COULD HARDLY WALK

ON ACCOUNT OF

RHEUMATISM

P. H. FORD

—OF—

Ouachita City, La.

After

TWO YEARS

Suffering

IS CURED

—BY—

THE USE OF

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism. My wrists frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. FORD, Ouachita City, La.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla The Only

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 HUDYAN

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 Prematureness of the discharge in 20 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD

Constipation, Dizziness, Failing 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. Prematureness 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 (in 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 charge. Send for circular and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Sansome & Bush Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S Advertising Agency, 64 and 66 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal. Where contracts for advertising can be made.

THE BUSY MAN.

If you would get a favor done
By some obliging friend
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you can depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan;
But, if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.
The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare;
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time,
He cannot stop to shirk.
So, when you want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works thirty hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use
And fix you, while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.
—W. H. Hills in New York Ledger.

CHEYENNE.

The sun sinks slowly behind Eagle mountain, the twilight gathers, and Barton's camp is left in wintry darkness. Lights shine in the 50 cabins, saloons, stores and gambling houses, but they are soon extinguished, save in one lone shanty, and the inhabitants of the camp can be seen wending their way to that particular habitation.

It is an occasion of unusual importance. The only girl in the camp, Castella, daughter of Cap Woods, is going to be married to Jim Douglas, and the miners have declared their intention to "celebrate the event proper." The parson from Eagle City has been engaged to tie the knot, and the only fiddler within a round 100 miles is to furnish the melody for the wedding dance. True, he possesses a poor instrument and discourses poorer music, but then he is the only "musician" available, and they must have music. There are plenty of spirits on tap, and everything looks promising for a high old time.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the alleged violinist draws his bow across the strings, and the festivities commence. The largest room in the shanty has been reserved for a dance hall, and as the notes of an old fashioned polka fill the apartment and set the feet of the festive miners going tap, tap against the floor, keeping time to the tune, Castella and Jim begin to whirl around the room, followed by four miner couples, that being all the limits of the room will allow. There being only one woman present, the miners, to use their own expression, have to "stag it," except when their turn comes to dance with the prospective bride.

Castella is a handsome, well built, large eyed girl of 18, and there is not a miner in the company, even among those who have left spouses in the far east, who does not envy Jim his good luck in winning the pride of the camp. Her father is an ex-captain of a New Bedford whaler, who somehow won the heart of a Boston lady of extreme education and culture. When the hardy captain brought his wife and little girl to the wild west, she of the Puritan descent had her rigid ideas of decorum so often shocked by the "dreadful" miners that she finally gave up trying to live in such a region and peacefully died.

Castella does not take after her mother. She likes the rough but kindly miners and has even taken on their uncouth speech. She loves the crude looking town. Every shanty and every foot of ground that goes to make up Barton's camp is part and parcel of her existence. She vows she will never leave the place, and so she is marrying a man who expects to linger and grow rich along with the camp. It is her second love affair, but the first was nearly a year ago and has almost faded from her memory. This one is serious.

The time flies swiftly. Nine o'clock, the hour of the ceremony, is at hand. The miners range themselves on either side of the room. The parson takes his appointed place, the happy couple join hands, and the process of making two one begins. The preliminaries go off smoothly. The voice of the divine is loud and clear.

"Do you, James Douglas, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded"—

He does not finish the sentence. The door opens, and a large, swarthy looking individual steps hurriedly into the room. The complexion and straight black hair of the intruder betray part Indian ancestry. His stern, set face betokens that his errand involves important business, but the greeting he receives is not warm. Clearly he is not an invited guest.

"Cheyenne Joe! Well, I'll be blasted!" The outburst comes from Ned Belden.

"Yes, it's Cheyenne Joe. I've come here clar from Heela canyon and beat the record fer fast travelin. Thar's a dead horse outside. I rid him to death, but I hopes it was in a good cause."

He stops speaking, and the gruff voice of Cap Woods is heard.

"Look har, Cheyenne, you was told to make yourself scarce about these diggin's not more'n a year ago, if I recollects right, and I guess I does. What brings you har now? This shanty has open doors for honest men only."

