

ASTHMA, Distressing Cough, SORE JOINTS, AND MUSCLES.

Decepaired OF RELIEF, CURED BY Ayer's Cherry Pectoral!

"Some time since, I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a distressing cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief, until I procured Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time, was entirely cured. I can, therefore, cordially and confidently commend this medicine to all."—J. ROSELLAS, Victoria, Texas.

"My wife had a very troublesome cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and procured immediate relief."—G. H. FOUNICK, Humphreys, Ga.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

LOVE'S OLD DREAM.

Miss Lavinia and Miss Louisa sat on the lawn in front of the cottage. To whom, thus engaged, with the maid from the orphanage handed round the buttered tea cake, enter a tramp unexpectedly. He was a slender looking old man, with a cut across the cheek, say 70 or thereabout, his clothes somewhat imperfectly concealed his limbs, and he introduced himself at once with no false modesty.

"I'm Mr. Tanks," he said cheerfully. "Mr. Arrowsmith, he sent me to you with his love. I've a letter for you." And he produced it from the depths of his trousers pocket. To judge from appearances, it had once been cleaner.

"Mr. Arrowsmith!" Miss Lavinia repeated, with an inquiring air. "Oh, yes, Louisa, you remember! He was"—She hesitated, not liking to say "that tramp," which, in point of fact, was the actual occupation of both gentlemen in question.

"I remember," Miss Louisa replied, with a humorous little twinkle, for Mr. Arrowsmith was an older and still more villainous rogue than even the specimen that stood before them.

"Well, he gives me this letter," Mr. Tanks repeated, handing the envelope across to them. It bore traces of recent close proximity to a foul clay pipe and also the following remarkable inscription: To the two maiden ladies On high beach road, Not far from Lord Berryhurst's park gates, Near Haslemere, Surrey.

One of 'em wears spectacles. The interior of the letter consisted entirely of a single sentence:

The bearer of this, a gentleman named Tanks, of such a name, as he will tell you, has about it you obedient servant.

RICHARD ARROWSMITH.

A cross after the name led to a well founded suspicion that Mr. Arrowsmith was indebted for the handwriting of this epistle to the services of an amanuensis.

Miss Lavinia looked up. "Well!" she said interrogatively.

Mr. Tanks pulled himself together for the arduous task of articulate speech. He fancied himself as an orator. "Well," he said solemnly, beginning his tale, "Arrowsmith, he was enamored of a woman."

He said this as though he supposed Miss Lavinia would be astonished. But Miss Lavinia, being a parish councillor, was far too wise to be astonished at anything, including even Mr. Tanks' command of language. "Indeed!" she said politely.

"It was like this," Mr. Tanks went on, with visible marks of an effort to be explicit. "Him an me was in the infirmary."

"Workhouse!" Miss Lavinia inquired laconically, for she knew the dialect.

Mr. Tanks nodded. "Hospi-tal," he added slowly. "We was both of us down with this 'ere blessed influenza." (I generalize his epithet.) "An Arrowsmith, he was enamored of a woman." (When a man of Mr. Tanks' class feels he has got hold of a highly appropriate and delicate word he doesn't let it go easily.) "Him he has had a good day's work out of it!" "An the woman was in the workhouse, two—female side—infirmary. An the doctor, he ordered Arrowsmith porter. He didn't order none for the rest of us, not bein as bad as him, but just a pint a day for Arrowsmith. Howsomer, Arrowsmith, he didn't drink his through bein that enamored of the woman I spoke of, but sent it round to her by a inmate as helped the nurses."

"That was touching," Miss Lavinia replied. For indeed she had a great heart, had Miss Lavinia, and could sympathize even with ragged old Arrowsmith and his workhouse inamorata.

"An he wanted me to write to her clandestine," Mr. Tanks went on, adventuring yet another of his country words with obvious gusto. "He wanted me to write her, not knowin how herself, an hevin got a inmate to write this letter to you. But of course I couldn't be a party to nothin clandestine." And Mr. Tanks' bosom swelled with conscious virtue.

"That was a pity," Miss Lavinia remarked once more, speaking as a woman, not as a parish councillor.

Mr. Tanks looked surprised. He had not expected this from a maiden lady. "An in time," he went on, "the master found out he wasn't drinkin his porter accordin to orders, but sendin it clandestine to this woman he was enamored of. So the master up an gave him a jacketin."

"A what?" Miss Lavinia inquired, at fault for a moment.

"A jacketin," Mr. Tanks responded. "Had words with him, mum, in the manner of speakin. An Arrowsmith, he never was one to sit down quiet to a jacketin, bein that high spirited. We calls him the Village Ampden on the road. So he up an arrests the master for his clothes, he did."

