

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that demand it as superior to any prescription... J. A. Adams, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE POET AND THE MAID.

A poet who straggled for an ill hour... "I'm fond of that color," he had said, as Ellen measured and cut the pattern...

A BOW OF RIBBON.

Saturday afternoon was the busiest time in the shop of Ellen Hampson... The next day was Sunday, and, as usual, Ellen had seated herself in her parlour...

COTTAGE GROVE-LEMATI.

Our Special Correspondent Sends Us Some Interesting Items. July 25, 1897. J. J. Jones, of Saganaw, was in the city Saturday on business...

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.



"The Foot of a Fly"

says an eminent English doctor, "will carry enough poison to infect a household." In summer-time, more especially, disease germs fill the air...

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, is condensed nourishment; food for the building up of the system to resist the attacks of disease.

OUR CITY LEGISLATORS.

Special Meeting Held Last Evening—Very Little Business Transacted. Special meeting of the common council convened last evening at council chambers...

FOR...

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and CANDY. GO TO... Julius Goldsmith's J. L. PAGE, DEALER IN GROCERIES

Julius Goldsmith's

J. L. PAGE, DEALER IN GROCERIES. Having a Large and Complete Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries...

U. S. Land Commission.

Joel Ware, having been appointed U. S. Circuit Court Commissioner for the district of Oregon...

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fronted the camera with skins made clean from blotch and blemish...

ATTENTION!

Farmers! Farmers! If you want Mens, Youths and Boys Oregon all wool Suits...

At Brownsville Clothing Store

HOWE & RICE. THE WORLD TO SEE HER FRUIT. Lion County Appropriates \$300 For a Fruit Exhibit at the State Fair.

BASEBALL.

The baseball fever, which has such a strong hold on the towns down the valley, is gradually working up this year.

PERSONAL.

Newport item in the Steamship Statesman: "Among the temporary residents of this place not mentioned in the Statesman heretofore are Prof. Thomas Condon, the student geologist and educator of Eugene, and his family."

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DOING GOOD WORK.

McMinnville Reporter: Prof F G Young, instructor in political economy and history in the University of Oregon, was in Dayton on last Thursday and Friday, looking up material for Oregon history.

Jasper Jottings.

Windom Hills is the first one to thresh grain in this neck of the woods; his wheat turning out 33 bushels of A No 1 per acre.

J M Keeney sports a pair of crochets caused by stepping in a hole while after blackberries.

Crops of all kinds are just splendid, and if any one goes hungry it will be their own fault.

Mrs W L Bristow of Pleasant Hill, was visiting her sister, Mrs J M Keeney yesterday.

The Jasper mill is making a splendid quality of flour, and the new dam is a great improvement.

A citizen of Eugene drove six miles out of his way before he was aware that he had taken the wrong road to the berry patch on Hills creek.

P N Laird, who lives just across the river has raised this season oats and rashes that were seven and twelve feet high.

Church in Junction Dedicated.

JUNCTION CITY, Or., July 25.—After four years of financial struggle, the Methodist Episcopal church at this place, was dedicated today by Bishop Croston and Presiding Elder Ford.

Star mail service has been established in Oregon between Florence and Linn, one mile and back, once a week, by a schedule of not to exceed five hours running time each way.

A special from Phoenix, Ariz., says: James Stevens, the imprisoned miner, was rescued from the Mammoth mine after an imprisonment of fourteen days.

There were 354 prisoners in the state penitentiary at Salem last Saturday evening. Of the number doing service nineteen are paying the penalty for the crime of rape.

Penitentiary East Oregonian: "The Portland Oregonian has been led to place belief in the statement that Umatilla county's products will bring in \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 of gold into this country this year."

LADIES

Cycle Outing NEW ARRIVALS. Children's Lace... SHOES

F. E. DUNN, To close out for 25 cents each.

General Horace Porter tells a story of a passenger who was steering a ship. The captain told him to steer for a certain star and keep the helm steady...

"I want some buttons, please," he said, a little awkwardly, placing his finger on the counter: "those with holes in them."

"What size will you be wanting?" "This was evidently a poser. At length he answered: "Middle."

"You has a deal of stuff," he remarked, looking around, "but not much in my line, I'm thinking."

"Oh, no, I don't know anything about men's things," blushing. "I supposed you are buying those buttons for some one?" "I'll change them, you know, if they're not right."

"The man gave a little laugh, as if something amused him. "I'm real obliged to you," he said, and as the parcel was ready, he bade Ellen a civil good evening and went out of the shop whistling.

"After that evening Dick Darnley was a frequent customer, and such strange things he would say, that Ellen grew quite puzzled.

"The neighbors must think a deal of him," she thought, "sending him on their shopping. I ought to guess, he must have bought enough to reach right down to the station at Union, untied, and pins and buttons and a yard of pink ribbon—and how particular he was over the shade, bless me! He might have been a woman! Who was it for, I wonder?"

