

# 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 TRADEMARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear 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 and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the 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.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
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Daily and Weekly

# EUGENE GUARD

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors

### SAILING.

**SOUTH WIND.**  
Bright skies above us,  
White clouds drifting over;  
Sine spreads the sea, all shimmer and flash,  
From well off and a low blue evening,  
Music of ripples, like kingfisher's splash,  
Gulls and splash!  
Chuckles the water,  
Silver to windward, sprays to lee,  
Sunshine of nature,  
Sky lights wide open—  
The pleasure to sail on a summer sea.

**OUR WEST.**  
Drumming of wind blasts,  
Drumming of halyards!  
Beckons the deep where the green waves run,  
Sheets close hauled and helm laid a weather,  
Mainbow shot spray flung aloft to the sun.  
Rise, plunged!  
Dips the bow under,  
Mount and away on the back of the sea.  
Joy of swift motion,  
Infinite distance—  
The rapture to sail when the winds blow free.

**NORTHEAST.**  
Howling of the tempest,  
Thunder of breakers!  
Foams dashed high on a close reefed sail,  
Skipping the white crests, leaping the hollows,  
Sweep down the wind, like a gull in the gale.  
Roll, roll!  
Dash the sea after,  
Flashes the foam as onward we go,  
Thrill of the elements—  
Soul self assertion—  
The passion to sail when the storm winds blow.  
—William J. Long in Youth's Companion.

## REUNITED.

It had been raining for two days, and now the change to east of the wind had brought sleep, and the moisture was freezing in thin, dangerous ice on the pavements.

George Witherspoon swung the corner into Pine street. His usually erect body was bent against the strength of the wind.

"Such weather for the last of April," he muttered as he went up the steps of his house, and as he put the key into his door a vision came to him of the April two years before—a vision of long lanes, with blossoming lilacs and horse chestnuts and daffodils and of a tall and radiant woman always at his side. He entered the house and went slowly up stairs. How clearly it all seemed out, enveloped his mind, his senses! He had first seen her at a table d'hôte in Paris. He had followed her over half of Europe and had finally met her at Baden—then she had a dotting old father, but ultimately the two had gained his reluctant surrender of his only adored daughter, and they had married.

For just a year they had enjoyed supreme, overflowing happiness. Then Alice became jealous. A batch of old letters had come to her from an unscrupulous woman her husband had been fascinated by in his extreme youth at college, and she resented with all her intense passionate nature anything which could come between them and their exclusive love for one another. She had spent one long night moaning, her lips bitter with madness, and the next morning she had gone to him with marvelous calmness and told him of her irrevocable determination to leave him forever. He was proud. He had met her with disdainful indifference, had considered self-justification unnecessary, and they had separated.

They both had lived quietly. They went nowhere, for their friends were common ones, and they avoided all possible annoying meetings. He spent his time on the board of trade, at his clubs or in his home, which he could not bring himself to give up, and she had so restricted her life that he scarcely caught a glimpse of her. Only at the theater or at some concert did her proud profile suddenly start out from the crowd, and then emotion would so powerfully sweep over him that he would have to leave the building.

Only one bond still existed between them. Alice's father was old and an invalid. His time was spent at watering places, mostly on the other side, and it had seemed to weave around him a veil of ignorance as to the real state of affairs and leave him with the happy feeling of Alice's joy and completed love. So they wrote to him regularly, filling their letters with sweet plans and ambitions, unconsciously embodying in them their fondest wishes and most heartfelt desires.

George Witherspoon was dressing himself carefully before he had time to go to his study. He never looked so well as in a Tuxedo, Alice had always said. He could hear her voice now, her low, thrilling voice, saying as she came toward him across the hall, "My big, stunning sweetheart," and just before she put her arms closely around his neck, "Dear, dear, how I love you!"

He shivered with desire for her. Would he never forget? He thought he could almost feel her face pressed softly against his—his nostrils were filled with the sweet, subtle smell of the mandalwood her laces were put away in.

Hush—a knock at the door! The man's heart swelled with feeling. He forgot everything, the intervening year, the awful bitterness, the loneliness, and he softly opened the door, drunk with one dominant idea. His man Chambers stood without.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said.

"Her name?" Witherspoon asked.

"She says it's not necessary to tell it, sir," answered the man, "but it's an important business she wants you, sir, and she will keep you only a minute."

Witherspoon's whole being was vibrating. What was this strange pronouncement? Was it sorrow coming or did he feel a dawning joy?

"I'll be down in a moment," he said. It's walked up and down the room rapidly several times. It was their anniversary. He had remembered and longed for it. It was barely possible it had come over her as strongly—the happiness they were missing from their lives, the incompleteness of their rapid present—and perhaps she had come to him. He was almost running down the stairs in his eagerness. He stood back the portieres, and there she stood before

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the fire—straight, tense, but slimmest accentuated by her velvet coat, the whiteness and delicacy of her face starting out exquisitely from the black hat. As he approached her he noticed the nervous tapping of her foot in the fur of the rug, the tense pressure of her clasped hands. Was it a dream—Alice in her home again, a year's misery canceled in a moment? He held out both hands and noticed her eyes in the mirror they were looking at him said:

"And have you come to me again, Alice?"

