Eugene City Guard.

SATURDAY, ... APRIL 21.

Democratic State Ticket.

WILLIAM GALLOWAY.....Governor,
Yamhill County.
CHAS. NICKELL.....Secretary of State,
Jackson County.
A. S. BENNETT.....Supreme Judge,
Wasco County.
T. H. DAVIDSON.....State Treasurer,
Marion County.
W. H. HOLMES.....Attorney General,
Marion County.
D. V. S. REID.....Sup't Public Instruction,
Lane County.
JOHN O'BRIEN.....State Printer,
Multnomah County.
J. K. WEATHERFORD.....Congressman.
Linn County.
GEO. A. DORRIS.....Prosecuting Atty., 2d Dist.
Lane County.

Lane County Democratic Ticket.

Senator.....ROBERT CLOW
of Richardson.
REPRESENTATIVES:
W. W. OGLESBY.....of Cottage Grove
C. K. HALE.....of Chesher
A. M. OSBURN.....of Goshen
Sheriff.....HENRY J. DAY
of Eugene.
Clerk.....J. H. WHITEAKER
of Creswell.
Treasurer.....R. E. BRISTOW
of Eugene.
Commissioner.....W. F. CHESHER
of Springfield.
Assessor.....P. J. McPHERSON
of Eugene.
School Superintendent.....AUGUSTA PATTERSON
of Eugene.
Surveyor.....JOS. KOCH
of Eugene.
Coroner.....E. M. DAY
of Eugene.

JENNINGS EXPLAINS.

On the first page of this issue will be found a communication from Mr. Jennings taking issue with a statement made previously in the GUARD that he failed as, and was incompetent to perform the duties of chief clerk of the lower house of the legislature at the 1887 session.

Mr. Jennings has a reputation as an extended and verbose letter writer, and in this instance loses nothing of his former standing as a correspondent.

He takes up a great deal of space proving that the work of that session was properly performed. There is no controversy about this question, but our position is that Jennings was incompetent to perform the duties of the position, and made such a failure that he was the laughing stock of the legislature, having to assign part of the work of his office to others, then drawing his salary of $10 per day.

There are several men in Eugene of the most reliable character who have informed us of the above facts, and vouch for their truthfulness, besides it was a matter of general notoriety at the time.

What Will the Harvest Be?

As the "industrial" army headed by Coxey nears the District of Columbia and other detachments, in various parts of the North and West, one by one draw nearer to the Capital the situation becomes serious. Not only serious but as the men are exposed in some instances to cold and hunger the movement appears more and more threatening. What the officials will, or can do, to preserve order when the men enter Washington is a matter still in doubt. One thing is absolutely certain, it will be next to impossible to allow the men to enter the District in an organized band of from 500 to 5000 men, without compromising both police and White House officials to some degree.

Why the movement was not stopped some time since is a complicated question. Both too much and too little attention has been paid to it. The people in towns and cities through which the different crowds pass are all anxious that they move on and leave property unmolested. To this end they feed them well and offer other recognition which increased the importance of the movement in the estimation of the industrials. Besides this the press reporters have in most instances taken a sensational interest in publishing every little detail of the so called army's movements and offered numerous unnecessary suggestions which have resulted in an increased enlistment. On the other hand the state authorities have taken but little serious interest in the probable result of allowing men to mobilize in this way. In almost every state where these companies have been organized, with the manifest purpose of centralizing at Washington, the state executive officials have not forseen the embarrassment to United States officials and consequent danger to the nation if the men carried out their avowed intention. When the initial efforts were made the whole movement could have been easily disorganized by prompt official action. It is doubtful if the right of a state to interfere with these organizations, so similar to mobs, would ever have been seriously questioned. Affairs have gone so far now that the outcome is being anxiously awaited by nearly the whole nation.

The Ann Arbor Courier man over heard a young lady singing the other day, and this is the way it struck him:

She touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers and warbled.

When the sun is brightly glo-ho-ing
O'er the se-een so de-leer to me-es,
And swe-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-ing,
Oh, ther-hen, oh, ther-hen
I the-hink
Of thee-hee
I thee-hink
I thee-hink
I thee-he-he-hehehe-hink hohohohoho
hohoh of thee-eeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

An eastern exchange says: There is every reason to believe that the milking of cows in large dairies by machinery will in the near future become as common as the cutting of corn and grass is on large farms.

