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Middletown, N. Y.

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BILIOUSNESS
Caused by
Acid-Stomach

If people who are bilious are treated according to local symptoms they seldom get very much better. Whatever relief is obtained is usually temporary. Trace biliousness to its source and remove the cause and the chances are that the patient will remain strong and healthy.

Doctors say that more than 70 nonorganic diseases can be traced to an Acid-Stomach. Biliousness is one of them. Indigestion, heartburn, belching, sour stomach, bloat and gas are other signs of acid-stomach. EATONIC, the marvelous modern stomach remedy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries which lead to a long train of ailments that make life miserable if not corrected.

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Our Daily Publication
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Explains upward and downward trend
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"Everybody's Friend" removes grease from clothes; guaranteed; sold on merit. 200% profit. Ladies, gentlemen. Single pkg. 25c. Anson Palmer, 1615 Race, Philadelphia, Pa.

Never judge a woman's age by her store teeth.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Rich men have coffers and poor men have coughs.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

Charity is to woman what veracity is to a man.

There is no excuse for the dyspeptic with Garfield Tea accessible at every drug store.—Adv.

No wise man ever gives advice until asked for it.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Night and Morning. *Have Strong, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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"I AM IN TROUBLE."

Synopsis.—Circumstances having prevented Spalding Nelson, clerk, from joining the American forces going to France, he is in a despondent mood when he receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way to the house he meets, under peculiar circumstances, a young girl, apparently in trouble, to whom he has an opportunity to be of slight service. She lives in the same apartment building as Rufus Gaston, and he accompanies her to the house. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and want to leave Nelson in charge of the apartment. He accepts. Gaston and his wife tell their great-nephew of mysterious noises—"whispers"—which they have heard in the house. On his way to the Gaston apartment the next Sunday Nelson again meets his accidental acquaintance of a few days before, Barbara Bradford. She urges him not to allow the fact of their being acquainted to be known. At the apartment Nelson meets the superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls, worth a small fortune. Meeting Barbara in the hallway she passes him without recognition. Dining in a restaurant he is conscious of the unpleasant scrutiny of a stranger, but a man whom he had seen before. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I dined in a little restaurant in one of the side streets and walked home. Immediately on entering the apartment I decided to put my money in the wall safe. There would be less temptation for me to spend it if I carried only a little in my pocket. As I opened the safe by means of the combination I made the astounding discovery that one of the jewel cases had disappeared.

And now I stood hesitating at the telephone. Self-protection bade me notify neither the superintendent nor the police. Yet I must do something. The jewels entrusted to my care had been stolen. The thief must be found and the pearls recovered.

Why should not I myself play the detective? I had abundant leisure now. My great-uncle had informed me that there was something wrong in the house and had charged me to discover what it was. Here was the opportunity for me to fulfill the trust he had imposed on me.

The thought flashed across my mind, too, that perhaps the crafty old gentleman had deliberately planned the disappearance of the gems. Perhaps he had devised an elaborate test to see if I was honest, if I was of the right caliber to be his heir. Maybe he and his wife had not gone to Maine at all. They might even be quartered in another apartment in this very house, surreptitiously entering when they knew I was absent. There really had been no necessity for them to give me the combination of the safe. They need not have told me anything about the pearls. I wondered if they themselves might not have taken away the jewel box just to see if I would discover the loss and to ascertain what I would do about it.

Another theory suggested itself. My aunt evidently prized her jewels highly. After they had started she might have repented having left them behind and have sent the old colored butler back to get them. He of course would have a key to admit him, and they would have supplied him with the safe combination, as they had me. Probably he had been told to leave some message for me and had forgotten to do so. More than likely in a day or two I would receive a letter from old Rufus that would explain everything.

I was glad now I had not notified the superintendent nor the police. My second theory surely was far more logical than the first. It seemed preposterous that they would risk hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gems just to test my honesty.

Still, I determined to make a thorough investigation. If they had been stolen, I would set about in a scientific way to discover the method of the theft and to bring about restoration. I would keep my investigation secret, and if it turned out that the pearls were safe, no one would know of my fright about the matter. I began outlining my work as a detective.

