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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1890.

VOL. II. NO. 12.

A

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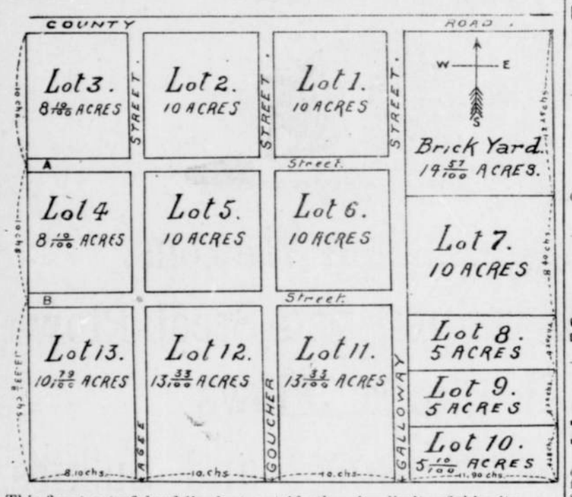

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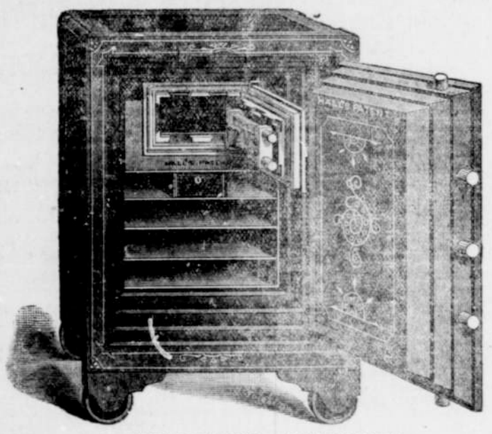

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MURIETTA, THE BANDIT.

The True Story of a Notorious California Outlaw.

Ever since the days of '51-'53, said Col. S. W. Moore of Los Angeles, at the Palace Hotel, a few evenings since, I have heard much of Joaquin Murietta, the bandit. The subject seems to come to the surface spasmodically. Native Californians never tire of relating the exploits of that cowardly cutthroat and generally speak of him in terms of respect and admiration. I suppose I have read a dozen different accounts of his adventures and seen as many genuine heads of the individual preserved in spirits, know men who have wasted time and money in the search for treasure supposed to have been buried by him, have seen the man and, in fact, know something about him as I came here in '50.

Once in a while the story crops out that Murietta is still living and is living in Central America, Africa or some place else. At present he is living in Hades and it's bosh to say he is living anywhere else. I positively know that he was killed by a posse in July, 1853, in Fresno county. I had also supposed that the stories of his buried treasure were untrue until lately, and here is what I know about it:

Some time during the summer of 1851 there came to San Francisco from Australia James H. Wall, an Englishman. In the few years spent by him in Australia he had engaged in different enterprises, one of which was mining for diamonds. Success crowned his efforts and when he reached San Francisco his wealth amounted to something like $20,000. The death of Wall's wife in Australia had a dispiriting effect upon him, his mind became filled with a desire to leave the land that held such memories for him, and hearing of the wonderful gold discoveries in California he decided to embark for the land of the yellow metal. So, converting the larger part of his fortune into diamonds he embarked, his son a boy of thirteen, that he worshipped and whom he never would allow out of his sight, accompanying him.

On arriving in San Francisco father and son went at once to the mining regions, where they met with varying success. They made but few acquaintances and no intimate friends but lived in their cabin and worked their claim alone, the son assisting his father to a certain extent.

Once, while under the influence of liquor, Wall indiscreetly made known the fact that he carried his wealth in a buckskin belt and that it never left his person. This statement was made in a saloon in a mining camp. Amongst the miners to whom the statement was made was Joaquin Murietta, the outlaw, disguised as a prospector.

A few days afterward as Wall was making a clean-up of his sluice-boxes, two Mexicans rode up, and, dismounting, began a conversation and otherwise made themselves friendly.

Eyeing the yellow dust and shining nuggets, of which there were several hundred dollars worth caught in the ripples, one of the Mexicans ventured to remark that he knew a spot where there was a great deal more of the same kind.

"*Mucho oro, senor, mucho,*" he said, and the suave villian gave such a brilliant description of a canyon a half day's journey to the west, where the ground was plentifully strewn with nuggets the size of a man's fist, that Vall eagerly consented to visit the place the next day.

