

ONE HALLOWEEN.

Its Incidents Served a Very Happy Purpose.

By F. A. MITCHEL. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Frank Greenleaf, recently married and an old friend of mine, opened his country residence for a house party during the last week in October. There were about twenty of us in all, divided between married and single, the greater part being single. During our stay Halloween came around, and, singularly enough, not one of the party remembered it till the day before. Then there was considerable commotion, especially among the girls.

As for me, I have always taken an interest in those superstitions that have been handed down to us from a past age when every one believed in them. There is something touching in an innocent girl just coming to womanhood watching for a glimpse of the man she shall marry and really believing that such things are a part of nature's scheme. For a century or more people have been losing



"I AM YOUR FATE!"

everything that is poetic, substituting all that is practical. But in nature nothing ends—it is simply transfigured. And now those things which were formerly called superstition are coming up again in a new form. There are societies for psychological research whose members are investigating phenomenal appearances, and people possessing keen scientific minds are active in the work.

After dinner on Halloween we all sat chatting by the firelight. I was able to give the party a talk on Halloween customs that I had gathered from folklore. I noticed that one of the party, Edith Damon, a fair haired, blue eyed girl of nineteen, listened to the stories I told with rapt attention. I fancied her one of the kind that in the olden time would hold up a mirror with perfect confidence of seeing in it the face of one who was to be her husband.

One person, I noticed, was observing her as I was, a Mrs. Crowell. During the evening this woman arose from her seat and sat down by the girl. It seemed to me from that time that Mrs. Crowell was exerting some influence over Miss Damon. I glanced at the others in the circle to see if they observed anything unusual, but they were all intent on the stories that were being told, not one of them paying attention to anything else.

Before retiring we tossed apple skins over our heads, looked into mirrors and did other things usual on Halloween. The girls all made a compact that in the morning if any of them during the night got a glimpse of the man who was to marry her should tell about it. I think some of them had a dim fancy that something might happen, but only the youngest ones. I can hardly remember when a youth came to sleep with a pillow, fancying that I would really dream of the girl I would one day marry. We parted with millery and laughter and were soon fast asleep, down after we had not long ago.

The next morning as we were assembling for breakfast there were many conversations, some of the party using the Halloween that had just passed as a means to raise one another about some supposed fancy for a mate. At the table the host asked each one of his guests in turn if he or she had had a vision during the night. Perhaps it was what I had noticed in Edith Damon that led me to fix my eyes upon her. She seemed stirred by some unusual emotion, which increased as she turned to reply to Greenleaf's question drew near. I glanced at Mrs. Crowell and noticed that she was intent upon Miss Damon.

Just as I was about to withdraw my glance from the former she looked at me. There was a singular expression in her eyes that I could not fathom. But I interpreted it to mean that she knew I suspected her of exercising an influence on Miss Damon.

Finally, when the host said, "Edith, did you see the man you would marry last night?" the girl turned a rosy red and, covering her face with both hands, dropped her head on the table.

All the others were on the tiptoe of expectation. Calls of "Tell us!" "Out with it!" "Confess!" "Don't be afraid!" were made to the poor girl, who, after enduring the fusillade for a few minutes, pushed back her chair and ran out of the room amid a babel of shouts and laughter.

I knew that something unusual had happened to the girl and sympathized with her in being obliged to suffer the rattling of her companions. Young people are not very thoughtful about such matters. Indeed, I suppressed some indignation at what had occurred. When the noise had some-

what someone I ventured to suggest that whatever had induced Miss Damon to leave the table it was something sacred and should be respected. All the thanks I got for this suggestion was a volley of guys hurled at me, such as "You are the man!" "Hurry up the wedding!" "Let's have it over before we separate!" coming mostly from the younger people. Truly a lot of boys and girls are incorrigible. While this was happening I noticed that Mrs. Crowell was looking at me with that same singular uninterpretable glance. Surely there was a mystery here in which the participants were Mrs. Crowell and Edith Damon, while I was the only one cognizant of it. As we were leaving the table I said to Mrs. Crowell, "I wonder if anything could have occurred during the night that Miss Damon mistook for a sign?" But the lady simply gave me another of those strange looks and made no reply.

