RHEUMATISM

AN INSIDIOUS DISEASE THAT BREAKS DOWN THE STRONGEST

Rheumatism does not come on in a day; the causes that produce it work silently in the system for years. This insidious disease becomes intrenched in the blood, and some exposure to cold or damp weather, or slight indiscretion brings on an attack. Poor digestion, stomach troubles, weak Kidneys, torpid Liver, and a general sluggish condition of the system are responsible for Rheumatism. Food souring in the stomach poisons the blood, the failure of the Kidneys and Liver to act properly leaves waste matter and impurities in the system, which, coming in contact with the natural acids of the body, form uric acid. This is absorbed by the blood, and as it penetrates to the muscles, nerves and bones produces the terrible pains and aches and other disagreeable symptoms of Rheumatism. Life is made a torture by its excruciating pains, nerves are shattered, the health undermined, and if the disease is not checked it breaks down the strongest constitution. It will not do to depend on plasters, liniments, etc.; such treatment is helpful in easing the pain and reducing the inflammation, but does not reach the blood where the real trouble is located. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism by purifying and invigorating the thin, acrid blood, driving out all impurities and poisons and sending a stream of strong, rich blood to wash out all irritating particles that are causing the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. stimulates the sluggish organs to better action, tones up the stomach and digestion, restores nervous energy and builds up the entire health. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism, whether acute or chronic, and the cure is thorough and lasting. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice desired without charge.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SPRINGFIELD BUILDING ITEMS

J. W. Perkins and son, G. W., who arrived last week from Michigan, purchased half a block of the Washburne property on North D street, between Fourth and Fifth, and have started building three houses. We understand it is Mr. Perkins' intention to build four more houses for rental purposes.

J. J. Bryan informed a News reporter this week that he would build a large two-story building on the lot east of the News office, to be 42x60 feet. This will be one of the largest and best buildings in town. Mr Bryan will use the entire lower floor for a grocery store and will perhaps add several new lines of goods.

Messrs. Kepner and Turner started the erection of a two-story building on the lot that they purchased recently from Melvin Miller. The building will be 20x58 feet, and when completed will be occupied by the News office.

F. Somers, president of the Eugene Planing Mill Company, was in Springfield Tuesday for the purpose of furnishing estimates on several of the new buildings that are to be erected. News.

GIFT TO THE FOOTBALL TEAM

E. J. Frasier has presented the U. of O. football team with $100 in appreciation of their efforts in Saturday's game. Mr. Frasier has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the team. The boys highly appreciate the gift. The money will be used for the purchase of new sweaters and other equipment.

THE DEATH OF D. R. BEERS

D. R. Beers, who has been a resident of Indian Creek for a number of years, died Saturday evening November 4, 1905, aged 71 years, 2 months and 4 days. He was born in Crawford county, Pennsylvania, in 1834. He was a veteran of the civil war. He leaves several grown sons and daughters, most of whom reside on Indian creek.

The funeral service was held the following Monday by Rev. C. A. Barris at Hermann.

BOUGHT CIGAR BUSINESS

Charles F. Littlefield has purchased the cigar and tobacco business formerly conducted by Rathmell & Branstetter, the barbers, across the street from the Guard office. The two businesses will hereafter be conducted separately, although in the same room.

Died

In Eugene, November 11, 1905, Gertie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nelson, aged 13 months.

At the Eugene hospital, November 11, 1905, A. R. Hartlay, a young man from Corvallis. Cause of death, typhoid fever.

Chance to Get a Home

A 6 room house, in fine repair, with roomy barn, within six blocks of postoffice for sale. Would sell for small part down, if desired, and balance on time at low rate of interest, so purchaser would practically get low rent. See J. R. Campbell.

Ka-Na-Ka Kidney Pills

For That Weak Back.

50 cents a box, Three boxes $1.25.

Sold on a Guarantee.

AT HULL'S DRUG STORE.

Turkeys Wanted!

Scobert & Dodge.

PALACE MEAT MARKET

BRODERS BROS.

Schnieder Block, West Eighth St., Eugene, Or.

HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S NERVE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, O.

AFTER USING.

Linn Drug Co.

JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL,

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mrs. McLerie," Etc.

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She laid a sheet of note paper and a pen before him, placed the ink bottle in position and said:

"Dear lad, will you do me a great favor?"

"What's that, Jess?"

