PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE doctor busied himself with some medical implements, while my master remained perfectly quiet, staring gloomily and abstractedly at the fire. In about five minutes the former seemed to have found what he wanted and said:

"Now, if you will take a seat in the chair, Charles, I will hurry up, so you can return home early and have a good sleep. It is rather late now—after 11."

He looked at his watch as he spoke, and my master took a seat in a large, comfortable operating chair. He threw himself back into it and closed his eyes for a moment.

"Now, Charles, look at me and yield yourself to my influence," Dr. Squires said. "Remain in as passive a condition as possible."

My master sat up and looked dreamily at the man, while the doctor slowly made passes before his eyes.

He was hypnotizing him not against his will, but with his full consent. Miss Stetson breathed hard and with difficulty restrained a scream. I placed a warning hand on her arm. She controlled herself with marvelous power and waited patiently for further developments.

In a few moments my master was reduced to a perfectly helpless condition. He was merely an automaton obeying the will of Dr. Squires. The latter smiled quietly to himself.

"Now, Charles, you do not remember any of your past life, do you?" he asked.

"No. Only the present."

"You feel tired and weary, don't you?"

"Yes; very tired."

"Well, rouse yourself and do my bidding with alacrity."

"Certainly. What is it? I feel fresh enough for anything."

"I thought so."

Then after a short pause:

"I want you to be as shrewd and alert as possible tonight, for I have a very difficult mission for you. You know the large mansion on the main road just as you turn off from Gates avenue?"

My master nodded.

"Well, that house is occupied by Dr. Chalmers, a rich old fogy, who has plenty of valuable articles in the mansion. I want you to go there and bring back to me all that you can collect. You must then go down the main highway until you reach the house with two elm trees in front of it. Open the front door with a key you will find in your pocket. Enter it and go into the first bedroom on the right on the upper landing, undress yourself and go to bed. Sleep there until morning, and when you awake you will remember nothing of tonight's proceedings."

Again my master bowed his assent and waited for further instructions.

"Here are your pistol and dark lantern," the doctor continued, bringing out from a secret drawer in his desk the two articles mentioned.

"I want to caution you particularly tonight," he added. "The house is well protected. There are a burglar alarm, a watchdog and several manservants in the house. You must be extremely careful or you will be caught. Now, do you understand all?"

"Yes, I understand."

He made a movement as if to pick up the pistol from the desk, but I felt that my time had come, and I stepped quickly out of the closet and seized the weapon. Before Dr. Squires could recover from his surprise I had him covered with my own pistol, while the other one was pointed at my master. I did not know what the latter might attempt to do in his hypnotic state.

"You are caught, doctor," I said as calmly as possible under the circumstances. "Do not attempt to move or I will shoot you dead."

The swarthy face paled a trifle, and then his eyes wandered toward my master. I saw his intention immediately.

"If you order him to help you, I will shoot you first and then disarm him," I said. "You are the one I'm after, and I shall have you or kill you."

He had not spoken, but I knew that his alert mind was active. I decided to cower him into submission if possible.

"I'm not alone here tonight," I added a moment later. "The house is surrounded. Your servant is a prisoner, and I have help behind me."

Mr. Jaimson and Miss Stetson stepped from their hiding place. The doctor uttered a hasty exclamation which never took the form of distinct words. He realized that it was impossible to deny his crime. There were three witnesses to testify against him.

"Well, I guess the game is up," he finally muttered.

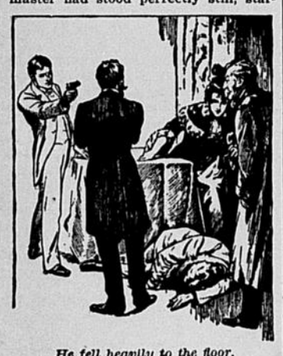
A look of disgust and hatred entered his face.

"I had a suspicion from the first that you might be a detective in disguise," he said, scowling at me.

"You should have acted on that suspicion earlier," I replied, returning his scowl with a smile.

"Yes, but we are young yet, and we may meet again."

During this exchange of words my master had stood perfectly still, star-



He fell heavily to the floor.

ing at us as if petrified. He seemed to recognize nobody in the room except the doctor and me.

Suddenly Miss Stetson walked up to his side and, taking one of his hands, said pleadingly:

"Charles, what does all this mean?" But he only returned a stony stare.

"Don't you know me? Charles, I'm—Oh, God! He does not know me!"

