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**LACREMA,**  
 Ten cent;  
 U. of O. & Queen of Hearts,  
 Five cent  
**Cigars.**

**Mexican Mustang Liniment**  
 for  
 Burns,  
 Laked & 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.

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Low extra-ordinary  
 Remedies  
 is the most  
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 discovery of  
 our age. It  
 has been  
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 It is a  
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Constipation,  
 Dizziness,  
 Fainting  
 Sensations,  
 Nervous  
 twitching of  
 the eyes  
 and other  
 pains.  
 Strengthens  
 the system,  
 invigorates  
 and tones  
 the  
 nervous  
 system,  
 restores  
 the  
 vitality,  
 cures  
 nervousness,  
 depression,  
 and  
 restores  
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 restores  
 the  
 vitality.

**THIS PAPER** is kept on file at E. C. DAKES' Advertising Agency, 64 and 66 North Broadway, San Francisco, Cal. All contracts for advertising can be made through this office.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,  
 September 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. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on October 27, 1896, viz: Nicholas Kolbert to homestead entry No 6225 for the 1/2 N. W. 1/4, 1/2 E. 1/4 of sec 22, Tp 17, S. 7, R. 6 West.  
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John M. Colburn, Jefferson McCollough, Benjamin Schirmpf and Homer Hayes all of Hadleyville, Oregon.  
 R. M. VEAUGHAN,  
 Register.

**MY OWN ADVENTURE.**

"What place is like a railroad depot, in which to study human nature?" I remarked to Hugh, as we stood on the platform waiting for transportation.  
 Hereupon I commenced this interesting study by staring at everybody in general and pretty girls in particular. The pretty girls found my study of their faces rather disagreeable. I suppose, for I met a decided rebuff from a little golden haired, blue eyed fairy, who turned to her companions and called out:  
 "See here, girls! Here's a specimen of human nature in the raw state."  
 "Complimentary, Tom, by Jove!" said Hugh, as I turned my observations in another direction, attracted by a lady who was leading a little boy and carrying a basket of refreshments.  
 "What a pleasant study you are having, Tom! Shall you have the problem solved when I get back this evening?"  
 I looked up and there was Hugh's handsome face smiling upon me from one of the car windows, as the train moved off. I made a dash for the cars and succeeded in reaching the rear one and in pitching headlong into the lap of golden hair and blue eyed fairy.  
 "Imagine my feelings! What a situation for a sensitive young gentleman!"  
 As the cars stopped at Beechwood station, all the passengers made a general rush for the door. Much to my astonishment I was taken up by the crowd and deposited on the platform.  
 By Jupiter! The first foot I moved I put smash down on the white muslin dress of the golden hair and blue eyes, tearing and spoiling it irretrievably.  
 She uttered a little scream and on recognizing the author of the mischief exclaimed, "An awkward brute!" and gathering up her ruined trail disappeared in the crowd.  
 "By Jove, Tom, you're in for adventures, should think," said Hugh. "Do you know who that lady is?"  
 "No, do you?"  
 "Yes, she is Miss Nettie Wilford and that little gypsy with black eyes and curls is her sister Frankie—daughters of Judge Wilford."  
 "Nettie Wilford!" I echoed in surprise, for Nettie Wilford was the belle of N— and I had often expressed a wish to make her acquaintance—and I had made it! Was there ever such an unfortunate mortal! Will my lucky star ever predominate!  
 I walked to the grove in a state of mind better imagined than described. I had made myself supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the lady I most wished to please.  
 On reaching the high land overlooking the pond on which our pleasure party was to sail, a lovely landscape was unfolded to my admiring gaze. A beautiful silvery lake lay at my feet like a jewel in its emerald setting of waving grain.  
 "How beautiful!" I involuntarily exclaimed, but hearing no response from Hugh I turned and found that he was engaged in saluting a lady, whom I recognized as the "gypsy," Frankie.  
 On the shore we found the party assembled, patiently awaiting their turn to embark. After a time the ladies were stowed away, their little musical screams and shrieks hushed and the last foil of refractory crinoline adjusted, when the snowy sails were unfurled to the soft breeze and the little gala fleet slowly left the shore.  
 Judge Wilford was seated on my right and Hugh and Frankie on my left.  
 "Father, where can Nettie be? I do not see her in any of the boats."  
 "Just at that moment, before the judge could reply, I saw shot out from a little cove a fairy shallop rowed by the missing maiden. It is the nymph of the lake, thought I, as I gazed on the white robed figure.  
 "There, father, there!" said Frankie. As she neared the party the gentlemen shouted and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. She waved her snowy plumed hat in return, lost her balance, tumbled, swayed, fell—the blue waves closed over the bright vision, and the little boat drifted away.  
 I plunged in madly, but missed her, and came to the surface in time to see her sink for the second time.  
 It was in that moment of peril and danger that I knew I loved Nettie Wilford as I had never loved woman before. I waited breathlessly for her to reappear. The seconds seemed ages till the circles of the waves told me she was there. I reached her just as the white face rose for the last time. I clasped one arm around the loved one and with the other struck out for the shore. By an almost superhuman effort I succeeded in reaching it and placing my unconscious burden in the arms of her agonized father.  
 His face wore a grave look as he took Nettie's hand and searched in vain for her pulse. His directions were quickly obeyed by assistants, and at length their indefatigable exertions were rewarded, as slowly the frozen life current warmed in the pale cheeks, the eyelids quivered and the blue eyes opened once more.  
 I stole away, thinking that such a reunion would be too sacred for stranger eyes to witness.  
 I was soon recalled by Hugh's well known voice, saying:  
 "Raymond, this way."  
 I retraced my steps and found that Miss Wilford had entirely recovered and the judge was inquiring for me.  
 "My child," said he, as I entered the room, "this is Mr. Raymond, the gentleman who so bravely risked his life to save yours."  
 Her cheeks flushed as she recognized the hero of her adventures during the day, and her voice trembled as she said:  
 "Pardon my rudeness this morning and accept my thanks for so nobly rescuing me from a watery grave—a debt which I can never repay."  
 "There is nothing to forgive," I said as I kissed her hand.  
 After having run a gantlet of congratulations and thanks I retreated with Hugh to the picnic grounds, leaving the rest of the party to follow at their leisure. The rest of the day passed pleasantly with Miss Wilford's all. I was made happy by Miss Wilford's agreeable society, but at last the delightful day came to a close, as all delightful days must.  
 As I parted with my new found friends I received a cordial invitation to visit them at their residence, an invitation I was not slow in accepting and improving. Need I tell you how, after graduating, I studied law with the judge and meanwhile studied a far more interesting page with his lovely daughter.—New York News.

