CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DON'T BELONG TO THE "PUSH."

Junction City Times, June 12: "Sixteen members out of forty-two constituting the populist central committee met in Eugene Saturday to consider the action of the state central committee which declared in favor of a "middle-of-the-road" course. A resolution was offered to endorse the action of the state committee which was tabled. A warm discussion was indulged in and although it was a straight populist meeting J G Stephenson was permitted to run off at the mouth. He has been honored with office by the republican party for years and was never known to lift his voice in behalf of his party unless he was on the ticket. He is like many other reformers. Because the republican party did not keep him in office he turned reformer. He is now where he properly belongs and the republican party is strengthened by his withdrawal."

Mr Stephenson does not belong to the "push" that makes politics a matter of gain and personal aggrandizement, hence does not stand well in the graces of the Junction man.

We would suggest to the Times editor that if he wishes to know what the people of Lane county think of clean politics, and individual purity in public affairs, he should arrange to run against Mr Stephenson for any office within the gift of the people of Lane county, no matter on what ticket. He says "he has been honored with office by the republican party." We had supposed it was the people of Lane county that honored any man so fortunate as to be elevated to a position of public trust.

Mr Stephenson may well be content to rest his case with the people. By attending strictly to the duties of his office, and compelling strict adherence to the laws in school matters, he made enemies who were powerful enough to defeat him for renomination. This was to his credit. He sought to elevate the character of the public schools and to secure greater competency among the teachers who were to become responsible for the training of the young.

That he was defeated for renomination may solely be attributed to the fact that our people have become used to a slipshod, careless management of public school affairs, and were not alive to the importance of retaining the services of a careful competent man who sought to fully carry out the spirit of the laws, and procure better work and better results from our public schools.

A LOCAL WAR.

There is a clash of authority in Lane county compared with which the international complications of Europe pale into insignificance. The marshal of Cottage Grove got out of his bailiwick across the river into the sacred precincts of the town of Lemati the other day, whereupon the marshal of Lemati straightway took the aforesaid Cottage Grove official into custody on charge of committing acts against the statutes of the State of Oregon, and City of Lemati, and against the peace and dignity of the aforesaid sovereign powers.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the citizens of Cottage will arise in their wrath, cross the rivers that separate the contending rival towns, and rescue their chosen official from the durance vile in which the powers, that represent the citizens of Lemati, have placed him.

For the benefit of our readers we may state that Cottage Grove and Lemati are really one town, but on account of local jealousies have separate incorporations. It is too bad that such is the case. They are situated in a fine section of country, have a body of citizens the equal of any of the state in intelligence, yet allow personal and local jealousies to retard their common good and advancement. The town should unite in name, as in in fact and work in a common cause.

A LOCAL QUESTION.

Political economy sharps tried to make fun of Gen Hancock for calling the tariff a local question, yet here we have a Louisiana senator voting with the republicans on the new tariff bill because it gives Louisiana sugar planters heavy protection, and, in effect, large bounties.

But our Oregon senators will not vote for the interests of their state and the producers of Oregon, as well as of the entire Pacific coast. They vote in season and out of season for protection to eastern manufacturers, who sell to us at exorbitant prices while our grain and other produce must be shipped abroad and sold in the open markets of the world. The ships that come to our doors to carry our wheat to market are compelled, by reason of prohibitive tariff laws, to come in ballast, and the wheat that is carried away by them must pay freight charges both ways. We are not allowed to trade with those who buy from us, but are compelled to pay larger prices for inferior goods for the benefit of the manufacturer.

And here is another burning wrong in this question. That manufacturer has no regard for labor, its treatment and compensation, but continually forces the wages of his laboring people to a lower notch and, on the least protest or provocation, imports labor from other countries to take the places of his dissatisfied workingmen. The laws give protection to the manufacturers, but leave the laborer at his mercy.

Is it any wonder, with this state of affairs, that immense fortunes have been built up, as if by magic, while the condition of laborers and employes continually grow harder and harder? It is the legitimate fruit of protection and cannot be avoided. The millionaires control our law making machinery, legislate for their own interests and the people must suffer.

SUGAR TRUST PROSPERITY.

Prosperity has struck the sugar refiners trust. Under the stimulus of proposed tariff legislation laying an increased duty on sugar, sugar trust stock has advanced sharply. It is estimated the American Refinery stocks have increased in value in sums from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000. It is needless to say the people will pay this immense sum, and interest thereon, in shape of advanced prices for sugar.

