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* "CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "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* Chas. H. Fletcher. *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 24, 1898. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

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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...EUGENE GUARD...

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors

A BALLADE OF CONFESSION.

The dogeared tomes of ancient sages
Frown at me from the shelves up there,
World famous, ay, for many ages,
Braving the buffets of time and care.
Yet though they breathe Parnassian air,
Go hand in hand with Muses nine,
I pass them all, here's one more rare—
The little book that once was mine!

I know that Horace scowls and rages,
That Homer writhes in vain despair,
That I should seek those pasturages
Where mawkish sentiments rave and tear.
Methinks all Helicon doth stare,
Forgets its hyssop steeped in wine,
To think that I to read should dare
The little book that once was mine!

'Tis only one of all the pages,
The others, Horace, I will swear
Know nought of me, my pilgrimages
Your ire, dear Homer, please forbear!
Yon frisky Cupid might declare
The reason for this choice of mine,
For Betty, dear, 'twas his affair,
The little book that once was mine!

L'ENVOY.

You sent it with a lock of hair
Pinned to the page's sweetest line
That makes it far beyond compare,
The little book that once was mine!

—Harold Macgrath in Philistine.

ON THE FOOTBOARD.

"Guv'nor," said Jim Braggs, stepping gently into my room one night after a premonitory tap on the door and depositing himself on a chair and his greasy hat underneath it, "I can put yer up to a job as'll just suit yer down to the ground."

I may say at once that Braggs and I did not always work together. He was a good crackaman at a rough job, such as opening a safe or picking a lock, and whenever I needed assistance in that direction I sought him out, but of the finer elements of the craft, the subtle scheming, the ceaseless ingenuity required to bring a great coup to a successful conclusion, he was utterly ignorant.

Judging from his present demeanor, he had become possessed of some information which might lead to a good stroke of business if handled properly and mistrusted his own powers of carrying it through, for I knew full well that had it been otherwise he would not have wished to share the booty.

Without any great show of eagerness therefore I replied, "Well, what is it?"

"Why, this 'ere: Tomorrer night a packet of papers is to be sent by special messenger from a firm of land sharks to a gentleman in Cheshire, the aforesaid and 'ereinafter mentioned messenger traveling by the Irish mail. Now, it's werry important to anuvver genelman that those identical deceyments should get—shall we say mislaid?—and if a smart individual, or a couple, for the matter of that, was to make such arrangements that they did 'appen to get—mislaid, why, there'd be somefink like five 'undred quid for 'em at the finish. Twig?"

This looked promising, but I answered cautiously:

"Yes, I think I follow you so far, Jim, but I'm not going into a business like that blindfold. I must know all about it, or else I don't deal. Come, is it a bargain?"

After a little demur, he told me the full particulars, which were briefly these. He had been offered the sum mentioned by a gentleman to whose great interest it was the papers (they were legal documents) should not reach their destination, if he could contrive to abstract them from the messenger's care. The affair literally bristled with difficulties, and at first sight Jim refused to have anything to do with it as being beyond his powers of accomplishment. However, his cupidity was not proof against such a tempting bribe, and after a lot of persuasion he consented to try and carry out the gentleman's wish.

"I suppose it's half and half, Jim?" I asked.

He blustered something to the effect that he ought to have the larger share as he had got wind of the affair first, but I very soon convinced him that I should not work on those terms and ultimately he grumblingly acceded.

"That's all right, then. And now, having satisfactorily settled the division of the spoil, how are we to set about earning it?"

"Now, look 'ere, guv'nor, I arsk yer, is that a fair question? 'Ere's yer 'ad somefink like nine or ten years' hexperience on a railway aforo yer took up wiv yer present 'ighly respectable perfession, and then yer 'as the face to arsk me 'ow a job like this is to be worked. I didn't fink it of yer, guv'nor; I didn't."

Jim's tone was one of easy banter. He was gratified evidently at my co-operation and already, I fancy, harbored pleasing anticipations as to the "monkey" which was to be our reward if successful. As I have said, it was not a scheme to be undertaken lightly, and I foresaw considerable difficulty. It would be useless to attempt to relieve the messenger of his burden at Euston; he would doubtless be well guarded and besides, we were both too well known in London.

