

Lane County Bank.
(Established in 1882.)
EUGENE, OREGON.

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

A. G. HOVEY, President.
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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.

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THE GREAT MUDYAN

This extraordinary Remedy is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been employed in the treatment of the leading diseases of Europe and America. It is a powerful purgative, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a most valuable medicine for all cases of constipation, indigestion, biliousness, falling sen, catarrhs, nervous debility, and other ailments. It is a most valuable medicine for all cases of constipation, indigestion, biliousness, falling sen, catarrhs, nervous debility, and other ailments. It is a most valuable medicine for all cases of constipation, indigestion, biliousness, falling sen, catarrhs, nervous debility, and other ailments.

A CUP OF PARKS' TEA

AT NIGHT MOVES THE BOWELS IN THE MORNING

For sale at Yerrington's 9th street drug store.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS

are the original and only FRENCH effectual pills made in France. Price, 50 cents. Genuine sold only by QUERN & DELANO Druggists and sole agents, Eugene, Oregon.

WOLF-SOLANGE.

Stick in hand, our bags slung over our shoulders, we three had been walking all the afternoon in the beautiful forest of Tronsays, which covers half the Saint-Amand district and half the Nevers district. The end of our tramp for that day was the village of Ursay, near the bank of the Cher, a little place huddled up in an arm of that valley which divides the forest in two. There we dined with an old friend of mine, a doctor, whose small connection was scattered over five or six neighboring parishes. Dinner over, we seated ourselves in the open in front of the house and meditatively smoked our cherry wood pipes.

The shadows were gathering upon the tall tree tops all around us with the slowness of a June evening. Here and there a cloud of swallows was to be seen. From a little steeple just visible above the roof of the houses rang out the 9 o'clock Angelus in slow, measured tones, an interval of silence between each stroke, and in the distance could be heard the barking of the farm dogs as they called to and answered each other.

A youngish woman, dressed in a short skirt of red material, with a white bodice, came out of a house close by and went toward the river. She was carrying a baby in long clothes on her left arm and holding with her right hand the chubby fist of a little boy, who in turn was grasping the hand of a younger brother. When she reached the bank of the river Cher, the young mother sat down on a big stone and nursed the baby, while the two boys quickly undressed and tumbled into the water, where they splashed about and threw water over one another with shouts of laughter.

"There's a picture which would have a tremendous success in the salon," said one of my companions, who was an artist. "See how the light falls upon her! And what a splendid pose! How well the red skirt shows up on the dark background!"

"Are you looking at Wolf-Solange, young gentlemen?" asked a voice behind us.

It was our host, who had been detained inside by the arrival of a patient, and who now rejoined us. Of course we asked him who Wolf-Solange was, and how she came by such a strange name, and in reply he told us the following story:

"Wolf-Solange, whose proper name is Solange Grillet, maiden name Tournier, was the prettiest girl all around Tronsays ten years ago. Hard work in the fields and maternal cares have left their mark upon her, but she is still pretty for a woman of 30, as you can see.

"At the time the adventure happened which earned for her the nickname of Wolf-Solange she was still single. Her parents were tenants of the small farm of Reindu-Bois, about eight or nine miles from here, near Lurcy-Levy. Although poor, she had no lack of suitors, even among the well to do young men of the neighborhood, but the only one she encouraged was a certain Laurent Grillet, to whom she had taken a fancy when she was a mere girl and they used to tend sheep together.

"Laurent Grillet was a foundling. His fortune consisted of his strong arm only. Solange's parents, not seeing the advisability of marrying their daughter to a man just as poor as they were, especially when she had several much better chances, forbade Solange to meet her lover, but the parents' injunction was unheeded, and as they lived in the same village and the forest was close by the opportunities of meeting were numerous and easy. When the Tourniers discovered that the lovers still saw each other and perceived that neither soft words nor blows had any effect upon Solange, they came to a weighty decision—they would send her out to service at Ursay, on the model farm of M. Roger Duffos, our deputy.

"Perhaps you think that this step put a stop to the lovers' meeting? If so, you are quite mistaken. The only difference was that they had to see each other at night. As soon as it was quite dark the young people slipped away from the respective farms on which they worked, and taking a short cut to save time and to avoid the high road met in the forest, unknown to any one.

"It was in 1879. The summer and autumn passed in this way; then came the winter—and a terrible winter it was! The Cher was full of pieces of floating ice, and finally it froze right over. The high trees of Tronsays bent under the weight of the snow, the forest was deserted, the roads having become almost impassable, and we saw what had not been seen for many a year—wolves!