A test vote on the sugar schedule shows the following line-up of political forces:

For increasing the duty: 29 republicans, 1 democrat [McEnery of Louisiana.] 1 silver republican, [Jones of Nevada] and 1 populist [Stewart of Nevada.]

Opposed: 25 democrats, 3 populists and 3 silver republicans.

Total vote: In favor, 32; opposed 31.

The people may now understand why the sugar trust contributed an immense sum to the McKinley campaign fund. The vote is a complete vindication of the truth of the charge, made during the campaign, that the republican party is in partnership with the trusts. The sugar trust at least.

Red raspberries sell for five cents per box.

Corvallis is to have another republican paper.

W J Calhoun has been appointed Minister to Spain.

J L Miller has been appointed postmaster at Jacksonville.

Miss Edith May of Harrisburg is visiting Miss Sadie Baum.

An insurance agent is here adjusting W Saunders recent loss by fire.

Hon Richard Thornton arrived up from Portland on the 2:04 local.

Miss Laura Beattie of Oregon City and an alumnus of the U of O is in the city.

Miss Fannie Condon, who has been teacher of art in the Forest Grove academy, came up on the afternoon train.

Hon H B Miller and family drove up from Corvallis yesterday. His daughter, Miss Laura is a member of the '97 U of O class.

Mrs James Cooper of Independence is visiting at the home of Mrs Applegate during Commencement week. Her daughter is one of the graduates of the State University for the present year.

Mr M Suit of Summer Lake, Lake county arrived here yesterday coming across the Military road. Mr Suit reports the summit free from snow, but the road very rough, washed out and in bad condition. He will return in a few days, going by the McKenzie road, with a load of supplies, including a self binder. This is Mr Suit's first trip to the valley for nine years.

A wonderful change has come over Astoria according to the following from the Budget: The receipts for fines and forfeitures in the police court will run behind this year about $7000 as compared with last year. The estimate by the council made up last February from this source was $8300. For April and May last the receipts were $79 and $50. Last year for the same months fines and forfeitures amounted to $856 and $771. In July and August last year the total for the two months was $2257 this year the two months will probably bring in not more than $150.

Daily Guard, June 15.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The Royal Arch Masons of Oregon are in session at Portland. Yesterday afternoon the following officers were elected. Grand high priest, L N Roney, of Eugene; deputy grand high priest, H S Strange of Oregon City; grand king, W T Wright, Union; grand scribe, O O Hodson, of McMinnville; grand treasurer, D P Mason, of Albany, grand secretary, J F Robinson, of Eugene; grand captain of the host, H B Thielsen, of Independence; grand lecturer, T M Hurlburt, of Portland. Eugene Lodge was represented by Messrs D V S Reid, Wm Preston and F W Osburn as delegates. The GUARD congratulates Messrs Roney and Robinson.

Peculiar Chinese Parents.

It is a disagreeable fact that Chinese parents are in the habit, in certain circumstances, of abandoning female infants to death by starvation, and it is one that an apologist for China would like to pass over in silence. On the other hand, nothing is gained by exaggeration, and as far as my most limited experience allows me to speak, it is enormous exaggeration to talk as if Chinese mothers exposed their daughters habitually and without a second thought. At any rate, the people of Fair Reply would repudiate the charge with amazement. "He hau kai, tso mak kaifit?" "If she is a good one, why throw away?" they would ask.

Why, indeed, when a girl of 10 in good health and fairly bonny will always fetch $100, while each of the next five or six years will add $10 to her market value? So remembering that from the age of 5 she will be useful to gather bamboo husks for fuel, mind the baby, feed the buffalo, and a year or two later cut fern, dig up pistachio nuts and carry water, it will be seen that a healthy female child will be by no means an unprofitable investment. But if the child be sickly, then it is different. The nasty little thing looks so red and helpless and repulsive. If it dies within doors, its fractious spirit will remain there and add another torment to the teeming world of devils that surrounds us. Better for all parties to deport the tiny spirit to some lonely spot, turn away quickly and think of something else. Charity might possibly accept some such revulsion of the maternal instinct in explanation, and the anthropologist will remember "nature," that "holy thing" and the case of the rabbits once so aptly cited in this connection. —Blackwood's Magazine.

More Buddhists Than Christians.

