COULD HARDLY WALK

ON ACCOUNT OF

RHEUMATISM

P. H. FORD

—OF—

Ouachita City, La.,

After

TWO YEARS

Suffering

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"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. I spent some time at 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.

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Mexican Mustang Liniment

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Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
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Bruises and Strains,
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Inflammations,
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Harness & Saddle Sores,
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THE LEGEND OF WHITE VIOLETS.

Twin violets grew together in a wood.
Each told the other secrets of the skies;
On each there dropped the light of angel eyes,
Dyeing their petals in a purple flood.

And then some ruthless hand tore them apart;
Took one and left the other there alone.
Pale grew they then—as when a light has gone—
As lovers grow who live not heart to heart.

—Vanity.

A BROKEN COUPLING.

"I want to speak to you a moment, Jim. Come to the other end of the van. Better for them not to hear us," said my mate, indicating by the direction of his glance our two fellow travelers.

His words were almost drowned in the noise of the train, but it was easy to see from his manner that something was amiss. We were together in charge of a train of 21 wagons running from Elmfield colliery down to the main line. I was the underguard, and consequently subordinate to Frank Applegarth. His daughter, a lass of about 18, and a companion of her own age were traveling with us. They had missed the usual passenger train, and notwithstanding the regulations to the contrary, we had both thought there would be little harm in giving them a "lift" home, as Frank phrased it. And lucky for us it proved that we did so. Probably it saved both our lives, and certainly it was the means of procuring me the best wife in the world.

The wind whistled past the deep sides of the cutting through which we were rushing, and flakes of snow were finding their way into the van by ventilator and window and crevices, not a few in number. My companion wore a troubled, anxious look as I rose to follow him.

"Do you notice that?" he asked, when we were out of hearing distance of the others. It had struck me before that the van was swaying more than usual—and it was rickety enough, in all conscience, on ordinary occasion—but I only set it down to our driver making up a little lost time.

"We are traveling at a great pace," I answered.

"At a dangerous pace," was the reply as the van gave a lurch that almost threw us off our feet. "That's the first curve on the level," he added. "Just try if you can make out the engine lights."

I tried my best, but it was useless. The night was intensely dark, and to add to the difficulty, blinding blasts of snow and sleet drove full in my face as I leaned with half my body outside, seeking to catch a glimpse of light ahead.

"I can make nothing out," I said as I unbuttoned my jacket and shook it clear of snow.

"Neither could I, and I fear we have broken away. I only wish I knew how many wagons are left with us in front."

Here my countenance must have betrayed the hororr I felt, for he hastily added:

"Don't look like that, man. The girls are watching us, and I'm mistaken if Mary does not already suspect that something is wrong. It will be time enough to alarm them when it comes to the worst and we are past help."

"What is to be done?" I asked, not so much expecting an answer as because I felt I must say something.

"We can do very little. If Harry"—that was our driver—"knows what has happened, he may back upon us and stop us before we come to High bank, though at the rate we are going that will be risky enough. Otherwise he can do nothing but go on to the next station to warn them there. Ten to one we don't keep on the rails as we run down the bank. We must try to make out if we have any wagons left. If he has but few, Harry is sure to notice that something has gone wrong."

We returned to where the two girls were sitting. I had seen Mary Applegarth every day almost that I had worked with her father, now a matter of four or five years, and without noticing her much. She was only a slip of a girl when first I knew her, and I suppose it was with seeing her so frequently that she had grown to the verge of womanhood without my being aware of it. It might be, too, that the danger in which we were placed and which she realized as if intuitively added in a moment years to her life, as great dangers are sometimes said to do. Anyway it was with an added interest that I now regarded her as she sat seeking to calm the fears of the girl beside her, who was giving way to terror she did not seek to conceal.

"You and your friend," said Applegarth to his daughter, who, amid other preoccupations, was watching our every movement, "will keep quite still here, while Jim and I put things straight in the front of the train."

"Is there going to be an accident? I am sure something has gone amiss."

"No; I hope not—at least nothing but what we can put to rights."

The road on which we were traveling was a fairly level one, with easy gradients, one part alone excepted. That part began some ten miles from the colliery whence we had started our journey, and could we but arrest our speed before reaching it all might yet be well. It consisted of two declivities, known respectively as the High bank and the Low bank, both very steep, with a gradient of 1 in 75, and separated by some two miles of level line. A little way from the bottom of the last was a meeting station, where trains coming in opposite directions used to pass each other by means of a siding. All being well, it was into this siding our train had to run, and there remain until the last "up" passenger train had passed it on its way to Elmfield.

With a few more hopeful words to his daughter Applegarth took his lamp in his hand, and, signing to me to take mine and follow him, clambered with great difficulty on to the first truck. Our speed had continued to increase, and it seemed as if we were to be both thrown off on to the line. We managed to reach the brake handle and put it hard down, as hard as we both together were able to do. We did the same with the other ten trucks, when the oscillation was too much for us, and slowly and laboriously we made our way back to the comparative safety of the guard's van.

