

# Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Poor Miss Jane had felt her nephew's death acutely, more than anyone would have believed. The few days she had spent with her had entirely reinstated him in her good graces. She liked him for himself, he was gentler, more considerate, and more manly, than the old, troublesome Teddy; and he evoked a memory which endeared him to her especially, for he seemed to link old memories of the past to realities of the present. A memory, notably, of a smart young officer of light dragoons, whose presence she recalled by his soldierly figure, his dinking spurs and his off-hand manners and his handsome face. This officer's epistolary ink, were treasured up, along with a miniature of the most secret recesses of Miss Jane's bureau; also a lock of brown hair, the very self-same shade as Teddy's. The smart young dragoon might have been a burly, stout, red-faced square by this time, discussing shorthorns and turnips, addicted to snubbing his wife, had he lived. But he had not; he had died, rather as usual, on a far-away Sikh battlefield, and a halo of romance and regret forever enshrined his memory.

Time works wonders. Who can stand against him? Esme has bowed to fate at last. She has even, in a way, become reconciled to Teddy's death. She can speak of him quite calmly; for have not three months elapsed since the day of that fatal fray, and yet no letter has come from Captain Brabazon, and she feels more drawn to him than ever now—for her dead brother is a bond between them. Did not Teddy die in Miles' arms, with him alone beside him? She makes every excuse that a fertile brain can contrive for this unlooked-for silence. How eagerly does she scan the mail news. How early she is down the morning the South African post is due, and she is always disappointed. Even ruthless Mrs. Brabazon herself feels a little pang of remorse as, in answer to an unspoken appeal, she says, with a smile, "Nothing for you, my dear, this morning," and there is a certain long look to get through; "but it will come, will surely come," she tells herself, bravely. There are so many things that may have happened. The mails have been lost, stolen or seized by the Boers. The camp may be now beyond postal communication. She reads with blanched cheeks of the battles. Miles was there; but Miles is safe, his name is not among the killed or wounded. Still he may be ill. And with thoughts and speculations of a more or less gloomy complexion does she torture herself through seven days more.

Then the house is full of a subdued, but busy, bustle, for Gussie is going to be married. It is to be a very quiet wedding, she tells everybody, apologetically, and "Fred" so anxious to be back for the club-hunting. The trousseau is magnificent, though many of the dresses are of a mourning type—the pretty lavender and grays, and black and white tulle. The presents are numerous and costly, as has been previously stated. The wedding takes place without the smallest hitch in the program, one lovely September morning. There was no waiting bride, no missing bridegroom, this time. Mr. Vashon, looking very red, and very nervous, was awaiting his extremely self-possessed little bride for fully a quarter of an hour. She came at last, escorted by Flo, and followed by Esme, who was nearly as white as her dress—Esme, who should have stood at that altar herself just one year ago. Her face was thin, haggard and woe-begone, her eyes had lost their brilliancy, there were dark marks under them, and her lovely color had entirely faded from her cheeks. Truly people were beginning to whisper that the beautiful Miss Brabazon was now a positive wreck, and almost plain—being nothing more than a very thin, pale, dejected looking girl. Augusta made a charming bride and beamed and smiled graciously on all her friends, as she walked down the aisle on the bridegroom's arm. She drove away from the church to Bedford, and traveled by the mail up to London. Mr. Vashon, who had a shivering horror of being recognized as a bridegroom, indignantly rejected the coupe which was tendered by an obsequious guard, and plunged, along with his August, into a Pullman car full of other passengers. Alas, poor ostrich! Little did your off-hand manner, or a newspaper, avail you. At the next station the beautiful Miss Clipperton was in waiting, with an enormous white bridal bouquet. Gussie saw them eagerly searching the carriages, and shuddered; she closed her eyes, to shut out, if possible, what was coming. It was this: Hatty Clipperton's smiling face at the window, saying, "Oh, there you are, Mrs. Vashon. We brought you this bouquet with our best wishes. Be sure you send us a piece of cake."

