

WANT DUCK LAW TO BE CHANGED

PERSONS WHO ARE NOT ABLE
TO HUNT DUCKS WOULD BUY
THEM — LEGISLATURE MAY
CHANGE LAW

Whether the ordinary householder may legally purchase, cook and assimilate the forbidden meat of the common wild duck in the state of Oregon threatens to become an issue that the state legislature will be called upon to settle. It is demanded by the busy business man and his employees who never go shooting that they be allowed the unlawful enjoyment of eating the duck if they are able to raise the market price therefor.

The annual meeting of the Oregon fish and game commission will be held the evening of December 14, at the Portland Chamber of Commerce auditorium. A number of Eugene sportsmen are expected to attend. Speaking of the present game law as applied to wild ducks, a well known nimrod of Eugene said today that under existing laws in this state no man can buy a dead wild duck. The only ways he can get one to eat are: First, to go out and shoot it; second, to induce some friend, who has shot a surplus, to donate a portion of his game. The man who does not go hunting declares that the present law is a class law and contrary to the spirit of the constitution. He contends that the present law is all in favor of the idle or wealthy class that can afford to go out on shooting excursions. The law provides that one hunter may kill 50 ducks, but no more, and this limit is placed on him ostensibly for protection of the game. It is alleged that such a wide latitude is murderous, and that the pretense of protecting the game is a farce; that the game could be better protected by reducing the limit to 25, and permitting the men who shoot more ducks than they can eat to sell the fowl and give the general public a chance to taste their excellent flavor.

SENATOR FULTON IS ATTACKED IN COLLIER'S.

Collier's Weekly makes an attack on Senator Fulton, of Oregon, accusing him of trying to secure appointments to federal offices of men who would protect his friends. Senator Fulton makes emphatic denial of all the charges, and asserts that his letters have been stolen or intercepted and that he purposes to fight the confirmation of District Attorney Bristol to the bitter end.

Here's the letter given by Collier's Weekly that is stirring up Senator Fulton just now:

"Geo. C. Brownell—My Dear Senator and Friend: I have received your dispatches since I left Portland, and since he arrived here, and both Senator Fulton and myself have done everything in our power to protect you, and also Campbell, who is also under the ban of Greene and others, as we learn to our very great surprise and regret—and without going into particulars, I think I have been able to so arrange matters as to protect you both.

"Of course, Friend Brownell, this letter is to you in the strictest confidence. The best way for the present is to drop all talk about the district attorneyship and let the matter rest just precisely as it stands for the present. Both Fulton and I have, for the purpose of fully protecting your interests, gone very much farther in a certain direction than we ever supposed we would. I cannot explain fully to you until I see you just what I mean.

"Hall leaves this evening for home. My advice would be for you to say nothing to him whatever, unless he says something to you. Just let the matter drift for the present. This is all important.

"Faithfully and sincerely your friend, JOHN H. MITCHELL."

"I have read the above, and fully concur in it. "C. W. FULTON."

Collier's further asserts that Clyde Fulton, brother of the senator, called on Brownell and offered him \$500 for the letter. When he declined to part with it, Fulton declared that he would ruin him (Brownell) if he ever made it public.

Evidently Brownell has been squealing to Prosecutor Heney.

HARRISBURG PERSONALS.

Barney May went to Eugene Wednesday as a delegate to the meeting of the Commercial club, which was held in that city Wednesday evening.

Miss Zuda Owens, one of the teachers in the public schools at Eugene, spent Thanksgiving with her

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Wanting in vitality, vigor, vim,—that is a condition that no one can safely neglect, for it is the most common predisposing cause of disease. The blood is at fault; it needs purifying or enriching and the best medicine to take is

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sister, Mrs. Chas. Grimes, near this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sommerville went to Eugene Tuesday for a short visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Nellie Evans, who is attending school in Eugene, spent Thanksgiving with her parents on Lake creek.

Miss Ruth Gilbertson was down from Eugene the latter part of last week, having come to spend Thanksgiving with her parents and numerous friends.—Bulletin.

LORANE ITEMS.

(Special Correspondence.)

Lorane, Dec. 7.—High school pupils who came home on account of diphtheria have returned to Cottage Grove.

Mrs. Nettie Anderson, who has been visiting near Klamath Falls, came home last week.