First, I would examine the safe knob for possible finger prints.

Second, I would interrogate Mrs. Burke. I would watch her carefully for any appearance of guilt. I would try, without arousing her suspicions, to ascertain if she had let her key out of her possession.

Third, I would insert an advertisement offering a reward for the return of the jewels, so worded that only the thief and myself would understand.

Fourth, I would try to locate the Gastons and would question the hall boys and telephone girl as to whether they had surreptitiously returned.

Fifth, I must try and discover what was in the mysterious letter that had led to my discharge. While this did not seem to have any connection with the other affairs that were troubling me, if I was to remain in New York and become better acquainted with Barbara Bradford, as I fondly hoped, I meant to have nothing hanging over me.

I was abou to get into bed, had turned out the light, in fact, when I recalled the errand that had led me to open the wall safe. I had more than two hundred dollars in my trousers pocket and I purposed putting it where it would be safe. With the feeling that if the jewels had disappeared, so might my money, I pressed the light button in the sitting room and looked about for a hiding place. Recalling a custom of my mother's, I stepped over to the bookcase and taking a Macaulay's History, Volume Three, from the shelf, placed between the leaves all of my money except fifteen dollars. No burglar was likely to find it there.

I extinguished the light and in the darkness stepped back into my bedroom, and stopped stock still.

From somewhere in the room there came three distinct taps. Instinctively I crouched in an attitude of self-defense and strained my ears to listen. My first impression was that there was someone in the room, probably the burglar. I hesitated about turning on the light. If he were armed it would give him all the advantage.

Breathlessly I listened. Once more there came three distinct raps, this time apparently from somewhere outside the room. I wondered if it had been sounds like these that had so terrified the old couple.

Perhaps it was the echo of someone pounding in another apartment, the noise being carried along by a water pipe. The thought that it might be the crackling of some hidden steam or refrigerating pipe suggested itself. Both these theories I rejected. The sound, whatever it was, had originated close at hand.

It came again. This time I was certain that it was not due to footfalls as I had at first conjectured. I was able, too, to locate more closely the direction from which it came. The window at the foot of the bed stood open, and the sound seemed to float in from somewhere outside. I hurried over to the window and thrust my head out. At first I could see nothing, but even as I looked a white arm thrust forth from an adjacent window on the same floor. It held a riding crop and reaching out as far as was possible it rapped three times on the sill of my window.

It dawned on me at once that the window next must belong to the Bradford apartment. It must be Miss Bradford trying to signal to me.

"Hello," I called out softly.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Nelson?" a relieved voice whispered. "I thought you would never hear. I must see you."

"Why didn't you phone me?"

"I couldn't. Someone might hear me."

"What's the matter?"

"I've had another letter."

"From those men in the park?"

"I suppose so."

"Tell me about it."

"I can't now. Can you meet me somewhere tomorrow?"

"Wherever you say."

"Do you ride?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I'll be in the cross lane that leads from McGowan's Pass tavern between eight and eight-thirty."

"I'll be there."

Whether or not she heard me I did not know. She withdrew quickly from the room as if someone had entered. I waited there in the window for a full hour in case she should wish to communicate with me again.



As I Read It I Stood There Aghast.

By and by the light in her window was extinguished, but even then I sat there at the window adjoining, hoping in vain that she would seek to renew the conversation.

When at last I got into bed I was in a jubilant mood. I had quite forgiven Miss Bradford for cutting me when she met me in company with her mother and sister. It was enough for me to know that when trouble again threatened her she had decided to trust in me and had sought my aid.

I fell asleep at last and slept for I do not know how long. Opening my eyes in the darkness I seemed to feel the presence of someone in the room. There was the sound of footfalls somewhere—muffled, seemingly some distance off. I was almost certain I could detect muttered words. In a curious detached state of mind I listened, wondering whether I was awake or asleep. The footsteps seemed to come closer, then recede. The whispering noise ceased. I sprang up, and hastily lighting up all the rooms, explored them thoroughly. There was no evidence anywhere of anyone's presence. As I lay there thinking about it, I decided that my illusion must have been a dream, due to my thought of spirit rappings when I first had heard Miss Bradford's signal.

