

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 interests of their children, and use Castoria in stead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by fœtering opium, morphia, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneveland, 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."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass. ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

FIELDING CROSS-EXAMINES.

He Prepares Maude to Be a Witness in a Civil Suit.

He is Almost Too Successful, and Loses His Case with a Recommendation to Sneeze—Maude Objects to So Much Reference to Her Age.

[Copyright, 1893.]

"Maude," said I, "can you tell the truth?" "Oh, you want me to be a witness in that suit," she exclaimed. "I think it will be real fun. But I haven't a thing to wear. If it should be a nice, pleasant day I might wear my—"

"Never mind your clothes," said I. "Wear something that will wash, and you're to spend a day in a New York courtroom. That's all you need to think about. But what do you know about the case?"

"I know all about it," she cried. "You're suing Mr. Ruggles for building a horrid old factory right in our back yard. You want ten thousand dollars out of him, but you said that you'd be lucky if you got half of it. You said that, anyway. It would be all clear gain, except what those shares, your counsel, extracted from you, and that you'd blow it all in taking me to Europe, and that your creditors could go sit on a double-pointed carpet tack—"

"By all means," said I, "tell that to the jury, and it won't be necessary to call any other witnesses."

"Wait a minute," said I. "I am now personating our lawyer who will extract the first story. Afterwards the other fellow will take you in hand and make you contradict all your previous statements, to say nothing of mine. Now we will begin the cross-examination."

"Now," I continued, "think of the most disagreeable man you ever saw."

"I arose from my chair, and coming up close to Maude, I shook my forefinger violently in her face."

"Never mind what you said," I yelled. "You have just contradicted yourself in a single sentence."

own personal knowledge, that you were born on May 29, 1868?"

"Certainly. Why my father and mother—"

"I have nothing to do with the birth of your father and mother," I howled. "Did you make a note of the date?"

"No, of course not. How—"

"Do you mean to tell this court that you were present on an occasion of so much importance to yourself—one which might affect your whole future life—and made no note of the date?"

"Whoever heard of anything so perfectly absurd? How in the world—"

"I am not here, madam, to answer your questions," I thundered. "You have sworn that of your own personal knowledge you know that you were born on May 29, 1868. Now are you sure of that as of the other facts to which you have testified?"

"Well, I should hope so!"

"Then everything that you have told the jury has been a matter of hearsay?"

"Of course not. Don't you suppose I saw—"

"Can you swear that you saw the date May 29, 1868, on any newspaper, calendar, or other document on the day you were born?"

"No, you idiot!"

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Deep Researches Into the Realm of the Antique.

Not Only 1830 Gowns, But Also 1830 Department is the Rage—The Old-Fashioned Lace Fichu—Something About Parasols and Gloves.

[Copyright, 1893.] The girls are getting more and more interested in the antique. They are getting out all of the old books they can find—books on court robes, books on fashions, which their grandmothers carefully laid away; books on old-time etiquette—for if you wear a quaint old gown you must bear yourself accordingly; it will never do to have a fin de siècle walk with an 1830 flare. That would be too incongruous.



FOR HOME WEAR.

And perfectly executed; the gown that enfolds the girl demands even a change in the manner of speech, as well as in her words; no bright, ringing words, full of all the true American girl's charm, may now spring forth from her lips; she must speak gently, quietly, calmly, sweetly, graciously, and, above all, deliberately, as if time were not flying fast, but as if the hours would await her pleasure and hang upon her words. It is quite possible that the new dress, or, rather, the old one revived, may retard the progress of woman half a century, or so. For if she be true to the quaintness which she has begun to assume in all respects and adopts all the characteristics of the womanly woman, as the term was understood in the good old days, there will be no ballet, no platform, no equal rights for this frail bit of humanity. She will have no voice which to claim them, for its pitch will have been gently modulated to suit the gown.

