

# THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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## CHAPTER XI.

When Bryce Cardigan walked down the gangplank at the steamship dock in San Francisco, the first face he saw among the waiting crowd was Buck Ogilvy's. Ogilvy thrust forth a great speckled paw for Bryce to shake. Bryce ignored it.

"Why, don't you remember me?" Ogilvy demanded. "I'm Buck Ogilvy." Bryce looked him fairly in the eye and favored him with a lightning wink. "I have never heard of you, Mr. Ogilvy. You are mistaking me for some one else."

"Sorry," Ogilvy murmured. "My mistake. Thought you were Bill Kerick, who used to be a partner of mine."

Bryce nodded and passed on, hailed a taxicab, and was driven to the San Francisco office of his company. Five minutes later the door opened and Buck Ogilvy entered.

"I was a bit puzzled at the dock, Bryce," he explained as they shook hands, "but decided to play safe and then follow you to your office. What's up? Have you killed somebody, and are the detectives on your trail? If so, fess up and I'll assume the responsibility for your crime, just to show you how grateful I am for that hundred."

"No I wasn't being shadowed, Buck, but my principal enemy was coming down the gangplank right behind me, and—"

"So was my principal enemy," Ogilvy interrupted. "What does our enemy look like?"

"Like ready money. And if he had seen me shaking hands with you, he'd have suspected a connection between us later on. Buck, you have a good job—about five hundred a month."

"Thanks, old man. I'd work for you for nothing. What are we going to do?"

"Build twelve miles of logging railroad and parallel the line of the old wolf I spoke of a moment ago."

"Good news! We'll do it. How soon do you want it done?"

"As soon as possible. You're the vice president and general manager."

"I accept the nomination. What do you want it done?"

"Listen carefully to my story, analyze my plan for possible weak spots, and then get busy, because after I have provided the funds and given the word 'Go!' the rest is up to you. I must not be known in the transaction at all, because that would be fatal."

Three hours later Ogilvy was in possession of the most minute details of the situation in Sequoia, had tabulated, indexed and cross-indexed them in his ingenious brain and was ready for business—and so announced himself. Always an enthusiast in all things, in his mind's eye Mr. Ogilvy could already see a long trainload of logs coming down the Northern California & Oregon railroad, as he and Bryce had decided to christen the venture.

When Bryce Cardigan returned to Sequoia, his labors, in so far as the building of the road were concerned, had been completed. His agreement with Gregory of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company had been signed, sealed and delivered; the money to

desk, a filing cabinet, and a brisk young male secretary.

He had been in town less than an hour when the editor of the Sequoia Sentinel sent up his card. The announcement of the incorporation of the California Outrage (for so had Mr. Ogilvy, in huge enjoyment of the misery he was about to create, dubbed the road) had previously been flashed to the Sentinel by the United Press association, as a local feature story, and already speculation was rife in Sequoia as to the identity of the hare-brained individuals who dared to back an enterprise as nebulous as the millennium. Mr. Ogilvy was expecting the visit—in fact, impatiently awaiting it; and since the easiest thing he did was to speak for publication, naturally the editor of the Sentinel got a story which, to that individual's simple soul, seemed to warrant a seven-column head—which it received. In glowing terms he spoke of the billions of tons of timber-products to be hauled out of this wonderfully fertile and little-known country, and confidently predicted for the county a future commercial supremacy that would be simply staggering to contemplate.

When Colonel Seth Pennington read this outburst he smiled. "That's a bright scheme on the part of that Trinidad Redwood Timber company gang to start a railroad excitement and unload their white elephant," he declared.

When Bryce Cardigan read it, he laughed. The interview was so like Buck Ogilvy! In the morning the latter's automobile was brought up from the steamship dock, and accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Ogilvy disappeared into the north following the bright new stakes of his surveying gang, and for three weeks was seen no more.

On a day when Bryce's mind happened to be occupied with thoughts of Shirley Sumner, he bumped into her on the main street of Sequoia, and to her great relief but profound surprise, he paused in his tracks, lifted his hat, smiled, and opened his mouth to say something—thought better of it, changed his mind, and continued on about his business. As Shirley passed him, she looked him squarely in the face, and in her glance there was neither coldness nor malice.

