Smoke

LA CREMA,

Ten cent;

U. of O. & Queen of Hearts,

Five cent

Cigars.

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Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
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,
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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.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S Advertising Agency, 64 and 66 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal. ... contracts for advertising can be made ...

BECAUSE.

It is not because your heart is mine, mine only,
Mine alone;
It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer and the skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes
That I love you.

It is not because the world's perplexed meaning
Grows more clear,
And the parapets of heaven, with angels leaning,
Seem more near,
And nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since yours spoke,
Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices,
Love awoke.

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life
At your will,
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife
Calm and still,
Teaching trust to fold her wings nor ever roam
From her nest,
Teaching love that her securest, safest home
Must be rest.

But because this human love, though true and sweet—
Yours and mine—
Has been sent by love more tender, more complete,
More divine;
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven
Far above you
Do I take you as a gift that God has given—
And I love you!

—Adelaide Proctor in Boston Transcript.

A TRAGEDY.

Leontine was the only child of Mme. de Neuilles, a lady of fashion and one of the leaders of the beau monde of Paris.

Leontine was upon the eve of what was considered a most brilliant marriage, but, although the event was near at hand, she seemed oppressed by sadness. For some time the young girl had refused to consent to the marriage, but at length, to the surprise of all, accorded a voluntary yielding to the wish of her family.

"Are you happy, my child?" inquired her mother.

"As happy as I can be," was the sad reply.

The Baron de Neuilles, anxious respecting his daughter, questioned his wife frequently.

"I am pleased that Leontine has acceded to my wish," he said, "but fear that she entertained a prior attachment for Maurice Dorval."

"You are right," replied Mme. de Neuilles. "She has been attached to Maurice, but she has reason to believe him false and so consents to wed another."

"Has she the proof that he is false?"

"Undoubtedly, and a love once trifled with is destroyed."

"You may be right," added the baron, "but I fear that Leontine is romantic and she will learn when too late that life is earnest."

The morning fixed for the marriage arrived and Henri de Tremont was united to Leontine de Neuilles in the chapel of St. Cloud.

The last eight days of her girlhood life had been passed by Leontine in a sort of stupor. She seemed dead to all that surrounded her. Each day her mother had assisted at her toilet, had embraced her tenderly, and yet she did not seem to realize the fact that additional and devoted attention was accorded her.

Arrayed in her white robes and shielded by her veil, Leontine was driven to church and led to the altar without one thought of the terrible sacrifice she was making—the sacrifice of heart, soul and pride.

Mme. de Neuilles, seeing Leontine's unnatural condition and deathlike composure, besought her to weigh well the step she proposed.

"If this marriage is displeasing to you," she said, "there is yet time to avert the evil."

"You are mistaken," responded Leontine. "This marriage must take place. It is inevitable."

The marriage was celebrated with much pomp. The court attended the ceremony, and great was the display of grandeur.

The newly married couple passed the day at the chateau, where the gayety was brilliant in the extreme. Leontine had never looked more lovely. Not a ray of color tinged the marble pallor of her fair cheeks, and in the dreamy depths of her dark, lustrous eyes there was deep meaning.

"What ails you, Leontine!" questioned the Princess de Pays in a whisper.

"Nothing."

"Why, then, do you look so sad?"

"It is the effect of getting married," replied the Countess de Vise, who had overheard her words.

At 1 o'clock the Baroness de Neuilles led her daughter to the room she had always occupied. Nothing had been changed except the bedstead. The little snow white bed, which had formerly invited rest, was gone, and in its place stood one of regal appearance, surrounded by rich curtains.

Here the baroness embraced her daughter and retired.

"Try to be happy, my child," she said, "and remember you are now married."

"Not for long," murmured Leontine when the baroness closed the door. "Not for long. I was asked by the priest if I would be his wife. My lips, but not my heart, murmured yes. In the silence of my heart I hate him—hate him and think only of Maurice—Maurice, my only love!"

As Leontine ceased speaking she examined the vial hidden in the folds of her handkerchief. "I have drunk it all."

As she ceased speaking she arose and folded her hands devoutly before the crucifix.

"Let it come quickly," she murmured.

In the large mirror that hung opposite she contemplated her changing features. As she did so the mirror suddenly turned upon its hinges, and another chamber stood revealed. Scarcely had she realized this fact when, to her surprise, a man, beautiful as the archangel of Eden, stood upon the threshold.

"I am here," said the stranger.

At first Leontine deemed herself either the victim of some supernatural manifestation or thought the poison had rendered her delirious, but in an instant she recognized Maurice.

"Is it you," she murmured, "and are you dying also?"

"Dying!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand. "Why, what do you mean?"

"That I have lost all desire to live."

"Late as it is," he continued, "I must have some explanation from you before you become that man's wife."

"What explanation do you require!"

"You were mistaken and were deceived. The man you married forged the letters that calumniated me. This chateau was once my father's. I know of the secret door and came to you."

"But I am dying, Maurice, dying."

