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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.**

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THEN HE PROPOSED.

Unmoved, I saw her feather with the ear
And trim the snail when I was but a lad.
Unmoved, I followed her across the floor
On leaved wood wheels when skating was the
fad.

I helped her bend the sturdy bow of yew,
Yet did not fear the arrows of her eye.
I saw her moan the lake-in bloomers, too—
Yet did not offer for her sake to die.

Croquet, lawn tennis, billiards, came in season,
But never touched—were my fancy done.
She shot, fished, ran, and still I kept my reason,
At last she took to golf—then I proposed.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

AT CHICKAMAUGA.

"This is strange!"

George Burton was studying for the ministry when the war broke out. He intended to return to the theological seminary if he lived to get back, so Captain Gates of the Third rifles did not regard his first lieutenant's exclamation as at all promising. Snuffing the sulphurous little odor drifting over from Chickamauga creek, the captain responded:

"Well, old fellow, it certainly smells like it. How are you off for water?"

"Haven't even a canteen. Lost it in our countercharge. Look out, cap! Here she comes!" And the lieutenant pulled the captain closer to the earth on which both lay.

"Hug your mother, boys!" This from the men to the right and left. Behind a hastily constructed breastwork at the base of Snodgrass hill the ragged remnant of the Third rifles flattened themselves, face down, as a shell from Bragg's whistled to the earth 50 yards outside and burst with a molten glare and a splintering roar. The dust of four weeks on the red, rough mountain roads had turned the uniforms to a rusty tan. The faces were so brown as to give the light eyed men a wild, unanny look. In the past 48 hours ammunition had been served six times, and rations—not at all. Three times this Sabbath afternoon of Sept. 20, 1863, Longstreet's veterans, with their hats slouched over their faces like men facing a cutting wind, with the cries of maddened eagles, had rushed against the hill, and each time Thomas' remaining artillery roared defiance from the slopes, held by six shattered brigades of the Army of the Cumberland.

As each charge had been preceded by a fierce cannonading of the Union position, the increasing roar put the rifles on the alert.

"Let 'em come again, hang 'em!"

"Think we're recruits, eh?"

"We ain't to be dray!"

"No much. When we're ready to leave, we won't be in no humor to follow."

"Wish they'd bury up and have it over!"

There were other and more forceful expressions from the men peering through the logs through which protruded the muzzles of their rifles. Two young men, lying on their faces to the right of the lieutenant, varied the monotony of dodging shells with a pack of irreverently dirty cards. In lieu of money they used buttons cut from the coats of dead men in blue and dead men in gray. Each player had buttons of one kind, and as they were evenly matched in skill they forgot in their music content the deadly struggle going on to the right and laughed as if in the barn at home.

"Don't go to sleep, boys! They'll be here soon!" The captain's warning was called out by the gradual cessation of the artillery fire over the river. Meanwhile the guns on Snodgrass hill were so silent as to lead some of the men to fear the ammunition was exhausted.

"Walt, boys, till the Johnnies show up, and you'll see Pap Thomas ain't the man to keep guns to the front unless he's got powder fodder to feed 'em," said a grimy sergeant beside the two card players, who were now looking the dust from the hind sights of their rifles. After an anxious wait and a sigh of relief at the failure of the enemy to try the red experiment again, the captain sat up and said to his lieutenant:

"I think, Burton, the worst is over for today. Thank God, the sun will be down soon."

"He looks red enough to have washed in the Chickamauga. Hello! What's up in the woods out there?" asked Burton.

"I see nothing unusual," said the captain.

Since the failure of the last charge on the center the enemy had been keeping up a close and persistent attack on the right. From this point came the incessant roar and ring of cannon and rifle, cutting through which yells and defiant cheers could be heard. Across the front cottony heaps of powder smoke rolled, growing luminous and crimson as if being blown away.

"Can't you see the black smoke blending with the white over there?" And the lieutenant pointed to the woods in front.

"Yes; but what of it?"

"You know what it means."

