Eugene City Guard.

SATURDAY, ... SEPT 26.

"No crown of thorns,
No cross of gold."

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

E. HOFER, of Salem, Marion county.

N. L. BUTLER, of Dallas, Polk county.

HARRY WATKINS, of McMinnville, Yamhill county.

M. L. OLMSTEAD, of Baker City, Baker county.

MITCHELL ON SILVER.

[From a speech of Senator J. H. Mitchell delivered in the U. S. Senate, Jan 30, 1896:]

"Mr. President, is it not about time this great nation, these United States of America, should assert its monetary, as well as its commercial independence? We are, with our vast territory, our immeasurable resources, our model government, our 70,000,000 brave, intelligent, aggressive, independent people, to forever acknowledge our independence of Great Britain, or any other power on earth, in either a monetary or any other sense? Must we, while denying the right of any government on the globe, republican or monarchial, liberal or despotic, to dictate to us as to the character of our legislation upon any or all of the great questions touching our industrial and commercial interests, questions involving the right of expatriation, the character of the people we shall admit to our shores, the encroachment of alien systems, even to limits far beyond our national borders, but upon the hemisphere upon which we live, questions involving our national honor, and every conceivable subject pertaining to our present and future welfare, and the promotion and progress of our civilization, save and except one—that relating to our monetary system—and as that one must we be forever subservient to the will, and wish, and the dictation of Great Britain?

"Has the more than century of our national life, with all the prestige, and influence and power, and glory that have come to us in our unparalelled progress as a nation, and in the development of a civilization than which none so grand has ever existed since the creation of man, still left us a poor, weak dependent of the British crown? Because England, since 1816, has adhered to the single gold standard in the interest of the gold brokers of Lombard street, are we to forever bend the supple knee, acknowledge our impotency as a nation, and surrender the prerogatives that ought rightfully attach to a free and independent people?

"All seem to agree that bimetalism would be a good thing if it could be brought about by international agreement; but there is not a senator in this chamber who has thoroughly studied the subject and fully understands the history of several international monetary conferences that we have had in the last thirty years and does not know that such a consummation is just as impossible—that is to say, one that will include Great Britain and so long as that power stands back, neither Germany, nor France nor Russia, nor any of the great powers will come in—as it is to accept that we will secure, either now or hereafter, RAILROAD CONNECTION BETWEEN HERE AND THE PLANET MARS.

"Most certainly so long as the United States defers, as we are now doing, to the wishes, the interest, and the dictates of Great Britain there is no possible show. If any one thing will tend to aid in bringing about such international agreement, it will be in my judgment, a bold, aggressive, independent monetary, as well as commercial, policy upon our part. We must cease to concede that, for any reason, or for all reasons combined, London must forever be the clearing house of the world. Our policy should cease to be one of dependency for any purpose to any extent either upon Great Britain or any other power on earth. Our country is resourceful enough in all that tends to constitute commercial and monetary power and nationality in the highest, most enlarged, and best sense of the term to justify a vigorous, uncompromising and independent monetary, as well as commercial policy. For these reasons, briefly stated, I am not in favor of waiting longer on Great Britain, but am in favor of a vigorous, aggressive policy of independent bimetalism, coupled with a protective tariff.

IN THE CLOVER.

In the pasture's clover deep
There I love to lie and sleep;
Over me the placid sky—
Blue save where his golden eye
Out of heaven's window looks
In the mirrors of the brooks
That Apollo may behold
How like me he, too, grows old.
All about me billows blown,
Emerald as ocean's own,
By the drowsy gales that blow
Catching fragrance as they go.

Crusoe of that clover isle
There I come to dream awhile,
Far from worry, strife or din,
Shut my island home within.
Deep drawn breaths of winy air
Are the nectar I drink there.
Hebe ne'er her drafts served up
Brimming such a sapphire cup!
Thessaly ne'er grew a vine
Yielding such a sparkling wine,
Drinking which, 'tis mine to feel
Blissful languor o'er me steal.

Give me then that clover bed,
With its blue roof overhead.
There to lie and dream away
All the tedious hours of day.
Pan shall cheer me with his reed,
Fawns shall dance across the mead,
Daphnis tend his snowy herds
And Theocritus make words
Mingle in soft melody
In my slumber—Sicily
Set the clover sea amid,
As of old in Greece he did.

—New York Independent.

YVONNE'S MARRIAGE.

"My dear wife, it is impossible!"

"But, Henry, I assure you"—

"That you have made a confounded mess with your mania for recognizing everybody."