"Yes, young gentlemen, wolves. They prowled about the outlying farms of Lurcy-Levy and Ursay, alarming the good people who lived on those farms, and were even seen in the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, an out of the way little place close to the forest. Wolf hunts were organized to kill them, and 50 francs were promised to the man who would bring in a wolf's head. I myself saw three or two full grown ones and a young one on the opposite bank of the Cher one morning when I was on my way to Saint-Amand in my cart.

"But neither the hard winter nor the wolves prevented Laurent and Solange from meeting at night in the forest. In spite of all dangers they continued their nightly expeditions. Every evening Laurent left Lurcy-Levy, his gun under his arm, and walked through the snow covered forest with a blithe, fearless step. Solange, on her side, slipped away from Ursay at 9 o'clock, and they met at a glade called 'The Walk,' about a mile and a half from here.

"On Christmas evening they met as usual, but just as Laurent reached the glade, he slipped upon the frozen ground and fell in such an awkward way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him up, but was unable to do so. She could only drag him to a young elm tree and set him up with his back against the trunk.

"Stop there, my poor Laurent," she said, wrapping her cloak around him, 'and I will run to the doctor at Ursay. He will come and fetch you in his cart.'

"She started off on her way to the village and had turned the bend in the road when she heard the report of a gun and a cry for help. She ran back to her lover, whom she found convulsively clutching and fear, which was lying on the ground. "What is the matter, Laurent, dear?" she asked anxiously. "Was it you who fired?"

"Yes," he replied. "Soon after you had left me I noticed a strong smell, and when I looked up I saw an animal with glaring red eyes and as big as a goat dog. I believe it was a wolf."

"Did you fire at it?"

"No, I couldn't lift the gun, you know, on account of my arm. I pulled the trigger as it rested on the ground to frighten the brute, and you see he is gone."

"When it came back!" asked Solange after a moment's reflection.

"I am sure it will!" answered the young man. "You'll have to stop here with me, Solange. If you don't, the beast will eat me."

"Very well, dear," said Solange, 'I'll stop with you. Let me have your gun.'

"She took up the weapon, shook out the discharged cartridge and put in a fresh one, and they both waited anxiously.

"Two hours, perhaps more, passed. The moon, still invisible, had risen above the horizon, for the sky reflected a confused light, which became brighter each minute. Laurent was feverish—he shivered and groaned. Solange, benumbed with cold, standing up with her back against the tree, began to get drowsy.

"All at once a kind of whine or howl, like that of a dog chained up at night, made her jump. In the semidarkness she saw two fiery eyes. It was the wolf.

"Laurent tried to get up and take the gun, but the pain was too great, and he fell back again into a sitting position with a groan.

"Make ready, Solange," he cried. "Aim straight between the eyes, and don't fire too soon."

"Solange raised the weapon to her shoulder, took aim and fired, but the kick of the gun made her miss the animal. Nevertheless, scared by the report, it fled along the road and was quickly out of sight. A little while afterward they heard it howling in the distance, and it was answered by others.

"The moon now emerged from behind the trees and lighted up the whole of the forest, and a terrifying sight met the eyes of the lovers. Within gunshot were five wolves, seated on their hindquarters, like dogs, across the path, while another, bolder than his fellows, was slowly making its way toward Laurent and Solange.

"Listen to what I tell you, Solange," said Laurent. "Take aim at the one which is coming toward us. If you can manage to knock him over, the others will eat him, and we shall have a rest while they are doing it."

"The wolf continued to advance slowly. They could see its red eyeballs, its bones showing through its dull, ragged looking coat—so thin was it through hunger—and its open mouth with the tongue hanging out.

"Rest the butt of the gun well in the hollow of your shoulder," said Laurent. "Now let him have it!"

"Bang! The wolf gave a jump in the air and fell dead without a sound. The others rushed away as hard as they could and disappeared in the brushwood.

"Run to the wolf, quick, Solange!" exclaimed her lover. "Drag it as far up the road as you can. There is no danger—the others won't come back yet."

"She ran to the dead wolf, but he called her back when she had gone a few steps.

"We ought to cut off the head, you know, so as to get the reward."

"Have you got a knife?" she asked.

"Yes, here in my belt."

"It was a hunting knife, with a short handle and a wide blade. She took it, and running to where the animal lay she cut off its head and dragged the carcass by one foot over the slippery ground as far away as she could and returned to Laurent with the head.

"What Laurent had foreseen took place. The wolves, frightened at first by the death of their companion, came back—all five of them—when they smelled blood. By the light of the moon the two young people saw the group of wolves struggling, fighting and rolling over one another in their efforts to get a full share of the prey, of which they devoured every scrap.

