FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

First Spring Suits are Now Showing

Our stock of spring and summer goods will be larger and better assorted than ever before. Goods are of best quality and stylish patterns, tailorded by the famous MICHAELS, STERN & CO., whose brand is a guarantee of excellence. Come in and look at them.

Big reductions on all winter suits, in order to close them out and make room for new stock.

We carry a full line of furnishings for men, and our prices and styles are right.

We own our own building, pay no rent and are satisfied with a reasonable profit.

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Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO., 44 E. 23rd ST., NEW YORK.

Lane-Davis Drug Co., 6 stores.
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Dr. L. E. McDougall and Dr. J. F. Titus have formed a partnership for the practice of medicine and will have offices in the Preston building, where Dr. McDougall's office is now located.

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House In the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

With a vague gesture toward the northwest, he turned away, leaving me in contemplation of the grandest scenery I had yet come upon in all my travels.

Fifteen miles! But those miles lay through the very heart of the mountains, ranging anywhere from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. In ten minutes the city and all signs of city life were out of sight. In five more I was seemingly as far removed from all civilization as if I had gone a hundred miles into the wilderness.

As my horse settled down to work, picking his way now here and now there, sometimes over the brown earth, hard and baked as in a thousand furnaces, and sometimes over the stunted grass whose needlelike stalks seemed never to have known moisture, I let my eyes roam to such peaks as were not cut off from view by the nearer hillsides and wondered whether the snow which capped them was whiter than any other or the blue of the sky bluer, that the two together had the effect upon me of cameo work on a huge and unapproachable scale.

Certainly the effect of these grand mountains, into which you leap without any preparation from the streets and market places of America's oldest city, is such as is not easily described.

We struck water now and then—narrow watercourses, which my horse followed in midstream—and, more interesting yet, goatherds with their flocks, Mexicans all, who seemed to understand no English, but were picturesque enough to look at and a welcome break in the extreme lonesomeness of the way.

I had been told that they would serve me as guides if I felt at all doubtful of the trail, and in one or two instances they proved to be of decided help. They could gesticulate if they could not speak English, and when I tried them with the one word Placide they would nod and point out which of the many side canyons I was to follow. But they always looked up as they did so, up, up till I took to looking up, too, and when, after miles multiplied indefinitely by the winding of the trail, I came out upon a ledge from which a full view of the opposite range could be had, and saw fronting me from the side of one of its tremendous peaks the gap of a vast hole not 200 feet from the snow line, I knew that, inaccessible as it looked, I was gazing up at the opening of Abner Fairbrother's new mine, the Placide.

The experience was a strange one. The two ranges approached so nearly that it seemed as if a ball might be tossed from one to the other, but the chasm between was stupendous. I grew dizzy as I looked downward and saw the endless zigzags yet to be traversed step by step before the bottom of the canyon could be reached and then the equally interminable zigzags up the acclivity beyond, all of which I must trace, still step by step, before I could hope to arrive at the camp which from where I stood looked to be almost within hail of my voice.

I have described the mine as a hole. That was all I saw at first—a great black hole in the dark brown earth of the mountain side, from which ran down a still darker streak into the waste places far below it. But as I looked longer I saw that it was faced by a ledge cut out of the friable soil, on which I was now able to descry the pronounced white of two or three tent tops and some other signs of life, encouraging enough to the eye of one whose lot it was to crawl like a fly up that tremendous mountain side.

Truly I could understand why those three men, probably newspaper correspondents like myself, had turned back to Santa Fe after a glance from my present outlook. But though I understood I did not mean to duplicate their retreat.

The sight of those tents, the thought of what one of them contained, inspired me with new courage, and, releasing my grip upon the rein, I allowed my patient horse to proceed.

Shortly after this I passed the divide—that is, where the water sheds both ways. Then the descent began. It was zigzag, just as the climb had been, but I preferred the climb. I did not have the unfathomable spaces so constantly before me, nor was my imagination so active. It was fixed on heights to be attained rather than on valleys to roll into. However, I did not roll.

The Mexican saddle held me securely at whatever angle I was poised, and once the bottom was reached I found that I could face with considerable equanimity the corresponding ascent. Only as I saw how steep the climb bade fair to be I did not see how I was ever to come down again. Going up was possible, but the descent—

However, as what goes up must in the course of nature come down, I put this question aside and gave my horse his head, after encouraging him with a few blades of grass, which he seemed to find edible enough, though they had the look and something of the feel of spun glass.

How we got there you must ask this good animal, who took all the responsibility and did all the work. I merely clung and balanced, and at times, when he rounded the end of a zigzag, for instance, I even shut my eyes, though the prospect was magnificent. At last even his patience seemed to give out and he stopped and trembled. But before I could open my eyes on the abyss beneath he made another effort. I felt the brush of tree branches across my face and, looking up, saw before me the ledge or platform dotted with tents, at which I had looked with such longing from the opposite hillsides.