Over Mr. Vashon's face and the faces of the other passengers, permit us to drop a kindly veil.

## CHAPTER XX.

What does this picture convey to the mind of even the most obtuse in such matters? The scene before us represents a dull December afternoon, a leaden gray sky, brown hedges, bare trees and damp country lane. The only bit of color in the landscape is the scarlet coat of the young gentleman who, in splashy top-boots and leathers, is standing at the side of the road with his horse's bridle over his arm, while with the other he endeavors to seize the hand of a tall girl in black, whose face is turned away in an opposite direction.

Emboldened by a wedding in the family, Mr. Hepburn thought that surely he might now come forward and urge his suit, his courage permitting. He was very much in love, and had more than once been on the point of asking the all-important question, when his courage failed him; and all the way home subsequently, and until the next occasion when he met the object of his adoration, he would rate

himself soundly for his cowardice, and pass valiant new resolutions "to do better next time!" But Miss Esme was so unaffected, so ready to accept him as a friend, and she looked him in the face so frankly and yet so innocently with her dark blue eyes, that his tongue remained tied. This particular afternoon fate had favored him. He was returning from hunting when, in turning the corner of a road, he suddenly came upon a girl in mourning. Now was his time. Now or never! He said to himself imperatively, and trotting hastily forward before his courage had time to cool, he jumped off his horse and accosted her warmly.

"Never mind the hunt now, I want to ask you something," he said, becoming exceedingly red and miserable looking, "and I'm shot if I know how to put it. Do you know why I have been so much over at your place lately?" beating his boot with his hunting-crop as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," she replied, unhesitatingly.

"Of course I do," her mind ran on once coming to his friendship for Teddy, and his sympathy in their trouble. "Of course I know, and it has been very kind of you."

Mr. Hepburn stared at her in silence for nearly a minute, and then said, "I don't believe you understand what I mean; though I think you might have noticed it. I've been going to see you all along, and no one else. The more I see of you the more I like you. And—and—my father and mother and I—want to know—if you will marry me. I'm not a bad fellow, and I'm awfully fond of you."

It was now Esme's turn to stare at him in blank amazement. "Don't talk to me in this way," she said impatiently. "You are making fun; you are not in earnest. I should think you are in earnest. And I hope you like me, even a little, Esme, venturing her name rather shyly.

"I do, I always did, as Teddy's friend, but now—now you have spoiled it all."

"Can't you like me as something more than a friend of Teddy's?" appealing to her with a wistful face, and endeavoring to possess himself of her hand.

"No, I can be nothing more than a friend to you always," she replied, ignoring his hand, and stepping back two paces, perilously near the edge of a ditch.

"And why? Tell me the reason."

"You know the reason," she returned, now averting her face, which had borrowed its complexion from her scarlet coat.

"You have heard," she proceeded, in a still lower voice, "of my cousin Miles?"

"Yes, but I don't mind a bit," very eagerly and quite misunderstanding her meaning. "He treated you vilely. He was a confounded—"

"Stop, stop, before you say anything more," cried Esme, "and listen to what I have to tell you." And thereupon, with rapid, almost incoherent utterances, and faltering breathless sentences, she told the whole story of Teddy's secret and of Miles' mistake—a tale which the young man beside her heard with sinking heart and remarkable and various changes of countenance. When she brought her story to a close he put this one abrupt and crucial question:

"And you like him still?"

"Yes, in a very low voice.

"And would marry him after all?"

"Yes, in a whisper.

"Then there is no more to be said," giving his innocent horse an angry chuck of the bridle. "Of course, if I had known I wouldn't have made such an awful fool of myself," turning away with ill-assumed dignity.

"You are angry with me," said Esme, tearfully, "and I don't know what I am to say to you," detaining him by a gesture. "If I had known or dreamed of this, of course I would have told you; but I never dreamed of it, and now I suppose, with trembling lips, 'you will hate me, and never be friends with me again?'"