I was still thinking about my experience when I awoke early the next morning. Springing lightly out of bed, I stopped in utter bewilderment. There, in the center of the room on the floor lay a small white folded slip of paper. It could not have been a dream, after all. I had heard footsteps and whispers. I had not imagined it. Someone had been in the room while I slept. There was the proof, the note they had dropped.

Wondering if Miss Bradford had found still another unusual way of communicating with me I hastened to pick up the folded paper that lay on the floor. On the outside it bore my name, in typewriting, "Mr. Spalding Nelson."

With eager fingers I unfolded the paper, wondering what message it contained. As I read it, I stood there, aghast. It ran:

"Why didn't you tell the police about the pearls?"

CHAPTER IV.

I had twice traversed the cross lane near McGowan's Pass tavern waiting for Barbara Bradford. Although it had been my intention to ride thither I was amazed to learn on applying at two of the stables near the park entrance to hire a horse that the few they had there either were owned privately or had been already engaged.

There was nothing for me to do but to go to my rendezvous on foot. I had almost despaired of Miss Bradford's coming when I spied her cantering slowly along the lane, followed at a decorous distance by a groom. She was looking right and left and when she saw me her face brightened but she rode a few steps past me with no sign of recognition. I was wondering what to make of this new slight when she suddenly reined in and allowed the groom to come up with her.

"James," I heard her say to the groom, "my head aches, and the riding is making it worse. Take the horses back to the stable, and I will walk the rest of the way home."

"Very well, Miss Bradford," he said, touching his cap, as he assisted her to alight.

She waited until he had vanished and then hastened to the bench where I was seated, one I had purposely selected because it was half hidden by a turn in the road and the branches of a wide-spreading tree.

She colored vividly as I rose to greet her with outstretched hand.

"Oh, Mr. Nelson," she cried, "I don't know what you will think of me, asking you to meet me here. I am in trouble. I must tell someone. I don't know what to do!"

"The only thing to do," I suggested, "is to begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story. I've sisters of my own. Just pretend you are one of my sisters and let me help you."

She looked at me thoughtfully, studying me as if questioning whether or not I was to be trusted, and apparently deciding in the affirmative, told me an amazing story.

"It's all about my sister, Claire," she began. "She's five years older than I. She's a lovely girl, but she's—that is, she used to be—impulsive, romantic, and headstrong. She and my mother never got along well together, and she was sent away to boarding school. One winter, it was six years ago, mother was in Europe and only Dad and I were at home . . ."

She sighed sadly. Evidently her words were bringing back to her moments of heartache.

"To make a long story short, Claire ran away from the school and married—married a French chauffeur employed by a family in the neighborhood. She took me into her confidence a week later, and I—well, I told dad. There was a terrible time about it all. Dad found out that her husband was already married, had a wife and child right here in this city. He had the marriage annulled and managed to keep everything out of the papers. He threatened Claire's husband with prison and made him go back to France. Dad was simply wonderful. No one knew anything about Claire's escapade except ourselves, the principal of the school, and the judge down in Nassau county, who ordered the marriage annulled. Dad kept mother abroad until after it was all over, and to this day she never has heard a word about it."

"Your father must be a wonderful man," I said enthusiastically.

"He was," she said simply. "He has been dead two years."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I cried, "I did not know."

"If Dad were alive he would know what to do. You see, when he died, there was not much money left. We're really little better than paupers. We've been living from day to day on our tiny capital, and Mother has been working every wire to arrange a good match for Claire. I wanted to do something, to go out and earn a living for myself, but she never would consent. She insisted I'd be damaging Claire's prospects if I went into trade, as she calls it, and I promised her I'd do nothing until after Claire is safely married."

"And is she to be married?" I asked.

A troubled expression came into her face.

"She was to be, but now I don't know. She is engaged to marry young Harry D. Thayer, who is worth a lot of money, but someone has found out about her secret."

"How did they find out?" I asked eagerly. I understood now the mysterious meeting in the park that had brought me first into touch with Barbara Bradford. Some band of rascals was trying to blackmail Claire Bradford, and her sister was trying to save her.

