

Out of Business.

Very we must Liquidate our business in order to do so, we will offer a stock consisting of all New, Sea-Goods. No cheap, shoddy stuff, and new factory lines of Shoes for Women, and Children at manufacturer prices. No fake sale to raise cash, but just what we say: the goods in order to wind up our affairs. Your opportunity, so take advantage of it.

TURNER SHOE CO.

SEE THE Fireworks!

And the Many Nice Things Santa Claus has left with us.

- Cannon Cracker Salutes, per pkg. 5c.
 - Torpedoes, Loud Popping Fellows, per pkg. 3c. and 5c.
 - Roman Candles, all sizes, each 1c. to 8c.
 - Drums, Dolls, Tea Sets, Guns, Whistles, Driving Reins, Horns, Banks, Books, Book-Straps, Wheelbarrows, Wagons, Carts, Tool Sets, Blocks, Marbles, Rubber Balls, Baseballs, Rattles, Rings, Etc.
- See our Line of Stationery, Jewelry and Toilet Articles. Prices in keeping with 8c. cotton.

Manning Grocery Co.

THE SANTA CLAUS STORE.

PLOWDEN HARDWARE CO.

The place to buy your Hardware of all kinds. Headquarters for:

SPORTING GOODS

The best makes of Double and Single Barrel Shotguns at lowest prices. A full line of Loaded Shells, Powder and Shot, Rifles and Cartridges. Air Rifles for the Boys. The best

COOKING RANGES

on the market for the money. Stoves of all sizes. Heaters for the winter.

We especially ask the Ladies to inspect our stock Enamel Ware Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Carving Sets, Etc. Beautiful Line Pocket Cutlery.

Plowden Hardware Company.

The Greatest

REDUCTION SALE

Ever Offered!

25 PER CENT. OFF

On the Entire Stock of Clothing from Regular Prices for 20 Days Only.

D. HIRSCHMANN

WHIMS IN WILLS.

Curious Desires Have Actuated Many Testators. The dryness of the law is sometimes alleviated by the freaks and whims that appear in wills. Some persons have used their wills as means of paying off old scores. In 1770 Stephen Swain of the parish of St. Claves, London, left "John Abbott and Mary, his wife, 6 shillings each for a halter for fear the sheriff should not be provided." In 1703 Philip Thicknesse willed that his right hand be cut off and sent to his son "in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God after the manner of the deceased that he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him." Lieutenant Colonel Nash got even with his wife by leaving the bell ringers of Dath abbey £50 a year on condition that they muffle the bells of said abbey on the anniversary of his marriage and ring them with "doleful accentuation from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m." and on the anniversary of his death to ring a merry peal for the same space "in memory of his happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness." Jasper Mayne, who died in 1620, must have been a person of humor. He left his servant an old valise, stating that it contained something that would enable him to drink. When the valise was opened it was found to contain only a red herring. Occasionally a testator exhibits an original idea as to the disposition of his body. Sicut Bencit, whose will was probated in Paris in 1577, ordered that he be buried in his old trunk to save the expense of a coffin. He added that he was attached to the trunk, it having gone around the world with him three times.—New York Post.

FAKE PAINTINGS.

One of the Ingenious Tricks of the Picture Dealer. The tricks of the picture dealer? They are not to be counted. Here is one that was played quite recently. A dealer ordered from an artist a tavern scene in the old Dutch style signed in the corner with a facsimile of Jan Steen's signature. When the smoky look of age had been given it the dealer eyed it with approval. "Splendid!" he said to the needy artist. "It's a pity you shouldn't have the credit of it. Pray sign it with your own name. It may make your reputation." The poor artist, delighted, painted over the signature of Jan Steen and set his own name there. Three weeks later the picture started for New York, consigned to a Fifth Avenue merchant of paintings. But by the same boat went an anonymous letter to the customer house officials warning them that an attempt was being made to smuggle in a chef d'oeuvre of the Dutch school worth \$40,000. The picture was seized. Experts were called in. They scamped the signature of the artist and found underneath that of Jan Steen. The importer had to pay a fine of 50 per cent—that is, \$20,000—and in addition \$8,000 duty. Three days later, however, he sold his Jan Steen (guaranteed by the United States government) for the round sum of \$50,000. Thus he made a profit, for the original cost of the picture was \$14-70 francs paid to the poor devil of an artist.—Broadway Magazine.

The Sneezing Predicament.

