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THE ONLY
Sarsaparilla
ADMITTED

READ RULE XV.

"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and medical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."

Why was Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted? Because it is not a patent medicine, nostrum, nor a secret preparation, nor dangerous, not an experiment, and because it is all that a family medicine should be.

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Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

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

THE BABY.

Who in the house hold has such sway
That all his kin do homage pay
And no one dares to say his nay?
The baby.

Who never walks, but always rides
In a gay coach with gilded sides
O'er which a frisky groom presides?
The baby.

Who, when he goes to take the air,
Is swathed in white till I declare
He looks like a young polar bear?
The baby.

Who's "boeful" and has toothies, too,
Mysteries that neither I nor you
Nor Noah Webster ever knew?
The baby.

Who has had nurses four or five,
Sad drones in our domestic hive—
The sixth, I fear, will soon arrive?
The baby.

Who has the colic in the night
And puts his mother in a fright
Till paregoric sets him right?
The baby.

Who is, although he breaks our rest
And gives my patience many a test,
The thing on earth that we love best?
The baby.

—W. R. Barber in New York Ledger.

A DESERT TRAGEDY.

The mess of the officers of the Second Chasseurs of Africa is particularly noisy. Their merriment runs high with shouts of joy and clinking glasses as they toast Lieutenant Henri Cursol.

"Now for the adventure!" exclaim the officers in chorus.

"With all my heart," replies the young lieutenant. "You know I left Mascara with orders from our chief to the caid of the Havars about the incursions of the Tuaregs. I had accomplished my mission and was returning with my platoon, crossing a part of the immense plain of sand. We kept on our way, men and animals, although nearly overcome by the intense heat, with our eyes partly closed to avoid the reflection from the sand—a thousand times harder to endure than the heat of the sun. I was awakened from my torpor by an exclamation that came from behind me, 'El gueubell!'

"I turned around. The sergeant major of my escort, an old African soldier, was pointing toward the horizon with excited gestures. The whole sky seemed to be covered by a thick cloud, resembling an immense column of smoke, touching the earth and reaching far into the heavens. 'El gueubell' was marching upon us with menacing strides.

"'Perhaps we can get ahead of it,' I said, ordering them to gallop.

"The sergeant major shrugged his shoulders. 'If God so wills it,' he said.

"We started off at a furious rate, but the tempest came on at a still greater speed. A violent wind was upon us, sending blinding whirlwinds of dust into our faces at every step of the horses. Our discomfited guides lost their bearings and stopped. Our horses as well refused to move farther. They came to a standstill and braced themselves against the gusts of wind.

"I was leaning over on my horse when I felt him tremble under me; then suddenly I received a frightful shock. It seemed to me that thousands of pounds of sand fell, all at once, on my head. Stunned, scarcely able to think, I managed to struggle with my horse as he shook his bridle with rage, then raised himself on his hind feet and started off at a furious speed, taking me with him.

"The sand sifted into my eyes, my ears and my nostrils, blinding and suffocating me. I could scarcely breathe, a burning thirst was consuming me; I felt that I was dying. I said a silent goodby to all the happiness that I was losing forever, then oblivion came, and I remember no more.

"When I came to myself, I found that I was under a woolen tent, draped with alternate stripes of red and yellow silk and lying on a rug which covered the entire floor of the tent. I experienced a strange sense of well being, a state of drowsiness, a delightful feeling of laziness, and I closed my eyes quickly, not caring to understand how a lieutenant of Chasseurs was metamorphosed into an Arab, master of a large tent. All at once it seemed to me a brighter light struck my eyelids, and at the same time a pungent, penetrating perfume filled the tent. I opened my eyes and saw standing at my bedside a young woman, with great fathomless eyes surmounted by two delicately pencilled arches. Her black glossy hair fell in curls down her neck, covering her cheeks with their warm shadows. She was dressed like the daughter of a wealthy house—with a haik that fell to her feet, disclosing a chemise of striped silk supported at the waist by a leather belt studded with silver and held together at the breast with a clasp of the same metal. Two enormous silver and coral rings hung from her ears, her arms were loaded with bracelets, and her fingers were covered with heavy rings.