"That's the greatest mystery of all," exclaimed Miss Bradford. "Before Dad died he turned over to me all the papers about the annulment of Claire's marriage. Somehow he seemed to rely on me far more than on either Mother or Claire. He explained to me the importance of always keeping them, in case the past should ever crop up, but he charged me to see that they always were safely put away where no one could find them."

"Where did you keep them?" I asked.

"In the wall safe in my sitting room."

"In the wall safe!" I cried, thinking in bewilderment of the coincidence that these papers should have had a similar hiding place to the Gaston jewels which had vanished so strangely.

"Yes," she answered, plainly puzzled at my bewilderment. "It was an excellent hiding place. No one but myself had the combination. I don't see now who could have taken them. I found the safe locked as it always was."

"When did you first discover the papers were missing?"

"Let me see," she pondered. "Claire's engagement was announced at a dinner three weeks ago last Thursday. The newspapers on Sunday carried a brief notice of it. Two days later the first note came."

"What note?"

She reached into the pocket of her riding habit and drew forth a folded slip of paper.

"I brought it with me to show you; here, this is the first one."

Like the mysterious note I myself had received only the preceding night, this one was not inclosed in an envelope. It was just a folded slip, addressed in typewriting to "Miss Claire Bradford." On the other side was this message:

"What if Thayer knew about your being married before? How much will you give to get those papers back?"

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"I found it on the floor of my bedroom one morning when I got up late. I gave it to my sister without having read it, thinking she had dropped it there. She read it and screamed and fainted. Fortunately Mother was out of the house at the time. Naturally I read the note then. I went to the safe and found the documents gone. Claire has been nearly crazy ever since. She insists that it is all my fault. She says I ought to have destroyed the papers, but I couldn't, could I?"

"Of course not," I replied warmly. "You did quite right in keeping them. It was not your fault they were stolen."

"I couldn't destroy them. Dad had told me to keep them," she said simply.

"What did you do then? Did you tell your mother?"

Barbara has heard the whispers, too.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE THE DON HELD SWAY

Palace of Santa Fe for Three Centuries Housed High Representatives of Spanish Power.

One of the interesting buildings at Santa Fe is the old palace of the governor, and from this building for 305 years Spain ruled a large part of North America now a part of the United States—Montana, part of Texas, part of Kansas, and part of Oklahoma.

It was built in 1606 by Juan de Onate, who was the great grandson of Montezuma, the Aztec emperor of ancient Mexico, and the grandson of Hernandez Cortez, the Spanish conqueror who subdued and took over the Aztec or Indian civilization of Mexico and, with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, substituted Spanish civilization. El Palacio, as the building is termed in Spanish, was originally designed for a palace, castle and fortress.

Its vicissitudes during more than three centuries, under Spanish, Indian, Mexican and American rule, formed a most dramatic and thrilling chapter in the history of the nation. For three centuries it was not only the seat of government, but also the home of captains general and governors, their retainers and families, and from time to time it housed the dungeon, the jail, the post office, the legislature, the supreme court, the territorial secretary and family, the teritorial law library and law offices. On every page of the history of the venerable edifice one finds romance, stirring incidents and important episodes, in which the figures of Spanish conquerors and Franciscan monks, Indian chieftains and American adventurers, soldiers, statesmen, authors, scientists and dainty society ladies step into the spotlight to vanish again as Father Time, grim and inexorable, swings his cycle.—Exchange.

Different Views.

"I think Mr. Bolt is quite an intellectual young man," the girl remarked.

"Oh, do you?" sneered his rival.

"Why, yes. It seems to me he is quite a hard thinker on many important subjects."

"Well, now that I come to consider it," he returned, "I believe you are right. I never knew a man who thought with so much difficulty."—Boston Transcript.

When Contracted It Expands.

Funny thing about a cold. You catch it without trying; if you let it run on it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away.—Boston Transcript.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner © by the Author

ANOTHER RACCOON TALK.

"Children," said Mother Raccoon, "I was going to tell you of a creature you must watch out for—an enemy you must beware of. So listen while Mother Raccoon goes on with her story."

