

Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. *Chas. H. Fletcher.* All counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### HOW TO AVOID COLD

#### WEATHER DISEASES

To prevent cold weather diseases, put your body into a proper healthy condition to successfully resist them. Colds, grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia, catarrh, typhoid fever, rheumatism and other ailments may be escaped in most cases, if this is done. Build up your health and strength—your nerves and blood and entire body—into such shape that you can count on good health all during the winter months—by taking *REXALL Olive Oil Emulsion*, the ideal blood, nerve and body purifier.

This is a remarkable medicine, but a common-sense one. It doesn't stimulate. So-called "tonics" that stimulate give you no permanent relief; but leave you worse off than before. *REXALL Olive Oil Emulsion* contains none of these harmful, stimulating ingredients, such as alcohol and dangerous and habit-forming drugs. Its great benefit to you is through its real nerve and blood and body-building effects. It nourishes, builds, strengthens. Its merit does not rest on making you feel better for a few minutes at a time after taking it, but on making you feel better as a result of making you well.

*REXALL Olive Oil Emulsion* is the ideal blood and nerve-food tonic. You who are weak and run-down, and you who are apparently well now, but are liable to suffer from various cold weather ailments, use *REXALL Olive Oil Emulsion* to get and keep well and strong. For the tired-out, run-down, nervous, emaciated or debilitated—the convalescing—growing children—aged people—it is a sensible aid to renewed strength, better spirits, glowing health.

*REXALL Olive Oil Emulsion*—king of the celebrated *REXALL Remedies*—is for freedom from sickness of you and your family. You'll be as enthusiastic about it as we are when you have noted its pleasant taste, its strengthening, invigorating, building-up, disease-preventing effects. If it does not help you, your money will be given back to you without argument. Sold in this community only at our store—The *REXALL Store*—one of more than 7,000 leading drug stores in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.—F. G. Fricke & Co., Union Block, Plattsmouth, Neb.

#### For Sale.

One section, 640 acres wheat land, in Franklin county, Washington, Land rolling, but not rough. All plowed spring of 1912; no waste land. First crop wheat 25 bushels per acre raised in 1907. Located 2 miles north of Kahlottus; 2 railroads. All fenced. Price, \$22.50 per acre, on easy terms. Good opportunity for farmer with boys who want large farm. Owner an invalid. Must sell. For particulars write owner, W. C. Sampson, P. O. Box 326, Plattsmouth, Neb. 12-11-1mo-w

#### THE MAN WHO NEGLECTS HIMSELF

When his condition points to kidney trouble takes an unwise risk. Backache, pain and soreness over the kidneys, nervous or dizzy spells, poor sleep, are all symptoms that will disappear with the regular use of *Foley Kidney Pills*. They put the kidneys and bladder in a clean, strong and healthy condition. For sale by all druggists.

#### For Sale.

A fine Shorthorn bull, seven months old, all phone No. 3-X, Nehawka exchange, or write H. J. Thiele, Nehawka, Neb.

## 480 ACRES \$222

Under the new homestead law you can file on a free 320-acre homestead in Wyoming at a cost of \$22.00 and buy 160 acres of government pasture land adjoining for \$1.25 per acre.

**NEW HOMESTEAD FOLDER:** Our new homestead folder—just from the press—will tell you all about the acreage of government land in each of the counties along the Burlington in Wyoming, and contains a lot of information of value to you.

**TIMBER AND COAL:** You can take up these lands where timber, coal and building stone may be had free of charge within reasonable distance.

Such an opportunity ought to interest you. Write me today for a copy of this new Free Government Lands Folder.



**D. GLEM DEEVER,**

1004 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Immigration Agent

## BRILLIANT ADDRESS OF HON. MATTHEW GERING BEFORE THE ELKS' LODGE OF FRANKLIN, PA.

The Occasion Being The Annual Memorial Exercises of Franklin Lodge, No. 110, B. P. O. E., and the Attendance The Largest in the History of the Organization.

The following is the able address delivered before the Elks' lodge of Franklin, Pa., by Hon. Matthew Gering of Plattsmouth:

Exalted Ruler and My Countrymen: The most luxuriant fancy of an opium eater, reveling in the wild delirium of an excited imagination, cannot pluck words from the garden of language, or weave a picture upon the tapestry of the human mind in exaggeration of the hallowed purpose which has brought together, amid these peaceful surroundings, such an assembly of men and women in order to obliterate the seeming cold oblivion into which our friends have been consigned and, in memory, to recall their deeds for good.

More than three centuries ago nature, as if despairing of her ability to create a transcendental intellectuality, rose from the lethargy of the times and gave to posterity that myriad-minded genius whom we call Shakespeare, among whose innumerable gems that glisten in the tiers of his rare creations we find one, where, as if with the spirit of prophetic intuition, he says: "The evil that men do lives after them."

