

oke
LA CREMA,
Ten cent;
& Queen of Hearts.
Five cent
Cigars.

WINTER, Proprietor.
Weather Preferred for Sittings.
PHOTO COMPANY.
PHOTOGRAPHS.
EUGENE, OREGON.

J. S. LUCKEY.
WHEELER.
Watches and Clocks Repaired.
EUGENE, OREGON.

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for

Wounds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflamed Udders.
Rheumatic Pains, Sprains and Strains, Burning Sores, Inflammations, Stiff Joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Scalds, Lambago, Cuts, Blisters, Mosquito Bites, Cattle Ailments, Horse Ailments, Sheep Ailments.
Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.
Sob in Vigorously.
Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

THE GREAT HUDDY.
This extraordinary remedy is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been used by the leading medical men of Europe and America. Huddy is a purely vegetable preparation, and is free from all poisons. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days.

Constipation, Biliousness, Falling Sickness, Nervousness, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion, Emulsion, and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, comes by day or night.

THE GREAT HUDDY.
This extraordinary remedy is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been used by the leading medical men of Europe and America. Huddy is a purely vegetable preparation, and is free from all poisons. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 20 days.

IRISH GAELIC LOVE SONG.
"I'd roam the world over and over with you,
O sweet neck and lark voice and swift wing
in shoe;
My violet and lilies and rose without rue,
I'd roam the world over and over with you."
"If I roamed the world over, fond lover, with you,
And we met the rude mountains, now what would we do?"
"They would smooth themselves straight at one stroke of your shoe,
And I'd course their crests over and over with you."
"My fond, foolish lover, still roaming with you,
To ford the rough river, now, what should we do?"
"To one great shallow glass it would shrink at your view,
And admire and admire and admire you step through."
"But, ah, if still roaming, rash lover, with you,
We reached the dread desert, say, what should we do?"
"Oh, your sigh of soft balm would the wilder desert woo,
To break into blossom so heavenly of hue,
That we'd rest at long last from our roaming, true!"
—Alfred Percival Graves.

HIS LOSS MY GAIN.

Charley Wiburn and I are cousins, but somehow I scarcely seemed to belong to the family at all. We had no end of relatives, and he was a general favorite with all, even some he had never seen, for they would die and leave him legacies. He was constantly getting some little "windfall" of this kind until at length "Charley Wiburn's luck" became a general catchword among us, a synonym for all that was lucky and fortunate.

One morning at breakfast—we were artists and shared the same rooms and studio—he received a black edged letter, which, upon opening and reading, he cast down with a discontented look.

"Another funeral to go to," he grumbled, "and here are my pictures unfinished, and next week is Sunday in day!"

"Who is it now?" I asked. "Another legacy, I suppose, eh?"

"Very likely," he returned indifferently. He was so used to these things he scarcely took any notice of them now. "It's Uncle Alexander Stephen. Did you know him?"

I shook my head. "Have heard of him; never saw him," I said.

"I hardly knew him myself," Charley explained, "at least not since I was a boy. It's a rare bother, this, coming just now. Such a long journey into the country. I say, Jack, you have done your pictures and sent them in and have nothing to do for a spell. Couldn't you go down for me?"

"What, in your name?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, why not? It's years since I was among any of the set. This letter is from Mr. Parbly, the solicitor of the will, I suppose. He doesn't know me. You are Jack Wiburn. It's only a difference of Christian name, and it's all in the family, you know."

To cut the matter short, I had to consent, as I generally did where Charley was concerned.

I took the lawyer's letter as a sort of credential and set out, grumbling a good deal at what I considered Charley's "cheek" in thus making use of me. If I had finished up my work before he had, it was only because I had worked at it more constantly, and now, instead of reaping the advantage in the shape of a few days' rest, he made it an excuse for sending me off on a lugubrious mission like this, and Charley would no doubt have a good legacy, too, out of it.

"I don't suppose it's much," he said to me. "Perhaps a hundred or two—hardly worth going down for, you know."

So I had to go, with no legacy in view at all, small or large!

However, as I have said, I set out for the place—it was in Devonshire—and in due course I arrived at the little town and put up a hotel for the night. The funeral was fixed for the following day, and on inquiry I learned that the house I had to go to was only a short distance away.

