

ASTHMA,

Distressing Cough,
SORE JOINTS
—AND—
MUSCLES.
Despaired
OF RELIEF.
CURED BY
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Some time since, I had a severe
cough, accompanied with a
general soreness of the
joints and muscles. I consulted
doctors and tried various remedies,
without getting any relief, until I
bought Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
In a very short time, was entirely
cured. I can, therefore, cordially
recommend this medicine to
all. BOSTON, Victoria, Texas.

My wife had a very troublesome
cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
and procured immediate relief. —
J. P. HARRIS, Humphreys, Ga.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for
Burns,
Lacerated & Inflamed Udders,
Fles,
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 HUYAN



This extraordinary
remedy for
Pneumonia is
the most
wonderful
discovery of
the age. It
has been
employed by
the most
distinguished
men of
science and
medicine.
It is a
specific for
Pneumonia,
Bronchitis,
Croup, Whooping
Cough, and all
the affections
of the
lungs and
throat. It
is sold in
bottles of
\$1.00 and
\$2.00. It
can be
obtained of
all
druggists.

Constipation,
Dizziness,
Fainting
sensations,
Nervousness,
Headache,
and all
the ailments
of the
digestive
system.
It is a
specific for
all these
affections.
It is sold
in bottles
of \$1.00
and \$2.00.
It can be
obtained
of all
druggists.

Over 2,000 private endorsements.
This medicine was introduced in the first
place. It is a specific for all the ailments
of the digestive system. It is sold in
bottles of \$1.00 and \$2.00. It can be
obtained of all druggists.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKES',
Advertising Agency, 614
Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
where orders for advertising can be made.

A WHITE PARASOL.

The day that Harold Barnes said goodbye
to the office force and went into the country
for two weeks' summer vacation his
numerous friends nodded to each other
and remarked that it was about time that
popular young man got away from work
and worry, for of late he had grown thin
and white and was looking fairly
wretched. They were sorry to see him go
for their own sakes, but glad on account
of his, and the farewell greetings were
filled with wishes for a restoration to
health and all sorts of good luck and for-
tune and rest. And, feeling as if he would
like to take all of them with him—for
many of them needed rest as well as he—
Harold thanked them heartily and bundled
himself off into the country, leaving the
city and the office, with all their manifold
trials and tribulations, far behind.

It was a quiet, old-fashioned little farm-
house where the health seeking young
man finally decided to stop, with a moth-
erly little woman who had "seen better
days" in charge, and with acres of sloping
lands and rich fields rolling away from it
in every direction, while meadows of waving
grass wound through by gurgling
brooks and inhabited only by birds and
little animals of every description stretched
far away back of the low, never painted
little home. An ideal spot the young man
thought it the day he drove up to the gate
to ask for a drink of buttermilk, and an
ideal spot he found it when, a few hours
later, his telescope trunk and valises were
put down in the clean, best room and he
himself ensconced there for the holiday.
Before Harold Barnes had become a mere
slave to the mercantile world he had
achieved some little reputation among
those who knew him as an indifferent
poet, and though the last few years of his
life had been such as to drive all that sort
of thing out of him, when he found him-
self settled in this picturesque old spot,
there came a sort of afterglow of his
former harvests in the fields of rhyme and
he went to work again lazily scribbling
verses whenever the fancy struck him.
And scribbling verses being conducive to
retrospection, the past began to parade
before his mind one day and bring
back a great many things he might wish
to forget.

There are very few men of Harold's age
who have not either had or are at present
going through with a love affair of some
sort or other, and he, being a rather up-
to-date young man, had left his far behind
him. A long train of differences, misun-
derstandings and hot words caused by too
little thought on her part and too much
on his had caused the breach between him
and Beatrice Harland. He had gone his
way in a sort of dazed but determined
belief that she was wrong and he right, and
she had done likewise. When he found
that she did not ask him to come back, he
only plunged deeper into work and tried
to forget, and she plunged deeper into
society and did forget—for the time being.
A few months later her father went west
and soon after sent for his family, and
thus the two who might have been happy
lost sight of each other.