She started visibly and then slowly turned.

"Yes," she answered quietly. "I've come to you. And you mustn't fall in," she added hesitatingly.

"Won't you sit down?" Witherspoon asked. She was trembling.

"Thank you," she said, and she sat on a low stool, and the man noticed with a sinking of the heart how she drew her little cloak about her, the thumbs of the clasped hands turned up and back. How he remembered!

"I must come to the rest of the matter at once," the girl began, and gradually her voice grew fiercer and she looked him full in the face with her wide, sad eyes. He noticed, with almost a feeling of exaltation, that her face was now the face of the woman who had loved and suffered.

"You haven't heard from my father for some time, have you?" she began.

"No," Witherspoon answered. "It must be some weeks now."

"I received a telegram this afternoon," the woman went on quietly. "He arrived in New York this morning and will be in Cincinnati tomorrow. He is bound for California, and he will, on his way, stop in town with his son and daughter."

Her voice had broken. Witherspoon rose to his feet and walked to the window.

"And what will you do?" he said, at last, turning to her.

"There's only one thing to do," and the girl's eyes were determined. "My father has very little longer to live. He's not had much rest, and I can't not bring more sorrow to him. I can't know how the ghastly thing would shock his old-time conventionalism." She hesitated and seemed to look to the man for his help in thought or deed, but his fear of her scorn kept him silent. At last, taking a deep breath, she went on:

"Tomorrow morning I must send her the few things I took away. The portraits, my place, and will be as they moved away again. I'm sorry to see you inconvenienced, but you must see it is unavoidable." She stopped again and looked into the fire. "My room," she asked, "is it much changed?"

The man was kneeling beside her now, his arms about her. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," he almost moaned, "stay with me, I beg of you to stay with me! My life's been a misery since you've not been. We've taken a year out of the radiance that is given to man but sparingly. Don't let's throw away another moment of it. I love you—oh, God, how I love you!"

His head was buried in her long, gloved and stroked the hair she remembered so well.

"Are you perfectly sure you want me?" she asked softly.

"And so it happened that on the second anniversary of their wedding Mr. and Mrs. George Witherspoon were seen by a party of gay young friends taking dinner at the St. Nicholas. "God!" as one of the men said later. "They were like two children off on a lark, and aren't they quite the best looking couple in Cincinnati?"—Cincinnati Post.

Impartial.

The absolute transparency of Wordsworth's nature was often very amusing to his friends, since it sometimes brought him to the expression of opinions which seemed diametrically opposed. Once while he was looking at a magnificent scene in the lake country he said to his companion:

"Travelers often make their boast of Swiss mountains when the ground that they are two or three times as high as the English, but I reply that the clouds lie so low on them that half of them commonly remain out of sight." The other answered, perhaps rather dryly:

"That is true."

He made no defense of Switzerland, remembering that it was folly to beard the lion in his den.

It might be inexpedient to do battle with the prophet and priest of English mountains when he stood on his own ground.

"You cannot see those boasted Swiss mountains when the clouds hang low," Wordsworth continued pertinaciously.

"Certainly not!"

"But if a man," he spoke again.

"But I must admit," he said, "you know they are there." Had he been opposed, he would not have withdrawn an inch. As it was, his own fairness of mind made him retract.—Youth's Companion.

His Case Continued.

John Allinson, a Mulenberg lawyer, is a wag of whom the Madisonville (Ky.) Hustler tells a story illustrative of the fact that even in the presence of death the ruling passion asserts itself.

He became ill at his home in Greenville with what was supposed to be heart disease, and a physician was hastily summoned. When he arrived, John was gasping for breath, and his friends expected him to die at any minute. When the doctor asked him what was the matter, he coolly replied, "Doc, I have an intimation that my case is about to be continued, and if possible I want to get a continuance."

The doctor was to work and, contrary to everybody's expectation, did get John a continuance, and he is still practicing law in Greenville.

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### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of Louis H. Hanchett deceased.

Notice is hereby given that D. E. Loveland and B. J. Hayward, 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. Loveland, B. J. Hayward, Executors.

Geo. D. DORRIS, Atty for Estate.

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Roseburg Mail, Daily.

Portland	Ar	Corvallis
8:50 a. m.	Lv	Portland
2:04 p. m.	Lv	Eugene
8:20 p. m.	Ar	Roseburg
		7:30 a.

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		1:20 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of Oregon Central & Eastern Railway.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

Portland	Ar	McMinnville
4:50 a. m.	Lv	Portland
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8:30 p. m.	Ar	Independence
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Stage leaves Eugene for Florence Mondays Wednesdays Fridays at 6 a. m. Returning stage leaves Florence for Eugene Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 a. m. Arrives in Eugene at 6 p. m. the day following.

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