The next day, therefore, saw me among the assembled guests. I found out Mr. Parbly and, silently showed him his own letter. "Ah," said he, "you are Mr. Wiburn. Very good. Glad to see you." I did not reply, so he concluded that I was Charley Wiburn without my having said anything one way or the other.

But when, after the funeral, the will came to be read I found Charley was down for £5,000! This made me think it harder lines than ever that I should have had to come down in his place. The weather was atrociously cold, the March winds strong and blustering, with showers of sleet and snow, and I felt cold and miserable. At the end of the reading of the will I was making my way out to get back to the hotel when some one said, "Mr. Wiburn, I believe!" I looked around and saw a stiff, military looking old boy regarding me with a smile through his spectacles. "Charley," said he, "don't you remember me?" I thought to myself: "Oh, now I'm in for it. Here's a nice mess, all through trying to serve Charley. Just my bad luck." This feeling did not grow less when he said: "Milly wants to speak to you. She has been looking at you and says she can hardly recognize you for her old playfellow." ("No wonder," I thought. "It would be strange if she did.")

She came up and shook hands, and the moment I looked at her I simply felt helplessly bend over ears in love with her then and there. She seemed to be the loveliest, most adorable creature I had ever seen. A sudden resolve came into my mind. Rather than run the risk of losing a chance I now had of speaking to her I would say nothing about my not being "Charley," let the consequences be what they might.

"Don't you remember your little playmate Milly?" said she, with a blush and an entrancing look in her beautiful eyes.

"Well, it's not so surprising, for I should never have known you, either. If Mr. Parbly had not pointed you out to us."

Before I whisked off to Major Rainfield's house—as I found the name of Milly's father to be—dine, calling at the hotel for my evening "togs" on the way.

I found the major's house a neat, quiet looking little place on the outskirts of the town. He lived alone with his daughter—his wife being dead—a housekeeper and one servant. Though everything was comfortable, there was that indescribable air that gave one the impression that they were not too well off as regards this world's goods.

Since I was not too well off, either, this would not have troubled me out for that legacy of £5,000 I was supposed to have come in for. "Was that the secret cause of this sudden friendliness?" I asked myself. But when I looked at Milly and saw the frank glance of her truthful, honest looking eyes I felt ashamed of myself. Nor when I regarded the major and noted

the open, manly look the fine old soldier gave back to me could I bring myself to think of him as a scheming old fortune hunter.

Such good friends did we three become that I lingered on in the place for a week, during which time I daily grew more uncomfortable at the part I was playing. At last I sought out Milly one day alone and confessed the truth to her.

"I am not surprised," she said. "I thought you were not much like the Charley I used to know. But I am sorry for you—sorry to think that your cousin should have got that £5,000, while you were not even so much as mentioned."

"Ah!" I said, with a sigh, "that is Charley's luck—and mine. It is always the same—always has been and always will be, I suppose."

I was thinking what I dared not say—that if that £5,000 had but been mine I would have asked her to be mine, too, whereas now, with my poor prospects—well, of course, it was folly even to dream of such a thing.

I watched her narrowly after that, but I could see no difference in her treatment of me.

I had written to Charley, telling him of his good fortune, and I was going to stay on down here for a few days, but beyond a brief note expressing wonder at whatever attraction I could see there at that time of the year he had said nothing and written no further, not a word of thanks or of reference to his £5,000 legacy.

Another week went by, and I still staid on. At the end of that time I was in such a state of mind that one day, finding myself alone with Milly, I blurted out my hopeless love for her and said I should go away at once, for I felt that I could not possibly stay on there any longer. Milly, always quiet and self possessed, remained silent awhile and then said, looking down: "I think you had better speak to papa."

"What?" I rapturously exclaimed. "Do you really bid me hope, Milly? Do you really think there is a possibility of your father?" I stopped and shook my head. "Alas, no!" I said. "Such a thing could not happen to me. It would be Charley's luck, that."

"Well," said Milly composedly, "they say you never know your luck till you try, but if you are too faint hearted to try, of course—"

"I'll go off and find the major and have it out at once," I blurted out.

