

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

FIVE \$20,000,000 MAXIMS.

Russel Sage, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present \$100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are these:

1. Be temperate and you will be happy.
2. Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at 83.
3. Opportunities are disgusted with men who don't recognize them.
4. Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a "stiff upper lip."
5. When a man "loses his head" he mustn't complain about the other fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

TO PREVENT CHIRE.

Goy T T Geer has issued a proclamation, offering a standing reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of any person convicted of obstructing railroad tracks, misplacing switches, or for robbing railroad trains, stage coaches, etc. The reward is offered under section 2197 of Hills Code. Following is the text of the proclamation:

Whereas, an act passed by the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon, at its ninth regular session contains the following:

"The governor shall offer a standing reward of \$300 for the arrest of each person who shall place or attempt to place any obstruction on any railroad track, or who shall misplace any switch on any such road, whereby the life of any person passing over said road may be endangered, and for the arrest of each person engaged in the robbing or attempting to rob any person upon or having in charge, in whole or in part, any stage coach, wagon, railroad train, or other conveyance, engaged in carrying passengers, or any private conveyance within this state; the reward to be paid to the person making such arrest out of any money not otherwise appropriated, immediately upon the conviction of the person so arrested; but no reward shall be paid except after such conviction."

"Now, therefore, I, T T Geer, governor of the State of Oregon, in view of the duties imposed upon me by the above legislative act, do hereby offer a standing reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of any person contemplated in said act.

"Done at the capitol, at Salem, Oregon, this twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1899."

A novelty was introduced at a bazaar in Cincinnati recently. Several ladies to the number of some dozens volunteered to submit to be hugged and kissed by any man who chose to pay for the privilege. A tariff was drawn up: ten cents for unmarried lady, fifteen cents for married lady, and twenty-five cents for widow. The men had to be blindfolded. One of the blindfolded men, John Reynolds, paid his bid.

teen cents, and approaching the married women caught hold of the one right before him and led her out and kissed and hugged her most boisterously, and evidently enjoyed himself immensely. When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found the lady locked in his arms was his wife. Furiouly he demanded his money back, and this being refused, he smashed some of the furniture, kicked over several tables on which goods were displayed for sale, and behaved like a maniac. Then the police were called in, and it took two of them to subdue him.

From the Coming Nation: Our forefathers at Boston, rather than submit to a tax of three pence a pound on tea disguised themselves and destroyed a whole cargo. This act is now alluded to as the "Boston tea party," and is told in every school history as a proof of the manly spirit of independence which actuated the patriots of a century ago. A mob which would now destroy trust property, rather than submit to paying a tax to trusts 200 times as great, and equally as unjust as King George's tax on tea would be treated as outlaws and shot down like rebels.

University of Oregon

Tuition Free.

First term begins Sept 18, 1899. Excellent courses in Ancient and Modern Languages, Sciences, Mathematics etc. Graduates from the tenth grade and from all accredited schools admitted without examination. Students not fully prepared to enter, can take studies in which they are deficient, in the Eugene City High School. For catalogues and further information, address the President or Hon J J WALTON, Sec, Eugene, Oregon.

Today's Salem Statesman: "Hon H B Miller, president of the state board of horticulture, came down from Grant's Pass yesterday morning and spent the day inspecting his large fruit farm north of this city. He returned home on last night's overland train."

PALMER AYRES' FIRE.—The insurance on Palmer Ayres' residence was \$1000; on furniture, \$250. Quite an amount of furniture was burned, nearly all up stairs. The fire caught in the roof about ten feet from the flue.

BORN.—Near Junction City to the wife of G S Woodruff, July 28, 1899, a 7-pound girl. This makes F A Brown a "granddad."

BORN.—Sunday, July 30 1899, to Mr and Mrs Max Jackson, a daughter.

RUST.—Some of our farmers report rust on late sown spring grain.

A Sunday School was organized at Trent last Sunday with the following officers: H C Wheeler, Supt; Mrs Rebecca Kelsey, Ass't Supt; Miss Mary Mooney, Secretary.

This week's issue of the Christian Oracle of Chicago, Ill, contains a cut of Dean Sanderson on its front page. It also has a good writeup of the Divinity School.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cures itching scalp, restores hair, prevents baldness, keeps hair soft and healthy. Sold everywhere.

GRACER
Are they the fairy kind?
The million sparkling ones,
Who after dawn and frosts
Sprung up to glade and glen?
Their spears were silver gray,
Their javelins gold and green,
That like a fountain's spray
Shattered the light between.
Their banner the wild rose
Or honeysuckle bright,
Terrible to their foes,
When they went out to fight.
Now sweet, so sweet, in death
They lie, like autumn leaves,
With all their golden breath
Gathered in golden sheaves.
Now sweet, so sweet, they lie
With all their comely length;
Piled high in heaps so high
And withered all their strength.
Alas, that godly show
Of spears and javelins and swords,
That shone long ago,
When those were called lords!
—Fall Mall Gazette.

NOTHING PER CENT.