Cheyenne calmly folds his arms, leans back against the door and looks defiantly at his interrogator as he answers:

"You speak of the time when the committee of safety of this har camp give me two hours to git. They claimed that I wuz concerned in the stage robbery at Indian Gulch. They bring no proofs, but they runs me out just the same. Them's the plain facts of the case, but thet's got nothin to do with my bein har. The explanation yer hankerin fer is this: When I was har before and known as a squar' man, I made love to that gal standin thar clingin to Jim Douglas. She wuz sweet on me and swore thet as long as she lived she would never forgit me. When you drove me from the camp, I told her I wuz innocent, and some day when I could prove it I would come back and marry her. She promised to wait, and I believes she tried to keep her word. When, 'way off in Heckla canyon, a good hundred miles to the south, I hears that my Castella wuz goin to marry another man, I sez to myself, my enimies are forcin her to be faithless. So I takes my horses, rides night and day, and har I am."

He stops a moment, but as no one speaks he continues. His voice rises as he proceeds:

"What I want to know is whether the gal is marryin Jim Douglas of her own free will. I wants no one else to answer fer her. Let her stand out and speak her own piece. If she prefers the outcast, I stands ready to fight a regiment. Speak up, Castella!"

The girl starts as the excited man fairly shouts his request. No, it is not a request; it is a demand. She hesitates.

"Don't be askeered, Castella. Speak out. Choose between us. Jim Douglas er me—which?"

The girl finds her voice. She speaks in a pitying tone:

"You knows I used to love you, Joe, but I wuz only a little girl then. You wuz away so long—most a year—and as I never heard from you I thought you must have forgotten me. Then I falls in love with Jim. I'm sorry, Joe, if I've hurt your feelin's, but now I knows I loves Jim the most. Can't you forgive me for not waitin for you? I couldn't help it. I loves Jim so much."

She stops speaking, advances toward Cheyenne and extends her hand.

The proffered hand is rudely thrust aside.

"Forgive you! Why, gal, you've ruined my life. I worked hard and saved my money, expectin some day to make you happy. I've been honest and square, just fer your sake. Fergive you for goin back on me and makin my life one long mountain trail? No. Gal, you ain't no more wuth trustin than a coyote."

The crowd of miners surge toward Cheyenne. Rude hands grasp and handle roughly the man who dares to insult a woman on her wedding day. Pistols are drawn. There is the muffled report of a shot at close quarters. The voice of Castella is heard above the noise of the scuffle.

"Don't hurt him, boys. Please don't, fer my sake! He's clear gone mad and don't know what he says."

The rough hands reluctantly loose their hold. Cheyenne's right arm hangs helplessly by his side. Blood drips from his sleeve and forms a shining pool on the floor. Cap Woods steps to the front.

"Boys, it shall be as my gal sez. Thar ain't goin to be any scrimmage on this particular occasion. That ain't my style of celebratin weddin's. Put this pugnacious cuss on t'other side of the door and perceed with the festivities. Out with him!"

Three brawny miners do the ejecting. Cheyenne curses, but does not resist. He realizes that he now holds a losing hand, but mutters that "the game is not out." The door swiftly closes, and the disturber of harmony finds himself lying in the snow, baffled and beaten, with one arm perforated by a bullet. He lies there and listens. The violinist is once more endeavoring to make the old masters turn in their graves. The sound of boots shuffling over the floor can be heard. The dance goes merrily on. He wonders if Castella does not reproach herself for her faithlessness. As if in answer, he hears a silvery laugh. How well he knows that laugh. He can imagine Castella throwing back her queenly head and showing her pretty teeth. He groans in his anguish. Then the spirit of the Indian, which has long slept within him, awakens. With an effort he rises to his feet. His anguish turns to rage. He shakes the fist of his good hand at the shanty.

"Laugh on, Castella Woods," he shouts, "but beware of the Indian. You've let them turn Cheyenne from your door like a homeless cur. I wuz half white then. I'm a white man no more. Laugh now, but ef you laughs tomorrow it won't be here."

The rising wind takes up his wild words and carries them down the canyon. The merrymakers hear him not.