Promptly at the hour specified the Mexicans arrived and, accompanied by Vall and his son, set out for the wonderful canyon. A horseback ride of several hours over a rough country brought them to the mouth of a deep, dark canyon which was impassible for horses, so the party dismounted and proceeded on foot toward the head, where the treasure was supposed to be. Wall followed behind one of the Mexicans, while the other one came next.

Suddenly, on turning a sharp bend in the canyon, two pistol-shots rang out.

Vall staggered and fell to the ground a dead man, with two bullets through him.

His son who had lagged behind came running up just in time to see the belt containing his father's diamonds and money in the hands of the Mexican who had been leading the way.

With an imprecaution the latter aimed the still smoking revolver at the boy's head and pulled the trigger.

The pistol missed fire.

To the superstition that prevented Joaquin Murietta from attempting to fire again when once his six-shooter missed fire, David C. Wall owed his life.

Through a feeling of compassion for the boy he had orphaned or from some other motive, Murietta caused the boy to accompany him to Monterey, which place was reached in two or three days. Here they received shelter at the house of a relative of Murietta, which house was the headquarters of the gang of cutthroats for some time. The booty secured on their raids was usually secreted about the premises until it could be disposed of.

In the family was a cousin of Murietta's and of whom he was enamored—a beautiful and bewitching senorita of seventeen summers. This cousin, Erminia Creia, after her lover's death made a vow that she would never marry. She kept the vow, and when she died, several years ago, she still remained single.

In the mean time young Wall took up the mode with the family, made himself useful and agreeable, readily picking up the Spanish language, and was almost regarded as one of the family. His quiet ways made a good impression upon them. Although but a youth he was discreet enough never to refer to his father, but still was always watching for a chance to avenge his parent's death, or at least to obtain the map which he knew Murietta had of the place where the wealth rightly belonging to him was buried. Fortune at last favored him.

One day, after about a year's residence with the Garcia family, and as Murietta was preparing to take his departure on another robbing and murdering expedition, he overheard the desperado tell his sweetheart that he had a presentiment that he would not return alive.

"Here, Dolores," he said, handing the girl a package, "is a paper that will lead you to the diamonds that I took from the father of the young *gringo*. It is yours."

That was all young Wall heard, but it was enough. With that piece of paper in his possession he could get the riches for which his father was murdered and which should belong to him.

That night Wall disappeared. The map was also missing from its hiding-place.

Murietta's presentiment proved true, for he was killed by W. S. Henderson and posse near Cantna canyon in Fresno county.

The boy with the map in his possession struck south, following the sea coast, gaining a precarious living by eating mussels and anything else he could find to satisfy his hunger until he reached Santa Barbara where he obtained employment.

One day after he had been at the place a few months, whom should he see but Abel Mendoza, the man who assisted Murietta in the murder of his father. All his childish fears were at once aroused, and feeling sure that Mendoza would kill him and gain possession of the map he kept out of sight. Again he left in the right time, and this time did not stop until he reached Santa Fe. Since leaving Montery his mind had continually dwelt upon the map, and he had studied it so often without becoming enlightened as to the whereabouts of the treasure that at times he felt like destroying it. At this time he had not learned of the bandit's death, and naturally supposed that when Murietta found he had taken the chart and ran away he would at once get the treasure himself. In making his way south from Santa Barbara, Wall as was proven in later years, passed within a mile of the spot indicated on the map as the hiding place of the money that should belong to him.

At Santa Fe and the surrounding country he stayed several years employed as a common laborer, and although by this time he knew of Murietta's demise he thought that a return to California would be at the price of his life if any surviving members should know of his presence there.

On the streets of Santa Fe one day the well remembered face of Mendoza appeared once more before him. Having graduated from boyhood to manhood he was not recognized by Mendoza. But the terror of his childhood again overwhelmed him and he went this time down into Old Mexico, where he remained several more years. The fluency with which he spoke the Spanish language, together with his intimate associations with the Mexicans, caused him to gain many friends of this class, one of whom, an aged man, one day showed him a letter. It was from Mendoza, who stated that he had been searching for Wall, not for the purpose of harming him, but in order to give him explicit directions how to discover the whereabouts of the treasure. The letter said further that Mendoza alone knew the exact spot where the wealth was hidden, and that he had used about $3000 of it to prosecute his search for Wall.

