

# 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. Allow no one to deceive you in this. 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. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, 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, 77 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

### AT THE LAND STATION.

THE young man, alone in the little house on the high point, took from his pocket a letter and read it for the fourth time since coming on duty two hours before. Then he carefully scanned a time table of the White Belt Steamship Company. And that was for the fourth time also. Once more he read the letter, addressed in a feminine hand to Mr. Arthur Hill, and once more he compared it with the time table. The time table was interesting, but the letter was more so. He read it again:

"St. John, N. B., April 17.

"Dear Arthur—Since you wish it I shall return by the next boat to Boston. I have not finished my visit to cousin Ida, but am sure she will understand when I explain that the company is sending you to Boston sooner than you expected. I leave the 24th on the Ethan Allen of the White Belt line. By this mail I am writing mother asking her to meet me, as I know you cannot get away from Pine Island Point before the first of the month. Mother complains that she cannot get me ready to be married by the end of May; she says that when she was young the bride was given a whole year to prepare her trousseau. So there, sir! You can't scold me for asking three months' grace.

I have just had a brilliant idea. Of course your station will be in operation when we come down the Coast. If we are not too far out at sea, couldn't you communicate with the vessel? It has just been fitted with the wireless telegraphy apparatus, and I shall ask the operator to signal you. Goodbye till I send you a wireless kiss across the waters. Lovingly,

"ETHEL WADE."

After reading the letter Hill tried to locate the Ethan Allen by adding some figures to those already scribbled on the time table; it worried him that his last calculation tallied with his original figures. He thought it out of the question that the Ethan Allen should be behind time; what he feared was that his instrument could not be working properly. He examined the intricate mechanism with care and found everything in order. If the lofty spar ought a single Hertzian wave the powder would give warning; there was nothing to do but fall back on the theory that his station did not synchronize with the Ethan Allen. It disturbed him not at all that the one line to Claverly had the outside world was down.

From the wall above the table a girl smiled down upon the operator. A girl in a sailor hat, with dark, wavy locks. Only the picture saved the anxious man from despair. It made him cling to the hope that a message might come him across the water. Hope is always a saive for the appointments of youth. As he waited all alone in the little telegraph office he began to build air castles, and to plan plans for a

brilliant future. And all the air castles had the girl in the sailor hat for their mistress, and all the rosy plans had the girl in the sailor hat for their inspiration.

Hill was awakened from his day dream by the banging of a shutter. The wind was rising.

Another gust of wind shook the frail house. He hurried out to look at the sky. The sun was still shining, but black lowering clouds were in the east. The face of the water became darkened, heralding the coming storm. The one-room, frame office, set insecurely on sleepers, seemed to sway in the wind. Hill looked anxiously at the tall mast with its network of wires at the top. If the mast and the house could stand the strain he could get a message. Alone in the gathering storm he almost prayed for a message as he gazed on the black waves and the driving sea.

Click-click-click, click, click-click-click, click, s-t, s-t, s-t. The little sounder began to jerk like mad. Just the two letters over and over; s-t, s-t, s-t. It was the call for a station. Hill sprang to the table and answered, then with eager impatience waited for a reply. Never had the wind howled more dismally. At last the sounder began to speak. "This is the Ethan Allen. Are you Pine Island Point S. Hunt."

Hill gave a shout that even drowned the roaring of the wind. It was Sam Hunt on the Ethan Allen. Many a time had he and Hunt whiled away the dull hours talking over the wires when they worked together on the old Rhode Island division. Through Hunt, Hill promised himself a long chat with Ethel Wade.

Hill danced around the room in great glee, shook his fist at the raging storm, blew a kiss to the girl in the picture, and managed to reply, "O. K. Go ahead, Hill."

Slowly, laboriously the instrument began its task, Hill calmed down to catch the first words from Ethel. To his surprise and dismay it was an official dispatch.

