# Lane County Bank.

(Established in 1882.)

EUGENE, OREGON.

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

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# 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.

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Hudyan stops Premature ness of the discharge in 20 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

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Premature 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.

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

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STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS

are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price $1 [illegible] mail. Genuine sold only by

OSBURN & DELANO Druggists and sole agents, Eugene, Oregon.


## AT REST.

Shall I lie down to sleep and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky,
The proud procession of the stars go by,
The white moon sway the sea and woo the shore,
The morning lark to the far heavens soar,
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh,
The summer roses bud and bloom and die?
Will life and life's delight for me be o'er?
Nay, I shall be in my low, silent home!
Of all earth's gracious ministries aware,
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloam,
Yet done with striving and foreclosed of care—
"At rest—at rest!" What better thing to say?
—Louise Chandler Moulton in Century.

## A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Jean turned and said good night at the door. There was a diminishing rumble of wheels on the stone pavement, and she was alone. She walked quickly across the hall and opened the door of her sitting room. Red coals glowed in the grate, and she was drawn toward it. She leaned her elbow upon the mantel and ran her gloved hand through her hair. Her loosened cloak slid to the floor and lay in a black and pink mass at her feet.

As she stood outlined by the glow of the fire against the dark tiling she looked like some fair goddess. The mirror over the mantel reflected the queenly pose of the head crowned with golden brown hair. Two dark eyes blazed like stars, and a brilliant flush was on the usually white cheeks. The ivory satin of her evening dress took on the soft hues of a rose in the firelight.

What an evening it had been! She closed her eyes and reviewed its scenes. She saw again the long dinner table with its lights, flowers and china, all mingled in a kaleidoscopic mass of brilliancy. She saw the distinguished persons gathered around the board where she herself had been the guest of honor. How they had praised her! And how sweet it all rang in her ears, for she was young enough to believe in the sincerity of praise and to love it. The name of her book was on every tongue, and Jean thought as she glanced, flushed and happy, into the faces bent toward hers in flattering attention, "This world can have no greater joy than this."

Now it was over, but Jean knew that in the morning she would be announced as one of the successes of the day. Her book was already in all the store windows, and representatives of the press were clamoring for her picture. She knew that in another week the invitations would pour in upon her and people beg for introductions. She knew the world and knew her own magnetic power and brilliancy.

"How hard I have worked for it all!" she said, with a little sigh, which was instantly smothered lest she awake the maid asleep on the couch. "But it is worth it. There is nothing so sweet as fame. If it is so grand to one standing upon the threshold, what must it be to be known all over the world?"

She turned slowly from the fire and sank wearily into the cuddling depths of an armchair. The white lids closed over the brown eyes. Only for an instant. Then she drew herself up rigidly and looked around with a startled gaze. What odor was that which came stealing over her senses like a breath from the past? Pshaw, she was dreaming! There was no odor, save in her excited imagination. She drew a deep breath, but only to smell again the same sweet, delicate, intangible scent.

Jean turned and looked. A vase of white lilacs stood on the stand behind her. She turned with the fierceness of a tiger and tore the blossoms from the vase. A letter fell to the floor, but she did not heed it. She buried her face in the cool white blossoms and drew in deep breaths of their odor.

The room faded from her sight, and she looked past the tinted walls upon a scene dimmed by years. She saw an old fashioned garden, calm and still in the moonlight and filled with the scent of the spring flowers. A youth and maiden stood by the sagging gate. He leaned heavily against the post and looked at her with troubled eyes. She stood tall and slender in the silvery light, and her whole figure trembled with nervous excitement.

"It is the dream of my life," she said. "I shall never be happy nor contented until I have tried it. You love the country and are contented here, but I hate it. I long for the city and people. I want to be a part of the world and to become famous. I feel here," she continued, folding her slim white hands over her heart, "that some day I shall be famous. You cannot understand me, Paul. I do not quite understand myself. Only this thing I know—I will give up home, friends and even love for my ambition."