Mr. Hepburn was very much cut up; but at the same time he had a soft heart, and to see a very pretty girl with large tears in her eyes, deploring the loss of his friendship, considerably cooled his indignation, and he hastened to assure her that when he had got over it a bit he would still be her friend. Of course it was a fiasco. But he was not such a dog in the manger as to grudge the other fellow what he could not have himself.

"I don't understand it, you know, not a bit; for Mrs. Brabazon told the matter that you never had cared a straw for him, nor he for you. It was all a mere question of money, and you know, Esme, I can give you heaps of that. The governor said he'd let us start with five thousand a year. He is very much taken with you himself."

"I don't care for money," said the young lady, hastily. "Mrs. Brabazon was quite wrong. I was not going to marry Miles for money, nor he, and I would be proud to marry him without a shilling."

"And live on love," suggested Mr. Hepburn, whose heart was still very sore indeed, and could not refrain from this one gibed.

Esme colored painfully, and was about to make some angry retort when he added:

"Forgive me. I cannot help it. I envy that Miles of yours. He is a lucky fellow. It's not every pretty girl in these days that says she doesn't care for thousands a year, and will take a chap without a penny. Well," with one foot now in the stirrup, holding out his hand, "good-by," wringing her fingers in a vise-like grasp. "What can't be cured must be endured," taking off his hat to her as he uttered this truism; and in another moment he was trotting away down the road on his brown hunter, leaving Esme alone.

There are some things cannot be hid,

especially from a lynx-eyed lady, such as Mrs. Brabazon. Mr. Hepburn's infatuation for her stepdaughter was one of them. She was alarmed about a week later to casually overhear at an afternoon tea that "young Hepburn had sent his hunters up to Tattersall's and was going abroad immediately, to Nice or Monte Carlo." What did it mean? Had he proposed or not? She must see Esme about it at once, and her mind was in a perfect ferment of impatience till she reached home and rang for Nokes to send Miss Brabazon to her in her own room as soon as possible. Esme was soon on the spot.

"Shut the door," said her stepmother the instant she appeared, "and come over here. I wish to speak to you. I want to ask you a question," she proceeded, looking fixedly at her stepdaughter. "I heard to-day that young Hepburn had suddenly sent all his hunters up to Tattersall's and gone abroad. Perhaps you know what it means? Can you tell me the reason of this unaccountable conduct?"

"I? I, Mrs. Brabazon?" stammered Esme, faintly. "Why should you ask me?"

"Come, come, this fencing is no use. The man was heard over cars in love with you. Is it possible that he has gone away without speaking?" she asked in a tone of resentful wonder.

To this she received no answer. Esme sat quite still, her eyes fixed on one particular pattern in the carpet, and made no reply. However, she had become extremely and painfully red.

"He proposed to you, I see. And when?" demanded Mrs. Brabazon, authoritatively.

"Last week," returned Esme, in a low voice, not daring to raise her eyes.

"And what did you say, might I be permitted to ask?" proceeded Mrs. Brabazon in convulsive tones.

"I said—no," replied Esme, scarcely daring to speak above her breath.

"You said 'no' almost screamed her stepmother, now rising to her feet. "Said no, to the heir to twenty-five thousand a year, to the finest emeralds in England! Oh!" exclaiming her bonnet on the bed with such furious impetus that it rolled off to the other side, "I can't believe it. You could not—not be so wicked. It is impossible."

To this harangue Esme made no reply, evidently she had been quite capable of this outrageous deed. After glaring at her down-faced companion for some seconds Mrs. Brabazon said hoarsely:

"I should like to know what you said to him, and why you refused him, in fact, I insist upon hearing your reasons," demanded the lady, with a lurid gaze.

Visions of her beautiful high position in the air, her stepdaughter's high position in the county, and her own increased importance, were now dispersing like mists before the sun.

"Your reason, miss, at once," with an imperious gesture.

"My reason was," returned Esme, tremulously, "was—was—because of Miles!"

"Because of Miles! Forsooth, and a pretty reason! Do you mean to say you would hold to your engagement still, and marry him if he would have you, you idiot?"