A patient in the Queen Street, Toronto, Insane asylum has swallowed a large assortment of table cutlery. Late reports say that he has two knives, one fork and two spoons in his stomach.

A French juggler of vital statistics says that the number of deaths in the world during a single century closely approximates 5,000,000,000.

In Siam and Afghanistan, where the elephant is the chief beast of burden, an "elephant load" is reckoned as two tons.

An aluminum violin, invented and patented by a Cincinnati musician, is highly spoken of, both by players and critics.

THE GOVERNOR BACKED OUT

Has Withdrawn the Militia From Guarding Kelly's Army.

Preparing to Receive Coxey.

OMAHA, April 18.—Kelly's army are still at the old Chautauqua grounds, East Council Bluffs, and the situation is dangerous. The men are wet to the skin and chilled to the bone and the Iowa militia are still surrounding them with fixed bayonets, and keeping them from the shelter of the buildings. There are rumblings in the ranks of the commonwealers, but discipline has been thoroughly maintained thus far by the officers. There was enough food for breakfast today, and that fact perhaps prevented an outbreak, but something must happen soon to relieve the tension or violence is sure to follow. The laboring men of Omaha and Council Bluffs are greatly in sympathy with the army, and indignation has been expressed at the treatment accorded the travelers by Governor Jackson, of Iowa, and the authorities of Council Bluffs. A meeting to express indignation was called today by the Knights of Labor of both Omaha and Council Bluffs. The meeting in this city was held in front of the Life building, and a crowd of 500 laboring men were on hand. Many speeches were made denunciatory of the Iowa officials and railroads. Offers of aid were numerous. One man declared if something was not done at once to carry the commonwealers East, he favored securing recruits in Omaha, arming, and marching against the Iowa militia. He offered to purchase 2000 rounds of ammunition at his own expense. The crowd had by this time become demonstrative and the police summarily broke up the gatherings: The Knights of Labor are called out for a meeting tonight. The Omaha Commercial Club today, through its officials, made a threat to boycott the railroads refusing to carry the Kellyites eastward. As a result of the indignation meeting at Council Bluffs, Governor Jackson at noon ordered the militia to break camp at the Chautauqua grounds and return to Council Bluffs. This leaves the industrials free to much East or capture a train.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Precautions to prevent any possible disturbance from Coxey's army have been completed. A sufficient force has been provided to prevent Coxey's army entering the capitol grounds. A special precaution has been taken for the protection of the White House and occupants.

Nearly every freight train entering Washington brings its quota of vagabonds, and altogether, matters are beginning to assume an interesting, if not a serious aspect. Crews of freight trains have been provided with revolvers.

Arrested for Selling His Vote.

WILLOWS, Cal., April 18.—H. G. Hulet, chairman of the board of supervisors of Glenn county, has been indicted by the grand jury for agreeing to sell his vote to bondling contractors. Prominent politicians are said to be involved also. Hulet is accused of accepting a series of bribes, aggregating about $5000, for awarding certain contracts for county bridges. An $80,000 courthouse is also being built under contracts, many of which are regarded as suspicious.

PRACTICAL ETHICS.

It doesn't pay to be too good—
But, then, few of us are.
In fact, most of us do not reach
The standard mark by far.
We criticise our neighbors' faults—
Mostly to hide their backs—
But who can say to find what he
Himself most surely lacks?

It doesn't pay to be too good—
But, then, who ever knew
A man who really was too good?
Such folks are mighty few.
In most of us there is a streak—
As fat is streaked with lean—
Of something that unprejudiced
Observers would call mean.

It doesn't pay to be too good—
Just good enough will do.
It answers pretty well for me,
And it will serve for you.
Don't fret about your neighbors' faults—
It isn't right you should—
And, bear in mind, they try as hard
As you do to be good.
—Somerville Journal.

KARJAK.

I am a woman? To be sure.
And was once a man? I was.
How so?
I will tell you.

I was living with my family in Paris. I was 18, and as at the age of 11 I had made my first appearances in public print I was by this time not quite a tyro in the journalistic profession, which was then my recreation between music masters and painting teachers, and the rest of those people who go to make up the sum of a young girl's education.

The charm that newspaper work possessed for me then was alike one of the literary bent and of the secrecy with which I chose to conduct my cacoethes scribendi. I wrote under another name than my own for home papers and magazines here in America solely, until finally one day I suddenly decided that I would try my fortunes with—what, think you?