"Like all smoke, it means fire," laughed the captain.

"That's it. It means the woods are on fire. They are as dry as punk. Just think of it, each man has in all our wounded. What matters it to the dead?"

"Nothing, cap; but the enemy! My God! There are at least 200 wounded men in gray along the edge of that timber! Look at that splintered oak about a hundred yards to the right."

"I see it, and I've noticed through my glass that there is a young officer lying wounded at the foot. He'll crawl in if the fire comes near him," said the captain as he scratched a match on his rusty sword scabbard and lit his pipe.

A few minutes and mourning wreaths of black smoke draped about the felled trees and hurried across the face of the setting sun, drying the night. Tongues of flames licked up the powder dry leaves and coiled up the shot riddled black jacks. To the right and left and back and forth the fire fell and rose and roared in red rage under the whip of the increasing wind. Now and then a shell hurled over from Bragg's center and burst before or on Thomas' hill.

If Lieutenant Burton had said, "This is hell!" he would have been nearer the truth than at first. Now many men said it, and all thought it.

"They ain't a-comin'!"

"Longstreet's found; he's out west now!"

"Well, his crowd are good fighters."

"Not a bit better'n Bragg's!" shouted a Missouriian, who was known to have a contempt for the eastern men on both sides.

Meanwhile unmistakable cries for help and shrieks of agony came from the heart of the conflagration. A horse, with helpless hind legs, drew himself to the edge of the timber and with his fore legs pawing at the ground in front he looked appealingly at the line of heads above the breastworks.

"Shoot him, Dixon! Shoot him!" cried the captain. One of the young card players threw his rifle over the top log. He had often hit a postage stamp offhand at that distance. A flash, a crack, and the poor creature's head fell forward. But such methods could not be used on the men staggering out of the blazing jungle. Nearly all these were in gray. Helpless they lay in the woods, praying for night and the coming of friends, but their only hope now was to reach the lines of the enemy. Some bobbed out, others crept back.

WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE

A woman's hand tells the tale!
If it is smooth and white it shows she uses her head to save her hands—that she uses

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

to do her cleaning. If her hand is rough, wrinkled and shrunken, it shows she is still using the old soap and soda combination. Why don't you use Gold Dust Washing Powder?

Largest package—greatest economy.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia.

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—MANUFACTURERS OF THE—

"WHITE ROSE"

FLOUR

GUARANTEED

BEST QUALITY

The most popular flour in the market. Sold by leading grocers.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

CALL AT THE

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE,

If you wish to see the finest display of Holiday and Christmas Books ever brought to Eugene. Entire stock just received direct from Chicago.

H. C. MILLER Proprietor

NEW CARPETS

New Art Synares.
New Stock of Shades.
New Sewing Machines.
New Sweepers.

All at new prices at

Day & Henderson's.

Cor. 7th and Willamette Sts.

NERVE STRENGTHENER

For sale in Eugene, Ore., by LEON HENDERSON & CO., 1000 Willamette St., Eugene, Ore.

Extensive robberies have been discovered in the United States treasury. It will require six months of time and the expenditure of \$25,000 to count the 100,000,000 bright silver dollars. The robbers probably have not secured one tenth of the amount it will take to count what are left. But the count must always be understood to be absolutely correct.

The annual loss to Oregon farmers caused by their leaving their plows and harrows and threshers in the fields over winter amounts to more than the annual interest charge on indebtedness. Prosperity does not follow in the wake of such waste and shiftlessness. Better a small patch economically managed than a large farm going to ruin.

The U of O boys did splendid work at Salem. Their trainer, Mr. Trine, should not be forgotten in the bestowal of honors.

DIED—Saturday morning at 2 a m, at the family residence in Harrisburg, Anna, only daughter of Mr and Mrs L. H. Hassell. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon in the Christian church, and interment took place in the Masonic cemetery at Muddy.

MUTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

For sale by Wilkins & Linn.

FOR . . .

TOBACCO, CIGARS, and GANDY.