She staggered back a few steps, but her agonizing cry aroused the dulled senses of the hypnotized man. He raised his hand to his forehead and mumbled something.

Then slowly the feeble dawn of another intelligence seemed to break upon his mind. He moved a step forward, his eyes dilated, his features grew pale and drawn. He moaned as if awakening from deep slumber:

"Where am I? Who are you? Yes, Belle—my Belle—I see you. I"—

His eyes grew dim, his limbs collapsed, and he fell heavily to the floor. Miss Stetson was by his side in a minute, holding his head in her lap.

"Go for medical assistance at once," I said to Mr. Jaimson, "and bring other help."

The man tremblingly made haste to obey, and then I spoke to Dr. Squires sternly:

"Now that you are caught and there is no way of escape show some mercy to the man whose life you have nearly wrecked. Give him what medical help you can until another doctor comes."

At first he returned my command with a sardonic grin, and then a spark of a better nature in him changed his mind.

"Yes, I'll do it for Charles, but not to oblige you," he said.

He took some brandy from the shelf and poured it down the throat of the unconscious man. In this sudden readiness to help my master I thought there lurked a double motive. He was only waiting for a chance to make a break for liberty, but I kept him so carefully covered with my pistol that he did not have the opportunity. I followed him wherever he went and once ordered him not to leave the room.

"But I need some medicine," he said.

"We'll do without the medicine," I replied, "for another physician will be here in a moment to relieve you."

In half an hour Mr. Jaimson brought a doctor and two officers. While the latter took Dr. Squires in charge the rest of us devoted our attention to Mr. Goddard, who seemed lost in a heavy stupor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL that night my master remained unconscious. It was not safe to remove him from the house, and we made him as comfortable as possible in the doctor's own bed. Miss Stetson and I took turns in watching by his side.

But dawn broke in the east before he showed any signs of recovery. Then as the sun flooded the landscape with its first rays he moved uneasily. The doctor said that a high fever was raging in him and that he would be in a critical condition for weeks. All that day and the next he tossed restlessly upon his bed, talking excitedly in his dreams, but recognizing no one.

Meanwhile Dr. Squires was lodged in prison, and thither I went to see him. He was totally subdued now and resigned to his position. Luck had turned against him, and he was not averse to confessing everything. In fact, he prided himself upon the smart game he had played.

He made his confession first to me, which he afterward submitted in writing and signed in the presence of three witnesses. In his own spoken words, however, it sounded more interesting than when he wrote it out, and as such I will repeat the essential parts of it.

"You were smart to catch me," he said, "and I admire you for it. I thought I was alert enough to throw everybody off the track. In fact, you were the only one who ever suspected me. Now, be fair and tell me how you got your first clew."

"I visited your house some time ago and discovered the collection of stolen goods," I replied, "and neither you nor your servant was wise enough to find it out."

"He was always a fool," he ejaculated. "But when did you first realize that I was hypnotizing Charles and using him as a tool for my purpose."

I flushed a little, but answered truthfully:

"I never suspected until that night in the office when you hypnotized him right before us."

"Ha, ha! Then I had one point ahead of you!" he laughed.

"Yes, I never suspected it."

"Well, it's all over now, and I've had lots of excitement out of it. I wish Charles no evil and hope he will soon recover. I will explain everything so that he will be exonerated from blame. He is perfectly innocent of any crime.

"It was three years ago when I first met him in Paris. It was at the time when hypnotism was a fashionable rage. Everybody was talking about it and experimenting with it. I wanted to be fashionable, too, and I soon found that I possessed wonderful powers in that direction. I had been studying medicine and occult sciences with passionate interest for years, and it was natural that I should take up with hypnotism.

"While I was at the height of my studies I met Charles, and we struck up an intimate friendship. He talked to me freely then about the fear he had of inheriting phthisis from his father and said that it had been the means of his not marrying the girl he loved. I gradually got the whole story out of him. Now, I wanted somebody for my hypnotic experiments, and I found that I could easily influence Charles. Consequently I concocted a story about being able to eradicate the germs of phthisis from any human system through the aid of hypnotic therapeutics. He readily entered into my little scheme and willingly submitted to my experiments.

"Thereafter I regularly hypnotized him at his own volition and tried all manner of experiments with him. I would get him to do the strangest things and enjoy them hugely. I had no thought of crime then. But I would send him forth at night to do absurd things for me and then tell him to forget them all when he passed into his natural condition again. I found that I could control him in everything when hypnotized and completely change his nature, but he would remember nothing when he awakened.