"I'm fond of that color," he had said, as Ellen measured and cut the pattern a half off, adding, in his frank and open way, "Do you have steam irons?" "Oh, no," she answered hurriedly, "colours don't suit me."

"I'm thinking as you're wrong there," he replied. "I'm— But a customer at that moment coming in, Darnley had taken the ribbon up and departed. The next day was Sunday, and, as usual, Ellen had seated herself in her parlour, though the sun was shining invitingly, and the world was astir. It was one of those delicious summer days, with a cool, gentle breeze to temper the sun. There would be so many couples about she couldn't bear it. Her head was aching for want of air, but she told herself "it was easier to be lonely indoors," so indoors she would stay.

A knock at the door started her—it was a most unusual thing, and on Sunday, too, and on going to the door and opening it she saw Dick Darnley standing outside. "I've been stood for a moment, without saying a word, and then he burst out: "It's mighty difficult getting a word with you on weekdays, and I want to know if you'll mind a walking along with me; it's real fine, and the country is just looking grand."

"Out walking with you!"—her face aglow with color. "Yes,—eagerly—"I want you to, mightn't be. Ain't you guessed what's brought me to the shop all these weeks? And ain't I been fair puzzled what to buy? Didn't you see my meaning as you gussed?"

"You must be years older than him," she said, another. "I guess it's one of Dick's remarks," and many other remarks made, which were carefully repeated to Ellen, in whose sensitive heart they scorched and burned like fire. And if Dick hadn't been very firm and determined she would have refused to go out walking any more.

"They're right, I'm told," she would humbly say. "Let me answer them," he cried fiercely. "Don't you heed them. There's not one of them as could touch you. Come, Nell!"—the audacious shortening of her name fairly took her breath away—"I want you just to wear this, my pink ribbon, and I'll give you a present. You'll look the pink ribbon out—drawing the ribbon out of his pocket. "It is a fancy of mine, and it shall be our engagement sign."

"It do seem silly at my age,"—timidly. "Don't you talk no more about your age, but put it on. I don't say as I haven't looked at a girl or two, and while her love's good, I've never liked twice, my. I never have left off looking, and I want to see you with the knot of pink ribbon. I am waiting, Nell, my love."

"And without another word the woman fastened the ribbon round her throat, and remarkably well it suited her, setting off her hair and eyes, and while her love's good, she lifted hers humbly up to his, thinking it was the token of the Almighty love in sending this brightness into her lonely life. "That old thing looked out in pink ribbon!"—was what many people said. It was absurd and ridiculous to them, but to her it was a charm, and she wore it with pride and reverence. No, what did it matter what others thought?—Folks at Home.

"In the Tails of a Spellbinder. "I was as healthy a young man as you'd meet in a day's travel," declared the banker to his physician. "In that assertion I refer to mind as well as body. If I had a fault, it was that of being too skeptical. When I came upon the statement of any pathological or psychological manifestation that I could not understand, I simply branded it as a humbug and dropped the matter. Reason was my universal test."

"When only 22, I was on the road from New York to Boston and fell in with a stranger considerably older than myself. He had piercing black eyes but neither long hair nor sandy clothes. His smile was singularly winning, his voice musical and his conversation charming. He gave me one of the finest cigars I ever smoked. In ten minutes I felt as if I had known and loved the man all my life. The more we talked the more his wonderful eyes glowed and lightened. Yet their power was that of an irresistible attraction, and there was a carous in his tones that made all about me seem a pleasing dream that ended in oblivion. It was three days later when I awakened in a hospital, the spell broken off by some magic of electricity directed through a physician's firm fingers. I fully recovered, but how do you account for my experience, doctor?"

"It was the cigar, of course." "No, sir. It was not half smoked and had nothing worse in it than pure tobacco. You can't cry 'hallucination' to me when the man was so much older than you when unexplained phenomena puzzled them. My charmer was a hypnotist, mesmerist or something else that's uncommon in man. More than that, he was the cleverest kind of thief, for he stripped me of \$700 worth of valuables."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Steersman. General Horace Porter tells a story of a passenger who was steering a ship. The captain told him to steer for a certain star and keep the helm steady, and went down stairs to get a little sleep. He had been sleeping comfortably for a couple of hours when his new helmsman came down to his bunk and woke him up, saying: "Captain, give me another star to steer by. I have passed that one."

Adverse Opinions. "Birkus has a wonderfully well stored mind." "He must have or he'd take it out of storage."—Chicago Journal.

NEW ARRIVALS. Children's Lace... SHOES. To close out for 25 cents each. F. E. DUNN.

New Feed Yard.

TEAM, TO Cts. SINGLE RIG, TO Cts. SADDLE HORSE, 5 c's. Ladies toilet and waiting room in connection. Rutan & Bussard, Props.