Columbus Journal

By COLUMBUS JOURNAL Co.

COLUMBUS, - - NEBRASKA.

Word for Motor Car.

Every improvement in locomotion has caused both discomfort and danger. It is probable that the users of sledges viewed with indignation the advent of wheeled vehicles. Old prints show that the fast coaches scattered flocks and herds and left postchaises in the ditches, behind them. The railway was regarded for some time as an outrageous nuisance It will be within the recollection of us all, says the Fortnightly Review. that for years bicyclists were detested, denounced and persecuted, and that every horse shied at every bicycle. In all these cases the public has had to grow accustomed to new conditions of traffic. So it is and will be with the automobile. To-day, in the minds of the unthinking, it is an offensive innovation; in a few years it will be regarded as an invaluable and indispensable condition of social and industrial life. The pedestrian will have to learn to look before he crosses the road, and that his proper place, as a rule, is not the middle of the road but the sidewalk. And it is permissible to hope that greater devotion to public welfare will in the future provide the children of the poor with other playgrounds than the public highways. Not long hence it will seem a condition of barbarism that horses should have been misused as they are in the omnibus and the night cab of to-day, and that they should have been allowed to deposit thousands of tons of offensive manure in the streets of the metropolis every day, causing an unending supply of septic dust, to be breathed by millions of people. Meanwhile, a certain amount of public discomfort and danger is unavoidable; it is one of the conditions of progress. To attempt to hinder this progress because of this temporary discomfort and danger would be—to quote a proverb of the people to whom we look with so much admiration just now, the Japanese—to "mend the horn and kill the ox."

Present-Day Ideas.

The ideas of the present time are high and clean, and never before have public men been so quick to respond to the call of duty or had so great capacity to legislate wisely. On the other hand, observes the New York Sun, censure has never been more extravagant and heedless. But it must be distinguished from the criticism that is responsible and helpful. Much chaff is mixed with the grain of sound opinion, and the dust raised has an effect that confuses standards and clouds reputations The man in the street who does not think for himself and takes his views from others in good faith is hardly to be blamed if he believes that the heart of things is rotten and the republic degenerate. Well, he should read history a bit, dig in the "muck" of Credit Mobilier and star route times, open the dust-covered volumes of the civil war period, or go back to the haloed days of the revolution. The most striking and timely observation of Mr. Hughes at the Page dinner was this: "We have great need of men who can think sanely, who have sense of proportion, who are not carried away by desire to reap the rewards of criticism." The public is prone to gird at them when they do speak, and they may have to sit on the back seat awhile until the world comes around to them. But in the end the triumph and satisfaction are theirs and the advantage is the country's. More power to them! May their courage never grow less!

Craze for the Rostrum.

The cable from St. Petersburg, referring to the douma, speaks of "the all-prevailing craze for the rostrum." It is no bad sign for members to want to speak. Many of them have something to say, and a tempting opportunity—the first of its kind in their lives—seems to present itself. Let us try to sympathize with men so placed, says the Washington Star. At the end of nearly a century and a quarter of popular government we have a John Wesley Gaines in our douma. In time this spirit will pass. Wait until the Russians learn the trick of inattention; of reading newspapers, or writing letters, or retiring for luncheon, while the talkfest is in progress, and the rush for the rostrum will not be so great. Orators cool off when interest flags. Not one in a thousand is so fond of the sound of his own voice as to take pleasure in addressing empty chairs.

William J. Sherring, winner of the Marathon race at Athens, Greece, recently, was royally received on returning to his home in Hamilton, Ont. There was a monster procession on his arrival, the mayor read an address of welcome, several leading citizens spoke and three bands of music blared triumph. Sherring was informed that $3,500 had been raised for him, including $500 from the Ontario government, the same amount from the city and the remainder by private subscription.