"When he returned home, I accompanied him as a medical adviser. He had complete faith in me and promised to pay me liberally if I would continue my treatments. He imagined by this time that I was really helping him. Well, when I arrived here and saw Miss Stetson and realized what a princely fortune she possessed my nature changed. I envied Charles his prospects. I was poor and friendless; he was rich and had the love of a beautiful woman. Why could not I possess some of these good things of life?

"It was while in this mood that I planned the scheme which you have succeeded in balking. While in his hypnotic state I made Charles rob house after house in the neighborhood. He brought all the silver plate, jewels and money to me. He was so shrewd when hypnotized that I had little fear of his ever being caught. His faculties were almost supernatural in their sensitiveness. When he woke up again the next morning, he never remembered anything of the preceding night's work.

"When I had collected a small fortune in stolen goods, I determined to ship them off to some foreign country and then go there and dispose of them, giving as an excuse for my absence that a distant relative had died and left me his wealth and that my presence was required to settle up the estate. Then I meant to return and marry Miss Stetson if possible. I believe that I was learning to love her for her own sake. I certainly thought more of her than of any other woman I ever met. To gain her hand I told her that Charles was suffering from the incipient form of leprosy and that I was devoting my time to curing him. This I knew would turn her from him in horror and that she would never dare marry him.

"But you can tell Miss Stetson that there is no more leprosy in his system than in yours or mine and that he has no inherited disease of any kind that she need be worried about. If all men were as healthy as he is, we wouldn't need doctors in this world.

"Well, this part of the scheme didn't work entirely as I wished. The leprosy scare made her confess that she would never marry Charles, but she still loved him and wouldn't think of marrying anybody else. My only hope was to keep at it until she yielded to my importunities, and I was even contemplating some method of killing off Charles by slow degrees. With him out of the way my chances would be infinitely improved.

"That's all the story I have to tell. I was about making arrangements to ship my stolen goods away when you nabbed me. Another month and the robberies that have recently occurred in this neighborhood would forever have remained a mystery. But now the cat is out of the bag, and you can use this confession to suit yourself. I suppose I will get twenty years; maybe more. Well, I'll practice hypnotic experiments upon my keeper, and maybe I won't have to serve the full time."

He showed his white teeth in one of his sardonic grins and complacently smoked a cigar the keeper had permitted him to have.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN I related the whole confession to Miss Stetson, a new light slowly entered her beautiful eyes. In conclusion she laid her head alongside of that of the sick man and sobbed.

A week after the arrest of Dr. Squires I was watching by the bedside of my master. Suddenly he opened his eyes and stared hard at me. A look of recognition seemed to enter them. I did not speak, but returned his glance steadily.

"You here?" he said suddenly. "What are you doing here?"

I thought he was wandering in his mind, and so did Miss Stetson, who smoothed out his hair and said gently:

"You mustn't talk, Charles. You must rest quietly."

But he did not notice her. His eyes were still fixed upon me.

"Why is it we meet so often?" he added. "Are you dogging my footsteps?"

"No," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"When I met you that first night, I gave you one-third of the goods and told you I never wanted to meet you again. Why do you persist in running across me, or is it accident?"

"Yes," I replied, beginning to divine his meaning. "It is pure accident."

"And I saved you that other night from the doctor's hounds. That should make you a little indebted to me. If you appreciate that, you will never meet me again."

"I hope I never shall."

I spoke in earnest then, for it was not my master who was talking, but the hypnotized robber and burglar whom I had twice encountered in his midnight prowlings.

The doctor, who had come in, said he was wandering in his mind, but I knew differently. His other self, which Dr. Squires had created out of him, was talking. Would that other self predominate and possess the body of Charles Goddard, my master?

He soon relapsed into his former quietness. About midnight the doctor said a change would soon come. We watched critically every line of his face and forehead.

"There are signs of his recovering consciousness," the doctor said finally. "He will probably remember nothing about all that has occurred. His hypnotic state is all a blank to him, and it must never be mentioned to him. He is as pure and innocent of crime as any of us. Let him never think otherwise. The whole story can be hushed up. If he knew it all, the shock might kill him."

The climax of the fever was reached shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning. The breathing slowly lost its laboriousness, and the hands grew moist and soft. The eyelids finally fluttered and opened. He looked around a moment in silence; then he said softly:

"Belle, dear, I've had such horrible dreams, but they were nothing but dreams, were they?"

"No, Charles; nothing but dreams—nothing but horrible dreams."