Missionaries, more particularly, are sorely tempted to guess the number of Buddhists and Mohammedans as small, that of the Christians, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, as large. It is all the more creditable, therefore, to the Roman Catholic missionary societies that they should openly admit that, so far as they know, the number of Buddhists is as yet the largest. They claim 420,000,000 for Christianity, but allow 423,000,000 to Buddhism. Of these Christians, however, they claim 212,000,000 for themselves and allow only 208,000,000 to the reformed churches, while the Mohammedans follow very close after, with about 200,000,000. I attach very little value to these statistics, still less to the conclusions drawn from them. Truth fortunately is not settled by majorities. You remember the saying of Frederick Maurice, when he was told that, in his views about eternal punishment, he was in a minority, or, what is the same, unorthodox. "I have often been in a minority," he said, "in this life, and I hope I shall be so in the next."

If we have been beaten, we have lost nothing. On the contrary, the fact that Buddhism counts as yet 3,000,000 more than Christianity may prove an incentive to our missionaries. Nor need the reformed churches despair when by this time they count 4,000,000 less than the unreformed churches. Here also there are worlds still to conquer, as the son of Philip used to say. —Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

The True Cosmetics.

"A Daily Reader" asks about the quinine bath which "complexion specialists" recommend. This is merely a wash of alcohol in which a little quinine has been dissolved. It is said to "tone up" the skin and increase its ability to throw off impurities. But much better for the skin than the use of any tonic of this kind are plenty of fresh air, a good digestion, a daily bath and no end of fine, pure soap. —New York Tribune.

ALL LOVED ONE GIRL.

It was in the smoking room in the club after dinner. They had not dined there by any preconcerted arrangement, but each had dropped in after his day's work or pleasure, as the case might be, and they were now sprawled about in more or less undignified attitudes in saddle back chairs, their cigars well under way and the inevitable black coffee by their side. The talk had fallen on the subject of matrimony. No one of these three men was married as yet, but each was beginning to grow somewhat weary of the conventional bachelor's life. They had lived no worse than the average run of young men. On the other hand, they had lived no better. They were beginning to feel that one might have too much of running round the town and kicking up one's heels without troubling for the morrow. There was no particular novelty in the reflection. The majority of unmarried men have probably felt the same thing at one time or another or thought they did. Some of them have gauged their feelings accurately, married and "lived happy ever afterward." Others have married without diagnosing their case so correctly, and it has been bad for their wives.

These particular three men were at least genuinely disposed to contemplate the idea of marriage. As to the sort of woman they would like to marry, there was naturally a difference of opinion.

"It is curious," said Bickersteth, meditatively stirring his coffee, "but only the other day I met a girl who, it seems to me, would be all that one could want for a wife. She has looks, of course. I never could contemplate sitting down to dinner every evening opposite an ugly woman. And she is about my own height. One does not want to have to bend double every time one kisses one's wife, and to have to stand on tiptoe would be worse still. She does not talk except when she has something to talk about. That is a great point.

"Most women ruin a man's temper by their perpetual chatter about things which really don't make the slightest difference one way or the other. A smart, well set up woman, with lines like a racing yacht. None of your lackadaisical, all over the shop sort of young woman, with hair flying over her face and a loose frock, but a girl who's got a good figure and is not ashamed of letting people know it. And her voice! I don't think I ever heard tones so extraordinarily sympathetic. A remarkable woman, without a doubt, a very remarkable woman."

"It's funny," broke in little Charlie Saxenham, "that you should only have come across your idea more or less recently, because I have only just come across mine. I was at dinner down in Knightsbridge—one of those houses facing the park, you know—the other night, and, as luck would have it, I took her in and sat next her. By Jove, that was a girl for you, if you like. Big? No, not a big woman. For my own part, I can't stand the camel type of girl. She'd got that lovely shade of red hair that painters rave about, don't you know, and which one never sees—at least I've never come across any before, anyway—and her lips were perfection, not too red, you know—that's beastly—but just an exquisite tint. But you must see her to get any real idea of her at all." And Charlie sank down deeper into his chair and sent a cloud of smoke circling round the shaded electric lights.

