

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 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."
Dr. G. C. Osmond,
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. KINCHLOP,
Conway, Ark.

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."
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TALE OF TWO BABIES.

True Story of Boston Life Related by a Kadelife College Girl.
The car was crowded when I reached it, and there was only one vacant seat in the front, which I was glad to occupy. Just as I settled back, with a sigh of satisfaction, even before I had a chance to become curious about my neighbor, I heard from the rear of the car a baby's fretful cry and a wearied mother's voice trying to soothe the tired child. Mingled with these sounds came a second mother's tone, drawing but complacent.

"Ned," she said, "hear that poor little sing try. Ned is a dood baby. He never cries!"
Of course my curiosity was aroused, and I turned to see the rival babies and their mammas. The fussy little one was in full sight. One rosy cheek rested on the shoulder of a neat but travel stained little woman. The pretty, baby blue eyes were filled with tears, the chubby little fellow was sucking his thumb and doing his best to go to sleep, but the time and the place were against him. The patient, dark eyes of the mother rested lovingly on the sweet, troubled face of her boy as she rocked him softly in her arms.

All this I saw in a moment, and I then tried to look beyond this interesting mother and her natural boy to that wonderful baby that never cried and to his proud parent. I could not see them, however, because the restless little head hid them from me, but every now and then there came to my ear the hush of one voice, followed by the proud tone of the other.

At last the train stopped with one of those backing, bumping motions with which we are all familiar. Then the terrified scream of the thoroughly aroused baby made the nervous mother hasten to leave the car as quickly as possible. Following her and close behind her was a fat woman, with wrinkles in the back of her neck and a large, showy hat. She lifted her baby up with one jeweled hand, and as she kissed him on the pug nose drawled out: "Ned's a dood boy. Ned's mamma's own sweet, precious doggie."—Boston Globe.

BEWARE OF FRESH OLIVES.

How a California Planter Amuses Himself at the Expense of Innocent Travelers.
Eastern visitors in California are always much interested in the olive plantations which, in recent years, have become a feature of the most southerly counties of the state. The lovers of the succulent fruit when pickled and bottled for sale in the east and north are always anxious to taste the olive fresh and ripe. There is a popular impression that it is sweet and delicious; but, like many other popular impressions, this is a delusion and a snare.

A few miles south of San Diego, where the railroad makes a junction with a small one track road leading into Mexico, a large planter has taken advantage of this delusion for his own amusement. On the arrival of each train from the north numerous travelers dismount to wait the starting of the train across the Mexican border. For their benefit the planter has nailed a box outside of his fence just across the way from the railroad station which he keeps filled with nice, ripe olives. A placard invites victims in these words:

FINE, FRESH, RIPE OLIVES,
FREE.
HELP YOURSELF.

Of course there is a rush from the station as soon as the box and its contents are discovered, and swarms of innocents seize the pretty fruit and dig their teeth into it. Then there is a combined howl and a great deal of expectation and disgust, for the delusive fruit are nearly as puckery as persimmons.

And the planter? Oh, he takes his fun from a partly hidden summer house within his grounds, where he occasionally seats himself to enjoy the spectacle. It is a sure cure for the blues, he says.—New York Herald.

Chicken on the Shell.

In a certain rather pretentious but cheap priced restaurant I witnessed a scene which, though funny enough to the outside onlooker, could not but have been extremely mortifying to the proprietor. The proprietor was also the cook, and he was engaged in industriously frying a number of pancakes on a griddle placed for show in the window when a party of three who had just ordered a trio of eggs apiece. The proprietor thereat seized nine of the ovids from a box beneath the counter and began to break them one after another upon the griddle. He had reached the eighth egg when, lo and behold! instead of a yolk and albumen spreading itself temptingly into view, came a small confused mass of feathers, minute claws, a beak, etc. A look of horror spread itself over the man's face as he gazed at the unwelcome apparition, and then gazing over his shoulder and seeing that his action was unnoticed he swept the griddle clear of its offending burden, gressed it anew and proceeded with his work. O cookery, how many frauds are practiced in thy name!—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Highest Fountain Jet.

The wonder of the New England states, an oddity of which mention is, for some unknown reason, seldom made in print, is the monster fountain jet at the Home of Destitute Women and Children, near Bennington, Vt. The column of water in this jet rises to a height of 198 feet, being the highest known single fountain jet in the world.—St. Louis Republic.


The Trojan war was a conflict between the mother country and some of the strongest colonies and would have been fought if Helen and Achilles and Agamemnon and the rest had never been born.

A New York dealer in men's furnishing goods displays a sign reading, "Shirt Constructor."

Orleans molasses, very fine, 60 cents a bucket at Knipple's.
Extra fine syrup at Knipple's for only 60 cents a pail.

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Has just received a new stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS. If you want a good fitting suit made at the very lowest prices for good work, call on him. Shop first door west of Barnett's Lumber Office, on Dennison street.

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For Sale or Lease.
The butcher shop and tools on West Dennison street. Inquire of S. M. Cochran & Co., or of PERRY STONE.

We Burn Wood
When we can get it. If your subscription is delinquent and you have the wood bring us in a load or two.

Cochran & Co are receiving their stock of implements for the spring trade. Call and inspect their line, which is the most complete in the city.

Fifteen (15) cents will buy a box of nice writing paper at this office, containing 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes.

Now is the proper time to begin taking a spring medicine. McConnell's Sarsaparilla is the best thing to use.

Hogs' heads at Brewer's old reliable meat market. They are fine.

Movzd—Knipple, one door north.