Before dying, Murietta, feeling repentant, cautioned Mendoza against divulging the whereabouts of the plunder to anyone but Wall, and threatened him with horrible punishment if he disobeyed him—his spirit would return to the earth in the shape of the devil, cut Mendoza's tongue out and cast him into the sea to be devoured by sharks. Probably Mendoza's superstition caused him to spend as little of the money as possible in the hunt for Wall, for fear that his master would carry out his threats.

Notwithstanding the good intentions expressed in Mendoza's letter to the old Mexican, Wall did not venture into California until he obtained positive proof of Mendoza's death, which took place in 1884 in San Luis Obispo county where he was shot by a constable while resisting arrest.

As Mendoza was the last existing member of Murietta's gang, Wall considered his presence in California would incur no personal danger, and early one morning, after having learned of the taking off of Mendoza, he was on his way to take the train. In the darkness he was set upon by three foot-pads who beat him into insensibility and robbed him of his effects, including about $250 in cash. After a slow recovery from his wounds, Wall started on foot for San Jose, where the bandit's widow resided, working along at odd jobs on the way.

In the summer of 1886 a short, heavy-set man appeared in Santa Barbara and applied to one of the residents, the owner of a spacious flower garden, for the position of gardner. The man was given the position and proved so efficient in assisting nature to beautify the premises that he was promised the position for an indefinite period if he desired it. He refused the offer and soon took his departure. Before leaving, however, he confided his story and plans to the son of his employer, who, having faith in the venture, advanced Wall sufficient means to enable him to reach San Jose, where Carmela Felix, the widow, resided.

The lady received him with open arms when he made himself known, and readily gave him the information he desired. This information which he lacked was the county in which the treasure was located. She had never seen the chart, but told him she thought the place he wanted to find was in Santa Barbara county. That was all he cared to know. Before leaving San Jose, Wall met another misfortune. One night while strolling about the city, he was sand-bagged and $40 the lady had loaned him was taken from him. When Wall woke up next day he found himself with a broken collar-bone and other injuries. But he still retained the precious map.

Nearly four months after his visit to Santa Barbara, and when his trusting friend had set him down as a fraud and never expected to see him again, Wall again appeared in Santa Barbara. Arrangements were at once made for the journey.

To preclude the possibility of being followed the two left the city at night with a team and drove about fifteen miles down the coast to Rincon creek (the first stream marked on the chart), where they staked out the horses and rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. At daybreak a light breakfast was partaken of, and driving about five miles farther down the coast into Ventura county the team was driven off the road to a certain point and unharnessed.

A search of one or two hours disclosed an old, deeply worn trail—so old that chaparral as large around as a man's arm was growing in it. This trail the men laboriously followed, crawling through the brush and cutting their way through at times until the summit of a ridge was reached, when, looking across the canyon to the ridge opposite, three large white rocks were seen standing out prominently. Still continuing along the trail until the next ridge was crossed—the trail passing near the rocks—a descent was made into an immense amphitheatre (the head of Padre Juan canyon) studded with live-oak trees. Near the trail in this grove a spring was found. To the south from the spring three oak trees were seen in the line about twenty feet apart. Each tree had three blazes cut upon it—made so many years before that they were almost obliterated by the growth of bark over the cuts. On the third tree a cross had been cut below the blazes.

With shovels Wall and his friend began digging about the first tree. Nothing was found but two stone pestles of Indian manufacture and the rowel of an old Mexican spur. Under the second tree three spurs, a dagger and two single-barreled pistols, all nearly eaten up by rust, were uncovered.

With eager and trembling hands the men began digging at the foot of the third tree. When a depth of three feet was reached Wall's shovel struck a metallic substance. The object was a small iron chest. It was quickly taken out. A blow from the shovel burst it open and its glittering and sparkling contents, consisting of diamonds, gold nuggets, jewelry and gold slugs, were strewn upon the ground.

At the present time David Wall is revisiting the scenes of his youth in Australia. He is between $15,000 and $14,000 better off than before he dug at the foot of that tree with the cross on it.

BILL NYE ON OAKLAND.

How he Matched his Guess Against the Bicycle Man's Prophecy.

I have just bought some more real estate. It occurred in Oakland, Cal. I had the assistance of a prophet. I hope the loss will not overbalance the prophet. It occurred in this way: A prophet on a bicycle, who was hard up, came to Oakland suddenly a few weeks ago and began to ride up and down on a two-wheeler, and for to warn the people to flee to the high grounds, and also the wrath to come, for, said he, the waters of the great deep would arise at about the middle of the month and smite the people of Oakland and slay them, and float the pork barrels out of their cellars, and fill their cisterns with people who sneer at the prophecy.

