

Health Restorer

ALL RUN DOWN No Strength nor Energy Miserable EXTREME HANDS COVERED WITH SORES. CURED BY USING Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored. -A. A. TOWNS, Prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Admitted AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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.



THE GREAT HUDSON. This extraordinary remedy is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientists of Europe and America. Hudson is purely vegetable. Hudson stops Transiency of the discharge in 20 days. LOST MANHOOD.

A HAKKA MAIDEN'S LOVE DITTY.

Long, my love, I followed-to the fifth milestone, Followed to the tenth mile. "Leave me not alone, Leave me not lonely. Thine am I only. How canst thou sever from me, Long, mine own?" Long, my love, I followed-to the green grass hill, By went one who mocked me, laughing, laughing shrill: "Jack is a lover the wide world over, But here is a Jack that is wooed by his Jill."

HIS TEMPTATION.

"Please, sir," said my clerk, "there's a man wants to see you." "Is there, Toby?" said I, rousing myself somewhat unwillingly from a day dream of many clients. "What sort of a man?" "Well, sir," replied Toby, looking rather puzzled, "he's well, he's what they call in the police reports 'respectably dressed.' Wears a blue ribbon in his buttonhole and looks as if he had a little bit of 'ouse property. Name of Dudley I think he said, sir."

"I was recommended to you, sir," he began, "by the vicar of the parish. I'm a nonconformist myself, but when I want advice on worldly matters I go to the clergy of the Church of England as by law established."

"Indeed!" said I. "May I ask why?" "Well," he explained, "they're in a way, you know, guaranteed by government, and our ministers ain't. There's the same difference exactly as there is between house property or companies' shares and government stock."

"I think I follow you," said I, though to tell the truth I was somewhat bewildered by the strange analogy. "And now what can I do for you?" "Well," said he, "I've got a bit of property, and I want to have it guaranteed by government the same as is the respectability of the Church of England—that is, I want to sell all that I have and give to—I beg pardon, sir. Since I came into money my mind keeps running on that text, though I never could persuade myself it was meant for these times. I should have said and buy consols."

"Now, as a solicitor, I naturally favor mortgages as investments, especially when I see a chance of drawing up the deeds myself."

"I am afraid you would sacrifice a considerable portion of your income by taking such a course, Mr. Duddel," said I. "Now, if—"

"Oh, I don't mind that, sir," he interrupted. "I calculate my bit of property ought to fetch £40,000 there or thereabouts, and that, even at 2 per cent, brings in £800 a year, according to the ready reckoner. Considering that me and the missis have rubbed along on about 30 shillings a week for the last 20 years, we ought to find that enough, don't you think?"

Forty thousand pounds! Here was a client indeed! Did my prospective father-in-law, the Rev. Anthony Simpson, I wondered, know what a remarkably successful fly he had advised to walk into my parlour? "Ah," said I, doing my best not to let my tone betray my pleasure at the prospect before me, "I see. You want, above all things, to be free from care and business worry; to put yourself in a position to say: 'I spend my dividends. My banker does the rest.'"

could buy that if I liked—but it really isn't worth it, expression which goes so far to distinguish these rich men from their impudent fellow citizens. Consequently Mr. Duddel, though he soon became popular in Sawbury, was never so much respected as he might have been had he been able or willing to acquire a mysterious something which Toby called "side."

"He's as nice a gentleman, sir," said Toby—nice and liberal are, I fear, convertible terms in Toby's vocabulary—"as ever stepped into this office. Ain't it a pity he don't get more swaggar on him?" Now, I liked Mr. Duddel so well as he was that I should have been sorry to see any change in him, but Mrs. Duddel, whose acquaintance I soon made, was quite of Toby's opinion, though she expressed herself differently.