"Acting on the realistic impression of my dream, I greeted the beautiful apparition with a most profound salaam, which was returned with salaams and gracious smiles, the beautiful Saharian displaying a set of transparent teeth behind scarlet lips. I made as if to seize the young woman, but she recoiled frightened, overthrew the lamp and fled, leaving me somewhat abashed.

"A few moments later, just as the first ray of the new day stretched itself toward my tent, an Arab entered. His tall, slender silhouette stood out distinctly against the light, as with a haughty sweep of his hand he lifted the curtain that hung at the entrance. He advanced toward me, and noticing that I was looking at him with surprise, but with regained consciousness, he began to speak in a jargon composed of bad Italian, worse French, a little Spanish and a good deal of Arabic. He bowed to me and inquired after my health. I returned his greeting, and, calling to my aid the little Arabic I knew, I asked him how it happened that I was under this tent.

"He informed me that I was in one of his camel hair houses; that after the tempest—during which he had been nearly buried himself—when he was returning from Ouargla, where he had gone to buy a store of provisions, he noticed lying in the sand an officer, whom his people believed dead, but who, after a careful examination, was found to have fainted and to have been only partly asphyxiated. He had ordered me to be placed on one of his camels, between two sacks of wheat.

"He then told me that he was the aga of the Cherages, allies of the Si Sala and all the tribes not submitted to our rule. I thanked him warmly, gave him my name and asked him if I was his prisoner.

"'Why should you be? Your nation is not at war with mine. You are my guest, one whom God has sent me. Fear nothing and get well. Here, drink this.' And this tall, handsome Arab handed me a cup of delicious coffee to restore and strengthen and raised my spirits. He said that as soon as I should be able to stand the few hours' ride required to reach Mascara he would see that I had necessary escort. He gave orders to two tall negroes to aid me with my toilet, and the two giant valets proceeded to dress me in a fine garment of white wool, in which I must have looked like a priest of the middle ages.

"El Tahar ben Moussa showed me his village of tents and all of his riches, from his working camels to his racing camels, whiter than snow and swifter than the wind; his horses, his provision tents filled with wheat, barley, oats, hashed meat mixed with cracked wheat, which the Arabs make into balls, and pots filled with dates that look like preserves—in fact, all that constitutes the fortune of an Arab, master of a large tent. He seemed much pleased by my admiration for his thoroughbreds and my compliments on the beauty of his son, a boy of 10 years. But he took particular pains not to go near a certain tent, kept hermetically closed, but from which we could hear laughter and ejaculations.

"I was well enough acquainted with Arabian customs to know that I must not inquire about the women nor speak of my fair apparition. I was, however, quite hopeful of seeing her again, for I counted on feminine curiosity.

"At the dawn of the next day El Tahar came to excuse himself for leaving me alone a part of the day, as some expedition called him five or six leagues to the south. My aches and pains not having entirely subsided, and my great weakness still preventing me from accompanying the aga, I could only witness his departure, followed by all of his horsemen, but with more joy than sorrow, I must own.

"The houri was continually in my mind, and I wished to see her. I prowled about the neighborhood of the mysterious tent—I made an effort at least, for twice one of those giant valets, with menacing gestures, invited me to direct my promenade in another direction. Was I seen from the tent? Was my disappointment noticed? Annoyed and feverish, I lay down to take a nap, as is the custom in the village, when the beautiful Arab girl entered.

"She brought me a pitcher filled with a refreshing liquid that calmed my fever and quieted my nerves. We could scarcely understand each other, as I knew so little Arabic, but there are looks and gestures more eloquent than words.