Simultaneously I heard voices, and saw approaching a bronzed and bearded man with strongly marked Scotch features and a determined air.

"The doctor!" I involuntarily exclaimed, with a glance at the small and curious tent before which he stood guard.

"Yes, the doctor," he answered in unexpectedly good English. "And who are you? Have you brought the mail and those medicines I sent for?"

"No," I replied with a propitiatory a smile as I could muster up in the face of his brusk forbidding expression. "I came on my own errand. I am a representative of the New York ——, and I hope you will not deny me a word with Mr. Fairbrother."

With a gesture I hardly knew how to interpret he took my horse by the rein and led us on a few steps toward another large tent where he motioned me to descend. Then he laid his hand on my shoulder and, forcing me to meet his eye, said:

"You have made this journey—I believe you said from New York—to see Mr. Fairbrother. Why?"

"Because Mr. Fairbrother is at present the most sought for man in America," I returned boldly. "His wife—you know about his wife"—

"No. How should I know about his wife? I know what his temperature

I preferred the climb.

is and what his respiration is—but his wife? What about his wife? He don't know anything about her now himself; he is not allowed to read letters."

"But you read the papers. You must have known, before you left Santa Fe, of Mrs. Fairbrother's foul and most mysterious murder in New York. It has been the theme of two continents for the last ten days."

He shrugged his shoulders, which might mean anything, and confined his reply to a repetition of my own words.

"Mrs. Fairbrother murdered!" he exclaimed, but in a suppressed voice, to which point was given by the cautious look he cast behind him at the tent which had drawn my attention. "He must not know it, man. I could not answer for his life if he received the least shock in his present critical condition. Murdered? When?"

"Ten days ago, at a ball in New York. It was after Mr. Fairbrother left the city. He was expected to return after hearing the news, but he seems to have kept straight on to his destination. He was not very fond of his wife—that is, they have not been living together for the last year. But he could not help feeling the shock of her death which he must have heard of somewhere along the route."

"He has said nothing in his delirium to show that he knew it. It is possible, just possible, that he didn't read the papers. He could not have been well for days before he reached Santa Fe."

"When were you called in to attend him?"

"The very night after he reached this place. It was thought he wouldn't live to reach the camp. But he is a man of great pluck. He held up till his foot touched this platform; then he succumbed."

"If he was as sick as that," I muttered, "why did he leave Santa Fe? He must have known what it would mean to be sick here."

"I don't think he did. This is his first visit to the mine. He evidently knew nothing of the difficulties of the road. But he would not stop. He was determined to reach the camp, even after he had been given a sight of it from the opposite mountain. He told them that he had once crossed the Sierras in midwinter. But he wasn't a sick man then."

"Doctor, they don't know who killed [his w]ife."

"[I] [couldn't]."

"[N]o[w], but under such circumstances every fact bearing on the [case is] of immense importance. There [are things] which Mr. Fairbrother only can [make] clear. It can be said in a [few words]."

The grim doctor's eyes flashed angrily, and I stopped.

"Were you a detective from the district attorney's office in New York sent on with special powers to examine him I should still say what I am going to say now. While Mr. Fairbrother's temperature and pulse remain where they now are no one shall see him and no one shall talk to him save myself and his nurse."

I turned with a sick look of disappointment toward the road up which I had so lately come.

"Have I panted, sweltered, trembled for three mortal hours on the worst trail a man ever traversed to go back with nothing for my journey? That seems to me hard lines. Where is the manager of this mine?"

The doctor pointed toward a man bending over the edge of the great hole from which at that moment a line of Mexicans was issuing, each with a sack on his back, which he flung down before what looked like a furnace built of clay.

"That's he, Mr. Haines of Philadelphia. What do you want of him?"

"Permission to stay the night. Mr. Fairbrother may be better tomorrow."

"I won't allow it, and I am master here so far as my patient is concerned. You couldn't stay here without talking, and talking makes excitement, and excitement is just what he cannot stand. A week from now I will see about it—that is, if my patient continues to improve. I am not sure that he will."

"Let me spend that week here. I'll not talk any more than the dead. Maybe the manager will let me carry sacks."

"Look here," said the doctor, edging me farther and farther away from the tent he hardly let out of his sight for a moment. "You're a canny lad and shall have your bite and something to drink before you take your way back. But back you go before sunset and with this message: No man from any paper north or south will be received here till I hang out a blue flag. I say blue, for that is the color of my bandanna. When my patient is in a condition to discuss murder, I'll hoist it from his tent top. It can be seen from the divide, and if you want to camp there on the lookout well and good. As for the police, that's another matter. I will see them if they come, but they need not expect to talk to my patient. You may say so down there. It will save scrambling up this trail to no purpose."