Young Barnes had dreamed of what
might have been for awhile after the es-
trangement, but only for a little while,
and today as he wandered slowly down the
little crooked path leading out into the
cool meadow, with here and there a sunny
spot lighting up the long grass into more
vivid hues, there was little thought of
regret for the past in his contented mind. If
he had not forgotten entirely, as men are
so often accused of doing, he had put away
that portion of his life so far it did not re-
cur to him, until he reached the gnarled
apple tree down by the brook, a quarter of
a mile from the house. Then a sudden
flood of memories came over him, and he
stopped still and gazed before him at the
object that had brought them back.

It was a little white parasol, so like the
one she had once carried, and under which
she had sat when the last quarrel reached
its height, that his heart beat fast and his
self possession fled like a cloud before the
sun. The fluffy thing of lace and silk,
stuck so jauntily in the ground near the
old tree, drew him on as a magnet the
steel, and before he knew it he was sitting
with his back to the tree, looking long-
ingly and with mixed emotions at that em-
blem of the long ago. For half an hour he
moved not, while picture after picture of
that past came before his mind. Then the
handsome eyes closed, the pencil and pad
of paper, with a half finished poem on it,
dropped from his hand, and this romantic
young man, who would have scorned to do
such an unromantic thing had he known
it, fell quietly asleep as if his heart had
never been broken by any one.

Ten minutes later he awoke to find the
sun beating down on him—but through
the white parasol, which had been care-
fully raised and placed where it would
intercept the hot rays. Red with anger at
himself, he started to his feet, when an-
other bit of white silk caught his eye, this
time just on the other side of the tree
where he sat. For a moment he debated
what to do, and then there stole out from
under that white bit of finery a still whiter
hand—a hand which he could never forget,
asleep or awake. It was the same little
fingers, the same little wrist and the same
little pink palm.

Harold's heart was in his throat, and
the love that had so long lain dormant
sprang to life again in the moment that
followed. Slowly the hand crept toward
the white parasol, and slowly his crest
toward the little one. A moment it hesi-
tated there, and the next his strong,
brown fingers had closed about hers, and a
muffled little scream came to his eager
ears.

"Beatrice!" he cried, springing to his
feet and striding around the tree, "is it
you indeed?"

To which very foolish remark she made
no reply at all, though her eyes spoke vol-
umes. The next moment the little white
parasol had turned over and was sailing
cheerily down the meadow before a merry
breeze, while its owner was being crushed
down to a certain young man's breast and hear-
ing all sorts of wild, sweet statements
poured into her pretty ears.

And when Harold Barnes returned to
work again a few weeks later his friends
and all assured him he looked 50 per
cent better than he had for the last three
years, to which he replied that he felt so
too. As for the white parasol, you may
see it any day in a certain pretty little
hallway of a certain pretty little cottage,
which is presided over by a certain very
pretty little matron, whose calling cards
read "Mrs. Harold Barnes." —E. J. Ap-
pleton in a Southern Post

PLAYING FOR LOVE.

This is a tale of love, pure and simple,
which shows how my brother Herbert
nearly won the privilege of providing for
the keep of Miss Mary Ashton, our cousin.
For the term of her unnatural life. She,
however, now ornaments another's home,
and Herbert's heart is dead. My brother
had a heart in those days, though he was
old enough to know better. It was a kind
of hobby with him.

Herbert had long loved Miss Ashton,
literally from afar, she being sublimely
long and he more than common squat.
However, this defect he shared with Cupid
himself, who is always represented as di-
minutive and pudgy, and Mary, I really
think, was not averse to my brother's suit,
for she frequently dropped smiles on the
top of his tall hat, much to its wearer's
content. She also said she would not hear
a word said against him. This was gener-
ally when there was nothing more to
say. Even a bishop could find something
funny to say of a short man. Neverthe-
less Herbert was happy under the smiles
of his beloved.

But, alas! there came a day when the
smiles were directed elsewhere, and Her-
bert found that Mary could never more
than a sister to him. It was astonishing
to hear him recite this declaration of hers
as a choice specimen of feminine feeling
and originality. Young as I was, I knew
that remark, having taken to myself
several such voluntary relations whose exist-
ence I had immediately forgotten. But
Herbert derived gloomy consolation from
this promise of sisterly affection and even
quoted the length of his mother's garments
as ample justification for Mary's decision.
He was certainly petite, and magnanimity
was strong within him.

