AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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Stage leaves Eugene for Foley Springs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a m, returning alternate days.

AT THE FOLLY.

It was not a cheerful cafe, but it was near the entrance to The Folly, so I paused and peered through the steaming glass. The men had a forlorn look, and the single waiter, so far as I could judge, must have been perplexed by the burden of his doubtful nationality; but the place seemed quiet, and I pushed my way through the swing doors without further thought. At the far end of the room was a kind of raised platform, with two tables. At one of these sat a man who took my attention more by his attitude than face. He seemed to have shrunk into himself as a refuge from doubtful contacts, yet he had, too, the air of a gentleman half submerged in comfortable squalor. I took a seat opposite him and said something about the condition of the streets.

"It rains!" he queried.

"It drizzles mud," I said. "The pavements are damnable."

"Ah!" He took a sip from his glass, folded his paper and looked at me. Then he glanced at the clock, sighed and settled back into his chair.

"You know this place well, I supposed" I asked.

"I dine here six nights a week. You see, it is convenient for me. The place itself is not all that one would ask, but when a man has learned a little of the philosophy of life he takes things as—as easily as I do." I assented. "And after all," he went on, "what does it matter? At the end of every avenue one sees—what? Death. Now, it seems to me that I shall have less to bind me to life if I dine every night in surroundings like these. A rich man, a lover of good vintages, a browser in fat pasturage, has to die for every fancy. He multiplies torture and feels dissolution in every approach of death."

"You have had some experience of the world," I said, "and have found it necessary to learn the doctrine of compromise?"

"I have had enough experience to make me content to sit here and drink with a stranger," he answered, smiling, "and if"—he half emptied his glass—"there are any other unhappy turns of fortune in front of me I shall doubtless meet them half way. I never flight; I accept."

He paused.

"You were going to speak," said I, "about your life."

"True," he said. "If I seem to talk too much, forgive me on the ground that I so seldom have the opportunity now of speaking in my own way." I begged him to make no apology. He eyed me kindly, and I think he had an impulse to shake hands with me. He refrained, however.

"I have not always," he said, "dined in this kind of place, but no reverse of fortune could ever serve to make me resent my destiny. When I tell you that I am happy, I ask you to believe it candidly."

I told him that I was ready to accept any statement he was pleased to make.

"Many years ago," he continued, "I took my degree at Cambridge. It was only a pass degree, but it was good enough to please my people. I had a turn for geology and worked hard. Then I broke down." He tapped his chest. "You understand?" he asked. I nodded.

"I was sent to Switzerland. There I managed to pick up enough strength to make me face the future again, but just as I was ready to work my father died. His affairs were not involved. There was, indeed, nothing but the simplest issue. He had lived almost up to the last pound of his income. When he was gone, the pockets of his children were light. I had enough for an annuity of £50. I sunk all my capital to make it certain." He made two little piles of salt upon the tablecloth and coughed.

"England," he said, "and particularly London, did not suit my chest. I couldn't work. I simply dragged on for ten years. On a fraction under £1 a week a man can only be a spectator. I watched life and learned my philosophy."

"You have had what people call bad luck," I said.

His eyes shone, and he waved his hand again.

"Not at all," he said. "Indeed, I've had the best of luck."

I involuntarily glanced at the steaming windows, the speckled linen, the polyglot waiter.

"You doubt me," he said, "but I've not quite finished. I fear my story must stop now. I must go."

"I, too," I said, "must make a move."

"May I ask," he said, "whether you are going to be here later on?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "I'm just going to look in at The Folly."

Then he did grasp my hand. "I'm going there, too," he said. "My story can keep for a time."

We went out together. I noticed that the attendants passed him in. He was evidently known at The Folly.

The performance was such as I was wearily acquainted with—the same tricks of voice, the same dead level of humor, the same atmosphere of musk and stale tobacco smoke. My companion affected no interest. He sat for the most part with his eyes closed. But when the sixteenth turn came he pulled himself together and laid his hand upon my arm.

"Now," he said, "you'll see something really graceful—the true artist at work." I glanced at my programme. The name of the lady was entirely unfamiliar to me.

She came on to the jigging of the orchestra. She sang a little sentimental song in a voice that had some sweetness, a song that was not vulgar. The audience appeared indifferent. Then she danced. As my companion assured me, she certainly had grace and beauty of that kind which is mainly pathetic—pathetic by reason of incongruity with its surroundings. The audience applauded the dance and insisted upon an encore. My friend leaned over to me, shaking with excitement.

"That is my wife," he said. "I married her when I was at the end of everything. She knew me at my worst and married me in spite of it. I come here every night to watch her. She knows I'm here, and it gives her courage. It's a hard life. You understand now why I'm happy?"

"I do," I said. "I understand perfectly." I ceased to pity him. If I envied him, it was a painless envy. The conditions of his life passed beyond the commonplace. I doubt if London contained a happier man.—Black and White.

A Model.

A witty professional man was chatting with some woman about a friend of theirs who was notoriously henpecked. His better half makes him walk a chalked line, and woe be unto him if he deviates from it.

"He is a model husband" exclaimed one woman in the party.

"Nay, not model, but modeled," interrupted the professional man, "but whether in clay or putty deponent sayeth not." —Louisville Times.

CAIN'S CONVERSION.

"Sah, Cain Taylor am de wickedest person in Obion county—doubtless in de world. Yes, sah; he was. He jes' dat somebody ought dat he sho' ought to hab been allowed to lib in Tennessee, dat sump'n!"

Cain was an honest negro, barring the theft of chickens and watermelons, and was reckoned one of the most industrious men in the country round about, but religiously he was under ban by the orthodoxy of his neighborhood, for he stoutly maintained the belief that the devil could not play a fiddle, notwithstanding the numerous and thoroughly convincing sermons Brother Grimes had preached to the contrary.

