of the worst plagues have arisen in this way.

2. We do not know, without much and careful experiment, how vast a service that animal might have done to mankind as a domestic species.

The force of this will be more apparent if we recollect how much the few well-known domestic species have done for the advancement of our race. Who can decide which has done more for mankind, the Cow or the steam-engine, the horse or electricity, the sheep or the printing press, the dog or the rifle, the ass or the loom? No one indeed can pronounce on these, yet all on reflection feel that there is reason in the comparisons. Take away these inventions, and we are put back a century, or perhaps two; but further, take away the domestic animals, and we are reduced to absolute savagery, for it was they that first made it possible for our aboriginal forefathers to settle in one place and learn the rudiments of civilization.

And it is quite possible, though of course not demonstrable, that the humble chuckle barn-fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth to-day where the barn-fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is the mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.

### Felu's Talented Feet.

The career of Charles Francois Felu, the armless Belgian artist, who died recently, in his seventieth year, is one of the most striking instances on record of success in overcoming the deficiencies of nature. Born June 26, 1830, at Waeremede, near Courtrai, North Flanders, entirely without arms, he, nevertheless, achieved considerable success as a painter. Beginning the study at Antwerp, when already twenty-five years old, by means of his feet he copied some hundreds of the best masterpieces to be found all over the world, especially in America. One of his earliest recollections was of sitting in the garden while his mother taught him to grasp with his body toes the bright flowers for which he cried. Very soon he learned to gather them for himself, and, steadily pursuing this form of instruction, his feet soon became flexible and useful.

When painting, M. Felu leaned slightly backward, to enable him to raise his foot to the level of the canvas. He opened the paint box and mixed his colors without difficulty and worked quite easily. Holding the palette by the left great toe, he passed through the orifice like a thumb, with the other foot he manipulated the brush with astonishing skill and confidence. At meals he used a knife and fork and managed his own drinking glass. Until the last few years he always shaved himself and never had an accident. His one grievance was that he could not gain mastery over a button hole.—London Daily Chronicle.

### Millions of Bibles Distributed.

The most reliable estimates place the number of Bibles and parts thereof printed and distributed during the century at 280,000,000. This work was done by seventy-three Bible societies, the three largest of which are the British, Foreign and American. The former printed 100,000,000, the American 65,000,000. If we reckon population as divided into families of five each, enough Bibles have been printed for every family on earth, the world's population being estimated at nearly 1,500,000,000.

### AN OBLIGING LANDLORD.

Keeps Ferrets to Clear Out the Rats When They Annoy Guests.

"Recently I had an experience with rats that I will not soon forget," said D. B. Purks of Fredericksburg, Va.

"It happened in this way: I was travelling through Alabama, and landed in a small town, worn out after a day's overland travel in a broken-down buggy, and sought the only tavern the town boasted. After I had been in bed about fifteen minutes I was startled to hear strange and curious noises—the most unnatural in sound I had ever heard. I immediately proceeded to investigate the cause of this midnight disturbance and lit the candle, the only illuminant procurable, and to my surprise beheld ten of the largest rats, in my opinion, ever seen. They ranged in size from an average squirrel to an ordinary dog. Not the least fear was manifested by these rats. They deliberately surveyed me and continued the work of eating my shoes. One large fellow, evidently master of ceremonies, was bold enough to attempt to bite me. This affront was more than I could stand. Jumping back into bed, I screamed for the landlord, who, after being awakened from a drunken sleep, slowly shuffled up to this chamber of horrors, dignified as a room, and contemptuously inquired the cause of the racket. After stating the nature of the trouble, he 'allowed' he would settle it in short order. He then minutes rats poured into the room in droves to the number of about one hundred and fifty, all sizes and conditions, large and small, lean and fat, all squeaking and apparently frightened. I thought something unusual must have transpired, when my suspicions were confirmed by the arrival of several ferrets whose eyes sparkled with glee at the slaughter they proceeded to institute.

"As soon as I collected myself after the execution I hastened out of the room, and made myself as comfortable as possible in a chair, waiting for day to break, that I could shake the town. Although I made my escape in carpet slippers, it was one of the happiest incidents of my life. The landlord evidently thought nothing of the occurrence. He said it happened very often, and he always kept a supply of ferrets to clean the rats out when they became unmanageable and too annoying to his guests."—Washington Post.