"Our conversation was scarcely commenced. She had told me her name and that she was the third wife of the aga, when a great stamping of horses' feet was heard, and the barking of dogs filled us with terror. El Tahar had returned! How could she leave my tent without being seen? The wife of the aga in the tent of a man, a Christian, and with her face unveiled! She wrung her hands in despair. The cursed curtain, which served as a door, moved, lifted—she had just time to throw herself behind a wooden box, thinking herself concealed; but, alas! one of her little bare feet protruded from behind the box.

"The aga entered, sat down, inquired about my health, spoke of the hunt. I seemed to be listening to his recital, but I could understand nothing. I replied at hazard. I was suffering torments. I could see nothing but the little white foot, although I did not look at it.

"While speaking, El Tahar turned slightly. He could see it! I sat breathless. It seemed to me that the black eyes of the aga—the only features of his face that I could see, for he had kept the black veil over his face, as do all the Tuaregs when away from home—glittered a moment as they fixed themselves upon the white spot, but I was mistaken, as he continued his recital quietly.

"As he arose to go he said somewhat solemnly, 'You are a guest whom God has sent me—I do not forget it.'

"I stood at the entrance of my tent as he moved away with slow and measured gait. The girl was obliged to wait until night before she could leave without being seen.

"An hour after this scene there was a great commotion in the village. A troop of cavalry had arrived. It was you, comrades, in search of my body, the sergeant major and my men having carried to you the news of my certain death. You remember my reluctance to leave my tent and the manifest embarrassment in seeing you enter."

"Oh, yes! You didn't seem to be very happy over the effort we had made in searching you out, and the aga himself was obliged to place you in the saddle after the feast he offered us."

Lieutenant Cursol's orderly entered the room just then. "Lieutenant," he commenced.

"What do you wish?" asked Henri.

"There is a man outside who insists upon speaking to you, sir. A Tuareg. He wears his veil."

"A Tuareg! Tell him to come in."

"He will not dismount from his camel."

"Then let him go to the devil."

"He says he comes from yonder." And the soldier pointed in a direction over his shoulder to signify that it was some quite distant, uncertain place.

"Will you excuse me, gentlemen?"

"A message from his houri!" And the young officers rushed to the windows.

Before the steps was a camel, and sitting straight in his high seat was a Saharan, wrapped in a long burnoose, a black veil fastened under his eyes, and waiting motionless.

"I come from the Ouled Yakoud, and I bring to you a present from the aga."

"A present for me!"

"Yes, here it is," and the Tuareg unfastened from his saddle a bag made from camel's hair.

He opened it and took out a black, hairy ball. He shook it, and from this head of hair appeared a bloodless face, with cold, blue lips and eyes from whose orbs the light of life had forever fled. It was a woman's head.

The Saharan flourished this head and threw it at the feet of the young man, who stood there as pale as death himself.

"The Aga El Tahar ben Moussa sends this to you. Keep it." And, with a hoarse cry the Tuareg started off at a wild gallop.

A month later Lieutenant Henri Cursol was found one evening, within a few feet of one of the busiest streets of Mascara, lying dead with a dagger between his shoulders.—Translated From the French For San Francisco Argonaut.

Geniality.

Nothing contributes more to the effectiveness of genius than geniality. A cross, frozen hearted man, however great his natural endowments, is never apt to illuminate the world or brighten the prospects of its inhabitants. The greatest and most brilliant human conceptions have been the births of genial moments and not the wooden carvings of vinegar visaged logic. —New York Ledger.

Unfair Advantage.

Householder—Here, drop my coat and get out!

Burglar—You shut up, or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter you forgot to post.—Detroit Tribune.

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Unity Items.

Dec. 11.

D M Holbrook made a business trip to Trent Sunday.

Clarence McBee of Upper Winberry, is quite low with typhoid fever and is not expected to recover.

The ladies of the missionary society have decided to give an entertainment on the evening of Dec 24th.

Al Carter and family visited relatives at Jasper Sunday, returning Monday.

A number of men assembled last Friday and cut and hauled a large pile of wood to the school house for church and other purposes.

