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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Relieving the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Dr. J. C. HITCHCOCK'S

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

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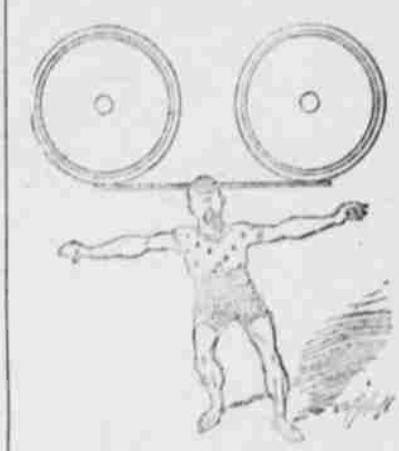
THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BARKER GUN WORKS.

Stop where Aggregation of Fine Goods to Dazzling Array.

In the course of human events it came to pass that a certain old man wanted to buy a gun for his grandson, and as dollars were somewhat scarce with this venerable man, it behooved him to find the place where he could get the best and safest gun for the least No. of \$.

After diligent inquiry and close inspection he found the Barker Gun Works on Ninth street, Eugene, Oregon, to be the cheapest place to buy a reliable gun, and he got one that just suited his grandson, so now the old



man and boy are both happy. He also acquired the price of many articles in the gun, ammunition and sporting goods line, which he found to be much lower than he expected. He said he would tell his friends of the place so they could save \$\$\$.

"You will remember," said the tall, thin man from Long Tom, "when Barker started up here in this town, his place was small and many people thought he couldn't make enough to pay his rent, but he did; and he has built up a good business, and sells more goods than anyone in Oregon."

"Yes, just so," said the fat man from Mohawk. "He sells good ones too."

"You bet, gentlemen," said the red headed man from the Stuslaw. "I got



a rifle from him and it's a Jim dandy."

"Well, I'll bet a dollar," said a prospector standing by, "that you men are talking of Barker Gun Works. Aint you?" and they all said yes. "Well let me tell you. It's the best place to trade I ever traded. I got a rifle there and it is perfection itself. I was offered \$10 for my bargain before I had it a month."

"The small boy piped in and said: 'Barker he's all right. He'll make a good congressman some day.'"

By this time the crowd was getting so thick the marshal came up and said: "Move on, men! move on, gentlemen! I can't allow such a big crowd to congregate here."

Buy guns, ammunition, sporting goods, fine pocket and hunting knives at Barker's. Also fine shotguns, iron wagons, violins, guitars, besides many other things. They will trade for oak and maple cordwood. Ninth street, Eugene, eight miles from Coburg.



THE GOVERNOR'S FATHER.—Monday's Salem Journal: "Salem will be honored by a visit for several weeks from Heman J. Geer, father of the present governor of Oregon. He resided in Salem in 1882, but has since lived at Cove, Union County. He bears a striking resemblance of his son, the governor, and they would more often be taken for brothers. Mr Geer came up on the same train with his son this morning from Portland and the latter did not know his father was aboard until the conductor notified him at Brooks that there was an old gentleman in the front car who would like to see him. 'Tell him to come in here and see me,' said the governor. When he came it was quite a surprise. Mr Geer, Sr., is a very well preserved man for his age."

FIRST WHEAT.—Floyd Vaughan, whose farm adjoins Eugene on the west, delivered the first wheat of the season at the Eugene flouring mills today. Mr. Shelby, of the mill company, reports the wheat of excellent quality.

Deputy Sheriffs Day and Fisk and Deputy Clerk Johnson have completed the work of making up the delinquent tax roll.

Hop checks and wheat receipts printed in the latest style and promptly. Call and get prices.

There are 1164 patients in the state asylum.

THREE PRAYERS.

An infant in its mother's arms,
And to his mother's arms,
Give us the best of everything,
And such thought of the days to be
And breathe a prayer half-aloudly.