Bryce felt himself afire from heels to hair one instant, and cold and clammy the next, for Shirley spoke to him. "Good morning, Mr. Cardigan."

He paused, turned, and approached her. "Good morning, Shirley," he replied. "How have you been?"

"I might have been dead, for all the interest you took in me," she replied sharply. "As matters stand, I'm exceedingly well—thank you. By the way, are you still belligerent?"

He nodded. "I have to be."

"I think you're a great big grouch, Bryce Cardigan," she flared at him. "You make me unutterably weary."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but just at present I am forced to subject you to the strain. Say a year from now, when things are different with me, I'll strive not to offend."

"I'll not be here a year from now," she warned him.

He bowed. "Then, I'll go wherever you are—and bring you back." And with a mocking little grin, he lifted his hat and passed on.

Col. Seth Pennington was among those who, skeptical at first and inclined to ridicule the project into an early grave, eventually found himself swayed by the publicity and gradually coerced into serious consideration of the results attendant upon the building of the road. The Colonel was naturally as suspicious as a rattlesnake in August; hence he had no sooner emerged from the ranks of the frank scoffers than his alert mind framed the question:

"How is this new road—improbable as I know it to be—going to affect the interests of the Laguna Grande Lumber company, if the unexpected should happen and those bunco-steerers should actually build a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., and thus construct a feeder to a transcontinental line?"

Five minutes of serious reflection sufficed to bring the Colonel to the verge of panic, notwithstanding the fact that he was ashamed of himself for yielding to fright despite his firm belief that there was no reason why he should be frightened. Similar considerations occur to a small boy who is walking home in the dark past a cemetery.

The vital aspects of his predicament dawned on the Colonel one night at dinner, midway between the soup and the fish. So forcibly did they occur to him, in fact, that for the nonce he forgot that his niece was seated opposite him.

"Confound them," the Colonel murmured distinctly. "I must look into this immediately."

"Look into what, uncle dear?" Shirley asked innocently.

"This new railroad that man Ogilvy talks of building—which means, Shirley, that with Sequoia as his starting point, he is going to build a hundred and fifty miles north to connect with

the main line of the Southern Pacific in Oregon."

"But wouldn't that be the finest thing that could possibly happen to Humboldt county?" she demanded of him.

"Undoubtedly it would—to Humboldt county; but to the Laguna Grande Lumber company, in which you have something more than a sentimental interest, my dear, it would be a blow. A large part of the estate left by your father is invested in Laguna



"I'll Not Be Here a Year From Now," She Warned Him.

Grande stock, and as you know, all of my efforts are devoted to appreciating that stock and to fighting against anything that has a tendency to deprecate it."

Carefully he dissected a sand-dab and removed the backbone. "I'd give a ripe peach to learn the identity of the scheming buttnisky who bought old Cardigan's Valley of the Giants," he said presently. "It'll be hanged if that doesn't complicate matters a little."

"You should have bought it when the opportunity offered," she reminded him.

"I dare say," he admitted lightly. "However, I didn't and now I'm going to be punished for it, my dear; so don't roast me any more. By the way, that speckled hot-air fellow Ogilvy, who is promoting the Northern California & Oregon railroad, is back in town again. I think I'll wire the San Francisco office to look him up in Dun's and Bradstreet's. I'd sleep a whole lot more soundly to-night if I knew the answer to two very important questions."

"What are they, Uncle Seth?"

"Well, I'd like to know whether the N. C. O. is genuine or a screen to hide the operations of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

"It might," said Shirley, with one of those sudden flashes of intuition peculiar to women, "be a screen to hide the operations of Bryce Cardigan. Now that he knows you aren't going to renew his hauling contract, he may have decided to build his own logging railroad."

After a pause the Colonel made answer: "No, I have no fear of that. It would cost five hundred thousand dollars to build that twelve-mile line and bridge Mad river, and the Cardigans haven't got that amount of money. What's more, they can't get it."

"But suppose," she persisted, "that the real builder of the road should prove to be Bryce Cardigan, after all? What would you do?"

Colonel Pennington's eyes twinkled. "I greatly fear, my dear, I should make a noise like something doing. And as for Bryce Cardigan—well, that young man would certainly know he'd been through a fight."