GO TO . . .

Julie Goldsmith's

Look Here Farmers

Bring your Hides and Skins to our tannery.

For all No. 1 green hides will pay you 4 to 4 1/2 cents a pound; No. 2 dry hides 10 cents a pound; For No. 2 according to quality, 4 to 8 cents.

Now don't forget these prices are paid in CASH at

The Willamette Tannery,
Haines & Co.

BABY'S Terrible ECZEMA

My baby suffered from terrible Eczema. Doctor and every remedy tried, to no account. He cried all the time and his face was like raw meat. I had to carry him on a pillow, and was fairly discouraged. I used half a box of CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and in one week my baby was entirely cured. Today his skin is as smooth as silk.

Write for FREE TREATISE on SKIN-DISEASES, with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle ANTIMONY with CUTICURA, Ointment of each case.

Send throughout the world. FORTY DOLLARS AND OVER. CUTICURA, Proprietors, 120 N. 1st St., New York, N.Y.

Mott's Nerve Pills

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling of the Testes, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Weakness, and all other diseases of the generative organs of either sex.

Send for FREE TREATISE on NERVOUS DISEASES, with MOTT'S NERVE PILLS, and MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by Wilkins & Linn.

MEN! You can be cured!

If you suffer from any of the following diseases, come to the office of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., 1051 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Young men and military men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions, such as Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and other venereal diseases, should use Dr. J. C. Ayer's "PILLS FOR MEN," which will cure them in a few days.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., 1051 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

SIMPLE BUT EFFICACIOUS.

The old method of applying fresh cow's dung about a tree, when the bark has been peeled off by rabbits, is a good one; wrap rags well about the plaster. Let the plaster be thick, and then pull fine dirt up around the tree until the whole wound is covered.

For the worms which come on currants and roses no remedy is safer or more easily applied than white heliober. Let about an ounce be dissolved in two gallons of water and applied with a sprinkler or a brush broom. The worm first appears on the lower current branches about the time the first fruit is formed.

When the cabbage worm puts in an appearance put a tea cup of kerosene in a pail of water, stir thoroughly and sprinkle all over the cabbages. If you have planted the cabbages, this will ensure an ample crop of sauer kraut.

THE MORRO CASTLES.

Readers of war news have probably been puzzled to understand why so many Morros are mentioned to the dispatches. There is a Morro Castle at the entrance of the harbor of Havana, another at the outer point of San Juan Baptista, Puerto Rico; another Morro Castle at the mouth of Santiago de Cuba, and so on. The word "Morro" really means a high point of land or promontory. Many harbors of the West Indies are land-locked, with narrow entrances and expanding waters inland sometimes like a man's hand the wrist representing the mouth of the harbor. In nearly all these cases one side of the entrance is high land, often a rocky cliff and on these high lands, fortifications have been erected, and the more pretentious are called castles, hence we have "Morro Castle," which really means the castle of the promontory.

A CHEERFUL LIAR.

The Oregonian editor must lie for the satisfaction it gives him. Note this:

"The pay of private soldiers is \$15.00 per month in gold. If Mitchell or any other silver man be elected to the United States Senate, he will vote to pay them in silver, thus cutting them down to \$6.55 a month, gold."

The Oregonian knows that under free coinage and gold standard laws alike, gold and silver coinage have been received at all times with equal credit. Is the editor a monomaniac on this subject, or is he so foolish as to believe men are credulous enough, and have so little knowledge of the facts as to accept such a really silly statement for the truth? Such campaigning cannot but make even supporters of the gold standard very tired.

JUST TO PAY EXPENSES.

The following from an Arizona paper does not need any amendment, except the name of the paper, to make it applicable to the GUARD:

"The Courier is under considerable extra expense in taking a telegraphic report and is now in need of money. There are about \$4,000 on the books, much of it long since due; people who can should try and pay up, for the Courier needs the money to pay office running and living expenses. We are not after money to buy strawberry short cake and accompanying luxuries, but simply to pay pork and beans, pay printers, paper manufacturers and others. The money handed us will not have a chance to get cold, but will pass into general circulation immediately."