During a heavy rainstorm a few days ago, while the senate was in executive session, a stream of water dripped into the chamber from a leak in the skylight. "Pay no attention to it," Senator Tillman said to Senator Spooner, at whose feet the water was splashing, "there's always a leak from an executive session."

President Woodrow Wilson says that college men in this country are too scarce. That's what the girls think at the beaches.

MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By STORGE BATHORNE

Author of "Doubt Joan," "An Autocrat," "Nancy," "To Jack," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Again they are in the saddle; two more hours' riding will take them to the mine. They can see smoke rising in the sunny atmosphere telling of houses in that quarter, though a ridge—the same that contains the wonderful auriferous deposit that has made the name El Dorado known throughout the whole world—conceals them as yet from the gaze of the travelers.

At exactly a quarter to twelve the cavalcade draws up before the mouth of the mine, where they are greeted with cheers by the groups of miners who, having been warned an hour or more before, are awaiting to receive them.

A number of houses have grown up near the opening of the El Dorado—some of them dwelling places for the engineers in charge and their families. Miss Westerly has been rigidly severe in her management of the mine, and there are no liquor joints within a certain radius, in fact, as far as she controls. Besides, the men employed in various positions of trust have been carefully selected, and are especially fitted for their work—most of them are temperance men, and as a natural result those they employ are to be trusted, though of course hypocrites will creep in at times; wolves in sheep's clothing.

Our friends soon make themselves at home; Dora and her mistress are taken into the house of the chief engineer, while Dick and Bob determine to camp with the men near by, as they particularly desire to see all that goes on. If the war that was inaugurated on Mexican soil on the Alameda is to be concluded at the El Dorado, they mean to keep posted.

The great mine employs scores of men, and turns out great quantities of the richest ore. Their profits must be close upon the two million mark per annum, the way the mills stamp it out at present. Little wonder, under such circumstances, that the greedy old Senor Lopez is exceedingly anxious to get control of the whole business; he hopes to turn both streams of gold into his capacious pockets, and thus make himself the wealthiest man in all Mexico.

When Dick and Bob see what is going on at the mine, they do not wonder at the pertinacity of the Mexican in following Pauline across the sea—surely the wealth of Croesus is here disclosed. Guards are everywhere, all heavily armed, and apparently ready to do battle in the interests of the cause they serve. A singular scene, truly, and one the like of which could not be found anywhere else in the world, the soldiers of a government hired out to serve a private enterprise.

Dick asks quiet questions; it is his desire to discover how much of a hold the Lopez family may have upon the mine, how deep the influence of the wily old strategist has gone. He is surprised at what he learns. Lopez has been at work and secretly controls many of the men. This he learns from the engineer in charge.

There is a surprise in store for Dick and one that makes him uneasy. He is walking among the houses just at sunset, having seen Pauline home after a fatiguing survey of the mine, and declining an invitation to supper from the chief engineer's wife, when he hears his name spoken in a low voice.

"Senor Dick!"

He starts and looks back. Not a living being does he see upon the rough street. Surely he must have dreamed it. He sweeps a hand across his brow and mutters something about his mind playing him a scurvy trick, when again it comes, like a zephyr:

"Senor Dick! at the window!"

Ah, now he comprehends. He looks up and finds himself face to face with the Mexican beauty, Juanita.

How comes the daughter of Lopez here? Dick feels a little shiver pass over his frame as it strikes him that her presence at the El Dorado has something to do with Pauline; he cannot forget, however, that the black-eyed houri really did what she could to save his life at the time of the fire in Paris, and that he is thus under obligations to her.

"This is indeed a surprise; I thought you were still in the City of Mexico," he says, after an awkward, embarrassing pause.

"It is nothing new for a Lopez to be here. Once we owned the whole of this great mine. I have seen it many times. I hear you had much trouble on the road, senor."

"Not we; it was the other parties who had the rough time, senorita," he laughs, his good nature coming to the rescue.

"Will you enter and tell me about it?"