One bowed her face on many knees,
But never her face and eyes,
By her own hand had been to her
A kiss from the lips of her child,
She stopped and murmured lovingly,
"Not hallowed hands, dear child, for these."

One had not known the hallowed hands,
But knew the empty heart,
At life's rich banquet she had sat
An unfilled guest sadly,
"Oh, no," she whispered tenderly,
"An empty heart, dear child, for these!"

And one was old, she had known care,
She had known loneliness,
She knew God's love on his path
His promise "I will be with thee,"
She smiled and murmured trustfully,
"God's will, dear child, God's will for these!"
—Kate Tupper Goods in Allabast.

OF THE SOIL.

A Vivid Picture of Love and Desertion.

By Ethel Knight.

They were married heaven knows why, as with so many of them—and went to live on Vance's island, a long, fertile strip in the river, three miles wide. There were no other inhabitants, and the hills on the river banks shut away all sound of outer life. He had been raised in the country, but she was a town lass, and the gas lamps and hum of the seaport had got into her blood. Perhaps she never loved him; anyway she was not happy.

She was an industrious woman. The tiny two roomed cottage he had built was kept scrupulously neat, and she helped him in the fields, when, with her sleeves rolled back from her round, brown arms and a cow's breakfast, they called the wide straw farmers' hats in New Brunswick, on her dark hair, he thought her a proper woman enough, with her like, strong figure and gleaming eye, but never told her so.

By and by she seldom talked and grew restless on the days when they put off in their rowboat to deliver eggs and butter to the river steamers. He did not notice how eagerly she scanned the dress of the women passengers nor how the captain kept an eye on all her movements.

Full came, tinting the landscape like a splendid sunset, and the red and yellow trees rustled in the windy sunshine of October days. Then he sprained his ankle and laid to bide at his doorstep, while she took the boat and rowed out to the steamer for the trade. She seemed to be gone longer than necessary, he thought. Perhaps she was driving a hard bargain. She was shrewd, and he was lucky to have her. He wished she would live on a bit, though, and not long so much for the town and shops. What did a farmer's wife need in town except a market for her wares? But women were all odd.

He was right in his surmise. She had mislaid the price of the butter and eggs and brought home a few extra cents. So on the following days, when she delayed her return several minutes, he was not impatient. But when the next time for the steamer to pass came and the minutes lengthened into quarters, then hours, he grew disturbed and hobbled to the bench. She pulled a good, strong ear for a town lass, but her father was a sailor, so it came natural for her to manage a boat. The river was a tremendous flow of water, but her boat was easy to pull, and she had not far to go.

It was strange he could not see her. Perhaps she had gone around to the sand beach. The rowing trees were there, and she had a fancy for decking up the house with them. He thought it somewhat cruel as well as profane to rob the birds of their winter food, but she laughed at that.

He would best go home, he thought, and put the potatoes on for dinner. It was the lass' work, but she had gone to do his, so turn about was fair. He was so honest! At the close of day still there was no sign of her, and he tried again to walk to the shore, but the injured ankle would not stand the strain, and he was forced to sit and wait.

Night came, but she did not return. On his hands and knees he crawled to the beach and called her name loudly, with a harsh breaking in his voice. The cries echoed back mockingly. The moon went down behind the hills and left him groping in the dusky twilight. His hands were torn and his knees bruised with the jagged stones as he dragged himself, but he took no heed, calling out for the woman whom for the first time he realized in a dumb, heavy way he loved.

At dawn, peering out eagerly, he saw his boat ashore some distance up the island. His heart leaped quickest, and something warm and tender dashed through him. How he had mislaid her! Poor lass! Perhaps she, too, missed her home folk. Well, the work was nearly done, and frost would soon bind the river, and then he would drive her to the town and take her to the fair; yes, and buy her a warm, red hood and ribbons. He laughed out loud as he dragged himself to the house, thinking of her pleasure. She must have returned some time back. The boat was well up on the beach where hours ago had been the tide. She was home and doubtless wondering where he was. She had staid out to give him a bit of a fright and had slipped in when he had gone to search for her, dear lass!