"But I tell you that he accepted"—

"Well, it is a pretty business! There is one sure thing, it could not have been Taconnet. He started for Nantes yesterday. I went to the station with him myself."

"Well, then, if it was not he, whom have I invited to dinner?"

"Exactly, that is what I ask you."

"Now, papa, don't get angry," interrupted Yvonne laughingly—Mlle. Yvonne Lacoste, their only and much petted child—"the gentleman was very 'comme il faut,' and I, too, am convinced that we have seen him somewhere."

"Well, Yvonne," resumed her father a moment later, "tell me exactly how the thing occurred!"

"Yes, but you must stop looking so cross," replied the young girl. "There is really nothing to be vexed about. Oh, but you must have your coffee first, papa, dear, or it will be cold!"

Dainty as a Parisian of 20 years can be, exquisitely dressed in a light flowered muslin, her hair a mass of golden curls—of all the objects of art in an elegant drawing room on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Yvonne Lacoste was unquestionably the most ravishing piece of bric-a-brac.

After wheeling up an armchair for her father, she went over to the little table upon which the coffee had been served, filled one of the cups, put in a lump of sugar, and, giving her mother a kiss as she passed, Mlle. Yvonne comfortably installed herself on a divan covered with cushions.

"So you want to hear all about it? Well, to begin with, we had lunch before you did, as you perhaps remember, on account of Jeanne's marriage, which took place at noon at Trinity church. There was a great crowd and some of the people were so funny I couldn't help laughing. It was the beadle or rather the beadles, for there were two of them guarding the entrance."

"Come, come, Yvonne, to the point," interrupted M. Lacoste.

"It's coming, papa, it's coming. You must not cut the thread of the story. The beadles are a part of the story. They were the cause of it all. Yes, you shall see. We were somewhat crowded, every one was talking in whispers, when suddenly the two great beadles, all trimmed with gilt braid, struck their halberds on the floor and both cried out at the same moment, one in a deep, the other in a very high voice, 'Beware of pickpockets.' Every one laughed. I turned round, mamma turned, too, and as we did so, a gentleman, a tall gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole, bowed. Mamma hesitated—but it was certainly to us that he bowed. She went up to him. I followed, and mamma said, 'You know that we are counting on you for next Monday at 7 o'clock.' 'But,' stammered the gentleman. 'No, no! No excuses!' replied mamma. 'I shall not send you any card; the invitation is given.' By that time we had reached the door. The crowd pushed us, we entered the sacristy and that was the last we saw of the gentleman. There!"

"Well, I must say it is an awkward affair. Here you have invited a man to dinner that you don't know from Adam!"

"But he bowed to us!"

"He has probably seen you somewhere, at a ball, at the theater, in the Bois. How should I know? But perhaps he does not know our address!"

"Oh, I am sure he will find out," laughed Yvonne. "Almost every one at the church knew us. He would certainly have the sense to inquire."

"Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair," said M. Lacoste rising. "I must say I feel much inclined to be taken suddenly ill on Monday next. He who dances must pay the fiddler. In the meantime I am going out. I feel the need of a little air. What a horrible blunder, my poor Elsie!"

"There, there, Henry, be calm!" expostulated Mme. Lacoste. "I shall try to find out about him. Several of my friends saw me speaking to this unknown whom I took for M. Taconnet. Perhaps it was he, after all."

"But I tell you that it wasn't."

"At all events some of the ladies can tell me who he is. If it turns out that we really know nothing about him, you can go and see him and explain to him."

"Never, as long as I live!"

"But I assure you, papa, he was very nice," interposed Mlle. Yvonne.

On his side, M. Leopold Chabert seemed very thoughtful when he left the church. He walked for a few moments in the square in front of the church, and he was so much absorbed in his thoughts that at a turn in one of the paths he came into violent contact with a gentleman approaching from the opposite direction.

"Hello! Is that you?" he exclaimed, straightening his hat, which had narrowly escaped a roll in the dust. "You are just the man I wanted to see!"

"What is the matter with you, anyway?" demanded the other. "Didn't you see me coming?"

"Naturally not, or I shouldn't"—

"You seemed preoccupied."

"Preoccupied is not the word. I am completely dumfounded, old man! Jove! I can't understand it in the least."

"Understand what? You know," said Leopold's friend, laughing, "that I am not good at enigmas."

"That's so; you don't know—I say, were you at the wedding just now?"

"You shook hands with me in the sacristy."

"Then you must have seen me speaking with a lady who was accompanied by a young girl?"

