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Cigars.

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Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff Joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
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Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
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All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments.

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San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 18, 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 2, 1896, viz: Thomas H Cain on homestead entry No 6447, for the s e ¼ of sec 14, tp 16 s, r 1 west.

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

Alex Kitchiny, Asa W Gilbert, Eugene Bond and Alfred Montgomery, all of Isabel, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch,
Register.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

My little child comes to my knee
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale beloved so well—
A tale my mother told me,
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night,
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While his wearied followers slept,
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant chime
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones of fluent rhyme
Like misty shadows fade away;
But this sweet story bides for aye.
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

—Eugene Field.

MET BY HER BROTHER

My Aunt Eliza balanced her teaspoon between her thumb and forefinger for the space of half a minute and looked at me. Then she laid it down and said, "I shall send you to your mother's relatives at once."

This was intended as extreme punishment. Therefore I had much ado to keep myself in hand and appear to take it as such. After a faint "Don't, aunty," which (I should blush to tell it) I smothered in the needless fear that she might relent, I relapsed into silence. Then my aunt spoke again—she had always been stern with me on account of her dislike to my mother—and this is what she said:

"You shall go tomorrow. I shall have nothing more to say to you, but will give you written directions and money enough for incidentals."

Honestly, I can't say that I was sorry I was full of curiosity to see these unknown relatives; of whom all I knew was that they had brought up my half brother, Richard Everett. I always thought of him as Dick.

On the morrow I received at my aunt's hands a roll of bills and a neatly folded paper of directions and was forthwith put on the train and so shipped. My trunk received the same attention. "Do they expect me, aunt?" I called through the open window of the car. Her answer was lost as the train glided rapidly out of the station. So I settled myself to think the matter over, and naturally enough the first thing I did was to open my paper of directions. It was blank. Clearly she had given me the wrong paper. From sheer perversity I began to enjoy the situation as I thought of Aunt Eliza's horror when on her return she would make the discovery I had just made. My own position did not trouble me at first. The joke on Aunt Eliza seemed so huge, and youth is not prone to take things seriously. To be sure I had a tedious four hours' journey before I could reach Boston and at the end of it uncertainty, but I did not think of that. I amused myself with my book and my fellow passengers for three-fourths of the way and was just beginning to wonder if we were not nearly there when the train stopped and there was a slight exchange of passengers. Some one who got on at the rear end of the car went into the seat behind me. At the same time a big, good natured looking man got on at the other end, and, coming toward me, stopped by my seat and hailed my new neighbor.

"Hello, Everett!" he said, and at the name the curiosity said to have been transmitted by Mother Eve to all her daughters overcame me, and I listened attentively.

"Hello!" briefly responded the unseen one. "Where are you bound for?" came next. "There and back again," was the curt answer. "Oh, then if you choose to be so noncommittal with me, Dick, my boy, I'll bid you a good day," and the big man passed on to the next car.

Here was a turn in the tide of events that promised to be interesting. Dick was behind me. He had evidently heard from Aunt Eliza and had come to meet me, but did not know me. What should I do and how was I to make myself known to him? I could not see him unless I turned directly around and faced him, an action which a natural diffidence forbade, so that now my chief fear was that he would leave the train unknown to me. This blissful state of uncertainty lasted another half hour. In that time I considered and rejected at least 30 modes of introduction that would fit our peculiar circumstances. In the end I was saved the trouble. Bump, bump! The train fairly trembled. Something had occurred that shook every one into every one else. Dick's head and mine were knocked together till the air about me glittered.

"I beg your pardon," said Dick. As I thought it over afterward the remark was unnecessary, but at the time I was too excited to notice it.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to have found you!" I said. "Was it a collision?"

"I should think it might be called one," he made answer, rubbing his head and looking inquiringly at me.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't I look as you expected to see me?"

"The question is," he remarked thoughtfully, "did I expect to see you at all?"

"Then you have not heard from Aunt Eliza?"

"Aunt Eliza? No, certainly I have not heard from Aunt Eliza."

