

Smoke
LA CREMA,
 Ten cent;
 U. of O. & Queen of Hearts,
 Five cent
Cigars.

Mexican Mustang Liniment
 for
 Burns,
 Waxed & Inflamed Udders,
 Piles,
 Rheumatic Pains,
 Bruises and Strains,
 Running Sores,
 Inflammations,
 Stiff joints,
 Harness & Saddle Sores,
 Sciatica,
 Lumbago,
 Scalds,
 Blisters,
 Insect 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.
 Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers
 Pain,
 Makes Man or Beast well
 Again.

THE GREAT HU DYAN

Constipation,
 Dizziness,
 Falling Sensations,
 Nervous twitching of the eyes
 and other parts.
 Strengthens
 In vigors and
 weak organs,
 restores
 the entire system.
 Hu Dyan cures
 Debility,
 Nervousness,
 Emaciation,
 and develops
 and restores
 weak organs.
 Pains in the
 back, loins
 by day or
 night stopped
 by Hu Dyan.

Over 2,000 private endorsements.
 Hu Dyan means infirmity in the first
 place. It is a symptom of seminal weakness
 or barrenness. It can be stopped in 30 days
 by the use of Hu Dyan.

New discovery was made by the Special-
 ists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute.
 It can be guaranteed for a cure. If you buy
 Hu Dyan and are not entirely cured, six more
 bottles sent to you free of all charges.
 and for circulars and testimonials. Address
 H. C. DRYDEN, MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
 1000 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKES
 Advertising Agency, 61 and
 63 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal.
 and contracts for advertising can be made

Notice for Publication.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 August 24, 1896.
 Notice is hereby given that the following-
 named settler has filed notice of his inten-
 tion to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made
 before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
 at Eugene, Oregon, on October 3, 1896, viz:
 Eva J. Day on H. E. No. 7930 for the lots 5,
 6, 7 and 8, sec 3, tp 16 s, r 2 east.

She names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz:
 Samuel Brewbaker, of Leaburg, Oregon;
 Clark H. Decker, of Wallerville, Oregon;
 Gerwood E. Kress and Floyd S. Day, of
 Eugene, Oregon.

R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

BY CONSENT OF TWO.

She was seated on the grass, with her
 shoulder propped against a camp stool.
 There were two or three garden benches
 standing about, but she preferred to sit on
 the grass. It made her feel more Arcadian.
 To intensify this feeling she had clothed
 her fresh young beauty in a marvellous
 muslin, so thin that her arms gleamed
 through it like alabaster, and had pinned
 on her bright head a great hat drooping
 with roses. By her side leaned a white
 parasol, edged with lace. Her companion,
 a young man in tennis flannels, was
 stretched at her feet.

"Has it not been very slow for you here,
 Miss Gresham," said Tony Markland,
 "without any girls for you to see through
 and scorn and be amused by, nor men to
 analyze and draw out and get interested in?"

"Yes," she said, "you are right. My
 solitude has been uninvaded. I have been
 resting and enjoying myself thoroughly.
 By the way"—suddenly—"who told you
 that you could come?"

"No one; but I had to run down from
 my place of business, and I thought it
 would look unneighborly not to drop in
 and find out how you were getting on."
 "Very thoughtful, indeed! So you have
 remembered your old home at last. How
 long is it since you were here?"

"Five years"—pondering—"five years
 this June."
 "A good deal." The old willow by the
 pond in the distance. Fell in the August storm,
 Gaston tells me."
 "Oh, I am so sorry. We used to"—She
 paused, blushing.

"Yes," he responded, "so we did." And
 he glanced at her laughingly.
 "And the house," she hurried on, "How
 does it look?"

"Awful—everything gone to pieces;
 dust, cobwebs and mold everywhere; the
 family portraits white with mildew."
 "Oh, Tony," she cried, "how dreadful!
 You really ought to do something about
 them."

"I shall," he said. "I was fond of the
 place as a lad, and this trip down here has
 awakened all the old feelings. I am tired
 of death of society, the exertion of dancing
 "—smiling—"and the bother of being
 agreeable to people that one doesn't care
 a rap about, so I have half made up my
 mind to marry and settle down in the country—
 that is—slowly—if I can persuade the
 girl I love to consent to bury herself for
 my sake."