(Continued Next Week.)

CANNERY TALKED OF AT COTTAGE GROVE

E. E. Buster, installing canning plants, is in town this week talking with the people of Cottage Grove relative to putting in a canning factory here. Mr. Buster thinks this is an ideal location for an industry of this nature. He finds that there is fruit enough grown here and wasted to keep a cannery running on full time. He thinks a plant of 15,000 cans per day, which in rush times can be increased to 20,000, is what is needed. Stock for canning purposes comes from apple orchards, pears, prunes and berries of all kinds. The product is fresh canned fruit, jellies and jams. If a 15,000 can plant stimulates fruit growing until it is beyond that capacity, the cannery can be speedily enlarged. If the enterprise is undertaken it is proposed to have the plant ready for this year's crop.

Mrs. Lydia Comer, who has reached the age of 94 years, was brought down in an ambulance from the home of her youngest son, W. W. Comer, at Disston, to the home of her son who lives on Wall street. Mrs. Comer has had good health and has been very active until she was caught by the grippe a few weeks ago. She is convalescent, however, and it is thought that she will make a perfect recovery.

Died—February 28, at Cottage Grove, Clestey, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ritchey, aged five days.

Born—Near Cottage Grove, March 4, to Steven Smith and wife, a son, weight nine pounds. Mr. Smith and family are recent arrivals.

Born—At Cottage Grove, February 28, to John Hubbard and wife, a daughter, weight six pounds.—Western Oregon.

SIUSLAW BOUND BOAT IN DISTRESS

North Bend, March 4.—The gasoline schooner Berwick, bound from Portland to Siuslaw, put into Coos Bay this morning in distress. Her rudder post was badly twisted. For more than a week she was tossed at the mercy of the sea. The vessel was steered by means of oar relieving tackles.

The Berwick sailed from Portland ten days ago and since then has weathered two heavy blows and drifted well to northerly.

The Berwick was spoken last Wednesday by the steamer Alliance. Captain Childs reported all well. Fifteen minutes later her steering gear gave way and it was with difficulty that she was kept off the beach. She will undergo repairs here.

EUGENE PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS SAFE FROM FIRE

The terrible fire in the Cleveland, Ohio, school house yesterday has caused inquiry among the citizens of Eugene as to the safety of the public school buildings here. The Guard today interview Chairman Osburn, of the board of education, in regard to the matter. He said:

"As far as I know the school buildings of Eugene are very safe from fire. The furnaces at all of the buildings are practically new and at each building there is ample apparatus for extinguishing a blaze should one occur. In the high school building there are reels of large hose on each floor and at the other buildings there are several small hydrants in the yards with plenty of hose kept in readiness for instant use. Besides these, there is a fire hydrant in close proximity to each of the buildings. The children are given fire drills regularly and the short time it takes them to get out of the building after the alarm is sounded is remarkable. As far as I know the outside doors at all the buildings open outward, thus complying with the state law in this regard."

It was reported on the streets today that one of the outside doors at the Geary building opens toward the inside, but upon inquiry from Superintendent Alderman The Guard learns that this is not true and that at each of the buildings the law is strictly complied with.

In this connection it might be well to state that the outside doors at the courthouse open toward the inside. The building was erected before the law requiring the doors of public buildings to open outward was passed, but the change should have been made long ago.

FALSE ROBBERY ALARM AT MARCOLA

FIVE MEN SWORE THEY SAW BURGLARS IN AMOS' STORE CARRYING AWAY GOODS, BUT IT PROVED T OBE HALLUCINATION

Constable Plank was called to Marcola yesterday by a telephone message saying that three men were seen in William Amos' store there are night before carrying away the goods in the store. The constable went up on the afternoon train and when he got there he found that the doors of the store which had been nailed up by him some time previously, the store having been closed by attachment proceedings, had not been molested and none of the goods were gone. Five different men swore that they saw these men in the store, and could not believe that nothing had been disturbed. The constable made an investigation and found that three men were engaged during the night moving some things out of a building adjoining and placed them on the back porch of the store to haul them away. These five men saw them through the glass doors of both the front and rear of the store, and it appeared very much as if the men were inside.

Constable Plank went to Marcola again this afternoon to arrange for the sale of the attached goods.

NO ANARCHIST PLOT REVEILED

Chicago, March 5.—Assistant Chief of Police Scheuttler now believes that Lazarus Averbuch was alone in his dastardly attempt to murder Chief of Police Shippy. All efforts to connect others with the plot have failed, but Averbuch's friends continue to be arrested and it will be sifted to the bottom.

