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THE OTHER MAN

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One dark night, while Grant's lines were investing Petersburg, a Federal force captured a Confederate outpost, and no sooner were the prisoners brought in than one of them proved to be the double of a private in a New York regiment.

The name of the Confederate was Wakefield, while that of the Federal was Thomas. The former belonged to a Louisiana regiment. When placed side by side they seemed to be twin brothers. Each was about twenty-two years old; each was about five feet five inches high; each weighed 140 pounds. Their eyes and hair were of the same color, and even their voices were the same except that the southerner had a little more drawl. The pair were as much astonished as the officers and surgeons who were called to look them over.

You will not be surprised that advantage was taken of this curious coincidence to send Thomas into the Confederate lines. As a preparatory step he was given a week in which to pump Wakefield. The prisoner did not know the object, and, being of a garrulous disposition, he was ready to talk on any subject. Thomas got from him his family history complete, then the name of the town from which the man hailed, with incidents of people and streets; then the names of his officers and comrades, with incidents of campaigning. The Federal had been an actor before enlisting and had cultivated a wonderful memory. When he had stored up a thousand different things in his mind he bought the uniform worn by the Confederate and was ready to set out on his mission.

One night Thomas was taken down to the front and made a bolt for it. In other words, it was made to appear that one of the Confederate prisoners was making a dash for liberty, and the picket opened a sharp fire, but took care not to aim at the running man. On reaching the Confederate lines Thomas was sent to the headquarters of General Malone. The general seemed a bit suspicious, and Thomas, playing the part of Wakefield, asked that his captain be sent for. It was a couple of hours before the officer arrived, and the general at once said to him:

"Captain, this man who has come into our lines tonight claims to be a member of your company. Is he or is he not?"

"He certainly is, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What's his name?"

"John Wakefield, sir."

That settled it.

After three or four days and under pretense of visiting a cousin in a Virginia regiment Thomas covered the front and had a look at guns and fortifications. When he returned to camp, calculating to take the first opportunity to escape, he was at once put under arrest. It appeared that Wakefield and some of his comrades had raided a store of a lot of estates, and the proprietor had ascertained their names and now demanded their punishment.

When the merchant and Thomas were brought face to face the latter declared that Thomas was not the man he represented himself to be. Why he should have made such a declaration is a puzzle, but he seemed to be guided by intuition. He was ridiculed and laughed at, but he stuck to his assertion and even denounced Thomas to General Malone. As stated after the war, the general had felt doubts of Thomas from the first, which may again be set down to the sense of intuition.

The name of the merchant who had been despoiled was Saunders, and he was of an implacable nature. Being put on his mettle by the sneers and ridicule, he determined to prove his case at all costs. As the accuser he had the general ask hundreds of questions. He knew the town and the people from which Thomas as Wakefield claimed to hail and in the course of the day had trapped him a dozen times over. As an offset all the officers and privates of the company asserted that Thomas was Wakefield and that there was no room to doubt. He went at it and related every incident of camp life for a year past and told of things which it seemed impossible for a stranger to know.

General Malone was clearly puzzled over the case and took two days to think it over. At the end of that time Thomas was escorted back to find a soldier in Federal uniform in the general's tent, and there were also two civilians in waiting. It was a little surprise for the spy. The man in Federal uniform claimed to have known Thomas as a Federal soldier under the name of Brown, and the two civilians claimed that he had never been a resident of their town.

Thomas realized that the pinch had come, and he braced himself to make a fight for his life. General Malone treated him in the fairest manner, and, acting as his own counsel, he went at it and soon had the supposed Federal soldier all twisted up and out of the running. Then he tackled the civilians, and they proved to be as easy game. Instead of being cornered up he cornered his accusers, and it was so well done that he was complimented by the general. When the case had been concluded, Malone leaned back and looked at the prisoner for a long minute and then said:

"Wakefield, everything is in your favor, and I am going to dismiss the charges."

There is no doubt that in time the impostor would have been exposed and that he would have ended his life on the gallows, but one night during a terrible thunderstorm, with a row going on between the pickets at the same time, he made a bolt and fortunately reached the Federal lines in safety.

M. QUACKENBUSH.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

Recently in Machias, Me., the roof of a house caught fire from sparks from a burning chimney, and the unique method of firing snowballs to put it out was successfully used.