"Laurent began to suffer terribly from his broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were giving way under the strain, was vainly endeavoring to struggle against fatigue and drowsiness. Twice the gun nearly fell from her hands.

"Having finished their meal, the wolves began to come nearer to the young people. The girl fired once, twice, at random in their midst, but her frozen fingers trembled, and the bullets went wild of their mark. At the report of the gun the brutes scurried away along the road for some short distance, where they stopped for a few minutes and then came back.

"Laurent and Solange knew that it was all over with them then, and that they must perish. The girl let the gun fall to the ground, but not for an instant did she think of abandoning her wounded lover and saving herself by flight. She lay down upon the frozen ground by his side and drew one end of her cloak, which she had wrapped him in, over her own benumbed limbs, and putting her arms round him she laid her head against his cheek. Thus, outwardly frozen by the cold and inwardly burning with fever, they both waited for death.

"Strange fancies took possession of their disordered minds as they lay half unconscious. It was once again summer time, and they were wandering through the forest decked with summer verdure, enjoying the lovely June evening. Then the trees and hedges became suddenly bare and the forest covered with snow, upon which stood out clearly a mass of moving forms with blazing eyes and gaping mouths, a mass which grew larger every minute and drew nearer to them to devour them.

"But fortunately neither Laurent nor Solange was destined to die in that awful manner. Providence—I believe in Providence, my boys—ordained on that very morning I was returning through the forest in my cart from Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, which I had been to attend a very urgent case. I was driving, while my servant, holding a loaded gun ready in his hand, was on the lookout for wolves. No doubt the bells on my horse frightened the brutes, for we did not see a single one. When we reached the tree at the foot of which the lovers were lying, my horse shied and so drew my attention to them. I jumped out, and aided by my man lifted the poor things, unconscious and stiff with cold, into the cart, covered them with everything we had in the way of rugs and made my way as quickly as possible to Ursay. I did not forget to take the wolf's head with me.

"It was about 7 o'clock, and the day was breaking, when we reached the village. We were met by a large party, consisting of the men employed on the farm of M. Roger Duffos, and about half the people of the village, who, uneasy at the disappearance of Solange, were going in search of her. And it was in that large kitchen where you have just dined that Laurent and Solange, restored to consciousness and seated in front of a flaming beechwood fire, told us what they had passed through during that dreadful night."

"Well, doctor, I suppose they got married after that?" we asked.

"Of course," replied the doctor. "We saw Wolf-Solange dress her two boys and come toward us on her way back to her home, the child asleep in her arms and the others walking by her side as before. As she passed us she smiled at the doctor, who smiled in return and wished her a cheery 'Good evening, Solange!'—From the French in Strand Magazine.

TURF PHILOSOPHY.

Two good trotting horses make up a span of life.

An honest ignoramus in the judge's stand can do lots of harm.

In the trotting business, as in all others, "time" rights many things.

People often seem to forget that many of the cheap prices realized for horses today are for very cheap horses.

At the present time it does not pay to breed inferior stock, and it is to be sincerely hoped that it never will again.

It will not do to argue that because a trotter or pacer is the best of his day the man who drives him is also the best driver.

Generally a community that raises good horses shows progress and intelligence and will almost surely become prosperous.

It is human nature to long for that which the possessor values highly and is reluctant to part with in horseflesh as in all other things.

If you own a well bred stallion and intend to stand him for public service next season, remember that at a small cost you can publish the fact.

The principal trouble in the trotting horse market is that while breeders cannot now get the money to pay for horses that they want.

Results are what horsemen are looking for. Never buy unless the individual suits you perfectly, is a plan which works well when buying a horse.

In the horse business profit comes from economy, and good, warm, stabling, plenty of wholesome feed and careful attention are great sources of economy.—Turf, Field and Farm.

BANKS AND BANKING.

New York has 1,516,289 depositors in savings banks, who deposited \$588,435,421.

In 1765 the "Royal Kalendar" was published, a list of responsible bankers and goldsmiths with whom it was safe to deposit money.

Cromwell, the lord protector, seriously considered the propriety of establishing a public bank and began to take the preliminary steps in 1653, shortly before his death.

The English Black Friday was May 11, 1803, the height of the commercial panic of that year. The American Black Friday was Sept. 24, 1869, when a group of speculators in New York suddenly advanced the price of gold and produced a disastrous panic.

In 1869 the British courts decided that a peer could be made a bankrupt. The decision was appealed, in the case of the duke of Newcastle, to the house of lords, which affirmed it. In 1871 it was decided that a bankrupt could not sit in the house of lords.