"Something that'll do neither of us any harm. Say you'll do it."

He picked up the pen, dipped it and looked down at the paper. Then he looked up at his wife.

"Ye're a great wumman, Jess," he said in a tone of affectionate amusement. "An' what am I to say to that decent man, Donald Binnie?"

"Just the truth," she replied, with sudden relief, "the truth that we—that you can't afford to keep him on."

"Mphm! That's the truth, as ye say, Jess, an' mair's the peety. If we had got the liner work o' thae new hooses o' Dobbie's I wudna ha'e needit to"—

"Yes, yes," said his wife hurriedly, turning to the window and gazing at the loch. "But that wasn't your fault, Davie."

"I wisht I was shair o' that, lass. I've heard talk o' Maister Dobbie ha'ein' a spite at me, an' I canna unnerstaun' it, for I never did onythin' to him excep' maybe tak' a bit extra credit noo an' then. It was hissel' closed the accoont, ye mind. But"—

"Write your letter, Davie, like a good lad," she interposed, without turning her head. "I want to get at the books again, and I suppose you want to get back to the garden before it's dark. I—I'm proud of your pansies, Davie. But you—you won't let Mr. Dobbie or any one else beat you, will you?"

"Nae fears!" cried David right cheerfully. "Ha'e ye anither bit paper? I've made a muckle blot on this bit, an' I'm no' wantin' to add insult to injury when I'm dismissin' a decent man."

Mrs. Houston placed a fresh sheet of note paper before her husband, who, having made up his mind to the disagreeable but necessary piece of correspondence, applied his hard hand and soft heart to the same without delay.

"Jess," he exclaimed, when he had closed and addressed it.

"Well, Davie?"

"It's no' a vera nice like letter for a lad to fin' waitin' on him when he comes hame frae seein' his lass. Is it?"

Jess looked sympathetic. "No, it isn't, Davie. But what can we do? You're paying old Angus for doing nothing, and you can't afford to pay Donald too. Besides, Donald's a clever lad, and he'll soon get another place. If I thought old Angus would get another place," she added with a kindly little laugh, "I would advise you to part with him."

"Puir auld Angus! I ken ye wudna pairt wi' him yersel', Jess!"

"Well, perhaps not. But sometimes I can't help feeling cross with him. He talks as if you couldn't do without him—as if the business was kept going by him. And he never does a thing, except when Aunt Wallace or I come into the shop, and then he pretends he's working hard."

"An' whiles does the wrang thing," remarked David, laughing. "But he did his work in his time, an' there'll be a place for him in the shop as lang the shop's mine. But he's changed a lot since the fire."

"He's got much older looking—is that what you mean?"

"Aye. But he's changed mair nor that. He's aye pretendin' he's hard up."

"Well, he's not too well off, is he Davie?"

"He's gettin' the same wage as he used to get, an' he hasna his puir sister to keep noo. An' yet he's aye jist gaspin' for his siller on Setturdays, an' Ogilvy was tellin' me the ither day that he winna tak' meat even on the Sawbath an' that he's waur nor ever at his trick o' gettin' a smoke for naethin'. Ogilvy thinks he's becomin' a miser in his auld age."

"A miser? Surely not!"

"Weel, I'm jist tellin' ye, lass. But miser or nae miser, Angus 'll draw his wage as lang as I can pey it. That's to say if ma pairtner has nae objections," he added, smiling at her.

"Your partner, Davie?"

"Itherwise yersel'?"

"Am I your partner, Davie?" she asked half seriously.

"Fine ye ken it! D'ye agree to Angus gettin' his wage?"

"Of course! Do you think I ever grudged it, Davie?"

"Na, na! If it hadna been for ye Angus micht ha'e been hard up wi'oot ony pretendin', for, to tell ye the honest truth, wife, I grudged him his wage for a guid while efter the fire. But I said to masel', if Jess can forgi'e ahin I maun try to dae the same. An' we're no' muckle the waur o' the fire after a', thenks to yersel', ma dear."

Jess flushed, as she always did at any suggestion of a compliment upon her business abilities, and smiled rather tremulously at her husband. There were many other matters of which she was fain to speak to him, but it was not easy. His cheerfulness, his careless optimism, his open admiration for herself, his good comradeship—all these made it very hard for her to discuss the sordid matters next but not in her heart.

"Is there onythin' else ye wantit to speak aboot, Jess?" inquired David, after a glance through the window at the setting sun.

