

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloe Sassa -
Sulphur Sassa -
Cinnamon -
Sage -
Cloves -
Ginger -
Licorice -
Mint -
Peppermint -
Rhubarb -
Senna -
Turmeric -
Vanilla -
Water -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fitcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, Bears the Fac-simile Signature

—OF—

Chas. H. Fitcher

ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

REQUISITION PAPERS ARRIVE.

For the transfer of Meredith-Cornell's Requisition to be Brought by Sheriff Cummins.

The requisition papers for Frank Meredith, the Modoc county cattle thief, arrived this morning. Deputy Sheriff Frowley will go to Salem to get the warrant and will then be ready to start home.

He received word also that Sheriff J. W. Cummins, of that county, has at once gone to Sacramento to secure the necessary papers from Governor Bidd for the transfer of Cal Cornell, and would come up at once to return with Mr. Frowley and the two prisoners. Mr. Cummins will probably go through Eugene Friday morning to Salem, returning here on the afternoon local, and then leave for home. The residents of that section are overjoyed that these two men are caught.

A TOTAL LOSS.

Rev. C. B. Davis' Fruit Dryer and Contents Burned Last Night.

The fruit dryer belonging to Rev. C. B. Davis, at Fairmount, burned to the ground last night. The loss is attributed to defective flues. I caught fire yesterday afternoon and the fire was extinguished, but it caught fire again in the night with the result as above stated.

The building was about 20x20 in size and was filled with fruit. The loss will amount to about \$125, with no insurance.

More About Cornell.

Saturday's Albany Democrat, editorial: "The Democrat man doesn't care to arrest the man, who is known to have said he would never be taken alive, and who had shown his daring by fleeing with bullets flying all around him and his horse dead at his feet. The Albany constable who did that displayed good nerve."

Local: Constable Strainey returned from Eugene this morning. He reports a great deal of excitement there over the Cornell case on account of the conduct of W. A. Chamberlain and A. W. Gilbert, two men with whom Cornell rode to Eugene, and knowing his identity did not report to Frowley, whom they had brought to Eugene before. There was talk of their arrest. People there generally commended Deputy Sheriff Frowley and think he is entitled to great credit for the arrest of the daring cattle thief. There was talk of arresting Chamberlain and Gilbert. It will be about two weeks before Frowley can get a requisition and start for California.

FOR ALASKA.—We take the following from the Sunday Seattle Post-Intelligencer, concerning a Eugene boy: "The steamer Portland, sailing today for St. Michael, Alaska, will carry north a special correspondent of the Post-Intelligencer and a representative of the P.-I. Alaska news syndicate. The management of the leading daily of the state of Washington recognizes the importance of maintaining supremacy in the Alaska news field. The representative going on the Portland is Horace McClure, a trained newspaper man. This term implies not only the ability to gather facts, but the art of clothing them in attractive form. He will remain at St. Michael until the Portland departs again for the south, and during the long return voyage will have every opportunity to gain accurate information of conditions in the Klondike from the home coming miners. When the Portland comes again to Seattle the Post-Intelligencer will present to its readers an account of the latest news from the Yukon river, which will be complete and accurate."

GOES EAST.—La Grande Chronicle, Sept 10th: "Earl C. Stevens has taken his departure for Elkhart, Indiana, where he will enter the Commercial academy for the purpose of receiving instructions on the cornet. He will be under the tutelage of Jules Levy, the celebrated cornet virtuoso, and will be absent about a year." Earl attended the University of Oregon last year and made many friends here. He is a son of Mark Stevens, one of our early pioneers.

BETTER NOW.—Portland Telegram: The aged mother of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who has lived with him on the heights back of Oakland, Cal., for many years, is slowly recovering from an attack of paralysis, and it is thought she will survive. Mrs. Miller is 82 years old, is strong and active. She lives in a pretty little cabin only a few rods from a similar cabin in which Joaquin lives. She is an object of tender regard by her son, who ever permits tourists or curiosity-seekers to annoy her.

STUDENTS FROM LEBANON.—Express: There will be five students go from Lebanon this year to the State University at Eugene. They are J. C. Booth who will enter the senior class, W. H. Ross who will enter the sophomore, Ned Carlton and Mr. Gamber who will enter the freshman class, and Harry Randle who will take a special course.