The wrecker of my brother's hopes was
none other than Eric Frodsham, whom
you may recognize as the author of certain
chaotic pieces of literary composition. We
had known Frodsham as a distant ac-
quaintance for some time and had watched
the tortuous trouble of his literary career.
In the beginning, when the world was
young, Frodsham wrote plain, clear novels,
which were a lasting joy to his sta-
tioner, to whom the selling of paper was
a high mission in life. These works, for
the most part, blushed unseen on Frod-
sham's table till their author succeeded them
with a weary work, the title of which,
"A Secret Vow," was the only intelli-
gible part of the volume. Probably for
this reason the book was an instantaneous
success and Frodsham was a celebrity.
He was interviewed, and we all recognized
in his conversation the good things we had
said to him in times past. Mary then fell
in love with him and joined our family as
a sister to Herbert. We appreciated her
kindness.

My brother at this time was eminently
depressing as a companion, and gloom was
impressed in the corrugations of his
brow.

One day he came to me in a state of vir-
tuous wrath, waving a daily paper round
his head. He was speechless with indigna-
tion, so I relieved him of his journal and
discovered the cause of his excitement.
Some clever person had read "A Secret
Vow" and in a letter to The Herald had
pointed out that that work was an un-
blushing plagiarism of an unknown novel,
published anonymously some years pre-
viously under the title of "On His Oath."
Frodsham had evidently been guilty of literary theft.

"The scoundrel," said my brother at
length. "He's stolen somebody else's
brains and my love. He's nothing more
than a thief. I'll expose him to Mary."

"Where is Frodsham?" I asked.

"On his way to New York. But I
can't let that high minded girl remain fer-
retted to such a villain, can I? I'll tell her
at once, in case she hasn't heard the
news."

"Better not," I remarked. "If she loves
Frodsham, she won't thank you. Let
things take their course."

But Herbert didn't. He told Miss As-
hton there and then, and that young lady
listened to the tale. She expressed herself
as being greatly shaken and unable to
decide what to do. She also wondered
about the deed of man, which impressed
Herbert. Finally she told my brother he
might call and see her, and he returned to
me beaming. Incidentally he referred to
Frodsham as a "poor devil." Herbert was
magnanimity itself.

Mary smiled sweetly but sadly, as an
angel whose wing had been broken by a
brick. Her grief was picturesque, and
people pitied her, Herbert especially, who
loved her to take an interest in her work
by going to theaters with him. I had for-
gotten to mention that my brother was
well to do, though short.

For a broken hearted girl Mary was fair-
ly jolly, and I commented upon the fact.
Herbert explained that he was taking her
out of herself. This meant taking her
into places of amusement.

One fatal day—fatal to my brother's
love story in its second and enlarged edi-
tion—I bought The Herald to read the
daily installment of indignant correspond-
ence on the subject of the now famous
plagiarism. And this is what I read:

"Sir, I have on my return to New York
just received various copies of your widely
read journal, which have been awaiting
me. I am much astonished to become ac-
quainted for the first time with the storm
which has blown up in my absence apro-
pos of my work, 'A Secret Vow.' Permit
me to make a tardy apology to the public
through the medium of your extensively
circulated columns by stating that in elab-
orating some years ago, into my success-
ful book, I should have acknowledged my
indebtedness to the former novel and have
avowed myself, as I do now, your obedient
servant, its author, Eric Frodsham."

Poor Herbert! He is still single.—Lon-
don Sun.

Horror of Modern War.

As the principal squadron circled around
us, the range varied from 2,500 meters
(nearly two miles) to perhaps 1,000, at
times even less. At about 3 o'clock the
Matsushim closed upon the Chen Yuen
to about 1,700 meters, and we fired at her,
from one of our 12.2 inch guns, a steel
shell of five calibers (5 by 12.2 inches)
length, having a bursting charge of nearly
90 pounds of powder. The Japanese flag-
ship was struck by this missile, and as a
burst of flame arose from her, followed by
a great cloud of white smoke, hiding her
entirely from view, our gun's crew yelled
their satisfaction.