Poor woman! What a martyr she makes of herself! How bravely she sinks her identity into that of her gown. Unselfish isn't the word for it. She simply loses herself, and finds her robes. But she feels consoled for all her heroism and suffering and self-denial when she wins the attention and recalls the wandering fancy of the indifferent man, who has not been so attentive of late as might be. She knows that all this quaintness of apparel and speech will amuse him, and she knows that if he is amused and interested he will not flee. And therefore a diligent



A LACE TRIMMED GOWN.

search is continually kept up for all the oddities that found favor in the eyes of the dames of old, and upon the discovery of each there is great rejoicing. There is abundant gold for this industry in the line of fabrics, lace, mantles, fine crepe materials that fold sweetly and demurely over the breast. One girl has a siren's cape of a material that is striped with crinkly and then with plain crepe. The cape is palest pink. Another has a small lace cap, just covering the shoulders, and for a heading, to lie on her neck, fold upon fold of pale blue chiffon. A brilliant brunette has a heavy black lace mantle, long and queer-looking, tied with brilliant scarlet. Another has a peculiar garment, made of crinkled strips of three pale colors—yellow, blue and pink—which hangs down straight and square across the back but is caught up in front in a knot at the breast, and then edged with old lace. Then ever so many girls have the real old fichu, the genuine thing, that comes straight over the shoulder and folds simply in front; these make a sweet-faced demure look doubly delicate and charming. Lastly, there's a small cape made of the sturdiest of ribbons, in all the light colors, caught toward the bottom as a thin festoon and edged and headed with lace ruffles.

TOOTS HIS OWN HORN.

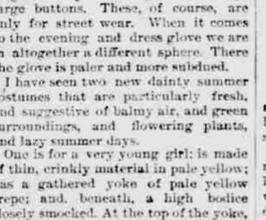
Mitchell Says No Fighter Has an Impenetrable Left Guard.

How Small Men Whip Big Men—Appreciates Corbett's Advantages in Height and Reach, But is Not Afraid of Him.

[Copyright, 1893.] The death of my friend, George Alexander Baird, better known to the world at large as Squire Abingdon, will in no way affect my match with James J. Corbett for the world's championship. I have spurned Corbett's offer to let the side bet go and contend for a purse alone. I regarded it, in the light of his past vociferous demands for an ample side stake, as a deliberate insult, a malicious shaft aimed at me at a time when I was well-nigh overcome with grief at the unexpected loss of a loyal friend, shrewd counselor and undiluting backer.

Strange as it may appear to Mr. Corbett, I could have at any time obtained the backing of a large number of my former friends, Squire Abingdon, although not engaged in the show business, nor masquerading as an actor, nor traveling on my shape in any way. My father-in-law, George Washington, better known as "Pony" Moore, would gladly have backed me against James J. Corbett for ten thousand dollars at any time. One or two other personal friends offered to do the same thing, and as I have a little coin of my own there need never have been any fear that a battle would not occur by reason of any lack of "yellow backing."

So much confidence had my deceased friend Baird in my ability to beat Corbett that he wanted to back me for fifty thousand dollars a side against the Californian. When William H. Brady, Corbett's manager and representative, at one of our many conferences suggested that the side stakes be increased from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars a side, Baird, although of a cool, phlegmatic temperament, could barely be restrained from jumping up and seizing the offer. I explained to him, however, in a whisper aside, that too large a side bet would be sure to attract the attention of officers of the law, and I demonstrated, besides, that for his extra forty thousand dollars he could win eighty thousand dollars instead of forty thousand dollars at the ring side, as Corbett, being the champion of America and the conqueror of the renowned John L. Sullivan, would certainly enter the ring a two to one favorite. Mr. Baird was a shrewd, keen business man



MITCHELL AND CORBETT. [Showing their relative height.]

as well as a thorough sportsman, and he at once grasped my point and assented.

Baird, be it known, was a warm admirer of the undaunted gladiator and lion-hearted man of men, John L. Sullivan. When the king of fighters, broken down in health and a wreck of his former self, went down before the youthful and the lucky Corbett, Baird was deeply chagrined. Not that he cared a jot for the money he had lost on Sullivan, which was in the neighborhood of ten thousand pounds, but he felt grieved that so grand a man as Sullivan should be caught in his pugilistic old age by a shrewd manager and no less cunning fighter, just as the aged and infirm king of the forest, the Numidian lion, is snared and set upon by the inferior beasts of the jungle.