Our speed had slackened a little with the brakes put down, but again it began gradually to accelerate, and it was with a sickening feeling at the heart that I resigned myself to all the helplessness and hopelessness of our situation. Should we begin to descend the bank at our present rate of speed nothing, humanly speaking, could avail to save us from a fearful death. Applegarth was sitting with his head buried in his hands. In a corner of the van crouched the two girls, one of them trying to encourage the other, who was crying bitterly.

Suddenly the last dread alternative presented itself to my mind, as it has often done to men in a like position, too frequently with the result of only hastening their fate, but now it seemed the only chance left to us.

"Shall we jump, Frank?" I asked.

"You forget the girls," was all he said.

I had not forgotten them, but now I reflected that even if they had the courage to attempt it the risks were too great, and besides one of the two was no longer capable of deciding for herself. And so we could only sit still and await, with what equanimity we could command, the fate upon which we were rushing.

Meanwhile Harry Armstrong, our driver, had reached the top of High Bank, and from the too quick action of his brake had learned that something unlooked for had happened to his train. The next turning showed him that he had broken away and that his engine had only a few trucks behind it. He took what was probably the only safe course, that of putting on steam and going ahead as fast as he could.

"There is a break away," he shouted as he steamed into the siding, "and 20 wagons of coal are tearing down the banks."

"Signal against the 'up' train!" called out the station master. "I hear her coming."

"But the 'goods' will run into her farther down the line in any case."

"We must throw the 'goods' off the rails. Heaven help the poor guards! We can do nothing for them."

"There are two others besides the guards," urged one of the men on the engine.

"And a hundred in the 'up' train. Sharp with a hammer. We must spike the back road points. It may send them into the river, but it must be risked."

The spike was driven home.

"Bring the iron chairs," was next called out.

A pile of these lying beside the line was seized upon and hurriedly a number of them thrown across the metals. Then the men ran back out of the way of danger, for the roar of the "down" train was upon them. Out of the black darkness, like a streak still blacker, rushed the long line of doomed wagons, and then came the dreaded crash, heard for miles round, drowning the noise of the gale, now at its height.

The wrecked train lay in one indistinguishable mass of iron and coal and splintered wood. The first wagons had driven over the chairs and fallen into the ballast, where they lay overturned, serving by way of a buffer to those behind them. Anxiously, and with many forebodings of evil, was the scene of destruction searched for the wreck of the guard's van. No trace of it was to be seen.

I must now take up the story of the runaway at the point where I left it off. I was sitting as if in a dream when a light hand was placed on my arm, and Mary Applegarth's voice sounded loud and shrill in my ear.

"Wake up," she cried. "Think if there's no plan to let go the van from the first wagon. Can't you get at the couplings? The woodwork is very old."

I found she had already roused up her father, who, like me, had abandoned hope.

In another moment I had the hammer out of the locker. Frank, picking up a shackle hook, drove it through the end of the van just above the coupling and soon had a large opening made; then, easing off the van brake, we knocked out with the hammer the bolt which attached the first truck to us. The loaded wagons seemed to race away from us as we gradually put on the brake again, and we felt that the danger was past.

We traveled slowly down the bank until we saw a red light ahead. It was one of the men sent from the station after the train had been wrecked. He had come on as ordered, but with no hope of finding any of us alive.

I made up my mind that very night to make a match of it with Mary Applegarth if she would have me. We were married a few months after, and all my mates called it "a runaway match."—London Tit-Bits.

An Ashanti Prince.

Prince Bosommago was really a fine gentleman—I mean that he was not only good looking, intelligent and well mannered, but, besides all this, had the air of good society, as recognized in Europe. One detail struck me much. He wore a toga of native cotton, dyed in a charming pattern, and always gracefully draped—a costume, in fact, as elegant as could be—and it invariably looked clean at the end of the day's march, when we were splashed and muddy to the waist. The ease and polished courtesy with which this personage greeted any officer who stopped to look at him was an abiding wonder—irritating, too, for the honest marine who held him, rather like a dog, by a cord. I saw that good fellow twitch the string sharply on such occasions, to teach the nigger prince his place. This indignity alone ruffled his temper. He said to M. Bonnat, one of the captives released: "See me, a prince of Ashanti, tied like a slave and led by a common white man! It is infamous!"

M. Bonnat assured me that the finished manners of our prisoner were not at all exceptional at the Ashanti court. And the king himself, Koffi Kalcali, was the finest gentleman among them all, though short, scarred with smallpox and black. Nobles are almost all fair. Once I asked Mr. Kuehne how we should recognize the king if he were taken prisoner. "Oh," Mr. Kuehne answered, "your soldiers will know him for a king! He looks it every inch."—Saturday Review.

A Snake's Fang.

One day last summer Thomas Horton was passing through a piece of cleared land when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. The reptile was shedding its skin, and, therefore, in its most venomous condition. The serpent's fangs had penetrated the cowhide boot, and it was easily killed.