"I wonder if he'll fight to the last, Uncle Seth."

"Why, I believe he will," Pennington replied soberly.

"I'd love to see you beat him."

"Shirley! Why that dear, you're growing ferocious." Her uncle's tones were laden with banter, but his countenance could not conceal the pleasure her last remark had given him.

Shirley thrust out her adorable chin aggressively. "Slick 'em, Tige!" she answered. "Shake 'em up, boy!"

"You bet I'll shake 'em up," the Colonel declared jocosely. He paused with a morsel of food on his fork and waved the fork at her aggressively. "You stimulate me into activity, Shirley. My mind has been singularly dull of late; I have worried unnecessarily, but now that I know that you are with me, I am inspired. I'll tell you how we'll fix this new railroad, if it exhibits signs of being dangerous." Again he smote the table. "We'll sew 'em up tighter than a new buttonhole."

"Do tell me, how," she pleaded eagerly.

"I'll block them on their franchise to run over the city streets of Sequoia."

"How?"

"By making the mayor and the city council see things my way," he answered dryly. "Furthermore, in order to enter Sequoia, the N. C. O. will have to cross the tracks of the Laguna Grande Lumber company's line on Water street—make a jump-crossing—and I'll enjoy them and hold them up in the courts till the cows come home."

"Uncle Seth, you're a wizard."

"Well, at least I'm no slouch at looking after my own interests—and yours, Shirley. In the midst of peace we should be prepared for war. You've met Mayor Poundstone and his lady, haven't you?"

"I had tea at her house last week."

"Good news. Suppose you invite her and Poundstone here for dinner some night this week. Just a quiet little family dinner, Shirley, and after dinner you can take Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, on some pretext or other while I sound Poundstone out on his attitude toward the N. C. O."

She nodded. "I shall attend to the matter, Uncle Seth."

Five minutes after dinner was over, Shirley joined her uncle in the library and announced that His Honor the Mayor, and Mrs. Poundstone, would be delighted to dine with them on the following Thursday night.

## CHAPTER XII

To return to Bryce Cardigan: Having completed his preliminary plans to build the N. C. O., Bryce had returned to Sequoia, prepared to sit quietly on the side lines and watch his peppery henchman Ogilvy go into action.

Ogilvy's return to Sequoia following his three-weeks tour in search of rights of way for the N. C. O. was heralded by a visit from him to Bryce Cardigan at the latter's office. As he breasted the counter in the general office, Moira McTavish left her desk and came over to see what the visitor desired.

"I should like to see Mr. Bryce Cardigan," Buck began in crisp businesslike accents. He was fumbling in his card-case and did not look up until about to hand his card to Moira—when his mouth flew half open, the while he stared at her with consummate frankness. The girl's glance met his momentarily, then was lowered modestly; she took the card and carried it to Bryce.

"Hum-m-m!" Bryce granted. "That noisy fellow Ogilvy, eh?"

"His clothes are simply wonderful—and so is his voice. He's very refined. But he's carrotty red and has freckled hands, Mr. Bryce."

Bryce rose and sauntered into the general office.

"Mr. Bryce Cardigan?" Buck queried. "At your service, Mr. Ogilvy. Please come in."

"Thank you so much, sir." He followed Bryce to the latter's private office, closed the door carefully behind him, and stood with his broad back against it.

"Buck, are you losing your mind?" Bryce demanded.

"Losing it? I should say not. I've just lost it."

"I believe you. If you were quite sane, you wouldn't run the risk of being seen entering my office."

"Tut-tut, old dear! None of that! Am I not the managing agent of the Northern California Oregon railroad and privileged to run the destinies of that soulless corporation as I see fit? He sat down, crossed his long legs, and jerked a speckled thumb toward the outer office. "I was sane when I came in here, but the eyes of the girl outside—oh, yow, them eyes! I must be introduced to her."

"Love at first sight, eh, Buck?"

"I don't know what it is, but it's nice. Who is she?"

"She's Moira McTavish, and you're not to make love to her. Understand? I can't have you snooping around this office after tea."

Mr. Ogilvy's eyes popped with interest. "Oh," he breathed. "You have an eye to the main chance yourself, have you? Have you proposed to the lady as yet?"

"No, you idiot."