The people of the United States spend \$10,000,000 a year in adulterated foods which are classed as having "poisonous and otherwise noxious ingredients" by the government analyst.

A physical examination of candidates for the police force at New Haven, Conn., showed that two candidates had stuck cardboards on their heels and then pulled on their stockings to reach the requisite height.

Just for the fun of the thing, a North Danville (N. H.) housewife the other day tried her hand at ice cutting. She did so well that her husband offered her a cent a cake, and she worked the living day, earning 81 cents.

The clerk of a parish in England when reading the third chapter of Daniel, wherein the names of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego are three times repeated, after speaking them once, called them, during the remainder of the chapter, "the aforesaid gentlemen."

GOWN GOSSIP.

Long handled parasols are promised considerable vogue this season. In ribbons melon shades, resembling the interior of a muskmelon, are much favored.

Linon belts with small gun metal clasps will be worn as much this year as they were last.

Vests with ribbon edge and others showing a single thread of gold are among the season's leaders.

If we are to judge by the quantity and the beauty of the sash ribbons offered in the shops there is to be a revival of this fashion on an extensive scale.

We are growing so fastidious that real lace blouses are worn almost as commonly as collars and handkerchiefs were of old. Nothing but real lace collars is worn by careful dressers.—New York Post.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In five years you wouldn't know it had ever happened.—Baltimore American.

When the newspapers call a man a pyromaniac people are driven to the slang of firebug.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Radium, you may have observed, is now guaranteed to do all those things that liquid air was going to do a few years ago.—Washington Post.

Probably Mr. Wyndham is correct in his calculation that the Irish question can scarcely be settled in fifty years. It belongs to the perpetual motion class.—Boston Herald.

When Russia accuses England of toadying to the United States it must shock a number of fashionable Britons who have fancied all these years that it was the other way.—Washington Star.

THE MOVING WORLD.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented an electric watch which will go for fifteen years without being rewound.

Formetal is a new chemical combination of metals invented to meet the need of automobile builders for a material which will withstand severe twists and will not corrode.

The sinking of shafts through wet ground has recently been successfully accomplished by the aid of artificial freezing. The ground is hardened in this manner to prevent a sudden inrush of water.

With the assistance of the latest machine a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three persons and through fifteen machines.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Of the public school teachers in the United States 27 per cent are men.

In English schools three hours a week are given to needlework; in New York schools but one.

Dr. Simeon Bell of Rosedale, Kan., has given the University of Kansas \$25,000 in Missouri lands.

The teachers of three French public schools in Normandy report that 75 per cent of the girls in them take brandy in their coffee at breakfast.

MALARIA

Germ Infected Air.

Malaria is not confined exclusively to the swamps and marshy regions of the country, but wherever there is bad air this insidious foe to health is found. Poisonous vapors and gases from sewers, and the musty air of damp cellars are laden with the germs of this miserable disease, which are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood and transmitted to every part of the body. Then you begin to feel out of sorts without ever suspecting the cause. No energy or appetite, dull headaches, sleepy and tired and completely fagged out from the slightest exertion, are some of the deplorable effects of this enfeebling malady. As the disease progresses and the blood becomes more deeply poisoned, boils and abscesses and dark or yellow spots appear upon the skin. When the poison is left to ferment and the microbes and germs to multiply in the blood, Liver and Kidney troubles and other serious complications often arise. As Malaria begins and develops in the blood, the treatment to be effective must begin there too. S. S. S. destroys the germs and poisons and purifies the polluted blood, and under its tonic effect the debilitated constitution rapidly recuperates and the system is soon clear of all signs of this depressing disease.

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DAY & HENDERSON'S

Secret Service Girl

[Original.]

Two years after the close of the war I visited my comrade, Collins. He had been married, and had remained a bachelor. While sitting at dinner we talked over old times.

"The men are the worst enemies we ever met in war," I said. "If I had a general, I'd have a corps of women to defeat the schemes of women of opposite side. Men are no match for us."

"Collins protested, 'you were a woman later. The stories of southern women carried information all rubbish. I never saw nor heard of any of it. I married a southern girl.'"