A long silence followed her excited, earnest words. Then Paul spoke slowly and with repressed emotion:

"You must choose for yourself, Jean," he said, "and I will abide by your decision. You are but a child in comparison with the world, and you will find it very hard to a woman. Your happiness has always been more to me than my own; but, Jeanie, dear, it is hard to give you up. Promise me one thing," he continued—"should you grow tired of the world, or should you find it disappointing, you will send for me. You will always find me waiting and faithful, though it be years."

Jean impatiently waved the white lilac she had plucked from the bush over the gate.

"I promise, Paul, of course, and you must not think I don't care for you. I do really, only I am ambitious and do not wish to be tied to any one."

Paul suppressed a groan. How lightly she treated it, this queer girl who had the fierceness of a wild animal and the gentleness of an angel! He felt so commonplace and dull beside her. It was a part of life, however, the renunciation of the dearest things. He was not a coward to whine about fate.

He caught the hand which held the lilac in his.

"Thank you, Jean, and God bless you," he said. "I know that you will keep your promise and send for me if the day comes that you need me." His gray eyes looked earnestly into hers for a moment; then he tore the lilac from her hand and was gone.

All this was six years ago. Now as Jean sat in the firelight she followed her past struggles one by one. What up hill work it had been! Failures and discouragements on every side, and yet she had never given up. She had fought her way inch by inch and now was beginning to taste the sweets of success. The book over which she had worked so hard for weeks had pleased the critics, and her fame was assured.

But, after all, what did that fame mean? To have no life of her own, to stand always in the glare of the world's curiosity and to have heralded from ocean to ocean her most trivial actions, to go daily through the same thing—dinners, teas, receptions, among crowds of people, not one of whom really cared for her, to work to the utter most of her strength by day and crowd her already wearied brain by night.

The glamour was already wearing off at the edges under the homely spell of the lilacs.

Paul stood before her, as she had last seen him, calm, gentle and sympathetic. She remembered all the kindnesses which she had valued so little then, and her heart was filled with a queer pain. What cared she for the world, or what did the world care for her? The best fame could offer was not worth a home wherein one could rest, protected by love. When her youth and beauty wore off, when she became wornout in body and mind, when she became old and sick, what would the world do then? It would leave her to die alone and would seek new celebrities.

She remembered Paul's words and said them again softly to herself. "Should you grow tired of the world, or should you find it disappointing, send for me. You will find me waiting and faithful, though it be years."

The smell of the lilacs had brought her to her senses, and she realized the emptiness of her life.

Jean sat with her head bowed upon the table for a long time. When she raised it again, her eyes were wet with tears, and her face was filled with a soft light. She kissed the crushed lilacs and placed them in the vase again, all save one little spray.

Then she glided softly to the escritoire and seized a pen. She wrote hurriedly for ten minutes and slipped the letter and the bit of lilac into the envelope. Sealing and addressing it nervously, she drew a long breath.

"How they will talk!" she said, with a soft little laugh. "And how happy we shall be—Paul and I! It has been a fight between ambition and love, but love has won. I shall mail the letter myself in the morning. Dear Paul!"

She went over and aroused the sleeping maid and sent her off to bed, then drew the armchair before the grate and dreamed happy dreams until a ray of daylight stole beneath the shade.

It was noon when Jean came from her bedroom clad in her business costume. She smiled as she saw the lilacs on the stand and crossed to the escritoire to get her letter.

"I'll post it myself," she said. "You darling flowers, you have given me my life."

There was a businesslike letter on the top of her desk. She picked it up and read, "Dear Madam—We will pay you $10,000 in cash, with a royalty, for a volume from your pen, to be finished Sept. 1," and the signature was that of a well known publishing house whose name was synonymous with success.

Jean's face flushed, and she gave a glad cry: "Ten thousand dollars, with a royalty besides! I shall be able to spend two years abroad. What bliss! I shall write at once and accept it."

Something rustled at her feet. It was Paul's letter. She drew a hard breath and looked first at the letter in her hand and then at the one at her feet. Love or fame? Which should she choose?

Jean's face hardened. She felt like the soldier who smells powder and is anxious to be on the scene of action. The noonday sun filled the room with its glare.

Slowly picking up the letter at her feet, she hesitated but a moment; then, crossing quickly to the grate, dropped it on the glowing coals. She did not wait to see it burn, but sat at her desk and hastily wrote her letter to the publishers. A tear fell on the page, but Jean brushed it away fiercely.