"Of all the embarrassing predicaments, the one that I was in was the worst ever," said a prosperous downtown business man, addressing his partner in their office on the fifteenth floor of one of the Broadway skyscrapers. "I got in the elevator a few moments ago," he continued, "and the draft as we shot roofward caused me to sneeze. I felt it coming, and as I opened my mouth for a hearty 'achoo' it popped my \$150 set of false teeth. Say, when that car full of silly snotters began to sneaker I could have gone through a keyhole without touching sides, top or bottom!"—New York Globe.

Forces a Discharge.

"The Japanese servant has many curious traits," said the man who keeps one, "besides his constant habit of eating raw fish, but he is inordinately polite, as a rule. For instance, he never will give you notice that he wishes to leave you. Instead his work will grow steadily worse and worse till you can't stand it any longer, and so you fire him. It's always done purposely to avoid the necessity of telling you outright that he is tired of you and wants to quit."

Social Analogy.

Mrs. Subbubs—That Mrs. Newcome just moved into the Dudley's old house on Saturday, so called today. Mr. Subbubs—Well, well, how like poker this social game is! Mrs. Subbubs—How do you mean? Mr. Subbubs—Why, in poker you also "call" when you want to see what the other person's got.—Philadelphia Press.

The Missing Feature.

"That meadow scene looks far from natural," declared the stage manager. "What can all it?" "Begosh, I believe it's the absence of advertising signs!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sneaky.

Magistrate—Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir? Witness—Well, sorr, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until your back's turned.

There's no phosphorescence in flowers.

to speak of, but they may lighten up many a darkened spot in life.—Manchester Union.

The Bad Spot.

An Irishman one day was told to put up a signboard on which were the words, "To Motorists—This Hill Is Dangerous."

Away went Mike with the signboard.

and placed it at the bottom of a very steep hill. A few days later his employer went to see how the board was put up and, finding it at the bottom of the hill, shoutingly found Mike. "You blooming fool!" he cried. "Why didn't you put that sign in the right place?" "Shure and alint it?" asked Mike. "Don't all the accidents happen at the bottom?"—Harper's Weekly.

The Cricket's Chirp.

The variation of speed in the chirping of crickets depends so closely on temperature that the heat of the thermometer may be calculated by observing the number of chirps in a minute. At 60 degrees F. the rate is eighty chirps a minute, at 70 degrees F. 120 per minute, and the rate increases four chirps to the minute with a change of one degree. Below a temperature of 50 degrees F. the cricket is not likely to make any sound.

THE ACT OF DYING.

Reasons For Believing That Dying Is an Easy Matter. The more ultimate process may be a relatively easy matter for a person who has been long suffering more on any given life than he will suffer in departing from his body. It is a broken bone, a disordered vital course more anguish than struggle. I have my doubts as to the last pang is had as it is by Charles Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's Bazar. We are told by surgeons that chloroformed patients may give apparent evidence of acute agonies which they do not feel. Death itself is often an anaesthetic so merciful that what people call "living trouble" is obviously a worse matter.

I, for instance, who have never fainted and never been anaesthetized in my life, have twice become from serious causes unconscious for a short time, and I have often wished that I could make over to some receding soul whose name has been heard ringing upon the last roll call the unspeakable comfort which that brief experience has given me. There was no pang, no terror, no time, no chance, for either. One seemed to glide gently and swiftly down a warm abyss, flower scented, grass grown, safe and beneficent, into unutterable content. One melted into peace. One drifted into ecstasy beside which the deepest joys of consciousness are poor, pale things.

HIS THREE WIVES.

They Were All in One Picture, but Did Not Stay There. Allan Cunningham in his "Lives of British Painters" tells a story of Copley, the father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, which reveals what a portrait painter endures from the vanity and eccentricity of his sitters. A certain man had himself, his wife and seven children painted by Copley in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said the man on seeing the finished picture, "and that is the portrait of my first wife. This one is my second."

A Bad Dream.

It is not likely that any English speaking people understand so keen and punctilious a devotion to the niceties of language as that which characterizes the French grammarians. We may help ourselves to understand it perhaps by reading a story told of M. Lamany. One night he awoke and sprang out of bed with a wild cry. His wife came running. He was in alarm and despair. "Why, what is the matter?" she gasped. "I dreamed," said the professor. "Oh, I had a horrible, a heartrending dream!" "What was it?" "I dreamed I was talking, and I distinctly heard myself utter a sentence which had a grammatical error in it!"

Couldn't Miss the Chance.

One scarcely looks for humor in an undertaker, but that this, like most things, has its exceptions, was proved recently in Scotland. A tract distributor had affixed this text to a tree on the highway. "It is appointed to man one opportunity to be missed by the local purveyor of coffins, who promptly added the following announcement: 'Funerals economically furnished by Blank.'"