Horton took off his boots and his wife gave them to Napoleon Meeker, a negro who worked on an adjoining farm. He wore them and died. Archibald Hooker, a nephew of the dead man, wore them 48 hours, and he also died in great agony. The boots next passed into the possession of an old trapper. The second day he wore them he was attacked with a pain in his leg. His experience told him it was the result of rattlesnake poisoning. He applied a remedy in time and recovered.

On examining the bootleg he found a small point of a piece of bone imbedded in the hide. It was the fang of the rattlesnake, placed in such a way that on drawing out the foot the fang, which curved upward, would not injure it, but on putting the boot on, it would be almost impossible to escape a slight scratch from the poison covered tooth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Precaution.

Margie—The scales are fastened on fish just like the slates on a house, aren't they?

Mamma—Yes, Margie, dear?

Margie—I suppose they are put on that way, too, to keep the fish from leaking when it rains?—Pick Me Up.

In Curing Torturing Disfiguring Skin Diseases

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Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King-Edward-st., London. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Jasper Items.

Feb. 11, '96.

There was a very heavy frost at this place last night.

Roads are bad through this vicinity.

Messrs J L and N J Morehouse made Eugene a business call last week.

Miss Belle Keeney is visiting at home this week.

When passing through this place look out for your rubber boots or Keeney will have them in his junk shop.

The Hill Brothers are making quite a success of their logging since they put in Lark Briles as foreman. The last we heard they had in about fifty thousand feet.

Mr Harry Keeney rides a fine horse lately. He must have traded somewhere.

Mrs H W Jones is on the sick list. Neuralgia in the head is the report.

Mr and Mrs J L Morehouse are visiting at her mother's home on Camp Creek.

Teachers are very numerous up this way today, but next week there may be a change.

Born, Feb 7, to the wife of J M Keeney an 8 pound boy. Mother and child doing well, and no reason why Jim will not recover.

Mrs A M Flanders and her two grand daughters from Eugene are visiting friends on Mt Glen.

DODGER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Henderson & Linn.

James Calvert, formerly of Lane county, is a delegate to the state populist convention from Benton county.

In a carload of cattle shipped from Oakland the other day two weighed 4800 pounds and two exactly 2000 pounds each.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough.

OSBURN & DELANO.

The newsboys and messengers of Portland have been organized into a benevolent society. Members of the society pay five cents per week, and have the benefit of attention at the hospital.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

OSBURN & DELANO.

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.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTAGE ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere, and in Eugene Oregon by Osburn & DeLano.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Jacob Arn, Plaintiff,
vs
Eliza Neppler Arn, Defendant.

To Eliza Neppler Arn, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff in the above entitled court now on file with the clerk of said court on or before the first day of the next regular term thereof, to wit: on Monday, the second (2) day of March, 1896; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in his complaint on file therein, to wit: for a decree in the above entitled court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant above named.

This summons is published in the EUGENE GUARD by order of the Honorable J C Fullerton, Judge of said Court. Duly made in Chambers at Roseburg, Oregon, on this 31st day of December, 1895.

WEATHERFORD & WYATT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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GEO. McL. BROWN, Dist. Pass. Agent, Vancouver, B. C.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Alexander Seavy, Plaintiff,
vs
Salina Spencer, Alexander G Spencer, John C Spencer, Mary Jane Spencer, James A Spencer, Clarissa F Spencer, Defendants.
Summons.

To Salina Spencer, Alexander G Spencer, Mary Jane Spencer, John C Spencer, James A Spencer, Clarissa F Spencer, Defendants:

In the name of the state of Oregon you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, Alexander Seavy, in the above entitled court in the above entitled suit now on file with the clerk of said court on or before the first day of the next regular term of court to wit: On or before the 2nd day of March, A D, 1896, and you and each of you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required the plaintiff, Alexander Seavy, will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint to wit: For a judgment and decree of said court, that the defendants be forever debarred of any right or claim to or interest in the following described premises: The donation land claim of Asahel C Spencer and Salina Spencer, his wife, Notification No 3259, Claim No 75, parts of section 14, & 23 in Tp 17 S, R 3 West, containing 161 acres in Lane county, Oregon, and that the plaintiff be decreed the owner in fee simple of said land.

This summons is published in the EUGENE GUARD, a newspaper printed, published and of general circulation in Lane county, Oregon, by order of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane county, by the Honorable J C Fullerton, Judge thereof, duly made at chambers in Roseburg, Oregon, on the 13th day of January, 1896.

WM R SCHERMERHORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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25 Morrison Street, corner Third
PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or., January 10, 1896.

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 February 22, 1896, viz: Charles W Lyons, Guardian of the Minor Heirs of John Valentine, deceased, on homestead entry No 3987 for the sw ¼ nw ¼, se ¼ nw ¼, lot 3, sec 4, tp 18 s, r 7 w.

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

William T Co nelius, I Sterling Day and Allen Chastain, all of Ivison, Oregon, and Benjamin F Lyons, of Walton, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.