The British securities, at first called exchequer bills, were invented by Montagu, afterward earl of Halifax, and first issued in 1697. They were really the government's accommodation notes, issued in anticipation of taxes and being receivable for taxes.

When the Bank of the United States wound up its affairs, in 1811, the stockholders received all their money and a premium of 81 per cent. When the second Bank of the United States suspended, in 1840, the stockholders got nothing, the entire capital having been lost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STAGE GLINTS.

The Tavery opera company went to pieces in Buffalo.

Walter Sanford is the new manager of Niblo's Garden, New York.

Rosina Vokes will try and recover her health in Devonshire, England.

Richard Place, aerialist, is at his home in Toledo suffering from a severe fall.

Carroll Johnson has given up his starting tour for the present and is a feature in a variety bill in New York.

Billy Van, one of the best of the minstrel comedians, was married in New York to Miss May Stuart, now with "My Aunt Bridget."

Sol Smith Russell told an Albany reporter that his engagement at Daly's cost him \$10,000, and he would never appear in New York again.

"Percy and Harold" is the title of the farce comedy, by George C. Jenkins, in which Ward and Vokes will commence a stellar tour next September.

It is rumored that Rose Coghlan contemplates organizing a stock company in New York, and that a theater is to be erected for her on a Broadway site in the near future.

Lillian Russell receives on an average 50 letters a day. Most of them are requests for her pictures and autographs. A not infrequent missive is one proposing marriage.

According to a well defined rumor, the next recruit in the ever increasing ranks of the vaudevillers will be Mrs. Sophie Knight, widow of George S. Knight, the noted German comedian.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The next door neighbor to pride is shame.

Lot's wife was what might be called a well preserved woman.

If some of our heads were not so big, our hearts would grow larger.

A rose, measured by its fragrance, makes a cabbage head look little.

The best preparation for doing great things is to be faithful in little ones.

When people are hired to be good, they will stop as soon as the pay stops.

When you want a friend, don't choose a man whose children are afraid of him.

Give the devil a chance to take his pick in a family of boys, and he will always get the best one.

To read a bad book is as good a way as you can take to let the devil know that you would like to be better acquainted with him.—Rosa's Home.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY

IS

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. It is the only preventive of pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes. It is so because it strikes at the cause of most complexional disfigurements, viz., rust-colored, lumpy, scaly, itchy, overworked, or saturated pores.

FOR FACIAL BLEMISHES

rashes, freckles, bites and stings of insects, irritations, yellow, oily, and mothy skins, chaffs, and undue perspiration. CUTICURA SOAP, because of its delicate medication, is the most soothing, cooling, purifying, and healing application, as well as being beyond all comparison the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing of toilet, bath, and nursery soaps. Sale greater than combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT

ROOT

CURES CONSTIPATION

INDIGESTION DIZZINESS

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

150 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable LAXATIVE AND NEWLY TESTED. 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 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 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 9, 1895, viz: John N. Johnson on Homestead entry No. 6798 for the N E 1/4 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 Parsin, Joel Adlington, Daniel Huntsinger, all of Dexter, Lane county, Oregon, and J. W. Kumball, of Trent, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of all High Grades.

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

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.: GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scourcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us that this wheel retails for \$65? 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. MERRICK & CO.

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INDIANA BICYCLE CO
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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Eugene Iron Works,
GEO. N. FRAZEE, Proprietor.

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Sewing Machines Repaired. Repairing of all kinds done. Agent for Lily Anti-Friction Metal shop on Eight street at Mill Race.

Superior Photographs.

Winter PHOTO COMPANY.

—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—
Corner 8th and Willamette Sts.

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, Ore on, on Wednesday, March 27th 1895, viz: Thomas Gossage, on Homestead entry No. 6806, for the lots 3, 4 and 7, section 18, Tp. 19 S, R 2 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, 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 L. 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 F. 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, 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 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 9, 1895, viz: John N. Johnson on Homestead entry No. 6798 for the N E 1/4 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 Parsin, Joel Adlington, Daniel Huntsinger, all of Dexter, Lane county, Oregon, and J. W. Kumball, of Trent, Lane county, Oregon.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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The Great Northern Railway is a new transcontinental line. Runs buffet-library observation cars, palace-sleeping and dining cars, family tourist sleepers and first and second class coaches.

Having a rock ballast track the Great Northern Railway is free from dust, one of the chief annoyances of transcontinental travel.

Round tickets with stop over privileges and choice of return routes.

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E. J. FRASIER, Eugene, Oregon

Or C. C. DONOVAN, General Agent, 323 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.