Rosie Stern and Olga Averbuch were released from custody today.

HILL LINES HAVE REACHED CAPACITY.

Washington, March 5.—Arguments of the Pacific Coast Lumber case were resumed before the interstate commerce commission this morning. J. D. Kerr, representing the Hill roads, frankly stated that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern have reached their capacity for handling traffic. He said as the developments of the northwest continued, traffic would grow.

Therefore existing roads must increase their capacity or new roads must be built, but he declared no new roads would be built to haul lumber unless they had a guarantee of a rate that would be remunerative. If the old non-compensatory lumber rate is continued in effect, money cannot be procured and railroad building will stop, he said. Kerr denied that the lumber men would be injured by an increase in the rate. They can absorb the increase and still make a handsome profit, he declared. The Booth-Kelly Company, in Oregon, which is not operated under favorable conditions could on the basis of an advanced rate still earn 31 per cent annually on its investment. Some companies could make larger profits, others not so much. Relative to the arguments that lumber cannot move into competitive territory under an advanced rate, Kerr showed that the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company of Tacoma paid 5 cents into this district for years and made good profits. This is higher than the proposed new rate.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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 "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa 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.

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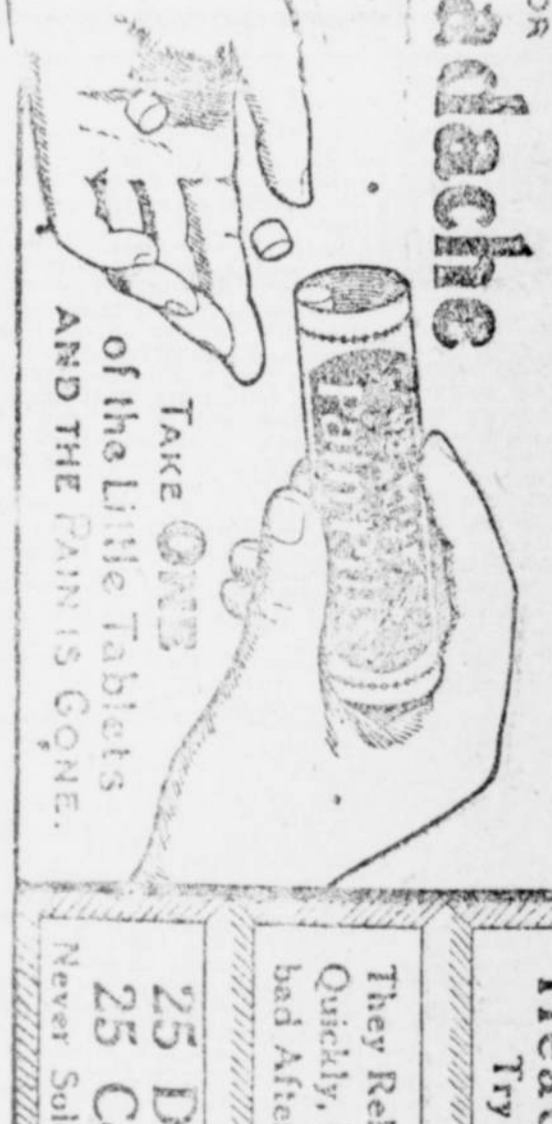
DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

FOR NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS.

FOR Headache



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If you have Headache Try One

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

25 Doses 25 Cents Never Sold in Bulk.

MAKE YOUR OWN STOCK FOODS BY USING

THE SKIDOO HORSE AND CATTLE TABLETS

Crush and mix in feed or salt. Proper dose in tablets

MAKES YOUR STOCK LOOK LIKE THE TOP PRICE

Contain no Sawdust, Ashes, Chop Feed or Bran. Ask for and try once—SKIDOO Condition Tablets, Worm, Kidney, Chicken Cholera, Blister, Heave, Fever, Hog Cholera tablets, Louse Powder, Spavin Cure, Barb Wire Liniment, Pink Eye, Distemper, Colic or Bone Stiffener Tablets.

TAKE THE BLUE BELL LINE TO HEALTH

THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A BLACKSMITH

Ask for and try once BLUE BELL Cough Syrup, Pile Remedy, Man's Pain Liniment, BLUE BELL Stomach Tablets, Diarrhoea, Croup, Nerve, Cough, Hay Fever and Catarrh, Blood General Tonic, Bright Sunshine, Heart, Worm, Kidney, Headache, Summer Complaint, Soothing Tablets for Children, Liver, Female Regulator or Quinsy Tablets.

For sale by Hull's Red Cross Drug store.