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Ten cent;

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Mexican Mustang Liniment

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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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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.

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

A RIDE FOR LOVE.

FEEDER STATION.

MY DEAR MR. OVERSMITH—I write to you this morning in very great distress of mind. I have learned to regard you so dearly that I can't bear to deceive you longer. I will tell you the whole truth. It is this: I have another accepted suitor, a Mr. Sagittarius Moon of Hathaway. His claim is older than yours, but what you have lost in time you have gained in ardency. Heaven help me, for I cannot choose between you. So I have, after great mental anguish, decided to make the following proposal—to both: As you live at about equal distances from Feeder Station, you shall both start tomorrow morning at an hour before sunrise, each on his wheel (Mr. S. is an accomplished flier!) and the one that meets me first at our front gate shall claim my hand. I put you both on honor not to start a minute before the hour set. You have a mile the start of him, but he is about two degrees east of you, which obviates this handicap. I have written these facts to him, and will mail both of your letters together. Neither will dare to start before the time mentioned, as anything that resembles treachery will cause a forfeiture of all claims.

If either of you gentlemen do not consider the prize worth the trial, I shall be all the happier with the other, and I can't think this fair and impartial test will cause me to lose both. Lovingly and expectantly, BESSIE.

I was shocked and bewildered at the contents of the letter. Finally I resolved to win Bessie fairly or die.

I spent an hour looking over such maps as I could find in my library and studying Bessie's diagram.

An hour before sunrise I sailed away in the dim twilight of that fated morning.

I got the first 20 miles without serious check or interruption.

Dogs and children then poured out of open gates and followed me, yelping and howling like imps of the pit. Before I reached the end of the burg at least 20 dogs of all sizes and varieties were hounding me. At last an unusually active "meat hound" caught me by the ankle. I tried to kick him, the effort causing my wheel to wabble frightfully. Before I could recover balance a wretched looking animal got in front, and my leader knocked it down and ran over it.

I fell 30 feet, with the wheel of course on top. The entire howling pack surrounded me like so many wolves, snarling and snapping. I scrambled up, and pulling out a revolver began shooting right and left.

The canine mob quickly scampered off.

I picked up my safety, and finding that the wheel was all right I was about to mount when I began to realize that my right ankle was painfully sprained. While I was rubbing it four or five men and a dozen boys gathered to the spot and regarded me with gaping curiosity.

Despite my many bruises I was in a mood to fight the whole village, dogs and all. I suddenly thought of Bessie Boole, and forgetting my injuries I mounted and rode off. As I left the village I heard a hoarse yell behind me. I now struck a rolling section, and the hills rose in continuous undulations. The roads were rocky and groved with winding gulleys. My progress was fearful.

At the end of this spurt the road suddenly forked, and in the absence of a sign board I was brought to an abrupt halt, not having the slightest idea which prong of the fork led to my goal.

I decided to go to the neighboring farmhouse and inquire.

Leaving my wheel in a fence corner, I struck across the fields in a trot. I found the farmer in his barnyard, and after he had with difficulty subdued a pair of savage bulldogs that wanted to eat me without seasoning, I elicited the information that the road to the right led to Feeder.

Arriving at the forks, I was horrified to find that my wheel was gone. Casting a hasty look around, I saw a fellow mounted on it and riding for dear life about 200 yards to the westward. I snatched my revolver from my pocket and rushed madly after the thief, shouting an agglomeration of threats, broken imprecations and abbreviated prayers. I fired a shot at intervals. The fellow gave a nervous look behind, lost his gravity and a minute later took an awful header. Gathering himself up, he abandoned the wheel, scaled the fence and disappeared.

Arriving at the spot where he fell, I found the faithful safety still uninjured and was soon on my way.

It was now 10 o'clock and I a little over "20 miles away." I began to feel alarm at the aspect of the heavens. In a quarter of an hour the big drops began to fall, and presently the rain was pouring down a veritable deluge.

I went plunging on through mud and rivulet, half blinded by the rain, which the fitful southeast wind blew into my eyes with a pitiless fury. There was but one consoling thought—that the storm had probably struck my rival first, judging from its direction.

I was as wet as a human flotsam "washed up by the sea." My wheel threw mud in a way that was dreadful, flecking my sodden clothes till I might have been taken for a winged hog.

At last, just as the rain began to slacken, I caught sight of a church spire less than a mile ahead and knew that I was about to enter Feeder Station. My heart thumped with a new excitement.