He shakes his head; the fly is disposed to be cautious, and gives as an excuse that his comrade will be waiting supper for him; at the same time he rapidly sketches the desperate affair in the Valley los Muertas, and Juanita's head droops as if in shame, at the conviction that all this comes from the insatiable desire of her unscrupulous father for more power.

Then, recovering herself, she asks question after question with such rapidity that Dick is kept busy answering, and notes not the lapse of time until he finds he can hardly distinguish the lovely Mexican's features although her face is close to his own.

"I must bid you good night, senorita," he says, hastily, lifting his hat.

"Good night," she murmurs, and as he strides down the rough street she looks after him with a sigh that comes from the heart, looks after him with clasped hands and tears upon the long, drooping eyelashes. It is a picture of misery, of despair, which she presents, and tells only too plainly the story of her woe.

"They would sacrifice him, my hero, my king. They hate—I love. Let them plan. I can defeat. Hate would murder, destroy; but love sacrifices all to save. Yes, I love him so that, Heaven help me. I would save his life for her," and the strange child of passion lets her head drop upon her arms and sobs as though her heart were breaking. She has subdued the worst passions of her nature, and is now seized by a sublime heroism, beside which that of Joan of Arc would pale; she gave her life for those she loved; while this girl-woman stands ready to yield up hers to save for her rival the man she loves.

CHAPTER XXI.

Waiting for an Eruption of the Volcano.

The elements are present for a great drama. As soon as darkness covers the earth, men come dropping into camp. Although there are guards posted, these of course are Mexicans, who secretly sympathize with Senor Lopez, and as it is that individual and his men who come in, no objection is made. Indeed they have no orders to the contrary, and the senor is known to have great interests in the El Dorado.

Once these elements have mingled with the miners, the seed is sown for a revolt. Dick and Bob are spending the evening at the house of the chief engineer, to enjoy the society of those in whom they are so deeply interested, when the owner comes in. Upon his face is a look of annoyance—even his wife glances nervously at him, as though she anticipates new trouble.

In the past they have known rough times, these two, for the bad element was in control when John Alexander assumed charge, and he had to war upon it continually in order to eliminate it from the company's works.

So his good wife has learned to know what that frown upon his face means. Dick has been looking for something of this kind, and at once foresees trouble ahead. He makes an opportunity to see Alexander near the window, while the ladies, assisted by the enraptured colonel, always wild over music, search to discover favorite songs amid the pile the hostess has, which Miss Pauline will soon ravish their ears in warbling.

The head engineer plucks him by the sleeve.

"It is coming, he says, in a low, thrilling whisper.

Dick smiles, this mad fight for the possession of the mine interests him about as much as it can any one on earth, since he intends to marry the girl who holds the lion's share of the stock; and yet he smiles as though it is a mere nothing.

"Just as I warned you, Mr. Alexander; I knew Lopez would not give up while he held life."

"I Consent," She Whispers, Shyly.

"He is here."

"No more than I expected; he means to make us further trouble. This time we shall surely end the matter, and Senor Lopez, too."

"Yes, as a sure thing. If a mad wolf were struggling to get at your wife, would you not shoot the animal down on the spot? That's the way I feel about this scheming Mexican; he is planning Pauline injury, and by all the gods of the ancient Aztecs, I will show him no further mercy, were he a dozen times the father of Juanita!"

The engineer looks at him, and feels that he would not like to make an enemy of this man.

"I am ready to take orders, sir," he says, for Miss Pauline has told him that Dick is her betrothed, and anything he says goes; that he will in one way, assume charge of the mine.

"You have already done what I asked you? the men you can depend upon have been warned, and are on their guard?" asks Dick.

"They are ready for battle; quiet, well armed, and determined to once more clear out this element that creeps in among them."

"Good! How about the government forces?"

"There are just twenty soldiers here, the rest having gone as an escort with the last load of metal. They are game fellows, but I imagine will not fight against their countrymen. They are here for a certain purpose, and will not take sides in a family quarrel. At least, that is the impression I have gained from a talk with Captain Laguerre, who is in charge."