"For his clothes?" Miss Louisa interposed, not following the narrative.

"Yes, mum—for his clothes. You see, in a workhouse things is always done regular and respectable. When a inmate wants to leave, the regular course is, he arrests for his clothes, an it takes 24 hours for the formalities to be completed. An Arrowsmith arrests for his clothes, the woman he was enamored of arrests for her clothes, too, an out they goes together, perambulating like, as it would seem, but really through his writin to her clandestine to write her. An Arrowsmith, he'd never cashed them orders you sent to him through lettin so much enamored an keepin it all for her."

"You recollect, Lavinia," Miss Louisa interposed, "we sent him two postal orders last winter for a couple of shillings each to buy himself tobacco when he was in Maidstone Union."

Mr. Tanks nodded. "That's it," he answered sagaciously. "An now comes the trouble. He never cashed 'em, through bein enamored of the woman. So out he an she went an goes, of course, together to the public house. An there, drinkin away the money you was kind enough to send him, Arrowsmith an the woman gets to words that last an speaks like to one another an has in it out an fights in the end, through bein in liquor." An the woman hits Arrowsmith on the head with a porter, an then runs away, an Arrowsmith, after her. An a policeman in plain clothes, after her. An she follows 'em. An they runs right on as far as Southwater church-an straight into the churchyard. An there Arrowsmith catches her an hits her a blow, an the woman she falls down crossways upon a tombstone an hurts her spine. An back she goes to hospital. An the policeman cops him. An Arrowsmith, he's now in Lewes jail, awaitin his trial. An he's sent me to arrest if you'll allow him a trifle!"

Thus ended love's old dream. It was but a sordid comedy. Yet Miss Lavinia, village councillor though she might be, was poorer that night by a shilling.—Grant Allen in Sketch.

Didymium, when collected, is a light gray or dove color. When melted, it is one of the whitest gray metals. It is worth \$72 per ounce.

A ROSE THIEF.

What a beautiful flower is the tuberosa! Its waxy corolla would make a trumpet for the bands of the fairies. And then its odor—so delicious that it seems to satisfy every sense.

An admirer of the tuberosa? Yes, I am. See, I wear one in my buttonhole, and this pearl charm is a tuberosa.

A story? Yes; the one story of my tuberosa quiet, pleasant life.

You know I am a postal clerk. My route is on the C. and O. from Hinton to Huntington.

It is a humdrum, monotonous kind of life after you know thoroughly all the towns on your run—at least we postal clerks think so. But I suppose every fellow thinks the other fellow's place more desirable than his own.

Up here on my run is a little mining town called Hawk's Nest, quite famous among lovers of wild savage scenery, for the huge, awful rock hangs far out over the New river.

Our train used to slide track there 20 minutes for the East Flying Virginian. Drove straight I found the stop. I can tell you with nothing but a score or more of little cabins strung on the steep mountain sides and the lofty mountains standing close guard all around, while just below the turbulent little New river foamed and fretted away at the huge boulders which project upward from the river bed.

It was picturesque till one grew tired of it. But one afternoon as we slowed up I noticed something in the open window of the station.

As the train stopped on the side track it left the door of my car just opposite the window. It was an earthen pot filled with tuberosas all in full bloom. They were the finest I had ever seen, so large and so creamy. Even at that distance I caught a whiff of their delicious fragrance.

I wondered what in the world had come over old Martin, the operator, a crusty old fellow, that he had gone into the flower business, and said to myself, "The old flint has a soft spot, after all."

Turning to Jeff, my fellow clerk, I said: "Say, Jeff, look at those tuberosas. Ain't they beauties? By George, I'm going to get one!"

"Old Martin will give you the d—d—!" was Jeff's rather emphatic reply.

"I'll risk it," and I sprang out of the car to the platform, while Jeff stood in the door to see old Martin "give me the d—d—!"

I had just broken off one of the trumpet shaped beauties when "Help yourself, sir," some one exclaimed in the sweetest, most musical voice imaginable.

I looked up to see, not old Martin, but, looking straight through the window and witnessing my most audacious theft, was the sanest, merriest looking girl I had ever seen.

How her blue eyes twinkled and how the short, crisp, golden curls danced about the shapely head as she laughed at my confusion!

"I—I—I beg—bb—beg your pardon—your pardon, I—I—thought that old Martin—I thought that they were old man Martin's!"

"No, not old man Martin's, but old man Martin's daughter's. But help yourself."

I felt my face flame, while I know Jeff was almost killing himself there in the car with laughter.

I made one desperate effort to save myself.