The little raccoons listened with their sharp eyes fixed on Mother Raccoon.

"As I told you, it is not long now before you must look out for yourselves in the world. You must work for yourselves and for the little ones who will come to you. A Daddy and a Mother Raccoon look after their children for a whole year—then they must look after the new family which comes in the spring.

"As the spring is not so far off now, even though it is still winter, I want to give you all the advice and help I can, so you'll all live to be fine, big raccooons and make your mother and father and all raccoons proud of you.

"There is one enemy you must look out for and that is the weasel. He is a sly fellow, a dangerous fellow, a wild fellow and one to look out for. Never make friends with him. He does not know what friendship with a raccoon means.

"I am sure it isn't really necessary to tell you that. But I do want to warn you that you must look out for him and never let him get the better of you.

"I'd not be friendly with cats either," Mother Raccoon continued. "I don't like cats—never have and I don't suppose I ever will.

"Be brave, my children, be very brave. Never let any one call you cowards, but never fight unless you have to fight for your life or for the lives of your little ones.

"You can do well in a fight with the sharp claws which Nature gave you. Yes, it is very well that you can do.

"For I won a battle and saved you, my little ones, when you were really little ones, and so did your father. Ah, how he fought to help me and to save you!

"Don't forget what I told you about washing your food before you eat it. I told you that only the other day. Some folks think it's just a habit of ours, that we don't really want to be clean. There may be some raccoons like that, but I can tell you one thing—I've yet to meet them!

"I shall miss you, my children, but I shall have other things to take up my mind and I shall feel I'm doing the raccoon world good if I bring up



"I Don't Like Cats."

four or six little raccoons each year and give them a whole year of mother love and schooling and training.

"And as I've given you a great deal of advice I'll tell you a story before we say good-night, for it is nighttime by my watch old Mother Nature gave me—the watch which tells when it is dark by the sun going to sleep and when it is daylight by the sun waking up and shining and making even dark woods quite light!

"There was once an old raccoon who was very fond of himself. He sat on the top of a high tree which had no leaves, for it was a dead tree, such as we all enjoy when it's resting time. There he sat and dreamed away his time and slept and did nothing at all.

"He let everyone else wait on him and was very lazy. He was very selfish, too, and didn't want to go to any trouble for anyone.

"'I will fare better,' he said, 'if I take my life easily and don't go rushing and scrambling around making a great fuss about working and so forth. I will not work at all.'

"Well, he found he didn't have much to eat when he didn't do anything himself. His raccoon friends and relatives got tired of seeing him rest while they worked, and did not like it because he was so lazy and selfish.

"One by one they began to leave him alone. He sat up on the top limb all by himself. No one came near him. He had to get down and get some food after a while, but even then no one would bother about him. He was too selfish. He made everyone around him unhappy.

"'I see,' he said to himself, 'that I'll never have any friends unless I'm friendly and share the work and the fun—so I won't sit up here any more.'

"So he joined the raccoons who worked and played and told them of what a mistake he made. He was happy from that time on," ended Mother Raccoon.

Instruction for the Young.

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found baby gleefully pulling Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, mother," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."—Tit-Bits.

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

It is quite easy to convince some married men that it is good to be alone.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Our idea of a great talker is a woman who has enough sense to know her fruit.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

WHY GO HUNGRY?

If your Stomach is weak and you suffer with Indigestion,—don't sacrifice your health and comfort. You may eat anything you like, and relish it, if you take one or two

DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS

when required. You will digest your food; nourish and build up your System eliminating all poisonous waste matter and strengthen the stomach.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

HEALS RUNNING SORES

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 76 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

For years I have been selling through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 35 cents. The healing power in this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week and the distress of chafing goes in a few minutes. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. CARTER'S K. & B. TEA Makes Fine Laxative Syrup

Make It at Home and Save About $1.50—Children Love to Take It.

Full Directions With Each 30-Cent Package

For a real tonic and blood purifier, take a teaspoonful every night or every other night for at least three weeks.

Liggett & Myers
KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO
Known as "that good kind"
Try it—and you will know why

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

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