Nothing less than Figaro itself. But a womanly nom de plume—that deterred me. I feared; I hesitated. Should it be boldly, then, my own name?

No, and at once I selected a short, crisp, yet euphonious and wholly likely masculine cognomen. I wrote my copy address and sent it to M. Jules Dessinoir, the well known manager of a certain department of Figaro. I dated the accompanying note from my own home, and forthwith took my family into my confidence as well as the butler and housemaid, who might be likely to answer the postman's call, or the concierge's inquiry for "Count Karjak."

I waited. Not long, however, for in the next but one Saturday's issue of Figaro, lo and behold! was my story. Not only this, but my amused father, on turning over the paper, held up to my astonished and somewhat terrified gaze the announcement that "M. le Comte Karjak, a distinguished Russian now visiting Paris for the first time, would probably be induced to contribute to these pages certain other of his impressions to follow those most entertaining and unique ones contained in the present number."

How they all laughed about the table, as with flushed cheeks I sat speechless in bewildered amusement!

I was then a Russian? Very good; to that I had no objection to offer. Russians—great, big, brave blond fellows speaking our English and my family's French so well—were indeed my special adoration. So, when a note came the next morning, inclosing a check for 150 francs (which I indorsed "Karjak," and my father reindorsed and obtained the money for) and asking if I should be pleased to furnish further articles on the agreeable theme of French society and manners as contrasted with those of my own country, I replied very promptly that I would do so.

My own country! Russia? Decidedly the name had misled M. Dessinoir. Very well, it made little difference. Since I had become a man, I might just as well be a Russian man as any other. So I accepted the situation, and throwing myself mentally into the little of my supposed native country with which I was acquainted, and diligently beginning at once to cultivate all the Russian people and Russian books that I knew of, I felt myself present quite a Slav and commenced to discover that I had a predilection for all the magnificent bizzarries and delicious incompatibilities of the women—I mean the men!—of that fascinating race.

I sent in to M. Dessinoir regularly for four weeks the "Impressions of Karjak" and received in return my 150 francs; besides which I had the pleasure of seeing him as well advertised as any journalistic writer ever is by the French custom, which is a widely different one from ours.

Presently, too, at my mother's weekly receptions, was heard mention of Karjak. Who was he? Did we know? Did I know? Since I had been lately in Russia, perhaps I had something to tell of him, his personality, age, estate? And one young and beautiful woman even went so far as to tell me in confidence that she was much taken with his style, his thoughts, his wit, humor, esprit and half Russian-Tartaric way of looking at the amenities of Parisian social life.

She declared that she had made up her mind definitely to know him; that M. Dessinoir was an intimate friend of hers, and that he had promised her only that very day most faithfully that he would use his best endeavors to bring the Comte Karjak to her next evening at home.

I said to her "How delightful!" and I thought "How dreadful! What will M. Dessinoir do!" and then all this passed out of my mind as I caught the drift of the conversation of two literary men who stood on the other side of me.

"Oh," said one, "he is a novice, that is too evident. Still your Karjak is enormously clever. Slav au bout des ongles—a little raw and barbaric still."

"You are mistaken," returned the other. "I am convinced that this new light in our Figaro is a man of experience, considerable age, and perhaps tired out with what is called the 'world.'"

I turned away. The situation was too much for me. I rushed over to my young friend, Pauline A., and took refuge in discussing with her the gown I was next week to wear as her bridesmaid at Notre Dame de Lorette.

Two days later came my usual envelope from Figaro, containing, besides the customary check, a note from M. Dessinoir, inviting me, most courteously, to "a little breakfast which he was about to take much pleasure in giving in my honor at the Cafe Bignon, on any day that I would be so condescending as to mention."

In my honor! The Cafe Bignon! I almost expired between laughter and nervousness, as I put pen to paper, and in haste assured M. Dessinoir that—what should it be?—"a sudden call into the country on important business would deprive me of the infinite pleasure." And, forseeing a possible further step toward M. Dessinoir's fulfillment of his promise to my pretty friend, I also added that "being a foreigner I was shy and perhaps it was the better plan for writers not to become personally known to editors," etc.