Miss Gresham looked down. Her face
 had lost a little of its bright color, but the
 pallor was in no way unbecoming.
 "I thought the best way to do was to
 come and talk the matter over with you,"
 he said after a somewhat awkward pause.
 "You always help a fellow so with your
 advice."
 "I imagine," she replied, "that if a woman
 cared for a man she would go with him
 anywhere."
 "Exactly, but that is the question—does
 she care for me? You see"—glancing at her
 steadily—"she is a society girl, used to a
 good deal of gaiety and movement and ex-
 citement, and it does not seem quite fair
 to ask her to come down here, does it? It
 looks conceited and as if one thought a
 good deal of oneself."
 She looked at him gravely.
 "Do I know her?" she asked. "Is she
 some one you have known a long time?"
 "Oh, yes, since I was quite a boy."
 "Is she pretty?"
 "Of course, you might be sure of that."
 "And clever?"
 "Very."
 "I suppose"—slowly—"she never says
 unkind things or sees through people as
 some of your other friends do."
 "Unkind things? No. But as to seeing
 through people"—breaking into a laugh—"I
 am obliged to admit that she does. You
 see, she has been out a lot, and the rosy
 bandage is a bit out of place. Natural
 enough, don't you think?"
 "I suppose so"—doubtfully. "One can't
 go through life with one's eyes shut—that
 is, if one has any brains—and yet, some-
 how or other, I don't quite like the descrip-
 tion. You are such a good fellow, Tony,
 for all your affectation, that you ought to
 marry somebody very much above the
 average."
 "And so I shall."
 "You always said," she went on, "that
 I might choose a wife for you. Don't you
 remember that last ride we took just be-
 fore you went to college?"
 "Assuredly."
 "How we agreed to ask each other's ad-
 vice about the people we should marry,
 and how we promised that neither of us
 would get engaged without the other's
 consent?"
 "Of course I remember, and I am quite
 willing to abide by the old contract. I
 shall never marry without your permis-
 sion."
 "Oh, Tony, really?"
 "Really."
 She gazed at him with parted lips and
 shining eyes.
 "You are very trusting. How do you
 know that I shall not take a base advan-
 tage of your confidence and refuse my con-
 sent altogether? You don't know how
 lonely it will be going out next winter
 without you. I have got so used to having
 you about that I don't believe I shall en-
 joy myself in the least unless you are
 there."
 She pondered a moment.
 "Come," she said, "I will compromise.
 I won't forbid the name altogether; but
 you must not think of marrying until I
 am tired of society and ready to take the
 fatal step myself. How will that suit you?"
 "Perfectly, if you won't put it off too
 long."
 "Oh, well, that I don't know. I have
 about decided to be a spinster."
 "Come, now, that isn't fair. Suppose
 we agree to be married the same day? That
 meets with your approval? Well, to keep
 that promise fresh in your memory," reach-
 ing over and taking her hand, "wear this
 for my sake."
 He drew her glove off very gently and
 slipped a hoop of diamonds on her finger.
 The blood flashed to her cheek.
 "Tony!" she cried, the full meaning of
 her action breaking over her. "Tony, I
 don't understand it!"
 "Oh, yes, you do," he answered, draw-
 ing a reassuring arm about her, "but for
 fear you might make a mistake and go
 off and marry some other fellow I will
 make my meaning even clearer. I love you.
 I have always loved you. I have never
 dreamed of asking any one else to marry
 me. I ought to have told you so before.
 What say you, sweetheart? Shall we marry
 and settle down at the old place?"
 "And it was I all the time!" she mur-
 mured. "And I thought you meant?"
 "Whom?" asked Markland curiously.
 "Oh, never mind!"—hastily. "I see now
 what an absurd idea it was. So you al-
 ways loved me, ever since I was a child?
 Well, really, Tony, it is only fair, for I
 never cared for any one as I cared for you.
 Come, let us go in and tell Betty."—St.
 Louis Republic.