His hand drops to his side, and he staggers forward toward the shanty where joy reigns supreme. He does not enter, but passes it with a muttered curse. He will not openly take his revenge. Like the true Indian, he will strike in the dark. The rain of yesterday has left the snow soft, and he makes but poor headway, but he keeps on a course that would lead him around the mountain. The trail to Heela canyon is far to the south, but his face is turned to the north. He does not stop until he reaches Devil's ridge. He is weak from the loss of blood and weary from exertion, but his rest is short. He arises from the rock which has served as a resting place, and faint and stiff and sore as he is starts directly up the ridge. His destination is now apparent. Cheyenne is bound for the summit of Eagle mountain.

The wind blowing across the rocky ridge has kept it almost free from snow, and now it forms a clear way to the mountain top. It is a tedious climb. His arm is still bleeding, but Cheyenne stops not to bind it. His teeth are firmly set, and there is a determination in his eye. He must live to accomplish his mission; then death is welcome. Hour after hour he climbs, his progress necessarily slow on account of his weakness. At last he reaches the summit. Far below him lies Barton's camp. One bright lit cabin betrays its locality. The merrymaking must still be in progress.

Cheyenne slowly gathers a handful of snow and presses it into a ball. Then he stops. His face is not pleasant to look upon. He kneels down and rolls the little snowball to and fro, chuckling ominously. It picks up the soft snow and grows in circumference. When it is as large as a man's head, he rises to his feet. He holds the ball of snow poised aloft. There is an insane light in his eye. He looks down at the brightly lit cabin and fairly screams in his rage:

"Yer loves Jim best, does yer? Yer didn't think yer weddin dress would be yer grave clothes. It costs a hundred lives, but no gal plays me false and lives."

The ball of snow leaves his hand and starts down the mountain side. As it rolls it grows as only a snowball can rolling in soft snow. Now it is as large as a cart wheel. A few moments and it is as large and wide as a house. Rocks and earth are following it. The noise it makes is music to the man on the peak. He shouts and dances with the glee of a maniac as he hears the rumble and the roar growing louder and louder. The snowball has started a ponderous mass, consisting of tons and tons of snow, which, rushing along with resistless force, tears up bowlders and bushes and carries them along in its mad flight. As long as he hears the roar of the avalanche Cheyenne screams and curses until he sinks exhausted to his deathbed in the snow.

* * * * * * *

The great back of the mountain lay bare in the morning sun. Where Barton's camp had stood there were a hundred fathoms of snow, and the gulch was as silent as the valley of death. It was as if the mountain were a giant who had let his robe fall at his feet.—Jack Taylor Waldorf in Boston Herald.

Didn't Like Nonconformists.

The Independent reports the following strange declaration by an Anglican curate: "I do abominate all nonconformists as the bitterest enemies of God and man. They are a wretched and rebellious people. I do not of course mean a literal hell when I wished you all to go there if you do not return to the mother church. It was the strongest language I could command to express my thorough indignation at all who dare to stay outside, and I reiterate my statement that I shall not be sorry if you all are literally dashed into hell if you refuse Him that speaketh."

Abou Ben Bunko.

"And you?" asked the angel.

"Write me," said Abou Ben Bunko," as one who loves his countrymen."—Indianapolis Journal.

LIGHT FROM NOISE.

The Remarkable Discovery That Is Claimed by an Expert Electrician.

Charles F. Kline, who is known as the penitentiary electrician, is recognized as an expert. Kline has developed a new and wonderful idea in electricity that is certain to attract attention. He says:

"If two dissimilar conductors of electricity, subject to slight atomic change under the influence of sound, are joined together after the manner of a pair of thermo pile bars and the open ends are insulated by a suitable nonconductor of both sound and electricity, a current is generated when sounds are made in the vicinity of the exposed ends. If two or more such elements are connected together, we have an acoustic battery, and by increasing the number of elements it is possible to operate an ordinary call bell by simply clapping the hands in front of the exposed ends of the battery. If a telephone receiver is placed in the circuit of this battery, articulate speech and other sounds are reproduced in the receiver without loss whatever of tone, pitch or quality, and we have at once a battery and a telephone transmitter combined.