"Wire Boston office Ethan Allen driven out of course by storm and ice. Lost bearings. Storm increasing. Half speed. Two slight leaks. Captain Andrews."

The message came to Hill as a great shock, inasmuch as his betrothed was aboard the distressed vessel. To the captain's message Hill replied, "Can't get message through. Wire to Claverly down."

Now came another long wait. Since the captain's message it cost him a pang to look up at the girl smiling down from the picture. He could only stare at the cruel waste of waters, and the gloomy waste of clouds. The unfeeling sounder began to click. At the first words his heart jumped with the thrill of expectancy.

"Dearest, don't worry. Everything is all right. I am comfortable and not the least bit frightened. I can talk to you, too. Isn't it strange? But when we are married, no long distance communications for me. You can't drive me this far from you. Mr. Hunt

is very good. I don't know whether he will send this part; he has looked after me very carefully. He says he knew you long before I did, but I said I knew you better than he did. He laughed. At the present rate you will get to Boston sooner than I shall. We don't know where we are; just feeling our way along in a regular blizzard. Mr. Hunt will make a few funny dots and dashes here \* \* \* that means a kiss from me to you. Ever,

"Ethel."

Hill was puzzled. The captain's message told all too plainly of this danger; yet Ethel's message was light hearted, almost frivolous. He wondered if she knew. Trembling like a drunken man, a full minute passed before he could put his hand resolutely upon the transmitter.

"Dear Ethel:—You don't know what a fool I feel I am for asking you to return to Boston in such weather. Can you ever forgive me? Do you know you are in danger? Have Hunt tell you everything. I hope it is not as bad as I fear. Of course you will pull through. After we meet in Boston nothing will ever separate us again. Forgive me for advising this trip. Anxiously,

"ARTHUR."

Hill added a postscript for Hunt.

"Hunt, tell me the true state of affairs. I would give everything only to be on the Ethan Allen."

Again came the weary period of waiting. This wait, however was more terrifying than the other, for it was longer. When the sounder took up its burden again Hill listened attentively to the story. He did not trust to remembering it, but as the message came jotted it down letter by letter. Each sentence he weighed carefully, hoping to construe it into words of assurance and comfort. But in vain.

"Captain's message tells all. Nothing new. Don't see how boat can live. Miss Wade knows the truth; is calm, preparing message to you. New leak reported. All pumps going. When taking this assignment I prepared for this, yet for God's sake do what you can to comfort my wife. I shall do my best when the time comes."

It ceased, but soon Hill was busy again; this time in receiving message after message from passengers and officers. Hunt must have warned them to be brief, as time was precious. Each message was short, but each word was a volume; the last words to loved ones, voices from the tomb. Hill mechanically recorded them, but his own grief was too harrowing to permit him to sympathize as yet with the sorrow of others. He began to wonder how long he could endure the strain. The wind, as it sang its victorious song, nearly diverted his attention from the steady stream of dots and dashes. But the time came when the words came regularly no longer; long intervals occurred between sentences, and after that between words. He accounted for the delay by imagining in a vague fashion that the telegraph mast on the Ethan Allen probably had been damaged by the storm.

Fully realizing the impotency of his position the operator paced his office like a caged tiger. It was all he could do. Taking the heavy iron poker from under the stove he played with it absent-mindedly like a walking stick. Without, the remorseless wind was lashing the waves with a fury driving them booming upon the rocky shore. The sounder began its feeble record, a rambling disconnected tale, but all the more terrible for its incoherency.

"Leak in boiler room—fires out. Boats being launched—can't possibly live—second mate's boat smashed, all lost. Ship can't live quarter-hour. Captain will not leave. Ethel and I in captain's."