PLEASANT HILL RAPE CASE.—The trial of Sumner Nickerson before Justice Hemphill, at Pleasant Hill, on the charge of rape on a 7-year old girl named Cornelius takes place this afternoon. Deputy District Attorney Harris appears for the state, and L. Bilyeu for defendant. Nickerson is 25 years old and a distant relative of the child.

WHEAT SHORTAGE.—The government has figures from Europe showing a wheat deficiency of 113,000,000 bushels. America must supply the greater portion of the wheat needed.

MARY.

The sweetest name I've ever known
Is Mary.
The dearest girl, the one I own.
When storms are threatening fierce and low,
When all is dark and sad winds blow,
My only refuge here below
Is Mary.
Who's always near me, though I'm wrong?
My Mary.
Who cheers me on with love and song?
Sweet Mary.
Who thinks I'm just as pure as gold
And prays I'll soon be "in the fold"
Who never thinks I'm growing old?
My Mary.
If a blessing's due to one on earth,
It's Mary's.
If a crown awaits e'en on the lowliest birth,
It's Mary's.
Through all the years she's been true to him,
And a fellow is best, I think—don't you?
With a sister like Mary.
—John W. Kinella in Observer.

A CHALLENGE.

Two young men, one with a black leather cap on his head and military buttons on his coat, sat in close conversation together in the smoking room in a hotel at Cologne. The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one—at least to him of the military buttons and black cap, for he emphasized strongly, knit his brows awfully and at last went so far as to wear a terrible oath.

"Don't permit yourself to get excited now," interrupted the friend. "It won't help matters at all."
"Oh, I've got no patience."
"Then it's time you had some," coolly returned his friend. "If you intend pushing your way into the good graces of Kitty Brownlow, you must do something more than fume about the matter of difference that has sprung up."
"Yes, but to think of a poor scribbler of an author—an author, ha! a scribbler—to think, I say, of a spiritless creature like that Weldon pushing himself between me and such a girl as Kittie Brownlow—and even gaining her notice—it's too bad. He has contorted her eyebrows no doubt, flattened her in verse and prose until she doesn't know what or where she is, and in this way he has become a kind of rival. But I'll not stand it—I'll—I'll—"
"Well, what will you do?"
"Oh, I'll—I'll win him!" That's what I'll do. I'll challenge the puppe and shoot him."
And the young lieutenant, for such he was in rank, flung forth his right arm a la duello and looked pistols and death.

"But he won't fight."
"Won't he?" said the lieutenant's face brightened. "Then I'll post him as a coward. That'll hurt him most of all. All women hate a coward. I'll post him and cowhide him into the bargain if necessary."
"Posting will do," rather sarcastically replied his friend. "But on what pretense will you challenge him?"
"I'll make one. I'll insult him the first time I meet him, and then, if he says anything, I'll challenge and shoot him."
"That will be quite gentlemanly, quite according to the code of honor," returned his friend quietly.

The young military gentleman to whom we have introduced the reader was lieutenant Weldon, quite a good looking fellow, though not altogether the Adonis he fancied himself. He had fallen deeply in love with the charms of Kittie Brownlow and was making rapid inroads upon her heart—at least he flattered himself so—when a young man well known in literary circles, Bernard Weldon, made his appearance and was received with a high degree of favor that confounded the officer, who had already begun to think himself sure of the prize. Bernard had a much rounder tongue and a great deal more in his head than the other, and could therefore, in a matter of mind at least, appear to much better advantage than his rival. He had also written and published one or two books, which gave him a standing as an author. Take him all in all, he was a rival to be feared, and Bernard was not long in making the discovery. What was to be done? A military man must not be put down and humiliated by a mere civilian. The rival must be pelished off in some way. The professional way was, as has been seen, thought of first. Weldon must be challenged and killed off, and the course would be clear.

A few days after this brave and honorable decision the officer met the author in a public place and purposely justified his rudeness. Weldon said nothing, thinking it possible that it might have been only an accident. But he remained near Weldon to give him the chance of repeating the insult, if such was his intention. It was not long before the author was again justified in a still ruder manner than before, and at the same time some offensive word was muttered by the officer. This was in the presence of a number of persons, who could not help hearing, seeing and understanding all that passed. Satisfied that the insult was intended, Weldon looked at Bernard in the face for a moment and then asked loud enough to be heard all around:

"Did you jest me intentionally?"
"I did," was the angry retort.
"Gentlemen never do such things."
As Weldon said this he looked with marked emphasis steadily in the officer's face.
"You shall hear from me, sir."
"The officer made no reply he turned and walked away with a military air.
"There's trouble for you, Bernard. He'll challenge you," said two or three of that gentleman's friends, who instantly gathered around him. "He's a perfect fire cat."