CHASED BY A TRAMP.

Mrs. Massie lived in the country, and
 there was not another house within a mile
 of the one occupied by her family. The
 highroad, or turnpike, as we called it, was
 close by, and this in summer time was
 much traveled on by tramps and disreput-
 able persons. But, as a rule, we at Mas-
 sie's took little heed of tramps, and few of
 those who came to beg ever got served at
 our door. If any did get served, they
 were either the very needy or the particu-
 larly "cheeky." The former were relieved
 out of pity for their condition, the latter to
 get rid of them.

But Mrs. Massie could deny even a very
 "cheeky beggar" if she suspected him of
 being an impostor. No doubt she did it
 with more timidity than temerity, but
 then there was usually a big dog or a big
 farm laborer within sound of her voice.
 Therefore she did do it occasionally. Only
 that very forenoon she had refused to serve
 a burly turnpike navvy who begged hard
 for a piece of bread and a drink of milk.

"You look strong and healthy. Why
 don't you work?" asked Mrs. Massie.
 "How can folks work when there ain't
 any work for 'em to do?" said he.
 "There's plenty to do, if you only look
 for it in a likely place," she replied.
 "I've been looking for it three months
 and ain't found it yet," said he.
 "Then look for it till you do find it,"
 said the missis, and with that she banged
 the door in his face and left him to go his
 way.

I thought it was rather unfeeling of Mrs.
 Massie to talk like that, but she had been
 in a pet over something or other that morn-
 ing and was not quite herself.
 Well, about an hour after that she came
 to me in quite a good humor and asked me
 to go for a walk and take the baby, saying
 it would do us good to get out a bit. So,
 of course, I got ready, and we were soon
 enjoying the fresh air and the sunshine.
 For some distance we walked on the turn-
 pike, but before long we came to a narrow
 lane which led to our nearest neighbor's,
 whose farm was about a mile away.

The lane, except for birds and insects,
 was as lonely a place as any one could wish
 for. Therefore we were not a little start-
 led when, on turning a corner, we came
 upon a tramp—the very navvy whom Mrs.
 Massie had so rudely dismissed that morn-
 ing.

He was lying in the shade of a thick
 hedge, and he looked up as we passed.
 When I saw him through the kitchen win-
 dow that morning, I noticed that he did
 not look very refined, neither in manners
 nor in features, but now, on passing close
 to him in that narrow lane, I fancied he
 looked quite ferocious. Evidently he and
 Mrs. Massie recognized each other, and it
 was plain that this did not please her, for
 she turned away from him with a shudder,
 as though she had seen a serpent.

The navvy must have seen that we were
 afraid of him, and no doubt this gave him
 some satisfaction, but we walked on quick-
 ly and in silence, for neither of us dared
 trust ourselves to speak. When we were
 a little distance from him, however, Mrs.
 Massie whispered to me to look round and
 see if he was still lying down. I turned
 my head and saw that the tramp was on
 his feet and following us, and then I
 grasped my companion's arm, and she
 turned to look also.

Just then the tramp stopped and picked
 up something which looked like a thick
 stick or a hedge stake, and with this in his
 hand, he came on at a quicker pace, as
 though intending to overtake us. At this
 my mistress turned pale and trembled with
 fear, exclaiming:
 "Oh, heaven, he means to murder us
 both, and this innocent babe as well!
 What shall we do, Jennie; what shall we
 do?"