There are fine grounds about Greenleaf's house—I think he has some eighty acres—and during the morning, my mind being occupied with what had occurred at breakfast, I took a fancy to stroll out into a wood for meditation. It was one of those bright, crisp mornings we get only at the turning point between summer and winter. The season was late, and many variegated leaves still hung upon the trees. Presently I espied ahead of me a girl walking alone among the trees. In another moment I recognized the figure of Edith Damon. I was delighted at the opportunity of meeting her. I was sure she was there to be alone, but I realized also that people who wish to be alone also desire a confidant if the right person is available. I caught up with her, called to her. She stopped and turned.

It is some years since I saw that expression on her face, but it is as clear in my memory as then. Indeed, it is a picture that never can fade. There were a slight blush, a smile and the words, "How glad I am that you are here!" Then when I reached her she laid her hand on my arm, seemingly with that sense of possession a girl feels on being just betrothed to the man of her choice.

What did it mean? "I am glad," I said when I felt that I must speak, "that my presence does not disturb you. I thought it possible that after the scare at the breakfast table this morning you came here to get away from every one."

"Except you?" "You mean that I was more thoughtful than the rest in respecting your feelings?" She did not reply to this. She stopped, picked up a crimson leaf that had fallen and pretended to admire its beauty.

"Would it be too much to ask your confidant as to why you did not reply to our host's question? I am sure that during the night you saw something that you interpreted as a sign."

She turned and looked at me with an expression of surprise. Then suddenly another look came upon her face, one of mingled disappointment and mortification.

"Can it be possible," she explained, "that it was, after all, only a dream?" "What dream?"

"She turned away, muttering to herself, 'Oh, heaven! What have I done?'"

I caught her hands in mine, turned her toward me and begged for an explanation. I was some moments getting it, and when it came it came haltingly.

"Last night," she said, "I went to bed and to sleep, much affected. I admit, by the Halloween stories to which I had listened. During the night I awoke on hearing my name called softly. A window in my room opens on to a balcony. It was moonlight, and you stood with one hand on the mantel. You said to me, 'Meet me to-morrow morning in the wood west of the house.' Then you went away. I took it for granted that your coming was a Halloween sign, and that you were aware of your own presence. But now since you are not I suppose it was only a dream."

I made no reply for a few moments, but I still held her hands in mine. Then, saying, "Dream or no dream, it is a Halloween sign, and a Halloween sign you cannot resist. I am your fate, and you are mine." I drew her to me and kissed her.

Later I told her that during the previous evening I had noticed Mrs. Crowell go and sit beside her, and I asked her if she had felt any unusual sensation. She told me from that moment she had felt that during the night she would get a Halloween sign. She would not join in the agreement to tell in the morning if she had received one.

Before leaving the place where a certain happiness had come to me I took Frank Greenleaf aside and asked the who was Mrs. Crowell.

"Why do you ask?" he said, with a quick exhibition of interest.

I told him the story as I have told it here, he opening his eyes wider every moment to the end.

"Mrs. Crowell," he said after I had finished, "possesses faculties that thus far no one has been able to explain. She is a clairvoyant, a medium, a mind reader or whatever you like to call her. I first met her at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, of which I am a member. Whatever she is, I know that she is not a fraud."

"At my rate," I replied, "she has done a neat bit of quick courting for me."

Of Course Not. If a man really loves a woman of course he wouldn't marry her for the world if he were not quite sure he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.—Dimes.

Too Rusty. Lady (after singing a few rusty notes)—Don't you think my voice should be brought out? Manager—No, pushed back.

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A HANDSOME TIP.

Visit of an American Girl to an English Ancestral Home.