At the other end, the difficulties were obvious; it was plain, then, that the attempt must be made during the journey. Here, again, difficulty stared us in the face. We could hardly hope to tackle two men with success, and Braggs had somehow learned the fact that the messenger was to travel along with the guard. Apparently they judged that some attack might be made, and it behooved us, therefore, to be doubly careful.

"It ain't no easy go, is it?" murmured Jim sympathetically.

However, I had a faint idea of how the thing might be managed and gradually it shaped itself in my head until I felt sure that with a bit of luck we could pull it off.

My plan was this—to pull the train up at some wayside place, where Jim was to be in waiting with a horse and trap, secure the packet from the messenger while the guard was absent from his van ascertaining the cause of the stoppage and put as many miles as possible between us and the scene of the affair afterward. How this was to be accomplished you will hear.

"Jim," I said, "you know that little place about 20 miles beyond Tamworth that we visited a year or two back on a little expedition of our own? If I recollect aright, the Northwestern main line runs very close to the road for some distance, and at one point there are a number of large trees close together."

"Yer couldn't 'ave described it better 'ad yer been a guidebook, guv'nor. I know the spot."

"Good. Could you be waiting near those trees with a light trap at—let me see—10:55 precisely tomorrow night?"

"I dare say I could. But wot's yer game?"

"Never mind yet, Jim. You be there as I've told you, and when you hear this"—I gave a peculiar whistle—"reply in the same way, and I shan't be far off. And let your horse be ready to fly like the wind," I added.

"All right, I'll be there," he replied sullily, "but there's no need to be so bloomin 'igh 'anded about it all. I suppose yer can trust me?"

"Of course, else I shouldn't be doing what I am now. I haven't quite fixed it in my own mind yet, but you start off and get your part of the business arranged. I'll tell you all about it when it's settled, you may be sure."

This mollified him, and after drinking success to our efforts we parted, Jim exclaiming that I "allus was such a long 'eaded fellar."

I then sat about the necessary preparations and went over my plan again to see that I had not overlooked any little thing which might prove fatal to its fulfillment.

I procured a drill, small and handy, but powerful, three or four little plugs of hard wood, some packing which could be easily molded, a cake of blacklead, and, lastly, a bottle of chloroform. With these I thought I could manage without any other aid than that of my own ingenuity. The night arrived uniformly suitable, dark and cloudy and with very little wind. I traveled down by a previous train to Rugby, where I proposed to join the mail, which, fortunately for my purpose, halted there some eight or nine minutes.

Rugby is not a particularly busy station at any time, and this was another argument in its favor from my point of view. When the mail ran in, I gave a swift glance at the van to see if my quarry was on board. Yes, there he was, leaning idly against the off door watching the porters as they hastily loaded and unloaded the huge postoffice hampers.

That much assured, when nobody was looking, I took the opportunity to drop down behind the van and walked along the offside to a carriage about the center of the train which I had noted as being practically empty.

Now was the time for rapid action. I took my drill from my pocket, fitted it together and commenced to bore a hole in the pipe leading to the brake cylinder underneath the vehicle. The drill was good, and I had soon made a neat little hole. But I must be quick, or the engine would come on, and then the fraud would be discovered.

I selected one of the plugs. By extraordinary good fortune it fitted without any further shaping to speak of, and in less time than it takes to tell I had driven it firmly home. A little packing and a smear of blacklead over the place, and I defied any one to detect it.

The whole operation had not taken more than about four minutes, and at its completion I quietly opened a door and stepped into an empty compartment. A moment or two later the engine backed on to the train and commenced to "blow up" the vacuum.

To my great relief, the joint stood the ordeal well, for the guard's whistle blew, and we were speeding northward without anything untoward having happened.

The next hour I passed as patiently as I could under the circumstances, and shortly before reaching Tamwor' took a good pull at my brandy flask to steady my nerves for what was to follow.

