hard and fast rules of science. I am

for the power to soften this hard

stone," he struck it with his hand, "and

here! Here is the formula. I have

written it out twice, in case anything

should happen and one were lost. Take

this copy, and treasure it as you would

Fenton held out his hand with the

"No, not yet. You shall have it when

the discovery is complete. Go now."

and he thrust the papers in his breast

CHAPTER II.

Constance was making up the fire,

which would burn throughout the

She did not refuse, but drew away

He made up the fire, then arose and

took up his cloak. Then he stood look-

ing at her, his grey eyes keen and rest-

"Good-night. You will not let me

These scoundrels are in our neighbor-

His eyes followed hers in silence for a

"And you will not listen to what I

ing which may not occur again for

"My father would not consent to go,"

she replied, quietly. "But that is no rea-

son why you should remain, Mr. Fen-

He bit his lip as he came nearer to

"And do you think I would leave you

desert him ?" he said in a low voice.

"We are quite safe," she said, coldly

"We need no protection. Daniel's form

"And can you think of no reason why

I should not leave you?" he said, his

its usual calmness. "Miss Grahame-

heart, and have known how it has been

with me long, long ago. Miss Gra-

hame. I could not leave you, for-I love

Constance shrunk back and turned

pale. Then she drew herself upright,

as if ashamed of her momentary weak-

out. The love I offer you is no ordin-

ary love; it is a passion which con-

which can brook no denial. I ask you

here on my knees, if you will-to be my

He was indeed on his knees as he

spoke, and made as if to take her hand;

"Get up. if you please, Mr. Fenton,"

He rose, white to the lips, his eyes

You-you say this ?" he uttered. al-

She turned from him, but he stepped

his hand to his throat as if he were

choking. "Give me a minute-a mo-

my love? You will not be my wife? Is

"I have said it; I can say no more. Let

'One moment." he said, hoarsely.

"You have not thought; you are of-

fended with me for speaking so sud-

denly. But think, for God's sake! 1

could wait no longer. Have I not wait-

"If you had waited for years, my ans-

wer would be the same," she replied

"What is there in me that you should

"Not yet," he said, doggedly.

cannot give you up. the one great hope

of my life, without a struggle. I know

I am unworthy of you; but, before God, I will strive to be less so. I will—I will

make you happy. I will take you away

nelp me. I am not without talents. If

I have you to work for, I will show the world what I can do."

She made a little gesture with he

your wife : never, never."

Wait! wait!" he said, and he put

between her and the door.

that what you mean ?"

me pass, please."

ed long enough ?"

with apparent calm.

speak of love ?"

but she stepped back from him, and

clinched her hands at her side.

we can be robbed."

hood, they say, and-"

night, and did not turn her head as he

Fenton went into the next room.

"Let me do this before I go."

same half-concealed sneer, but the old

the key to a gold mine."

and waved him away.

from him.

moment.

months "

you !"

man drew the paper back.

lisgorge its wealth. You doubt me ! See

CHAPTER I.

The light from a fire of huge logs which burned in the rude fireplace, big enough for the roasting of an ox, fell upon the face and form of a young

She stood with her hands loosely clasped, and her eyes fixed dreamily and sadly on the flames and glowing embers, as if lost in thought, but every now and again she raised her head and seemed to listen .

Outside was the stillness of an Australian right, in which no sound is heard but the bleating of the sheep and the hoarse, rasping cry of the wild dog. Not a breath seemed stirring, not a leaf rustled : nature slent.

Inside, from the next room, separated from the one in which she stood by a wall of rough planking, came sounds both strange and mysterious. At times they resembled the whir of a wheel, at others the hissing and simmering of some hot liquid. A faint odor of chemicals cozed through the chinks of the with a weary sigh sunk down upon the partition, and at intervals a voice, sheepskin rug, and relapsed into her sceble and crooning, joined with the old gazing at the fire. noise of the wheel and the hissing of

The girl glanced towards the part!tion now and again, and signed. An air of mystery seemed to pervade

this rough log cabin in the Australian a young man reached the door. wilds, and the mystery was certainly not lessened by the fact that the young girl was extremely beautiful, and had the appearance of being a lady by birth and training.

