

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Da. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.
"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Ancher, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

The Contour Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

NOVELTIES IN HAMMOCKS.

Somewhat of a Progression from the Old Sagging Cord Bags.
Away from the sights and sounds of a great city, with no fear of the snitch from its dusty streets and the weariness from contact with its perspiring crowds, beyond reach of the hum of the too familiar and overfond mosquito, the summer girl has found a convenient bough from which to swing her hammock. Her hammock is a dainty affair of Mexican grasses or of multi-colored cotton cord, pillowed and valenced to the height of prettiness and luxurious ease, not to mention a laziness which a high temperature and a saturated atmosphere make a few of us blush to admit.
The very latest thing in hammocks is dignified by a name. It is called the "royal social," and all because it will hold two people without mixing them up. It is warranted to swing a fat person and a lean person at the same time without disaster or danger of spilling either, and altogether it seems to be on hand to meet a long-felt want. It is twice as broad as the ordinary hammock and is divided exactly in two, longitudinally, by the center's being drawn tight, so that two hollows, each with its separate cushion and stretcher, lure one—or two—to the delights of killing time as they "swing, swing together to the music of the breeze."
The valance is acquisition to the ordinary, every-day sort of hammock that finds ready appreciation. It very kindly hides any defects of position that might be comfortable except for the knowledge of its awkward appearance, which to one sensitive to appearances would be a serious drawback. The valance is graceful in its itself, and, being woven of the same colors as compose the hammock, it makes for improvement whether the hammock be in use or empty.
It is becoming something of a fad for the lady of to-day to have strong hooks in the walls or woodwork of her room and to hang her hammock for her siesta or to con over the pages of the last novel. So much attention is now given to the picturesque of the negligee that so pretty a touch of eastern modes could not be omitted. But who shall deny its comfort as even a better raison d'etre?
Often the enjoyment of a hammock is greatly interfered with by a provoking absence of shade just when we most want it. Perhaps there is one convenient tree under which to hang the hammock, or, again, there may be two young trees whose leafage does not protect from the sun. It is an admirable plan under these circumstances to stretch an awning over the hammock, for then you can lie in the hammock at all hours in serene comfort, perfectly unconcerned, even if light showers come up. Make the awning in a form of an isosceles triangle, cutting off the acute angle at a width of eighteen inches; sew this end firmly over a rod or round stick; put a screw eye into the middle of the rod through which to pass a rope, and tie this end to the tree; the other points must have rope sewed stoutly to them and be tied to posts, unless there is a second tree, in which fortunate event they can be tied to its branches.—House Furnishing Review.

THE HUNGRY MAN.