By DOROTHEA MALE. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Miss Mildred Van Tromp, an American multimillionaire in London, cared nothing for marrying a title, but she did care for the castles of old England. Miss Van Tromp's cousin, Miss Adele Sherman, was with her.

One morning the two tourists took a train at a London railway station, intending to visit Halloween castle, the residence of the Duke of Elliston. On the journey they chatted about the castle they were going to see, referring occasionally to their guidebook.

A gentleman in the same compartment sitting opposite them, who had been buried in his paper, spoke up: "If you ladies are going to visit Halloween castle I fear you will be disappointed. It will not be open today to visitors."

The girls looked much crestfallen. The gentleman continued: "The castle is only shown during the duke's absence. He returns today."

Miss Sherman, who usually acted as spokesman, thanked the gentleman for his information and asked: "There was



"HOW MUCH WOULD HE TAKE FOR IT?"

any one in service at the castle who for a handsome tip would make an exception in their case. To this he replied:

"I am going to the castle myself and shall see the duke. I think it probable that I can secure his permission to show you through his ancestral abode. If you will be there"—he took out his watch—"at, say, 2 o'clock I will let you know what I can do for you. Ask for Mr. Comyns."

The ladies thanked the man for his courtesy and when the train reached the station went to an inn, where they partook of a luncheon, then strolled up to the castle. They were stopped at the postern by a lackey, but on mentioning the name of Comyns they were conducted to a reception room in the living apartments of the castle.

After a wait of ten minutes Mr. Comyns entered and said that he had obtained the necessary permission. Mr. Comyns was between thirty and thirty-five years old. It was seldom that he smiled, but when he did his face changed from the serious to the genial. He was apparently a gentleman, but there are many grades of gentlemen in England, and the girls could not make out to which grade he belonged. They fancied that he might attend to some business for the duke or was his solicitor or was there to sell him something. One point troubled them from the first: they feared he might not be so respectable, though he had avoided the subject of tips, as to decline a crown or two if offered to him? They had often received favors or what they supposed were favors from men just as genteel looking whose path they had crossed.

Miss Van Tromp determined to watch his English. If he were not a gentleman he would surely make a blunder, perhaps in an unguarded moment drop an "ah."

All this they talked and thought over while waiting. Mr. Comyns led them up into the courtyard and thence to one of the towers. He began in that clear, well modulated voice with which the two girls had heard the gentlemanly guide in Westminster abbey show that old pile for the modest sum of sixpence. This confirmed their opinion that he would expect a tip. He spoke fluently and as if he had often before recited off the identical words.

"This tower," he said, "was built in the reign of William II, and is, of course, Norman. The upper part was put on later and is Gothic. A breach was made here where you see a difference in the stonework by the Round-heads during the close of the war by which Charles I. lost his rascally head."

Surprised at this, Miss Van Tromp asked: "Does the duke consider King Charles I. rascally?"

"It doesn't matter to me what the duke thinks. Everybody knows that Charles I. was treacherous, mean, untrue to his friends and altogether unworthy of sovereignty."

"Does your British nobility usually

ask you to give them a check for the castle?" asked Miss Van Tromp, who had been listening to the duke's talk with a keen interest.

"That's just like you Americans," replied the duke, smiling. "There's nothing so odd, so new, so valuable or worthless but that you are ready to buy it."

"I might hold you by law to the bargain. I can prove by my cousin, Mr. Sherman, who was present, that—"

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JOHN BEVERLY'S THANKSGIVING.

Story of Stubborn Pride Humiliated and Friends Reunited.

By DAISY WRIGHT FIELD. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"No, I ain't never goin' to forgive her!" It was the same answer, in the same dogged and unrelenting tone, accompanied by the same forbidding frown, that had been meted out to Susan Beverly for seven long years. Each year just before Thanksgiving she had ventured the same question longingly, "John, ain't you goin' to forgive her?" only to experience each time a fresh pang of disappointment. If she could only have kept from hoping, but she couldn't. Tender, forgiving, impulsive herself, she could not understand the nature of the man she had married and faithfully served for thirty years.