She was of medium height, but exquisitely proportioned, her slim yet fully developed figure as graceful as a the fire. fawn's. But for the reflection of the roaring, dancing fire, her face would tinted alabaster. Her eyes were blue, of that intense and darkening blue which one sees oftenest in the Irish type of beauty, and-Irish this, too-her hair was of a soft and raven black, which, in conjunction with the violet hue of her eyes and her exquisite complexion, presented a form of loveliness which no man with a heart in his bosom could look on without a thrill of admir-

She was dressed in the plainest manner; yet, though her dress was of a dark and simple material suitable for the bush, she wore it with that unconscious air of ease and grace which ore may remark in any lady of fashion gliding through a London ballroom. Over the fire hung, suspended by a

hook, a kettle of water, and presently she took a teapot from the hearth and Then she went to the rough door of

the adjoining room, and, knocking gently, said :-"Father, father !"

She had to call three or four times before the answer came, and then the feeble voice replied with irritable im-

"Will you not come out and have some tea, father?" she asked, and her voice, low yet distinct, sounded as strange a contrast to the rough cries of the wild dogs, heard faintly from the outside, as was her appearance to the rude hut, for it was the voice of a voung and refined English lady. "Come out and leave your work for a little while

-only a little while !" "No, no; I cannot, I cannot !" he returned. "Every moment is of importance. To-night I am near-I know itvery near the great end. Do not wait for me. I am not thirsty nor hungry." The girl sighed, and went back to the fire, and a moment afterwards the old

man's voice spoke again. "Has Fenton come back, Constance?" "No, father," she replied, and as she spoke her brows contracted, as if the name or the question were unwelcome. "So long, so long!" he muttered, im-

patiently. Then the silence, broken by the sound of the wheel and the hiss of the builing liquid, fell again upon the hut, and the girl stood and gazed at the fire. At last she poured out a cup of tea,

and knocked at the door of the inner It was opened, and an old man stood before her, peering as if roused from

some absorbing task, and holding the door in his hand as if impatient to close

"You!" he muttered, not unkindly. but disappointedly. "I thought it was Fenton. What is it?"

"I have brought you some tea. You must take it and rest, father, if only for "Well, well," he muttered. "Rring it

She entered and looked round for some object upon which to place the cup. The room was somewhat larger than the other, but presented an appearance strange beyond adequate des-cription. At one end was a small furnace, such as is used by analytical chemists; upon the small fire was crucible, from which rose a film of rainbow-colored vapor. Retorts, test glasses and spirit thermometers littered all the space around it. Near by stood the kind of lathe used by the cutters of precious stones, and on the foor a

heap of the stone called jasper.

A small "chunk" of this lay upon the bed of the lathe, and as the light from a flickering lamp, suspended from the wooden ceiling, felt upon the lump, little jets of ruby and emerald-like fire flashed and sparkled from it.

At the other end of the room was a sout wooden partition, which served a service and the served of t The old man, to appearance, seemed

-- in its

as out of place in one rough duc, wild Australian scenery, as the siri, Bent and white with age, clad in a gurment that was half cloth, half fur, he yet had the unmistakable look of a gentleman, and there was something in is clearly cut face and long, thin hands which indicated the doctor and

The girl went to the lathe and put out her hand to move the lump of jasper to make room for the cup, but the old mar stopped her. "No, no. don't touch, don't move any-

thing, child! Give me the cup." Ife took it and drank the ten as if ne were performing a tiresome duty. There-there. Take care you do not disturb anything. One mistake, one blunder to-night, and the toil of months is thrown away and lost."

As he spoke he went back to the crucble, and bent over it, as forgetful and oblivious of her presence as if she had not existed.

She stood looking at him for a mo ment or two with sadly pitiful gaze, then stole up to him and put her arm around his neck.