"Last night you were a romantic fool," she said. "Your work lies before you, and you have no place nor time for a heart. You have talents that you have no right to bury and a glorious future before you, and you shall not give it up."

Arising hastily from her chair, there was a crash, and the vase of lilacs lay shattered at her feet. Jean caught the flowers and threw them into the grate; then, womanlike, leaned her head upon the mantel and sobbed bitterly for a few minutes. Presently she grew quieter and wiped the traces of tears from her eyes.

Soon she was ready for the street and dropped the letter into the mailbox at the corner. Her hand trembled as she thought of the letter she had intended to post, but the battle had been fought, and she was determined to enjoy the fruits of the victory.—Queen of Fashion.

### Ruskin's Ill Assorted Marriage.

They were married on April 10, 1848. The first days of the honeymoon were spent at Keswick, whence Ruskin wrote on Good Friday to Miss Mitford. His letter has a somber earnestness, not without significance, as we trace the course of his ill assorted marriage. "I begin to feel," he writes, "that all the work I have been doing and all the loves I have been cherishing are ineffective and frivolous; that these are not times for watching clouds or dreaming over quiet waters; that more serious work is to be done, and that the time for endurance has come rather than for meditation, and for hope rather than happiness."

A noble thoughtfulness is manifest in these words, but we can understand that the gay young wife, full of life and spirits, was not altogether in sympathy with such a husband. The course of time revealed the dissimilarity between them more emphatically. Amid ceaseless labor, rendered increasingly trying by physical weakness, Ruskin found it needed no small effort "to do what he believed to be his duty toward a wife whose affection he earnestly sought, but whose tastes were discordant with his."

Meanwhile there were "disappointment and disillusioning" for the "young girl who found herself married, by parental arrangement, to a man with whom she had nothing in common, in habits of thought and life, though not so much in years her senior, taking 'small notice or austerely' of the gayer world she preferred." People were intensely puzzled when she left him after six years of married life, but the secret is not hard to fathom when we see in what different worlds these uncongenial spirits moved.—Methodist Review.

### The Retort Discourteous.

They say that certain young women in Boston who should be rosebuds on old and tenderly nurtured family bushes are thorns. They say that rudeness is regarded by some of these maidens as synonymous with cleverness. At a dinner party given here in honor of a well known Englishman Miss Pert said to the guest: "What did you come over here for anyway? To pick up American dollars and take them back to England?" To which the unruffled guest replied: "Oh, no. I came here to start a school for teaching manners to young ladies. Shall I not have the pleasure of adding your name to the list of pupils?"—Boston Journal.

### Beating About the Bush.

A.—What! You call me a swindler?

B.—No, but I am prepared to give 10 marks to any one who proves to me the contrary.—Deutsche Wespen.

### An "Almost" Lesson.

Ohio and Indiana, although fairly friendly to tramps, are noted for certain "hostile" features. The main one of these is the well known "timber lesson"—clubbing at the hands of the inhabitants of certain towns. I experienced this muscular instruction at one unfortunate time in my life, and I must say that it is one of the best remedies for vagabondage that exists. But it is very crude and often cruel.

In company with two other tramps I was made to run the gantlet extending from one end of the town of Oxford, Ind., to the other. The boys and men who were "timbering" us threw rocks and clubbed us most diligently. I came out of the scrape with a rather sore back, and should probably have suffered more had I not been able to run with rather more than the usual speed. One of my fellow sufferers, I heard, was in a hospital for some time. My other companion had his eye gouged terribly, and I fancy that he will never visit that town again.

Apart from the "timber" custom, which I understand is now practiced in other communities also, these two states are good begging districts. There are plenty of tramps within their boundaries, and when "the eagles are gathered together" the carcass to be preyed upon is not far away.—Century.

### Traits Inherited From a Stepfather.

Touching our note on "Telegony," we have received a communication which may interest Professor Romanes. It is to the effect that in a certain parish of Wiltshire (particulars of which we can furnish him if he desires it) there is an old woman whose first husband had "bright red, thick curly hair," and their only child had exactly the same kind of hair.