"For my part," said Fletcher—he had been in the army five years, but had retired on coming into a pile at his father's death—"I like a woman who's a girl, if that isn't any contradiction in terms. What I mean is, I like a woman whose ideas are still pretty young. The worst of the modern girl is that she is nearly always a woman—at least when she's more than 14 or so, and one can't very well marry at that age in this country, though I have seen any amount of native weddings in India where the bride was not a day more. I was introduced to a girl at a dance the other night who really was a girl, though I should put her age down at about 22 or 23. That's the sort of a girl I'd marry. Pretty, of course. As Bickersteth said, you can't sit down to dinner every night opposite a scarecrow. Figure? Well I don't know very much about that. I rather like the loose frock type myself, with all deference to Bickie. Seems more feminine somehow to me."

Just then Bickersteth happened to glance at the clock.

"Whew, 9!" he said. "I must be off."

The two other men said they had to go out, too, and followed him into the hall.

A string of hansoms was outside the door, and each man got into one and gave an address to the driver. And then the hansoms all rattled down Piccadilly in the direction of Kensington.

Bickersteth stopped his cab outside a little house facing the park. As he jumped out and handed the driver his fare a second hansom drove up and out got Saxenham. A moment later and Fletcher popped out of a third hansom and stood on the curb beside them.

"Good Lord," said Bickersteth, "you don't mean to tell me that—"

"I," said Saxenham, "am going to call on a Miss Derringham."

"The deuce!" said Fletcher.

"Well, look here," said Bickersteth, "mum's the word. If this ridiculous story gets out, we should never hear the last of it. Still, there's no reason why one of us shouldn't go up and see the lady. Let's toss who it shall be."

He pulled out a coin from his pocket. Just at that moment a private brougham pulled up beside them and Freddie Marsden, the atrocious little cad, who had got into the club no one knows how, marched himself past them up the steps of the house and rang the bell. The door opened and shut behind him with a bang.

And then the whole absurdity of the situation struck the three men on the pavement, and, despite their discomfiture, they broke into a peal of laughter.

After which they all squeezed themselves into one cab and drove off to the Empire.—Exchange.

A Ticking Demon.

A funny story comes from Formosa. Mr. Hiyama, a Japanese official, was recently married to a daughter of one of the native chiefs. She was an untutored child of the forest, who had seen little of civilization and lived in a hut of bark and bamboo near the summit of one of the great mountains in the center of the island. But she truly loved her husband and accompanied him to Tamsui with a happy and cheerful heart. During the first night she spent in her new home, however, she was awakened by the ticking of a clock. The persistency and the monotony of the sound suggested to her mind that the instrument must be possessed of an evil spirit. She awoke her husband and listened to his explanations, but they did not allay her alarm, and when he had gone to sleep again she slipped quietly from the bed and escaped to the primeval forest, where she was safe from the influence of the ticking demon.—W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record.

The Oregonian says that the conductors have secured the Eugene and Junction bands for their picnic. Where did they find our band?

The students annual hop given by the athletic club of the State University will take place in the gymnasium instead of Armory hall as stated on the program. The room will be splendidly decorated with the colors of the University.

THE OBLONG BOX.

"Thrilling?" said the major. "Well, I should say so. It was the most exciting thing that ever occurred to me. At the time I was a telegraph operator and dispatcher for the Mountain Valley railroad company in a western mining country. It was a wild and lawless country, and I was not much in love with my place.

"Goldton, where I was located, was really nothing more than a railroad station. It was not on the line of the Mountain Valley railroad, but on a spur which ran to the Ingot mines. Travel was not very extensive. In fact, but one train a day passed my lonely station.

"On the 15th day of every month I received by express for the superintendent of the Ingot Mining company the money with which the miners were paid off. The amount averaged between $15,000 and $18,000. On June 14, that year, the superintendent of the mines came to me and said:

"'Perkins, the pay money will be here tomorrow, as usual, but I want you to exercise more than ordinary vigilance in guarding it, as I understand Grizzly Bill is operating in the mountains again.'

"Grizzly Bill was a name to inspire terror. The individual who bore that unmusical sobriquet was an outlaw of great daring and resolution. He stopped at nothing.

"During the night which followed a violent rainstorm swept through the mountains. Shortly before 10 o'clock the next morning I received word over the wire that the train from Pikeville could not get to Goldton owing to a washout below Summit Rock. It was thought that the track could be made passable by afternoon, and that the train would reach my station about 6 o'clock.

"At 5 o'clock that evening I received a message saying that it would be impossible for the train to get through before 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning. I sent word to this effect to the mine superintendent, who in turn communicated it to the men. Feeling rather tired, I turned in early that night. Sleep, however, was out of the question.