A Gastronomical Hypochondriac Who Was Almost Starved.
"If you're so hungry, why don't you go and get something to eat?" was asked of the bony, lathy looking business man the other day.
"Well, I would, and pay for it, too—any price, if I knew of anything that was suitable to eat, and that was healthful."
"How would a good, juicy roast of beef go?"
"Beef? why I couldn't eat beef; you ought never to eat that; all the medical works say now that beef is very injurious; you see the cattle suffer so from thirst while en route from the west—and then the pleuro-pneumonia, ye know, and the heating nature of beef, and—why I couldn't eat beef, 'twouldn't do."
"Couldn't you eat poultry, chicken and—"
"Say," interrupted the hungry man, "don't you know there is nothing more hurtful for any person, young or old, than poultry, the chickens, turkeys, ducks and such are killed nobody knows when, maybe weeks ago, and put in cold storage, and they lie there becoming just frozen dyspepsia breeders."
"Can't you eat corned beef or ham or —"
"Say," earnestly interrupted the hungry citizen, "ham or any salted meats are very indigestible; the follicles"—here the clock struck two, and the man took from his pocket a box of pills, and placing one carefully on his tongue, said: "I ate some oatmeal for breakfast and you know now all scientists agree there is nothing much worse than oatmeal for the stomach, so I take this soda-mint pill to counteract the effects of it."
"The devil!" said the friend, "I thought oatmeal was just a kind of pap made for stomachs when they wanted jacking-up?"
"Oh, no; that was a wrong idea; no one eats oatmeal now."
"Well, anyhow, there's one blessed thing you can always depend on, and that's milk," said the friend.
A look of horror spread like a plaster over the hungry fellow's face. "Milk! Good heavens, man! Don't you know milk is almost fatal to any one if taken often; why, I went to one of the first physicians in this city and he said: 'Never drink milk—nothing is more injurious; milk always forms a curd in the stomach and is much of the root of evil and base of illness among Americans.'"
"Why not eat a cracker with it, to give the curd something to kind of 'chaw on'?"
"Crackers ruin any one's digestive powers."
"Well, the heavens be praised! I've got white bread and all the fruits left between you and starvation."
"That reminds me," said the starved individual, and his hand sought his other vest pocket, whence it pulled out a white folded paper holding a powder, "I ate a banana last night and I forgot all about it till now; I must take this phenacetine powder," and he lapped it down. "Fruits," he continued, "are now eaten only by those who take their lives in their own hands; strawberries contain an acid which forms a gaseous poison which will eventually make anemia and kindred ills. Currants, raspberries, whortleberries, blackberries are just as rank poison."
"Well," said the now semi-paralyzed listener, "there are oranges, the blood suppliers, the—"
"I wouldn't eat an orange for a thousand dollar bill," excitedly interrupted the hungry citizen. "Why, an orange or an apple has often thrown people into convulsions and been the indirect cause of heart failure; and tomatoes, another menace to life, it is now known, cause cancers and tumors nine times out of ten. No, sir; if you care to live, avoid fruit as you would a pestilence."
Very humbly the friend suggested vegetables fresh from the country, but he was assured vegetables were the direct medium by which Bright's disease got in its work on the human race. "I always avoid all kinds of vegetables, for my kidneys are weak enough now," averred the emaciated man.
"At our house," he went on, "we always have a continental breakfast—just dry toast, a raw egg, a little cocoa, and that is all; why, when I think of the way people used to live it horrifies me. Up at my grandfather's place they used to eat pork, sausage, mince pies, turkey with cranberry sauce and such Johnny-cakes and such brown bread and beans—oh, my! weren't they good—I mean, weren't they injurious?"
"Are all your grandfather's children dead?"
"Dead? Lord, no, man; none of them. They're all living, grandfather, grandmother and all. But I can't go up there to stay. I got my stomach all upset."
"Can anybody drink beer and live?" inquired the friend.
He brightened up. "Beer," he said, "is one of the best things one can take; the follicles—"
But his comrade was running and beckoning to him, and when last seen they presented their backs to the public and their faces to the bar man, who was filling two schooners, frothing with the one thing good for the "follicles of the stomach."—N. Y. Recorder.

UNCLE SAM AS AN ADVERTISER.
How Inducements Are Held Out to Young Men to Enlist.
In Eighth avenue there is a recruiting office for the United States army. In front of the premises during business hours is situated an orderly whose erect figure, bright, new uniform and fine soldierly bearing are well calculated to make a favorable impression upon the minds of discontented young men who may be taken with a sudden impulse to enter the service of their country. On the streets in the neighborhood there are generally to be seen two or three robust and well-fed young men in the uniform of privates from whose leisurely manner it might be easily inferred that, in time of peace, at least, the soldier's lot was quite a happy one. "The whole scheme is a slick one," was the remark of an ex-private who only a few weeks ago received an honorable discharge from the regular army after six years of service in the west. "The whole scheme is a slick one," he repeated, "and it catches lots of fellows who are just as fresh and green as I was when I enlisted in Philadelphia nearly six years ago. Young fellows who are out of work or who are dissatisfied with their positions, or who are in a desperate frame of mind after a spree, or who are unhappy in their love affairs, accidentally run across these recruiting officers, and the idea suddenly pops into their heads that it would be a mighty nice thing to join the army and thus run away from their troubles."
"They see the orderly and the privates in their neat, bright uniforms, with apparently nothing in the world to do but to keep their shoes and clothes well brushed, and what was at first merely a vagrant notion becomes a determined resolution. They apply for enlistment, and almost before they are aware of it, have surrendered a large share of their personal freedom and become subjects of military discipline. Too often they seek to retrace their steps only when it is too late, and in many cases they begin their army service with a sullen hatred against the flag they have sworn to follow. Once in a while, but not often, a fellow is exempted or is discharged after he has been sworn in, but it is generally because he pleads the baby act or through some pull of his friends on the war department. But the natty orderly on duty in front of the recruiting office and the well-fed privates on the streets near by—what of them, you ask? Why, they run the scheme I spoke of in the first place. Uncle Sam is the shrewdest advertiser in the business. He places those fellows, wearing new uniforms, on view to advertise what a royal, free-for-all picnic he has in store for those who join the regular army."—N. Y. Herald.

