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Ten cent;

U. of O. & Queen of Hearts,

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Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

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Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
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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.

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... Over 2,000 private endorsements. ... It is a symptom of seminal weakness ... It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan. ... made by the Special... Hudson Medical Institute. It is very ... Send for $1.00 a package ... If you buy ... Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market and Ellis Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

A BURNED FINGER.

My father was a boiler maker and at an early age I entered his shop. In my twentieth year I was a master workman and was always put where hardest toil and greatest skill were needed. These tasks I also always sought, for thus I gained the best payment, not from a miserly motive, but that I might win a home for my Margaret, whom I had learned to love even in my boyhood. Daily I added to the little store intended for that purpose and joyed in the work, for love made labor a delight, and each day's work brought me nearer my heart's desire.

One September night I had sought my bed, wearied with a day of hardest toil, when a messenger from my employer brought me word that I was needed to repair a boiler at the largest gunmaking works in the city. I felt too tired to go, but they would have no workman but me, and the job must be done that night, since the factory was engaged in a large contract which must not be delayed. Night work meant double pay, and every extra shilling gained hastened my marriage day, so I forced my wearied limbs to agreement with my will and hurried through the dark streets to my labor. The boiler was of the old two flue style, and the leak was in the far end of one of the flues.

The job was slow and painful. I was forced to do most of the work while lying upon my back, but by the aid of the engineer and the stoker I had nearly finished it by 2 o'clock. There was but an hour's work at trimming and calking, which I could easily finish without their aid, so I let them go to gain a few hours' rest before their daily work began. Lack of sleep and the painful labor in a confined position had so benumbed my senses that as I struck the last blow I sank back and fell into the deepest slumber. How long I lay thus I know not. At last I dreamed that I was bound to the deck of a sinking ship, and my helpless frame was awash with the lapping waves. Now in a dumb stupor, between sleeping and waking, I felt their cold touch, and shrieking with terror I awoke. I was enshrouded in pitchy darkness. The swash of water still filled my ears; its clammy chilliness was stiffening my limbs, and its rising tide was covering my body as I lay nerveless with dread.

But I was by nature quick of thought and in a moment recognized the full horror of my situation. While I was prostrate in deepest sleep the engineer had returned to his work for the day, and, supposing me long ago gone, had replaced the boiler head and was filling the boiler with water. For a moment I lost my manliness and became a madman. I screamed with rage, cursed and struck the cold iron of my tomb with clinched fists. I cried out against the cruelty of God and man which had imprisoned me, who had never harmed his fellow man and destined me to so cruel a death. Thieves, ruffians and murderers were free to enjoy the blue sky and glorious sunlight, while I, an honest workman, was entombed alive, to be slowly drowned, or, still worse, seethed like a lobster. The heat of my rage overcame the chill of the surrounding water and fevered my blood, yet the cold enveloping of my cruel shroud closed tighter about me. Then a sullen calmness replaced my passion, and I resolved to die without a sob. I could never forgive the injustice of my unmerited punishment, but I could at least die with dignity. So I sat listlessly till suddenly the thought of the grief of my parents and the long suffering of my betrothed at my mysterious disappearance roused me to energy. I would fight for my life. There must be, there should be some mode of escape. Never would I be drowned, like a rat in a flooded drain, without a struggle for life and freedom. Quick thought racked my brain. I seized my hammer, crawled to the front and struck, with all my force, upon the boiler head. But before it was an iron hood, which deadened all sound to those without. But, though their senses were so dull, mine were quickened to an unnatural sharpness, and a new sound more piercing and more heartrending overpowered the splash of the falling water. It was the roar of the fire in the furnace below. Death by drowning was far less frightful than the one that now threatened me.

There was but one hope, one chance of escape. If I could burst a hole through this cruel iron and flood the blazing coals, I might save myself. Among my tools was a punch. Slowly I crawled through the water, growing sensibly warm, to the place where I had been working and groped till I found it. Back in the same wearisome way till near the furnace door, I placed the punch in position, and, praying God's aid, I struck with all my force. But, alas, the depth of the water caused my hammer to rebound, and a lukewarm splash upon my face showed me that my escape must be quicker than the quick death that threatened or it would never be. How could my blow be made effective? Suddenly a thrill of hope shot through my mind. I recalled a long countersink which I had been using. With this I might so lengthen the punch as to strike an effective blow. A third journey of anguish through the water, now almost hot, brought me, with my last hope, to the place where I had been trying to pierce the boiler plate. Putting the countersink upon the punch and holding their junction with my left hand, I prayed this time both to God and to my Margaret and again struck a mighty blow. The tools flew apart, my left hand was frightfully bruised, but God and Margaret be thanked! I felt the iron yield beneath the punch. Again I placed them and again I struck. Blow followed blow, and, though the heat was torture and the bruises martyrdom, joy filled my heart, for I felt the depression growing deeper at each stroke. At last the punch burst through the opposing iron. I heard the fierce hiss of the water as it struck the blazing coals and the clang of the furnace door as the astonished stoker swung it to learn the cause of the steam's sudden escape. I quickly thrust my finger through the hole amidst the rushing water and heard his scream of terror at the sight. Then the quick fall of the rake upon the coals as the fire was drawn fell like angels' voices upon my ear, and I knew no more. When I regained my senses, many days afterward, Margaret was sitting by my bedside, and I, a mangled wreck, was lying therein. Seven and thirty years ago this was, and still I often wake in agony from my sleep and hear the rush of water, the roar of flames and the sharp hiss of steam.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Masculine Queen.