"Ah, father, give it up !" she murmured gently and lovingly. "For my sake, dear, give it up and rest. Let it all go, and let us leave this dreadful place. He straightened himself, and, turning his head, looked at her with the feverish, too brilliant eyes of the enthusiast whose life has become absorbed by an "Constance, are you mad?" he said,

waving his hand, as if to silence her and put her disturbing presence from "You don't know what you ask! Give it up ! And to-night, of all nights! Now, of all times, when I am on the eve, on the moment of success! What, after all these weary months, to throw away the grand result, just as it comes within my reach ! No ; for your sake, I persevere. Yes, for your sake ! Do you think that it is for myself I am working? No, it is for you, for you! Constance, my child--"

He broke off, some subtle change in the vapor rising from the crucible catching his eye, and waved her away. "Leave me alone," he muttered, watching the flame eagerly. "Don't disturb me to-night, Constance. Ah, if Fenton were only back! Send him to me the moment he comes. Do you hear

-the moment !" Constance turned reluctantly, and went back to the adjoining room, and

Presently her quick ears caught the sound of footsteps outside the but. She rose and listened intently, then went to the door, unlocked, unbarred and opened it. The footsteps came nearer, and

"Miss Grahame," he said, in a tone of expostulation. "It is not safe; you could not be sure it was I." "I know your step, Mr. Fenton," she said, coldly.

He passed in and locked and barred the door, and she went and stood by

your account, whenever I leave you?" have been pale, and even in the ruddy he said, as if apologizing for his former glow it had the appearance of rose- tone. "I am afraid I have been a long time away, but I met with some difficulty. There was some news at Dan's station, and in the excitement I could not for some time get him to give me the acid." As he spoke he took off his heavy fur

loak, and kneeling down held his hands to the fire.

He was a man of about thirty-five. He, too, looked of a different and higher class from that to which the isual squatter belongs, and his thin, flexible hands, as well as his sharply cut face, denoted the gentleman.

It was almost a handsome face, but there was something wrong about the lips, and an expression in the grey eyes which, if not exactly furtive, did not certainly err on the side of frankness. Looking at him as he knelt in the fireght, a student of human nature would have said that Rawson Fenton was a man who would never be without an object in life, and who would attain that object by fair means if he could; if not, by any other that presented it-

There was calculation in the cold grey eye, caution in the thin, straight lips, and a certain amount of daring in the line of the low, thoughtful brow. "My father is very anxious to see you," said Constance Grahame, after a moment or two.

He looked up at her with a kind of watchful and covert eagerness in his eves, and nodded.

"Yes, I will go directly," he responded, but he still knelt and held his hand to the blaze. "He is still at work, still hopeful ?" he asked in a low voice, as if he did not wish the old man in the next room to hear him.

"Yes," replied the girl with cold sad-"He thinks that to-night-" She stopped, and Rawson Fenton shrugged his shoulders, not so much contemptuously as with resigned pity.

"That is always the way," he said, glancing up at her quickly, and then returning his gaze to the fire. "It is always the way with your enthusiast of any kind-always on the brink of success. It is a great pity," and he sighed and waited as if for encouragement from her to proceed. But she made no response, and he went on, after a mo-

ment's keen calculation :-"It is a pity, a thousand pities, that he was ever led on to this wild-goose

coldly, and with a glance at the face The faintest color rose to his check for a moment, but he replied with in-

stant and seeming frankn ... "You mean that I led him on do you not, Constance-Miss Grahame?" he corrected himself, as he felt rather than saw the contraction of her brows which the use of her Christian name had provoked. "You do me an injustice, and I think if you consider the facts that you will admit you do. What are the

"My father is waiting for you," said Constance, in the same repelling 'one.

"One moment, give me a moment,"
he returned, pleadingly. "What are the
facts ? Six months ago I found your father at the farm at Walla-Walla. He

had come out from England, like many another disappointed professional man, to make a fortune in the new world What folly it is ! Why, when one thinks of it, the men who are to the manner born, the men of the soil, here too often fail! What chance is there for an Englishman who knows nothing of the work, and has neither youth nor strength on his side? Miss Grahame, you will admit that your father was drifting to ruin on the sheep ranch?"

Constance leaned her head upon her arm and sighed.

farer, an Englishman like himself—yea, and poorer than himself—and because Sent Sides

took me in. Do you think I am not grateful, that I shall ever forget it? No! Not while I have a drop of blood left to shed for him, an ounce of trength left to work for him."

It was a noble sentiment, and really very nicely delivered, but somehow it did not produce the effect he had expected and hoped. Constance Grahame's cold and reserved expression did not soften in the slightest.