"I do wish Duddel would drop that tread-on-me-I-ather-like-it way he has," said she, with a sigh. "It was all very well perhaps when he had a master to please and a situation to keep, but now he could buy up half the tradesmen in Sawbury it does vex me to see him go into a shop looking that meek I wonder they serve him. Why, the very minister at the chapel, though Duddel's promised to guarantee him a £50 note rise in salary, puts upon him, and as for his wife—but I'll soon show that young woman her place, depend upon it."

Unfortunately the proper way of conducting oneself under a sudden rise in the world was not the only point on which Mr. and Mrs. Duddel differed. He was a strict teetotaler; she had a weakness for bottled stout. He objected to public entertainments of any kind, but particularly to dramatic entertainments. She patronized every touring company that visited the town. He was staunch to his chapel, she, after the failure of her attempt to reduce the minister's wife to subjection, persisted in going to church. He delighted in acting as a sort of amateur relieving officer; she wanted to set up a carriage and pair. Her costumes were as gaudy and as unsuitable to a stout, red faced woman of five and forty as his dress was plain, and her temper was as trying as his was placid. I cannot say they quarreled. It probably takes two to make anything worth calling a fight, and Mr. Duddel persistently refused, even under the most extreme provocation, to fall to with any spirit. He did not, however, pretend that he lived happily with his wife.

"I can't make it out, though, Mattland," said he one day about a year after his first call. "When we lived in one room, there was hardly ever a cross word between us, unless maybe he was tired when he was washing or something, and now, when we've got a house that big I almost lose myself in it at times, we're wrangling and jangling from morning till night. It's my fault more than hers, I dare say, though the money does seem to have changed her. Before it came she never touched liquor, and, as for playing, she no more thought of wasting her time at it than I did. If it wasn't that I daren't desert my post as steward of it, I'd hand over my money to some charity and go back to the old life. I would indeed!"

I have often found that rich men who ostentatiously profess to be merely "stewards" of their wealth are most abominably unjust ones, but Mr. Duddel was an exception to the rule. He was, I am certain, sincere in his frequently expressed belief that he simply held his money in trust for the benefit of the poor, and no one could deny that he acted up to his professions.

Even his wife, who paid me an unexpected visit at my office only a few days after he had thus bewailed his lot, bore testimony to his lavish, if not always judicious generosity. "Give!" said she. She wanted, it appeared, a few pounds for her private use, and I had suggested that she had better ask her husband for them. "Yes; Duddel would give the coat off his back to the first dirty tramp who had impudence enough to ask for it, but his lawful wife's another matter altogether. I declare to you, Mr. Mattland, I had more money to do what I liked with in the old days than I have now. Why, nowadays even my poor drop of stout goes down in the grocer's bill, and Duddel groans and turns up the whites of his eyes over paying for it, as if it was so much liquid gold. As I tell him, many a woman in my position would touch nothing more common than champagne, or leastways port and sherry wine."

"But, my dear madam," said I, "I'm afraid you mistake Mr. Duddel's motives. His objections to paying for intoxicating liquor are based on conscientious rather than economical grounds. He would not, I am sure, grudge you anything in reason."

"Look here, Mr. Mattland," she went on, "do you call a quarter of gin or a pint of four ale, after a woman's done a day's washing, reason? Not being a bigoted, pigheaded blue ribbonite, of course you do. Well, Duddel didn't. It used to be his boast that not a drop of liquor, malt or spirituous, ever came inside our door. Much he knew about it! When a man's away at work from 7 in the morning till 9 at night, and even later on Saturdays, his wife has a chance to manage her own affairs in her own way, but now he's at home every day and all day. He doesn't mind me over his dividends to keep house on, the same as he did his wages, but tells me to order what I want, and he'll draw checks. Now, you're not a married man yet, but I hear you're soon going to be, so I give you this piece of advice. If you want your wife to make you happy, don't you be too inquisitive about things that don't concern you. Duddel always was, even in the old days, and therefore I made a fool of him for his own good, but now I can't, and the consequence is we live like cat and dog. Why, in those times if I wanted to go to a theater I just slipped out on a Saturday night, paid my shilling to the gallery and was home again long before Duddel was back from the shop, but now if ever there does happen to be a chance of an evening's amusement I have to book a reserved seat at Lowe's and put up with a preachment about money having given me a hankering after unlawful pleasures when the bill comes in."

