

### Health Restored

ALL RUN DOWN  
Strength nor Energy  
Miserable  
EXTREME.  
Hands COVERED  
-with-  
SORES.  
CURED BY USING  
Wenger's Sarsaparilla

Several years ago, my blood was in condition, my system all run down, my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with sores, my appetite declining all the time. I was unable to do any work. I was advised to take Wenger's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla until I had used six bottles, and my health was restored. —A. A. Towse, 117 Harris House, Thompson, S. Dak.

Wenger's only Sarsaparilla  
Admitted  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

### Mexican Mustang Liniment

for  
Sore, Swollen & Inflamed Udders,  
Pains,  
Rheumatic Pains,  
Bruises and Strains,  
Burning Sores,  
Inflammations,  
Stiff Joints,  
Harness & Saddle Sores,  
Sciatica,  
Lumbago,  
Scalds,  
Blisters,  
Cuts and 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

Constipation,  
Dizziness,  
Falling Sensations,  
Nervousness,  
Weakness,  
Headache,  
Pain in the  
back, loaves  
by day or  
night.

Over 2,000 private endorsements.  
It is a symptom of infirmity in the first  
degree. It can be stopped in 20 days  
by the use of Hudyan.

Discovery was made by the Special  
Committee of the famous Huxton Medical Institute,  
Boston, Mass., in 1885. It is very  
effective for all ailments. Sold for \$1.00 a pack-  
age (plain sealed boxes).  
It is guaranteed to cure. If you buy  
it, you are not entirely cured, six more  
packets to you free of all charge.

Address  
HUDYAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,  
110 North Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

### THE BIRDS HAVE TOLD.

The birds, my love, have heard it  
They sang it out today—  
The joy we thought a secret  
And meant to keep away.

The roses blushed in hearing,  
It was so sweet a song,  
And breathed out all their fragrance  
To waft the sound along.

The noisy brook went babbling  
This song the living day,  
Through shadow and through sunlight,  
Afar on winding way.

The trees bent low to listen  
Through all their leafy shade,  
Then far they flung the music  
On winds the boughs had made.

In earth and air and heaven,  
And in my own glad heart  
This rapturous strain is ringing—  
We two shall never part.  
—Ma D. Frazer in New York Ledger.

### THE LONE CORVET.

"Poor Ted! Poor Ted! I'd give my  
commission to see him again."  
Captain Richard Debnay of the British  
navy, commander of the man-of-war Cor-  
morant, was entertaining some friends in  
the harbor of San Francisco, and the talk  
turned upon Ted Debnay, his brother, who  
had resigned from the navy several years  
before because he had chivalrously pre-  
vented a French cruiser from boring holes  
in a wretched opium smuggling craft.  
Ted was impulsive, brave, daring and  
loved alike by his superiors and his men.  
"Have you ever got on the track of Ted?"  
"Once I thought I had at Singapore,  
but nothing came of it. No doubt he  
changed his name. He never asked for  
nor got, the legacy which my poor father  
left him."

An hour later they were aboard the Cor-  
morant dining with a number of men  
asked to come and say goodby to Mostyn,  
who was starting for England the second  
day following, after a pleasant cruise and  
visit with Debnay.

Meanwhile, from far beyond that yellow  
lane of light running out from Golden  
Gate there came a vessel, sailing straight  
for harbor. She was a large, old fashioned  
cruiser, carrying guns, and when she  
passed another vessel she hoisted the British  
ensign. She looked like a half obsolete  
corvet, spruced up, made modern by  
every possible device, and all her appoint-  
ments were shapely and in order. She was  
clearly a British man-of-war, as shown in  
her trim dressed sailors, her good handful  
of marines, but her second and third lieutenants  
seemed little like Englishmen, and  
indeed one was an American and one was a  
Hollander. There were gun drill and cut-  
lass drill every day, and what was also  
singular, there was boat drill twice a day,  
so that the crew of this man-of-war, as  
they saw Golden Gate ahead of them, were  
perhaps more expert at boat drill than any  
boat that sailed. They could lower and  
raise a boat with wonderful expertness in  
a bad sea, and they rowed with clocklike  
precision and machine-like force.

Their general discipline did credit to  
the British navy. But they were not given  
to understand that by their commander,  
Captain Shewell, who had an eye like a  
spot of steel and a tongue like aloes or  
honey as the mood was on him.

