Lane County Bank.

(Established in 1882.)

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A general Banking business n all branches transacted on favorable terms.

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--SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.—

Corner 8th and Willamette Sts.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders.
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff Joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago.
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue: Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain,
Makes Man or Beast well again.

This extraordinary Rejuvenator is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America.

Hudyan is purely vegetable.

Hudyan stops Premature ness of the discharge in 20 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD

Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts.

Strengthens, invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and develops and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, losses by day or night stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Premature ness means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price $1.00 sent by mail. Genuine sold only by

OSBURN & DELANO Druggists and sole agents Eugene, Oregon

DRUMMERS AFLOAT.

SALESMEN WHO WORK THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI BOATS.

Continually Going Down the Rivers to New Orleans Selling Goods on Board and Ashore--One Man Who Had the Boat Stop to Let Him Sell a Gun.

"Say, what would you think of going up in one of the big Albany day boats and having her stop and set you ashore long enough to sell a gun to a countryman, then pick you up again and go on?"

Such a question could be asked only by a commercial traveler. It would be unjust to him to say that the little bottle of wine with a half dollar table d'hote dinner made him talkative, because he is always talkative, always interesting, too, and full of good stories.

"Knock you crazy, wouldn't it?" he went on, not expecting any answer beyond a look of surprise. "Of course it would. But I had just that thing happen to me down on the Ohio river some weeks ago. That's my country for business—the Ohio and the Mississippi basin and all the other basins in that region. It's about the finest racket that any traveling man in this country has too. I take a boat at Pittsburg, and with two changes I go right through to New Orleans, putting in a little time at every town on the way. I reckon four or five weeks for the trip and from eight to ten trips a year.

"There are—well, I can't say just how many of us work the river boats. I never strike a boat without meeting two or three others, and, to draw it mild, I should say there were several hundred. It's just like a profession, the river business is—takes a long time to get into it, but when you once get there you're solid. It's a snap when you have the right line. You don't want to go down there selling French clocks or ball slipppers, you know. In my line—light hardware, cutlery and firearms—it's about as soft a berth as a man could crawl into. Come back by the river? Of course I don't. It would take me, say, a month to get from New Orleans to Cincinnati by boat, and that would be a month wasted.

"I make up my list and have the goods boxed and shipped to Pittsburg about three days before I am ready to start. My business is not in full swing till I get to Cincinnati. That's where the big Ohio river packets start from, and to one of them my goods are transferred. I don't go through to New Orleans on that boat, only to Memphis, because the Ohio river boats don't make many stops after they get into the Mississippi.

"No matter what boat I take from Cincinnati, there's sure to be a queer lot of passengers on her. Nobody is supposed to travel by the boats nowadays who can afford to ride in the cars. Last time down was right in the swamper season, and we had about 30 of them on board. You'd think from their appearance that the swampers were a lot of daredevil cowboys hungry for a fight, but they're not. There's always work to be had in the swamps of Louisiana, especially along the Red river, cutting lumber for barrel staves and shingles, and when winter comes on in the north hundreds of farmer boys in Ohio and Indiana and Illinois go down in the boats and put in a winter's work in the swamps. They're the swampers. They're great on guns and pistols and knives, not for fighting, but to give them a real sporty appearance, I suppose, and I work my cards to sell them all I can. It's very much like peddling, to be sure. Sometimes I sell as much as $600 or $800 worth on the boat between Cincinnati and Memphis. The swampers haven't got any money, but pay with orders on their employers.

"This work on the boat of course is only side show. My main business is in the towns. How long the boat stops at a place depends entirely upon how much freight there is to take on. At least it's supposed to depend on that, but sometimes it depends more upon the commercial travelers on board, as you shall see. We're approaching Shawneetown, on the Illinois shore, let us say, and when we get up close enough we see that there's very little freight for us, not enough to keep us more than 10 or 15 minutes. There are, we'll say, four commercial men on board, and we all want to spend two or three hours in Shawneetown. We get right down into our pockets and pull out about a dollar apiece and put the money where it will do the most good, no matter where, but somehow the boat is delayed, and we do our business on shore. At the next landing there may be enough freight to keep us four or five hours, and we don't have to spend any money there.