This shell indeed wrought frightful hav-
oc. From the Japanese report it totally
disabled the big 13 inch Canon gun and
swept the decks. Several charges of powder
for this gun had been missed on deck,
and these, exploding, gave the gunners a
true "hoist with their own petard." By
this one shell 49 officers and men were in-
stantly killed and over 50 wounded. The
gunnery lieutenant was blown into the
sea, his cap and telescope bearing all traces
of him ever found on the ships.—Commander
McGiffin in Century

DISFIGURING HUMOURS

Presented by
**Cuticura
SOAP**

when all
Else
Fails

CUTICURA SOAP purifies and beautifies
the skin, scalp, and hair by restoring to
healthy activity the CLOGGED, INFLAMED,
IRRITATED, SUGGISH, or OVERWORKED
PORES.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. New-
port & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. U.S.A.
D. W. A. CARR, Sole Proprietor, Boston, U.S.A.

Smashup at Harrisburg.

Review: As the south bound freight
train was making what is termed a
"fly switch" at the depot yesterday
forenoon, the air pipe bursted on the
train attached to the engine, causing it
to stop on the instant and before it
had gone far enough so the switch
could be thrown for the cattle car that
was to have been sidetracked at this
place. As a result, the rear section
came crashing into the forward por-
tion of the train with a violence that
shivered the timbers of the cattle car
from one end to the other, the rods
were all broken and twisted and one
set of trucks lengthwise of the track,
that told of the fearful bump it had
received. The one behind the cattle
car, a large California fruit car, loaded
with Oregon fruit, had its forward
trucks thrown out of place till they re-
sembled a "cow-catcher" more than
anything else; this car also had a cou-
ple of holes stoven in the far end. It
took two hours' work for the bridge
and section gangs to put the cattle car
back on the track and clear away the
debris sufficiently for the north bound
local to pass.

Those who witnessed the accident
say the ends of the two cars coming
together reared up six or eight feet
from the track, when they struck, and
the crash was heard all over town.

As fly-switching is forbidden by the
company, it is hard to tell how those
in charge will fare.

THE BOSS LIE—This from an ex- change, of course never occurred: An Ohio minister preached a sermon re- cently on "profanity." In his dis- course he argued that "damn" was not swearing, but was simply used by many to emphasize what they said. A day or two afterward, while making calls on members of his congregation, the minister met one of the vivacious girls, who remarked: "Elder, that was a damned good sermon you preached last Sabbath." It is said the minister fainted from the shock.

Notice.

All outstanding warrants registered
prior to May 18, 1895 will be paid upon
presentation at my office on or before
Oct. 30, 1895. Interest will cease after
that date.

Geo. F. CRAW,
City Treasurer.

Dated Oct. 18, 1895

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castor.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castor.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castor.
When she had Children, she gave them Castor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.
October 8, 1895

Notice is hereby given that the fol-
lowing 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 Joel Ware, U. S. C.
Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on No-
vember 29, 1895, viz: Charles M. Hays on
homestead entry No. 8511 for the s. w. 1/4
sec. 12, tp. 19 s., r. 7 W.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of, said land, viz:
Frank Crenshaw, Fred Lewis, of Pan-
ther, Oregon, and Daniel Hinton and
Thomas Silkwood of Crow, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
Oct. 8, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make Commutation final
proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made be-
fore Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner, at
Eugene, Oregon, on December 10, 1895,
viz: Clarence S. Clark on homestead entry
No. 7928 for the lots 11, 12, 13 and 14, sec.
10, tp. 16 s., r. 2 east.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of, said land, viz:
Gary W. Thomson, Fred W. Bloomfield,
Clarence Thomson and Ira P. Hower, all of
Leaburg, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the under-
signed have been by the County Court of
Lane County, Oregon, appointed executor
of the will and estate of Marcus Kelley
deceased. All persons having claims against
said estate are hereby notified to present
the same duly verified at the office of E. R.
Skipworth in Eugene, Oregon, within six
months from date of this notice.

MARY E. KELLEY
and ELISE E. KELLEY,
Executors of said Estate.

E. R. SKIPWORTH,
Att'y for Executors.

State Normal School, Monmouth, Oregon.