"I experienced it," I went on. "It was in the early summer of 1862. I was a second lieutenant of cavalry on duty at Pulaski, Tenn., with a guard on one of the turnpikes in the northward. We were stationed five miles out of town on a crest, and I could look either back to town or the pike. Of course I had orders to no one go through except those with passes. Well, one morning a woman came back to Pulaski, and she was loaded with furniture, and it reached me I noticed that it was a very pretty young woman, and I was in command of that part of the picket line. It happened to be at our post at the time she was going north," said the lady. "I'm not of this war country. I'm a northern woman anyway, and I'm going to my friends in Ohio."

"Let me see your pass," said the man.

"I haven't any pass; didn't know I'd have to get one."

"You can't go on without a pass."

"I was standing directly behind the woman and she was looking over her shoulder at me. She was little more than a girl, and I sympathized with her. I didn't see any reason why she should be added to the journey of a northern woman trying to get through the south. I gave her the wink suddenly pushing forward, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her, exclaiming:

"Why, Alice, who would ever have thought of meeting you here?"

"She twined at once and received my kiss without making any fuss. Then she turned and introduced my cousin, Al Warfield. This fixed matters. The woman not only passed her through, but she gave me permission to accompany her to the distance up the pike. I rode by her side, and she thanked me with the sweetest smiles and the most honeyed smiles saying her the trouble of going for her pass. I asked her at what place in Ohio her people lived, but she wouldn't tell me there herself and I didn't seem to know much about it. She explained this by saying that she'd been in the south ever since she was a girl.

"Well, we were riding through a wood and I heard a clattering of the hoofs of many horses. We became accustomed to nothing small things in war, and didn't understand how the coming of a party for such it must be made no matter how small. Our men always wore blue, but the southerners didn't. Suddenly I saw between the trees a Confederate flag coming. I was about to when the girl in the wagon whipped out a revolver and called on me to get up my horse. I was too late, for the comrade were right on so I obeyed her order.

"Then the troops came up, it turned out that General John Morgan, the well-known Confederate partisan leader, was in command. He took off his hat

to the girl in the wagon, with whom he was evidently well acquainted.

"For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "what are you doing with all that furniture?"

"The girl laughed. 'I tried hard to get a pass to come out to meet you, but the Yanks were too smart for me, so I played the northern woman trying to go home. This gentleman helped me through by owning me for his cousin. But, general, there's a Yankee wagon train at Pulaski, and I've taken all this trouble to come out and tell you. There's a small guard, and you can easily capture the whole kit.'"

"General," I said, "take me south, please, somewhere, anywhere, where I'll not see my comrades again. I'd rather go to Libby than meet one of 'em.'"

"The general laughed, but I was obliged to go with him back to Pulaski. The girl left her household effects in a farmyard on the road and, mounting a horse, rode back with us, gazing unpleasantly all the way.

"That was the way John Morgan came to know of the wagon train being at Pulaski. He drove off the guard and after helping himself to what supplies he wanted burned the rest."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Collins. "She was a plucky girl, wasn't she?"

"Yes, and there were plenty more of the same sort in the south. I have often wondered if the girl ever married. Her husband might expect to wake up one night with the cold muzzle of a revolver on his temple."

At that moment Mrs. Collins entered, and her husband rose, as I did also, to introduce me. I started, and Mrs. Collins looked at me scrutinizingly. She was the girl who had tricked me.

"Colonel Kinsey, my dear, has been telling me a cock and a bull story about—"

"It's all true," she said. "I was the woman, and I've never forgotten the gentleman's kindness. I never told you the story for fear of incurring your prejudice, but now that it's all out I will admit I have a Confederate medal for the secret service work I did on the occasion." ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Chemulpo.

Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, the capital of Korea, looks out over a vast shallow bay, where the tide rises thirty feet.

Improving Toe Nails.

A successful method of treatment for ingrowing toe nails is to scrape away the thickened part of the nail with a small file, keep it well greased so as to soften it and insert a pledget of wool beneath the nail so that it may grow properly.

The Same Lily.

The name of the lily comes from the Celtic word "lil," signifying white, this flower having always been regarded as an emblem of purity.

How the Romans Ate.

The Romans took their meals lying upon very low couches, and it was not until about the time of Charlemagne that a stand was used, around which guests were seated on cushions, while the table made its appearance in the middle of the room, and with it came benches with backs.

Cows in Denmark.

Denmark, which produces an immense quantity of butter, has an average of one cow to every two inhabitants.

Misery in London.

Two London officers of the Salvation Army recently found a girl cooking a cabbage stalk which she had picked up in the street as a meal for her two children, who are named Sam and Lucy.

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