"I was going to tell you about stopping the boat and setting me ashore while I sold a gun to a countryman. I don't suppose such a thing could happen anywhere in the world except along the Ohio river. We were poking along one morning pretty close to the Kentucky shore somewhere between Owensboro and Evansville. The river is very wide there and in some places almost six feet deep. I was up on the Texas deck leaning against one of the pilot house windows talking to the captain when I happened to see an old chap walking along the shore with a gun over his shoulder. The captain was a great friend of mine, and just for a joke I said to him, 'Say, cap, I wish you'd stop the boat while I go ashore and sell that fellow a decent gun.'

"Well, sir, the words were hardly out of my mouth before the captain's hand was on the whistle cord, and the old thing gave a most unearthly screech. It was the big whistle, you understand, that they blow only when they're going to make a landing. Most of these boats carry two whistles—one for ordinary use and a diabolical one of about 2,000 horsepower to let people know they're going to make a landing. The old fellow on shore acted surprised, but he was no more surprised than I was. They set me ashore, and I braced the old hunter, and in mighty short order I sold him a breechloading shotgun. I had to wait nearly half an hour, too, while he went up to his house to get the money. When I got back to the boat, they started her up again, and away we went."—New York Sun.

No "Old Home."

The condition of the unhappy city people who were not brought up in the country, and who consequently have no "old home" to go to, turning their backs upon the turmoil of the city, is well represented by a little scene reported in a Parisian paper:

In the St. Lazare station a man meets a friend hurrying, with a beaming face, to get a train.

"Ah," he says, "are you going away?"

"Yes; I'm going to spend a few weeks at my birthplace—my old home."

"Happy mortal!" exclaims the first man, with a sigh of envy.

"Why, are you unable to do the same?"

"Unable, man! I was born in Paris!"

HEREDITY.

There was plainly trouble in the Dovey home. Dovey's morning chops lay undisturbed upon his plate as he nervously skimmed over the headlines of his newspaper, while Mrs. Dovey took gulping sips of coffee and stared fixedly, with red, swollen eyes, at the sugar bowl. The silence that momentarily reigned was like that electric oppressiveness in the air just before a thunderstorm.

"Pshaw," at length exclaimed Mr. Dovey, throwing his journal on the floor, "the papers never print anything in the way of news now!" And he looked across the table at Mrs. Dovey in anticipation of some sort of contradiction.

But that lady vouchsafed no reply beyond taking another gulp of coffee and shifting her gaze from the sugar to the cruet stand. Mr. Dovey got up, upsetting his chair as he did so.

"I suppose," he said sarcastically as he savagely bit off the end of a cigar and ruined it, "I suppose, now that you have succeeded in spoiling my whole day, you are supremely happy."

"Happy!" echoed the young wife, with a bitter laugh. "No; I am supremely disgusted. That is all."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Mr. Dovey as he put on his overcoat. "If I disgust you, I wonder you ever made up your mind to marry me."

"I didn't," was the quick rejoinder. "I could not have had any mind. I must have done it in a moment of emotional insanity."

The band came off Mr. Dovey's umbrella in his hand, and he threw the umbrella under the sofa, much to the terror of the pug dog, who had sought refuge there at the beginning of the storm.

"I don't think," he said through his teeth as he buttoned each button of his coat into a wrong buttonhole, "that I can plead insanity in having married you. It was something else."

"Idiocy, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Dovey in a faint voice, evidently preparing for another outburst of tears.

"No," returned the husband as he turned to go, "not idiocy. Charity!"

"Brute!" came the reply in a scream, and Mrs. Dovey sank down into a lounge, bursting into a torrent of tears. Mr. Dovey picked up the chair he had upset and then threw it across the room. Then he kicked the pug, who had emerged from his place of concealment in favor of the umbrella, into the coal scuttle, shut the door with a bang that knocked down several pictures and left the house.