Honor.

"What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peabody. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambler's debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him twenty-seven years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

Art in the Soup.

"The artist's wife leaned over and looked at her husband's soup after she had handed it to him. "Oh," she cried, as she looked at the scroll the fat had made in your soup. Isn't it artistic? Don't eat it. It is so beautiful."

Forced Economy.

"Poor Tom, it cost him a terrible lot to give up his sweetheart." "Then why did he?" "Because it would have cost him a great deal more if he hadn't!"—London Tatler.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance. "No, I ain't going." "Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.' And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now can you say all that, Jenny?" "Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtsey. "There ain't nobody going."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Vague.

Lady of Uncertain Age—Ah, major, were none of us as young as we were. Major (absentmindedly, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated)—My dear lady, I'm sure you don't look it.—Punch.

A Mean Reply.

She—Do you remember that thirty years ago you proposed to me and that I refused you? He—Oh, yes. That's one of the most treasured recollections of my youth.

THE DRUG FIEND.

Hasheesh Makes Its Slave Utterly Useless For Any Service. One of the drugs that are most striking in their effects is hasheesh, or Cannabis indica, largely taken in Asiatic countries, where I used myself to meet its votaries. Its chief peculiarity is to make one believe with all his might whatever is suggested to him. If he is an Arab, he thinks that he is a sultan, and straightaway he orders heads to be cut off. Tell him he is a rooster, and he will crow. I knew of two Americans who experimented on themselves, and when the first was told that he was like a locomotive he snorted and whistled and kept going round the table patting and blowing until he dropped from sheer fatigue.

The other somehow conceived the idea that he was dead and forthwith gave elaborate directions for his own funeral till he waxed wroth at the unseemly mirth of his companions when they should have wept. Hasheesh makes its slave utterly useless for any service, and so with the other drugs. Their victims one and all end in becoming do-nothings. Self made do-nothings, or those who are so by drug taking, are much worse than useless.

The opium fiend from long living in an unreal world becomes transformed into the most all round liar in the land, the very embodiment of untruthfulness. One of them victimized me with a loan that he might go and close the eyes of his dying mother when her eyes needed no such closing for years afterward. Another sent from a western city to his wife a telegram which purported to come from an undertaker demanding money to pay for shipping his body home. This money, when it came, he, and unfortunately no undertaker, pocketed and threw away. We all know what the confirmed drunkard becomes, but not till the judgment day will the whole story be known of the griefs and tears of the innocent ones whom the drunkard made to suffer while he was here.—Everybody's Magazine.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

Nerve Displayed by Daniel O'Connell at a Critical Moment. Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, rushed up to the platform and hoarsely whispered: "Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!" "Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly: "I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

His Plan Was Simple.

Frederick the Great once requested his generals to submit to him plans of campaign for a supposititious case. Hans Joachim von Zieten, the famous cavalry general, produced a queer diagram in black ink. It represented a big blot in the center, intersected by two black lines, whose four terminals ended each in a smaller blot. The king was furious and upbraided his old comrade in arms bitterly for what he considered disrespect.

In explanation Von Zieten said: "Why, your majesty, I am the large blot in the center. The enemy is any one of the four smaller blots. He can march upon me from the right or left, from the front or rear. If he does I simply advance upon any of the four lines and lick him where I find him." Frederick was satisfied.

Statistics.

In all probability the first administrative act of the first regular government was to number its fighting men and to ascertain as nearly as was possible what amount of taxation could be levied on the rest of the community. As human society grew more highly organized there can be no doubt that a very considerable body of official statistics must have come into existence.

His Glorious Victory.

The commanding officer had surprised the young lieutenant and his daughter trying to occupy the same chair. The lieutenant sprang to his feet and saluted. "Sir," he said, "I have the honor to report an engagement at close quarters in which I have been entirely victorious. I have now only remaining for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender."—London Scraps.

Influence of Pluck.

The blindest, the most purely instinctive, effort of mere pluck has a lifting power and deserves our thankful admiration. Every degree and every form of courage tends to raise the whole tone of life within the range of its influence in proportion to the amount and the quality of the endurance exercised.—Hibbert Journal.

His Phenomenal Luck.

"You say he is lucky?" "You bet." "In what does his luck consist?" "Marriage, you see, is his hobby." "Well?" "Every woman he marries gets a divorce."

Wooden.

Tenement Tessie—And de novel says de heroine had a wilefery form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when shee him coming froo de gate. Shanty Sue—Gee, where did shee work—in a sawmill?—Exchange.

Businesslike England.