The good is oft interred with their bones." During the complete revolution of a year and within the entire cycle of the calendar there is no gentler, tenderer or holier month than the one in which was born the divine architect of that religion which has done so much for civilization of the human race. It is most fitting, therefore, that this organization, whose superstructure is built upon that charity so strongly exemplified in the life of the lowly Nazarine, should have selected the month wherein was enacted the tragedy of his birth in which to pay tribute to its dead; to pause along the pathway of our lives and speculate upon that indescribable and unfathomable something which is vaguely designated as death.

Within the portals of this sacred month, joy and sorrow mingle in sweet communion with each other; at its very threshold we pause in our grief to complain that the divine reaper was not content to wait for its human harvest until age had withered those gone before and white and bending heads were bowed to the earth destined to receive them; near its exit and at Christmas-tide joy brightens hope and illuminates the mind of human-kind because a Saviour has been born. And then within a slender span of fleeting days joy and sorrow are linked together. Sometimes sorrow and suffering cause complaint, but great grief seldom finds expression in words. Tragedies may loiter in the hearts of your neighbor of which you never know, and though years may wait upon them you hear no moan. The greatest grief is voiceless and "the holiest hope is dumb." It takes a stout heart to endure pain with patience and requires courage to bear sorrow with a smile.

In the presence of such a course of sorrowing friends of the departed dead, no epitaph need be written, no language uttered to recall remembrance of the past, no words so potent as the silent song of death, for in the invisible telegraphy between soul and soul, the sweetest epitaph in all the world is found and speech but mocks the hallowed memory of the dead.

In this playhouse, now so fittingly sombre and mirthless as to justify the appellation of being a synonym of sorrow, the acts and deeds of men and women are mimicked on the stage; their hopes and fears and aspirations and conduct either good or bad are reproduced, but when at last the curtain of life has fallen on the scene all caricature and masquerading is hidden from the idle gaze of curiosity while we, the living, on this holy day consecrate it to a sorrow and pause to peer with lingering eyes into the mysteries of the world beyond the sun.

These meetings each year, so aptly termed a lodge of sorrow,

intensify the bond between the cradle and the grave, and emphasize to all the world that this organization of fraternalism has for its purpose, not only joy for the living, but tears for the dead. They throttle hate, and stimulate affection, blot out resentment and foster friendship, Charity without display, sympathy without ostentation, friendship without effusion, hope with its highest and loftiest aspirations, faith in the universal brotherhood of its organization, is the church and religion in which every member of this order is a most willing communicant. So true to every instinct of natural religion are the tenets of this fraternity that, although festivities may be at their height, when the hour before midnight comes, the dead are not forgotten. Heads are bowed, laughter ceases, mirth is dissipated, and we stand in fancy, as the sentinel of time strikes eleven, at the tomb of our unforgotten dead.

If I may be permitted, I trust not inappropriately to paraphrase the laconic expression of the great and crafty Cardinal of France, there is in the bright lexicon of our order no such word as selfishness. Friendship in this membership is more than an idle chimera, it is real, impressive, admirable, and if every fear which glistens in the eye of sorrow, or every silent sob that quivers on the lips of us who speak the name of those to whom we pay this homage were studded stars in heaven, their aggregated brightness would not cast more radiance to light our pathway than the enabling characteristics of which I have so feebly spoken. We yearn for a voice that is still and plead in fancy that those who have gone before may stand upon the horizon that marks the line of demarcation between the finite and infinite and beckon to us come, but reason, that cruel critic of faith, assassinates our holiest hopes and "makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

Thus reason stands aghast and staggers at the thought of death, while faith courts marriage with dissolution. The latter is the rarest gem that sparkles in the diadem of a soul, and as we stand tiptoed upon the apex of a life whose sands are nearly run, we peer with seeming hopelessness into the awful uncertainty of the future and find no consolation until faith stretches forth her hands and welcomes us to hospitable shores.

One beautiful evening in Venice before the sun had sunk to rest, I sat under the shadows of the cathedral of San Marco to hear the soft Italian voices as they sang an aria from Verdi or Donizetti and listened to the silent sounds of the gondolas as they danced upon the grand canal; the untrifled doves of the plaza cooed at my feet while a companion and myself sipped coffee and watched with inexpressible admiration the exquisite graces of the Venetian girls as they passed by. With an unaccountable inspiration, forgetting my companion, I rushed to the gallery across the way so rich with Titian's works, and just as the setting sun was streaming in the window I stood, as if transfixed, before his masterpiece, the Magdalene, and as the dying sunbeams kissed her face and glistened in her auburn hair, I saw the halo of that religious faith which smiles at death.