"Now, what on earth is the matter?" asked Mrs. Dovey's bosom friend, Marie, just then entering the room. "I met Mr. Dovey in the hall, and when I smiled he scowled like a disappointed office seeker."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Mrs. Dovey on her friend's shoulder. "I have been through a dreadful scene. We have had an awful quarrel, and—and—and I think I am the unhappiest woman in the world."

"There now, don't cry," said Marie sympathetically, "but tell me what it is all about."

"Oh, he was so cold, and so cruel, and so abusive, and so violent, and he said such perfectly terrible things and called me such fearful names," Mrs. Dovey managed to get out between her sobs, "that I don't think I ever care to see him again."

"And did you let him say all those things to you without making any reply?" queried her friend indignantly.

"No," replied the young matron, a faint gleam of satisfaction straggling through her tears; "I think I managed to hold my own."

"But what was it all about?" asked Marie.

"Oh, we got into a dispute, and at last (with a fresh sob) he told me that he only married me out of charity! As though there were no other man on earth for me!"

"But," persisted Mrs. Dovey's friend, "you have not told me what it was all about."

"Why, yes, I have. We got into a dispute, and then we raved and stormed at each other in a terrible way."

"But, my dear," repeated Marie despairingly, "what was the argument about? What did you dispute about? You haven't told me that."

"Haven't I?" asked the little matron, wrinkling her brow. "Why, no, I don't believe I have. Well, I'll tell you. We got into a dispute as to which one of us it was that the baby inherited its sweet and lovable disposition from!"—Louisville Times.

A Lost Custom.

Among the lost customs of merry England is that of the milkmaids' procession. It was a May day observance. The manner of their going was as follows: They borrowed a great quantity of silver plate—not sham plate, real solid plate—dishes, butter boats, cream jugs, tankards, etc. They built up the plate round an obelisk, crowning the whole with a tea urn. They arranged the most showy flowers of the season between and about the silver.

This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold laced hats and followed by a troop of handsome milkmaids dressed in pink and blue gowns, "drawn through the pocket holes," whatever that means, with high heeled shoes, mob caps, lappets of lace on their shoulders, nosegays in their bosoms and flat "Woffington hats" covered with ribbons. A fiddler went first in a sky blue coat and hat adorned with ribbons.

The procession stopped before the doors of the customers, and the milkmaids danced.—London Queen.

Romance and Reality.

"Yes," said he, "life is so lonely."

"It is lonely sometimes," she answered.

"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle and roses?"

"Oh, wouldn't it?"

"And when a fellow comes home tired from business to have a nice little wife to meet him at the door with a kiss?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"And then the summer nights! The windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cozy parlor, and—you—I mean a wife at the piano—singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely!"

"I—think—it—would—be—nice."

"And then"—

At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the air for a little. Then they changed the subject.—London Tit-Bits.

A Description.

Judge—Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner.

Witness—I don't know how to do it, yer honor.

"Can't describe him? Did he look like any of these lawyers? Did he look like me?"

"No, yer honor. He looked like an intelligent gentleman."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WATCH YOUR WEDDING PRESENTS.

If You Don't, an Honored Guest May Mysteriously Walk Off With Them.

Here is a story that illustrates two facts—first, the foolishness of persons making bogus wedding presents, or if not bogus presents pretentious gifts, and, second, that no matter how carefully you may invite your guests to your marriage it is well to watch them, for people in good society will steal.

As far back as 1855, in a small Hudson river town, a young woman was married to her father's confidential clerk. In addition to winning his bride the young man secured a partnership in his father-in-law's concern, and on the day of the wedding there were displayed, as was the custom in those days, the presents. Among them was a check for $10,000 from the bride's father.

The couple lived happily together for nearly 30 years, when the husband died. At intervals the wife visited her old home, met and conversed with her old friends, reared her children in the fear of the Lord and was in every way a good member of society. A few years after the death of her husband, her father, then a venerable old man, died. When his estate was settled, the daughter and widow found herself charged in the will with $10,000, to be deducted from her portion of the estate.