"You would be justified by saying an adorable young girl—Mme. and Mlle. Lacoste."

"At last!" cried M. Chabert. "I have learned their name!"

"The last straw!"

"What last straw?"

"Well, yes. You walk like a madman about Trinity square. You come within an ace of knocking me down. You forget that you met me not 15 minutes ago. I pronounce a name and you cry, 'At last!' It is as clear as day, my poor fellow—I see you are wildly in love with the beautiful Yvonne."

"She is called Yvonne?"

"There! Didn't I tell you?"

"No! I assure you! You don't understand in the least. Let's sit down. I should like to explain the affair to you. Just now, on entering the vestry, I found myself beside a lady who looked at me fixedly. At least so it seemed to me. I said to myself, 'That must be some one I have met in society somewhere, but I declare I can't remember where—they must think me very rude—I must bow, anyway.' I bow, the lady approaches and whispers, 'You know that we count on you for Monday evening at 7 o'clock.' I try to excuse myself. I search for an evasive answer. She will not accept my excuses, disappears in the crowd, and here I am with an invitation to dine with people that I don't know in the least. Fortunately I shall now be able to write and excuse myself. But, tell me, isn't that lady a little bit off?"

"A little bit off! Mme. Lacoste is a most charming woman, and if you don't profit by this chance you will be a fool. A most delightful home. Only one daughter, and she is ravishing, and since they make advances to you"—

"As you know, I live by my pen. Is it likely that I can think of marrying? If it was simply a question of going to dine with this lady—by the way, where does she live?"

"No. 102 Boulevard Malesherbes."

"But, then, you see, I don't know her husband."

"An excellent man, a little ordinary perhaps, but fond of the arts and artists. If I were in your place, old fellow, I should be enchanted. But I must say—when they have known me so long, and I always send them flowers on New Year's day. I bowed to them, too, in church. They might just as well have invited me. Ah, you scoundrel!"

Accompanying these words with a shout of laughter and a shake of the hand, Leopold Chabert's friend departed, leaving the author seated upon an iron chair in Trinity square in a somewhat calmer frame of mind.

* * * * * * *

About the middle of the following winter Mlle. Yvonne was in a pretty little sitting room in her home on the Boulevard Malesherbes, absently turning the pages of a volume of poems that her father had brought her when he came home to dinner.

"Do you like those poems?" asked M. Lacoste, who was reading his evening paper near the open fire.

"Yes, papa," replied the young girl absentmindedly. "But I don't care for reading any more," she added, placing the volume in a catchall of green plush and rose colored satin already filled with reviews and magazines.

"What! Still out of sorts?" inquired her father. "Look here, my child, you will soon be 22 years old, and during the last six months you have refused several eligible parties. I have still one more young man to offer you as a husband. Your mother and I would be very happy if you could look upon him favorably."

"No, no!" cried Yvonne quickly. "You know, papa, I don't want to be married."

"That's a very foolish notion, my dear child. How in the world did you get it into that little head of yours? But in spite of your objections to matrimony, how would it be if somebody should present himself directly to ask for your hand?" he added laughingly.

"Directly? You expect somebody?" stammered Yvonne. "Mamma, is it"—

Mme. Lacoste, who was sitting before the open fire, had, without saying a word, followed the conversation between the father and daughter. Now she replied by a little sign of the head, and as Yvonne rushed up to kiss her, the door of the sitting room opened and the butler announced:

"M. Leopold Chabert."

Both Leopold and Yvonne were so much embarrassed that neither seemed to know whether to laugh or cry.

"Why don't you kiss her, you young scoundrel!" exclaimed M. Lacoste brusquely, much moved himself. "Why don't you kiss her, since she is yours?"

Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Now, this is an affair that might have caused us a good deal of trouble, my dear. Mademoiselle loses her appetite over it, but it never seems to occur to her to confide in her papa. As for monsieur, I had to go and hunt him up myself. I found him sighing in his bachelor quarters. He could not work, but didn't dare to make a declaration, because, as he lives by his pen, he is not rich. If your mother had not divined all, my children, you might have languished for a long time, for naturally I suspected nothing. If you do not love your mother-in-law, my young friend—well, frankly you will make a great mistake!"

"I have loved her for a long time," murmured the fiance, "ever since we met at the Trinity."