—Acme Not Reached. —Mamma—
"Have some more ice-cream, Willie?"
"Willie—"I guess so; my stomach only aches a little."—Judge.

G. V. MATKINS,
Dealer in Second-Hand Goods
First door north of Moon Block,
If you want bargains you should not fail to call and see me, for I have them.

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Have a Few More of These Celebrated
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Also a large line of harness, &c.
Call and see me if you want bargains.
J. L. MILLER,
The Veteran Harness Man.

We have located in Red Cloud and will be pleased to have people who desire to sell their farms to call and list their lands with us as we have eastern buyers.
Call and see us.
J. H. DAVIS & SON.

Notice For Publication.
Land office at Bloomington, Neb., Aug. 24, 1893.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the District Court, Webster County, at Red Cloud, Neb., on Monday, October 9, 1893, viz: Richard T. Payne, III, Agr. No. 12414, for the S 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec. 24, T. 28 N., R. 12 W., 11th P. D.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John C. Wilson, Albert N. Whinn, Clarence H. Wilson, James A. Wilson, all of Otto, Neb.
O. G. BAILEY, Register.

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Farm - Implements,

Grain Drills, Disk Harrows.
The Best Wheel Plows on Earth.
All kinds of Windmills and Pumps.
Repairs of all kinds.
SMITH & CO.,
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CITY DRAY LINE.
Orders promptly filled. Your patronage solicited.

E. B. GOBLE,
DEALER IN
Fresh and salt Meats
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Your trade is solicited. I kill nothing but the best of beeves, &c.
Market—One Door North of Henry Cook.

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Lumber, Lime, Coal and Cement.

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HAS ON HAND
HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS!
Barbwire, Gasoline Stoves,
Cooking Stoves, &c., &c.
In fact he has one of the most complete lines of hardware west of Omaha.
Never leave the city until you see him.

Doctor Henderson
102 & 104 W. 9th St., KANSAS CITY, MO.
The Old Reliable Doctor, A Regular Graduate in Medicine, Oldest in Age and Longest Located.
OVER 27 YEARS OF SPECIAL PRACTICE.
Authorized by the State to treat CHRONIC, NERVOUS and SPECIAL DISEASES. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. All medicines furnished ready for use. No mercury or injurious medicine used. No detention from work. Patients at a distance treated by mail and express. Medicines sent everywhere, free from pain or breakage. Charges low. Over 20,000 cases cured. Age and experience are important. Read little book, then state your case. Send for opinion and terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter.

Seminal Weakness & Sexual Debility.
(Spermatorrhoea and Impotency) caused by youthful follies and excesses, producing nervousness, losses, pimples and blotches on the face, rushes of blood to the head, pains in the back, confused ideas and forgetfulness, bashfulness, aversion to society, loss of sexual power, loss of manhood, &c., cured for life. I can stop all night losses, restore lost sexual power, restore nerve and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you fit for marriage.

Syphilis, that terrible disease, in all its forms and stages cured for life. Blood Poisoning, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Swellings, Sores, Gonorrhoea and Gleet, and all forms of Private Diseases positively cured or money refunded.

Book for both sexes, 27 pictures, true to life, with full description of above diseases, the effects and cure, sealed in plain wrapper for 6c in stamps. Read this little book and answer questions.

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Wait for him; he will call on you in a few days. You can save money and get more satisfactory insurance than from any other man. He has exclusive control of four counties.