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The Story of a Hero.

(Translated from the French of Louis Colla.)

You have often seen him, *Père Martin*, pass through the fields with a hasty tread, recognizable not only by his blouse and his regulation hat, but also by the sustained activity of his movements, because for him the instants are counted and he has not time to slacken his pace. An indefatigable walker, in the letters, newspapers and prospectuses which he distributed, he took from the first to the last day of the year without even resting. No matter though a tropical sun invite all creatures to become motionless, though the cold be Siberian, though it blow and snow, he must go to the last village on his way, to the blackest of the mountainsides and prospectuses which he distributed by millions to the care of the post.

The highways are not made for him, and he must cross the country, passing through woods and marshes, to seek the hut lost in the depths of solitude, far removed from any public road.

He came, he came, he came, leagues daily, making cruntes, crossing bogs, scaling rocks, venturing into ravines and wounding himself among the hedges and briars. Loitering is forbidden to him for the official hour of return is fixed; the minutes he brings back must depart with the clock. He is not to be seen at the postoffice, and the least variation of his programme may have grave consequences.

We cannot, without ingratitude, forget the services of this incorruptible messenger, whose probity and zeal are so easily put to proof, who brings us at a certain hour, in the letters, the newspapers, the news, the expectation of which keeps us full of anxiety; who contribute to soften for us the bitterness of absence and distance. Imagine the void the disappearance of these humble functionaries would leave in our existence.

I knew a man who for twenty years filled this position. A former soldier, thanks to irreproachable records of service strengthened by a little influence, he had obtained the great favor of having placed to his credit fifty francs per month, and he left the district.

Père Martin was not very fond of his brilliant position, but he perfectly understood his responsibility and duties; he never complained.

Everybody in the district was acquainted with this little gray haired man with bronzed features, whose limbs had become like iron. He knew to the centimeter the distance separating the smallest hamlet from the chief town of the district, and was familiar with all the paths and by-ways.

To spare himself half an hour's walk he never would have thrown into a ditch a letter or a newspaper. In some printed matter bearing a doubtful address, if he returned anything to the postoffice it was because its destination could not be found. He was the slave of his orders, as punctual as the clock, and so discreet as to discourage the most curious. Everybody greeted him kindly when he arrived at a village; the children came to him, and even dogs barked joyously at his approach. There was considerable rivalry as to who should offer him a glass of cider and a slice of bacon. But he rarely accepted anything. Time passed and he did not like to contract troublesome obligations.

Hence the notes made concerning him were excellent, and his chief regretted that the personnel of the administration only permitted them to reward his loyal services with contemptible gifts.

One day in the middle of October he departed on his usual round. The weather was frightful; it had been raining incessantly for more than a week. The brooks had become bogs, and the trees what foliage remained on the trees was so impregnated with water that it could not offer a protecting shelter. The postman, wet to the skin, walked with the impassability of an old soldier who does not discuss his orders.

He distributed a portion of his mail, but his round was far from being finished, when he passed an inn, or rather a miserable drinking house, situated at the entrance of a wood. This place was mainly patronized by saboteurs, who found there alcoholic drinks and a few groceries.

"Eoi Monsieur, the postman, stop here for a moment; while you are giving me the information I need, the violence of the storm will abate."

This invitation was addressed to him by a man who, with a pipe in his mouth, was standing upon the threshold of the drinking house.

The rain was pouring down at that moment; a fierce blast swept it into Père Martin's face, prevented him from walking and bent to the ground the stalwart traveler.

The postman was a little ahead of time, and the demands of the service do not go so far as to forbid the acceptance of a momentary shelter when it offers itself under such circumstances.

He, therefore, went into the house and sat down by the fire which crackled on the hearth. The man who had invited him to enter threw upon him some branches, which were soon in flames; a heavy vapor arose from Martin's soaked garments.

The stranger interrogated the postman as to the hours of the departure of the mails, and asked him a host of questions about himself, his service and everything concerning it.