A brief stay at that place, and once more we were on our way. The critical moment had come. I got out of the carriage on to the footboard. Nobody who has never tried this on an express train can have any idea of what it means.

I had to cling with might and main to withstand the fierce current of air created by the rushing of the train, and for the first few minutes a deadly sickness possessed me, and I dared not move.

But if I would be successful I must regain my nerve quickly, for this was child's play to what I had set myself to do. Holding on with one hand, I managed to take another pull at the brandy and gradually the dizzy sensation departed, and I became more accustomed to my novel situation.

Now for the critical. Gently I lowered myself till I lay flat along the board, and, although there was then more physical discomfort through the strain being all on one arm, my head was better, as the draft was less fierce.

I had made two little scratches on the pipe just above the plug, and, leaning over, I soon discovered these by the aid of my tiny electric lamp.

I had calculated things to a nicety. When employed on the line, I had many times worked a slip carriage and had a pretty accurate idea as to how far the train would run when I had admitted air into the brake pipe by the removal of the plug. You do not, of course, need telling that the brake is applied by letting air into the pipe.

Those few minutes seemed an eternity. All the time there was the risk that a signalman might see me, and then the game would be up, and I should get 15 years for my pains. I knew the line well and watched field after field slip by until I thought we never should arrive at the point I had fixed upon as the one at which to withdraw the plug.

We were getting nearer now. Another three minutes—two—one—now! I leaned over and gave the wood a sharp push. The air rushed in with a gurgling sound, and then came the sharp bur-r-r of the brakes on the tires.

As I had expected, the driver instantly perceived the drag and applied his own brake, and we pulled up not 20 yards from the spot I had selected. I dropped on to the ballast, listened intently a second or two and then walked with stealthy feet to the van.

Again my judgment had proved reliable. You rarely find a guard get out of his van on the offside—the habit of jumping on to the platform is too strong. He had descended, and I could hear his footsteps going away from where I stood. The messenger had his head out of the window, looking after the retreating guard.

Noiselessly, I opened the off door of the van, and, before he realized what was happening, had one hand to his mouth to prevent any cry, and with the other held a handkerchief, which I had previously saturated with the anæsthetic, to his nose. It was all so sudden that he could offer no resistance. The chloroform did its work speedily and in a second or two he was insensible.

A very slight search gave me what I was after, and I slipped through the hedge and down the road with the exulting knowledge that I had done one of the neatest bits of work in my career.

Had Braggs carried out his share of the contract? I gave the agreed signal softly. Clear on the still night came the reply, and very shortly I was in the trap and we were speeding rapidly away.

Twenty miles we put between us and the railway before we deemed it prudent to stop, and then we returned to town by a circuitous route, after turning the horse astray and upsetting the trap in a ditch. Our employer was highly elated and gave us an extra £50 for the neat way in which the affair had been managed. You may judge that we considered a change of air desirable, and I did not return to the country until it had been finally nearly forgotten except by those most intimately concerned.—London Tit-Bits.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 'A dose at a time without a movement of the bowels, nor being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was sick I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYMER L. HUNT, 169 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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8.50 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	4.30 p m
2.04 p m	Lv	Eugene	Lv	10:50 a m
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7:30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:50 p m
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATIO

Land Office at Roseburg
May 14, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U S Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on June 27, 1898, viz: Edward Duryee on H E No 6842 for the lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 11 and 12, sec 26 tp 17 s, r 2 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Alfred Brattain, Charles F Brattain, John M Davis, Springfield, Oregon; John Crabtree, Walterville, Oregon.

R M VEATCH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,
May 13, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Ware, U S Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on June 25, 1898, viz: Leo Borg, on H E No 6270, for the s w ¼ of sec 24 tp 18 s, r 6 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John Gates, John Smidgley, Joseph G Gates, Elizabeth Borg; all of Crow, Oregon.

R M VEATCH, Register.

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.

Eugene Street Railway.

TIME CARD.

After the 4th of Oct. 1895, the street cars will run on the following schedule time until further notice:

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7:30-7:45-8:00-8:30-9:00-9:30-10:00 a. m and every half hour.

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