The school here, under the efficient management of Miss Ella Addiston will give a geographical entertainment on Asia December 21, after which the Ladies' Aid will serve supper.

Mr. George Hunt, of Roberts, Montana, has been visiting relatives here the past week. He started home last Monday, accompanied by his little son, who has been living with his aunt, Mrs. J. E. Powell.

Quite a large audience gathered in the Grange hall yesterday, in anticipation of the lecture on "Why I Am a Granger," to have been given by Dr. Sharples, of Eugene, but owing to some misunderstanding as to his conveyance from Cottage Grove, he did not come. However, an excellent program was rendered by members of the Grange and others, and all felt that the afternoon was very pleasantly and profitably spent.

The Ladies' Aid will give an entertainment and fishpond social, to be followed by supper, on December 27. Much preparation is going on, and the social atmosphere seems laden with mystery as to the various species of fish with which the pond is to be supplied.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

Eugene People Are Doing All They Can for Fellow Sufferers.

Eugene testimony has been published to prove the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills to others in Eugene who suffer from bad backs and other kidney ills. Last any sufferer doubt that the cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills are thorough and lasting, we produce confirmed proof—statements from Eugene people saying that the cures they told of years ago were permanent. Here's a Eugene case:

A. S. Powers, of 154 West Eleventh street, Eugene, Ore., says: "I can only repeat what I said in the early part of 1903 regarding the great benefit my brother found through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at W. L. Delano's drug store. He had been a sufferer from backache and kidney complaint for a number of years. The worst symptoms were pain in the back and irregularity of the kidney secretions. Nothing ever helped him until he got Doan's Kidney Pills. He used them with the greatest benefit and knowing his satisfactory experience with them I have been well pleased to recommend the remedy on every occasion."

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A Western Wonder.

There's a hill at Bowie, Texas that's twice as big as last year. This wonder is W. L. Hill, who has grown from a weight of 20 pounds to over 180. He says: "I suffered with a terrible cough and doctors gave me up to die of consumption. I was reduced to 90 pounds when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Now after taking twelve bottles, I have more than doubled my weight and am completely cured." Only sure cough and cold cure. Guaranteed by Linn Drug Co. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

THE Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Have it your own way." It was the first small, tangible concession to the stronger will.

Loder took his victory quietly. "Good!" he said. "Then it's all straight sailing?"

"Except for the matter of the remuneration," Chilcote hazarded the word uncertainly.

There was a faint pause; then Loder laughed brusquely. "My pay?"

The other was embarrassed. "I didn't want to put it quite like that."

"But that was what you thought. Why are you never honest—even with yourself?"

Chilcote drew his chair closer to the table. He did not attend to the other's remark, but his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there.

Loder saw the gesture. "Look here," he said, "you are overtaxing yourself. The affair of the pay isn't pressing. We'll shelve it to another night. You look tired out."

Chilcote lifted his eyes with a relieved glance. "Thanks. I do feel a bit fagged. If I may, I'll have that whisky that I refused last night."

"Why, certainly." Loder rose at once and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. In silence he brought out whisky, glasses, and a siphon of soda water.

"Say when!" he said, lifting the whisky. "Now. And I'll have plain water instead of soda, if it's all the same."

"Oh, quite." Loder recrossed the room. Instantly his back was turned.



"To the career of John Chilcote!"

Chilcote drew a couple of tabloids from his pocket and dropped them into his glass. As the other came slowly back he laughed nervously.

"Thanks. See to your own drink now. I can manage this." He took the jug unceremoniously, and, carefully guarding his glass from the light, poured in the water with excited haste.

"What shall we drink to?" he said. Loder methodically mixed his own drink and lifted the glass. "Oh, to the career of John Chilcote!" he answered.

For an instant the other hesitated. There was something prophetic in the sound of the toast. But he shook the feeling off and held up his glass.

"To the career of John Chilcote!" he said with another unsteady laugh.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a little less than three weeks since Chilcote and Loder had drunk their toast and again Loder was seated at his desk.

His head was bent and his hand moved carefully as he traced line after line of meaningless words on a sheet of foolscap. Having covered the page with writing, he rose, moved to the center table and compared his task with an open letter that lay there. The comparison seemed to please him. He straightened his shoulders and threw back his head in an attitude of critical satisfaction. So absorbed was he that when a step sounded on the stairs outside he did not notice it, and only raised his head when the door was thrown open unceremoniously. Even then his interest was momentary.