Even after the defeat of Sullivan Squire Abingdon was continually after me to do battle with his conqueror. He believed that I could whip him, and was never satisfied until I had made overtures for a match. When that match was finally consummated Baird was the happiest man alive.

The real, genuine friendship and respect Squire Abingdon had for John L. Sullivan were shown at St. Louis a few weeks ago when "Stully" and I patched up our differences and made up. Baird was, as a rule, unobtrusive and possessed superb self-control. When, however, Sullivan and I walked down, hand in hand, to the footlights he gave way to the most joyous applause and cheering which followed. When Sullivan spoke in terms of eulogy of your humble servant and wished him success in the coming contest Baird could hardly contain himself any longer, and rushed to shake John L. by the hand heartily, right then and there, even in the midst of the great Bostonian's speechmaking.

Now a final word regarding my \$10,000 deposit already up to fight Corbett. Some people, the factious Mr. Corbett among them, affect to believe that the relatives of my dead friend will claim that \$10,000 when the estate is settled up. That idea is a corker! The estate of George Alexander Baird is worth anywhere from \$15,000,000 up, and \$10,000 is a mere bagatelle in comparison. Baird's relatives would not disgrace his memory by suing for such a paltry sum. Besides, it would do them no good if they did. George Alexander Baird gave me that \$10,000 to place on myself, the understanding being that in case I defeated Corbett I was to have the \$10,000 stake money, besides the \$7,000 or \$8,000 purse, or whatever purse should be offered for the contest. No, there is no fear of the match not going on for any lack of side bets.

WELL SETTLED.

A Case That Was Amicably Disposed of Out of Court.

Uncle John Berry was an eccentric fellow with a large amount of common sense. Two of his townsmen, who had been lifelong friends, had a falling out. Abram Green was going to sue Benjamin Brown, while Brown threatened to bring a counter suit against Green, and the prospect was good for a long string of lawsuits. At this point friends interferred and persuaded the two men to leave the matter to Uncle John Berry.

The old man consented to act as judge on two conditions: Neither of the disputants should employ a lawyer, and they should promise to abide by his decision.

To this they agreed, and Uncle John drew up a bond which they signed, agreeing to pay him two hundred dollars if they did not abide by his judgment.

After the papers were duly executed Uncle John took the contestants into a room from which every eye was excluded, and seating himself at the end of a table, told Green to sit at his right, facing Brown, who sat on the opposite side of the table.

"Then he had Brown tell his story. If Green tried to interrupt him he was made to keep still. When Mr. Brown was done Mr. Green told his story, while Brown in turn was obliged to remain silent."

"Have either of you anything more to say?" asked the referee. Neither of them spoke.

Uncle John was silent for a minute. Then he held out a hand to each and said: "My decision is that each of you pay me fifty cents and go home—fifty cents apiece, go home and say nothing more about the business."

They both began to expostulate. That was no way to settle the matter, they declared. They wanted to know which was right.

But Uncle John was firm. "My decision is," he repeated, "that each of you pay me fifty cents, go home and say nothing more about it, or else pay me two hundred dollars. I have your bond for that amount, and I know that you are good for it."

They paid the fifty cents, went home and ever after were good friends—Yours Complacently, CHAS. W. MITCHELL.

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MIX ME UP.

To whom Mr. Darwin would very justly trace Mr. Ruggles' family line. Imagine this creature freed from all legal and moral restraints, and you will have a fair idea of the lawyer who will cross-examine you in the interests of the defendant.

"I don't care two cents for him," said

do in looking out for what you yourself say. Proceed, then; how do you know that you were born on that day?"

"Why, of course I was. Don't you suppose I know?"

"I suppose nothing, madam. I am after the facts. Do you know, of your

own personal knowledge, that you were born on May 29, 1868?"

"Certainly. Why my father and mother—"

"I have nothing to do with the birth of your father and mother," I howled. "Did you make a note of the date?"

"No, of course not. How—"

"Do you mean to tell this court that you were present on an occasion of so much importance to yourself—one which might affect your whole future life—and made no note of the date?"

"Whoever heard of anything so perfectly absurd? How in the world—"



LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MIX ME UP.

HOWDY RECOMMENDED TO MERT.