He reached the cottage. The door stood open, staring vacantly at him; the fire was out, and the gusty wind had scattered the light pine ash and powder. She was not there. Doubt grew in his heart as slowly he dragged himself back to the shore—to the boat. Was she dead? A bitterness gnawed him. Hungrily he gazed at the waves

which had taken her from him. He mumbled like an old man robbed, as waves splashed his face.

At last he reached the boat. In the bottom was a piece of cedar chip tied to her handkerchief. Leaping at it fiercely, he grasped it with shaking hand. Then he rolled up his eyes, his fingers fumbling with the knot, his lips drawn white. Scrawled on the chip with a pencil was a message: "I've gone for good. You were kind, but I could not abide you or the country. I've gone with one as will take me all over the world."

With his mouth working tensely he started to drag himself back. His brain was flying high up and down again. Darting lights played before his eyes. The whirling ground leaped away from him. Crawling on all fours, like a dog, he flung up his head and looked around the rooms wildly. Everything in them spoke with a trumpet voice of her. He let his head fall on the sill. Then a groan came heavily from his lips, and he was calm.

The next week a new captain came on the river steamer.

The birds flying across the river on their way to the south saw a woman, dressed raptidly and in vulgar fashion, making her way from the landing to the little house on Vance's island. At the door a gaunt man watched her. With a dazed stammering he walked forth a little way to meet her.

"I have come back after these years," she said, looking up to the little home, which, small and poor as it was, seemed to hold out hope of peace to her. But he said nothing, only staring at her with eyes in which burned a faint spark. Once he shivered at the croaking notes in her voice.

Into the house she followed him doggedly. She picked up her duties where she had left them years before, touching a chair here and moving something there. She took a broom and fell to sweeping feverishly, until she flung it down contemptuously and sank into a chair with a gasp. He had watched her silently with slow burning eyes.

"Why don't you speak?" she cried. Her rising voice was hard and cracking. There was a flaut on her lips. Her hands on her hips conveyed an insolence of boldness.

"I have come back to you in kindness," she said, her tones going higher and her voice growing more rasping. "I know the worth of a woman like me. When my captain died, I could have had many a fair chance, but I thought of you, and somehow I wanted to come here. Aren't you going to make up?" she cried angrily.

God, what a difference in those years! His lips pressed together sternly.

"Why don't you speak?" she screamed. "How dare you treat me like—like—!" She paused and then laughed with her brazen notes.

But the dancing lights were in his brain again and before his eyes and around him a boiling flame that roared. The room was whirling. He saw it all streaked and spangled with fierce color—the floor, the chairs, the flat stove, the utensils of tin, and among them her face, the lips losing, the eyes staring. Staggering to his feet, he groped with his arms. His hands clutched at something soft and warm that yielded under lightly contracting fingers. They closed tightly, gripping hard to stop the whirling of the earth. The flame shot up madly, and, blinded in the dark, he fell, lying stretched on the floor.

Years later, the upper end of the island settled, pity still endured among the people for the lonely man who lived on the lower end. They told strangers touching there of the young wife whom he had never seen from the day she ran away with the captain of the river steamer and he was left to his solitude. No one knew the whole until a young farmer went to ask aid of the old man at the harvesting. No response coming to his knocks, he lifted the hatch and entered. The old man was half kneeling against a chair, his dead eyes thrust out in their sockets. Before him, where the planks of the floor were torn up, were lying the bones and skull of a woman.—New York Press.

Scripture.

If it were to be considered which branch of the fine arts is the most useful to man, it would probably be found that he could most easily dispense with sculpture and especially that branch of the art which portrays human and animal figures. It is not too much to say that, saving perhaps a score of masterpieces, every human and equestrian statue in the world might be destroyed at a very small cost to the aesthetic sentiments of humanity. Sculpture lacks color, warmth and life. It is a luxury of the rich as far as the adornment of the home is concerned, and its public examples rarely afford satisfaction to any but the amateur. It has, therefore, very little interest for the vast majority of mankind. The idols of idolatrous peoples must be excepted, but here the interest is not artistic, but religious. In the extended sense of the term sculpture could be less easily dispensed with, because it would mean the abolition of all adornment in architecture, and to a highly civilized people this would be intolerable.—Exchange.