This prophet in this way did a good business. He attracted much notice and had all he could do as a prophet for several weeks. Many Oakland people were frightened, especially as Wiggins, the great intellectual Sahara of the prophet industry, also prophesied a high wave which would rise at least above the bills at the Palace hotel in San Francisco. With the aid of these two general, middle-weight prophets, I was enabled to secure some good bargains in corner lots and improved property in Oakland at 10 per cent of the estimated value. In other words, I am putting my limited powers as a prophet against those of Professor Wiggins, the painstaking and gifted ass of Canada, and the bicycle prophet of the Pacific slope. I am willing to stand or fall by the result.

As a prophet I have never attracted attention in this country, mostly because I have been too busy with other things. Also because there is so little prophesying to be done that I did not care to take hold of the industry; but I have always been ready to purchase at a great discount the desirable residences of those who contemplate a general collapse of the universe, or a tidal wave which would wipe out the general government and cover with a placid sea the mighty republic which God has heretofore, for some reason smiled upon. Moreover I can hardly believe that the deity would commission a man to go out over California on a bicycle to warn people when a few red messages and a standing notice in the *Examiner* would do the work in less time. Reasoning in this manner, with a sturdy logic worthy of my rich and unctuous past, I have secured some good trades in down-town property and will await the coming of devastation with a calm and entirely unruffled breast.

California at this season of the year is a miracle of beauty, as most every one knows. Nature heightens the effect for the tenderfoot by compelling him to cross the Alpine heights of the Sierra Nevada mountains and freeze to death in the cold heart of a snow blockade. Thus, weather-beaten and sore, he reaches the rolling green hills and is greeted with the rich odor of violets. I submitted to the insults of a tottering monopoly for a week in the heart of the winter, and tired and sick at soul, with chilblains on my feet and liniment on my other lineaments, I burst forth one bright morning into this realm of eternal summer. The birds sang in my frozen bosom. I shed the gunnysack wraps from my tender feet even as a butterfly or a tramp bursts his hull in the spring time, and I laughed two or three coarse, outdoor laughs, which shook the balmy branches of the tall pomegranate trees and twittered in the dense foliage of the magnolia.

The railroad was very kind to us at first. That was when we were buying our tickets. Later on it became more harsh and reproached us at times. Conductors woke us up two or three times in the night to gaze fondly at our tickets and look as if they were sorry they had ever parted with them. On the Central Pacific passengers are not permitted to give their tickets to the porter on retiring. You must wake up and converse with the conductor at all hours of the night, and hold the lantern while he slowly spells out the hard words on your ticket. I did not like this, and several times I murmured in a querulous tone to the conductor. But he did not mind it. He went on doing the behests of his employer, and in that way endearing himself to the great adversary of souls.

I said to an official of the road: "Do you not think this is the worst managed road in the United States, always excepting the Western North Carolina Railroad, which is incorporated to insult humanity?"

"Well, that depends, of course," he said, "on what standpoint from which you view it."

"Well, if you were trying to divert travel to the Southern Pacific, also the rolling stock, the good will, the culverts, the dividends, the frogs, the snowsheds, the right of way and the new laid train figs, everything except the first, second and third mortgages, which would naturally revert to the government, would you not think we were managing the business with a steady hand and watchful eye?"

I said I certainly would. I then wrang his hand softly and stole away, as he also began to do the same thing.

At Reno we had a day or two in which to observe the city from the car platform whilst waiting for the blockade to be raised. We could not go away from the train more than 500 feet for it might start at any moment. That is one beauty about a snow blockade. It entitles you to a stop-over, but you must be ready to hop on when the train starts. I improved the time by cultivating the acquaintance of the beautiful and picturesque outcasts known as the Piute Indians. They are a quiet, reserved set of people, who, by saying nothing sometimes obtain a reputation for deep thought. I always envy anybody who can do that. Such men make good presidential candidates. Candidates, I say, mind you. The time has come in this country when it is hard to unite good qualifications as a candidate with the necessary qualities for a successful official.

The Piute in March or April does not go down cellar and bring up his gladiola or remove the banking from the side of his villa. He does not mulch the asparagus bed or prune the pie plant or rake the front yard or salt the hens. He does not ever wipe his heart-broken and neglected nose. He makes no especial change in his great life work because spring has come. He still looks serious and like a man who is laboring under the impression that he is about to become the parent of a thought. These children of the Piute brave never mature. They do not take their places in the history or the school readers of our common country. The Piute wears a bright red lap-robe over his person, and generally a stiff Quaker hat with a leathern band. His hair is very black, thick and coarse, and is mostly cut off square in the neck by means of an adze, I judge, or possibly it is eaten off by moths. The Piute is never bald during life. After he is dead he becomes bald and beloved.