A training school for teachers.
Complete Eight Grade Training Depart-
ment and Strong Professional and Academic
Courses.

—THE DIPLOMA—
of the school entitles one to teach in any
county in the state without further
examination.

Board and Lodging, Books and
Tuition, \$150.00 per year.

Beautiful and healthful location—no salu-
taries. There is a good demand for well trained
teachers.

There is an over supply of untrained teachers.
Catalogues cheerfully sent on application.
Address: P. L. CAMPBELL, President.
Or W. A. WATT, Secretary.

THE NEW WAY EAST.

GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY
and O. R. N. CO'S LINES.

—THE SHORT ROUTE—

To points in WASHINGTON, IDAHO, MONTANA, DAKOTA, MINNESOTA and the East.
Through tickets on sale to and from CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, PHILADEL-
PHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON and ALL PORTS in the United States, Canada and Europe.

The Great Northern Railway is a new transcontinental line. Fine buffet-lounge obser-
vation 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
inconveniences 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

GEORGE BOSTON, SOUTHERN ARK., 112 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

—BELKNAP— Hot Medical Springs.

Unsurpassed and wonderfully efficacious
in curing

Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Liver and Kid-
ney Complaints, Catarrh, Dropsy,
La Grippe, Private Diseases,
Agué, 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 coaches leave for Belknap
Springs, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in
the morning, making the springs in one day.
Correspondence will receive prompt attention.
Address: A. J. BELKNAP, Belknap Springs,
Lane Co., Oregon.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD

GIVES
FRESH-
NESS
AND
CLEAR
SKIN.

CURES CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.
\$1.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic.
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, \$50, 50¢,
and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER
for the Teeth and Breath, 50¢.
Sold by Henderson & Linn.

GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

3 REASONS WHY
you should buy it.

1. It is made right here at home.
2. It is made of the very finest
materials and is guaranteed
in every respect equal or
superior to the very best.
3. The makers guarantee every
tin and every grocery store
authorized to return your
money if it is not satisfactory.

CAN YOU ASK FOR MORE

CLARK & LEVY, Portland, Or.

A CUP OF TEA AT NIGHT

MOVES THE BOWELS IN
THE MORNING

For sale at Burlington 9th street drug store.

Arnold's Brown-Betery.

Arnold's Brown-Betery is a
medicated ointment for the treatment of
all skin diseases, such as
eczema, psoriasis, scabies, and
other eruptions. It is a
specific for all these
affections. It is sold
in bottles of \$1.00
and \$2.00. It can be
obtained of all
druggists.

The Eugene Divinity School, EUGENE, OREGON.

Located one block west of University campus

First term begins Oct. 15, 1895.
For young men and young women. Living
rates low.

The course of study is free, except a con-
tingent fee of \$5 per term.

Our students may avail themselves of all the
advantages given by the University of Oregon.
We make a specialty of the Divinity Course.
It is desired that our students shall acquire a
proficiency, at once scholarly and practical, for
immediate work in all departments of Chris-
tian work.

Write for course of study and full informa-
tion. Address: EUGENE C. SANDERSON, Dean.

Smoke LA CREMA, Ten cent; U. of O. & Queen of Hearts, Five cent Cigars.

Superior Photographs

Antar
PHOTO COMPANY.

—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—
Corner 8th and Willamette Sts.

J. S. LUCKEY,
JEWELER.

Watches and Clocks Repaired.
EUGENE, OREGON.

Thos. P. Oakes, Henry C. Paine, Henry C. Round —Receivers— NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

R
U
N
S

Pullman Sleeping Cars
Elegant Dining Cars
Tourist Sleeping Cars

St. Paul, Minneapolis,
Duluth, Fargo,
Grand Forks,
Crookston,
Winnipeg,
Helen and
Butte.

—Through Tickets to—
Chicago, Washington,
Philadelphia,
New York,
Boston and all
Points East and South.

For information, time cards, maps and tickets
call on or write

R. McMURPHY
Gen'l Agent, Eugene,
Office: Rooms 2 and 4 Shelton Block.
—OR—
A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
25 Morrison Street, corner Third
PORTLAND, OREGON