The English are not a revengeful people. They forget everything after a fight in their eagerness to trade with their late enemy. It is not so much the spirit of forgiveness of sins which prompts them as the spirit of pushing trade. That is the central impulse in their being.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

Where He Was Slow.

"Alexander the Great conquered the entire world." "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "He conquered it, but some of us moderns could have shown him a thing or two about making it pay dividends."—Washington Star.

Three Signs.

Peculiarities of signs are a source of never ending delight to some people. One man reached his office grinning the other morning because on his way downtown he had seen three signs that read as follows: "Teddy Bears Retained," "Baby Carriages Retired" and "Umbrellas Recovered."—New York Post.

A FATAL CARD.

How it Killed the Religious Department of the London Times. When the Thunderer decided to devote one or more of its columns daily to an ecclesiastical department all England sat up and admired. The man chosen to conduct the column was a rather elderly and occasionally convivial younger son who for years had contributed church news to the paper, but had never dreamed that he should attain the extreme honor of actually becoming one of the editors of the Thunderer, that world shaking power. The promotion went to his head, made him dizzy. He saw himself a power in the land, one who perhaps would make or unmake ecclesiastical dignitaries.

On the morning of the announcement of the new venture the new incumbent came into town on his usual train from Burlington, his head swimming with delight. At the foot of Ludgate Hill he met an old friend, whom he forthwith led into the Green Dragon bar. "Arthur," said he, "we really must celebrate. What do you suppose has happened? Oh, you'd never, never dream it! Look! What do you say to that, old boy?"

That was a newly engraved card.

on which appeared this announcement: MR. CECIL APPELBY BOTSFORD, HETHERINGTON, Ecclesiastical Editor, The Thunderer.

"My word, old chap, it's the most delightful news I've heard in an age!" cried his friend. "Let's have just one more. Here's to you! Success!" Before he reached Temple Bar the ecclesiastical editor had met five other friends. To the fifth he observed: "If you know Ned, with the card I could call on the archbishop of Canterbury. Yes, he'd see me immediately. Won't he? It indicates position of extraordinary responsibility 'n' dignity."

Halfway to the office of the Thunderer Mr. Botsford-Hetherington hailed a hansom. "Have you," he inquired, with much gravity—"have you a fast and well appointed cab? Yes? Very well, then. You may drive me to Lambeth palace."

At the palace a footman took one of the new cards and conducted the owner to a pleasant reception room, where he snuggled in a vast chair and instantly went to sleep.

The archbishop of Canterbury happened to be very busy with his chaplain, but at the sight of the card he felt sure that something of importance was at hand and sent his chaplain to inquire. That tall, slender, dark, ascetic gentleman strode slowly to the reception room and after a slight but decorous struggle succeeded in waking the caller.

"His grace," said the chaplain, "begs to know how he can serve the Thunderer?"

"Tell his grace," responded Mr. Botsford-Hetherington, "that I'm awfully busy thinking and I'm sorry I can't be able to see him till tomorrow. Very sorry." Forthwith he relapsed into slumber. Two sturdy men deposited him in his fast and well appointed cab and ordered the driver to deliver him at the office of the Thunderer. There the ecclesiastical editor and the ecclesiastical department simultaneously vanished.—Harper's Weekly.

Called Him In Writing.

A tourist in an out of the way region of England put up one night at an amiable old lady's cottage, the village inn being full. Now, the tourist was very deaf, which fact he took pains to impress upon the old lady, but with instructions to wake him at a particular hour in the morning. On waking a good deal later than the time appointed he found that the amiable old lady, with commendable regard for propriety, had slipped under his door a slip of paper on which was written: "Sir, it is half past 8!"—Harper's Weekly.

Her Husband's Business.

"Now, madam," said the gas man with the gray curl in the middle of his forehead after he had asked her twenty questions more or less apropos of her application for the privilege of paying for gas, "what is your husband's business? What is he doing now?" "I can't be sure, of course," the woman replied, "but I have my suspicions. I had to divorce him before he died."—New York Press.

A Stinging Retort.

Wax Bead (proudly)—I am going in a necklace which I am assured cannot be told from real pearls. Brass Ring (sarcastically)—Aw, they're stringing you.—Baltimore American.

A DREADFUL WEAPON.

The Slashing Sharks' Teeth Club of the Polynesians. Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient specimens from Mexico are heavy sticks grooved along the side for the insertion of blades of obsidian—that is, volcanic glass.