"You know me, then?" said the postman.

"Parbleu! Everybody loves and respects you here; Père Martin's value

well known. I hope you will not refuse to drink with me. Ho! Madame Rosier, two glasses of your best brandy."

"What a woman! And on them and returned to her occupation."

"What a dog's trade you follow, Pere Martin!" said the man. "Will it take you much longer to finish your round? You doubtless have yet to go to the Lenda Grise, to Plessis. I know some of those who are impatiently waiting for you there. You will wish to go to the vicinity. If you wish it I will relieve you of your letters."

"Thank you; I will deliver them myself."

"That's yourself out and out. After all, you are right. It is your duty to deliver them."

"The devil is doing with alacrity which did not encourage the postman, he took up the sack the latter had placed beside him, seemed to feel its weight, and turned it over and over.

"Let my sack alone, please," said Martin, coldly. "You have disarranged all my letters. I shall no longer know what to do.

"The other humbly excused himself for this awkwardness.

"The level is separable," added he. "Seat yourself at this table and you will have no trouble to arrange the letters according to the route you should take."

The postman emptied his sack before him and began to arrange his letters. His questioner affected to keep discreetly at a distance, but found an opportunity to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder.

While Martin was busy with his work he heard furious growls behind him.

"Pere Martin, help me to prevent your dog from strangling mine," said his acquaintance.

The postman arose and caught his dog by the skin of the neck. The animal's fury contrasted with its habitual gentleness.

This fact seemed strange to Martin. He felt distrust of the communicative stranger grow upon him. He was about to leave the table, to open the sack, when the man, as if to see what was the state of the weather, opened the door.

At the same instant the wind swept impetuously into the room, which it filled with a thick smoke, and, lifting the letters spread out upon the table, scattered them in every direction.

The postman uttered an exclamation of anger.

"Bah! it is nothing," said the person who had caused the accident. "We two will speedily gather them up."

And without heeding the refusal of Martin, who wished to avoid his help and do the work alone, he began to search for the letters.

When they had collected all they could find, the postman carefully examined them; then he seemed worried, as if he had not the full number.

"Are there any missing?" asked his companion.

"It appears to me that there was another letter."

"Bah! Either you are deceived or you forgot it at the postoffice."

"That is quite possible."

He said to himself that it must be so. However, he resumed his hunt and searched beneath the furniture. He found nothing, and concluded that his memory did not served him faithfully, for he had watched his companion's movements, and did not seem admissible to him that he had stolen a letter. Nevertheless he hastened to depart, regretting that he had entered the drinking house. The man who had chattered with him inspired in him a veritable repulsion, and it was his rule, because of the habits of discretion which the postoffice regulations imposed on all agents, to keep at a distance all who did not appear to him worthy of confidence.

The storm had somewhat abated its fury, the rain soon ceased to fall, and bright sunshine lighted up the country when the postman reached the nearest village.

The woman was at the door of her house awaiting his passage. She was still young, and, without possessing remarkable beauty, had a neat and sympathetic countenance.

"Monsieur Martin," said she to the postman, "have you a letter for me?"

"No, Madame Andre, I have not."

"That is strange; my husband should have written to me to-day; you cannot imagine how much his silence troubles me."

She grew pale and seemed scarcely to have the strength to sustain herself.

The postman assisted her into the house and handed her a chair, upon which she let herself fall. Two charming children, fixed on her sad and anxious looks.

"You will receive a letter to-morrow, Madame Andre," said Pere Martin; "the delay of a day is easily explained; your husband was disappointed, some unforeseen business suddenly demanded his attention and he missed the mail."

"No; I know him and cannot understand this. You are aware that he departed two months ago from the city. Some work was to be attended to which promised to bring him in a great deal of money; a small inheritance was also to be received. But all is concluded. He sent me word that he would return this evening; he has made his arrangements to that end. To-morrow the firm of La Mane is to go for he has decided to purchase either all or part of it. It is an opportunity which will never again present itself, but I would prefer a thousand times that he should miss it to have him returning without notifying me."