"I would," rejoined the victim, firmly, raising her eyes now for the first time.

"And what would you say if Miles would not have anything to do with you? What would you say if you were told that, now the money was gone, Miles was not such a fool as to marry a girl without a penny? What would you say if Miles broke off the match?"

"I would simply say nothing, for I would not believe it," returned Esme, also rising, and casting a tall, pale reflection into a mirror in an opposite wardrobe.

"I suppose if you saw it in his own handwriting you would believe it. Seeing is believing. Will that convince you?" taking a letter from her desk and handing it to Esme.

(To be continued.)

## And Schaefer Settled.

Wizard Jake Schaefer, the expert billiardist, is known as one of the greatest jokers in the business. Some time ago Mr. Schaefer was lounging in an uptown billiard room. Business was dull, but a pompous chap came in and asked the proprietor to get some one who was "pretty good" to play with him for an hour or two. The wink was "tipped" to the "wizard" and he was introduced, but purposely his name was mumbled so that the gentleman did not catch it. Mr. Schaefer and his new acquaintance commenced play, the latter graciously allowing the expert to choose the game. "Jake" won every game by a few points. The style of billiards was changed, but at straight rail, cushion caroms or balk-line the "wizard" invariably finished in the lead. Realizing that he had met a "pretty good player" the gentleman asked:

"Beg pardon, but I did not understand your name." "It's Schaefer," answered the "wizard." The other laughed: "Well, that's a good 'one; mine is Ives—Frank C. Ives." They kept on playing and the bar bill grew to goodly proportions. Then the pompous chap said he would play one more game and then quit. But before beginning the last game he excused himself for a moment, and as no particular attention was paid to his movements, the roomkeeper still has the bill on his slate as a reminder of the "little joke."

—New York World.

Why?

He—Why are women afraid of mice; the little things can't hurt them?

She—Why are men afraid of pink dragons and green snakes that they think they see in their boots sometimes? The things are only imaginary and they know they can't hurt them!—New York World.

Prudent Man.

"No, I never take the newspaper home; I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know."

"Papers too full of crime, eh?"

"Not too full of bargain sales."—Collier's Weekly.

American college libraries contain 6,750,000 volumes, of which Harvard has 500,000, Chicago 400,000, Columbia 275,000 and Cornell 225,000.

A man who says he is a

## MUST STOP ATTACKS.

### China Warned to Put Immediate End to Firing on Legations.

The State Department Thursday morning made public the text of the note addressed to the Chinese government through Minister Wu. The dispatch is not in the form or nature of an ultimatum. It insists, however, that the firing on the legations cease and that the imperial government, if it desires to show its friendliness, shall co-operate with the relieving column. Following is the text of note:

We are availing ourselves of the opportunity offered by the imperial edict of Aug. 5 allowing the foreign ministers free communication with their respective governments in cipher, and have sent a communication to Minister Conger, to which we await an answer.

We are already advised by him, in a brief dispatch received Aug. 7, that imperial troops are firing daily upon the ministers in Peking. We demand the immediate cessation of hostile attacks by imperial troops upon the legations, and urge the exercise of every power and energy of the imperial government for the protection of the legations and their foreign residents.

We are also advised by the same dispatch from Minister Conger that, in his opinion, for the foreign ministers to leave Peking, as proposed in the edict of Aug. 2, would be a certain death. In view of the fact that the imperial troops are now firing upon the legations, and in view of the doubt expressed by the imperial government in its edict of Aug. 2 as to its power to restore order and secure absolute safety in Peking, it is evident that this apprehension is well founded, for if your government cannot protect our minister in Peking, it will, presumably, be unable to protect him upon a journey from Peking to the coast.

We therefore urge upon the imperial government that it shall adopt the course suggested in the third clause of the letter of communication to His Majesty the Emperor of China, of July 23, 1900, and enter into communication with the relief expedition so that co-operation may be secured between the protection of foreigners and the restoration of order. Such action on the part of the imperial government would be a satisfactory demonstration of its friendliness and desire to attain these ends.