"Ah, yes," interrupted Yvonne, "ever since Jeanne's marriage. And just to think what a scene papa made because mamma invited you to dinner by mistake, thinking you were M. Taconne, one of my most devoted admirers! But if it had not been for mamma's absentmindedness"—

"Yes, my dear child," replied Mme. Lacoste. "That is often the way in this life. Without my absentmindedness, as Yvonne calls it, you two would not now be on the eve of a happy love marriage."—From the French For Short Stories.

"Property."

Years ago in New Hampshire there were three commissioners appointed to examine candidates for admission to the bar. At one time the commissioners were Jeremiah Mason, the ablest lawyer in the state, Mr. Sullivan and another member of the bar. Of a certain candidate who presented himself for examination Mr. Willard tells this story in his book, "Half a Century With Judges and Lawyers:"

He was an awkward young man, and the commissioners proceeded to examine him thus:

"What is property?"

The candidate described it.

"How is it acquired?"

"In various ways."

"Illustrate."

"Mr. Mason gets his by high fees, Mr. Sullivan by usury and Mr."—

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Mason. "I think we can admit him, Brother Sullivan."

Parks' Sure Cure is a positive specific in all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. By removing the uric acid in the blood it cures Rheumatism. S B Basford, of Carthage, S. Dakota, says: "I believe Parks' Sure Cure excels all other medicines for Rheumatism and Urinary disorders." Sold by A YERINGTON.

Shilo's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient consumption. It is the best cough cure. Only one cent a dose. 25cts., 50cts., $1. Sold by Henderson & Linn.

Cash! Cash! Cash!

Something New For Farmers.

BRING YOUR

Chickens—Eggs—Hops—Wool—Grain—Hides
Butter—Sheep—Fruits—Etc.,

to me and get the highest market prices in CASH.

Warehouse Cor 9th and Pearl streets.

L. A. ROSTEIN.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers.

Just the things you need for winter.

The Best that money can buy.

Will wear well and keep your feet dry.

Prices as low as the lowest.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

YORAN & SON,
The Shoe Dealers.

Commissioners Court.

Sept 12.	
W S Chrisman, deputy sheriff	$42 50
B H Lyons, " "	30 00
B S Hyland, " "	25 00
Z F Smith, " "	25 00
W C Yoran, " "	17 50
O A Rowland, deputy sheriff, $2 50; not allowed	
Fred C Bean, deputy sheriff, $10 00; not allowed	
Frank Post, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
John Deadmond, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
Eugene Finn, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
Wm Herald, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
G Easton, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
Wm Smeed, work on McKenzie ferry	2 00
H S Finn, work on McKenzie ferry	1 00
— Gillispy, irons for McKenzie ferry	1 25
James Withrow, removing bridge landing of McKenzie ferry	3 00
Allen Parker, lumber	11 50
William K Scarborough, checking up road property, $2 50; continued	
J J Newland, pack horse for viewers of Bohemia road	4 00
M C Smith, spikes	4 65
J E Jennings, recording in July and August, and assessment roll from August 19th	62 50
Oscar Callison, recording in September	10 50
Sept 14.	
I L Campbell, printing	17 75
D W Coolidge, deputy assessor	66 25
J M Williams; deputy district attorney	6 20
Irving Lodge, hall rent for election, claimed $2 50; allowed	2 00
Ira McFarland, janitor work	1 25
C M Collier, county surveyor, establishing corners	10 50
C M Collier, drafting plats	4 00
J N Sutherland, deputy assessor	27 50
E P Coleman, juror	3 40
Eugene Water Company services for July, August and September	18 00
A C Jennings, expressage, etc	3 45
A E Wheeler, justice of the peace state vs Randall	3 80
A E Wheeler, justice of the peace state vs Judkins	3 30
A E Wheeler, justice of the peace state vs Billington	10 95
A E Wheeler, justice of the peace state vs Finn	8 85
A E Wheeler, justice of the peace state vs Workman	6 00
Sidney Scott, constable, state vs Billington	10 50
Sidney Scott, constable, state vs Finn	12 70
Sidney Scott, constable, state vs Workman	7 20
H W Daughton, witness, state vs Billington	1 60
J F Stiles, witness, state vs Billington	1 60
L W Brown, witness, state vs Billington	1 60
Eva Billington, witness, state vs Billington	1 60
J O Beebe, witness, state vs Billington	2 10
J H Goodman, witness, state vs Billington	1 60
J J Poll, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
S E Brown, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
E Anderson, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
J H Lampson, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
A R Williams, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
Charles Beadle, juror, state vs Billington	1 00
L T Harris, deputy district attorney, state vs Finn	5 00
L T Harris, deputy district attorney, state vs Workman	2 50
John M Williams, deputy district attorney, state vs Randall	5 00
John M Williams, deputy district attorney, state vs Judkins	2 50
John M Williams, deputy district attorney, state vs Billington	5 00
J W Vaughn, justice of the peace state vs Ulrich	6 00
— —, constable, state vs Ulrich	6 70
S Shortridge, witness, state vs Ulrich	1 60
I H Veatch, witness, state vs Ulrich	1 60
A Johnson, witness, state vs Ulrich	1 60
C H Burkholder, witness, state vs Ulrich	1 60
Frank Hull, witness, state vs Ulrich	1 60

Brevities.