The Retort Discourteous.

Clergyman (as he gets out of barber's chair)—That's an awful dull razor you shaved me with.

Barber (one of clergyman's parishioners)—I hope it isn't quite as dull as your sermon was yesterday.—Boston Courier.

Diplomatic Reply.

"Do you think she would have married him if he hadn't been wealthy?"

"Well, you know, he understood that if he hadn't been wealthy he could not have supported her."—Philadelphia North American.

REPLANKING BRIDGE.—A force of men are engaged replanking the Springfield wagon bridge, the covering of which had become badly worn. The replanking is given an inch space between edges to allow dirt and refuse to sift through. It is three inches thick and is put down angling on the main bridge and squarely across on the approaches.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—County Clerk Lee has granted a marriage license to James K. Boyd and Ora C. Pickard, both of Lane county.

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

58

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CARPETS DIFFERENT PATTERNS OF **CARPETS**

TO SELECT FROM AT

DAY & HENDERSON

Death

You cannot shut, but you can and should stop the misery of Pains now offered for sale. You need help—of course you do, but it will pay you to buy the best.

Patton's Sun Roof Paints ARE the Best.

Watch for the Red Seal. Every gallon guaranteed. For sale by Lane County's Leading Paint and Wall Paper man.

L. A. Overton

Eighth Street, Eugene.

Southern Oregon State Normal School

This School is Now Under State Control.

Is the Largest and Most Progressive School in Southern Oregon.

New buildings, new apparatus and fixtures, fine campus, beautiful location, delicious climate, excellent influences for students.

Course of study same as other Normals of the State.

Best advantages in Vocal and Instrumental Music to be found in Southern Oregon.

Training school fully equipped and in charge of a thorough critic teacher.

Tuition, \$6.25 per term; music, \$5 and \$10 per term; board at hall, \$2.75 and lodging in private, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

\$125 pays all expenses for one year's schooling, including books.

The shortest and most thorough route to a state certificate, is the normal course. Some classes for teachers throughout the year.

First term opens September 11. For catalogue or information, address

W. T. VAN SCOY, President.

Ashland, Oregon.

AN OREGON BOY.

Creed C. Hammond Formerly of Eugene, First Sergeant of First Nebraska Volunteers.

A picture of Creed C. Hammond, an Eugene boy, appeared in the Oregonian. The following is what it has to say about him: Oregon can claim a share of Nebraska's glory. Creed C. Hammond, first sergeant of company I, First Nebraska volunteers, is the eldest son of Mrs. F. A. Rankin, of Eugene. He is a native son of a native daughter, and was born October 9, 1874, on the banks of the classic Long Tom. He received his education in Eugene schools and was for three years a student of the University of Oregon. He was in Omaha, Neb., when the first call for volunteers was made, and he was among the first to enlist at Lincoln, with the hopes of going to Cuba. The first Nebraska were sent to Luzon, and were in all the worst fighting, from the taking of Manila up to the time they boarded the transport Hancock for home. Young Hammond enlisted as a private, but was promoted to first sergeant last November.

McKenzie Log.

LARGE PLANT.—P. J. McPherson raised this year in his garden a specimen of the wine plant. The plant measures 13 feet 3 inches in circumference, is three feet long, and two feet eight inches wide, while the stem is 4 inches in circumference and 10 inches long.

Try a **5c Cigar**

JACKSON SQUARE

Julius Baldsmith's

All Popular Brands Of Cigars for sale.