"The baggage, freight, express and telegraph offices were all under one roof. One corner of the big warehouse (it was hardly anything else) was partitioned off so as to make a private inclosure. The sender and receiver were affixed to a table conveniently near my bed, and if necessary it was possible to transmit or take a message without even arising.

"Along toward midnight the telegraph instrument began to click. I heard my call, opened the key and asked what was wanted. The operator at Pikeville wired back that the train, which had been delayed on account of the washout, had started for Goldton and would reach there between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. At precisely 2:45 o'clock the train steamed into Goldton.

"The express messenger alighted and handed me a huge and many sealed package. It contained $17,500.

"'Oh, that isn't all,' said the messenger, with a laugh. 'I have a box in the car that's as heavy as lead. We've been wondering all the way up the mountain what it contained.'

"The box was lifted from the car and placed on end in the freight department of the station. It was fully 7 feet long and 4 wide—horribly suggestive of the rough box in which a coffin is inclosed.

"I put the pay money in the safe, turned the combination lock and retired. I fell into a doze, from which I was aroused with a start by what seemed to be the ticking of the sounder. It said as clear as if some one had spoken: 'Beware! Danger threatens.'

"I sat up in bed. The moon was shining brightly through the window. I gazed intently at the sounder. It made not the slightest motion, yet the message came again, this time even more startlingly distinct than before.

"Upon hearing the third message my mind instantly reverted to the huge box in the freight corner. The partitioning of my little apartment did not extend as high as the roof, but merely to a distance of about five feet above the level of my bed, and by standing on the bed I could peer over the top and see all parts of the interior of the station.

"I rose stealthily to an erect position and looked over the edge of the partition. The first thing I saw was the box, standing on end near a window in the extreme end of the station, and as I looked I saw its top slowly rise and a man's head protrude itself.

"It was a thick, brutalized face, with grizzled whiskers. Instantly it flashed across my mind that it belonged to Grizzly Bill.

"I got out of bed, picked up the coal shovel and scuttle and made as much noise as possible. As the night had been an unusually cool one a fire was burning, and as I passed the stove I grabbed my revolver and thrust it into my right coat pocket. Into my left pocket I thrust some nails and a hammer.

"Then, whistling as loudly as possible to mislead the desperado in the box, I left the little office and walked across the floor of the freight part of the station. When immediately in front of the box, I sprang at it with the fury of a man fighting for his life and overturned it. It fell to the floor, top up, with a resounding crash. Instantly I was astride the box driving nails into the lid as hard and fast as a man in terror for his life could do.

"And all that while I was yelling at the imprisoned outlaw at the top of my voice, telling him that if he so much as breathed I would instantly kill him.

"But my threats did not appear to frighten him much. From the interior of the box came a volley of muffled oaths that would have astonished a Digger Indian. I fired my pistol twice in the air to let him know that I meant business. After awhile he became quiet. I carefully examined the box and found that there was no danger of suffocating, for at the upper end there were a number of tiny perforations which freely admitted air.

"I sat astride that box until my assistant arrived at 7 o'clock. It was a long and trying vigil, but the magnitude of my victory buoyed me up. My assistant quickly went to the mines and told the superintendent to hasten at once with a sufficient guard of men to the station and take Grizzly Bill into custody.

"It didn't take long to do this, and when Bill was hauled by no gentle hands from the box he was the angriest outlaw ever captured. He fought like a tiger, but it was of no use. He was securely bound, and later in the day taken to Pikeville, where he was subsequently sentenced to a long term of imprisonment."—Exchange.

The Perfect Bicycle.

Wobbles—The perfect bicycle, sir, is yet to be built.

Dodger—Oh, I don't know. There's a bicycle ambulance in Chicago, I hear.—New York Sunday Journal.

LANE COUNTY.—Salem Journal: "The lowest bidder on the new Lane county court house was Architect Neer of Portland, whose bid was $55,000. That county is going to have an entirely new public building and it is to be constructed this year." This is a mistake. The court has only employed Mr Neer to draw the plans and specifications. The contract will not be let for a couple of months probably when all will be allowed the privilege of bidding.

THE MILITARY ROAD.

County Court and Citizens Subscribe Over $500 for its Improvement.