The U B quarterly meeting last Saturday was a grand success. The house was well filled at each service. Rev Wyatt is an excellent presiding elder and a great preacher. Among those attending from a distance were John Allen and Joseph Neet of Cottage Grove, John and Thomas Crail of Middle Fork and J L Smith and J R Holbrook of Egypt.

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Call For Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that the following warrants will be paid on presentation at this office. Interest on same will cease December 13, 1895. All Lane county warrants from registered number 7749 to registered number 7924, both inclusive.

J. G. Gray,
County Treasurer.

Eugene, Or., Dec 10, 1895.

The Waterloo correspondent of the Lebanon Express is dissatisfied with the findings of the coroner's jury in the Knifong case. He thinks there is no question but what Mr. Knifong came to his death by falling from the second story door, and thinks the doctor's examination was a farce because it did not extend to searching for internal injuries and that the jury findidgs make a serious stain upon the characters of the operators at the mill.

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

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

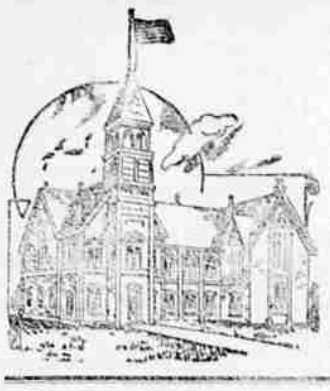
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
Nov 16, 1895.

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 Joel Ware, U S C C Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on January 6, 1896, viz: Myron B Wood on homestead entry No 8133 for the ne ¼, sec 18, tp 16 s, r 1 east.

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

Curtis Baird, Alfred Montgomery, George Whitbeck and William McCollouch, all of Isabel, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch,
Register.



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E. J. FRASIER, Eugene, Oregon

GEO. W. DONOVAN, General Agent, 122 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon for Lane county and to me directed, in the cause wherein H E Sladden is plaintiff, and Willis Brown and V E Whipple are defendants, I have levied upon all the right title and interest of said Willis Brown in and to the following described premises, towit: The E 20 4-10 acres as follows: Beginning at the intersection of the center of the S P railroad track with the west line of the H P Skinner donation land claim, thence along center of said track S 6½ deg E 8.47 chs, S 67 deg E 5.62 chs; N 27 minutes E 34.30 chs to Willamette river; W 3.65 chs; N 56 deg W 10.00 chs to the W line of said donation, and S 27 minutes W 34.00 chs to place of beginning, containing 20 4-10 acres in Lane county, Or., and will offer the same for sale at public auction at the court house door in Eugene, Or., to the highest bidder on the 31st day of December, 1895, to satisfy the judgment of $14,859.08 and interest at 6 per cent thereon from March 7th 1895, and costs $5 and accruing costs, against said Willis Brown, and in favor of plaintiff. Terms of sale cash. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock of said said day.

A. J. Johnson,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

Dated, Nov. 26, 1895.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,
Novembe 30, 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 Joel Ware, U S C C Commissioner at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on January 11th, 1896, viz: James L Thompson, on homestead entry No 7537, for the s ½ of sw ¼ & s ½ of se ¼ of sec 10, tp 18 s, r 1 east.

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

Ed West, Robert Johnson, Barney D Paine and Clinton Hannan, all of Eugene, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch,
Register

An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite Tooth Powder for the Teeth and Breath, 25c. Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for Lane county in the suit wherein Peninah Fogle is plaintiff and D J Gover and others are defendants to me directed I have levied on the following described real property to-wit: The W ½ of the N E ¼ and E ½ of S W ¼ of the S E ¼ of section 23, Tp 18 S, R 4 W, containing 160 acres in Lane county, Oregon, and will offer the said premises for sale to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Eugene, Ore., on the 21st day of December, 1895 to satisfy the judgment against defendants for the sum of $654.38 at ten per cent interest and $50.00 attorney fees and $14 costs, and the accruing costs. Terms of sale cash. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P M said day.

A. J. Johnson,
Sheriff of Lane Co.

Dated Nov. 21, 1895.

J. S. LUCKEY,
JEWELER.
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