ALVEY A. ADGE, Acting Secretary of State, Washington, Aug. 9, 1900.

## CANDIDATES ARE NOTIFIED.

### Bryan and Stevenson Officially Informed of Their Nominations.

At Military Park in Indianapolis Wednesday afternoon William J. Bryan was notified that for the second time he had been chosen Democracy's candidate for President. And, for the second time in his life, Adlai E. Stevenson learned officially that his party had chosen him as its candidate for the second highest office within the gift of the people.

The crowd at the park was so dense that it was tedious progress for the procession that escorted the nominees. Along the line of march the throng surged forward and backward as they cheered for Bryan and Stevenson. Various estimates make the number of visitors in the city 20,000 to 30,000. In addition to these strangers all Indianapolis seemed to be on foot.

It was a sweltering but good-natured crowd. Clouds that obscured the sun early in the day were scattered by noon and the sun beat pitilessly upon the hosts. The thermometer registered over 90 degrees in the shade and in the sun, where the majority of sight-seers stood for the day, the temperature was over 100.

Military park was gay with flags and streamers; the walls of the Grand hotel, from where the parade started, were almost hidden by hunting and nearly every building along the line of march was decorated.

With the day's exercises the campaign of 1900 may be said to have opened. The addresses of Col. Bryan and Mr. Stevenson, in reply to the chairman of the notification committee, sounded the keynote for the party that is seeking to secure the reins of government. It is anti-imperialism. A thousand words are devoted to this subject where ten are used for any other.

## MOW DOWN CHINESE.

### Russians Seize and Burn New Chwang After Slaughter.

The Russians, after a terrific battle with the Chinese at New Chwang, captured the city. The Russians carried the forts by storm and fought the Chinese in their trenches, which were constructed with great ingenuity. The defensive works of the Chinese were very formidable. They were also greatly superior in numbers to the attacking force, but were badly led and gathered in great masses, which were torn to pieces by the Russians' shells and mowed down by their rifle fire. After capturing the defensive works the Russians took possession of the native city and destroyed it by fire.

## CHINA WAR NEWS.

The claim is made that the Chinese are using dum-dum bullets.

A large body of Boxers is gathering south of Tien-tsin.

Gen. Miles applied for service in China, but was turned down.

Chefu dispatch says the river is full of lead Chinamen, some decapitated.

Senator Teller declares the Chinese situation demands an extra session of Congress.

Cossacks are occupying the residence in Tien-tsin where Li Hung Chang received Gen. Grant.

The Governor of Mukden, Manchuria, in a proclamation, has urged his people to massacre Christians.

Americans and Japanese in Tien-tsin are said to have in their possession about 1,500,000 ounces each of Chinese bar silver.

Japs don't like British Admiral Seymour's visit to the Viceroy of Nanking, because he didn't advise them beforehand.

There is talk at Shanghai of an alliance between the United States and Russia to prevent the dismemberment of China.

Li Ping Heng is general of the troops in the north of the empire. He is intensely hostile to foreigners.

Agutin has again been taken by the Russians, after a stubborn fight. Chinese are being pursued in the direction of Tsitsihar.

The arrival of Li Ping Heng and Kang Yu prevented the Chinese at Tien-tsin from agreeing to peace after the city was taken.

A Berlin paper quotes Li-Hung-Chang as saying that under no circumstances must China cede any more territory to any power.

## A Beggar's Stories.

"Charities" tells of an English charitable society which recently investigated the record of a man who, according to his various "hard luck" stories, had lost three wives, seventeen children, four fathers, and two mothers; had four times been made a bankrupt by a treacherous brother; had once lost his place because he was a staunch Protestant, and again because he was a staunch Catholic; and had once been shipwrecked and lost all he had in the world.