This artless revelation—I fear Mrs. Duddel had had more than one bottle of stout that afternoon—cast a new and somewhat lurid light on the fool's paradise in which Mr. Duddel had dwelt so long, but though it was therefore interesting I failed to understand why I had been privileged to listen to it. "You'll soon see, if you're half as sharp as I take you to be," said Mrs. Duddel when I hinted as much. "I've told you all this because I want you to put me in a position to carry on the same old game, as the song goes. You do a lot of lawyer's work for Duddel and charge him plenty for it, I'm sure. Can't you charge him a bit more and let me have the difference? If you will, I'll take care he doesn't change his solicitor, and if you won't—well, I persuaded him to come to Sawbury, and I don't doubt but what I could manage to make him leave. Anyhow I'll try."

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "don't you know that if I did as you suggest you should both be guilty of a criminal conspiracy?" "I don't care what I am guilty of, so long as I get a little pocket money," returned the lady, unabashed. "And as for you—well, being a lawyer, you're used to conspiracies, I dare say."

"But," said I, ignoring this slur on my professional rectitude, "you are quite mistaken in supposing that I have done much work for Mr. Duddel lately. Now all his money is in consols, there is very little to do. Most of his visits to me are of an altogether friendly nature, and as his friend I fear it will be my duty to inform him of the very strange proposal you have just made."

"Oh, you can tell him if you like," replied the undaunted virago. "I don't care. All I know is I'm not going to stand this sort of life any longer. I'll have a separation first."

"A separation! The very thing!" thought I, as, after Mrs. Duddel had gone, I sat musing awhile over the peep at the seamy side of married life she had afforded me. I felt very sorry for Duddel. He was such a simple, inoffensive, well meaning old fellow that no one could help liking him, but his wife was already the talk of the town. Every gossip in the place knew to a bottle how much stout she drank and to a word what she said to her husband whenever she exceeded her usual allowance. The few decent people who had at first tried to tolerate her for her husband's sake had given her up in despair, and her present acquaintances were more likely to encourage than to restrain her excesses. If she wished for a separation, Duddel, I thought, could have no possible reason for objecting to one, and the next time he poured his tale of domestic woe into my sympathetic ear I suggested that, as he and Mrs. Duddel couldn't live peaceably together, it might be advisable to part.

"Part!" he repeated. "But, man, we're man and wife." "Of course," said I, smiling, but as imperceptibly as possible at his simplicity, "but you can easily afford the luxury of separate dwellings. When both are willing to do otherwise, man and wife are not bound to live under one roof."

"No," said he thoughtfully. "I suppose not. But we'd have to go before a magistrate, wouldn't we?" "Not necessarily," I replied. "You could come to a mutual agreement, and I should draw up a deed. Of course you would have to make Mrs. Duddel a suitable allowance."

"I'd do that," he cried eagerly, "or she could have half my consols transferred to her name. But you must give me time to think it over." Unfortunately for me, Mr. Duddel did not content himself with thinking over my proposal, but called at my office every day and sometimes twice a day to talk about it. As far as inclination went, he had, he candidly confessed, no objection whatever to live apart from his wife for the rest of his days, but inclination did not go a great way with Mr. Duddel. It was thwarted at every turn by conscientious scruples, and, as far as I could read his mind, he seemed to hope I might have some arguments to advance which would remove those scruples. I did my best not to disappoint him. At intervals after intervals I marshaled whole armies of my most specious arguments against his position; but, logically indefensible though I proved it, not a scruple stirred.

Now, there is something about the unreasonable uprightness of firmly fixed conscientious scruples which irritates me, and at last I lost patience with Mr. Duddel's. If I had not been out of temper, I don't suppose I should ever have told him how utterly deluded he was in supposing that Mrs. Duddel's taste for liquor and the drama was newly acquired. "You don't mean that?" he gasped, when I had undeceived him.