"By enlarging the surface of the exposed ends of the elements and by employing very loud sounds as an excitant a current might possibly be generated which would be of the required force and quantity to operate motors. Shops might be lighted to some extent by the noise of the machinery. A clock might be made self winding by the sound of its ticking, and then perpetual power would become as common as spring power. What the internal resistance of this battery would be when working under the influence of extraordinary loud sounds remains to be determined. But for most purposes the resistance would not amount to much, the materials from which the bars are made being made conductors.

"The noise made by walking on the floors or by shutting the doors might be made to charge small storage batteries, and electricity on tap would become as cheap as water. The materials from which the bars of this battery are made are not to be found in commerce."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RUSSIAN TRAITS.

An English Writer Has a Poor Opinion of the Czar's People.

The Russians are lazy and effeminate. In the winter they seldom walk, and when they do so they crawl along, muffled up in furs, and do not move with any briskness. One sees a great many military officers in Moscow, and their want of smartness is noticeable. Numbers are always to be seen lounging about the boulevards with their hands in the pockets of their gray overcoats. These boulevard warriors do not look very formidable. The Cossacks are dirty looking ruffians, badly dressed and mounted on small horses, which are said to be excellent animals, possessing wonderful staying power. I was told by an officer that the Cossacks have degenerated very much and have been spoiled by being turned into regulars. The Cossacks of the Don especially have deteriorated, but those of the Caucasion regions are fine soldiers.

One of the worst characteristics of the Russians is their dishonesty in trade. In Moscow, even in many of the best shops, one has to bargain for purchases, as a much higher price than is expected is always asked. In this way foreigners in Moscow no doubt frequently pay three or four times the necessary price for articles. In the same way one has to bargain for everything, and this, in my opinion, constitutes one of the most disagreeable things connected with life in Russia. One always imagines that one is being swindled, and too frequently no doubt the idea is not a vain one.

That the Russians are a dirty people is well known. Very few houses have even a footbath in them, and although there are fine public baths the Russians, even of the upper classes, seldom make use of them. Indeed I believe the lower orders are cleaner in this respect.—Westminster Review.

Unfortunate.

How often our most innocent speeches "gang agley," leaving us with no resource but that of making the best of a bad matter!

A certain Scotch minister is wont to relate how, having been out all day visiting, he called on an old dame well known for her kindness and hospitality.

After some conversation she began getting out her best china and whatever delicacies were at hand to honor her unexpected guest. As he sat watching the preparations his eye suddenly fell on four or five cats devouring some cold porridge under the table.

"Dear me, Miss Black," he observed, "what a number of cats! Do they all belong to you?"

"Na, na, sir," was the innocent reply, "but mony a time I say that a' the hungry brutes in the parish come tae me, seeking a meal o' meat."

Then the good woman bethought her and in her embarrassment nearly dropped a teacup.—Youth's Companion.

High Priced Cigars.

The Rothschilds of London are said to smoke the most costly brand of cigars made—the "Grandos de Cuba," made at Havana. They are sent to the millionaire bankers wrapped in gold leaf and packed in inlaid rosewood cabinets. Each cabinet contains 11,000 cigars, and they are ordered in lots of four cabinets, or 44,000 at a time. Each consignment costs the millionaire princes $66,000, or at the rate of $1.50 for each cigar.

The 20,000 Havanas made for Marshal Prim, who presented them to Napoleon III, cost 30,000 francs and were at that time considered the height of extravagant smoking. Each was tipped at both ends with gold leaf and marked in the center with an imperial "N." cut from the same material.—St. Louis Republic.

The Boy Knew His Business.

A gentleman on the cars was recently offered a novel by Honore de Balzac. "New novel, sir," cried the trainboy. "This is just out. It's by the last new writer of Paris."

The gentleman glanced at the title page. "Did you say that was a new novel?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, sir; just out."

"The man who wrote it has been dead for years."

But the boy was equal to the occasion.