"Why?"

"Because some one has wicked designs against him, and at night a terrible blow is soon struck. You know that there are two routes by which to return here; one is longer than the other, but safer. I am afraid lest he may return by way of the Moulin-Brule, the more so as there is some one to see that direction. I tremble at the mere thought of it. If only I knew—"

The postman strove to calm her fears, but she shook her head.

"You can't think," resumed she, "what certain men are capable of, when they have a grudge against anybody."

She seemed to hesitate, and then added:

"If I tremble it is not simply because my husband will have to pass through a dangerous spot with money in his pocket, but also because there is in the district a wretch whose dearest wish is to put five feet of earth between them."

"This hatred dates from long ago. When I was a young girl he wanted to marry me, but he filled me with horror. He has never pardoned me for having repulsed his offers, and has enveloped in the same hatred the man I preferred to him. He hates George and myself for being in easy circumstances, while he vegetates in want, as if honest people were responsible for the mistakes of idlers and drunkards. This is not all. A crime was recently committed; suspicions were aroused, but proofs were wanting to possess them and the guilty man knows it. Ah! it is a dangerous secret for a woman who has only children around her."

"Yesterday he accosted me to sound me; I did not hide from him my contempt. He saw clearly that he was unmasked in my eyes; he overwhelmed me with his insults. I took the unfortunate notion to say to him that soon, when my husband returned, when he had a man before him, he would be less presumptuous. Oh! if you knew what glances his eyes shot at me, what an expression of hatred his features wore!"

"I know that often during the night he haunted me with the Moulin-Brûle. If this man should discover that my husband is to pass through that place, I tell you, Monsieur Martin, he is lost."

"What is the scoundrel's name?"

"Jean Bruno. It is not astonishing that you are acquainted with him, for since his return to the district he has not publicly shown himself."

The postman was silent. He remembered having heard the woman at the drinking house call the man he had met there by that name. He asked himself in consternation if the letter had not been stolen from him, but he recalled all the circumstances and banished this supposition. He felt certain that the epistle had not been in his sack; he remembered himself and sought to reassess the woman; yet he resolved to wait for his husband's arrival at the chief town of the district to advise him to be prudent.

He hastened away, and when he was alone his fears regained possession of him. He again began to doubt, and little by little was seized upon by a terror he could not explain. He increased his pace and leaped over the hedges and ditches with unusual nimbleness. Unfortunately, his round that day was exceptionally long, and the bad weather in advance had made considerably delayed him.

He reached the postoffice a little later than was his custom. The woman who distributed the mails, on being consulted by him, affirmed that he had taken away a letter for Mme. Andre. One of her assistants confirmed this declaration.

The postman was thunderstruck. He saw with fright the heavy responsibility that was upon him. He could imagine nothing when he remembered that time and again, at the moment of opening the mail bags, a man had presented himself, asking if there was anything for Mme. Andre!

He flew rather than ran to the office of the coach which carried passengers from the chief station on the railway to the chief town. George Andre had arrived, but had set out immediately on foot for his village.

The news gave Martin a violent shock. The prospect of a catastrophe for which he would be responsible arose before him. He saw this man who had returned with joy in his heart, encouraging him to cross the threshold of his home through his faults, and misfortune overtaking the widow and orphans. The darkest clouds troubled his imagination.

He did not hesitate, and, without taking time to enter his dwelling, started off again. Those who saw him pass, absorbed in his thoughts and noticing no one around him, asked themselves what grave affair could have caused this pathosless haste on the part of a man who must have come back from his round broken by fatigue.