"Then we'll count them out. How many men do you depend upon?"

"Twenty-three, counting myself."

"That means twenty-five in all. We can do wonders, Mr. Alexander, if we fight in company. I am surprised though, that with those we brought, the force is so small."

"No more than myself. I did not dream how many unreliable men had drifted into the mine again until I went to count noses, and then I realized that a steady influence had been at work all the while, with a certain object in view. We will do what we can to remedy matters; and, pardon me, sir, now that there is a man at the helm, I believe we will have no more trouble."

"You don't believe in a woman's ways, then?"

"Yes, decidedly, in her sphere; but Miss Westerly doesn't understand men and it is hard to tell her everything. She is kind, she is good, and has developed the mine in a wonderful way, but I believe the right man in charge will soon arrange matters so that these uprisings will never occur again," significantly.

"I comprehend; you mean a man would string up a few of these rascals as a warning that the owners of the El Dorado will not put up with such business. We have the man along with us who can do these things in style; Colonel Bob, as sheriff, is just the man for an affair of that kind."

"As I said, sir, once this matter is settled, we shall have no more trouble."

"Let us arrange a plan of action. If, as I believe, they mean to force our hand at once, this night shall see great times at the El Dorado, and I trust the morning sun will look upon us as victors in a just cause. The lesson must be severe; radical. I only hope that that infernal rascal of a Lopez gets in the way of a bullet; it will certainly expedite matters."

"And it wouldn't be a bad thing if that bull-fighter was also laid low; he is the only man I have ever feared."

"Jove! Barcelona here! He's after revenge," and Dick quickly relates how he and the Mexican have several times met, the last occasion in the presence of the multitude on the Alameda, and how Tordas, up to date, has had the worst of it.

"He came in just after dark, accompanied by the queerest little man you ever saw."

"That's Professor John—he's after bugs, but I reckon wouldn't be averse to accepting some stock in the El Dorado from the senor for services rendered. Jove! perhaps he now has an eye on Juanita, and hopes to inherit the whole of the Lopez claim," with a laugh at the grotesque Briton making love first to Dora, then to Miss Pauline, and finally to the Mexican beauty, for of all men the scientist is about the least favored with good looks and the qualities that go to make up a hero in the eyes of woman.

"Perhaps you are right, sir, but I can't conceive for the life of me how Miss Lopez, or any other girl for that matter, could see anything in that long-haired little Englishman, who, as you say, hunts bugs for a living. Still, there's no accounting for tastes, they say, and the right woman might come along, and take him under her protecting wing to raise," at which both of them laugh again.

The situation is too serious, however, to admit of much levity. Dick knows he has the battle of his life before him, and that he must finish matters in this engagement. If he wins, the party of Miss Pauline will have no more trouble at the mine; on the other hand, should he lose, the Lopez side will gain the complete ascendency.

He shuts his teeth in the way that marks his wonderful determination, and says, in a manner that impresses Mr. Alexander decidedly:

"We must win!"

Then the two men get to talking of the ways and means that may be employed in order to accomplish their purpose, and here it is that Dick gets the advantage of the chief engineer's remarkable powers of observation and organization.

Between them they manage to arrange matters so that they must work well, and the Lopez party will no doubt be surprised to find their movements at least suspected if not quite forestalled.

Then the ladies call upon them, and they are compelled to advance to the piano to join in the music; but as John Alexander does not sing, he takes advantage of the warmth and slips unnoticed from the room.

Presently Miss Westerly corners her lover; Bob and Dora are engaged in a delightful examination, with the assistance of their hostess, of a book of views of the country around, the interior of the mine by flash-light, and scores of points of interest. These Alexander himself has taken, he being a first class amateur photographer.