With a cry he raised her gently and carried her into the adjoining chamber, and having placed her upon the bed he quickly turned the mirror.

"Speak, Leontine, speak to me," he called.

She did not reply; her lips were colorless.

"A physician!" he exclaimed. "If I can but procure a physician, it may not yet be too late."

"No," responded his companion. "Listen to me. Rather than belong to another, Maurice, rather than become the wife of any man but you, I have taken poison. But even the pain of dying I hail with joy, for in your arms I will breathe my last. Press your lips to mine and let me feel your breath upon my cheek."

"Oh, Leontine," murmured Dorval, as he clasped her to his breast and pressed kiss after kiss upon her cold lips. "Oh, what have you done? Surely this cannot be death."

"It is death, and I rejoice in my escape. I have, in inviting this fate, done my duty. Forgive me for suspecting you. Adieu, my love."

The words were scarcely audible, and Maurice bowed his head to catch the sound. As Leontine ceased speaking she trembled violently. A sigh parted her lips. "Maurice," she whispered faintly, and in an instant more her spirit had fled. For a few moments Dorval remained in silence beside the dead woman he had so fondly loved. It seemed to the man as though the world itself was passing away; then, realizing that the still form no longer contained the soul, despair seized upon him, and he rushed forward and drew Leontine to his breast convulsively. The stillness of the room was broken by the clock striking the hour of midnight. As the last stroke vibrated upon the air the noise of steps was heard in the corridor, and in a moment more the door of the chamber opened, and De Tremont entered.

"Leontine," he said, "where are you?"

"Here," exclaimed a strange voice. The tone was sepulchral. De Tremont shuddered and turned toward the spot whence it came.

Once more the mirror had turned, and before him he saw another room brilliantly lighted and upon the bed the pale, still form of a woman. Beside the couch stood Maurice, as pale almost as the dead girl. His dark eyes were fixed upon De Tremont, and in either hand he held a pistol.

De Tremont looked at the scene before him, but could not comprehend the meaning.

"What does this mean?" he inquired.

"Retribution," responded Dorval.

"I do not understand you."

"Then I will explain. Leontine, whom you married, now lies dead before you. We meet in the sacred presence, and one of us must join her."

Tremont did not speak.

"Your sin has found you out," continued Dorval. "You deceived the woman I loved, and who loved me. I learned the truth too late to save her, but not too late to avenge the wrong done to both. We will fight without witnesses and here in the presence of the woman you have tortured. Of these pistols but one is loaded," Maurice advanced. As he did so De Tremont retreated until his back touched the wall.

"Death is in one of these weapons; I know not which," said Dorval. "Choose."

De Tremont grew calm and quickly turned his eyes toward the door, but his companion intercepted the glance.

"Choose, or I will kill you!"

For an instant De Tremont looked scrutinizingly at the pistols, but the cold iron revealed nothing, and, yielding to chance, he grasped the one nearest him.

The two adversaries stood confronting each other. The scene was solemn. For an instant not a sound broke the stillness of the room.

Not one regret for his misdeeds troubled the mind of De Tremont. His every thought was centered in the desire to kill his enemy.

"If you have aught to prepare before dying," he said, turning to Dorval, "do so quickly, for you, and not I, will fall."

"Perhaps," responded Maurice.

They approached and placed the muzzles of their pistols each above the heart of the other, and at the same instant fired. The household was aroused by the sound of the report. The Baroness de Neuilles rushed to the chamber of her daughter. On entering the room she saw Maurice Dorval bending over the dead body of the Baron de Tremont.—Exchange.

Ready Next Time.

There seems to be an occasional slight misunderstanding as to the nature of the aurora. Certain people have indeed regarded it as a fixed appearance, as regular in its course as the sun and moon. When a beautiful display took place, not long since, a certain lady was asked next morning if she had seen it.

"No," said she in an aggrieved tone. "Did you?"

"Oh, yes! We watched it for a long time."

"And I saw you that very afternoon, and you didn't tell me there was going to be one!"

Of a more cheerful and contented nature was another lady who was in Paris during a fine appearance of these "northern lights."

"Did you see the aurora last night?" asked a friend.

"No; I didn't know there was one."

"Oh, yes! It was perfectly beautiful. You ought to have been out watching it, as we were."

"Well, I'm sorry," quoth she, "but never mind. I'll see it tonight!"—Youth's Companion.

A Turkish Policeman at Prayers.

When the muezzin called from the minaret and the faithful laid down their work and moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fez, for a suit of light gray, exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Casimir held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed.

I followed him once into the mosque of Ahmed and watched him as he knelt, barefoot, his face to the stone wall, his lips moving in prayer, his eyes on Mecca, his forehead touching the mats. This blood-thirsty savage! This barbaric Turk whom we would teach morals and manners! I can imagine how hoarse a muezzin's throat would become calling the Broadway squad to prayer, if his duty compelled him to continue calling until our police should fall upon their knees in the nearest church. —F. Hopkinson Smith in Century.

The Real Reason.