After having passed over a fourth of the distance he inquired concerning the traveler, and asked if he had been seen. He had gone on some time before. The joy of return had given wings to his instinct, as the light of misfortune to the averted hand. It increased the speed of the postman. There was no longer even the shadow of a doubt; the fated man had taken the path which led straight to the Moulin-Brûle. Pere Martin calculated that, by crossing over another path, which, after all, was rough and dangerous, he could save time.

He hastened on and reached the fatal spot when the night was already advanced. The place was well fitted up for an ambuscade. There was a species of cut through the rocks. On both sides bushy trees formed an impenetrable island, and the moon's rays at each instant veiled the moon, the rays of which added to the sinister character of the landscape.

He paused; amid the rustling of the foliage agitated by the wind he thought he heard the sound of approach in footsteps; it was doubtless George Andre, whom he had preceded only by a few minutes, and he was going to meet him when the report of a rifle rang out and a ball struck him full in the breast.

The assassin emerged from a neighboring thicket, but on approaching his victim to finish and rob him he found himself in the presence of a new actor and vented his disappointment in a horrible cry. He recognized George Andre. The blade of a knife dashed in his hand, but he was not allowed time to use it—a club descended vigorously upon his head and felled him to the ground.

A woman distracted with terror, at this moment threw herself on the postman's body.

"Oh! how wretched I am!" cried she. "I foresee; he has killed him!"

Madame Andre had not been able to subdue her uneasiness, and, at the hour she supposed her husband ought to arrive, she had come to wait for him; at the report of the gun, she had run forward precipitately.

"Jeanne," said her husband to her, "rescue yourself; I am unhurt."

"Not, you? Who then has he assassinated?"

They bent over Martin's body and recognized him in the moonlight which at that instant illuminated his face and uniform.

The husband and wife carried him to their home, where he lived only twenty-four hours. He related how he had allowed to be stolen from him the letter in which George Andre had announced his return, and how he had decided to prevent at any price the consequences of his negligence, even if he should be compelled to offer his life in exchange for that of the father of a family whom he had involuntarily helped to place in peril.

An acute victim of duty, he had added another act to the line of those unknown sacrifices which are made daily, without being encouraged by the hope of recompense, without even having for indemnification the remembrance they should leave behind them.

DAUGHTER (home from school) —
"Now, papa, are you satisfied? Just look at this testimonial! The political economy is satisfactory; fine arts, more satisfactory; logic, excellent." Father —
"Very much so, my dear—especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of house-keeping, cooking, mending and the use of the sewing-machine, perhaps your married life will indeed be happy."

WE HAVE heard both Democrats and Republicans say that there is nothing better for a cough than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; this old reliable remedy never fails to cure a Cough or Cold at once, and may be obtained at any drug store for 25 cents a bottle.

Joaquin Miller's Hero.

Joaquin Miller's "Thomas of Tigre" is not only a real person, but he is the most prominent man in Central America. His names is James Thomas. He was born in New York, studied law, and went to Cincinnati. There he fell in love with a "Juliet" and decided to become a tragedian. He turned up in New York, where he started a newspaper. Having joined an expedition to Cuba, he was shipwrecked and floated around on a log for two days. Returning to New York, he became a Bohemian, formed the acquaintance of Lippard, North, Fitz James O'Brien and other noted writers, scribbled rhyme, and finally became the editor of a widely-known New York journal, which is now published. Returning to New Orleans, he killed a rival in a duel. Other adventures followed in Texas, Northern Mexico and California. A return to Texas was characterized by a duel with a famous desperado named Jack Turley, known as "The Diamond Merchant," known as "The Diamond Merchant," who carried a large number of valuable diamonds in Brazil and made good his escape. Next came the expedition of Walker to Nicaragua, which he joined. Since he has been here he has amassed an immense fortune. At the end of a lively revolution he was taken before the successful ringleader.

"What would you have done with me if I had taken your power?" asked the opposing General.

"Had you shot in three hours," replied Thomas.

"Very well," was the answer; "that shall be your doom."