"No; nothing just now, Davie. It'll keep till you get through with the pansies," she replied after a short hesitation.

"I'll no' be lang at the pansies, an' it's shin be dark. If there's onythin' in the books ye want to speak aboot I'll be ready in hauf an 'oor. But dinna fash yer bonny held ower the books, ma lass. Come ootbye wi' me, an' we'll leave the door on the sneck, an' ye'll shin hear if the wee yin waukens. Aye ye comin?"

"Not tonight, Davie. I've plenty to do in the house, and"—

"That's what ye're aye tellin' me!"

"It's just the truth."

"Maybe that's the reason I dinna like it. I whiles think ye're ower hard wrocht I' the hoose, Jess. If that's the case I'll"—

"No, no, no!" she answered lightly. "I'll complain when I'm overwrought. Away to the garden or the light 'll be gone, and then you'll have to look after your pansies instead of Katie in the morning."

"That's exceedin'ly likely!" he retorted with pleasant irony as he left the parlor.

Jess drew forward the hood of the cradle and lit the lamp, for the daylight was failing in the room. She picked up the letter her husband had written to his assistant and carried it into the kitchen, placing it upright on the chimney piece there so that it might not be forgotten in the morning.

"Is there onythin' else ye wantit to speak aboot, Jess?"

"Davie's sure to see it when he's at his breakfast," she thought. "I don't want to bother him speaking about it again."

Returning to the parlor, she first soothed the child, who was showing signs of restlessness, and then seated herself at the table and resumed her examination of the ledger, from which she was drawing up a rough balance sheet and profit and loss statement. Her husband's present state of affairs was vastly different from that first one which she had sighed to set on paper two years ago. The ends that no stretching of the most hopeful imagination could then bring together were now tied and with something to spare. David Houston was solvent, and not barely so.

And yet Jess considered the cheerful figures before her with anxiety. It was as if having done all she could to make ends meet and tie the knot she saw the knot already giving and the ends slipping slowly but surely apart. How could she secure the knot before it was too late? Had she thought and labored in vain? Was her great idea, her sweet secret desire, her never slumbering hope, to come to nothing? What could she do to stay the dull falling away of David's trade and bring back the recent bright prosperity?

She could tell her husband everything—everything she had done, everything she had endured through the past two years. That would rouse him, she knew, to the strong effort of which she was convinced he was capable. But in what way would it rouse him? Through tender love? Through hot pride? Through pure shame?

Ah, no! She could not bear the thought of her good man shamed before her. Nothing was worth that—not even her great idea. Moreover, it suddenly flashed on her, if she told him all, her great idea would become her ruined hope.

"I can't give in! I won't give in!" she murmured. "I don't want Davie to be sorry for me," she thought a moment later. "I don't want him to be bitterly vexed with himself. I must rouse him without hurting him; I must be patient with him; I must try to get him to take things seriously without seeming to take them too seriously myself. Oh, if he could only have another year like the last I don't think I need to—to hide things from him any more. Only one more year, and then he— No! I don't care if it takes five years, ten years, I won't give in! I won't give in!" she repeated firmly to herself and bent steadily over her work.

She started up listening. She fancied she heard a faint cry outside. She rose to go to the window when David came hurriedly into the parlor.

"What is"— she began, seeing his face white.

"There's a man in the watter oot thonder!" he said rapidly. "I'll be back in a wee while."

He was gone.

Jess hastened to the window and saw him running out at the gate. The hedge hid him for a few seconds, and then she saw him leaping down the rocky shore. A thick haze hung heavily over the loch, and out of it came the cry she had already heard. Something seemed to grip her heart, and a sickly chill came over her body.

"Davie!" she cried stupidly. "Come back! Come back!"

She beheld him wading into the loch—deeper—deeper—and somehow she could not move.

A little cry from the cradle broke the spell of horror that seemed to have been cast upon her. She turned swiftly, caught up her baby, wrapped the tiny mortal in a heavy sofa blanket and fled from the house into the summer dusk, not calling, but pantingly whispering her husband's name.

From the road she could see nothing, but when she reached the water's edge—how she passed over the rough beach burdened and without stumbling she could never afterward tell—she perceived through the mist a dim, dark monstrous shape like the back of a whale, and, her nerves giving way, she screamed loudly.

Some one—she does not know who it was today—came to her side and relieved her of her baby, patting her on the shoulder, endeavoring to soothe her.