They need a flag at Drea Alaska. The Drea Press of May 28 suggests that "it is a poor town that does not have an American flag. Decoration Day will be a good time to chip in and purchase a flag and erect a pole near the center of the town, where the flag can wave to herald the American victories of the present war, and inspire a feeling of patriotism in the hearts of our people. Let us have a flag. We will need it the Fourth of July."

The first work for Congress when it meets again in December will be the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. The sending of troops to the Philippines is the last and most potent argument for the wisdom of adding it to Uncle Sam's domain. A hostile force in possession of that important strategic point would almost preclude any possibility of such an expedition as is plotting its way across the broad waters of the Pacific.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

The agony is about over. The voters of Oregon have indicated their preference at the polls. The campaign has been a singularly clean one, the issue being a clear one. Gold money alone on one side, and gold, silver and paper moneys on the other.

And the fight has only fairly commenced. The forces arrayed in favor of bimetalism, like the old abolitionists, will never rest content so long as men are held in bondage by the money loaners of Wall and Lombard streets. It is the old old contest between money and labor, a contest that will not end until laws are such that one man will not be enriched and his possessions made more valuable by law at the expense of another.

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The latest topical song in England is very popular. It declares "We will stand together," and is sung at the play houses under the flags of Great Britain and the United States.

The silver question appears to be rather a live one judging by the vote of yesterday.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

The Season Opens Earlier Than Usual in Lane County.

Wm. Gale, who lives near Bue River, about 45 miles up the McKenzie, is the first victim of a shooting accident reported this season. The story is old and familiar. Riding in a wagon, Mr Gale had placed a rifle in the bottom of the bed. When he stopped he pulled the gun from the wagon, muzzle forward. The trigger caught and the ball entered the man's left hip, shattering the bones in a terrible manner. He was immediately brought to Thurston and Dr. L. W. Brown of this city summoned. Dr. Brown relieved the sufferer as much as possible and removed a number of shattered bones. He reports the patient in a very bad way, with the chances for recovery against him.

Mr Gale is about 30 years of age, and has a wife and one child. The bullet was not found. It is thought to have ranged downward.

Almost a Crime.

Roseburg Or June 6—Sunday afternoon B F Shields and wife, farmers living about 20 miles from this city, attended a picnic a short distance from their home, leaving a child about a year old asleep in the house. When they returned after a short absence the house was in ashes and the child had perished in the flames.

Mr Thomason, the mail carrier, brings these particulars, but knew nothing more concerning the terrible occurrence.

William Neas.

Daily Guard June 7.

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., June 6—William Neas, an old pioneer who had been an invalid for several years, suffering from a cancer of the face, died this evening. For the last year he had suffered intensely and longed for death to end his misery. He was about 63 years of age.

A HIGH GEAR—Albany Democrat: Carl Hodes of Corvallis wanted a bicycle that would knock out all the bicyclists in the country, and we suppose make the trip to Albany on the path in about 20 minutes, so he ordered a machine with 124 gear. It came and he could hardly make it navigate. He would need the muscle of a Sandow. He has changed his opinion about the high gears, though he may have the name of having the highest geared wheel in Oregon.

GRAND GRANGE PICNIC—At Pleasant Hill on Saturday, June 13th. Will have a short program of music, singing, recitations, speaking, etc. in the forenoon, and a game of baseball between the Fern Ridge and Pleasant Hill teams in the afternoon. Everybody invited and a good time guaranteed.

MARRIAGE LICENSES—County Clerk Jennings since our last report has issued the following marriage licenses: James T Inman 29 years and Amelia Yoder 25 years; Edward A Clure 23 years, and Nancy E Cox, 18 years.

The Albany Woodmen decorated the graves of 24 members of that order that are interred in the Albany cemeteries.

"Just as Good"

as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who wishes to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of proved benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper, and from all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.