There chanced to be in the audience a wealthy Spanish lady, who did not approve of the summary execution of handsome young men, and to her golden influence popular opinion attributed the immediate reprieve and speedy release of Thomas. He is now determined to bid adieu to long farewell to the adventures and filibustering expeditions. In the center of the city he purchased a block of ground, built a spacious residence on it and, to use his own peculiar expression, "took up his eternal rest."

To such in petulant spirits, however, repose is impossible. He had no sooner become established for life than the demands of European travel possessed him. Shipping \$40,000 in gold to San Francisco, he arranged his affairs for a long absence and speedily followed the treasure. In three years he expended every dollar of it in the leading capitals of Europe. He formed the acquaintance, while abroad, of Swinburne, the Rossetti, and other English writers, and also became on friendly terms with many French authors of renown. He returned to Leon recently and is now living legally. I observed a copy of the "Songs of Sun Lands" in his well-selected library, and, taking it down, recited that much-admired poem, "Thomas of Tigre." He rose, and, with a gleam in his eye, but an expressed regret that Miller should have depicted him as a gambler, when, in fact, he had never staked a dollar on a game of chance in his life.—*San Francisco.*

An Unaccepted Invitation.

A man named Lehmaier of Rochester, N. Y., making a singular crusade against the flash newspapers, was invited to undertake it by seeing children gathered about the news stands looking at these Sunday mornings, and his method is to go where the publications are offered for sale, deliberately tear them up and invite the owner to have him arrested. He thinks that in a trial of this kind a newspaper developed as would stop the traffic. One newspaper told him arrested, but failed to push the matter to trial.

He Did Not Mince Matters.

A representative of the Lynn (Mass.), Item, in a late ramble throughout that city, gathered, among other scraps of interest and information the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 57 Market street, in response to a rumor of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son, Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which was perfectly helpless after being afflicted a hour with the pain. He was so great that he could not rest at night or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not mince matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. In pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt any rheumatism.

A WESTERN farmer of the old school, lamenting the paragon hired man of the past, thus speaks of the present: "He never whines, he wants to work. He won't eat with a knife. He wants to drink and if we don't hang up a clean towel once a week, he wipes on his handkerchief. He wants a whole hour at noon, and after supper he trots off to a singing-school, or sits down to a newspaper."

HORACE B. DICK, Esq., associate editor of the *Delaware Co. Republican*, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of very severe rheumatism resulting from a fall. He appears to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE difference between our forefathers and some of their descendants, is that the former were called on to strike for their rights, and the latter to write for their rights. There is considerable of a variation.—*Steuvenville Herald.*

LORD BROW, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady" has been dangerously ill, but now she is dangerously well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the "dreadfuls" of the season, may keep telling, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

WHEN a man gets excited and rants around we say he is vehement. If a woman should do so, could we say she was so she ment?—Lampton.

"First a cough, carried me off. Then and then a coffin they carried me off in!" This will not be your epitaph if you take our cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Cough Syrup. There is considerable of a weak lungs, spitting of blood, night-sweats and the early stages of consumption. By all ruggists.

THIS is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. To man will learn from the sufferings of mother; he must suffer himself.

THROAT, BRONCHITIS, AND LUNGS DISEASES cured by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a self-treating. Address, **Worcester Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.**

NOTHING so attracts the face as cheerful countenance. The heart is in flower, the bloom and beauty of the face.

"Know thyself!" may be an excellent rule of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed it implicitly.—*Lampton.*

What Did It.

Maryetta, Tenn., April 20, 1881.
H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—I have been a sufferer from kidney trouble, the disease of the kidneys, which yielded neither to doctors, medicine, nor mineral springs. A few bottles of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, however, restored me to perfect health. GARD S. BOOKER.

A FARM of 1,600 acres in Barry county, Mo., is devoted to the breeding of mules.

Notice.