Rawson Fenton paused for a mo then went on in a low voice and slowly. as if he were anxious to impress every word on his motionless hearer. "In an unwary moment, little dream

ing of the effect my words would have upon him. I told your father of the story I had heard of the finding of precious stones in this district. I had, as you know, been here myself, and had proved the truth of the rumor by finding several pieces of rock of jasper containing opals. When your father heard my account of this place, and saw the specimens, he jumped to the con-clusion that I had discovered a new El Dorado. It was not my fault. I did not lead him astray. I pointed out to him that though it was easy enough | entered. He went up and took the log to find the gems it was so difficult to from her hands. extract them, separate them from the jasper in which they were embedded, that the cost of doing so would probably far exceed the value of the gems. All I could say was of no use. He resolved to sell the farm and buy the piece of land. Have I not spoken the truth? You can not say I led him." Constance moved slightly, but did not stay, Miss Grahame ? I wish you would.

"Be just, Miss Grahame," he pleaded looking up at her watchfully. "I did everything I could to dissuade your father from leaving the farm and speculating in this-well, yes, I called it a mad scheme, and I call it so still."

He paused and sighed. "If any means could be found of extracting the gems from the jasper without crushing them, why then-. But no one will ever succeed in finding such means. There is only one way of doing it. You smash your lump of rock, and in smashing it as likely as not destroy your opals. Would to heaven we had never come here! This place spells 'ruin."

"Will you go in to my father now?" she said. "One moment more," he replied. with a certain restrained earnestness and excitement, which displayed themselves

Constance moved from the fire.

in the restless movement of his eyes is near, and we have nothing of which and the quiver of his hands. "I told ! you that I heard news up at Daniel's station." "Yes," she said, with profound indif-

"An escort is coming to take his money to Melbourne. It will reach here and leave here to-night. Daniel is anxious to avail himself of this escort, as bushrangers have been seen prowling about the neighborhood, and he thinks it unsafe to keep his money at the farm any longer. One or two stations to the west of his have already been attacked. Don't be alarmed," he added, quickly.

"I am not alarmed," said Constance, heart, which caused her breath to come quietly. "I have lived so long in the in painful gasps. per that I have ceased to

"I know how brave you are," he mur mured, with fervent admiration. "But we-you and I-have another to think of, Doctor Grahame, your father, and it is for his sake that I make my pro-

"What proposal?" she asked, turning | somes me "--he struck his breast with her head and looking at him with coin | a sudden wild gesture. "It is a passion indifference.

"I propose," he said, "that we leave this place to-night. Why should we remain any longer? No good can come of our stay. The secret which your father has been seeking to learn will never be discovered. He will never find out how to separate the opals from the rock-never '

she said, and her voice was like ice, hard Constance sighed. and cold as steel. " I-I did not know. "Who can convince him of that?" she If I had guessed- Oh, say no more, said, almost to herself. please : but go." "It will be difficult. I admit." he re-

sponded. "As difficult as to persuade a seeming to glow with the wound of her gambler never to touch a card again : frigid refusal. but you-he will do anything for you, Con-Miss Grahame." most inarticulately; "you-you refuse

He rose as he spoke and drew nearer to the chair into which she had sunk, and stood looking down at her, his grey eyes glowing with admiration and passion, yet tempered with a light of cool calculation. ment to realize it. You will not accept

"I implore you to listen to me. This is no place for you. This wild country, this rough but ! Oh, they are not fit for one so young and lovely, one fitted to adorn a palace, to shine in the society of the highest and best."

Constance raised her head and looked "I will tell my father you are here, Mr. Fenton," she said. His face paled under the rebuff, and as she rose and went to the door of the inner room he

ollowed her. "Mr. Fenton has returned, father," "At last!" exclaimed the doctor.

Come in, come in! Have you brought it-the acid ? Give it to me." Fenton passed in, and closed the door after him

"Where have you been?" demanded the old man, peering over his shoulder at him with angry impatience. "I could have walked there, ah! on my hands and knees, old man as I am, in half the time. Do you think it a matter to be trifled with? It is one of life or death.

Listen, Fenton-stay, see there !" He clutched the young man's arm and drew him towards the Lench, upon which stood the lump of jasper. Some liquid had been poured upon it since Constance had entered the room last, and the rock looked scorched and altered in appearance.