New and second hand buggies.
F L Chambers.

The Fin-de siecle sociable St Mary's Guild will be postponed till futher notice.

A fine phaeton $100.
F L Chambers.

Remember that Judge Bennett speaks in the opera house Friday evening. All invited, especially the ladies.

Stoves at half price.
F L Chambers.

The Heceta lodge, No 111, I O O F, of Florence, Lane county, has filed incorporation papers; John A Yates, Alfred Mason and Lafayette C Ackerly, trustees.

A fine light buggy for $42.00.
F L Chambers.

Do you lack faith and love health? Let us establish your faith and restore your health with DeWitt's Sarsaparilla.
OSBURN & DELANO.

Stoves to fit everybody's purse from $1.00 to $40.00. Just bought a bankrupt stock of three car loads.
F. L. Chambers.

Wm J Bryan addressed immense crowds at Brooklyn, N Y last night. One audience of 8,000 thousand was composed entirely of laboring men.

Fresh grass seed.
F. L. CHAMBERS.

Moan, O ye autumn winds!
Summer has fled,
The flowers have closed their tender
Leaves and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle summer now is
dead.
Adelaide Proctor.

Another full car load of Oliver plows at F. L. CHAMBERS'.

Oregon City Press: Miss Estella Bracken, of Portland, has been engaged to teach the third room in the Parkplace school, which will open next Monday, the same day the Oregon City school begins.

Special prices on buggies for September.
F. L. CHAMBERS.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it. The Democrat, Carrolton, Ky. For sale by Osburn and DeLano.

Apple presses and step ladders.
F. L. CHAMBERS.

Persons who have a coughing spell every night, on account of a tickling sensation in the throat, may overcome it at once by a dose of One Minute Cough Cure.
OSBURN & DELANO.

A Bryan club was organized at Mohawk yesterday by Geo A Dorris and Major L D Forrest with 51 members. Officers elected: Elmer Yarnell, president; C Neall, vice president; H Mulkey, secretary. Several republicans signed the roll.

All kinds of thresher extras ordered by
F L Chambers.

It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain.
OSBURN & DELANO.

Oliver plows both steel and chilled with the same old guarantee—warranted to scour.
F L Chambers, sole agent.

Agent Adair states that tickets for the exposition excursion train which passes through next Tuesday are going very fast and those who desire to take advantage of the extremely low rate given only on this train should purchase tickets immediately.

Oregon City Press: The city of McMinnville put in a system of water works a few years ago and has operated the system to the present time, but the burden of meeting the expense of keeping it up has been so heavy that some of the citizens are advocating the sale of the works to private parties. In Oregon City the water works system is not only self supporting, but is a source of considerable revenue to the city.

James Nanny last Saturday afternoon was working on his farm a few miles from Albany, burning brush when he accidently fell through some brush into a hole five feet deep, striking on his right elbow. The humerus bone was broken and the arm dislocated at the elbow. On account of the nature of the break, it is probable the arm will be stiff for life.

The Oregonian in speaking of the Bryan headquarters in Portland says: "There was one feature about the headquarters that did attract the attention of an occasional caller. This was the kind of literature placed conspicuously on a table, mainly composed of supplements of the Oregon State Journal and stamped 'Compliments of H R Kincaid, Secretary of State.' Mr Kincaid is publisher of the State Journal at Eugene. He was elected as a republican in 1894, as secretary of the state, but it seems that he has leveled his batteries against his former party, and now stands hand in glove with those who are endeavoring to secure the election of Bryan."

FOR
Popular Brands of
Tobacco and Cigars,
CALL ON
JULIUS GOLDSMITH.
Headquarters for the Eugene Soda Works.

Little Emma Nelson's Find.