The house in which Mr. William Johnson carried on the business of money lender and financial agent was in no way different from those surrounding it, save that the down stairs front window bore the legend, "Loan Office," in large black letters on a white ground. A quiet, orderly, middle aged man was Mr. Johnson, and people who met him in the street and did not know him would have taken him for anything rather than a man who put out his money to usury.

Certainly there was nothing of the Shylock about him as he sat one spring morning in his dingy office going over a much thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, bearded man, with a pale face and a thin, straggling crop of beard and whisker that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually when he was not talking to his clients he carried a quill pen in his mouth. There was something in this habit which gave him the appearance of an abstracted poodle carrying a stick.

Mr. Johnson was deeply engrossed in the consideration of a certain entry in his account book when the door of the loan office opened very suddenly and set the bell ringing with sharp dissonance. He heard a light step in the little lobby which was partitioned off from the rest of the room. For a moment he did not answer the summons of the bell. It was never wise to be too much hasty to welcome callers. But presently he rose and opened the door, the quill pen still retaining its horizontal position in his mouth. He lifted his eyes carelessly from the little spring counter to the person who stood behind him. He was not easily surprised, for he had seen many strange things in his time, but what he now saw surprised him into a vague, uncomfortable silence.

Behind the little counter stood a young lady—nay, a girl of some 18 or 19 years, fashionably dressed, evidently of good position and palpable refinement. Her pretty, fresh face, revealed itself to Mr. Johnson's astonished eyes from beneath the ravishments of a much belowered picture hat and seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy color of his little lobby.

"Oh—er—you are Mr. William Johnson?" she said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"I—I want to borrow some money," she said, looking out of half averted eyes at the money lender.

Mr. Johnson's first impulse was to stretch out his hand for one of the application forms which stood ready in a small box on the counter, but upon reflection he lifted the swinging shelf and asked this new client to step inside. When she had passed into the office, he closed the door and joined her, and from sheer force of habit he restored the quill pen to his mouth. The girl saw the resemblance to the abstracted poodle, and a smile rippled over her face. Mr. Johnson did not observe it. He indicated a chair at the side of his desk, and when the girl had taken it resumed his own seat and looked at her.

"What amount did you wish to borrow, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Wh—ah—well, £20."

"Now"—said Mr. Johnson—"I suppose you could furnish good security?"

"I thought that you—it says in your advertisement, you know, that you lend money on borrower's note of hand alone—I think that's how it's put, isn't it—and no inquiries and no sureties—isn't that it?"

"To approved borrowers—yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"Oh," said the girl "Oh, then you?"

"We don't lend money without security," said Mr. Johnson. "Of course if we know the party and know that it's all right and safe, why, of course, in that case."

"I see," said the girl. "Yes—of course you don't know anything about me. How silly of me! I thought one had just to come and get the money and sign a paper or something."

The girl looked up from her parasol, with which she had been tracing imaginary patterns on the floor.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," she said. "Of course you won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Never divulge professional secrets," said Mr. Johnson.

"Well, I want to borrow £20 to buy a bicycle. There!" said the girl, with a decisive tap of the parasol on the floor. "You see, I've spent every penny of my quarter's allowance, and there's still a month before I've any more done—and I simply must have that bicycle, and I looked over all the advertisements about money and I saw yours, and so I came to you."

"Might I inquire what name, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, I'm Miss Lattimer! Of course you know my father. Mr. Robert Lattimer?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Johnson.

NEW OFFICE.—R F Baker has rented the office over Wilkins & Lind's drug store, formerly occupied by George M Miller, for a real estate office and will move into the same tomorrow.

Daily Eugene Guard, Aug. 1. LOGGING OPERATIONS.—L D Forrest went to Harrisburg today. He says he is putting in the McKenzie river now 100,000 feet of logs daily on contracts. The demand for logs is great.

Mr. Johnson looked at the bit of pasteboard and then at Miss Lattimer. Something impelled him to rise and unlock a safe which stood in a corner of the office. He fumbled about, and finally produced four £5 notes, new from the Bank of England.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, "it isn't my usual way of doing business, but—and there he paused, utterly unable to explain matters to himself. "When did you say you could pay it back, ma'am?"

"Oh, on the 1st of July," replied Miss Lattimer. "That's scarcely a month, is it?"

"Then I may expect to see you on the 1st of July, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson, laying down the notes.

"Certainly you may!" exclaimed Miss Lattimer delightedly. "Thanks, awfully!" She stuffed the notes into a gold mounted purse and smiled at Mr. Johnson with all the innocent pleasure of a child who has got what it wants.

"But we haven't arranged anything—haven't I to sign a paper or anything?" "I think," said Mr. Johnson slowly, "that we'll leave that over until you pay the money, ma'am. I'll only charge you reasonable interest for such a short loan. Of course, ma'am, you'll not mention this little transaction to anybody," he added, anxiously. "We always keep these matters quiet—very quiet."

"Oh, to be sure!" laughed the girl. "Well, thanks, Mr. Johnson, and goodbye. You'll see me on the 1st of July dead certain, you know."