She bent over him with admirable composure, but a tear trickled down and splashed on the pillow as she kissed his lips.

THE END.

A Strange Dream.

As I rode along in one of the suburban tram cars I passed a cottage wherein a strange thing happened awhile ago. Near by lived an old man who had received many kindnesses from the true hearted mistress of the cottage, who took compassion upon his necessity. Early one morning this lady woke in great affright. She had dreamed that the old man was calling her in frantic haste to come and help him. She looked at the clock and noted the time. It was 4:30. Later on the lifeless body of the old man was found in a well. The medical opinion was that it must have got into the water at about 4:30 that morning. That was their independent testimony before they had been told of the curious experience of the woman. The distance of the well from the house made it impossible that she could have heard the old man cry, if he really did cry. How, then, can one explain the incident? I might relate other facts similar in their nature, all showing that there is in the world more mystery than we have yet comprehended.—London Standard.

Imitation New Potatoes.

Here is a way in which imitation new potatoes are made: Late in the season, after the other crops are out of the way, the gardener plants a crop of late and good keeping potatoes. These potatoes are dug and buried in heaps in the open field and left until spring opens and the new potato season arrives. At the proper time the heaps are opened and the potatoes dipped into a boiling solution to curl the skin. The effect of dipping any potato, no matter how old, into this boiling lye solution is to crack and curl the skin, and at the same time it hardens or makes the potato much more firm, so that its resemblance to a new potato is so near that it would be hard to pick out the impostor, from appearance alone, from a basket of the genuine article.—London Globe.

A Clear Cut Warning.

"Young ladies," said an absentminded teacher of Latin to his class in Virgil, "I understand that you count upon my calling on you in alphabetical order and prepare your lessons accordingly. I am surprised and disappointed at such conduct. Hereafter I warn you I shall begin at the other end of the alphabet!"

Corrected.

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly and write omelette with two 't's' and not one.

Waiter (a few minutes later)—It's all right now, sir—omelet, 1 shilling; two teas, 2 shillings.—London Tit-Bits.

CATCH PHRASES.

Their Utility In Advancing the Interests of Business Men.

There are many instances of where a suitable catch line well drilled into people has been of great value in building business. The best catch line is one that fits your business best, and the discoverer of such a line is apt to be due more to inspiration than to effort. Pick the distinctive feature of your stock or business methods and endeavor to express it in a breath.

If you can coin a phrase that expresses your central business idea or emphasizes some feature that marks your store alone, you can make good use of it. It puts into condensed form an idea that will get hold of people and influence them if persistently presented to them. One fact about your business well lodged in the heads of people is as good as a score that do not penetrate.

You can make people believe about what you like if you go about it properly. If a man comes to you today and tells you there will be a panic inside of six months, you will pay no attention to him. If another comes tomorrow with the same story, he will get no attention, but you will idly wonder what is getting into folks. The third man you will argue the matter with. The fourth will get more of a hearing, and you will begin to see signs of disaster yourself. By the time the tenth man has made the statement you will be ready to tell folks the same story yourself.

Probably you yourself could not be influenced in such a manner, but the common run of people are built that way and will believe what they are told often enough. That is why an expressive catch phrase does good. It comes to stand for you and your methods and of necessity is remembered when goods in your line are wanted.

As ordinarily used such a phrase is of little value, because it is not properly hammered into people. Such a line should go on letter heads, billheads, stationery, envelopes, should go into every ad. or circular, should be seen about the store and should appear on labels. Put it on a sticker to attach to goods and packages. Let people see it everywhere. If it means what it says, people are going to respond to it. —American Druggist.

An Optimistic Cripple.

A one legged newsboy had been hopping about on his crutch selling afternoon "extras," and when there was a lull in the business, owing to a falling off in the crowds, he sat down for a brief rest.

"How did you lose your leg?" I asked.

"Cable car," he said, with the street urchin's characteristic economy of words.

"Too bad!" I remarked.

"Oh, but it might 'a' been worse, sir," the boy replied. "The company paid the doctor and gave mother $800. That paid all our debts and left us $500 in bank, and it's all there 'cept $40 we had to take out when mother was sick, and I sell more papers than most of the boys, just 'cause I've a crutch. There's one of my customers now."—New York Times.

Her One Success.

In the civil war time a western woman who had lost her husband in the field and who hoped to win a livelihood for herself and her little ones by writing sent to Harper's Magazine a story which had no special distinction and was returned. In the desperate mood that followed this rejection she sat down with pen aflame and told "why I wrote it," and her story under that title was accepted and published, winning a sympathetic response from all its readers. But this production, the echo of a vital moment, was her one story in the magazine. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that anybody could write one interesting novel if he could truly tell the story of his own life.—Harper's Magazine.