This was most noticeable when he was  
shut away from the others in his cabin.  
Then his whole body seemed to change.  
The eye became softer and yet full of a  
sort of general deviltry, the body had a  
careless alertness and elasticity, the whole  
man had the athletic grace of a wild animal,  
and his face had a hearty sort of humor  
which the slightly lifting lip in its  
bizarre disdain could not greatly modify.  
He certainly seemed well pleased with  
himself, and more than once, as he sat  
alone, he laughed outright, and once he  
said aloud, as his fingers ran up and down  
a schedule—not a man-of-war's schedule—  
—laughing softly:  
"Poor old Farquhar, if he could see me  
now!" Then to himself: "Well, as I told  
him, I was violently tossed like a ball into  
the large country, and I've had a lot of  
adventure and sport. But here's some-  
thing more—the biggest game ever played  
between nations by a private person—with  
\$500,000 as the end thereof, if all goes well  
with my lone corvet!"

The next evening, just before dusk, after  
having idled about out of sight of the signal  
station nearly all day, Captain Shewell  
entered Golden Gate with the Hornet of  
no squadron. But the officers at the  
signal station did not know that and simply  
telegraphed to the harbor. In reply to  
the signals from the corvet that a British  
man-of-war was arriving. She came lea-  
surely up the bay, with Captain Shewell on  
the bridge. He gave a low whistle as he  
saw the Cormorant in the distance. He  
knew the harbor well, and he saw that the  
Cormorant had gone to a new anchorage,  
not the same as British men-of-war took  
formerly. He drew away to the old anchorage.  
He need not be supposed to know that  
a change was expected. Besides, and  
this was important to Captain Shewell,  
the old anchorage was nearer the docks,  
and it was clear, save for one little life-  
boat and a schooner which was making  
out as he came up.

As he came to anchor the Cormorant  
saluted her, and she replied instantly.  
Customs officers who were watching the  
craft from the shore or from their boats  
gave up hope of any excitement in reply to  
the signals from the corvet that a British  
man-of-war was arriving. She came lea-  
surely up the bay, with Captain Shewell on  
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who, about 1 o'clock in the morning, al-  
most fell on the neck of Captain Shewell  
as they bade him goodby. Then for the  
rest of the night coal was carried out to  
the Hornet in boats instead of her coming  
to dock to load.

By daybreak her coal was aboard; clean-  
ing up then came, and preparations to de-  
part. Captain Shewell's eye was now  
much on the Cormorant. He had escaped  
one danger—he had landed \$500,000 worth  
of opium in the night, under the very  
nose of the law, and while customs boats  
were patrolling the bay, but there was an-  
other danger—the inquisitiveness of the  
Cormorant. It was imperative for him to  
call upon the captain of the Cormorant,  
and he ought to have done so the evening  
before, but he dared not run the risk, nor  
could he run it this morning. And yet if  
the Cormorant discovered that the Hornet  
was not a British man-of-war, but a bold  
and splendid imposture, made possible by  
a daring ex-officer of the British navy,  
she might open fire, and he could make  
but a sorry fight, for he was equipped for  
show rather than for deadly action. He  
had got this ex-British man-of-war two  
years before, purchased in Brazil by two  
adventurous spirits in San Francisco, had  
selected his crew carefully, many of them  
deserters from the British navy, drilled  
them, and at last made this bold venture  
under the teeth of a fortress, and at the  
mouth of a warship's guns.

Just as he was lifting anchor to get  
away he saw a boat shoot out from the  
side of the Cormorant. Captain Debnay,  
indignant at the lack of etiquette and a  
little suspicious also—for there was no  
Hornet in the Pacific squadron, though  
there was a Hornet, he knew, in the Chi-  
na squadron—was coming to see the dis-  
courteous commander. He was received  
according to custom and was greeted at  
once by Captain Shewell. As the eyes of  
the two men met both started, but Cap-  
tain Debnay must. He turned white and  
put his hand to the boat's side, steady  
himself. But Captain Shewell had the  
hand that had been put out, shook it,  
pressed it. He tried to put Captain Debnay  
forward, but the other drew back to  
the gangway.

"Pull yourself together, Dick, or there  
will be a mess," said Shewell softly.

"My God, how could you do it!" replied  
his brother, agitated.

Meanwhile the anchor had been raised  
and the Hornet was moving toward the  
harbor mouth.

"You have ruined us both," said Richard  
Debnay.

"Neither, Dick! I'll save your bacon."  
He made a sign, the full steam ahead,  
and the Hornet began to race through the  
water before Captain Debnay guessed his  
purpose.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked  
sternly as he saw his gig falling astern.

"To make it hard for you to blow me to  
pieces. You've got to do it, of course, if  
you can, but I must get a start."

"How far do you intend taking me?"

"As far as the Farallones perhaps."

Richard Debnay's face had a sick look.  
"Take me to your cabin," he whispered.  
What was said behind the closed door no  
man in this world knows, and it is as  
well not to listen too closely to those who  
part, knowing that they will never meet  
again. They had been children in the one  
mother's arms. There was nothing in  
common between them now except the old  
love.

