

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria leaves" adapted to children that...
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
E. W. F. PARKER, M. D.,
12th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

ACTIVE CATTLE MARKET.

Young cattle are in demand and few are left in this portion of the country. It is very poor business management to sell off the young stock especially where the farmer has the feed and range with which to keep them. But many of our farmers must have ready money and they are forced to part with their most desirable stock. It cannot but result in better prices in the near future. The same condition prevails all over the country. The following from an Arizona paper is but a sample of general news concerning activity in the cattle market:

A wonderful amount of cattle has been and is still being shipped from Arizona. The poorest sereno in the herd is now bringing better prices than the best stock on the ranges did two years ago. But the question is, what will the next few years bring forth? In some instances even calves have been sold and the entire brand shipped out of the country.

Salem Journal: "We have at times criticized Governor Lord's appointments and policies, but he has not appointed any of his family to state positions. He could just as well have a few of his children on the payroll as others."

Rather pointed, especially to those who are cognizant of the fact that the Governor and his estimable wife are not blessed with offspring.

There were 265 delegates in attendance on the 42d annual session of the grand lodge of Oregon, I. O. O. F., just closed in Portland. The report of the grand secretary shows that there are 124 lodges in the state with a membership of 5702. During the year the sick benefits paid out by order were \$118,041.87 and \$1,174.50 have been expended for the relief of the widows and orphans.

John W. Gutreau, brother of President Garfield's slayer, is connected with one of the big insurance companies of the country, and lives in New York. Mr. Gutreau is one of the high priced employes and gets a salary of \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year. He is a most estimable man, and his friends do not think any the less of him for his unfortunate connections.

Nobody in Cuba or elsewhere—unless it should be General Weyler—should be allowed to suffer for the want of food; but feeding the hungry would not discharge the obligation of the United States to the people who are struggling to free themselves from the incompetent and un-Idian of Spain.

The laws delays are fully illustrated by the news that Worden who wrecked a railroad train causing the loss of several lives nearly two years ago during the railroad strike in California is applying for a commutation of sentence, which was death by hanging.

It is not flattering to our national pride that forty men have deserted from the war-torn Oregon's crew since she entered Pagot Sound waters. There must be better treatment of the men back of this wholesale desertion.

Senator Debow, of Kentucky, is quoted as saying that he will look after "sound money" Democrats. Just so. Probably in the same way that the boy looked after the horse till it got out of sight.

Since the bicycle craze has taken possession of the town many a dress suit is relegated to the crowded place in the wardrobe, while the wheeling attire is given the position of honor.

DECORATION DAY.

Decoration Day! Loving hands scatter bright flowers over the last resting places of the dead. The fires of patriotism burn more brightly in our hearts as we decorate the graves of the patriots who risked their lives that this country might be free and undivided.

All honor to the dead and to that remnant of the great army which is so surely and swiftly marching to the last triumph. A few years more and the last soldier will have answered the final roll call. Their eyes are dimming; their forms are bent; they await the last bugle call.

"The Interior" published at Chicago, presents this example of energy in church building: The United Presbyterian Board of Church Extension was invited a few years ago to begin a church at Ravenswood, near Chicago, but did not find the prospect promising enough to encourage it to go on. A young couple, however, started a Sunday school in their parlors, which grew and kept on growing till it had more than 500 members. A revival began a few weeks ago, one of the results of which was a resolution to build. A contract was made, and the lumber for the building was deposited the Sunday, Friday. The building was begun Saturday morning, and was ready for occupancy with seating capacity for 300 persons by night, and was dedicated Sunday morning.

The reports of the various county school superintendents of the state to State Superintendent Irwin show a large difference between the number of children enumerated in the state this year, as being of school age and the number enrolled in the schools. The number enrolled is 130,017, and the number actually attending school during the year, 85,185 leaving the number not attending the public schools, although used as a basis to distribute state monies, 44,832. This enumeration showed 1,083 more boys than girls, and the enrollment developed the fact that 3,326 more boys than girls attended the schools.

President McKinley is contemplating a trip to the West this summer. If he does every effort should be made to induce him to come to the Pacific coast. Too many of our public men do not seem to be aware of the fact that there is quite a stretch of country west of the Rocky mountains.

The so-called gypsies who were "assisted" through town by the city and county authorities are nothing but a lot of begging pilfering Mexican Indians. People down the valley should show them no favors. Pass them along.

It is stated authoritatively but relief will be needed in the famine-stricken district of India until September, which is the earliest that the new harvest can be expected. The government is now feeding 3,500,000 persons.

The assertion that the senate finance committee made a thousand changes in the Doglev bill is contradicted by the New York Tribune correspondent, who has probably counted them, and who says they do not exceed 800.

A woman in Massachusetts has given \$10,000 "for the relief of aged and impecunious cats." If there were more women of this kind there would be more cats of that kind.

THE BEST JEWEL.

Once upon a time in the beautiful Auvergne there was a peasant woman who was richer than her neighbors and to give the largest number of sons in her district to the church on the Fete Dieu. She talked about her wish to her little child, too young to contradict or understand it, but when he dreamed on the side of his head and milk basin, as a sign that it was empty and that he wanted more, she accepted it as a sign that he agreed with her and would do anything in his baby power to help her get the extra souk.