"Hello!" he said, his eyes returning to his scrutiny of his task.

Chilcote shut the door and came hastily across the room. He looked ill and harassed. As he reached Loder he put out his hand nervously and touched his arm.

Loder looked up. "What is it?" he asked. "Any new development?"

Chilcote tried to smile. "Yes," he said huskily. "It's come."

Loder freed his arm. "What? The end of the world?"

"No. The end of me." The words came jerkily, the strain that had enforced them showing in every syllable. "But Loder was uncomprehending. He could not or would not understand. Again Chilcote caught and jerked at his sleeve. "Don't you see? Can't you see?"

Chilcote dropped the sleeve and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. "It's come," he repeated. "Don't you understand? I want you." He drew away, then stepped back again anxiously. "I know I'm taking you unawares," he said. "But it's not my fault. On my soul, it's not! The thing seems to spring at me and grip me!" He stopped, sinking weakly into a chair.

For a moment Loder stood erect and immovable. Then, almost with reluctance, his glance turned to the figure beside him.

"You want me to take your place to-night, without preparation?" His voice was distinct and firm, but it was free from contempt.

"Yes; yes, I do," Chilcote spoke without looking up.

"That you may spend the night in morphine—this and other nights?" Chilcote lifted a flushed, unsettled face. "You have no right to preach. You accepted the bargain."

Loder raised his head quickly. "I never"—he began. Then both his face and voice altered. "You are quite right," he said coldly. "You won't have to complain again."

Chilcote stirred uncomfortably. "My dear chap," he said, "I meant no offense. It's merely—"

"Your nerves. I know. But come to business. What am I to do?"

Chilcote rose excitedly. "Yes, business. Let's come to business. It's rough on you, taking you short like this. But you have an erratic person to deal with. I've had a horrible day—a horrible day." His face had paled again, and in the green lamplight it possessed a grayish hue. Involuntarily Loder turned away.

Chilcote watched him as he passed to the desk and began mechanically sorting papers. "A horrible day," he repeated, "so bad that I don't face the night. You have read De Quincey?" he asked, with a sudden change of tone.

"Yes."

"Then read him again and you'll understand. I have all the horrors without any art. I have no 'ladies of sorrow,' but I have worse monsters than his 'crocodile.'" He laughed unpleasantly.

Loder turned. "Why, in the devil's name?" he began; then again he halted. Something in Chilcote's drawn, excited face checked him. The strange sense of predestination that he sometimes saw in the eyes of another struck cold upon him, chilling his last attempt at remonstrance. "What do you want me to do?" he substituted in an ordinary voice.

The words steadied Chilcote. He laughed a little. The laugh was still shaky, but it was pitched in a lower key.

"You—you're quite right to pull me up. We have no time to waste. It must be 1 o'clock." He pulled out his watch, then walked to the window and stood looking down into the shadowy court. "How quiet you are here!" he said. Then abruptly a new thought struck him, and he wheeled back into the room. "Loder," he said quickly—"Loder, I have an idea! While you are here, why shouldn't I be you? Why shouldn't I be John Loder instead of the vagrant we contemplated? It covers everything; it explains everything. It's magnificent! I'm amazed we never thought of it before."

Loder was still beside the desk. "I thought of it," he said without looking back.

"And didn't suggest it?"

"No."

"Why?"

Loder said nothing, and the other colored.

"Jealous of your reputation?" he said satirically.

"I have none to be jealous of." Chilcote laughed disagreeably. "Then you aren't so far gone in philosophy as I thought. You have a niche in your own good opinion."

Again Loder was silent; then he smiled. "You have an odd correct perception at times," he said. "I suppose I have had a lame sort of pride in keeping my name clean, but pride like that is out of fashion, and I've got to float with the tide." He laughed a short laugh that Chilcote had heard once or twice before, and, crossing the room, he stood beside his visitor. "After all," he said, "what business have I with pride, straight or lame? Have my identity, if you want it. When all defenses have been broken down one barrier won't save the town." Laughing again, he laid his hand on the other's arm. "Come," he said, "give your orders. I capitulate."

(Continued next week.)

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