When Dick Denver looks into the calm orbs of Miss Pauline, he reads there a wonderful story. She knows there is something on the tapis, for, although Dick imagines his conversation with Alexander has been unnoticed, and that his manner is as calm and unruffled as possible, he cannot hide his serious thoughts from this New York girl.

She asks plain questions; he is bound to answer, and thus Pauline learns all. She looks grave, troubled.

"I shall, after this, hand over the control of the mine to you, and let it be known that I have charge no longer. Perhaps they will cease to plot and scheme when it is publicly known that a man is in charge," she says.

"I have a better plan," he whispers, with a furtive glance in the direction of the trio, who, however, have ceased to pay any sort of attention to the couple near the window.

(To Be Continued.)

TERRIBLE ITCHING SCALP.

Eczema Broke Out. Also on Hands and Limbs—An Old Soldier Declares: "Cuticura Is a Blessing."

"At all times and to all people I am willing to testify to the merits of Cuticura. It saved me from worse than the tortures of hades, about the year 1900, with itching on my scalp and temples, and afterwards it commenced to break out on my hands. Then it broke out on my limbs. I then went to a surgeon whose treatment did me no good; but rather aggravated the disease. I then told him I would go and see a physician in Erie. The reply was that I could go anywhere, but a case of eczema like mine could not be cured; that I was too old (80). I went to an eminent doctor in the city of Erie and treated with him for six months, with like results. I had read of the Cuticura Remedies, and so I sent for the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and continued taking the Resolvent until I had taken six bottles, stopping it to take the Pills. I was now getting better. I took two baths a day and at night I let the lather of the Soap dry on. I used the Ointment with great effect after washing in warm water, to stop the itching at once. I am now cured. The Cuticura treatment is a blessing, and should be used by every one who has itching of the skin. I can't say any more, and thank God that He has given the world such a curative. Wm. H. Gray, 3303 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, Pa., August 2, 1905."

One on the Doctor.

A Baltimore physician who boarded a crowded car in Charles street, noticed a woman standing and a big German sprawling over twice the seat area that was necessary to him. Indignantly the physician said to his: "See here! Why don't you move a little so that this tired woman may have a seat?" For a moment the German looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered: "Say ,dot's a joke on you, all right! Dot's my vife!"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Up to Him.

Regular Boarder—How many more times am I going to see this same piece of pie?

Waiter—Dunno, sir. The boss told me to keep giving it to you till you et it.—Detroit Free Press.

Flattery and the Sex.

He—It was decided some time ago that the mails could carry soft soap.

She—Umph I didn't know the capacity of males for soft soap had ever been questioned.—Balitmore American.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

You never make a mistake by talking to a man about himself.

TEETH THAT WERE USELESS

Puzzle to the Man Who Had Suddenly Sustained the Loss of Them.

Harry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders," was domiciled for a summer in Connecticut with a colony of artists and writers, all of whom had to go into the city every day, relates the Saturday Evening Post.

Wilson was doing nothing but loafing. He loafed artistically, and from time to time met and had fun with some of the natives of the place. One day he found two men in the road who seemed congenial, and he struck up an acquaintance with them. He proposed a drive and they got a surrey and two horses.

"Can you drive?" asked Wilson.

"Sure," one of his sudden friends replied, "I am a fine driver."

They got aboard and started down the road. Before they had gone half a mile the team was frightened by a passing automobile and ran away. The driver valiantly steered the horses into a telegraph pole and Wilson and his two friends were thrown helter-skelter into the road.

Wilson slowly gathered himself together. One of his friends was sitting in the ditch rubbing his bruises and the other stood in the middle of the road gazing in tearful misery at two front teeth which he held in the palm of his hand.

"Pretty lucky escape, wasn't it?" asked Wilson, for want of something better to say.

"Yes," replied the man with the teeth, weeping afresh, "but please, oh, please, tell me, what shall I do with these?"

AMATEUR AERONAUTICS.

Do not stick pins into the enevlope, even if the balloon is a stationary one.