His mother kissed him. "You shall go with me, mon petit," she cried. "When the serpent sees you, he will rub his eyes and say: 'Oh, there is a beautiful something. Its hair is yellower than the gold I guard. Its skin is smoother than the pearls I protect. Its eyes are liner than the sapphires I save. Its lips are redder than my rubies.' Then I will scramble up all that I can of the precious gems, while he stares so hard at you, when presto! we shall be coming home, too rich to walk, and the old serpent beating himself with his own tail because his treasure was stolen while he gaped at a little child."

On the day of the great fete the mother and child were ready for their visit to the cave, starting just as the bells rang out their "Come to church. Come to church for the service of the Fete Dieu. The baby laughed, and the mother whispered in response, for no one must know her splendid secret. "Just wait, sweet bells, we shall soon be there, to the service of Fete Dieu, with something white and something blue, something red and yellow, too, for the service of Fete Dieu."

"Good day, Marie," said an old man to her, leaning across his gate as she passed. "What has a cheek as round and red as your boy's and a skin as shiny and smooth?"

Marie was startled. She was thinking only of the jewels in the cave. "This apple," he laughed and held out one polished like wax to the baby. "Thanks, good Pierre. You are always the one to jest kindly."

And she dropped the apple into her pocket and hastened on with the happy baby. Quite faithless, she reached the hill top, to find the stone rolled back from the entrance of the cave, showing inside the heap of precious stones on which the serpent lay coiled. Gold and gems lay scattered on the floor, and a plain wooden table stood in the center. The serpent raised its coiled head and stared at the child with its emerald eyes as if fascinated.

"Sitting in the mother put the child on the table, propped Pierre's apple into its tiny hand and began a scramble for as many jewels as were within her reach. The serpent showed no resistance. It still gazed in rapture upon the little child, who stretched out the apple as if inviting it to come nearer.

Slowly uncoiling, the serpent crawled toward the table, having projected its bed of gold and gems. Marie, watching, made three quick thrusts of her hand into the serpent's head. A handful of diamonds she thrust into her pocket, a handful of rubies into her dress, and the third of pearls she was about to hide in her apron when she saw the stone rolling to close to the mouth of the cave and she burst as forgetting everything but the dreadful danger of being buried alive in the cave, she pushed past the stone and escaped just as it bumped into place, for the Fete Dieu service was over.

Now on she remembered her dear little child shut in the cave with the terrible serpent. Uttering a sharp cry, she snatched the diamonds and rubies and pearls on the grass like hailstones, and wringing her hands ran down the hill to the village below.

There was still at the gate when she went past. "Oh, tell the priest, Marie," he said, as if he knew all about her trouble. "That I will," she said, rushing on just when the priest heard her story she shook his head and looked very grave, as if nothing could be done.

The village people were all agog. A thing as serious as this had never happened among them before, and it showed well that one should be contented to let other people's caves and jewels alone.

Suddenly the priest made them a sign to stop their chattering. "Come with me," he said. "We will go to the cave and pick up every jewel that the child's mother has scattered."

The villagers could not but approve this plan. They followed him up the steep side to the cave, looking under every grass blade and flower bed for the beautiful scattered jewels, and soon, because their eyes were so bright and they were so in earnest, they picked up every scattered gem and bit of gold which they put in the priest's hand. Poor Marie, weeping bitterly, tried to search also, but she looked through too many tears to see clearly, and her hands trembled so violently that had she found a diamond she could not have picked it up.

For a year, till the next Fete Dieu, the priest kept the treasure. Then he gave it to the baby's mother, telling her to take it to the cave and when the stone rolled back to go in and return it to the serpent. Very early on Fete Dieu day, carrying the serpent's treasure in a silk bag, she climbed toward the hill to the cave, sitting down to rest till she heard the bells in the village below ring. "Come to church. Come to church for the service of the Fete Dieu," when the stone slowly, slowly rolled from the cave entrance. Peering in, she saw her little child still sitting on the table and playing with his apple. The serpent lay coiled at the foot of the table. It seemed never to have gone back to its bed of gold and gems. Marie went in very softly. First she put her hand through the pearls, then rubies and lastly the diamonds. Next she turned toward her baby, and catching it to her breast with a glad little cry, ran out of the cave long before the stone rolled back to close it or the service of the Fete Dieu was over.

"Ah, then, you have recovered the best jewel in the cave, Marie, have you?" Pierre called out as she ran past his gate with the child in her arms. But Marie did not pause to answer.—Exchange.

The Famous White House Bouillon.
The recipe of this bouillon is one of the most carefully guarded of the kitchen secrets of the White House. Each steward bequeaths it to his successor, with the strictest injunctions to guard it carefully. This is the first time it has ever been published. It forms one of the most important features of the inaugural luncheon and is always served at state dinners and afternoon teas in the White House. On this account it may justly be said to have a fairly international reputation.