Fenton looked down at it with scarcely concealed smile of contempt "Do you see ?" exclaimed the old man, with a feverish impatience. "Do you see how it is altered ? Feel it ! Take it

up ! Press it with your finger ! It was as hard as the nether millstone an hour ago! It is now—you see! you see!" Fenton examined the lump of rock, in which the precious gems glittered and scintillated like so many sparks of fire, with careless scorn, and then put it own again with a shrug of his should-

"I'm afraid, sir-,"he began, but the old man interrupted him.
"You are blind with ignorance and unbelief. Give me the acid and leave me to work alone. Your incredulity— and—and doubt shall not dishearten

me. No. I will persevere to the end. For her, for my girl! Go! Stay!"
Fenton, who had turned to leave the room, stopped, and the doctor took two pieces of paper from the breast of his

uess. You regard me as a quack, a ind of mad astrologer."
"My dear doctor—"

walt." He drew saids and she went past him. "Don't deny it : I see it in your face. but he put out his hand and stopped her. "One word more. Don't rob me of

ot blind. She, too-Constance-begins my hope. Give me the chance that time to think that I am mad. You are will make for me. I love you now as never. I think, man loved before. I will go on loving you while you leave me hope; but"—he paused and drew a long breath, his eyes fixed on her face-"if you should rob me of that hope, if you not a quack, an astrologer, young man, but a chemist. It is to chemistry I look should marry "-his hands clinched-"let the man who takes my place be-

> Constance turned on him, all her spirit roused and on fire. "Love does not stoop to threaten, Mr.

> She might as well have struck him. "Threaten! Yes, it is a threat. I know it," he retorted, hoarsely. "Let it stand as such. You have roused all the bad that is in me—beware of it."
>
> Then his mood changed, and he was at ber feet again.

"Ah, Constance, forgive me. It is my love that drives me mad." "Yes, you are mad," she said, coldly and with a look of scorn she drew her

skirt beyond the reach of his hand. As she did so a cry rose from the inner room, the door was flung open, and the old doctor stood in the aperture, his hands above his head, his face working with emotion.

"Constance! Fenton!" he cried. Come quickly." Constance sprang to his side and caught his arm.

"Father, father. What is it?" The old man waved his hand in the air, and both saw that he held the piece of rock. Rock no longer, but a soft and shapeless mass.

"I have found it! I have succeeded!" he exclaimed, his voice shrill and broken with excitement. "Constance. "No, thank you," she replied, coldly; "I am not afraid." As she spoke she my child, my child, go down on your knees and thank God ! I have made the glanced up at the revolver and rifle great discovery at last! We are rich ! which hung on the rack above the fire-Wealth, untold wealth, lies within our grasp. Look !" and he extended his claw-like hand and let fall through his fingers a number of crystals and opals. They fell, and rolled, a glittering, said? If I could only persuade you! This escort is an opportunity for leavscintillating shower, upon the rough

Fenton sprang forward and picked up some of them.

"The opals !" he exclaimed. "Yes, the opals !" echoed the old man with an exultant laugh. "You laughed and mocked at me, Fenton. You thought me mad. You too, Constance! What do you say now? We are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. We will go home-to England; you shall have all that money can buy, you shall take the position that is yours by birth. Rich, do I say! There is no wealthier woman in all Australia than Constance Grahame, the doctor's daughter. See here !

voice growing more hurried and losing He dragged rather than led her into the room. "See!" He took a piece of Constance-ah, you are a woman! You must have seen, you must have read my the crucible, watched it for a moment rock, poured upon it some liquid from or two with dilating eyes, then crushed it in his hand and dropped from it two or three sparkling gems.