"But," said she to the executors, "I never received this money, and it is not fair to deduct it from my portion of the estate. I don't care to contest the will, but I think there must be some mistake about it. I recollect the check among my wedding presents, but I never saw it afterward. I supposed my husband took it, and if he did it was all right, but I have no proof of it either way."

The executors were in a quandary, and in some way the news of the missing check became known in the village. Then a surprising thing happened. One of the most respectable citizens of the town, a prominent member of the church, came forward, and after a good deal of hesitation drew from his pocket a faded slip of paper.

"See what my wife found in an old suit of clothes," said he. "I—I—I—don't know how it came there, but I thought it might be of some service to you."

It was the $10,000 check. Whether in jest or with the intention of stealing it, the respectable citizen had put it in his pocket. Having it once in his possession, he found it an awkward instrument. He was equally afraid to use it or mention the fact of his having it until 30 years later when the discussion regarding the will made it possible.—New York Herald.

Cold Stones From the Sky.

The prodigious speed with which aerolites are traveling at the time when they come in contact with that portion of our atmosphere heavy enough to give friction to the flying body is beyond human comprehension and the power of the mathematician to calculate. It only takes them a few seconds to pass through the thicker portion (say, the last 50 miles) of the air stratum which surrounds our globe, but even that short space of time is sufficient in most instances to fuse the surface of the stone and leave well defined waves of the melted mineral distributed over the aerolite, besides many pits and holes where softer constituents have burned out entirely or been torn away by the resisting medium.

There are instances on record, however, which appear to set all laws of the effect of resistance and friction at defiance—cases where the stone seems to have instantly passed from the cold outer regions of space to the warm surface of this earth. This was the case with the celebrated "cold aerolite" which fell at Dhrumsala, India, July 14, 1860, which had a temperature lower than any known degree of artificial cold, and which was three or four days warming up sufficient to admit of being touched with bare hands. Another of this class is reported by a priest as having fallen in Mexico in 1509, and a third, of the same cold variety, fell at Ulgaid, Sweden, in 1852.—St. Louis Republic.

A Story of Lowell.

As James Russell Lowell was leaving his house one morning his wife said to him: "Now, James, I beg of you not to bring any one home to dinner today. We are too much distracted with housecleaning to cook, and the prospect is that there will be little for us to eat."

Mr. Lowell promised to heed her request, but he met during the day the oldest son of an English family with whom he had been on terms of friendship while minister to the court of St. James. He now forgot his wife's admonition and insisted upon the young Englishman going home with him to dinner. The meal consisted of "picked fish" and potatoes. The guest was evidently puzzled. He had never eaten "picked fish" before. Mrs. Lowell meantime was haunted by thoughts of the apple pie that was to finish the repast. Her sensations may be imagined when the Englishman, after playing daintily with the contents of his plate, remarked in the most courteous manner, "I know that Mrs. Lowell will pardon me if I omit the fish course."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Minute Description In Old Deeds.

Those who read old deeds are impressed with the habit our ancestors had of describing a man not only by his name and residence, as we moderns do, but by his trade, calling or profession. Go back in any of the Maine records 60 years or more, and we find these things stated with great particularity. So far as men owned real estate under recorded deed prior to 1830 or thereabout, the historian does not lack for information about the business they were engaged in. Often when a party to a deed had more than one kind of business the painstaking scrivener wrote them all in, as if the identity of the person would be doubtful without such description. Almost any man can learn curious facts regarding his ancestors and family connections by following back the old land titles in the registries.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Softened Heart.

Little Dick—Mamma, may I go and play with Robby Upton and stay there to dinner if they ask me?

Mamma—I thought you didn't like Robby Upton.

"I didn't, but as I passed his house just now my heart softened toward him."

"Did he look lonely?"

"No'm, he looked happy."

"What about?"

"He said his mother was makin apple dumplin's."—Good News.

The Reason.