And I saw him accordingly and told him the whole story, humbly apologizing for daring to ask for his daughter's hand, when, as I was bound to tell him, I was not Charley, but Jack Wiburn, and I had no £5,000 legacy and no prospects in particular and "no luck."

"H'm," said the major. "How is it Master Charley comes in for all the 'luck' in this way?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered dolefully. "He goes about more and makes himself more liked, I think, while I—"

"While you stick at home and work. Is that it?" he said.

"Well," I returned, "I try my best. You see, I have nothing else to rely on, or hope for—like Charley. It's his luck—and mine!"

"However," said the major, "I have been told you got your pictures hung and sent them, which is more than he does. Is that luck too?"

To this I made no reply. I couldn't see its relevancy.

"Now, look here, Mr. Jack Wiburn," the major went on. "I knew you were not Charley Wiburn. I looked up in surprise. 'Milly told me, and I have made certain inquiries of my own, and I have something to tell you. The late Alexander Stephen Wiburn was a very old and intimate friend of mine and had long ago set his heart upon Milly's marrying Charley.' Here I jumped up excitedly, but he waved his hand to me as a sign to be quiet. "But he was determined that if it came about at all it should be spontaneous and not through any compulsion or unworthy motive. But in that will you heard read the other day there was something you did not hear. It was mixed up in another matter, but it comes to this—that if Milly marry his nephew he and she were to have a certain sum between them to commence housekeeping with. I have consulted Mr. Parbly upon this matter, and he agrees with me that, as Charley's name is not expressly mentioned and as he would not take the trouble to come down himself, even to the funeral of his poor uncle, who had been so kindly disposed to him, if Milly likes you well enough to have you, she will be just as much entitled to the sum set aside as if Master Charley had married her, and I am sure that I shall not object to the substitution. In the will the only condition is that Milly shall marry his nephew, and that of course you are as much his nephew as Charley is. Therefore I leave it with Milly; if she says 'Yes,' I say the same, and you will both have something to set up housekeeping with."

No need to tell the joy with which I heard this unexpected news or the heartiness with which I thanked the kind hearted major.

"I'll go off and tell Milly at once," I said, but I had not gone far when he called me back.

"You don't ask how much you will have to start the housekeeping upon," he said.

"What matter, sir, since you think it enough?" I answered.

"H'm, but you may as well know. You may not think it enough."

"How much is it, then?" I asked.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said the major.

And this is what Charley told me and I gained by that journey—Milly (worth more than all) and £50,000!

And now Charley would speak to me or my wife—for Milly and I are married—and he says I meanly took advantage of him, but I say, as I used to say before, it is all his luck—and mine.—Gentleman.

Persimmon and Medlar.
"To pucker one's lips as by a persimmon" is a proverbial saying. Every one knows how astringent a persimmon is before frost or anything that hastens fermentation has touched it. Sometimes the frost has within itself the power to start fermentation independently of frost action, and when this is the case the persimmon is edible long before frost arrives. Other fruits are of the same class. The medlar is a famous German fruit, not far removed from the apple, but it is as astringent as the persimmon until it begins to decay; then it is admirable. Frost is not called in to aid decay in this instance. It is simply set aside until it begins to decay naturally. It does not seem a nice case, however, to say that "a medlar is not good until it is rotten." The French have a more polite phrase for it. They say that the medlar is fit to eat as soon as it is blotted. We might, with propriety, adopt this word for the persimmon. It would sound very well to say that the blotted persimmon is good to eat.—Moshan's Monthly.

A 50 CENT

Bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures, is often sufficient to complete a permanent cure of the most torturing and disfiguring of skin, scalp, and blood humors.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT FOR ALL SKIN AND BLOOD HUMORS. Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA OINTMENT, 25c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c.

Get on to the Northern Pacific Flyer.