Between the optimism of faith and pessimism of reason, we tremble like an aspen leaf quivering in the crevice of a rock and cry in our helplessness for some surcease from such emotions. No answer to our cries. Death itself does not cause as much sorrow as the separation which it creates.

One of the most expressive words in our vocabulary and which tongue can utter in separation, so desolate, so sorrowful. To the dead it is only another word for peace and rest, to the living its fearfulness is indescribable and seems to be the greatest sorrow in all the world.

## OUR CHRISTMAS LINE IS NOW READY FOR YOU

and we want to tell you that we have one of the greatest lines of stationery and fancy box papers ever brought to Plattsmouth. The popular Whiting line, the people who make the best paper to be found on the market. They are among the leaders, and when we buy their line, we know we have the best

### Our Initial Paper

that we have for Christmas this year will be found to be the finest number that we have ever had. The initial letter is long and narrow, highly embossed in blue and gold, and will make a handsome present for any member of the family. Come in and see them.

### Christmas Cards, Seals and Tags

In this line we have the very best to be found in the city, the Dennison line, conceded the world over to be the very best, and we have a nice assortment this season. You make no mistake in buying the Dennison goods.

### Paper Napkins

Several very neat and attractive Christmas designs, also plain white. The Dennison Christmas Lunch Sets, large table cover, platters and doilies.

### Crepe Paper

In all colors and shades, also all the Christmas numbers for all kinds of decorations. In fact, if there is anything in the paper and card line you want for your Christmas decorating, try the Journal office before going to Omaha as you have been doing. We are the Cass County Paper House, and we have the goods.

## Printed Greeting Cards For Christmas

For the past few years we have been printing a limited supply of Christmas Greeting Cards, and as they have been in such great demand that we have given this department a great deal of attention this year. We have prepared a large number of these cards, all neatly enclosed in envelopes of the same stock. If you have sent these cards on former occasions you will want them again, and if you have never used them, try them this Christmas.

## The Journal Stationery Department

"Everything in Paper" Plattsmouth, Neb.

"Parting is easy to the dead who may

A thousand years shall be but a single day,  
But God, we the living, what of our tears,  
To whom a day seems like a thousand years.

Whether in the hush of a virgin and birdless forest, or upon the thoroughfare of a great metropolis amid its wilderness of men, there cannot be, there is not such a desolation as the solitude which comes with separations, and yet this separation must come as surely as dawn follows darkness, or that there is continuity in a sunbeam. Philosophy cannot assuage its grief, nor dissipation drown its sorrow, unless for a moment, and then with the awakening, consolation for a reunion can only be found in the abiding faith in that religion which gives hope.

To characterize as I have done the high of mankind's Saviour as a tragedy may seem to many as inappropriate and pessimistic, and yet with the advent of a birth, what tragedies may follow in its path? Birth is the profoundest and most immense tragedy of a life, while death is its culminating dramatization. Death is the catholicism of life and the apotheosis of existence, and God

as if despairing of man's ability to penetrate the mysteries of eternity, gave to the world that alchemist of heaven and purgatory, Dante, who amid the environments of pain and creed dramatized death. There ought to be more sorrow and misgivings in the creation of a life than sadness at its death; the one brings with it the awfulness of uncertainty, and the other consolation of repose and restfulness. The one is the genesis of the other the apocalypse of life, and sometimes when in silent contemplation of the consequences of a birth, what sorrows it may bring and shadows which may darken it, I feel as if I would rather place a flower upon the edge of a friend's grave than to enjoy the dimpled laughter of a child just brought into being.

Death is the valet who opens the door of the future and permits us to look into the mysterious chamber of eternity; it is the apogee of that highway upon which our departed friends have trod, and we, who live after them, can see the flowers which they have plucked along its hillside and the thorns which have stung them. From the noiseless chamber of the dead no sobs of sorrow, no heartaches over broken hopes, no anguish over inspirations un-

attained disturb the restfulness of their dreamless sleep. The starlessness of a black night does not mar nor detract from the generous deeds which they performed while living, nor the happiness they gave to others, and from their sunless sepulchre there comes no cry of pain. Let us salute their memory!

Death is the end of all sorrows; it either secures happiness or ends suffering. It frees the slave from his master, opens the prison door, cures pain and closes the struggle of poverty. It is the last and best boon of nature, for it is the emancipator of man from all his cares and is at worst but the close of a banquet we have all enjoyed.

Death with a relentless tread has wandered into the forest of this order and hewed therefrom its sturdiest oaks and most promising saplings; plucked from it the buds of spring and sear and yellow leaves of autumn. Men in the flush and morning of their manhood and others who had passed the meridian of life have been cut down by that inexorable and desolating law of nature which we call death. In this ceaseless carnage hearts are bleeding, wounds are made which never heal and tears of sorrow make a furrow on the cheek of