On the 1st of July Mr. Johnson sat in his office in a state of nervous expectancy, but the nervousness had nothing to do with the money which was due from Miss Lattimer. All the morning he waited and all the afternoon, and still she came not. And then as evening drew near the postman brought a registered letter, and Mr. Johnson opened it and drew out £20 in notes and £1 in gold and a note that smelled of violets.

After a long time Mr. Johnson rose from his desk and looked up the notes in his safe. Then he took the sovereign in his hand and went out into the street. He presently came to the little shop of a working jeweler and entered it timidly. When he came out again, the sovereign hung on his simple watch chain, and his fingers felt for it and caressed it as if it had been a live thing. And that was the end.—Harford Conrant.

Dickens' Characters.

Dickens simply revealed in Mr. Pecksniff and in what is perhaps his greatest creation, Mrs. Gamp. That admirable lady is worthy of the creator of Dame Quickly, so masterly, so large is the handling, so flowing in her contour, which Mr. Mantalini desiderated in a person of quality. Near her, but not actually on her level, is the friendly Mr. Swiveller, whose Marchioness exhibits right paths, which does not harbor, being bathed in humor. Mr. Swiveller no doubt is a raff and would have been "proud of the title," but a raff delicacy, with the kindest heart, and in the matter of poetry he finds in it all the consolation and counsel which, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion, make poetry an eligible substitute for religion.

One thinks of those enchanted characters down to Miss Walsley and Quilp's boy with an inexpressible affection. Our hearts are simply peopled with these creations which gathered round Dickens when he wrote like amiable spirits summoned by one sweep of a magician's wand. Could there be weariness in the brain which bubbled up, as it were, with these creatures of delight—with Mrs. Todgers and Bailey, Jr., the Mantalini, and Betsy Prig, and Hannibal Chollop, and the Literary Ladies, and Jefferson Brick?—Andrew Lang in Fortnightly Review.

Women's Rights at Six.

Dolly, who is 6, was sent to boarding school just before Christmas. When she came home for the holidays, she voiced her many objections to the temple of learning where her guardian had placed her.

"I don't like to stand in a straight row," she said, "and I don't like to drink out of a mug with a big 'Be Good' on it, and I don't like to have my face washed round and round as if it was a plate."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

His View of It.

"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck. "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony."

"Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."—Philadelphia Record.

DAMAGED.—Portland (Telegram): "Frank J Smith, general freight and passenger agent for the Eugene Transfer Company, reports that all the records and books of the company were damaged by water as a result of the fire in the warehouse of the W P Fuller Company Saturday night. The part of the dock in which they were kept was immediately under the seat of the fire."

Thrashing will generally start up next week.

Gross Bros.
FOUNDRY and Machine Shops
Eugene, Oregon.
Sawmill and Mining Machinery,
Hop Stoves and Hop Tops,
Store Fronts.
Castings made to order.
Repairing a specialty.
Shop on East Eighth Street.

Try a **5c Cigar**
JACKSON SQUARE
A Julius Goldsmith's
All Popular Brands
Of Cigars for sale.
Eugene and Junction.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure.
Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.
VINCENT & CO., Corner Drug Store.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD
Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indolence. Anervitonia and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth.
By mail 50c per box; 6 boxes for \$2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.
NERVITA MEDICAL CO.
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.
For sale W L DeLano, Druggist, Eugene, Or

Junction City: Milling Company
—MANUFACTURERS OF THE—
"WHITE ROSE"
FLOUR
GUARANTEED
BEST QUALITY
The most popular flour in the market. Sold by leading grocers.

We Have...
Received our Spring and Summer line of samples. Come and let us take your measure and get you one of the best fitting suits you ever had.
J. M. Howe
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DIFFERENT PATTERNS OF
CARPETS
TO SELECT FROM AT
DAY & HENDERSON

If you want the latest and choicest **WALL PAPER**
You should see the elegant line of Ingrains, Gills, Glimmers and Plains Overton's Paint and Wall Paper Store which have just arrived
NERVE-BUILDING
This famous remedy cures quickly, permanently all nervous ailments, such as, Headache, Loss of Sleep, Irritability, Nervousness, Weakness, Lack of Energy, Impaired Memory, etc. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal condition.

HOUSES ARE SCARCE

There is a big demand for good houses containing from 5 to 8 rooms. The supply is running very low. Rents will advance all along the line before long.

Somebody must buy or build

Before long. If you wish to buy, we can show you a large list of city property which we have for sale—good houses in desirable locations for very little money.

If you want to build

Let us show you property in Fairmount or University Addition. You can buy an acre of ground in either Fairmount or the University Addition for less money than you can buy a lot this side of the University. This property is bound to rise in value. Come in and look it over.

WE ALSO HAVE

THE LAUER RESIDENCE, quarter of a block, on Willamette street, which we will sell, if sold soon, at less than the ground alone is actually worth.

Don't fail to avail yourself of this opportunity.

Eugene Real Estate and Investment Company
62 Willamette Street, Eugene, Or.