Pride, the stubborn, wrongful pride that forbids a man to own his faults, had shot him away from the joy that had come from a realization of the truth that "to err is human, to forgive divine."

Mrs. Beverly wiped her eyes on her apron with a trembling hand. "Oh, John, how can you be so hard on your own girl, and see a good girl as she awful thing she'd done, but just marryin' a doctor, 'stead o' a farmer? How could the poor child control her heart? An' I hear they're doin' well up in the city. Got a nice home with everything fixed up convenient an' one o' these big red ortomobiles!"

"Durned foolishness!" snorted the farmer, reaching for his coat. "If you think I'd countenance one o' my family ridin' in one o' them contraptions o' the devil? I ain't got no use fer them ner their fine clad air."

"But the children, John—they've got two, an' I ain't never seen either o' 'em, an'—"

"You c'n put up our dinner. We'll be over in the south lot outin' wood all day," was the curt rejoinder.

She watched her husband and son out of sight as they trudged heavily across the meadow, now blackened by the frost. "The water was a sturdy, broad shouldered fellow, born and trained for a tiller of the soil, a typical young farmer in his overalls, checked jumper and broad straw hat. There was no chance of John Beverly being disappointed in his son and heir, Philip, who was perfectly content to follow in his father's footsteps, city life possessing no attractions for him that were not overcome by the independence, the free life and the wholesome surroundings of his country home. He was the pride of his father's heart and all the more his hope and idol since his only daughter had chosen her own mate regardless of his wishes and had preferred a doctor with a city practice to a well to do farmer whom he had picked out for her as he would have considered purchasing for her a new saddle pony."

"If anything was to happen to Philip," mused Susan Beverly as she put up a clean roller towel and began to clear away the breakfast dishes, "it'd nigh about kill his pa."

"Then a sudden child of rebellion struck her. Hadn't she given up her idol, her only girl, almost, it seemed to her, before dolls and mud pies had given place to beans and long dresses, not as other mothers do, to see her settled in her own home, to visit back and forth, to share her sweet domesticity, to hold her little children in her arms? No. She had said goodby to Millie as if she had been laying the pretty, gentle child in her grave and had never seen her since nor the dear little babes that God had sent her."

Surely hers was a sad, a bitter lot. Yet something sang in her heart as she worked today, the vague melody hope croons for its sometimes when our prospects seem darkest. She baked and brewed and scrubbed and polished, and when all was done and in order she carefully ironed her own neat print dress, white collar and apron for the morrow's donning.

Six o'clock approached, the hour when her husband and son might be expected, and a bonny supper was keeping warm in the range oven. The pantry door hid from sight a goodly collection of the usual Thanksgiving stands, the fowl shone spotlessly, and every pan and cup gleamed like a mirror from the fire. The kettle sang, the cat purred, the hissing fire warily defied the biting frost of the blast outside, which was rising in severity. All was peace, coziness and comfort when Mrs. Beverly was suddenly startled by a wild, disheveled figure flinging itself in at the door.

"Philip!" gasped John Beverly chokingly, his face whiter than his wife's apron. "He's hurt—crushed—under a tree!"

Even as her shriek of wild dismay came out a loud automobile came chuff-

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Did Enough to Be Good.

He was a liquid eyed Spaniard on tour through Italy. She was a New England maiden lady doing Florence. They met first at the pension table d'hote and next in the Uffizi gallery.

"The madonna of which you spoke," said the liquid eyed Spaniard, "is across the hall and down to the right two doors. It hangs in gallery 3."

"According to my Baschever," protested the New England maiden lady, "it hangs in gallery 5."

"Pardon. It is impossible," protested the Spaniard. "It stands here in my Baschever that it is to be found in gallery 3."