Mr John Short came in from Susanville country last night, says the Milton Eagle, and relates that a short time ago little Emma Nelson picked up a small piece of quartz while at play on the hill side above her parent's house. The little tot carried her find to her mamma and sagely remarked that she believed it contained gold. Her mother laughed at her and thought nothing more of the matter until evening, when the father returned home, and Emma lugged forth her find and exhibited it to him. His experienced eye quickly caught indications of the precious metal, and securing a hammer to crush the quartz, he found on closer examination that a solid bar of gold extended through the entire piece. Mr Nelson separated the gold from the quartz and cleaned up $75.

The result of little Emma's find will be invested in a secure place at interest until she is of age, when the principal and accruing interest will be given her.

The child mentioned above is the same who was lost for a whole week last July in the mountains back of Susanville, of which village her father is postmaster, and was found several miles from home tired and hungry but uninjured She was evidently born under a lucky star.

WANTED.—A girl to do general house work. Inquire of T J Craig, at the postoffice.

Sam Gray and nephew Minor Gray, have returned from a trip overland through Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho. They were gone three months but did not find a location to suit them.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Henderson & Linn.

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

L A OVERTON
Will sell you your
PAINTS, OILS and WALLPAPER
Cheaper than any dealer in Eugene.

WE OFFER
Beginning To-day,
OUR ENTIRE LINE OF
Misses and Ladies Shirt Waists,
—INCLUDING OUR—
$2.00, $1.75, $1.50, $1.00, 85 and 75c
Qualities, all at the Uniform Price,
50c EACH.
This gives you a choice of our Whole Stock.
Absolutely no Reserve.
COME EARLY and GET the BEST.
S. K. Friendly
TRADE MARK

189
Full Sized Bed-Steads at
$1.50 EACH,
At DAY & HENDERSON'S.
7th and Willamette Streets.

NERVE SEEDS WEAKEN
This Famous Remedy ... nervous diseases, Weak Memory, ... Headache, Wakefulness, ... sions, evil dreams, impotency ... youthful errors or excesses. Contains no ... and blood builder. Makes ... Easily carried in vest pocket. $1 per box, 6 for $5. Sent postpaid, with a written guarantee or ... medical book, sealed plain wrapper, with testimonials and financial standing. No charge for consultations, advice or ... tions. Sold by druggists, or address NERVE SEED CO., Harris Temple, Chicago.
For sale in Eugene, Oreg., by HENDERSON & LYNN, and by OSBURN & DELANO, Druggists.

AUCTION
Saturday, Sept. 26,
—At the store of—
C. C. Goldsmith.
EVERYTHING MUST GO.
JAS. McCLAREN,
Assignee.

Eli Hill, Lumber City, Pa., writes "I have been suffering from piles for 25 years and thought my case incurable. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me as a pile cure, and I bought a box and it performed a permanent cure." This is only one of thousands of similar cures. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used.
OSBURN & DELANO.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
$1.00. FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE
An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO The Favorite Cough Cure for the Throat and Lungs.
Sold by Henderson & Linn.

TAKE
—LIVERINE—
—FOR THE—
LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.
For Sale by All Druggists.

BUY YOUR
PAINT
AT LANE'S HEIRS.
BEST BRAND OF MIXED PAINT.

Phoenix, per gallon	$1 10
Yates' Best, per gal	1 00
Bay State, per gal	1 00

Best Lead on the Maket.
St. Louis Linseed Oil.
NO ADULTERATION WHATEVER.
Special prices to dealers of Lane County on LEAD and OIL. We carry a full line of WALL PAPER, also a full line of other paint products.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for Lane county.

Miranda J. Kaust, Plaintiff
vs
John F. Kaust, Defendant

Suit in equity for divorce and the custody of minor children.

To John F. Kaust, the above named Defendant.

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear in said Circuit Court and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff filed therein against you on or before the fourth Monday in October, 1896, that being the first day of the next regular term of said court and the 26th day of said month, following the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons. And if you fail to appear and answer, the Plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint namely a dissolution of the marriage contract existing between you and the Plaintiff, that the Plaintiff have the custody of the minor children of said marriage, Arthur Roy, and Goldie B Kaust, and that Plaintiff be decreed to be the owner of lot No four in section eleven Tp 17 S, R one east containing thirty five 50-100 acres of land in Lane county, Oregon, and such other relief, as to the court may seem equitable. It is ordered by the court, the Hon. J. C. Fullerton judge, dated September 1st, 1896, that service of summons be made on you by publication in the EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD, a newspaper of general circulation, published weekly in said county for six consecutive weeks.

GEO. R DUNN,
Plaintiff's Atty.