"Then I'll match you for her—or rather for the chance to propose first."

"Nothing doing, Buck. Spare yourself these agonizing suspicions. The fact of the matter is that you give me a wonderful inspiration. I've always been afraid Moira would fall in love with some ordinary fellow around Sequoia—propinquity, you know."

"You bet. Propinquity's the stuff. I'll stick around."

—and I've been on the lookout for a fine man to marry her off to. She's too wonderful for you, Buck, but in time you might learn to live up to her."

"Duck! I'm liable to kiss you."

"Don't be too precipitate. Her father used to be our woods-boss. I fired him for boozing."

"I wouldn't care two hoots if her dad was old Nick himself. I'm going to marry her—if she'll have me. Ah, the glorious creature!" He waved his long arms despairingly. "O Lord, send

me a cure for freckles, Bryce, you'll speak a kind word for me, won't you—sort of boom my stock, eh? Be a good fellow."

"Certainly. Now come down to earth and render a report on your stewardship."

"I'll try. To begin, I've secured rights of way, at a total cost of twelve thousand, one hundred and three dollars and nine cents, from the city limits of Sequoia to the southern boundary of your timber in Township nine. I've got my line surveyed, and so far as the building of the road is concerned, I know exactly what I'm going to do, and how and when I'm going to do it, once I get my material on the ground."

"I have an option of a rattling good second-hand locomotive down at the Santa Fe shops, and the Hawkins & Barnes Construction company has offered me a steam shovel, half a dozen flat-cars, and a lot of frescos and scrapers at rumpus prices. We can buy or rent teams from local citizens and get half of our labor locally. And as soon as you tell me how I'm to get my material ashore and out on the job, I'll order it and get busy."

"That's exactly where the shoe begins to pinch. Pennington's main-line tracks enter the city along Water street, with one spur into his log-dump and another out on his mill-dock. From the main-line tracks we also have built a spur through our drying-yard out to our log-dump and a switch-line out to our mill-dock. We can unload our locomotive, steam shovel, and flat-cars on our own wharf, but unless Pennington gives us permission to use his main-line tracks out to a point beyond the city limits—where a Y will lead off to where the point of construction begins—we're up a stump."

"Suppose he refuses, Bryce. What then?"

"Why, we'll simply have to enter the city down Front street, paralleling Pennington's tracks on Water street, turning down B street, make a jump-crossing of Pennington's line on Water street, and connecting with the spur into our yard."

"See here, my son," Buck said solemnly, "is this your first adventure in railroad building?"

Bryce nodded.

"I thought so; otherwise you wouldn't talk so confidently of running your line over city streets and making jump-crossings on your competitor's road. If your competitor regards you as a menace to his pocket-book, he can give you a nice little run for your money and delay you indefinitely."

"I realize that, Buck. That's why I'm not appearing in this railroad deal at all. If Pennington suspected I was back of it, he'd fight me before the city council and move heaven and earth to keep me out of a franchise to use the city streets and cross his line. Of course, since his main line runs on city property, under a franchise granted by the city, he has a perfect right to grant me the privilege of making a jump-crossing of his line."

"Will they do it? That's the problem. If they will not, you're licked, my son, and I'm out of a job."

Bryce hung his head thoughtfully.

"I've been too cocksure," he muttered presently. "I shouldn't have spent that twelve thousand for rights of way until I had settled the matter of the franchise."

"Oh, I didn't buy any rights of way—yet!" Ogilvy hastened to assure him. "I've only signed the land-owners up on an agreement to give or sell me a right of way at the stipulated figures any time within one year from date. Will the city council grant you a franchise to enter the city and jump Pennington's tracks?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Buck. You'll have to ask them—and them they'll meet this evening—in the private dining room of the Hotel Sequoia, if I can arrange it," Buck Ogilvy declared emphatically. "I'm going to have them all up for dinner and talk the matter over. I know the breed from cover to cover. Following a preliminary conference, I'll let you know whether you're going to get that franchise without difficulty or whether somebody's itchy palm will have to be crossed with silver first. By the way, what do you know about your lighted old city council, anyway?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Arbor Day.