In due time returned the expostulation of M. Dessinoir. "Ah, my dear fellow," wrote he, "you are making a rank mistake. Many men of note are already desirous of meeting you—even a number of lovely women have signified to me their willingness to encounter the author of your 'Impressions.' Pray you, reconsider, and give me a great honor and happiness."

I became quite cold. A species of terror seized upon me, as I consulted with my mother, and finally our conference terminated in my writing a temporising but not at all convincing response.

Decidedly, if this was being a man, I devoutly wished that I had never become one!

A fortnight passed without events, at least so far as Karjak was concerned, and I had begun to console myself with the reflection that he had been forgotten amid the pressure of other men and matters.

Alas! not so. On a certain Tuesday a messenger arrived bearing a note from M. Dessinoir—"begging that I would accede to his invitaiton for breakfast tomorrow. He took the liberty over my modesty of naming the day himself—at the Cafe Bignon, to meet M. M. A., B., C., D., respectively, of four of the most popular Parisian journals."

Mamma was out paying visits; papa had gone to Versailles for the day; my cousin was painting in the Louvre; what should I do?

Seizing my pen, I wrote—was it inspiration or some emanation from less divine sources?—thus, "that my wife being very ill, I was compelled to decline," and adding to this wholesale statement the most profound regrets and sorrow deeply dyed!

Very good. I slept in peace that night, having confided to my family not only the fact of my being a man, but that I had lately married, and now possessed a wife!

My MS. went as usual a day or two later. In the evening, my pretty friend was again at our house.

"Alas," she said to me, "I have had ill news. M. Dessinoir tells me that my adored Karjak is—married."

"Verily," I say; "so I have heard."

"But I do not believe it. I will not believe it. I assured M. Dessinoir that he must prove it to me."

"And?" I interrupt breathlessly.

"He has sworn that he will do so."

"How?" I inquire, I am sure turning pale.

"He has vowed to call upon Karjak and finally to see his wife."

I lived hereafter for some days in a kind of nightmare, trembling at every knock and ring. At last it came—the card of M. Dessinoir. I held my brow. My knees shook beneath me.

"Say to the gentleman," I gasped, "that M. le Comte is absent from Paris."

In a few moments Jacques returned.

"Would Mme. la Comtesse then do monsieur the honor to see him for a moment only? A matter of business and importance—some part of the late MS. of M. le Comte has been unfortunately lost."

Decidedly M. Dessinoir intended to keep his vow. Mamma was out, of course; I drew myself up to as great a height as nature's 5 feet 1½ would allow, and sailed majestically, I hoped, out to meet M. Dessinoir. Since I was a man, and a married one, then also let me be my own wife, since fate so willed.

We met as became two well bred persons. M. Dessinoir explained. Mme. la Comtesse knew nothing of the literary affairs of her husband; while regretting her inability she deplored her stupidity. M. l'Editeur was charmed, yet chagrined of course at not seeing M. le Comte. Altogether we both delivered ourselves of many compliments, and M. Dessinoir then begged me to use my wifely influence to induce my gifted husband to make himself known to his many admirers, and gracefully made his exit.

I was a man; also his wife. I had been addressed as madame. Very well.

The following evening chanced to be that of a great reception at the American embassy. Although of course not yet "out," I was allowed to go as a great treat, and in my gown of white over yellow, with yellow roses and some lilies, I had long since, in chatting with a handsome young English attache, forgotten both Karjak and his wife, when I raised my eyes and perceived advancing toward me the daughter of our hostess, leaning upon the arm of M. Dessinoir.

I did not faint or scream. I stood like a block of stone. I had never thought of this horrible possibility.

She presented him to me with due ceremony, calling me her "lifelong friend and schoolfellow."

M. Dessinoir, although at first disposed to recognize me, embraced the situation and routed the young attache, and—quietly begged me the favor of my autograph in his pocket album.

I became scarlet. I took the offered pencil from his large, white hand, and trembling I wrote for him as he watched me with amused yet not cruel eyes—the name of "Karjak!"

We are the best of friends imaginable, M. Dessinoir and I. He sometimes calls me "dear little fellow" and reminds me of the time "when I was a man."

So I have given you one of the many experiences of my comparatively brief journalistic career.—Fannie Aymar Mathews in Peterson's Magazine.

Strangely Birthmarked.