Fenton, almost beside himself with excitement, uttered an oath under his "It is true," he exclaimed.

ness, and fixed her eyes upon him, fight-The old man laughed triumphantly. ing against the quick throbbing of her Yes, you believe it now, now that you see it with your own eyes. Rich, rich! "I love you," he repeated, and the Ah, it is not of myself I think, but of words seemed to give him strength and you-of you, Constance." "Father, father, be calm, dear, dear a kind of audacity. "I have said it

now! But you knew it before, for my father !" she murmured, trying to eyes have said it for months past. Consoothe him. "I am calm. Look at my hand. Is stance, don't shrink from me ; hear me it not steady?" It shook like a leaf in the wind. "It is not for myself I care, but for you. Do you think I have not seen how you have suffered in this solltude, this wild life? Do you think I have been neglectful? No! I have always looked forward to the time when I could take you back to England, to the life you are fitted for. And it has come at last! We are poor no longer. round us "-he waved his hand-" lie untold gems locked in the rock which has hitherto defled us. It can defy us no longer. I have found the 'Open Se-Science-science, Fenton, the

science at which you sneered, has vanquished nature. Rich, did I say? Ah, and famous too. The world will acknowledge in me the discoverer of the great secret, the chemical which can soften the jasper. Rich and famous !" He sunk on to the upturned empty box which served as a seat, and panted. Constance saw that he was fainting.

'The brandy," she exclaimed. "Get it. Stay with him while I go." She ran into the larger room, and Fenton put his arm round the old man and supported him. As he did so the doctor's head sunk. He had swooned. Fenton opened his waistcoat, and in so "I cannot be your wife," she said in a doing so saw a piece of closely written low voice full of pain and repugnance. | paper.

He took it from the old man's breast poeket and looked at it. It was the formula, the particulars of the process which had transformed Constance Grahame from the daughter of a poor Australian squatter to a wealthy heiress. He put it in his own pocket and felt in

the old man's breast for the second paper, the copy. It was not there. There was no time to search, there had been scarcely time to secure—to steal- the one paper. Constance ran

hate me so ?" he demanded, asking the question which springs to the bosom of "Don't be alarmed," said Rawson Fenton. "He has only fainted:" and every man whose passionate love is re-. "What have I done, that you he looked up at her with a face almost should treat me as if I were unfit to as white and deathlike as the old man's. Constance put her arm round her father and poured some brandy through his lips. He recovered slowly and pain-Constance turned her head away. Much as she disliked the man and longed for his absence, his appeal touched fully, and as he did so the sound of a sharp and rapid knocking at the outer "I do not hate you, Mr. Fenton. You door broke the silence.

have done nothing to deserve such— such feeling; but—oh, I can say no more Constance motioned to Fenton, and he went into the larger room and, with than that what you wish can never be. his hand upon his revolver, said : "Who is there ?"

"It is me, Fenton-Dan." Fenton unlocked and unbarred the door, and a middle-aged man, with the unmistakable appearance of a squatter, entered. It was the owner of the nearest farm, the man to whom Fenton had from here and place you in your proper sphere. I will win a place fit for you in gone for the acid. "What is the matter, Dan?" said the world at home. All my plans are made. Leave here with your father and me to-night and we will return to England. I have friends there who will

The man looked round cautiously. then drew near to Fenton and said in a low, agitated voice :
"Can Miss Grahame hear us ?"

Fenton shook his head. No; she is in the next room with the loctor; he is ill. What is the matter?"

"Oh, stop, stop, please," she said, painfully. "All you can say would make no difference. I—I never could be "The rangers!" whispered Dan.
"They're close at hand. One of our men got seemt of their intentions. They mean mischief to-night. My place is to be attacked, and then the doctor's. We're prepared for them, but knowing how weak they are here, and there being a lady, I thought I'd run down and bring Miss Constance and the doctor up to my place. We'll take care of 'em. and you can bear a hand in the scrimmage." "Then—then listen to me." he said.
"Such love as mine will take no refusal. Say what you will, I will not give you up. Like you, I say never, never! All my life and strength, every faculty I possess, shall be exerted to an bear a hand in the scrimmage." ton's face paled. "Let me pass," she panted.
"If not now, then in the coming time
I will win you. I can wait. Work and

"If they had only gone," he said. "I have been trying to persuade Constance—Miss Grahame—to leave with the party for Melbourne to-night."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

OTHERS, Do You Know that Pasegorie, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Scothing Syrups, and ast remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying agreetic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics Sthout labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child mices you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of he ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Cartoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher.

That is has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now said than of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of

ther countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word. "Casteria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offence ? Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government proton

name Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless? Do You Know that 35 average dose of Casteria are furnished

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your child be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest :

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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