The change of time, via the Northern Pacific and Burlington route, effective Sunday, April 12th, enables passengers to leave Portland daily at 5 p. m., reaching Lincoln, Neb., at 12:55 noon; Omaha 4:55; St. Joseph 6:50; Atchison 8:30; Leavenworth 7:55, and Kansas City 8:55 on the evening of the third day; Chicago 8:20 and St. Louis 7:10 on the morning of the fourth day. You can see from this that the Northern Pacific reaches Omaha in two days and 23 hours; Chicago and St. Louis 3 1/2 days, which equals the fastest run made by any other road. If you will compare our schedule from Portland to Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City you will see that the Northern Pacific and Burlington via Billings, beats all other roads into Lincoln four hours; St. Joseph 12 hours; Atchison 12 hours; Leavenworth 14 hours, and Kansas City 10 hours and 45 minutes, where immediate connections are made in union depots for all points East and South. Everybody knows that the "Northern Pacific Yellowstone Route" is the finest equipped railroad in America for all classes of travelers. Therefore, before starting East don't buy a ticket until you have written to or called upon R. McMurphy, General Agent, Eugene, Oregon.

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.

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

Notice.
I hereby announce myself an Independent candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Lane county, Oregon, at the ensuing election.
J. G. GRAY.
Eugene, Or., April 20, 1896.

Citation.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.
In the matter of the estate of Hester Tucker, deceased. Citation.
To George W. Tucker, Sarah E. Brown, James M. Tucker, Mary Jane Vulgamore, W. B. Tucker, Wilbert L. Tucker, Laura Ellen Tucker, greeting:
In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the county court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Lane, at the court room thereof, at Eugene, in the county of Lane, on Wednesday, the 2nd day of June, 1896, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exists, why an order should not be issued directing W. B. Tucker, executor of said estate, to sell the following described real property, belonging to said estate, to-wit:
Beginning at a point 39 chs. n. and 2 chs. and 18 chs. w. of the s. w. corner of the s. e. quarter of sec. 28 T. 17. N., R. 2. W. and running thence s. 42 chs. and 5 chs.; thence s. 25 chs. and 36 chs.; thence w. 64 chs.; thence s. 47 chs. and 37 chs.; thence s. 41 chs. and 44 chs. and thence n. 2 minutes s. 76 chs. and 88 chs. to the place of beginning, in all 329 1/2 acres, being of No. 74 and No. 7480 in Lane county, Oregon, except 70 acres sold to James Tucker and 34 acres sold to W. B. Tucker, leaving 216 acres in Lane county, Oregon.
Witness, the Hon. A. H. Pisk, judge of the county court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Lane, with the seal of said court, attested, this 20th day of April, A. D. 1896.
[SEAL]
Attest: A. C. JENNISON, Clerk.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.
Rebecca Parker, Plaintiff.
vs.
William Parker, Defendant.
To the above named defendant, William Parker:
In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit, on or before the 1st day of the next regular term of said court, after publication hereof, to-wit, Monday, the 29th day of October, 1896. And if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein prayed for, to-wit: A decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for the relief prayed for in the complaint.
This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. C. Fallstedt, Judge of the above entitled court.
Dated April the 29th, 1896.
H. D. SPOONER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Assignees' Sale.

The entire stock of the "COAST", Carriage and Wagon Co's Buggies, Carriages and Wagons must be closed out within the next sixty days regardless of cost.

These are no cheap or shopworn goods but are all new STRICTLY FIRST CLASS WORK.

The "COAST" all steel gear wagon is the lightest running and strongest wagon made; has been thoroughly tested and pronounced the best in the world by all who have used them.

All goods sold direct from the factory for less than cost of manufacture. If you need a buggy or wagon write for prices, you will save money and get entire satisfaction.
M. M. DAVIS,
Assignee of Coast C & W Co.
Corvallis, Oregon, April 20th 1896.

HOW Are Your Nerves? Pretty Shaky, Aren't They? Is Your Digestion? Pretty Poor, Isn't It? Thin Is Your Blood? Almost Like Water, Eh?

ONE THING will Make a Whole Man of You That is DR. HENLEY'S Celery, Beef and Iron Try a Case. It will Make a "New" Woman of Your Wife And She Won't Want to Vote, Either

For sale by OSBURN & DeLANO.

NORTH PACIFIC RACING CIRCUIT. EUGENE, OREGON.

The Eugene Speed and Driving Association, Meriau's Park, May 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1896.

ENTRANCE TO TROTTING AND PACING RACES CLOSE MAY 1, 1896.