The woman became a widow, and she married secondly a man with "straight, soft, light brown hair, with not the least shade of red in it." No two men could have been more unlike in appearance. Of the second family, there were four who resembled their father and mother—the mother had pretty brown hair and eyes—then came a boy and girl exactly like the child of the first husband, with the self same curly hair, "regular 'carrots,' blue eyes, and similar features."

They are all living now, in or near the parish in question. Perhaps, nay, probably, there were ancestors of the true parents, near or remote, who had red hair, and therefore the case is not quite a satisfactory one, but Professor Romanes may think it worth while to look into it more closely.—London Globe.

### The Smile That Never Came.

"Stranger," said the young man with the white hair and the dyed mustache to the photographer, "I am here to git my picture took, and I'll tell you how it is. I've jist popped the question to a widder down our way with 40 acres of as good ground as ever a hog stuck his nose into, and I am now goin to read her answer. When you see the pleasant smile stealin over my face, I want you to fire off the ole machine and let 'er go."

"All right."

The young man took his position, but he didn't get the photograph taken. Instead he rose to go without a word.

"What's the matter?" asked the photographer.

"There hain't nothin the matter, 'ceptin that she says she's stuck on a preacher, and that I ain't got the sense I wos borned with, that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Accounted For.

It takes the "well brought up" child to discover the hidden meanings of things. The other evening, at Mrs. E——'s in K street, somebody was showing a picture of an artistic loving cup which had just been presented to a famous actor by his professional brethren. One of the party remarked that it had always been a marvel to him why a loving cup should have three handles.

"I can account," said he, "for one handle as belonging to the lover and the other as belonging to the beloved, but the third handle"——

The shrill little voice of Mrs. E——'s youngest, who has seen two elder sisters pass through the marriageable period, piped up:

"That's for the chaperon."—Kate Field's Washington.

### Could He Be a Mother?

A citizen of North Dakota tells a reporter that he has to a large extent dropped all political problems and is absorbed on this question, "Is the hen that lays the egg or the hen that hatched it the mother of the chicken?"

At this distance it is difficult to see how the aforesaid citizen can arrive at more than one solution of this question. Suppose he bought an incubator, furnished the heat and hatched the egg. Would he be the mother of the chicken?—Minneapolis Journal.

### Disguised Economy.

"Rivers, you smoke to excess. That's the third time this morning I've seen you light a fresh cigar with the stump of the old one. I call that disgraceful extravagance."

"No, Banks, it's economy. Saves matches."—Chicago Tribune.


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the great SKIN CURE

Instantly Relieves TORTURING Skin Diseases

And the most distressing forms of itching, burning, bleeding, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors, and will in a majority of cases permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when physicians, hospitals, and all other methods fail. CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Resolvent, $1. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the skin and blood," 64 pages, mailed free.

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Sold by Henderson & Linn.


### 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.


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GEO. N. FRAZER, Proprietor.

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—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.—

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### 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.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or., Feb. 7, '95.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his 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 Wednesday, March 27th 1895. viz: Thomas Gossage, on homestead entry No. 6805, for the lots 3, 4 and 7, section 18, tp. 19 s, r 1 w

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

Henry S. Tilton of Dexter, Lane county Oregon; John A. Briggs of Dexter Lane county, Oregon; Alexius N. Miller, of Trent, Lane county, Oregon; Samuel Parks of Pleasant Hill Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch, Receiver.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or. February 6, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his 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 25th, 1895, viz: Frank Lilly, on Homestead Entry No. 5615 for the N E ¼ Sec 12 Tp 16 S. R 1 W.

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

William McCully, Alfred Montgomery, Curtis Baird, and Thomas Whitmore, all of Isabel, Lane county, Oregon.

R M. Veatch, Register.


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Are the Highest of all High Grades.

Warranted Superior to any Bicycle built in the World, regardless of Price.

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RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

*Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us that this wheel retails for $85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents. Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

High Frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorcher, weight, 21 lbs . . . . $85
Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher Tires, weight, 24 lbs. $85
Regular Frame, same weights . . . . . $85
Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . $75
Ladies' Diamond, Wood Rims, weight, 20 lbs . . . . $75

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