Johnson Sides is a well-known Piute who had the pleasure of meeting me at Reno. He said he was a great admirer of mine and had all my writings in a scrap-book at home. He also said that he wished I would come and lecture for the tribe. I afterwards learned that he was an earnest and hopeful liar from Truckee. He had no scrap-book at all. Also no home.

Mr. Sides at one time became quite civilized, distinguishing himself from his tribe by reading the Bible and confining his shirt tail to the narrow confines of a pair of cavalry trousers, instead of giving it to the irresponsible breeze as other Piutes did. He established a hotel up the valley in the Sierras, and decided to lead a life of industry. He built a hostelry called the Shack-de-Poker-Hunt-us, and advertised in the Carson *Appeal*, a paper even the editor of which, Mr. Sam Davis, says fills him with wonder and amazement when he knows the people actually subscribe for it. Very soon Piutes began to come to the Shack to spend the heated term. Every Piute who took the *Appeal* saw the advertisement, which went on to say that hot and cold water could be got in every room in the house, and that electric baths, silver-voiced chambermaids, overcharges and everything else connected with a first-class hotel could be found at this place. So the Piute people looked up their own homes and ejecting the cat, they spat on the fire and moved to the new summer hotel. They took their friends with them. They had no money, but they knew Johnson Sides and they visited him all summer.

In the fall Mr. Sides closed the house and taking a rubber cuspidor, with a capacity of two gallons, he resumed his blanket and went back to live with his tribe. When the butcher wagon came the next day the driver found a notice of sale, and in the language of Sol Smith Russell, "Good reasons for selling."

Mr. Sides had been a temperance man now for a year, at least externally; but with the humiliation of this great financial wreck came a wild desire to flee to the maddening bowl, having been monkeying with the maddening crowd all summer. So silently he concealed a bottle of Reno embalming fluid and secreted himself behind a tree, where he was asked to join himself in a social nip. He had hardly wiped away an idle tear with the corner of his blanket and replaced the stopper in his tear jug when the local representative of the U. G. J. E. T. A. of Reno came upon him. He was reported to the lodge, and his character bade fair to be smirched so badly that nothing but saltpeter and a consistent life could save it. At this critical stage Mr. Davis of the *Appeal* came to his aid, and not only gave him the support and encouragement of his columns, but told Mr. Sides that he would see that the legislature took speedy action in removing his alcoholic disabilities. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Davis, therefore, a bill was framed "whereby the drink taken by Johnson Sides of Nevada be and is hereby declared null and void."

On a certain day Mr. Davis told him that the bill would come up for final passage and no doubt would pass without opposition, but a sack would have to be raised to defray the expenses. The tribe began to collect what money they had and to sell their grasshoppers in order to raise more.

Johnson Sides and his tribe gathered on the day named and settled themselves in the galleries. Slim old warriors with firm faces and beetling brows to say nothing of having their hair roached, but yet no flies on them to speak of; sat in the front seats. Large, corpulent squaws, wearing health costumes, secured by telegraph wires, listened to the proceedings, not knowing anything that was going on any more than other people do who go to watch the legislature. Finally, however, Sam Davis came and told Mr. Sides that the bill had passed and that he was now as pure as the driven snow. I saw him again last week but it seemed to me it was about time to get some more special legislation for him.

Once Mr. Davis met Mr. Sides on the street and was so glad to see him that he said: "Johnson, I like you first rate, and would always be glad to see you. Whenever you can let me know where you are."

The next week Sam got quite a lot of telegrams from along the railroad—for the Indians ride free on account of their sympathies with the road. These telegrams were posted at different stations along the way, and were hopeful and even cheery, all being marked "collect." They were about as follows.

"Sam Davis, Carson, Nev.

"WINNEMUCCA, Nev., Mar. 31, '80.

"I am here. JOHNSON SIDES."

Every little while, for quite a long time, Mr. Davis would get a bright, cheery telegram in the middle of the night, when he was in bed, assuring him that Sides was "there," and he would go back to bed, cheered and sustained.

BILL NYE.

GLADSTONE'S FAMILY.