RACING PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY.	Purse.	THIRD DAY.	Purse.
1. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	\$300	7. Trotting, 2:35 class.....	250
2. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	250	8. Trotting, 2:35 class.....	250
3. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	125	9. Trotting, 2:35 class.....	150
4. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	125	10. Trotting, 2:35 class.....	150
SECOND DAY.			
5. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	250	11. Trotting, free-for-all.....	200
6. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	200	12. Trotting, free-for-all.....	200
7. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	150	13. Trotting, 1/2 mile.....	125
8. Trotting, 2:30 class.....	150	14. Trotting, 1/2 mile.....	125

CONDITIONS AS TO RUNNING RACES.
Entries to the running races close at 4 p. m. day preceding the race. Declaration must be made in writing with the secretary by 11 a. m. the day of race.
Entrance fee 10 per cent. of purse. Money divided 70, 20 and 10.
Five to enter and three to start, but the board reserves the right to hold a less number than five to fill by the deduction of the entrance money from the purse for each horse less than five.
Other than specified rules of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association to govern.
CONDITIONS AS TO TROTTING AND PACING RACES.
Conditional entries will be treated the same as regular entries, and nominators held under the rules.
Entrance fee 10 per cent. of purse, of which 5 per cent. must accompany the nomination, and 5 per cent. by 12 o'clock on first day of meeting. Purse divided 70, 20 and 10.
Declaration must be made with secretary in writing by 5 o'clock p. m. of day preceding race.
A horse winning a race entitled to first in any only. Making a walk-over entitled to entrance money paid in only. When less than the required number of starters appear they may contest for the entrance money paid in, divided 70 per cent. to first horse and 30 per cent. to second horse.
All trotting and pacing races to be mile heats 2 in 3, except the 2-year-old race, which shall be 1/2 mile and repeat. Six to enter and three to start, but the board reserves the right to hold a less number than six to fill by the deduction from the purse the entrance money of each horse less than six. If more than 6 entries are paid in any class the entrance fee above 10 entries to be added to the purse.
Other than specified, rules of the National Trotting Association to govern.
GENERAL CONDITIONS.
All entries must state color of rider or driver, and no horse allowed to start without colors. The association reserves the right to alter, amend or postpone any or all the races, should the board in their judgment for cause deem it expedient so to do. Any race that can not, in the opinion of the judges, be finished on the last day may be continued or declared off.
All horses to be owned and located in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, and Northern California as far South and including Yuma, prior to January 1, 1895.
All Purse Will Be Paid In Full.
W. V. HENDERSON, Secretary. S. H. FRIENDLY, President.

CURE THAT TAKE THE BEST
COUGH SHILOH'S CURE
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.
Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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, Parlor, 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 ships that have yet sailed the Pacific ocean. The route is 300 miles shorter than via any other Trans-Pacific line.
CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN STEAMER LINE
HONOLULU, FIJI AND AUSTRALIA.
The shortest line to the Colonies.
These steamers carry an experienced Medical Men and a Surgeon on every voyage.
For time tables, pamphlets, or any information, call on or address,
ALLAN CAMERON, Freight and Passenger Agent, 110 Third St., Portland, Or.
GEO. M. L. BRUNS, Dist. Pass. Agent, Vancouver, B. C.
Cook's Cotton Root Compound; a recent discovery. At YERGEN, Ton's drugstore.

UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS
To the EAST via the
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
Through Pullman Palace sleepers. Tourist sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars.
DAILY PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by kerosene light.
Time to Chicago, 2 1/2 days; time to New York, 4 1/2 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.
For rates, time tables and full information apply to
E. J. McCLANAHAN, Agent, Eugene, Or.
R. W. BAXTON, C. E. BROWN, Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt., 110 Third St., Portland, Or.
THE ABOVE PICTURE DOES NOT REPRESENT a passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. No. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Each sleeping car berth has an electric reading lamp. Its dining cars are the best in the world and its coaches are palaces on wheels.
This great railway, connecting as it does with all transcontinental lines at St. Paul and Omaha, assures to the traveling public the best service known. Tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are on sale at all railroad ticket offices to any point in the United or Canada. For maps, folders and other information, address:
C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Oregon.