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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 Syrups, 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."

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"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. Kinchloe,  
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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

**Castoria.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, 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.,

**RESULTS OF ENVIRONMENT.**

If a Philosophical Discourse Was Born of the Timidity of a Backwoods Couple. It did not take a close observer to see that they were from the country. His tall and lean figure was adorned with an ill fitting suit of clothes, and his large, clumsy boots were still covered with the dust of country roads—a sight so keenly appreciated by the courteous bunks steerer.

She had rosy cheeks and was plump of figure. Had she worn other than a red dress and not an old fashioned bonnet with green ribbons, she might have been termed real pretty.

They stood in front of the Astor House looking about them in a dazed sort of way. Evidently their desire was to cross the street, but the long line of trucks and wagons, the cable cars with their incessant clanging and the noise generally caused them to hesitate.

Presently she clutched him by the arm and anxiously, even nervously, looked into his face.

"Mercy, John, let's go back ter hum. This noise is too much."

"Yer right," replied John. "Can't stand it myself."

She clutched his arm, and with hurried steps they proceeded down Barclay street.

A party of gentlemen on the steps of the Astor House had been watching the couple and overheard the remarks passed between them.

"That shows you what effect environment has upon people," said one philosophically. "They were brought up in the country, where probably no murmur of the business and commercial world ever found its way. To them the lazy wind sighing among the branches of the trees, the singing of the birds and the running waters of the brook form an important part of their daily life. They would be unhappy, even in the grandest palace, without this simple yet beautiful music of nature."

"Yet how different it is with me, and undoubtedly with you all! I tire of the country in a few days. To me the scene before us now is as inspiring and beautiful as any I ever saw elsewhere. The rumbling of the vehicles over the pavement, the clanging of the bells, the hissing of steam, the hurrying feet and the unceasing noise of bustle and business all combine to make one grand symphony that my ears never tire of hearing. I can work and think the better for it, but were I banished to some rustic scene work would cease, inspiration would leave me, and I would even be unhappy, longing for the busy environments of a city like New York."

"As it is with individuals, so it is with nations, with kingdoms, empires and republics. Their characters, their traits and their nationalities can all be traced to their surroundings, and I believe there is nothing in what we call human nature that is not a result of environment. Change the universe, the customs and manner of living, and mark my word, you change human nature."

The philosophical gentleman looked proudly at his listeners, and with the bow of an orator retiring from the platform he sauntered into the lobby of the Astor House.—New York Herald.

**A Genuine Philanthropist.**

One of New York's philanthropic merchants spends thousands of dollars each year in aiding the poor, but none of his beneficiaries ever gets a cent in cash. His idea is that money giving demoralizes the recipient. He will buy groceries and pay rent for a distressed family and secure employment for the wage earners. Once they are at work he tells them that he considers it a moral obligation for them to refund, at any convenient season, the sum he has expended. If they do, he regards the case as a triumph of self respect. If they don't, he finds some excuse for them in his own mind and keeps right on at his self appointed task. Last winter he hired a hall in the Hebrew district down town, engaged a competent teacher and provided a number of Jewish girls with free instructions. No proselytizing was attempted. Indeed not a word was said about religion. The girls became greatly interested, and their brothers begged for and obtained admittance. Similar classes are to be established this winter. The merchant allows himself an income of \$3,000 per year. All the rest of the money he makes is devoted to the aid of others.—New York Sun.

**White With a Vengeance.**

Here is a state of things which probably not the wealth of the Astors could buy in America. Lord and Lady Allington have a place in Dorset known as the White farm. Everything is accordingly white. All the farm buildings, the house itself, and even all the animals on the place are white. Rabbits, cats, guinea pigs, hens, horses, cows, donkeys and all the creatures are spotless.

But this is not the most remarkable feature. The free and independent British men and maids who till the soil and churn the butter are compelled to attire themselves in white smocks and white frocks to bear out the general impression of whiteness.—New York Recorder.

**Appropriate.**

One day while his apparatus for deep sea soundings, by means of steel piano-forte wire, was being constructed, Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop in Glasgow along with the great Dr. Joule, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the piano-forte wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What notes?" innocently inquired Joule and was promptly answered, "The deep C."—Argonaut.

**An Explanation.**

Teacher—"For men must work, and women must weep." What is the meaning of that line, Tommy Figg?  
Tommy—"It means that men has to work to get money, and then the women has to cry before the men will divide with 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

**MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.**

The Safety of the Many Bought by the Death of the Few.

All crafts depend upon knowledge and acquired skill—knowledge of the material to be handled, acquired skill in the handling of the material. Pioneers of mountaineering had first to learn what mountains actually are like, the details of their structure, and the forces in action upon them. Rock structure, which has one meaning for a geologist, has others for a mountaineer. One kind of mountain masonry forms ridges and gullies, another forms ledges and precipices. One texture and dip makes staircases that can be rushed, another makes slabs that can scarcely be adhered to. One kind of substance is firm and trustworthy, another is friable and treacherous to hand and foot. If there was so much to be learned about rocks, snow and ice were at first far more unknown.

The anatomy of glaciers had to be discovered, the secrets of crevasse formation to be learned. There were the varied phenomena implied in the phrase, "state of the snow," to be understood. Both foot and eye had to be trained to recognize by feel and glance what the "state of the snow" at any time might be. Avalanches had to be investigated—avalanches of snow, ice and rock—when they might be expected to fall, where they were to be looked for, how far they would go. Climbers had to learn to distinguish afar off between snow and ice slopes. Moreover, the tools of mountaineering had to be invented. Many were tried and discarded; a few were retained and improved. The form of the ax was slowly evolved and its uses learned. The way to employ the rope was a yet more difficult discovery. Even now the proper form for climbing irons is only being arrived at.