Nearing the Farallones Captain Debnay  
was put off in an open boat. Standing  
there alone, he was once more a naval officer,  
and he called out sternly, "Sir, I hope  
to sink you and your smuggling craft  
within four and twenty hours!"

Captain Shewell spoke no word, but  
saluted slowly, deliberately, and watched  
his brother's boat recede till it was a  
speck upon the sea as it moved toward  
Golden Gate.

"Good old Dick!" he said at last as he  
turned away toward the bridge, "and he'll  
do it if he can."

But he never did, for as the Cormorant  
cleared the harbor that evening there  
came an accident to her machinery, and  
with two days' start the Hornet was on  
her way to be sold again to a South Ameri-  
can republic.

And Edward Debnay, once her captain?  
What does it matter? His mother believes  
him dead. Let us do the same.—Gilbert  
Parker in Westminster Budget.

### When Money Was Hidden.

It must have been difficult in the middle  
ages for a man of limited means to  
take care of his savings. There were, it  
is true, the Lombard and Genoa bankers,  
who dealt with princes, nobles, bishops  
and the abbots of the greater monasteries,  
and as time went on there arose the Si-  
enese-Roman firm of Chigi, with its hun-  
dred branches, which in later times sup-  
plied a pontiff to the holy see who bore  
the name of Alexander VII, but of what  
service were these great luxury loving peo-  
ple to the peddler, the yeoman or the small  
shopkeeper, whose gains came not in by  
pounds, angels or marks, but in penny  
shillings, with perhaps an odd groat of  
profit on a very successful venture? How  
was their money stored?

In some cases we suspect that the church-  
wardens took care of it in the parish chest,  
though if put to the proof of what we say  
we should not be very ready with an an-  
swer, but it is quite certain that as years  
rolled on and guilds sprang up in every  
village, they acted as bankers for the guild-  
men. But there must have been many  
persons who belonged to no guild, some  
because they were of loose life and such  
as they would not enroll, others because  
they were not on good terms with the al-  
dermen or because they were landless folk  
who had no settled place of abode. It was  
dangerous to carry specie on the person in  
those days.

There were many Robin Hoods abroad,  
who had no scruples as to robbing the poor  
as well as the rich. To the weak the only  
course that was open, if they could not  
deposit their coin in the hands of some  
trustworthy neighbor, was to bury it in  
the earth. This is the explanation of the  
numerous hoards of coin which have turned  
up from time to time from the thirteenth  
century to the present day.—Ath-  
enaeum.

### Classes of British Colonies.

The British colonies are of three classes:  
Crown colonies, controlled directly by  
the home government; colonies having rep-  
resentative institutions, the crown retaining  
the veto power and the control of public  
officers, and semi-independent colonies that  
govern themselves, though the crown ap-  
points a governor and retains a veto on  
legislation.

### Beans in Boston.

Some one has figured out that in 40  
years the proprietor of the Parker House,  
Boston, has provided for this princely  
sum it is said that not over \$100,000 went  
for beans. This will surprise many people  
who have an idea that beans is the prin-  
cipal article of food in Boston.—Philadel-  
phia Press.

### Pleasant Hill Items.

S Rigdon is through harvesting and  
goes to his mountain ranch soon.

Threshing will be a thing of the past  
in this vicinity before the close of the  
week.

West Bros. one day last week  
threshed a field of oats at the rate of 65  
bushels per minute. Who can beat it?

Elder A H Mulkey and daughter, of  
Salem, were visiting relatives here the  
past week.

Mrs. Swift, 80 years of age, while  
descending porch steps at Mr. Haphills  
last Saturday, fell and came near dis-  
locating her hip. She is confined to  
her room, but doing well as could be  
expected.

Miss Ida Evenson, of Eugene, is  
visiting friends at this place this  
week.

Jan Kelley started on his wheel for  
Independence last Monday.

I N Mulkey was a victim of a severe  
accident last Monday week. While  
going down a steep hill near his home  
with his horse and buggy, the single-  
tree became detached from the rig let-  
ting the shafts down scaring the animal;  
she jumped forward dragging Mr  
Mulkey over the front of the buggy  
striking the ground on his face and  
arms, almost breaking his right arm  
and bruising his face badly. He  
carries his face and arm in a sling.

State Supt. of the C. E. work, Jno.  
Hansaker will lecture at the church  
next Sunday at 4 p. m. Come and  
hear him.

D Read and family expect to re-  
move back to their Pleasant Hill home  
from Junction the first of the month.

Miss Dora Blume has returned from a  
visit to Indiana, terminus of the O P  
R R.