As I entered the town I struck the first street at right angles and did not know whether to turn to the right or the left. I met a man and asked him to locate Flight street (the one marked on Bessie's diagram—I had forgotten its relative position). The citizen said he lived "four miles in the kentry, but guessed Flight street was to the left." I didn't hang a second on the rustic's uncertainty, but swung around in the direction indicated. The next crossing was supposed to be Flight street, and Bessie's residence was supposed to be in the middle of the north side. I reached the spot, but the only building in that square was a red stable. At the sight of this I nearly fainted, but without permitting myself to indulge in foolish wrath I asked a street boy to direct me to Flight street. He pointed south. I crossed over and had hardly reached the middle of the designated street when a mud bespattered man on wheels dashed up to the sidewalk, sprang from his vehicle, and meeting a lady at the gate kissed her.

I merely lifted my hat and rode on—in search of a hotel.—Exchange.

England's Blue Blood Factory.

The distribution of honors and rewards has in this country come to be associated with so much open and shameless buying and selling that in reading the list of birthday titles one heaves a sigh of relief at finding for once that the fountain of honor has only played upon respectable mediocrities. —Saturday Review.

The Longest Telegraph Line.

The longest telegraph line in the world above ground and without a break runs from Rockhampton, in Queensland, to Broome, in Western Australia, and crosses about two-thirds of the entire continent. The total length is something over 6,000 miles.

A ROSE AND A BABY.

She belonged to the flower mission. She carried a bunch of pink roses in her hand and passed down the narrow street as might, unexpectedly, a stream of truant sunshine.

Half a dozen wretched, idle people were gathered about an open doorway, and she paused, glancing at them somewhat timidly. Within she saw several children, who stared in an apathetic way at a pallet in the corner, where a man lay. Seated on the floor near by, a bundle of rags in her lap, from which could just be seen a baby's head, was a woman. Her eyes, sunken and hollow, were fixed upon the face of the man, but there were no tears, no moans, though it could easily be seen that he was about to pass into the dark valley.

The girl from the flower mission entered, hesitated and looked about her. Such misery, such destitution! Hunger had evidently been an inmate here. Sorrow and sin had lodged here too. Disease had taken up its abode, and now even her unpracticed eye discerned that death had registered his name beside the others. She went with him to the man who lay in the corner—the girl and death—and bending over the wretched bed the fragrance of the roses seemed to surround her as might an aureola.

The man opened his eyes and looked in a dazed, half startled way into her face. He closed his eyes, then looked again.

"Roses from the old garden," he murmured. "I pulled them for Mary." There was a pause before he added, "She wore them to the little church—I hear the bell—so far away—and—the prayer—the—hymn—so far away—so far away."

It seemed that the roses were a token from the old forgotten days, that their fragrance, subtle and fine, had pierced his sin steeped consciousness.

The woman stirred. Her sharp features twitched. She looked at the girl, at the roses, then bent a little nearer the wasted figure on the pallet.

"Mary—where is Mary?" he asked faintly. "The one who wore the roses—gone? Can't you find her—is she lost—lost?"

There was a tremor in the thin weak voice, a piteous wail on the lips which for so long a time poverty and degradation had taught to frame only curses, and the woman who had grown hard and cruel in the same school began to rock to and fro in mute agony.

She did not reply, and again he moaned, "Mary, is she lost—lost?" Then the set lines about her mouth relaxed somewhat, and bending above the ashen face she answered hoarsely: "No, no! Not lost. Tim, here, by your side. Tim, here." She leaned very close to him, and one long, lingering look of recognition passed from his fast glazing eyes to hers. Then a gray shadow came down between them.

The young girl placed the roses on the coverlet and passed out. She spoke for a moment with a woman at the door, then was gone. It was late the next afternoon when she returned. There was a package in her hand.

In the room the woman sat idle, with a baby in her lap, just as on yesterday. She glanced up in a slow, indifferent way, but said nothing, and the girl asked very gently, "Tim—he has gone away—and did he take the roses with him?"

The woman before her was still young, but privation, misery, wrong doing had had their way. Feeling was stilled, the springs of emotion frozen, and the girl realized this. The situation was not wholly new, for it is pitifully true that "the poor ye have always with you," and sin finds easy lodgment among the very poor. She knew all this and thought to warm to fresh life the soul which sat in darkness. So she looked about the room and said again, "Tim has gone," but there was only a nod and a blank gaze for reply, and she turned to open her package. Another woman entered at the moment. The girl spoke with her, and then the bundle of rags in the mother's arms which enwrapt the baby was taken by the new comer and carried away. Now the girl busied herself about the room. She had given a portion of the contents of her package to the woman who took the baby. The others she loosened and began to display.

There was an older child. She talked to him and now and then to the mother, but no replies were made.

After awhile there was a little stir at the door. The woman, who had left them, returned and went direct to the mother. Toward her she held a baby. It was clean and white and wore a dainty blue gown. Little rings of golden hair lay damp on the forehead, and eyes as blue as heaven smiled, though the poor little face was pinched and wan. The mother looked at it, then at the woman.

"Where's my baby?" she asked a little fiercely. "Bring my baby."