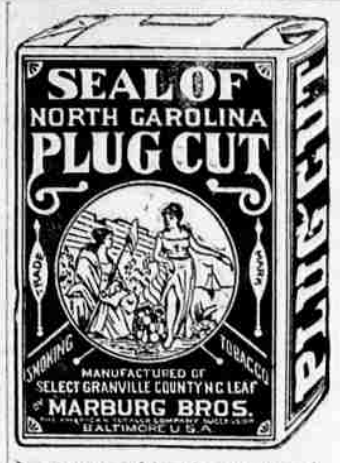
"Pshaw!" said he, "this isn't the old man—it's his son."—Cincinnati Tribune.

An Outrage.

"What's the judge going to do now?" asked the green juror in a whisper.

"He's going to charge the jury," said the foreman.

"Charge the jury? Charge us? What for? We don't have to pay nothing for the privilege of sitting on a jury, do we?"—London Tit-Bits



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Designs and specifications for all work pertaining to Water Works, Sewerage and Drainage Lands.

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Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, Dropsy, La Grippe, Private Diseases, Ague, Etc.

Hot and Cold, Steam, Electric and Shower Baths.

A FINE SWIMMING RINK.

Free Pasture for Horses.

All kinds of game abound. The river teems with Salmon, Rainbow and Speckled trout. Stage leaves hotels in Eugene for Belknap Springs, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the morning, making the springs in one day. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. Address, A. P. OSTRANDER, Belknap Springs, Lane Co., Oregon.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Sold by DAVID LINK, Eugene.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg Oregon. April 17, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Edward L. Blossom, of Eugene, county of Lane, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No 646, for the purchase of the E½ of N E¼ of section No 8 in Township No 17 S, Range No. 8 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Tuesday the 16th day of July, 1895. He names as witnesses: James Burnett, of Greenleaf, Lane Co., Oregon; Emile Robert, of Deadwood, Lane Co., Oregon; Louis Robert, of Deadwood, Lane Co., Oregon; H. Steinhaur, of Deadwood, Lane Co., Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 16th day of July, 1895.

M. VEATCH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Ore. June 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 county, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane county Oregon, on July 20, 1895, viz: John McMahon on Homestead entry No. 5759 for the se ¼ of sec 6, Tp. 18 S., R. 1 West.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Elijah L. Gum James Wallace, Noah Briles, Joseph Pardow, all of Jasper, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

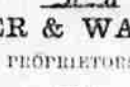
Estate of W. L. England.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator has filed his final account in said estate and the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, has made an order fixing the first Monday in July, 1895, for final hearing of said account.

JOHN B ENGLAND, Administrator.

JESSUP J WALTON, Atty for Estate.

CENTRAL MARKET



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Which they will sell at the lowest market prices. A fair share of the public patronage solicited.

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Is not complete without an ideal

COMPLEXION POWDER.

POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine.

IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale duly made on the 6th day of May 1895, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, which said order was entered of record in Probate Journal of said court in Vol. 5 Page 387, and now of record therein I will offer for sale at public auction at the Court House door in Eugene, Oregon, on Saturday, June 22nd, 1895, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day the following described real property to wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to the Donation Land Claim of William M. Click and wife, Notification No. 3830, the same being the west half of the west half of section 1 tp 18 s, r 4 w, the whole of said west half containing 160 acres; also an undivided one-half of the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 5 in said township and range, in all containing 40 acres, all in Lane County, Oregon; the said real property belonging to the estate of Thomas Swift, deceased, and the same will be sold by me as administrator of the estate of said Thomas Swift.

Terms of sale, cash in hand.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1895.

J. P. CURRIN, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Swift, deceased.

BILYEU & YOUNG, Attorneys.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 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 July 20, 1895, viz: Jesse D. Smith on homestead entry No 5675, for the lots 2 and 3 and s e ¼ n w ¼ of sec 4, tp 18 s, r 1 w.

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

Ellis K. Chapman, John Brooker, Cushman S. Barton, A. L. Vaughan all of Thurston, Lane county, Oregon

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Jesse Whitsell, deceased: Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Jesse Whitsell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of John M. Williams in Eugene, Oregon, County of Lane

Dated this 24th day of April, 1895.

J. R. JOB, Administrator.

JOHN M WILLIAMS, Attorney for Administrator.