"Do you think so?"
"Certainly. He's an officer. Fighting's his trade."
"Well, let him fight."
"What will you do?"
"Accept the challenge of course, what else?"
"And fight him?"
"Inevitably."
"He'll shoot you."
"I'm not afraid."
Weldon returned to his lodgings, where he found a letter from Bernard already awaiting him, the officer being evidently impatient for an encounter.

The next morning two friends of the lieutenant were closeted together for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of the duel.

"The weapon?" asked the friend of the military man. "Your principal by the laws of honor has the choice and also the right to name the time and place of meeting."
"Yes, we understand. All is settled."
"He'll fight, then."
"Fight! Certainly! Bernard Weldon is no coward."
"Well, then, name the weapons."
"Two good fountain pens."
"Sir!" exclaimed the other in profound admiration.
"The weapons are to be two of the best fountain pens; the place of meeting, The Register office, and the time, tomorrow morning bright and early."

New Feed Yard.

Cor. 10th and Williams Sts.
Opposite Street Car Barn

TEAM, 10 Cts.
SINGLE RIG, 10 cts.
SADDLE HORSE, 5 cts.

Ladies toilet and waiting room in connection

Give us a Call

RUTAN & BUSSARD, - - Pors

"Do you mean to insult me?" This was said with sternness.
"By no means."
"You cannot be serious."
"Never more so in my life. By the rules of honor the challenged has the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of meeting. Is that not so?"
"Certainly."
"Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All those rights are, of course, his, and he is justified in choosing the weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use best is the pen, and he chooses that. If Weldon had been the challenged party, he would, of course, have named pistols, with which he is most familiar, and Weldon would have been called a coward, and Weldon would have chosen equally bad, if, after sending a challenge, he had objected to the weapons chosen by his adversary. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting upon like grounds? I think not. Pens are as good as pistols and will do as much execution."
"Fighting with pens! Preposterous!"
"Not quite so preposterous as you may think. Mr. Weldon has more than intimated that Mr. Hostwick is no gentleman. For this he is challenged to single combat which is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols won't demonstrate the matter. Only the pen can do it. So the pen is chosen. In the Register tomorrow morning my friend stands ready to prove that he is a gentleman, and your friend may prove that he is one and that a gentleman has the right to insult publicly and without provocation whomever he pleases. Depend upon it you will find this quite as serious an affair as if pistols had been used."
"I did not come here to be trifled with."
"There is no trifling in the matter at all. I am in earnest. The Register is the battlefield; the time as early tomorrow as you please. Are you prepared for the meeting?"
"No."
"Do you understand the consequences?"
"What consequences?"
"Your principal will be posted as a coward before night."
"Are you mad?"
"No. Cool and earnest. We fully understand what we are about."
The officer's second was surprised. He was unprepared for such a position of affairs.
"I'll see you in the course of an hour," he said at length, rising.
"Very well. You will find me here."
"Is all settled?" asked the valiant lieutenant as his second came into his room at the hotel, where he was impatiently pacing the floor.
"Settled! No, nor likely to be. I objected to the weapons, and indeed to the whole arrangements."
"Objected to the weapons! And pray what did he name—a mitrailleuse or a cannon?"
"No, nor a gatling gun, but an infernal pen."
"A what?"
"Why, curse the fellow, a pen! The Register is to use pens; the place of meeting, The Register; the time, tomorrow morning. He is to prove that you are no gentleman, and you are to prove that you are one and that a gentleman is at all times privileged to challenge whomever he pleases without provocation."
"He is a cowardly fool."
"If these terms are not accepted, he threatens to post you as a coward before night."
"What?"
"You must accept or be posted. Think of that!"
The precise terms in which the lieutenant swore and the manner in which he fumed for the next five minutes need not be told. He was called back to his sober senses by the question:

"Do you accept the terms of the meeting?"
"No, of course not. The fellow's a fool."
"Then you consent to be posted. How'll that sound?"
"I'll cut off the meal's ears if he dares attempt such a thing."
"That won't secure Kittie Brownlow, the cause of the contest."
"Hang it, no!"
"With pens for weapons, that would be killing you a little too quickly."
"No doubt, but the public won't bear him out in such an outrage, in such a violation of all the laws of honor."
"By the code of honor the challenged party has the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of meeting."
"I know."
"And you are afraid to meet the man you have challenged upon the terms he has proposed. That is all plain and simple enough. The world will understand that."
"But what's to be done?"
"You must fight, apologize or be posted. There is no other alternative. To be posted won't do. The laugh would be too strongly against you."
"True. What then?"
"It must be made up some way or another."
"So I think."
"Will you write an apology?"
"I don't know. That's too humiliating."
"It's the less of two evils."
So at last the valorous lieutenant thought. When the seconds again met, it was to agree upon a settlement of the difficulty. This could only be done by a very humble apology, which was made the next day.

The young officer left the city a little wiser than when he came, Weldon and his second said but little of the matter, but a few choice friends were let into the secret, and that is how we heard it. Among these was Kittie Brownlow, who not long afterwards gave her hand and heart to the redoubtable author.

As for the lieutenant, he declared that he would as soon come in contact with a torpedo as an author with his infernal pen. He understood pistols, smallwafers, rifles, and even cannon, but he couldn't stand up when pen work was the order of the day. The odds would be too much against him.—Henry Fielding in Banner of Gold.

Punishing Shopkeepers.
Francis knows how to protect the rights of his people. Anybody who doubts the genuineness of an article of food that he has purchased from a Parisian tradesman may take it to the municipal laboratory for analysis. It will cost him nothing to have it analyzed and the fact determined whether it is adulterated or adulterated, and if the latter the law deals with the offender without further action on the part of the purchaser. The shopkeeper is liable to be heavily fined and imprisoned, and has to display conspicuously in his shop window or on his door for a year a large placard bearing the words, "Convicted of Adulteration."—Paris Letter.

FOR

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and CANDY.

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Julie Goldsmith's

THE PILL THAT WILL

Hampton Bros...

For Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.



Eugene, Oregon.

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-SUPPLEMENT

This famous remedy is the only one...
For sale in Eugene, Ore., by HENDERSON & LYNN, and by OSBORN & DE LAZO, Eugene.

DOING GOOD WORK.—Salem Daily Journal: "Sources of the History of Oregon" is the title of a series of pamphlets being edited by F. G. Young of the chair of History and Economics at the State University. No 1 is the journal of Medorem Crawford, his account of the trip across the plains in 1842. No 2, an account of the Indian Council at Walla Walla by C. J. Lawrence Kip, U. S. A., May and June, 1855. This is the beginning of what Prof. Young hopes to do in a more complete manner. It is hoped he may find other records made at the time, in letters, diaries and journals of the first emigrants to Oregon. There is a large amount of such valuable historical material in existence and we trust this item may be means of bringing some of it to the surface.

Losing Flesh

You naturally lose flesh in the summer and running down is so easy. You get a little weaker each day without hardly noticing it. There is loss of appetite, headache, weakness of the muscles, disturbed sleep, weakness of memory, and these are the beginning of nervous prostration. Iron and tonics and bitters may afford some temporary relief, but what you need is a food for body, brain and nerves.

Scott's Emulsion.

of Cod-liver Oil with the Hypophosphites, furnishes just the nourishment needed for those who are run down and pale and thin and weak. If you lose flesh in summer take Scott's Emulsion now. Don't wait till fall or winter before beginning.

For sale at 50c and \$1.00 by all druggists.

Enrolled Attendance.

The number of students enrolled at the Central school yesterday was 255, and at the Geary 100, a total of 355. In the advanced grade 40 registered. This is a small enrollment, but it will be greatly increased in the next few weeks.

COUNTY FAIR.—The question of holding an annual county fair at Eugene is now being discussed. A county fair may and should be a great benefit to the people of the surrounding country. It gives them a chance to compare their products with those of others and in that way see and learn much for which otherwise they would have no opportunity.

CIRCUIT COURT CASE.—The following case was filed this forenoon: Daniel Stanton vs J. H. Whitesaker, suit to recover money on note. Judgment is asked for \$483.82.

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 Old Fellows' Building, Eugene, Oregon.

Before Retiring....

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effective remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is THE PILL THAT WILL.

FOR

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and CANDY.

GO TO.....

Julie Goldsmith's

THE PILL THAT WILL