Accidents, usually fatal, were the lessons wherefrom these facts were derived. The great Matterhorn accident finally demonstrated how the rope should be used and proved that large parties were a source of danger. The Lykamin accident showed the peril of cornices. Unroped climbers met their death on many mountains. From almost every accident something was learned. The safety of the many has been bought by the death of the few.

We can now plunge into the world of snow without undue peril. We know its dangers and can guard against them; we know also when we are safe and where we can freely go. Our forerunners went aloft as neolithic navigators pnt to sea—badly equipped and into a misunderstood region. We are now on the footing of the modern sailor. Snow, as such, has no more terrors for us than sea for them. Ill luck may overtake us, and we may fall, as they may be drowned, but with good equipment and experience the climber and seafarer are about as safe as the townsman at home.—Fortnightly Review.

**How to Learn Music.**

Do not fail to take advantage of the library. Begin a course of good reading. Music is notorious for narrowing one's mind, so resolve to counterbalance your practice with library work as well.

As to your practice, I would give you this maxim, "The essential thing in practice is to see exactly what is to be done in all its details, and then do it again and again with the greatest clearness, precision and energy."

When you take up a new piece, notice the key, the harmonics, chords, scales, fingering and general effects. One of the first necessities is "concentration." Develop self criticism. "The thing you cannot do is the very thing you should make yourself do."

In practice begin where you left off the day before. Connect your day's work. Apply all your knowledge. Do not try to do more than one thing at a time. Spend a good deal of time every day thinking about what you are doing and what you will do.—Edward D. Hale.

**The Barebone Family.**

The celebrated name of Praise-God Barebone was borne by a member of the Cromwell parliament called together after the dissolution of the Long parliament in 1653. The royalists called the assembly "Barebone's parliament." At the time when General Monk was in London Barebone headed the mob who presented a petition to parliament against the recall of Charles II. Of the Barebone family there were three brothers, each of whom had a sentence for a name—Praise-God Barebone, Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone and If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone.—New York Evening Sun.

**Single and Married.**

A native of Ireland landing at Greenock wanted to take the train to Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket. Seeing a lady, however, going in, Pat thought he would follow her, and he would soon know how to get aboard. The lady, going to the ticket box and putting down her money, said, "Maryhill, single." Her ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked off. Pat, thinking it all right, planked down his money and shouted, "Patrick Murphy, married."—Tit-Bits.

**Railway Headaches.**

Those who suffer from headache and feel the fatigue of a railway journey disagreeably should take with them two leather or silk covered cushions—one for the small of the back, another to rest the neck and head. An eminent doctor once stated that this was a capital antidote to the evils arising from the jolting of the train, liable to cause slight congestion of the head in very long journeys. He furthermore advised no reading in the train to those subjected to headaches.—New York Times.

**The Need Was Mutual.**

Sleepy Citizen—What do you want in my house?  
Burglar (presenting gun)—I want money.  
Sleepy Citizen—Good Lord! Give us your hand. So do I.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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(Spermatorrhea and Impotency) caused by youthful follies and excesses, producing nervousness, losses, pimples and blotches on the face, flashes of blood to the head, pains in the back, confused ideas and forgetfulness, lassitude, 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 nervous and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you fit for marriage.

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Book for both sexes, 50 pages, 27 pictures, true to life, with full description of above diseases, the effects and cure, sealed in plain wrapper for sale in stamps. Read this little book and answer questions.

Free Museum of Anatomy For Men Only. Replete with thousands of curiosities. The life-like models and wax figures deeply impress the mind—a school of instruction—a sermon without words. N. B.—I have \$500 deposited in the bank, which I will forfeit for above diseases that I cannot cure.



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I desire to close out the entire stock of

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Formerly owned by S. F. Spokesfield during the next

30 Days.

You can buy everything we have CHEAP, and some things at your own price. Money buys, and we must have the Cash before the goods leave the store.

Call at Spokesfield's Old Stand and see what we can do for you.

Also all ledger accounts due S. F. Spokesfield can be settled with us if paid this month.

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Agents for

C. M. Wetherald, Mortgagee.

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REAL ESTATE  
AND LOAN AGENT  
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New Real Estate Firm.  
J. H. DAVIS & SON,  
REAL ESTATE,  
Loan and Insurance Agents.  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Office with D. F. Trankey, Moon Block  
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.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.  
Notice is hereby given that on the 4th day of November, 1893, at 2 o'clock p. m. in the rear of the building known as the rink in the city of Red Cloud, Nebraska, we will sell the following described property to-wit: One Keystone four hole sheller number 1515, and one eight horse power manufactured by the Keystone Manufacturing Co., under a chattel mortgage executed by W. H. Hall to the Keystone Manufacturing Co., on the 7th day of November, 1892, and filed in the office of the county clerk of Webster county, Nebraska. There is now due and payable on said chattel mortgage the sum of three hundred sixty seven dollars and fifteen cents (\$367.15).  
KEYSTONE MANUFACTURING CO.  
By JAS. MCNEELY its attorney.

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Will hold Names in place better than any other Collar.  
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