Conversation was overheard between a servant and a messenger boy who was delivering a message:

"Say, ain't you going to give me something for me birthday?"

"We haven't got anything for you."

"Why, I thought you had money to burn."

"We have, only the people in the house don't like the smoke."—New York Journal.

COVERED WITH SCALES

Eczema made its appearance on my head in its worst form, and it continued spreading until my face was covered with scales and became a horrid sight. I had a fine head of hair, seven years' growth, and had to sacrifice it. I was in despair. The physicians had failed even to relieve me, when one recommended CUTICURA SOAP. My father procured a set of CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in three weeks the scales left my face and the skin lost its florid hue. In six weeks I was entirely cured. My face was smooth and my complexion clearer and finer than it had ever been before.
Miss MARION A. SMITH, Seabury, Pa.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Set, $1.75. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

Excursion Rates.

Persons contemplating Eastern trips should not lose sight of the fact that the Northern Pacific railroad will offer tickets at one fare for the round trip on the following occasions:

Republican National Convention, St. Louis, Mo., June 16th.

Democratic National Convention, Chicago, July 7th.

People's Party Convention and American Silver Convention, St. Louis, July 22nd.

National Convention of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Washington, D C, July 7th and 13th.

National Educational Association Meeting, Buffalo, N Y, July 3rd to 10th.

Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, St. Paul, September 14 h.

This is the first time that such rates have ever been offered from Western states. Sufficient limit will be given on these tickets to enable passengers to make quite a visit. For detail information, dates of sale, etc, call on or write

R. McMURPHEY,
General Agent, Eugene, Or.

Reduced Rates.

Those contemplating going East, should call on or address the Union Pacific City Ticket Office, 135 Third street, Portland, for rates to the following meetings:

Republican National Convention, St Louis, Mo, June 16th.

Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill, June 7th.

People's Party Convention and American Silver Convention, St Louis, Mo, July 22nd.

National Convention of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Washington, D C, July 7th to 13th.

National Educational Association Meeting, Buffalo, N Y, July 3rd to 10th.

Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, St Paul, Minn, September 14th.

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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 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.

Call for Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that the following warrants will be paid on presentation at my office. Interest on same will cease June 5, 1896: All Lane county warrants from registered number 8956 to registered number 9504 both inclusive.

J G GRAY,
County Treasurer.
Eugene, Or, June 3, 1896.

We might tell you more about One Minute Cough Cure, but you probably know that it cures a cough. Every one does who has used it. It is a perfect remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness. It is an especial favorite for children, being pleasant to take and quick in curing.

OSBURN & DELANO.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, the great English Remedy. At YERINGTON'S.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
April 16, 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, Oregon, on June 22, 1896, viz: William E Wise on H E No 8249 for the e ½ sw ¼ sec 3 and e ½ nw ¼ sec 10 T 19 S, R 8 west.

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

William H Sallee, Frank Y Shuman, N C Hinkson and Ernest Pugh, all of Alma, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Of Buggies, Carriages and Wagons.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES:

A First Class Buggy, Leather Trimmings and ¼ leather top, complete. Your choice of five styles of springs. Former prices. $100 and $105, now	$ 65 00
No 11 Road Wagon (Portland Body) Lea Trim	40 00
4 Spring 2 Seat Mountain Wagon, Complete	80 00
4 " 3 " " " "	100 00
Canopy Tops $20 and $25 extra.	
No 2 Combination Spring Wagon 2 Seat, former price $100	65 00

These are no cheap trash but the best goods ever made at the factory.

"COAST" all Steel Gear Wagons.

CAPACITY.	TIRE		
3x8	2500 lbs	1¼	Farm Bed $ 60 00
3x9	3500 lbs	1¼	" " 62 50
3x10	4000 lbs	1¼	" " 65 00
3½x10	6000 lbs	1¼	" " 70 00
3½x11	7000 lbs	1¼	" " 80 00

3 inch tire $5.00 extra. California Rack bed $7.50. extra.

June 4th, 1896. M. M. DAVIS.
Assignee Coast C. & W. Co,
Corvallis, Oregon.

ISN'T YOUR WIFE

Weaker than she was when you married her? She shows lack of energy, lack of vitality, poor digestion, and suffers from ills common to women? Have you ever tried to help her? If so, you haven't gone the right way about it, if you haven't got a case of

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY, BEEF AND IRON

for her.

That will make her strong and well, and bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the bright happy look to her eyes. Don't waste a moment. Get it for her to-day.

For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

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 I and 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.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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For Sale by All Druggists.

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.

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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 Man and a Stewardess on every voyage.

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

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Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by Pintsch Light.

Time to Chicago, 2¼ days; time to New York, 4¼ days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.

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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.

Parks' Sure Cure is a positive specific in all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. By removing the uric acid in the blood it cures Rheumatism. S. B Basford, of Carthage, S. Dakota, says: "I believe Parks' Sure Cure excels all other medicines for Rheumatism and Urinary disorders." Sold by A. YERINGTON.