"I do," said I. "But don't take my word for it. Ask your wife herself." "I will," said he, with a sigh. "Not that I doubt you word, but surely, surely, she can't have tricked me all these years, I'd sooner believe she had lied to you, Mattland."

"That Mrs. Duddel would lie to me or anybody else if she had anything to gain by it I had not the least doubt, but as I did not see what motive she could have had for doing so in this instance I said I thought she had for once in a way spoken the truth." "I hope not," said Mr. Duddel despondently. "It sounds a queer thing to say, but I hope not."

"Well," I replied, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but for your sake I hope Mrs. Duddel sticks to her story." "Why?" he asked. "Surely it's bad enough to know what she is now. It would kill me, I think, if I found she'd never been what I thought her." "Not it, man," said I, "but I should think it would convince you that you are justified in letting her go her own way."

CENTRAL MARKET FISHER & WATKINS, PROPRIETORS.

Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of BEEF, MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL. Which they will sell at the lowest market prices. A fair share of the public patronage solicited. TO THE FARMERS: We will pay the highest market price for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. SHOP ON WILLAMETTE STREET. EUGENE CITY OREGON. Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING. CORDOVAN. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. Over One Million Sold. All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best of service. They equal any other shoe in the world. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are the lowest—compare on sale. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by A. HUNT, Eugene.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, April 13, 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 Co. Oregon at Eugene, Lane Co. Oregon, on May 30, 1895, viz: Joseph M. Huston on Homestead entry No. 6097 for the SW 1/4 of Section 19, Township 18 S, R 1 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel C. Sparks, S. D. Garner, John A. Patnam and Robert C. Patnam, all of Thurston, Lane Co., Oregon. R. M. VEAUGH, Register.

CURE TAKE THE BEST COUGH SHILOH'S CURE. It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incurable Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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

Steam Fittings, Brass Goods, Castings, Engines, Boilers, Store Fronts, Etc. Sewing Machines Repaired. Repairing of all kinds done. Agent for Lilly Anti-Friction Metal. Shop on Eight Street at Mill Race.

Superior Photographs. Senter PHOTO COMPANY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Corner 8th and Willamette Sts.

THROUGH TICKETS. To the EAST via the UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM. Through Pullman Palace sleepers. Tourist sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars. DAILY PORTLAND TO CHICAGO. Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by Pintch Light. Time to Chicago, 3 1/2 days; time to New York, 15 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors. For rates, time tables and full information apply to E. J. McLANAHAN, Agent, Eugene, Or. R. W. BAXTON, C. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt., 135 Third St., Portland, Or.

JOSEPH G. KELLEY, C. E., Consulting Drainage Engineer. EUGENE, OREGON.

Notices and specifications for all work put out to Water Works, Sewerage and Drainage of Lanus. Construction Superintended. NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Lydia N. Armstrong, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate in the county court of Lane county, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record, directing this notice, and naming Wednesday, June 5th, 1895, for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement thereof. E. O. POTTER, Adm'r of the estate of Lydia N. Armstrong, deceased. Dated May 7 1895.

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: Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 2, 1894. GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers 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 \$95? 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. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. A Good Agent Wanted in every town where we are not satisfactorily represented. A splendid business awaits the right man. INDIANA BICYCLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE NEW WAY EAST. GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY and O. R. N. CO'S LINES. -THE SHORT ROUTE- To points in WASHINGTON, IDAHO, MONTANA, DAKOTAS, MINNESOTA and the East. Through tickets on sale to and from CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON and ALL PORTS in the United States, Canada and Europe. The Great Northern Railway is a new transcontinental line. Runs buffet-lit 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. For further information call upon or write E. J. FRASIER, Eugene, Oregon. Or C. C. DONOVAN, General Agent, 711 1/2 Street Portland, Oregon.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAVIS' Advertising Agency, 61 and 63 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, Cal. where contracts for advertising can be made.