Something About The Woman Who has Done so Much For Him.

That Mr. Gladstone remains at eighty unshaken in health and in the fullness of his mental vigor is largely due to the lifelong care and devotion of his wife. Little is heard of Mrs. Gladstone. She is not a society leader nor a political woman. Nominally she is the head of the Woman's Liberal Federation, but her politics consists of an intense admiration of her husband's programme. Mrs. Gladstone has not been conspicuous in any department of life in which her husband has won honors, but she has played a more important part in his life work than is generally known. It is in a great measure owing to her that he has been able to accomplish all the work associated with his name. She has always regarded her husband's work for the nation as of the first importance, and has relieved him from all trouble about business or household affairs. She has saved him from all the petty worries and frictions of life. Blessed herself with a perfect constitution and unbroken health, she has looked after her husband's health with the skill of a professional nurse and the vigilance of a guardian angel. She has been a most devoted helpmate, and the ideal wife for a great man says the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

When Gladstone first met the lady, then Miss Glynne, who was to share with him the honor of his triumphs, he was a young member of parliament and one of the rising hopes of the Tory party. Miss Glynne belonged to an aristocratic Welsh family. Her father was Sir Stephen Glynne of Hawarden, Cheshire. Young Gladstone had no aristocratic connections. He was the son of a Scotch merchant settled in Liverpool. It was not the fashion in those days for the daughters of aristocratic families to marry anyone bearing the taint of trade and Miss Glynne's friends wer anxious that she should choose a husband from the ranks of nobility. Her own charms and beauty were considered sufficient to win her a marquis, a lord or a duke. What first attracted Miss Glynne's attention to young Gladstone was a remark made by an English minister who sat beside her at a dinner party at which Mr. Gladstone was also present: "Mark that young man," said he, "he will yet be prime minister of England. Miss Glynne keenly scrutinized the handsome young M. P., who sat opposite, but it was not until the subsequent winter that he made her acquaintance in Italy. Perhaps this courtship in Italy may have something to do with Mr. Gladstone's fondness for that country and frequent visits to it.

After his marriage Mr. Gladstone went to live in his father-in-law's house, Hawarden Castle. Sir Stephen Glynne was in an embarassed condition, and Mr. Gladstone helped him by buying a part of his property. The two families lived happily together in the same house until Sir Stephen's death. After having put the affairs of the estate in order, it is said that Mr. Gladstone seriously took in hand the tuition of his handsome young wife in bookkeeping, and she applied herself diligently to the unwelcome task. After a little practice she went in triumph to her husband to display her domestic accounts and correspondence in what she thought perfect order. Mr. Gladstone cast his eye over the result of his wife's labor, and then said quietly, "All wrong, my dear, from beginning to end." Mrs. Gladstone has not succeeded as a bookkeeper but she has a valuable ally in helping her husband to keep all his books papers and correspondence in a neat and methodical way. She never touches his papers or move anything in his study.

Mrs. Gladstone has been an ideal mother as well as an ideal wife. She nursed all her seven children herself. She looked after them in infancy and cared for them in every way. The girls were educated by governesses and the boys went to Eaton, and then to Oxford. There were seven children, four sons and three daughters. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest, manages the Hawarden property for his father. Stephen Gladstoge is rector of the Hawarden church. Henry Gladstone has recently retired from Parliament. Herbert, the youngest, is in Parliament, and is regarded as a bright young man who is likely to make a name for himself. Two daughters have married Church of England clergymen and the other, Helen Gladstone helps her father with his correspondence. Except when Mr. Gladstone is in London attending to Parliamentary duties, the whole family live near each other at Hawarden.

Mr. Gladstone is fully sensible of what he owes to his wife, and has made no secret of the fact that his continuance in public was dependent on the health of his partner in life. To be the wife of a great statesman and prime minister is no doubt to occupy a fine and imposing position, but the position has its trials. The wife of a British prime minister who fills two ministerial offices at once—as Gladstone did—and leader of the house of Commons, sees very little of her husband. When Mr. Gladstone was in office he was absorbed in legislative and state business and had little time for domestic intercourse or to spend with his family. During these times the self denial and self-abnegation of Mrs Gladstone were beyond all praise. She always avoided doing anything that would interfere in the very least with her husband's official duties. She has been known to remark that when Mr. Gladstone was in office and in London during the season it was quite a treat to her to be invited with her husband to a friend's house to dinner. She always tried to get seated next to him; "when," she said, "it is at least possible to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.