"What's that? What's that?" she cried wildly, peering and pointing.

"That's the boat, upside down. Keep up yer hert, Mistress Houston. Yer man 'll no' get droonit."

People began to collect on the beach where Jess stood, and not far away a couple of men had launched a small boat and were pulling to the rescue.

Then, after what seemed an age to the distracted young wife and her excited and sympathetic neighbors, two heads appeared and moved toward the shore. A shout of congratulation rose from the little group, and presently David, finding the ground, rose and came safely to land, bearing the semi-conscious, almost water logged body of a young man.

He dropped his burden into ready arms, saying to his wife: "Dinna fash yersel', ma dear. I'll be back in a jiffy. There's another yin hangin' on to the boat." And he prepared to re-enter the water, when the voices of a dozen people informed him that the rescuers were already nearing the overturned craft. And sure enough there were now two dim shapes in the mist, and from one of them came the cheery shout, "We've got him!"

David took his wife's hand, and it was as if she had received an immediate and powerful stimulant.

"Come and change your clothes at once, Davie," she said. "Come at once! The young man is being taken care of."

"But wull ye no' get him up to the hoose, Jess?"

"No, no, Davie. We'll luk efter him. Ye've plenty to dae lukin' efter yersel'," put in a couple of neighbors, eyeing him proudly.

"Come, Davie, come! You'll get cold if you stand here," said his wife. "Thank you kindly," she went on, taking her baby from the woman who had been holding her. "I don't know—I don't remember how you came to have Katie, but thank you. Davie, run to the house and strip at once!"

Davie obeyed, and she followed him as swiftly as she could. Near the gate she encountered Mrs. Wallace.

The latter neither asked questions nor offered any observations.

"I'll haud the wean. Awa' to yer man," she said briskly.

Mrs. Houston resigned her charge gratefully and flew after her husband. She found him in front of the kitchen fire, lighting a clay pipe.

"It's a guid thing I hadna on ma coat"—he had been gardening in his shirt sleeves—"or I wudna ha'e had a bit dry tobacco left," he remarked. "Ye wasna feart, was ye, dearie?"

"Get off your wet clothes," she cried. "Quick, qui[illegible] quick!" and stamped her foot.

The next moment his pipe lay shattered on the floor and she was in his arms, crying fearlessly as if her heart would break. "Oh, Davie, you—you splendid m[illegible]!" she sobbed. "But change your clothes!" she cried, freeing herself.

"I doot ye'll ha'e to change yer ain noo," he said with a laugh, pointing to her wet blou[illegible]. "Quick, quick, quick!" he mocked h[illegible] gently and stamped his foot so that the dishes on the dresser rattled.

* * * * * * *

"Saut watter winna hurt onybody," he observed when he had got his dry garments and set his other pipe agoing. "Dinna fash yersel', Jess. I'm as richt's the mail! Whaur's the wee yin?"

"Aunt Wallace has got her in the parlor. I've put a fire on there, so go and get toasted."

"A fire this time o' the year?"

"Tits, Davie; don't ask questions and you'll be told no lies!" she cried with affected impatience. "Away to the parlor till I get you some supper."

"But I've had ma supper."

"Well, you've got to take it again. Go when I ask you, Davie!"

"I think I'll gang roon to Dugald McCall's an' see hoo the twa chaps is gettin' on. The yin I brocht ashore was gey faur through, puir lad."

"You're not to go out tonight, Davie. Just ask Aunt Wallace to get word for you. Away and see if Katie's sleeping."

"Deed, aye!" he returned agreeably and left the kitchen.

Jess dropped into a chair and sat bowed and motionless for five minutes. Her nerves were in a horrid jangle, and when at last she rose to prepare the supper she felt as if she had lived many years in the past hour.

And all at once a dreadful terror seized her, and she fled from the kitchen to the parlor door. Ah, thank God, all was well! Davie was there safe and sound—talking and laughing to the "wee yin."

She went back to the kitchen, took up a plate, let it slip from her fingers and laughed softly over the ruin. But when she spied the remains of David's pipe the tears filled her eyes and overflowed and fell and fell and fell—mercifully.