## A PRIME MOVER.

### Wind Power Mills a Great Boon to the Western Farmer.

In this year of prosperity to the Western farmer he is not disposed to feel another time may come when he will not need power to beat the heat of years past, when crops have burned up from drought and his stock died from a lack of good water at the right time, easily procured, without labor. When he places his order this year for the best labor-saving machinery, a wind mill to pump his water is one of the first thoughts, and thousands of these wind harnesses will dot the prairies next year.

Perhaps of all machines on the farm there has none advanced more rapidly in favor and as labor savers than the modern wind mill.

Fifty years ago the old four and six arm mill, rudely constructed, was made at the cross roads shop, but what McCormick and others did for the harvesters, Perkins did for the wind mill. This genius among inventors virtually harnessed the winds and made the wind mill do his bidding.

This pioneer in this work devoted his life to devising means to utilize the elements for power useful to man, and when he died his life earnings went to charities that will endure his name to thousands of young men and women who are being educated and made better citizens by his life work.

When Mr. Perkins made the first "self-regulating" wind mill his name became a household word among the progressive farmers of the East. But he did not stop here. Water lifting for stock and house use was but the entering wedge for the great power. The possibilities of the wind were opened to him, and for practical demonstration he purchased land in Kansas, where his irrigating mills were successfully used and have become a boon to the small farmer.

His attention was early attracted to the deep well sections, where stock went miles to the streams to quench their thirst. Here he constructed a special mill that is in general use among the large stock growers, and they do their duty far from human habitation, month after month, furnishing cattle with cold water from the bowels of old mother earth, having no human care, lonely because on the unbroken prairie.

The crowning triumph was the power mill that bears his name. His familiarity with farm life and its hardships and cares early led him to devise plans whereby the farmer could use his mill for other purposes than drawing water. His early plans were crude, but he was nothing if not progressive, and the Perkins power wind mill of to-day is a thing of beauty and a joy to the farmer. This powerful wind engine not only supplies water for the largest farms and forces it to all parts of the farmer's dwelling, but with a perfect system of transmission it enables the farmer to cut his fodder, buzz his wood, sharpen his tools, and while he sleeps the safe and tireless machine grinds his feed by night or day and transmits it to the storage bins.

This old inventor's "den" at the factory at Mishawaka, Ind., is a study for the curious and the student of wind power never tires of the sights there presented to him.

This good man's aim was always onward and upward, and his success was, as it is with his successors, to make the best believing competition would regret late itself with common sense. His boast was that his mill controlled the wind and not the wind his mill, hence they stand where others fall.

If you wish to live a life free from sorrow, think of what is going to happen as if it had already happened.—Epicurus.

## Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all druggists and shoe stores. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Speaking of narratives you can't value of a yarn by its color, especially if it is yellow.

For Work.

"Kind lady," he inquired as he inspected the staff of a great daily journal, "what is your work in this journalistic establishment?"

"I write the 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' kind sir," she replied sweetly.

## Chinese News Bearers.

According to the ancient practice of oriental monarchs the Chinese Emperor rewards those who bring him good news, and punishes those who bring bad news.



The tripping feet—the sparkling eye—the graceful movement—being not alone to the budding maiden.

These graces are the right—aye duty of every woman until the hair whitens—and regal dignity replaces them.

The mother who guards her strength has so much more to devote to the care and education of her dear ones. She should be a comfort—a cheer—always.

Yet how many feel that they have the strength to properly balance the home? The world is listless, weary and morbid. Its blood moves sluggishly and is full of impurities. It needs a kindling, invigorating tonic to set it afire—it needs Pe-ru-na.

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in the world which women may rely upon positively. Pe-ru-na is good for everyone, but particularly for women. The various weaknesses which afflict their delicate organism spring from inflammation or catarrh of the mucous lining, and Pe-ru-na is a specific for catarrh in any organ of the body. Any congestion of a mucous membrane simply means catarrh of the organ affected. This is why Pe-ru-na cures all sorts of troubles where other remedies fail. If there is a catarrhal affection the matter with you anywhere Pe-ru-na will cure you.

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