From the 10th of October, 1881, the 1st of July, 1882, genuine ROCK SPRING WATER will be supplied to customers by the Ellis & Co. of Bailey Springs, Ark., at the following rates:

Fine gallons in anti-corrosive can..	\$5.00
One gallon can refilled at.....	4.00
Five gallons in anti-corrosive can..	3.25
One gallon can refilled at.....	2.60
Fine gallons in glass bottles.....	7.50

Reasonable freight and express rates are given by all railroads. This water has been known for nearly fifty years as a cure for Dyspepsia, a sure cure for diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, a sure cure for all curable cases of Dropsy, a sure cure for Scrofulous cases of the Bones or Skin, and a certain destroyer of the terrible thirst for intoxicating drink that overcomes so many worthy resolutions. Deprive a drunkard of his dram for three days and meanwhile give him plenty of Rock Spring Water, and he won't want the thing again. Don't you think it's worth trying? If you do, drop a postal to Ellis & Co. It will cost only a cent.

You can't go amiss of death in this country. A Vermont woman got a dig in the back of a turkey, neglected her wound three or four days and then died of lock-jaw. Maybe the turkey is subject to hydrophobia.

CONSUMPTION is a disease we all dread. It often carries its victim to an untimely grave. How important, then, for those who cherish life and health, to prevent that disease in its early stages. Coughs or colds or rough should be treated with ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. There is better remedy.

A BALD-HEADED man down town calls for less remaining locks "as fool and his money," because they are soon parted.—*Lampton.*

TAKE Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four times per day and you will have no doctor's bills to pay.

The safest way now to send a postcard and is to inclose it in an envelope and add a 3-cent stamp on the outside.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventative against fever and cholera and other intermittent fevers, the celebrated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Russell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients suffering from fever or other sickness, it has equal.

MANTLES lined with monkey skins are sold in New York.

HEADACHE, bilious attacks, dizziness, and loss of appetite, are cured by Kidney-Wort.

"I'm down on you," as his small master once remarked to the youthful Pillikin.

A Sure Cure for Wits

Will be sent by mail to any address, postpaid, on receipt of one dollar. Address J. Alonzo Greene, Medical Doctor, 816 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

"Why don't you have some still about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for an entrance.

The great demand for Shriver's Indian Vermifuge lately does little intrinsic value. Thousands use it today preference to any other, and say that it destroys and expels worms effectually.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will lend their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other electro Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, General Weakness, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

F. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

A GOOD Investment. Buy a Twenty-five cent package of Allen's Lung Balm and put it under the pillow of your Horse and Cattle.

Poverty and Distress.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood, deprived of its richness it becomes scant and sterile, a collection of ailments in medical writings. Given this condition and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, impaired vitality, and kindred troubles, among the common results. If you are suffering from thin, poor blood employ Dr. Crocker's Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

GOLDEN MEDICAL REMEDY

STRICTLY PURE.

HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

BERNARD WRIGT, of Marlborough County, W. Va., writes us thus: "I had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced incurable by some physicians, when I used of Allen's Lung Balm externally cured me. However, that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world."

C. D. ROGERS, Merchant, of Bowling Green, Va., writes, April 4th, 1881, that he wants us to know that these Balsam was used six Months ago CONSUMPTION was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough, and that he was able to resume his occupation.

DR. MERREDD, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thoughtful in the last stages of CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friend to try Allen's Lung Balm after the former was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough, and that he was able to resume his occupation.

A. O. GRAHAM & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Cincinnati, Ohio, write us of the cure of Mattie Reese, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with CONSUMPTION in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balm cured him, as it has many others of BROCHITIS.

AS ALSO

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP.

All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakley, Ky., writes that he lacks time there is no remedy so effective as ALLEN'S LUNG BALM for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Others will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child!

It contains no Opium in any form!

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers, and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial.

There is an expectation it has no equal!

Sold by All Medicine Dealers.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM

It Contains No Opium in Any Form

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