During the past week Victor F Herbert postmaster of Hazel Dell and one of the progressive men of that section of the country, has been in Eugene with a paper, passing it among the business men asking for assistance to improve the military wagon road from John Hill's to the summit, a distance of 34 miles and a road which is not under the surveillance of a road supervisor. He raised $1.8[illegible] on the understanding that if they gave a sum the county court was to expend a like amount for the same purpose. Saturday the matter was presented to the court in the proper light and it added $250 to the amount.

This amount expended by one familiar with the needs of that section will do quite a little in making this section of the road passable. From Eugene to Hill's place, which is 48 miles from here, the roads are in passably good condition.

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.

NERVE SEEDS

For sale in Eugene, Oreg., by HENDERSON & LYNN and by OSBURN & DELANO, Druggists.

The Gun Goes Off

instantly when you pull the trigger. So sickness may come on suddenly. But it takes time to load the gun, and it takes time to get ready for those explosions called diseases. Coughs, colds, any "attack," whatever the subject be, often means preceding weakness and poor blood.

Are you getting thin? Is your appetite poor? Are you losing that snap, energy and vigor that make "clear-headedness?" Do one thing: build up your whole system with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. It is the essence of nourishment. It does not nauseate, does not trouble the stomach. And it replaces all that disease robs you of.

A book telling more about it sent free. Ask for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Our I's and....

....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

J. L. PAGE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES

Having a Large and Complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries bought in the best markets,

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH,

I can offer the public better prices than any other house in Eugene.

Produce of all Kinds taken at Market Prices.

ATTENTION!

Farmers! Farmers!

If you want Mens, Youths and Boys Oregon all wool Suits. Come and See what special prices In discounts we will Give you for CASH

At Brownsville Clothing Store

HOWE & RICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution, duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lane, on the 30th day of March, 1897, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 8th day of March, 1897, for the sum of One Hundred, twenty-two and 10-100 dollars in gold coin of the United States with interest thereon from said 8th day of March, 1897, at the rate of ten per cent per annum and twenty-five dollars attorney fee and the further sum of five dollars costs, also accruing costs in a suit in said Court wherein W E Brown was plaintiff and Volney Hemmenway as administrator of the estate of Martha J Bogart, deceased, and Charles Walker Bogart, Stella Bogart and Edna Bogart were defendants, and against the above named defendant Volney Hemmenway as administrator of the estate of Martha J Bogart, deceased, and a decree of foreclosure and order of sale rendered in said Court, commanding me in order to satisfy said judgment and costs and accruing costs to sell the following described real property, to-wit: The south half of the northeast quarter (¼) and the north half of the northwest quarter (¼) of Section 24, in Township 19, South Range 1 West W M, containing 160 acres in Lane County, Oregon. Now therefore I will offer for sale the above described real property, at public auction, for cash, at the Court House door in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on Monday the 10th day of May, 1897, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. to wit at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day.

Dated this 2nd day of April, 1897.

A J JOHNSON, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

Summons.

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

Charles Lauer Plaintiff vs S. C. Carson, Geo M. Carson, J. H. Bushnell, Sternberg & Senders and Isaac Carson Defendants.

To Isaac Carson, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby summoned to appear in said court on or before the second Monday in June 1897 that being the first day of the next regular term of said court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed therein or judgment and decree will be taken for the foreclosure of the certain mortgage executed by the Defendants S. C. Carson and George M. Carson in favor of the Plaintiff upon the following described real property situated in said Lane County Oregon towit. Commencing at the Northeast corner of county survey No. 865 the dividing line between the East and West halves of the donation land claim of J. D. Hornbuckle claim No. [illegible] in section 19 T 19 S R 4 W thence North to the center of a lake on said claim thence along the center of the line of the lake to the North line of said claim; thence East to the Northeast corner of said claim; thence North on the east line of said claim to the Northeast corner of County survey No 176; thence North 89 deg. 15 min. West 40.00 chains to place of beginning containing 242.47 acres of land in Lane county Oregon and for the recovery of the sum of $3300.00 in United States gold coin with interest at 8 per cent per annum since January 24th, 1896 and the sum assessed against said sum and $25 attorney fees and for costs and disbursements of suit against the Defts. S. C. Carson and George M. Carson, and such other relief as to the Court may seem equitable. It was ordered by the Court, the Hon. J. C. Fullerton judge at the regular March term thereof 1897 that service of this summons be made upon you by publication in the Eugene Weekly GUARD a newspaper of general circulation published weekly for six consecutive weeks.

G. B. DORRIS, Plff's Atty.

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.