"Perhaps," said the New England maiden, "your book is out of date. But it is easy to assure ourselves of who is right. Let us go to gallery 3 or to gallery 5 and see."

"Madame," said the Spaniard, with some emotion, "it is not necessary to exert ourselves. This book, madame, is perfectly reliable. My grandfather himself assured me so. It is the very volume that he used when he himself toured Italy at my age."—Detroit Free Press.

A Breath of Good Form. There is a little one and girl, still under six, who reaches the limit in the matter of sensitiveness. Likewise she has her points in respect to dead game-ness. She was taken about a week ago to spend a few days with her aunt. The little miss played around in front of her aunt's place for awhile. Then her aunt let a playful young terrier into the yard, saying to the child: "This is your little four footed cousin."

Five minutes later the aunt returned to the front yard to call the kid into the house, but she wasn't anywhere to be seen. The fox terrier was playing alone. There was a scrambling hunt for the child and all kinds of alarm, but the little girl didn't turn up. The aunt hustled into town. The little girl was home with her mother.

She had walked right to the car for town as soon as the fox terrier pup was presented to her.

"Why didn't you stay at aunty's?" her mother asked her in surprise.

"She introduced me to a dog," replied the naughty young person.—Cincinnati Post.

Hints to Swimmers. An expert swimmer is authority for the assertion that a vast majority of the drowning casualties which are attributed to cramps are in all probability the result of cardiac exhaustion. Nearly all experienced swimmers, he says, know that cramps when in the water are of comparatively infrequent occurrence. It is commonly by lying quietly upon his back without undue alarm and stretching out the leg may overcome this somewhat painful involuntary muscular contraction. The exertion of swimming, however, is fully equal to the exertion of running, with the additional tax upon the system of gradual lowering of the bodily temperature. It is one thing to know how to swim and quite another to be in a physical condition to do the swimming.—London Globe.

Conscience Versus Art. Shortly after Tennyson's poem "The Vision of Sin" appeared an eminent mathematician sent the poet a letter that ran like this: "Dear Sir—I find in a recent poem of yours, entitled 'The Vision of Sin,' the following unwarranted statement: 'Every moment dies a man, and every moment one is born.' I need hardly point out that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is an established fact that the said population is constantly on the increase. I would therefore suggest that in the next edition of this poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows: 'Every moment dies a man, and one and a sixteenth is born.' I may add that the exact figures are 1.167, but something must, of course, be conceded to the laws of rhythm."

Hugging a Delusion. Willie—Father, what does hugging a delusion mean? Father—Well, my boy, young Mr. Strong is an instance. He thinks your sister Clara is only twenty-two!

"Is far better to love and be poor than to be rich with an empty head."

Queer Looking Worms. New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands as well as portions of the Hawaiian group are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the mollusk. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "maiti-iki" which means "terrors with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Good and Evil. Nothing is truly good to a man who does not make his best, temporary, courageous and free, and looking out to be evil to a man who does not give him the contrary of a question.—Marcel Aurelius.

Significant Signals. "Do you not see the water running on the wall?" asked the doctor on the train. "No," replied Senator Sherman, "the headlines in the newspapers are enough for me."—Washington Star.

Even as her shriek of wild dismay came out a loud automobile came chuff-

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. THROUGH PARLOR CAR SERVICE. WEEK-DAYS BETWEEN WILKES-BARRE AND HARRISBURG. BEGINNING NOVEMBER 27, 1910. Train No. 41. 7.00 A. M. Leave.....WILKES-BARRE.....Arrive 7.50 P. M. 9.25 A. M. Arrive.....SUNBURY.....Leave 5.30 P. M. 9.55 A. M. Leave.....SUNBURY.....Arrive 5.03 P. M. 11.45 A. M. Arrive.....HARRISBURG.....Leave 3.10 P. M. Train No. 50. For stops at intermediate stations consult New Time Tables. J. R. WOOD Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD General Passenger Agent.

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