Eugene and Junction.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered potent 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, Gas, Trailing, 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 MARRIAGE

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of over-exhaustion, or excess and indolence. A Nervine tonic 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.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

A correspondent of the Northwest Herald who soldiered for Uncle Sam in the Philippines has no love for that country. This is the picture he draws of that far off tropical country for which we are waging war with the native inhabitants:

"As a soldier who has had experience in the Philippine Islands, I can say that the newly acquired possessions of Uncle Sam do not pan out the full expectation of the men who went to defend the flag. The flag but that is for except the flag there is nothing there worth fighting for, unless jungles, alive with venomous reptiles, miasmatic swamps where stalk the deadly bubonic plague, the yellow fever, the smallpox and other fatal diseases are worth fighting for. The hospitals so called, are filled with suffering, dying soldiers, thousands of miles from their native land, who stare death in the face in a hundred different shapes, and to whom the deadly epidemics are more fatal than the 'half child, half savage' Filipinos."

THE FUTURE OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

There was a time when bicycles cost \$150 each. Then every manufacturer whose plant was divisible to the manufacture of bicycles made bicycles. Now, after six or seven years of very active bicycle-building, anyone can buy a first-rate bicycle anywhere for \$40, and superior buyers can probably supply themselves for about half that sum.

What automobiles cost at present is best known to persons affluent enough to purchase and play with those machines, but, reasoning by analogy, they will soon cost very much less, for every factory that can seem to be making them. Carriage factories and bicycle factories especially, all over the country, are taking orders for them. This year they are the toys of the well-to-do. By another season they will be so spread abroad that their value as playthings may have lessened; but that is of small consequence compared with the immense field that seems to be opening for them as vehicles for cheap and rapid transportation. That they will ever be brought "within the means of all" is not to be expected, but there seems to be a good prospect that they will soon be brought within the means of most persons who can afford at present to keep horses.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

Henry Villard, through his busy life handling untold fortunes, figures out philanthropy in a practical way. His address at the University was characteristic of the man and his life. He said:

"On coming west, in 1874, I found a State University located in a beautiful town, surrounded by every advantage, yet apparently sinking under financial troubles. My interest in education has been such that I lifted the debt. I then

conceived the idea of an endowment giving \$50,000, besides some smaller sums. My object in placing this endowment on the school was not so much for the good it would do in itself, but in the hope that the wealthy men of Oregon would appreciate my motive and follow the example I had set. It is one of the great sorrows of my life to know that none of them have done this."

These few words mean much. They come from a man who in the natural course of life is disinterested in Oregon, yet did so much to help her state school with the hope of interesting Oregon men to assist also. It would be needless and useless to deal in personalities, yet among the men of the state who have figured as wealthy men since Henry Villard settled this endowment of \$50,000 on the State University can be read the names of many who could have been expected to follow the noble example. Some of these men have apparently been enthusiastic in public matters of this nature, yet their works do not follow them.

As a reflection on general events none of the great Eastern universities could have attained their prominence without the endowments of hundreds of people. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Chicago University, University of Michigan, Stanford, Berkeley and others are present examples of the good arising from the munificence of men with money. Will the University of Oregon be added to the list in the years to come.

WASHINGTON VISITORS.

About 600,000 strangers visit Washington every year sightseeing. Hotel, restaurant and boarding house keepers estimate that three-quarters of them, bring their lunch baskets with them and that one-half of the other quarter subsist on rotten fruit bought from street vendors and on the output of the dairy lunch counters. Parties making these estimates are probably prejudiced. It is true, however, that the number of lunch basket sight-seers is something astonishing.

President Cleveland had to shut the gates of the White House park to prevent them from converting it into one long picnic lasting from sunrise to sunset. A loud wail went up when he did it. The picnicers felt that one of their most sacred rights had been taken from them. The fashion set by Mr. Cleveland has never been changed. The lunch-pail brigade may have been deprived of a vested right, but the White House park is decidedly improved in appearance and in fact.

The log drive now in the McKenzie and Willamette rivers about this town should convince anyone of the growing importance of the lumbering industry. At places the rivers are full of logs, and no finer timber can be cut in the world.