Arbor day was originated by J. Sterling Morton in Nebraska, January 4, 1872. The day was first observed in Missouri in 1889 when the legislature passed a law fixing the first Friday after the first Tuesday in April as a day when trees should be planted. In many of the schools in the country the day is observed.

### In Case of Fainting.

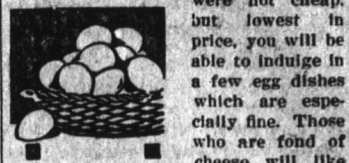
One day in school the teacher asked us what we would do in case of fainting. A pupil quickly answered "Throw water on yourself!"

## The KITCHEN CABINET

Some may live their fair dreams, costly, jeweled, rare dreams; Some may rove the luring world as free as homing birds; But still I'll find my all for me, close waiting at my call for me, in my printed pages, bright tapestried with words! —Martha Haskell Clark.

### A SYMPOSIUM OF SOUFFLES.

If you have been forlorn and packed eggs for winter use when they were not cheap, but lowest in price, you will be able to indulge in a few egg dishes which are especially fine. Those who are fond of cheese will like this substantial and satisfying soufflé.



Salmon Soufflé.—Take one small can of salmon, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-half cupful of bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Drain the salmon and remove the bones and skin. Blend the butter and corn starch and gradually add the milk until smooth. Season, remove from the fire, add egg yolks, lemon juice, onion juice, parsley and bread crumbs. Fold in the whites of the eggs. Set the baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake half an hour. All soufflés should be baked in hot water to avoid overcooking.

Lemon Soufflé.—Take six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, add one cupful of sugar to the beaten yolks, then the juice and grated rind of a lemon, fold in the stiffly beaten whites and place in a buttered dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake 40 minutes. Serve with a lemon sauce as dessert.

Veal Soufflé.—Take two cupfuls of chopped veal, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of cream, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one can of button mushrooms and seasonings to taste. Melt the butter without browning, add the flour. When smooth add the cream and milk, cook until it thickens, add the veal, then the yolks of the eggs, mushrooms and parsley. Take from the heat and cool. When ready to use, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

### SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A most delicious cheese combination to serve with crackers and coffee is the following:

Cheese Roll.—Take one cake of any cream cheese, one cupful of grated New York cheese, a dash of red pepper, one-half cupful of chopped, stuffed olives and enough thick sweet cream to mold into a roll. Decorate the roll with thinly sliced stuffed olives, and serve on a doily covered plate.

Pepper Hash.—Wash and dry five large green peppers and one red one. Cut them open and remove the seeds and white membrane. Chop the peppers fine, add the white heart of a cabbage, also chopped fine, add two tablespoonfuls of brown mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, and cover with good cider vinegar. Stir up thoroughly, then bottle.

Ginger Punch.—Chop three-fourths of a pound of Canton ginger, add one quart of water, one cupful of sugar, and boil twenty minutes. Cool and add three tablespoonfuls of the ginger syrup, three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice, one-half cupful of lemon juice and large pieces of cracked ice. Stir until well chilled and add one quart of apollinaris water.

Chestnut Cup.—Prepare chestnuts cooked until tender in a rich lemon sirup, adding some of the rind for further flavor. Dispose a few of these chestnuts cut in slices in the bottom of a sherbet cup, add a spoonful of vanilla ice cream and garnish the top with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Cheese Soufflé.—Prepare a thin sauce using one cupful of milk and two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour. Melt the butter and add the flour, mix well, then add one cupful of milk, cook until smooth, season well, and add three-quarters or a cupful of grated cheese, the yolks of three eggs and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake slowly about 45 minutes.

Macaroni and Salmon.—Cook the macaroni until tender, then arrange it in layers with shredded salmon, pepper, salt, bits of butter and a few drops of lemon juice. When the casserole is filled pour over a cupful of milk; cover with buttered crumbs and bake.

Apple Snow.—Grate two large apples, cover with one cupful of sugar, break the whites of four eggs over the apples and sugar and beat hard one-half hour. The mixture will be stiff and stand alone. Serve cold with cream.

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

The flint of today will be the old maid of tomorrow, maybe.

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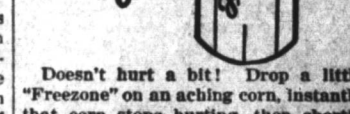
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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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