"Give me the baby, and let us run for
 our lives!" I cried, feeling sure that the
 tramp really intended to do us harm.
 But, in her great fear, Mrs. Massie could
 not trust her baby out of her arms, and
 instead of giving it to me she pressed the
 little thing all the closer to her breast.
 Thus we ran down the lane as fast as our
 feet would take us, not daring to look back
 upon our pursuer. We knew the tramp
 was following, because we could hear him
 shouting after us in loud and angry tones.
 It seemed that he was trying to frighten
 us, but we ran on and never paused a mo-
 ment to hear what he said.
 The farmhouse toward which we were
 hastening was not yet in sight, but we fled
 swiftly onward, hoping soon to find refuge
 there and to gain the assistance of its in-
 habitants. For awhile the tramp ceased to
 shout, so I glanced around to see if he was
 still pursuing us, whereupon he raised his
 weapon, and flourishing it above his head
 shouted all the louder and more angrily
 and made a more determined effort to
 overtake us.
 Mrs. Massie was almost exhausted with
 running, but still she refused to let me
 have the baby, although I was the younger
 and stronger and better able to carry it. In
 her terror she seemed to fancy the baby
 was safer in her arms than it would be in
 mine, though I felt sure it would have
 greatly relieved her if she had allowed me
 to take the infant from her. Almost
 breathless with the warmth of the day and
 the exertion of her flight, she panted like
 a fox that is pursued by the hounds, and
 the perspiration trickled down her flushed
 cheeks like rain on a window pane. Yet
 she did not mean to give in, and the pres-
 ence of the baby seemed to make her all
 the more determined to escape the fate
 which the tramp evidently intended for us.
 I was just beginning to give way to dis-
 pair when I heard my mistress exclaim:
 "Thank God, we are here at last!" And
 on looking round I saw the farmhouse a
 few hundred yards away. The farmer's
 daughter was standing in the doorway and
 appeared surprised at seeing us running,
 so we ceased to hurry and approached the
 house at a walk, thinking the tramp would
 give up the chase when he saw us draw
 near. But in this case we were mistaken,
 as we had been all the while in his inten-
 tion, for he came on without pausing and
 followed us close up to the door.
 Then we saw what it was he had in his
 hand, for he held it out to Mrs. Massie,
 exclaiming:
 "Here, missis, here's yer umbrella. Yer
 take some catching, it was her umbrella,
 and, sure enough, it was her umbrella,
 which she had dropped while passing the
 tramp, an incident which in her alarm she
 had failed to notice.—Exchange.

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 on any baby as on him.
 I had to tie his hands that in a night, night and
 day, for five months. My sister had used CUTI-
 CURIA, and I began to use it. After only one
 application, his big hands and feet as he had not
 for a month, were little fingers. He has not a scar
 on him now, and is as fat and his flesh is as soft
 as any baby. While he had this disease I had to
 cut the clothes 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.

Rucklen'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.

We are anxious to do a little good in
 this world and can think of no pleas-
 anter or better way to do it than by
 recommending One Minute Cough
 Cure as a preventive of pneumonia,
 consumption and other serious lung
 troubles that follow neglected colds.
 Osburn & DeLano.

TAKE LIVERINE
 FOR THE
LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.
 For Sale by All Druggists.

El 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 per-
 manent cure." This is only one of
 thousands of similar cures. Eczema,
 sores and skin diseases yield quickly
 when it is used.
 OSBURN & DELANO.

RUBY'S FILE SUPPOSITORY.
 Is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation
 or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send
 two stamps for circular and Free Sample to
 RUBY'S FILE, Registered Pharmacist, Leaburg,
 Pa. No POSTAGE ANSWERED. For sale by all
 first-class druggists everywhere, and in Eugene
 Oregon by Osburn & DeLano.

One leading cause of malaria and
 fever is the foul condition of kitchen
 sinks and waste pipes, as soap will not
 deodorize them. The only thing that
 will cleanse such places is pure caustic,
 which can be obtained at the
 grocers and labeled Red Seal Lye. Is
 fine granulated, in large sifting top
 cans, handy to use and absolutely
 pure.
 Hall & Son.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND
 a recent discovery. At YERING-
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 Office: Rooms 2 and 4 Shelton Block.
 OR—
A. D. CHALTON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
 25 Morrison Street, corner Third
 PORTLAND, OREGON

Notice for Publication.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
 August 22, 1896.
 Notice is hereby given that the following-
 named settler has filed notice of his inten-
 tion to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made
 before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
 at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Octo-
 ber 6, 1896, viz: Curtis Baird, on H. E. No. 7024,
 for the e 1/2 sec 34 and lots 2 and 3 sec 19 tp
 16 s, r 1 east.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of said land, viz:
 Alfred Montgomery, Frank Lilly, George
 Whitbeck and Myron B. Wood, all of Isab-
 el, Lane county, Oregon.
 R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

Quite a Difference!