"I do sincerely beg your pardon. I am so fond of flowers. I never saw these here before, and—and"—I went on stammering.

"And—and—so, not having seen any here before, the temptation to take, when you did see, was too great to be resisted," she broke in, with a suggestive laugh.

"She's Martin, my name is Brown—Harry Brown. May I wear this tuberosa?"

"Yes; since you have already taken it."

"But I boldly went on: 'Have you a pin? Will you be kind enough to fasten this in my coat?'"

She came around to the door, and as I stood there leaped out and fastened the tuberosa in my buttonhole. For one brief moment the golden curls brushed my face, and then the puff, puff, announced that the train had started.

I sprang into the car, and, lifting my cap as we pulled out, received another saucy smile.

Jeff tried to laugh at me, but when I showed him the tuberosa in my buttonhole he whistled loud and long.

Hawk's Nest soon became the most pleasant place on the run.

I found out the next trip that Mr. Martin (old Martin—ah, nevermore!) was sick, and that Mary, who had just returned from a school of telegraphy, had taken his place.

From Hinton to Hawk's Nest going west and from Huntington to Hawk's Nest going east became exceedingly long distances, and the 20 minutes' side track there but time to breathe.

It seemed to me that she soon thought as I did about the short stop and that she was always glad when our pulled in.

Well, to make a long story short, one day the next summer, when the tuberosas were again in bloom, as I stood at the window of the little station, awkwardly fingering a waxen beauty, I managed to tell her that I had loved her ever since she caught me stealing and—well—you can guess the rest.

Yes; I live here, and that is my wife standing there in the door of the station, holding up our boy Martin.—Chicago News.

PIMPLES

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, prevented by Cuticura Soap, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery. The only preventive of pimples, because the only preventive of inflammation of the pores.

Used throughout the world. Only depot F. Newell & Co., 1, King Edward St., London. For sale by all Chemists, Soap Dealers, etc., U.S.A.

Ricketts' Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fettered Sores, Fetter, 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.

Soothing, healing, cleansing, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold sores in two or three hours.

OSBURN & DELANO.

When baby was sick, we gave her Cuticura. When she was sick, she cried for Cuticura. When she became ill, she clung to Cuticura. When she had children, she gave them Cuticura.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia, says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself."

OSBURN & DELANO.

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

The Great Northern Railway is a new transcontinental line. Runs daily (Sunday observations cars, palace sleeping and dining cars, family tourist sleepers and first and second class coaches.

Having a rock to beat track, the Great Northern Railway is free from dirt, one of the chief advantages of transcontinental travel.

Round tickets with stop over. Through rates and choice of return routes.

For further information call upon us at

SVARVERUD & SIMPSON, Eugene, Oregon

O. R. N. CO. DISTRICT GENERAL AGENT, 102 Third Street, Portland, Oregon

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for Burns, Taked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Scatica, 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.

NOTICE TO POLICY HOLDERS

Of the Withdrawal From the State of Oregon of the Sun Insurance Company of San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in the State of Oregon holding policies in the Sun Insurance Company of San Francisco, California, and to all other persons interested, that said Company has relinquished its business in the State of Oregon to the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company of San Francisco, California, and has filed notice thereof with the Secretary of the State of said State, and proposes to withdraw its securities on or before the 1st day of January, 1900, and to cease doing business in said State.

Any policy holder in the State of Oregon or any other person having claims against said Insurance Company, are hereby notified to file the same with the Secretary of State of the State of Oregon within six (6) months of the date of the publication of this notice.

This notice is given pursuant to the provisions of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, entitled "to amend Sections 2542-2547, inclusive, of the Compiled and Annotated Laws of Oregon as Compiled and Annotated by W. Lair Hill, approved February twenty-sixth, 1899."

SUN INSURANCE COMPANY, C. L. TAYLOR, Pres.

Attest: Wm. H. FRINK, Sec. San Francisco, August 10th, 1899.

Summons.

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

Jacob Arn, Plaintiff,

vs

Eliza Neppel Arn, Defendant.

To Eliza Neppel 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, 1899; 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 News 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, 1898.

WEATHERFORD & WYATT, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Summons.

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

R. S. Cathey, Plaintiff,

vs

J. S. Medley, administrator of the estate of Sarah Collins, deceased, and Jane Waggoner, William Collins, James Collins, Mary Kene, Zachariah Collins and Ballard Collins, heirs of Sarah Collins, deceased.

Defendants.

To William Collins and Ballard Collins, defendants above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of 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 day of March, 1899; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$200.00, principal and interest on promissory note mentioned in plaintiff's complaint, and for the further sum of \$14.75 (taxes and costs); and for \$20.00 a attorney fees, and for the foreclosure of the mortgage, and for the sale of the mortgaged premises mentioned in plain-tiff's complaint, and for the costs and disbursements of action, to-wit: \$100.00.