* * * * * * *

When David expressed himself anxious as to the condition of the victims of the boating accident Mrs. Wallace readily offered to step along the road to make inquiries and accepted David's apology for not going himself with the remark:

"Haud yer tongue, man! Ye're better mindin' the wean whaur ye are. Ye're no wantin' to get the newmania or whitever they ca' it an' ha'e Jess rookin' Maister Ogilvy o' a' his mustard fur plaisters fur the next twa three weeks. Na, na! Ye've had plenty gallivantin' fur yin day, David! Whit's that ye say? Feart fur the dark? Me? Havers! Them as isna feart fur the licht isna feart fur the dark, espaycially when they cairry a wee parasole like this yin." Here she smiled grimly and flourished a large and heavy looking umbrella. "Mind the wean an' mind yersel', David, an' I'll bring ye word as quick as ma legs can cairry me. I'll see Jess when I get back."

Mrs. Wallace had scarcely passed the garden gate when she was hailed with the inquiry:

"Hoo's David, Mistress Wallace?"

"Mercy me! Is that you, Maister Ogilvy? Ye aye turn up like a bad saixpence! David's fine, thenk ye fur spierin', but he's fashin' hissel' aboot the lads that got near droondit, an' I'm jist awa' to see hoo they're keepin'. The stupit fellas deserve to be droondit, but I hope they'll no' get the cauld, puir lads. Weel, guid nicht to ye, Maister Ogilvy." And she hurried on.

"Bide a meenit, if ye please, Mistress Wallace. I've jist been at McCalls wi' a botle o' the best, for I thocht the lads wud be the better o' a wee"—

"Whit wey did ye no' tell me that afore? Weel? Whit aboot the lads?" she demanded.

"I discovered they was teetotallers, but Dugald McCall mislaid the botle, as it were, an' I had to come awa' wi'oot it. Aye, an"—

"But are the puir lads gettin' better?"

"They was eatin' toastit cheese when I left, no' ha'ein' had their suppers afore they gaed oot in the boat, an' frae the quantity o' the toastit cheese bein' conshumed I was disposed to form the opeenion that"—

"Never heed yer opeenion the noo! The lads is no' muckle the waur o' their drookin'? Is that whit ye mean, eh?"

"Jist that. That'll be aboot it onywey. But, Mistress Wallace"—

"Weel?" she inquired impatiently, as the grocer paused and smiled mysteriously.

"Mistress Wallace, what dae ye think I fun' oot the nicht?"

"Yersel', I suppose."

"Na, but I'm serious."

"Weel, whit are ye grinnin' at?"

"I'm smilin' seriously, as it"—

"Weel, ye sudna."

"It's wi' serious satisfaction," said Mr. Ogilvy good naturedly. "Wha dae ye think the twa young men happen to be?" he asked, not without excitement.

"Wha?"

"They're the twa new jiners frae Paisley that are gaun to set up in opposeection to David Houston! What think ye o' that?"

"Are ye shair?"

"I'll sweer to it! They arrived at Kinlochan the day an' celebrated the occasion wi' an' evenin' cruise, so to speak, in a sma' boat, but Paisley no' bein' what ye wud ca' a seafarin' place they didna ken hoo"—

"I'll awa' an' tell David an' Jess," said Mrs. Wallace, interrupting the grocer's flow of detail. "But I wud like to ha'e a crack wi' ye the morn, Maister Ogilvy," she added pleasantly.

"I'll bide here for ye the nicht," he returned eagerly.

"I said the morn."

"A' I can say is that I'll bide here till ye come oot frae Hazel Cottage, for it's ower late for ye to gang hame yersel', Mistress Wallace," he replied stoutly.

"Then a' I can say, Maister Ogilvy," she retorted, "is jist yin word—guid nicht!"

"But—but"—

Mrs. Wallace, however, merely nodded and entered the gate.

Mr. Ogilvy walked away rapidly—and came back slowly.

Continued

But, my dear, good Odo, a woman's husband is not the man a wife dresses for. She makes herself as attractive as she can for everybody worth knowing. You must be an extraordinary person if you suppose that I am going in for the red and green complexion treatment for you—a craze for yet. A woman who is really a woman, without a hockey player has [illegible] the fashion as closely as a cook watches a pot, and the married woman of the present day must do all she can to look like the unmarried woman of yesterday. It is the married women who are the most popular with men. It is the married women who control politics, the army, literature and the stage. Therefore can't you see how necessary it is for them to do all they can to remain attractive? Red hair and green eyes? Yes. Blue teeth and amber eyes if necessary or black teeth and white eyes.—London World