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Decree for Sale and Partition of Real Estate.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Decreeal Order of the Court of Common Pleas for Clarendon County, dated the 9th day of December, 1908, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, on Monday the 4th day of January, A. D. 1909, the same being situated in front of the Court House, within legal hours of sale, the following real estate: All that parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in Clarendon County, containing Four hundred and nine (409) acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit: On the North by lands of H. A. Kennedy and Robert M. Smith; on the East by lands of W. W. Kennedy; on the South by lands of Bartow Smith, and on the West by lands of M. C. and Joe Driggers.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

E. B. GAMBLE, Sheriff Clarendon County.

BEATY & BEATY, ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS.

Civil Engineering, Land Surveying, Drainage. Prompt attention to out-of-town patrons. Gaitheer Building. MANNING, S. C.

CHARLTON DURANT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, MANNING, S. C.

LIVE STOCK

There never has been in this market a cleaner lot of Horses and Mules than can now be found at our stables. Every Horse or Mule we sell goes with our guarantee.

Farm Mules, Draft Mules, Carriage Horses, Buggy Horses, Saddle and Driving Horses. Also Dr. White's famous Horse Remedies.

If you want a good, strong, handsome Buggy, Surrey or Wagon, we can supply you at prices to meet competition. Come to us for Harness, Saddles, Robes and Whips, and anything pertaining to this line. We want your personal inspection of our Stables, and we feel assured that we can suit you to a Horse, Mule or Buggy, Surrey or Wagon.

COFFEY & RIGBY

QUALITY.

We want to direct your attention first to our Line of Buggies. Our Rock Hill, Durham, Corbett and Babcock Buggies embrace every feature to be desired in a serviceable and perfect riding Buggy. If it is ease of motion, finish and durability in a Buggy you want, for the lowest dollar, we have it.

FREE. You get a ticket with each Buggy that entitles you to one chance at our fifty dollar prize. Somebody gets the money. Get in line and win.

WAGONS.

Our Line of Wagons is complete, and for lightness of draft and durability for the price we offer, is unapproached in any rival.

HORSES.

Our car load of Horses was unloaded this morning. Come in and select what you want from a car that has not been picked over. We will give you the benefit of our twenty-five years experience in helping you get just what you want.

LAP ROBES and HARNESS.

We now handle the celebrated 5-A Robes, and have the best Line ever shown in the county. Five hundred satisfied customers using our hand-made Harness. In fact we carry everything in our line you want. Guarantee the quality and satisfy you with the price when you buy.

We want your trade and are in shape to get it if you will inspect our line before you make your purchases. Yours wide awake and ready to serve you.

D. M. BRADHAM.

South Carolina. BERKELEY COUNTY. CLARENDON COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given, in accordance with the requirements of law, and especially of Section 24 Volume I of the Civil Code of South Carolina, that the undersigned intends to make an application to the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, at its coming session, for permission and authority to erect and maintain a proper bridge across the Santee River, from some point on its property on the North or East side as may be said river in Clarendon County to some point on its property on the South or West side as may be said river in Berkeley County; in the locality of its Mill Plant; and connecting the said Mill Plant with its property on the other side. Santee River Cypress Lumber Company. December 5, 1908.

Tax Notice.

The books for the collection of taxes will open on October 15, 1908, and close on March 15, 1909. The levies are as follows: State, 54 mills; ordinary county, 22 mills; special road, 2 mill; constitutional school tax, 3 mills; interest on court house bonds, 1 mill; interest on county bonds, 1 mill; special tax for School District No. 1, 2 mills; special tax for School District No. 2, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 3, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 4, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 5, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 6, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 7, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 8, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 9, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 10, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 11, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 12, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 13, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 14, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 15, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 16, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 17, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 18, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 19, 4 mills; special tax for School District No. 20, 4 mills; special tax for School District No. 21, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 22, 9 mills; special tax for School District No. 23, 1 mill; special tax for School District No. 24, 1 mill; special tax for School District No. 25, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 26, 4 mills; special tax for School District No. 27, 3 mills; special tax for School District No. 28, 3 mills. L. L. WELLS, County Treasurer.

Notice of Discharge.

I will apply to the Judge of Probate for Clarendon County on the 5th day of January 1909 for letters of discharge as administrator of the estate of July Watson deceased. DAVID LEVY, Administrator. St. Paul, S. C., December 4th, 1908.

LEE & McLELLAN, Civil Engineers and Land Surveyors, SUMMER, S. C.

Manzan Pile Remedies RELIEVES WHEN OTHERS FAIL

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Dr. King's New Life Pills The Best in the World

FOLEY'S HONEY AND SOAP stops the cough and heals

FOLEY'S HONEY AND SOAP for children; safe, sure. No