Meanwhile the confusion on the train was so great that I paid no special heed to Dick's bewilderment. There had been a slight accident, and, though no one was hurt, every one was frightened, and, with the perversity of human kind, mad at having been frightened for nothing, which, to my mind, was making the worst of a good bargain. Dick came and sat down by me after that, and I took a good look at him. He was four or five years my senior, if I remembered rightly, but beyond that point all my preconceived ideas of him vanished into thin air. I thought I had been told long ago, of course, that we looked alike, but Dick's sunny hair, blue eyes and long, straight nose bore not the least resemblance to my dusky personality and slightly heaven turned features.

"I am so glad to have found you here!" I repeated. "Do you know, Dick, Aunt Eliza gave me the wrong paper, so that I had not the least guide to find you? Isn't it a fortunate thing that we met on the train this way?"

"Most fortunate," he answered, eying me with more curiosity than ever.

"You haven't said you are glad to see me, Dick," I put in a little nervously, it must be confessed, for, though my brother, he was a complete stranger to me, and I was by no means sure of my welcome.

"Perhaps I haven't had time, or perhaps I'm overcome with joy. Either way, however, I have not given you the welcome you deserve," and he grasped my hand cordially. "Which way are you going?" he said.

"I'm going home with you," I murmured, on the verge of tears. I had no right to be hurt at his not knowing it, since Aunt Eliza had not written. Nevertheless I was.

"Oh—er—yes, why, of course. Stupid of me to have asked the question, but the fact is, don't you see, that Aunt Eliza did not write, so perhaps you had better tell me all about it."

I did so, ending with: "I hope you will like me, Dick. We seem so especially to belong to each other, having no one else really of our own in the world, and I'll be the best sister to you possible."

I thought I heard him ejaculate, "Sister, eh?" but I put the idea aside as unlikely. Aloud he said:

"You will not find me slow, sister, to follow your lead."

After that our tongues were loosed, and our conversation might have been said to rival Tennyson's celebrated brook. To say that I was pleased with my newly found brother would be inadequate. I was young and enthusiastic, and Dick's gayety, wit and light hearted nonsense, to say nothing of the amount of interesting information he had stored up in his mind, captivated and enchanted me beyond anything in my previous experience. He also knew how to sort and arrange his ideas so as to be ready with the right illustration to fit each occasion, a telling accomplishment when one is bent on making an impression. I had been glad when I found my brother, but that he should prove to be such an ideal brother exceeded my wildest hopes. I felt my position to be enviable indeed.

Perhaps my face showed something of my sentiments, for now and then I fancied I caught Dick smiling, but he always became grave the instant I looked at him, so that it was impossible to say.

"The next station is ours," he said suddenly, "so perhaps you had better give me your checks." It was such a new and delightful experience to be taken care of in this way that I think I handed him everything I had with me.

"My checks are in this purse, and you had better take my keys, too, or I'll lose them surely," I said. He laughed and took them, dropping the purse into his pocket, while he played with the keys as he talked.

"What is this little one?" he asked presently, selecting a tiny key less than an inch long.

"I call it the key of my heart. It belongs to an old bracelet that came to me with some of my father's things," and I laughed very happily, though there was nothing in particular to laugh at.

At last the train drew up at the station. Dick piloted me out and along the endless line of platform, as it seemed to my country bred eyes, till at the very end of it he met a young man who greeted him with the utmost astonishment. Dick seemed to have expected him, however, and they accosted each other at once.

"How on earth do you happen to be here, Everett?"

"Hello, namesake! I thought I should find you hereabout somewhere."

"You consider me ubiquitous, do you? To tell the truth, I seldom come near this station, but I'm here today to meet my sister. Jove! Here she is now!" he cried, suddenly catching sight of me. "Why, what a woman you have grown to be, little one! I don't suppose you remember me at all, eh? I'm your brother, Richard Everett. Your Aunt Eliza telegraphed me this morning that she had neglected to give you directions, so I met you on the chance of recognizing you, and it was a good one. You have not changed a bit—only grown a little. I should have known you anywhere."

* * * * * * *

But as for me, I had not a word to say. Literally and figuratively I was paralyzed. Then Dick's voice broke in, and it seemed to me, so dazed was I, as though the universe smiled, and the smile rippled into a laugh that formed itself finally into words as he answered for me:

"She says she is my sister."

"Of course the name being the same confused her," said Richard, adding to me with a smile: "It's a curious coincidence, our having the same name, isn't it? We can't trace a relationship anywhere."