Whether You Suffer From Or Are Healthy and Happy

INSOMNIA REFRESHING SLEEP
 NERVOUS DEBILITY SOUND NERVES
 GENERAL DEBILITY GOOD CONSTITUTION
 DYSPEPSIA FINE DIGESTION
 THE BLUES BRIGHT SPIRITS
 IMPURE BLOOD A GOOD CONSTITUTION

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY, BEEF AND IRON
 Will Cure these Diseases—AND—Bring all these Blessings

For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

KARLE GLOVER ROOT
 PURIFIES THE BLOOD
 CURES CONSTITUTION
 INDIGESTION, BRUISES,
 ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
 BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.
 150 CENTS FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic,
 Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. box,
 and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER
 for the Teeth and Breath, 50c.

Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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 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.

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 apply to
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 H. W. BAXTON, C. E. BROWN,
 Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt.,
 133 Third St., Portland, Or.

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 Shortest Route Between the Wil-
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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—Speci-
 al.

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 Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M.
 Hoag," newly furnished, leave Albany
 daily except Saturday at 7:45 a. m., ar-
 riving in Portland the same day at
 4:30 p. m. Returning boats leave Port-
 land the same days as above at 6:00 a.
 m. arriving in Albany at 7:45 p. m.
 EDWIN STONE, J. C. MAYO,
 Manager, Supt. River Div.
 GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,
 Aug 11, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
 ing 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. Commissioner at Eugene
 Oregon, on September 21, 1896, viz:
 Winthrop Thomson on H. E. No. 6795 for the
 SW 1/4 NW 1/4 and lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9,
 Sec 34, Tp 16 S., R 2 East.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz: John Fincher,
 Lewis Finn, Frank A. Penget, Fred W.
 Bloomfield, all of Leaburg, Oregon.
 R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 August 20, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
 ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
 tention to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made be-
 fore Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner
 at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Oc-
 tober 6, 1896, viz: Hubert A. Mullin on H.
 E. No. 6845, for the e 1/2 sec 34 and lots 8, 9
 and 10 sec 2 tp 17 s, r 3 east.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz:
 Lawrence B. Gibson, Lewis N. Fitch,
 Myron E. Thomas and Carey W. Thomson,
 all of Leaburg, Oregon.
 R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 August 20, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
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 tention to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made be-
 fore Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner
 at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Oc-
 tober 27, 1896, viz: Nicholbert Kolet
 no homestead entry No 6286 for the n 1/2 s w 1/4
 and s 1/2 n 1/4 of sec 22 tp 17, s, r 6
 west.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz:
 Charles W. Van Curen, Martin E. Boesch,
 Thomas E. Sillwood and J. O. Hounniet, all
 of Panther, Oregon.
 R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 August 19, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
 ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
 tention to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made be-
 fore Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner
 at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Sep-
 tember 29, 1896, viz: Jesse Cole on H.
 E. No. 8374 for the lots 2 and 3, sec 34, ne 1/4
 and s 1/4 ne 1/4 of sec 5 tp 19 s, r 7 west.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz:
 Charles W. Van Curen, Martin E. Boesch,
 Thomas E. Sillwood and J. O. Hounniet, all
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 E. No. 8374 for the lots 2 and 3, sec 34, ne 1/4
 and s 1/4 ne 1/4 of sec 5 tp 19 s, r 7 west.

He names the following witnesses to
 prove his continuous residence upon and
 cultivation of, said land, viz:
 Charles W. Van Curen, Martin E. Boesch,
 Thomas E. Sillwood and J. O. Hounniet, all
 of Panther, Oregon.
 R. M. VATCHER,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 August 19, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the follow-
 ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
 tention to make final proof in support of his
 claim, and that said proof will be made be-
 fore Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner
 at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Sep-
 tember 29, 1896, viz: Jesse Cole on H.
 E. No. 8374 for the lots 2 and 3, sec 34, ne 1/4
 and s 1/4 ne 1/4 of sec 5 tp 19 s, r 7 west.

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