### Bank of Tacoma Falls.

TACOMA, Aug. 19.—The Bank of Tac-  
oma, formerly the Tacoma Trust &  
Savings Company, this morning made  
an assignment to its creditors. Its  
statement shows cash on hand \$444.13,  
loans, \$278,672.60; total liabilities, \$378-  
916.64, of which \$223,664.77 is city  
money deposited. The bank has long  
been regarded as insecure.

### Two Drowned.

PORTLAND, OR., Aug. 19.—The  
steamer Ocean Wave collided with a  
sail boat near Stella, this morning. The  
sail boat, early this morning, the Colum-  
bia river, early this morning. The boat  
contained five persons two of whom,  
John Weatherwax and Ed Wagner,  
were drowned. The other three es-  
caped.

### Judge Murphy Still Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Owing to  
the continued illness of Superior Judge  
Murphy, the Durrant murder trial was  
not resumed this morning. The case  
was continued until tomorrow.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,  
July 2, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following  
named settler has filed notice of his inten-  
tion to make a Commutation, final  
proof in support of his claim,  
and that said proof will be made be-  
fore A. C. Jennings, county clerk of Lane  
county, Oregon, at Eugene, Oregon, on Octo-  
ber 5, 1895, viz: Cullen L. Downs on  
homestead entry No. 8131 for the lots 9, 10,  
11, 12 of Sec. 14, T. 2 P. 16 S. R. 2 East.

He names the following witnesses to  
prove his continuous residence upon and  
cultivation of, said land, viz:  
Clarence S. Clark, Fred W Bloomfield,  
David P. Gator and Clarence Thomson, all  
of Roseburg, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,  
Register.

### NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon,  
July 2, 1895.

Complaint having been entered at this  
office by Fred E. Thompson agent at W A  
Cahoon for abandoning his homestead  
entry No. 6155, dated August 28, 1890, upon  
the S W 1/4, S W 1/4, S W 1/4, Sec. 12, town-  
ship 18 N., R. 5 West, in Lane county, Oregon,  
with a view to the cancellation of said en-  
try, the said parties are hereby summoned  
to appear at the office of Joel Ware, notary  
public, at Eugene, Oregon, on the first day  
of October, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m.; to re-  
spond and furnish testimony concerning  
said alleged abandonment. Hearing at this  
office on the testimony so taken on October  
11, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m. Sufficient  
evidence having been filed to show that  
personal service cannot be made, it is here-  
by ordered that service be made by publi-  
cation in the GUARD at Eugene, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.  
E. S. SHREKINS, Receiver.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,  
July 30, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-  
ing named settler has filed notice of his in-  
tention 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, Oregon,  
on September 14, 1895, viz: Harry  
W. Jones on homestead entry No. 5590 for  
the S 1/2 S W 1/4, S 1/2 S E 1/4, Sec. 8, T. 18  
S. R. 1 West.

He names the following witnesses to  
prove his continuous residence upon and  
cultivation of, said land, viz:  
Allen Noffsinger, James C. Wallace,  
Philip Sylvester, Joseph Parlow; all of  
Jasper, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,  
Register.

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

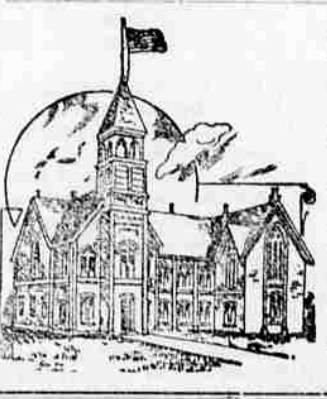
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Construction Superintended.

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dents. Young men can obtain Board, Lodging, Heat and Light in the dormi-  
tory for \$2.50 per week. Roomers furnish their own linen. Young women are  
provided with board in private families at \$3.00 per week. Young women de-  
siring board should address Prof. John Straub, Eugene, Oregon, or Secretary  
Young Women's Christian Association, Eugene. The University offers three  
baccalaureate degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of  
Letters, with corresponding courses of study. The following shorter courses  
are also offered. An English course leading in two years to a Business diplo-  
ma, and in three years to the title graduate in English; an advanced course for  
graduates of normal schools leading to the degree Master of Pedagogy; a three  
years' course in civil engineering leading to the degree Civil Engineer; a  
course of two years for teachers of physical education leading to a diploma and  
the title director of Physical Education. The University charges an incident-  
al fee of \$10 which is payable in advance by all students. Students holding  
diplomas from the public schools and those having teachers' certificates are ad-  
mitted to the preparatory department without examination. Those desiring  
information regarding the preparatory department should address the Dean,  
N. L. Narcegon, Eugene.

For catalogues and further information address C. H. Chapman, President,  
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Or W. A. WARD, Secretary.

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ney Complaints, Catarrh, Dropsy,  
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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. OETLANDER,  
Belknap Springs,  
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