THE TRAIN RACE.

We were on the platform at King's Cross. The evening train for Aberdeen was drawn up ready for its journey.

"A fine train, sir," I said to a guard of another later train whom I knew slightly.

"Aye, aye, sir, it is a fine train, this one. But—though I say it as shouldn't—it's not the train it was a year ago, when we used to run against the London and Northwestern every night."

"Oh," said I, interested at once, "so you were one of the guards in that great race, were you? It must have been tremendously exciting."

"Exciting, sir! Why, I could tell you a regular story about it. That night as we ran from King's Cross here to Newcastle without a stop. That was something like a run, wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed, and if it is not troubling you too much, I'd like to hear your story just while we are waiting to see the train off."

"It was the guard of this train on that particular night, sir. Our usual course was to run to York without a stop, then on to Berwick, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen. Three nights before, though we had gone a large part of the distance at 80 miles an hour, the other company had beaten us by just about five minutes."

"But this night all our officials not only had to have had all preparations both for beating the London and Northwestern and also breaking the record."

"I was sitting at home the day before the eventful run was to take place, smoking my pipe and thinking deeply, when I was aroused by a sharp knock at the door. On opening it I found a tall, fair haired gentleman of about 30, who asked nothing of me but, 'What's that name—was at home, and if he could see him.'

"I informed him of my identity and invited him in.

"Well, I have learned—by what means I need not say—what probably most of you on the line think is quite a secret, that it is to be a very determined attempt by your train tomorrow night to beat the record, as well as the other company's train. I thought it as well to call and ask your private opinion of the chances of success, if you would not be averse to giving me it on the Q. T. You have doubtless heard of B. & Co.?"

"I nodded, and he smiled again.

"I told, well, we have the offer of a bet of £2,500 to £1,500 that your train does not beat the London and Northwestern tomorrow night. I am, of course, inclined to accept the bet, but thought it wise just to drop in and ask your opinion first (on the strict Q. T.), as to the chances of your success. I reckon a 'pony' would be very welcome, wouldn't it, for yourself, and a 'tenner' for each of the others?"

"You can depend on us tomorrow night, sir," said I. "We have all in readiness, and shall certainly do the trick. Why, bless you—though it's strictly private—we're going to run to Newcastle without a stop."

"He had a drink of whisky with me, and then he rose to go. 'Oh, by the by,' said he before leaving, 'there's no risk of your having to stop on the way, I suppose? I mean for foolish passengers who might get nervous at the speed and pull the communication cord, or anything of that sort?'"

"And there is no part of the rail likely to be blocked," there was a few nights ago at Darlington, I supposed.

JUNCTION CITY : MILLING COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE "WHITE ROSE" FLOUR.

GUARANTEED BEST QUALITY. The most popular flour in the market. Sold by all leading grocers.

Only One Standard.

You and we may differ as to money standards and of our very differences good may come. But we won't differ as to the merits of one standard emulsion of cod liver oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has won and held its way for nearly 25 years in the world of medicine until to-day it is almost as much the standard in all cases of lung trouble, and every condition of wasting whether in child or adult as quinine is in malarial fever.

Differ on the money question if you will, but when it comes to a question of health, perhaps of life and death, get the standard.

Your druggist sells Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes, 25 cts. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWEN, New York.

Not Stone De Wail. During his visit to Monksell, Representative Tongue came across a very comical and original negro, who liked to talk about the place.

"Where those niggers fought around here?" asked Mr. Tongue.

"Nash, no, sir," was the reply. "Not since the war, sir."

In College Grove. College Grove, Or, May 31. At 10:30 A.M. today a long procession, consisting of the G. A. R. men, school children, both boys and girls, and many private citizens, proceeded to the graveyard and cemetery to graves of dead soldiers.

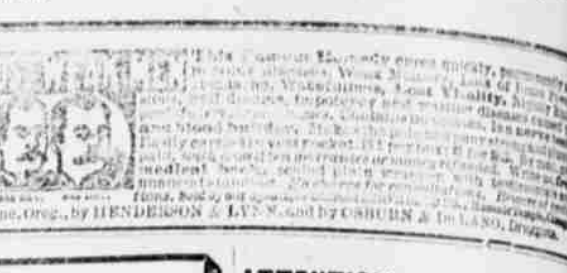
MARRIAGE LICENSE. Clerk J. V. Dinger today issued a marriage license to Charles E. Ketchum, of Harney county, and Miss Margaret M. Luckey, daughter of Councilman W. H. Luckey of the city. They will be married tomorrow night.

Do You Use It? It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

J. L. PAGE, DEALER IN GROCERIES. Having a Large and Complete Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries brought in the best market.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH. I can offer the public better prices than any other house in this city. Produce of all kinds taken at Market Price.

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U. S. Land Commissioner. Joel Ware, having been appointed U. S. Circuit Court Commissioner for the district of Oregon, is now prepared to make HOMESTEAD FILINGS, FINAL PROOFS, and take testimony in CONTEST CASES.

Having had thirty years experience in this line, he will guarantee satisfaction in every case. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, Eugene, Oregon.