It was ended. The little sounder came to a stop with a malicious snap, and refused to give up further secrets from the dead. Hill waited with straining nerves and staring eyes; but it was a loud blast of wind and a

With a piercing laugh he sprang to his feet and grasped the heavy poker. In his blind rage he swung it above his head and brought it down upon the senseless instruments. Again and again the bar rose and fell with relentless fury. At last only bent and broken pieces of copper and brass remained of what had been a monument to the genius of the twentieth century. With a final despairing movement the madman raised the bar and hurled it crashing through the window. Overcome by the delirium of his madness, Hill sank to the floor, cowering before the riot of the storm.

From above the shattered table the girl with dark, wavy hair smiled down upon the scene of desolation and ruin.

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Don't stay on or near the surface, but go in through the muscles and bones to the bone and drives out all stress and inflammation.



For a Lame Back, Sore Muscles, or, in fact, all Lameness and Soreness of your body there is nothing that will drive out the pain and inflammation so quickly as

### Mexican Mustang Liniment.

If you cannot reach the spot yourself get some one to assist you, for it is essential that the liniment be rubbed in most thoroughly.

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Overcomes the ailments of horses and all domestic animals. In fact, it is a Seab healer and pain killer no matter who or what the patient is.

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Everything new. Fine Teams, Single and Double, with or without driver. Calls for Hacks promptly attended to. Special attention given to boarding stock. Travelling men will find it to their interest to call and see me. Have a magnificent Stear and am prepared to attend funerals promptly at reasonable rates. Selling horses and mules a specialty.

### J. C. WHITESIDE.

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Round trip tickets to points in Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Indian Territory and Oklahoma, will be sold by the Cotton Belt, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at about half of the usual rates. Three weeks return limit. Stop overs allowed on going trip.

Tell us where you want to go, and we will tell you the exact cost of a ticket and send you a complete schedule for your trip. If you are anxious to secure a better place to locate, we will also send you our handsome illustrated booklet, "Homes in the Southwest," and "Through Texas With a Camera."

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I am selling the very best Coal on the market at the lowest possible price. I positively guarantee this Coal to be cheaper and as good quality as any shipped to this city. Your patronage solicited. D. F. ELLIS.

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DECKING Harvesters and Farming Implements. Guaranteed the best and cheapest on the world's markets today. See Mr. Whiteside, at his Livery Barn in Okolona, if you are thinking about farming implements.

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Digests what you eat.

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CAPITAL Stock \$50,000. Transacts a general banking business. Domestic and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. Latest steel screw door burglar proof safe used. This bank carries burglar insurance, and is one of the safest depositories in the state.

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**C. A. LACROIX, H. L. MORRISON,**  
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FIRE INSURANCE. Will write you in case of a loss will personally see that you have a prompt settlement. Office first door east of Okolona Banking Company, Okolona, Miss.

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**J. RUBEL & CO.**  
DRY-GOODS, Clothing, Hats, Shoes, etc. at wholesale and retail. Big three room store, carrying the largest stock in Northeast Mississippi. Ladies have always been able to find in our store just what they desire to purchase, because we are always up with the styles, and get the latest.

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**AZWELL & MCKINNEY,**  
FANCY GROCERIES, Fruits, Vegetables, and Produce. Fish and Oysters in their season. Agents for Lowrey's Candies, Cater to the city trade. Okolona, Miss.

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PURE DRUGS and Popular Standard Patent Medicines, paints, oils and varnishes. Fine line of Fancy Stationery, and big stock of toilet articles and school supplies. A Registered Pharmacist in Prescription Dept.

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BUYERS and Importers of Cotton. Lowest price paid for staples. District office at Okolona; branch office at every station on M. & O. Railroad from Baldwin to Macon. The seller makes a mistake if he does not see us.

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STOVALL Cotton Yard, Okolona, offer the farmers the best of accommodations for their season, and ask them to come to their large brick barn and be convinced. As good places for teams as at any livery stable.

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CIGAR FACTORY. Makes a better 5 cent cigar than is offered in this market from any other factory, and believes he is justified in appealing to the smoker's public to patronize home industry. Try the I. M. O. C. Cigar. You will like it. Only the best of stock used.

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