### Early Lamps and Wicks.

It would be hazardous to conjecture what the first wick consisted of; but when we come to consider the iron lamp or "cruise," we know that the wick commonly used was the pith of the rush, which was gathered and partially stripped of its outer green covering, cut into proper lengths, dried, and tied up into bundles, ready for use. The iron lamp was hammered out of one piece of iron, in a stone mold. This was usually done by the blacksmith, and the molds are still to be seen in museums, in the hands of private collectors, and no doubt at some of the country blacksmiths' shops. They are of one uniform shape, with some slight varieties. The lamp consists of two cups, one suspended above and inside the other. The suspender is so fixed and notched as to enable the upper cup, which holds the oil and wick, to be shifted to keep the oil constantly in contact with the wick. The lower cup catches the drip of the oil, which can be easily replaced in the upper cup by lifting it off until the oil is poured into it. The upper cup has sometimes a movable lid.

There is a remarkable resemblance not only between the iron cruises in this country, but to those on the Continent and in Egypt. They preserve the same general shape, but differ in the material from which they are made. The Pompeian lamps, or at least some of them, might be described as three cruises in one. The cup of the lamp is the same, but it has provision for three lights. The oil used in the Scotch lamps was of the coarsest kind. On the west coast the material was, and is still, fish oil. The material for wicks was variable.—Chambers's Journal.

### The Fastest Growing Lily on Record.

Captain S. R. Vaughn of Philadelphia has a plant that grows at the rate of nine inches every twenty-four hours. This remarkable bit of vegetation is called the "snake lily," and came from Cochin, China. When it arrived in America it was simply an ugly looking bulb, resembling a huge Indian turban. It lay nearly all winter in a dark closet, but with the approach of spring began to manifest signs of life. It was taken from its resting place and put in a peach basket, with nothing about it but some newspapers. Very soon a mottled green stalk pushed out of the bulb, and in a few days had reached a height of eight feet. Of this height the blossom, which was a beautiful dark maroon color, comprised four feet. After the blossom had withered and died the bulb was planted, and from it grew a nest of great umbrella-like leaves, which reached their maturity in July and August. In September the leaves perished and left nothing but a new fat bulb. This was stored away in a dark place, and again next spring the bulb will be brought to light and pass through its time of flower and growth.

In parts of India cakes of tea and in China pieces of silk pass as currency. Oxen still form the circulating medium among many of the Zulus and Kafirs.

### A Blessing in Disguise.

"A big family," said the old colored inhabitant, "is sometimes a great blessing to a po' man. I got nine sons—ol' en' young. One got run over by a railroad, en I got damages out er him; ner one had a leg shot off en-turin' de las' war, en de gov'ment come up han'some fer him; en all de res' er dem has had de good luck ter hit hitted in some way, en ever time dat come I got de damages; so in my '31 age I feelin' mighty comfortable, en I rises up en calls dem chillun blessed!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### \$100 Reward.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Its curative powers are guaranteed. Address: F. J. CHESNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A woman, Signora Riva Monti, has been appointed professor of comparative anatomy in the University of Pavia.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVER'S signature is on each box. 50c.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers, Confederates and Union, than any other state, according to population.

### Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other, and every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

It requires no experience to dye with PYRENE FADLESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

Taxation of corporations in Paris has led to the transfer of many main offices to Brussels, French societies being incorporated there under the laws of Belgium to avoid the French income tax.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c a bottle.

One of the objects of the recently-formed Bibliographers' Club, of Chicago, is to make accessible, if possible, the many valuable collections of rare and scarce books in that city.

How Are Your Kidneys? Dr. Hober's Sarsaparil Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

During one of the late bombardments at Ladysmith Archedeaon Barker picked up a Boer shell which was on the point of exploding and dropped it into a tub of water.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TARTARIC CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

In small hotels in Russia each guest is expected to find his own bed clothing.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 50c, 50c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

In Chile two-thirds of the public school teachers are women.

Starving Instances. Last week a delinquent subscriber said he would pay up if he lived. He died. Another said: "I will see you tomorrow." He's blind. Still another said, "I'll pay you this week or go to the devil." He's gone. There are hundreds who ought to take warning of these procrastinators and pay up now.—Finley (S. D.) Slop.

## I Could Hardly Breathe

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me immediate relief. I don't believe there is a cough remedy in the world anywhere near as good."—W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill., May 29, 1899.

## Cures Night Colds

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. It's first the throat and then the lungs. They don't naturally tend to get well. You have to help Nature a little.

You can stop this downward tendency any time by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it tonight. You will cough less and sleep better, and by tomorrow at this time you will be greatly improved.

You can get a small bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, now, for 25 cents. For hard coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the croup, the 50-cent size is better. For chronic cases, as consumption, and to keep on hand, the \$1.00 size is most economical.