Cain's heresy and obstinacy had been discussed by all the churchgoing people in Zion neighborhood, and his chances for heaven were considered exceedingly slim when "de big meetin" materialized at Zion. Cain Taylor was there, and he was the target for all eyes, but he held his head defiantly high and looked as bold as a sheep when the congregation opened with the song:

I hear a big boat comin, er comin, er comin!
I hear a big boat comin! She's comin roun de bend.
She's gwine ter take de people, de people, de people;
She's gwine ter take de people, de people dat wuzzah sinned!
Den all yo' 'righous people jis' stan upon de sho'
An git yo' tickets ready, git ready fo' to go!
I hear dat boat a-sarp'n. She's a sarpin mighty loud,
An I hear de chillun shoutin; dey's shoutin in de cloud.
I hear de captain talkin! He's talkin mighty high.
It sounds ter me lak' thundah away off in de sky.
Den all yo' 'righous people jis' stan upon de sho'
An git yo' tickets ready! Git ready fo' to go!

Cain joined in the song in a lusty voice that sounded like a towboat whistle, but his heart seemed as hard and calloused as ever. While the preacher sat in brown study ransacking his brain cells for missiles to hurl at the wicked, the congregation again launched forth in song:

De wind blow east an de wind blow west,
An it blow lak' de judgment day.
I tell you, sinnah, if you nevah prayed a prah
You'll sho'ly pray on dat day!

An de Lawd hab delibered po' Daniel,
An why not deliber po' me?
An de Lawd he slaughtah ole Pharoah—
Drowned him in de sea.

De snow in de wintah an de rain in de spring
It sho' mak' de sheep feel bad,
But de po' ca'ry sinnah is wus dan dem all,
Fo' he ain't got de show dat dey had.

An de Lawd hab delibered po' Daniel,
An why not deliber po' me?
An de Lawd he slaughtah ole Pharoah—
Drowned him in de sea.

De saints kin walk on de watah, fo' dey's shod
Wif de shoes dat de good folks wear,
But de sinnah done slip in and to his neck,
Fo' he ain't got no chance nowhah.

An de Lawd hab delibered po' Daniel,
An why not deliber po' me?
An de Lawd he slaughtah ole Pharoah—
Drowned him in de sea.

At the conclusion of this song it was plain to be seen that Cain was deeply touched. Whether it was the mention of the wind or the snow or the shoes that broke the ice, as it were, is was difficult to decide. However, judging from the enormous quantity of oil his old brogans absorbed before they took on a respectable appearance, I am inclined to think the shoes did the work. But Cain was deeply touched. That was evident. While he sang there was less boldness and timbre in his voice. In fact, a few saplings were all there was left. No one, however, noticed him, for the preacher arose, and, slipping his hand in his pocket to ascertain whether his razor was in proper position, he read his text and jumped heels over head into his subject. Brother Grimes was not only an eloquent talker, but in gesticulation he was a poem in himself. In fact, he could give a professional pugilist points on methods of puncturing the atmosphere. It was one of his strong points.

After expounding and pounding orthodoxy for an hour he focused one eye on Cain and screamed: "Now, sinnah, I'ze comin ter you. You'ze a small 'tater, you is, do' you'ze filled an stuffed up wif vanity and strut lak' a peacock. But jis' you wait. You heah me? When dat great day comes, whah will you'ze be? You'ze will be callin for de hills an de mountain's an brick houses to fall on you an flabgasterate you an hide you f'om ovahbody. But da ain't gwine to fall. Den you won't hab no show. Bimeby you will heah a pow'ful noise, an when you cast your eyes around you will see a big hill, an comin down dat hill you will see a man on a prancin hoss wif eyes ez big ez saucers, an dat man will hab a two aged sword in bof hands, an when he smites you sinnahs on de hald de Lawd how de wool will flow!"

By this time all the sisters were rocking to and fro and the brothers were groaning and shouting "Amen!" Cain's eyes were a picture for an artist and stuck out like doorknobs. The congregation fairly raised the roof with their voices when they joined in singing:

What kind ob shoes is dese yo' wah
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)
Dat yo' kin walk upon de sih?
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)

Go down, Moses—way down in Egypt land!
Tell ole Pharoah to let my people go.

I tell yo' now, as I tole yo' befo'
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)
I'ze a rovin to a bettah sho',
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)

Moses an Pharoah dey don't suit.
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)
Moses make Pharoah git up an scoot.
(Jis' let me die lak' Simeon!)

By this time Cain was in the thick of the fight, and you could have heard him shouting all over Obion county. His conversion was complete, and he was thenceforth a shining light in the church.

The last news I had of Cain he was in jail for stealing corn.—Anson Evans in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Here's a Pretty Luncheon Idea.

Before entering the dining room a maid passed around among the guests with a tray full of loose flowers—all sorts of flowers—from which each woman selected the one that pleased her best and carried or wore it to the table, where its duplicate, resting beside a plate, indicated her place. Attached to the blossom was a card with a fortune written upon it, and the reading of these various fortunes by their chance possessor created no end of merriment at the feast.

"Sweetness and Light."

A correspondent wants to know if the expression "sweetness and light" was not first used by Matthew Arnold. It was not. Arnold took it straight from Dean Swift, who employed it in "The Battle of the Books."

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of Louisa H Hanchett deceased.

Notice is hereby given that D E Loveridge and B J Hawthorne executors of said estate have filed their final account for settlement of said estate; that Wednesday June 15 1898 has been set by order of the court to hear objections to the same. D E LOVERIDGE, B J HAWTHORNE, Executors.

GEO B DORRIS, Atty for Estate.

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