Dr. George R. Hazelwood relates the story of a 10-year-old child of one of his patents, who cannot speak to its father, though perfectly glib with every one else. The cause assigned may be gathered from the following:

Previous to the child's birth a difference arose between the parents, and for several weeks the mother refused to speak to her husband. The offense, whatever it was, was condoned, but not till after the child was born. In due time the little boy began to talk, but when with his father was invariably silent. It continued thus till the child was 5 or 6 years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened condign punishment for its stubbornness. This was inflicted, but without eliciting a word, though his groans told too plainly he could neither cry nor speak, and that he vainly tried. Those present joined in the opinion that the prenatal effect of the parental quarrel made it impossible for the boy to speak to his father. Time has proved the correctness of this theory.

Though on perfectly friendly relations with his father, attempts to speak to him elicit nothing but sighs.—Birdseye (Ind.) Correspondence.

Had to Economize.

He (shortly after the introduction)—Excuse me, miss, but do you think you could ever love me if—well, if you should try?

She—Well, I must say this is——

He—Oh, don't be offended! It cost me more than $250 to find out whether the last one loved me or not, and I've got to economize, you know.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Day & Henderson, Undertakers and Embalmers. Cor Wil. and 7th sts.

NO QUARTER will do you as much good as the one that buys Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This is what you get with them: An absolute and permanent *cure* for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Not just temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that *lasts*.

Pleasant help, too. These sugar-coated little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

They come in sealed vials, which keep them always fresh and reliable; a convenient and perfect vest-pocket remedy. They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

CAN'T BE BEAT!

OUR $2.50 SHOES Are Without Equal!

YORAN & SON.

Pay as You Go.

6 lbs good dried raisins..... 25
20 lbs No. 1 Island rice..... 1 00
Corvallis flour, equal to Albany or the best to be had, per sk only... 75
Diamond dyes, all kinds..... 10
10-cent package of 5 cheroots, try one..... 05
5 lbs Arm and Hammer soda, in bulk..... 25
New dates, 3 lbs for..... 25

AX BILLY.

Notice to Farmers
—OF—
LANE COUNTY.

Having secured MITCHELL, LEWIS & Co's agency, on Cash Terms, I can sell all lines of FARMING IMPLEMENTS at Bottom Prices.

I. K. PETERS
Ninth St. Feed Store.

H. N. CRAIN.

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,

Sterling and Silver-Plated Ware.

Watch Repairing a Specialty.

EUGENE, OREGON.

CHOPPING
—AND—
FEED MILL.

Graham, Corn Meal,
—AND—
Whole Wheat Flour
Kept Constantly on Hand.

Chopping done to order at reasonable rates, and quickly.
Call and live us your order.

H. O. OFFUTT, Proprietor.

Mill at Farmer's Warehouse, corner Pearl and Fourth streets, Eugene, Oregon.

FOREST GORVE POULTRY YARDS,
J. M. GARRISON, Prop.

Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks,
Light Brahmas,
Brown and White Leghorns.
The Five Best Breeds on Earth.

My stock has stood up in the lead for the past six teen years.
BETTER NOW THAN EVER.
A few choice fowls for sale; also eggs from the best breeding birds on the Pacific Coast. Send stamp for catalogue.
Address, J. M. GARRISON, Forest Grove, Or.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.
A recent discovery by an old physician. *Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies.* Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. *Ask for* **Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute,** or inclose $1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address **Pond Lily Company,** No. 3 Fisher Block, Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, OREGON, April 17, 1894.

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 the Judge or County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, at Eugene, Oregon, on Monday, May 28, 1894, viz: William Southward, on Homestead entry No 5497 for the N W ¼ Sec 6 Tp 19 S R 4 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John P Anderson, James E Anderson, Winfield S Westrop and Howell McClellan, all of Eugene, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, H. J. Joines, has been by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, duly appointed administrator of the estate of W. K. Joines, deceased. And all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to said administrator, duly verified, at the law office of I. Bilyeu in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated, Dec 9, 1893.

H. J. JOINES, Administrator.

L. BILYEU, Attorney.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
LOUGHMILLER & PETER.

Farm Hardware. Farm Machinery.
CANTON CLIPPER PLOWS.
STUDEBAKER : BROS. : CARRIAGES, : BUGGIES : AND : WAGONS.
A New Line of New Hardware. No Old Goods.
—Everything at Hard Time Prices.—
MOUNT BUILDING, NINTH STREET. LOUGHMILLER & PETER.

Special Attention!
EVERYBODY!