Obeyed Orders.

"What was the cause of that awful racket and disturbance in your office just before you came?" asked one of the tenants on the third floor.

"You know that young cowboy that came yesterday to begin the study of law with me?" said the other.

"Yes."

"Well, I thought he might as well begin at the bottom, and I told him that when he came down this morning the first thing for him to do would be to clean out the office. He found half a dozen fellows there waiting for me, but he did it, all right."—Chicago Tribune.

The Man With the Fiddle.

The little old man fiddled very hard as he stood near the curbstone in Twenty-third street. The passersby looked at him curiously. Some of them smiled. No one gave him a penny. Presently he was seen to totter and then to fall, but he kept on fiddling just the same, even when he lay prone upon his back. A man helped him to his feet. He never missed a note. A little boy who had been regarding him with keen interest went up to him. Suddenly the bow hung poised and motionless. The little old man had run down. The boy bought him for a quarter, however. The vender showed him how to start the fiddle up again, and the two went off together, happy and contented.—New York Press.

Unconvinced.

A Presbyterian preacher in the central part of New York state tells this story on himself:

"It was Sunday morning, and I had started for church. The family were preparing to follow when the youngest, a five-year-old, protested, "I do not want to go to church."

"'I don't feel much like it myself, Fred, this morning,' replied his mother, 'but we must go. Father has to go—has gone already, and he has to preach.'

"'Yes,' said Fred, unconvinced, 'but we have to listen, and that's worser.'"

How Do You Make a Circle?

The intelligence of people may be gauged by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good student in a mathematical class draws circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same.—London Family Doctor.

Tests of Friendship.

When a woman gives notice that she has moved to the top floor and there is no elevator, she begins to find who her true friends are, and when she makes it known that she is boarding out and has no meals served at home she gets still nearer the root of the matter.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure.

The one time in a man's life when he is satisfied to take a back seat is when he goes to church.—Philadelphia Record.

No danger of constipation if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 39 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the Isle Vierge, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 244 feet above sea level.

A Dozen Times A Night.

Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, W. Va., writes:" I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night I never received any permanent benefit form any medicine until I tried I took Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Spent More Than $1000.

W. W. Baker of Plainview. Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over $1000 without relief. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and, thanks to this great remedy, it has saved her life. She enjoys better health than she has known in ten years." Refuse substitutes. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

Never Ask Advice.

When you have a cough or cold don't ask what is good for it and get some medicine with little or no merit and perhaps dangerous. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, it cures coughs and colds quickly. Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

Danger in Fall Colds.

Fall colds are liable to hang on all winter leaving the seeds of pneumonia, bronchitis or consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures quickly and prevents serious results. It is old and reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure, contains no opiates and will not constipate. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,599 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.

"Watch the Kidneys."

"When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician. Foley's Honey and Tar makes sound kidneys. Sold by Denton & Ward.

In France it is illegal to catch frogs at night.

Bronchitis for Twenty Years.

Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure." Contains no opiates. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The records left by the Phoenecians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and prevents pneumonia. Take no substitute. Sold by Denton & Ward.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.

Look Out For Fever.

Billiousness and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They move the bowles gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands. Smith Bros.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

Forty Years' Torture.

To be relieved from a torturing disease after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude of anyone. That is what DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve did for C. Haney, Geneva, O. He says: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years" Cures cuts, burns, wounds, skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Smith Bros.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

The Worst Form.

Multitudes are singing the praises of Kodol, the new discovery which is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure rich blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill, of Troy, I. T., writes; For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals. It digests what you eat.—Smith Bros.

Much Reading for Little Money.

The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting if from no other cause than it shows the acme of "how much for how little." The Monthly World is a 32 page magazine with colored cover. Its pages are about the size of the pages of the Ladies Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the results of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing-press appliances, making a magazine unrivalled in the quality of its contents and its appearances. Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel; stories of fiction and fact; stories of things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It numbers among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day. A feature each month is a full-page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye. In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World no expense is spared. The New York World will send six numbers of this newspaper-magazine on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

Natural Anxiety.

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. It's attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Liquifies the mucus allays inflamation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Ga: "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest, I intended to withdraw but took One Minute Cough Cure It restored my voice in time to win the medal."—Smith Bros.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

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