This summons is published in the Eugene News by order of Hon. J. C. Fullerton, Judge of said Court, made in Chambers, at Roseburg, Oregon, the 18th day of January, 1899.

KIMBY & MCKELLEN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Oregon Central & Eastern Rail Road Co.

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE.

Connecting at Yaquina Bay with the San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company's Steamship "Farallon."

A Land first-class in every respect. Sails from Yaquina for San Francisco about every 8 days. Passenger accommodation unsurpassed. Shortest route between the Willamette valley and California.

Fare from Albany or points west to San Francisco: Cabin, \$12; Steerage, \$8; Cabin, Round trip, good 60 days, \$18.

For sailing days, apply to GEO. F. CRAW, Local Agent, EDWIN STONE, Manager, Corvallis, Or.

H. L. WALDEN, Agent, Albany, Or. CHAS. CLARK, Superintendent, Corvallis, Or.

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25cts., 50cts., and \$1.00 BOTTLES. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough and all the best Cough and Croup Cures. Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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Time to Chicago, 54 days; time to New York, 64 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.

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E. J. McLANAHAN, Agent, Eugene, Or. R. W. HANSON, C. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt., 125 Third St., Portland, Or.

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Constitution, Blisters, Pimples, Falling Scurvy, Nervousness, Weakness of the eyes and other ills.

Strengthen, invigorate and tones the entire system. Hudson cures Debility, Nervousness, Impassions, and restores weak organs. Puts in the place, lones by day or night.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Private endorsements. For sale by all druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c. in advance. Can be stopped in 30 days if not cured.

This medicine was made by the Social Hygiene Institute, 1000 Broadway, New York. It is a very powerful medicine, sold for \$1.00 a package. It is the only medicine that cures all the above named ailments. If you buy it, you will be cured, six more by day or night.

Address: Social Hygiene Institute, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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Constitution, Blisters, Pimples, Falling Scurvy, Nervousness, Weakness of the eyes and other ills.

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Address: Social Hygiene Institute, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned William Naylor has been duly appointed by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, Executor of the estate of Alfred Wilson, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to said executor at the law office of Blythe & Young in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene this 6th day of October, 1898.

WILLIAM NAYLOR, Executor of Estate of Alfred Wilson, deceased. Blythe & Young, Attys.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Soo Pacific Line.

The Shortest, Safest and Most COMPLETE ROUTE To and from all points in Canada, United States and Europe.

The Finest Palace Sleeping, Parlors, Dining and Tourist Cars in the WORLD.

Both First and Second-Class Cars are heated by steam and are designed to secure uniform warmth, combined with perfect ventilation.

The cars of no other line can compare with them in these respects, nor in strength, elegance and comfort.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CO.'S Royal Mail Steamship Line TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

These twin-screw steamers are in every respect superior to any others that have yet sailed the Pacific coast. The route is 200 miles shorter than via any other Trans-Pacific line.

CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN STEAMER LINE TO AUSTRALIA, FIJI AND AFRICA.

The shortest line to the Colonies. These steamers carry an experienced Medical Staff and a stewardess on every voyage.

For time tables, pamphlets, or any information, call on or address:

GEORGE McLELLAN, Agent, Eugene, Or. GEO. McLELLAN, Freight and Passenger Agent, 125 Third St., Portland, Or. GEO. McLELLAN, Agent, Vancouver, B. C.

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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, AGT. Gen'l. Pass. Agt., 125 Third Street, PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Last Office at Roseburg, Or. January 16, 1899.

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. G. Jennings, county clerk of Lane County, Ore., at Eugene, Oregon, on February 22, 1899, viz: Jesse S. Day on homestead entry No. 5747 for the E. 1/4 NW 1/4 E. 1/4 Sec. 34, T. 18 S., R. 7 E., S. 18.

It is ordered, that if the above settler fails to prove his claim, the same shall revert to the public domain, to-wit: upon and collection of, said land, viz:

Allen Chastain, William T. Cornelius, John Chastain and Albert Warden all of Irwin Oregon.

R. M. VEAUGH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Last Office at Roseburg, Oregon. Jan. 20, 1899.

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. G. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on March 7, 1899, viz: Charles E. Johnson on homestead entry No. 5222 for lots Nos. 4, 5 and 6 of sec. 10, T. 18 S., R. 7 E.

It is ordered, that the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Frank M. Jackson, James Law, Allen M. Bailey and Samuel Phillips, all of Creswell, Oregon.

R. M. VEAUGH, Register.

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