Christina of Sweden was of tall and commanding figure and walked so heavily that her step was often mistaken for that of a man. Her voice was harsh, and her actions were often abrupt and rude.

Relief.

"Am so glad you had the doctor. Did he relieve you?"

"Yes—of $20."—Boston Courier.

BETSY ANN BLESSING.

In the summer of the year of grace 1776, when the American army was stationed in New York, the commander in chief, General Washington, was indulging in a brief resting spell after dinner when he was approached by an orderly, who announced, Mistress Betsy Ann Blessing.

She was a girl so young she appeared like a child and indeed acted like one, for no sooner did she stand in the presence of the great man than she seized his hand—that hand of stalwart proportions—and dropping on her knees kissed it with the ardor of a devotee. Meanwhile the tears streamed down her face in piteous torrents, and her form shook with suppressed emotion.

Washington had a tender heart, and he was greatly distressed by this unusual scene.

"You have something to say?" he asked gently. "Speak on, but, I beg, my child, that you cease weeping."

"Oh, your excellency, you are too kind," said the girl, and rising to her feet she uncovered a beautiful downcast face which glowed pink and dewy through her tears like a rain washed, sun kissed rose.

"Now, Mistress Blessing," said Washington in his kindest manner, "tell me what brings you hither and what your errand may be."

"I came hither to save your excellency's life," was the startling response.

Instead of laughing at the apparent presumption of the weeping girl he bade her tell him everything, promising her immunity from punishment in case her news was not as weighty as she anticipated.

Thus encouraged, she began her story. "On the morrow your excellency is to dine with several officers of your command under guard."

"How know you that, girl?" asked Washington, much surprised.

"Your excellency will lay certain plans against the enemy before the company."

"Proceed," commanded Washington sternly.

"Among the dishes set before your excellency will be a new vegetable of which you are very fond."

"Ah," laughed the general, "you have lost or forgotten an order from the kitchen. Here is indeed a new version of the mountain and the mouse."

"I know not, gracious sir, what meaning that hath of the mountain and the mouse," cried Betsy, "but if a mess of green peas be served at table on the morrow I beg and beseech you, sir, not to taste of them."

"Wherefore, Mistress Blessing?" asked Washington in his sternest manner.

"The peas will be poisoned."

"How know you this?" demanded the general in a tone which made his soldiers quail when they heard it. "Speak and see that you trifle not with me. Nay, child, do not fear. If what you say be true, not you, but the traitor who planned the dastardly deed, shall suffer."

"No, no!" retorted the trembling girl. "No one must suffer. Is it not enough that I have dared to come into a lion's jaws to tell of the deed, to insure safety for the designer thereof? Now that I have warned your excellency permit me to retire from your distinguished presence."

General Washington gave a signal, and instantly an armed guard of soldiers responded.

"Arrest this girl," he said sternly, "and keep her under guard until such time as she send for me to confess her fault."

"That will I never, though I die in prison," was the defiant reply as the girl, who had entered bowed and weeping, raised her head proudly and walked out with the soldiers like a young queen.

All was tumult in the kitchens at Richmond hill, and cooks were running about getting into one another's way when a fair haired youth in the garb of a serving man loitered in and made his way unobserved to the great fireplace, where he uncovered the skillets in which the vegetables were simmering on the hearth. When he came to that one containing the peas, he dropped in a handful of some condiment and instantly took his departure.

His next appearance was under the window of that room in which Mistress Blessing was incarcerated. "H-i-s-t, sweetheart! The dose is ready. Keep heart until the morrow, when I will myself release thee to ride pickaback on my roan horse. It is told in the town that Betsy Ann Blessing is arrested for a spy. Keep up your courage, sweetheart."

"If you would befriend me, betake yourself to some safer place," whispered Betsy's voice through the barred window high above him. "A halter will be ready for your neck if you are seen or suspected. And listen—if your dose takes effect, you are no longer a lover of mine."

The youth went away grumbling about all being fair in love and war.

If Washington was different from his usual self at that historic dinner, the fact has not been recorded. There was much secret discussion of weighty affairs with his guests, but he gave close attention to the viands set before him. It was not, however, until the vegetables were served that he made any allusion to the food. When his favorite vegetable, a dish of green peas, was uncovered, he demanded attention, and when all were silent remarked in a loud voice:

"There is death in the pot."

A great excitement ensued. The guests, who were in full uniform, drew their swords, and murmurs of "Death to the traitor!" were heard on every side.