The girl stepped forward and took the little one in her arms. "This is your own baby," she answered very tenderly, coming nearer and holding it toward the mother.

The little thing reached out its arms and uttered a feeble cry. Then the mother sprang forward. She had not known her own child, so clean and white and beautiful. Tears started to her eyes. They rained down her face, and with a passionate sob she caught the baby and strained it to her breast, crying, "Oh, Tim, Tim!"

Then the girl passed out silently. She half divined that these tears might be as the waters of regeneration. There came to her a faint shadowing of the truth that there are times when a blossom, a little child, some great or even small emotion, may be as the angels that stirred the pool of Bethesda and so thrill and charge one's inner consciousness that the soul, bathed anew, is cured of its sickness, whatsoever that may be.—Annah Robinson Watson in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Metal Sheathing.

In treating of the divergence of opinion as to the best metal sheathing to be used on iron and steel ships, Sir William White, communicating to the English Institution of Naval Architects, argued that the advocates of copper and zinc respectively have each strong points to urge. Galvanic action between iron and steel and copper, in which the former would be the sufferers, had been feared, whereas it was pointed out that zinc, in its relatively electrical position to iron and steel, would practically protect the latter, but under the test of experience zinc, though protecting the iron and steel, has failed to recommend itself as a material capable of maintaining a clean bottom—the formation of insoluble salts on the zinc by the action of sea water soon causes serious roughness on the bottom and tends to fouling. On the whole, therefore, the conclusion has been arrived at that the extra cost of external copper sheathing, as compared with zinc, is more than repaid on subsequent service by economy of coal and maintenance of speed. What remains is to find the most durable and economical method of mounting such copper sheathing on iron or steel and to neutralize the tendency to destructive galvanic action upon the iron or steel.

SCRATCH AND SCREAM

My baby broke out with a rash. He would scratch and scream. It would take two to hold him, and one to put medicine on him. We had to hold him sometimes an hour before we could get him quieted down. All said that they never saw such a face or body on any baby as on him. I had to tie his hands tight in a cloth, night and day, for five months. My sister had used CUTICURA, and I began to use it. *After only one application, he lay down and slept* as he had not for a month, poor little fellow. He has not a scar on him now, and is as fair and his flesh is as soft as any baby. While he had this disease I had to cut the sleeves out of his clothes, and put gauze underwear on him to keep him cool. I had to keep pieces of soft cloth around his neck, it was so wet with moisture from the sores, and I had to change the cloths sometimes ten or twelve times a day. MRS. A. HAYNES, Lisbon, N. D.

"FIRST CURE TREATMENT FOR BABY HUMORS.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain.

OSBURN & DELANO.

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

Mrs Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Osburn & DeLano.

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

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PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 20, 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 August 26, 1896, viz: Charles N Snow, on H E No 8892 for the ne ¼ nw ¼ & lot 1, sec 30, tp 16 s, r 8 w, and e ½ ne ¼, sec 25, tp 16 s, r 9 west

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

Howard Pope, Joseph C Farmer, George C Pell and Benjamin Kilgore, all of Alpha, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 20, 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 September 17, 1896, viz: David Gibbs on homestead entry No 8696 for the s e ¼ n w ¼ and lots 4, 5, and 6 of sec 6 tp 17, s, r 4 east.

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

Lawrence B Gibson, John W Varney, James Wycoff and Charles L Reams, all of Leaburg, Oregon.

R M VEATCH, Register.

SCRATCH AND SCREAM

My baby broke out with a rash. He would scratch and scream. It would take two to hold him, and one to put medicine on him. We had to hold him sometimes an hour before we could get him quieted down. All said that they never saw such a face or body on any baby as on him. I had to tie his hands tight in a cloth, night and day, for five months. My sister had used CUTICURA, and I began to use it. *After only one application, he lay down and slept* as he had not for a month, poor little fellow. He has not a scar on him now, and is as fair and his flesh is as soft as any baby. While he had this disease I had to cut the sleeves out of his clothes, and put gauze underwear on him to keep him cool. I had to keep pieces of soft cloth around his neck, it was so wet with moisture from the sores, and I had to change the cloths sometimes ten or twelve times a day. MRS. A. HAYNES, Lisbon, N. D.

"FIRST CURE TREATMENT FOR BABY HUMORS.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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$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.

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3x8½	2500 lbs	1½, Farm Bed	$ 60 00
3x9	3500 lbs	1¾, " "	62 50
3x10	4000 lbs	1¾, " "	65 00
3½x10	6000 lbs	1¾, " "	70 00
3½x11	7000 lbs	1¾, " "	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.

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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

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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.

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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 14, 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 Arnel, 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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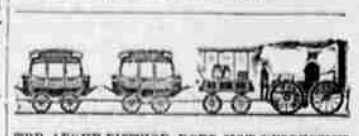

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C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Oregon.