I had the presence of mind and just grace enough left to stammer out "Very," and then I relapsed into silence. Richard thought I was shy, being just from the country, and to relieve my embarrassment asked for my checks. Dick handed them to him, and he went to look for the trunks. Then Dick handed me the keys, which I took mechanically. Then my temper blazed up.

"How could you play me such a trick?" I cried half in anger, half in another mood that it would be difficult to analyze.

"Upon my word I know I ought to be ashamed of myself," he said penitently enough, "but the temptation was too strong for me. I couldn't help it."

But I did not hear him. My own words were rushing back on me now and filling me with a mortification that made my cheeks burn.

"What made you do it?" I cried.

"I think it was the way you said 'Dick,'" he answered gently. "I never knew my name to mean so much before." Quickly raising his hat as Richard returned, he was soon lost to sight in the human tide of the big railway terminus.

Afterward, when I looked at my bunch of keys, the little "key of my heart," as I had jokingly called it, was gone.

* * * * * * *

Two years later, and Dick and I are on our wedding journey. I suppose we wear the usual bridal air, for everywhere we go we meet smiling faces and are treated with much indulgence.

Now we are strolling in the summer twilight through one of those beautiful unfrequented woodland paths so dear to the hearts of all lovers when we fall to talking of our first meeting, and Dick says:

"Do you know, sweetheart, I believe I was in love with you from the first minute I saw you, even before you said you hoped I would like you or promised to be a sister to me or reminded me that we were all the world to one another."

"I did no such a thing," I protest indignantly, which shows how short memory is sometimes.

"I fell in love at first sight, and that's a fact," says he.

"It is another curious coincidence, Dick," I answer; "quite as curious as the coincidence of names, but so did I."—St. Louis Republic.

Near and Dear.

"It was only yesterday that I gave you $20."

"I know it, Harold, but I handed you back $19.50."

"What became of the other 50 cents?"—Detroit Free Press.

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.

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

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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.

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—Receivers.—

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PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 22, 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 19, 1896, viz: Samuel Burman on H E No 7314 for the se ¼ of sec 10, tp 20 s, r 1 west.

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

Isaac Higgins, O J Warbington and Henry S Tilton, all of Dexter, Oregon, and S D McGuire, of Eugene, 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or., July 9, 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 20, 1896, viz: Otto Petzold on H E No 6241 for the s ½ se ¼, and lots 1, 2 and 3, sec 4, tp 18 s, r 5 west.

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

Nicholas Feldvert, Thomas J Neeley, Gustave Petzold and S Gordon, all of Llewellyn, Oregon.

R M Veatch,
Register

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

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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.

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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, Aug. 5, 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: John W Varney, on H E, No 7308 for Lot 2, section 30; Lots 6 and 7 section 29; N ½ N W ¼ sec. 32, Tp 16 S., R 4 E.

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

David Gibbs, Lawrence B. Gibson, James Wycoff, Myron A Thomas, all of Leaburg, Oregon.

R M Veatch,
Register.

Notice of Assignee.

Notice is hereby given that C C Goldsmith, of Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, has made an assignment to me for the benefit of all his creditors. All creditors of the said C. C. Goldsmith are hereby notified to present their claims under oath to me at Eugene, Oregon, within three months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 6th day of August, 1896.

James McClaren,
Assignee of C C Goldsmith, an insolvent debtor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, August 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 Sept 30, 1896, viz: Gustav Nettl, on H E No 7258, for the nw ¼ of sec 14, tp 17 s, r 1 east.

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

John Doyle, Gilmore Shirey, Lewis Flegal, James E Kennerly, all of Leaburg, Oregon.

R. M. Veatch,
Register

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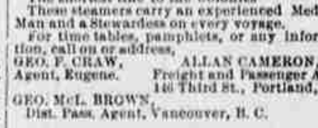

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C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Oregon.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Mahlon H. Harlow, Jr., has filed his final account of the administration of the estate of Mahlon H Harlow, deceased, in the county court of Lane county, Oregon, and that by order of said court made and entered August 3rd, 1896, the 3rd day of September 1896, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day and at the court house as the place said court will examine and pass upon said final account and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and file any objections that they may have to the allowance of said final account on or before said day and hour for said examination of the same.

Dated at Eugene, Or., August 3d, 1896.

Mahlon M. Harlow,
Adm'r of the estate of Mahlon H Harlow, deceased.

E. R. Skipworth,
Att'y for Adm'r.

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