The Author (to the printer)—Why do you not increase the wages of your compositors?

The Printer (to the author)—Because since we are printing your sensational novel they are constantly falling asleep.—Paris Revue Anecdotique.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"As old as the hills" and never excelled. "Tried and proven" is the verdict of millions. Simmons Liver Regulator is the only Liver and Kidney medicine to which you can pin your faith for a cure. A mild laxative, and purely vegetable, acting directly on the Liver and Kidneys. Try it. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

Better Than Pills

The King of Liver Medicines.

"I have used your Simmons Liver Regulator and can conscienciously say it is the king of all liver medicines, I consider it a medicine chest in itself.—GEO. W. JACKSON, Tacoma, Washington.

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An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

Sold by Henderson & Linn.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg Oregon,
January 15, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make commitation proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings County Clerk of Lane Co. Oregon at Eugene, Lane Co. Oregon, on March 15, 1895, viz: Robert R Brewbaker on Homestead entry No 7932 for lots 9, 10, 11, 12, Sec. 8, Tp. 16 S., R. 2 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Yerington, Clarence S. Clark, Fred W. Bloomfield, Samuel Brewbaker, all of Gate Creek, Lane Co. Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH. Register.

Eugene Iron Works,

GEO. N. FRAZEK, Proprietor.

Steam Fittings, Brass Goods, Castings, Engines, Boilers Store Fronts, Etc.

—Sewing Machines Repaired.

Repairing of all kinds done.

Agent for Lily Anti-Friction Metal.

Shop on Eight Street at Mill Race

For all Facial Blemishes Use CUTICURA SOAP

Ashamed To Be Seen

Because of disfiguring facial blemishes is the condition of thousands upon thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in **Cuticura Soap** is to be found the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world, as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. It is so because it strikes at the root of all complexional disfigurations, viz.: the CLOGGED, IRRITATED, INFLAMED, SLUGGISH, or OVERWORKED PORE.

For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes it is wonderful.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

If tired, aching, nervous mothers knew the comfort, strength, and vitality in Cuticura Anti-Pain Plasters, they would never be without them. In every way the purest, sweetest, and best plaster for women and children.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
January 29, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that Esther M. Johnson, widow of John N. Johnson, deceased, the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings, county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on March 9, 1895, viz: John N. Johnson on homestead entry No. 6798 for the N E ¼ of Sec 24, Tp 19 S, R 2 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land viz:

James Parvin, Joel Addington, Daniel Huntsinger, all of Dexter, Lane county, Oregon, and J. W. Kimball, of Trent, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
January 31, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make commutation final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings, County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on March 23 1895, viz: Sarah E. Hower, on homestead No. 7929, for the lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 of sec 14, Tp 16 S, R 2 East.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Kate Morgan, of Gate Creek, Lane Co., Or. Ira P. Hower, of Gate creek, Lane Co., Or. Clarence Thomson, of Gate Creek Lane Co. Or. Theron C. Thomson, of Gate Creek, Lane Co., Or.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

THE EUGENE EVENING GUARD

IS one of the few prominent papers in Oregon that does not resort to Chromos, Coupons, Prize Packages, Picture Books, Corn Plasters or some other fake device to make an apparent showing of an increase in circulation. It therefore escapes the fate of papers that depend for a show of success upon these extraneous inducements, which is to be pitched into the street or thrown into the waste basket as soon as the coupon is cut from their columns.

THE GUARD, on the other hand, goes regularly and permanently into 80 per cent of the homes of Eugene solely and entirely on its merits as a bright, clean, enterprising, progressive and comprehensive newspaper. It is delivered at an hour, moreover, when the household has both time and inclination to read, and it IS read thoroughly and carefully by every member of the family. These conditions insure for every class of business announcements not only the widest but the best publicity that can be secured in our city.

The Evening Guard

Guarantees advertisers that it reaches more people than any other paper published in Eugene, and therefore has better results. THE EVENING GUARD, in short, covers the field completely, and no one who desires to reach the people can afford to do without the facilities placed at their command.