Never leave the car while in motion—especially when at a considerable altitude. It hurts.

Do not throw out empty bottles when pasisng over densely populated urban rural districts; they will only get broken.

Should your grappling-iron "grapple" a harmless old gentleman and lift him off his feet, do not be too angry with him; let him down gently.

When passing over a friend's estate try and resist the temptation of dropping a sand-bag through his conservatory; somebody may be there, and besides, your friend may be a retaliator and a first-class rifle shot.

Went with the Suit.

Muggsy—Where did yer git de watch?

Gaffer—Got it wid a suit o' clo'es.

"Aw! go'n; de clothin' men ain't givin' away no watches like that wid suits o' clo'es."

"Well, dis was a second-hand suit what belonged to a gent what was in swimmin'."—Philadelphia Press.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' factory, Peoria, Ill.

There is something wrong about the father who is not a hero in the eyes of his little ones.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Few girls would improve their intellects at the expense of their shape.

ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA

A Cure of STOMACH CATARRH.

MARY O'BRIEN

Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna cured me in five weeks of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say, *All hail to Peruna."*

Mr. H. J. Henneman, Oakland, Neb., writes:

"I waited before writing to you about my sickness, catarrh of the stomach, which I had over a year ago.

"There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effects, have a good appetite and am getting fat.

"So I am, and will say to all, I am cured for good.

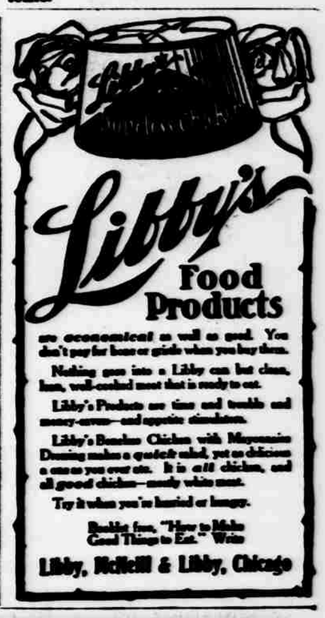
"I thank you for your kindness.

"Peruna will be our house medicine hereafter."

Catarrh of the stomach is also known in common parlance as dyspepsia, gastritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except it removes the catarrh.

A Great Tonic.

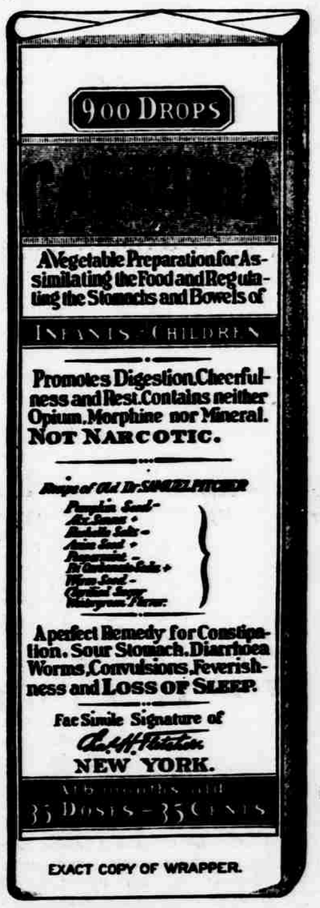
Mr. Austin M. Small, Astoria, Ore., writes: "During the hot weather of the past summer I lost my appetite. I tried Peruna, and found it pleasant to take, a splendid appetizer and a great tonic."



Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. J. E. Waggoner, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can most heartily recommend your Castoria to the public as a remedy for children's complaints. I have tried it and found it of great value."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

Dr. F. H. Kyle, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "It affords me pleasure to add my name to the long list of those who have used and now endorse your Castoria. The fact of the ingredients being known through the printing of the formula on the wrapper is one good and sufficient reason for the recommendation of any physician. I know of its good qualities and recommend it cheerfully."

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, 77 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.