SEND us your prescriptions and we assure you that the utmost care will be used in dispensing them only from strictly pure drugs.

Osburn & DeLano.

HARDWARE.

Realizing that this is the time of the year that all incomes are small, it is our object to offer all goods in our line at as low prices as good goods can be sold and let us live and let our customers live.

Thanking our customers for past patronage, we ask for a share of your trade in 1894.

GRIFFIN HARDWARE CO.

My Stock
Of groceries and glassware
Must Go
I am closing it out
At Cost.
To make more room to display my immense stock of
GROCERIES.
First-class in quality. Prices as low as the lowest. No trouble to show goods.
A Goldsmith.

UNIVRESITY : OF : OREGON
EUGENE.
OPEN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH

Just closed the most prosperous year in its history. Wide range of studies Thorough instruction. Business course added. Tuition free. Entrance fee, $10. Board and lodging at reasonable rates in the elegant new dormitory and boarding hall on the campus, where students will receive personal supervision.

CHARLES H. CHAPMAN, President.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.
In the matter of the estate of B. B. Johnson, deceased.
To the Sheriff of the County of Lane, Greeting:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF Oregon, you are hereby required to cite N. M. Johnson, Professor Thompson, Anna Johnson, L. dis Berger, N. A. Johnson, J. B. Johnson, Martha Johnson, Willie Johnson, Minnie Johnson, Grace Sloan, Laura Sloan, Dorcas Scott, Willie Sloan, Erastus Sloan, heirs at law of B. B. Johnson, deceased, to be and appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, at the court room thereof, in the City of Eugene, in said Lane County, Oregon, on Monday, the 7th day of May, 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why an order should not be given confirming and directing the administrator of the estate of the said B. B. Johnson, deceased, to sell certain real property belonging to said estate, for the purpose of paying the debts thereof and expenses of administration thereon, as prayed for in the petition of said administrator filed in said Court. Said real property is described as follows: The W ½ of the donation land claim of Elihu Lindley and wife, Notif 2193, Claim 43 in Section 2 and 3, Tp 18 S, R 4 W, W M, containing 160.45 acres, except one acre deeded to school district No. 7.

Witness the Hon. A. H. Fisk, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, this 20th day of March, A. D., 1894.

Attest: WM. F. WALKER, Clerk.
By SHERWOOD ECKE, Deputy.

WANTED—Pushing Canvasser of good address. Liberal salary and expenses paid; steady permanent position. BROWN BROS. CO. Nurserymen, Portland, Oregon.

THE
Eugene Loan and Savings BANK.
Successor to the Eugene National Bank.

Incorporated with a Capital of $60,000, with $30.000 Paid Up.

Deposits received subject to check. Interest allowed on time deposits, and loans made on approved security.

PRESIDENT.....J. C. CHURCH.
VICE PRESIDENT.....H. D. PAINE.
CASHIER.....F. W. OSBURN

The Eugene Loan and Savings Bank will conduct both a Commercial and Savings business, and your especial attention is called to the savings features of it. It is not what you make, but what you save, that makes you rich. In all communities there are many persons of small holdings, which, if not deposited in some bank or loaned, will be spent in one way or another. It is difficult to loan small amounts, but they can be put in a savings bank and made to bring some returns. Believing that the time has come for the successful operation of a savings bank in this community, we solicit your patronage in this matter.

FOR 6 CTS.
In Postage, we will send A Sample Envelope, of either WHITE, FLESH or BRUNETTE —OF— POZZONI'S POWDER.
You have seen it advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an Ideal Complexion Powder is.
POZZONI'S
Besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sunburn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, and is faithful as most delicate and desirable preparation to the face during hot weather.
50c to Sold Everywhere.
For sample, address
J. A. POZZONI CO. St. Louis, Mo.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

L. P. FISHER, NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING Agent, 37 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that Mary I. Coleman, has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of David H. Coleman, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the executrix at the office of Geo. B. Dorris, in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated, March 13, 1894.

MARY I. COLEMAN, Executrix.
GEO. B. DORRIS, Atty for Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that R. Y. Porter and James M. Martin, have been duly appointed administrator of the estate of John W. Porter, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the administrators at Walker's station, and all persons owing, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

Dated, March 17, 1894.

R. Y. PORTER, JAMES M. MARTIN, Administrators.
GEO. B. DORRIS, Atty for Estate.