Then Washington sent for Mistress Blessing, who came with a defiant light in her eye and was given the seat of honor at her host's right hand. She took it with a dignity that called forth approving and admiring comments. Soldiers are proverbially gallant, and those of 1776 were no exception to the rule.

A servant was next sent out by the commander in chief on a peculiar errand. He returned, bringing with him a live and particularly active chicken, which partook eagerly of the dish of peas.

And in five minutes by the watch it lay dead in their midst.

Betsy Ann Blessing married her lover after turning him into a patriot, and Washington himself gave away the bride. How much he knew remained his own secret, but green peas never afterward graced his table or were alluded to in his conversation.—Detroit Free Press.

Perfumes For Horses.

There are some perfumes that are very grateful to horses, however little credit a horse may commonly receive for possessing delicacy of scent.

Horse trainers are aware of the fact and make use of their knowledge in training stubborn and apparently intractable animals.

Many trainers have favorite perfumes, the composition of which they keep a secret, and it is the possession of this means of appealing to the horse's æsthetic sense that enables so many of them to accomplish such wonderful results.—London Sketch.

FACE RAW AND BLEEDING

My little boy was afflicted with Eczema in acute form for a year, during which we tried without success every known remedy. The disorder appeared on the right cheek and was of a blistery and bloody form. His pillow, mornings, would bear the bloody imprint of the side of his face, while it was impossible to prevent him from scratching his face owing to the itching. Advised to try CUTICURA, I bought a box. The first application was made at night, and it is a fact, that the appearance of the affected parts showed *a noticeable improvement the next morning*, and, continuing the treatment, as a result, my child has as fair and smooth skin as can be found anywhere.

W. S. NEEDHAM, Pataskala, O.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—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.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," mailed free.

City Marshal's Notice.

All residents and property owners in the city of Eugene are hereby notified to clean up and remove all rubbish of every kind from the streets and alleys adjoining their premises; also to remove all obstructions from the said streets and alleys within five days from the date of this notice.

Dated July 27, 1896.

H J DAY,
City Marshal.

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.

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.

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 29, 1896: All Lane county warrants from registered number 9868 to registered number 10,052 both inclusive.

J G GRAY,
County Treasurer.

Eugene, Or, June 26, 1896.

Eli Hill, Lumber City, Pa., writes: "I have been suffering from piles for 25 years and thought my case incurable. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me as a pile cure, so I bought a box and it performed a permanent cure." This is only one of thousands of similar cures. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used.

OSBURN & DELANO.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs E G Gregory, Frederickstown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Osburn & DeLano.

Thos. F. Oakes, Henry C. Paine, Henry C. Rouse
—Receivers.—

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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Of Buggies, Carriages and Wagons.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES:

A First Class Buggy, Leather Trimmings and ½ 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		
3x8½	2500 lbs	1½,	Farm Bed	$ 60 00
3x9	3500 lbs	1½,	" "	62 50
3x10	4000 lbs	1½,	" "	65 00
3¼x10	6000 lbs	1½,	" "	70 00
3½x11	7000 lbs	1½,	" "	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.

Quite a Difference!

Whether You Suffer From	Or Are Healthy and Have
INSOMNIA	REFRESHING SLEEP
NERVOUS DEBILITY	SOUND NERVES
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THE BLUES	BRIGHT SPIRITS
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DR. HENLEY'S CELERY, BEEF AND IRON

Will Cure these Diseases—AND—Bring all these Blessings

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

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.

TAKE LIVERINE —FOR THE— LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.

For Sale by All Druggists.

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Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco.

Cabin	$ 6 00
Steerage	4 00
To Coos Bay and Port Orford,	
Cabin	$ 6 00
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Round Trip Good for 60 days—Special.

RIVER DIVISION.

Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M. Hoag," newly furnished, leave Albany daily except Saturday at 7:45 a m, arriving in Portland the same day at 4:30 p m. Returning boats leave Portland the same days as above at 6:00 a. m. arriving in Albany at 7:45 pm.

EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. C. MAYO, Supt River Div.
GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 6, 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 July 11, 1896, viz: Norman R Workman on homestead entry No. 7858 for the w ½ nw ¼, lot 11 of sec 18, tp 16 s, r 1 west.

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

Columbus Cole, Clinton Arant, Thomas Whitmore and Jefferson Waugh, all of Isabel, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register

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

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Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by Pintsch Light.

Time to Chicago, 3½ days; time to New York, 4½ days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.

For rates, time tables and full information apply to

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R. W. BAXTON, Gen'l Agent, C. E. BROWN, Dist. Pass. Agt, 135 Third st., Portland, Or.

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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.

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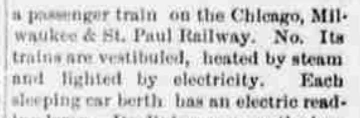

THE ABOVE PICTURE DOES NOT REPRESENT a passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. No. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Each sleeping car berth has an electric reading lamp. Its dining cars are the best in the world and its coaches are palaces on wheels.

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C. J. EDDY, General Agent,
Portland, Oregon.