**LOVE'S SACRIFICE.**

"My dear," said Hero Field, "don't give up. If you yield this way, it's all up with you for the rest of your married life. And the idea of a trifle in her honeymoon being weighed down with an old grandfather and grandmother-in-law."  
 "Nannie Eastlake was a bright eyed girl of 19—a girl who had been brought up at a fashionable boarding school. And the first real heart experience that ever happened to her was Donald Aubrey's love."  
 "It is such an elegant house," said Nannie. "Turkey carpets and furniture of ebony and gold, and the tiniest little gem of a conservatory filled with roses and camellias and the sweetest carnations, and my boudoir all in pink and silver."  
 "Of course it's all very fine," said Hero Field, "but you'll never enjoy it with those horrid, mischief making old anti-livians sniffing and prowling around."  
 "But they are Donald's grandparents," pleaded Nannie.  
 "Well, what then? Let him provide for them as other people do. His wife has the first right and the only right in the house, and so I'd tell him if I were you. A mother-in-law would be bad enough, but this ten times worse."  
 So when Mr. Aubrey came to make his usual evening call that night and Aunt Posonby had discreetly made some excuse for leaving the drawing room Nannie broached the subject at once.  
 "Donald," said she, "I've been thinking—"  
 "Well, dearest."  
 "And I've come to the conclusion that you ought not to ask me to make a home for old Mr. and Mrs. Vivian."  
 "Is it not right and natural, Nannie, that their home should be with me?" he asked, his face clouding over a little.  
 "I dare say it will be very nice for them," said Nannie, with a toss of her golden head. "But how about me?"  
 "Do you object to it?"  
 "Very decidedly indeed," answered the pretty young bride, fondly lingering that she had but to lift her slender finger to win any boon that she asked of Donald Aubrey.  
 "I am very sorry," said the young man calmly. "As I have decided to ask them to remain permanently with me, I cannot, of course, permit my wife—"  
 "Nannie crimsoned angrily.  
 "But I am not your wife yet, Mr. Aubrey. And I will not be your wife if—"  
 "Nannie, for heaven's sake, stop! Think what you are saying!"  
 "I mean it," said Nannie hotly. "I do not choose to marry into a nest of relations-in-law, and so you must choose between your grandparents and me."  
 "Nannie!"  
 "I am quite in earnest," said she. "If you really care for me, you will give up this unreasonable caprice of yours."  
 "Is it unreasonable to honor one's aged parents?" he asked slowly, while his dark, searching eyes seemed to read the very secrets of her heart. "Is it a caprice to retain some natural affection for those who loved and cared for me when I was yet a helpless child? If you think it is, Nannie, I have been sorely mistaken in your character."  
 "Very well," said Nannie, feeling her cheeks burn and her lips quiver. "I am then to understand that your selection is made!"  
 "I prefer my duty to anything in the world, Nannie."  
 "I have the honor to wish you a very good evening then," and Nannie swept out of the room.  
 "Good!" cried Hero Field the next day when Nannie related to her the occurrence of the evening. "He'll be on his knees to you before three days are passed, and you'll have your own way for good and all after this."  
 But the three days passed, and three more on top of that, and never a penitent lover made his appearance to sue for Nannie's pardon.  
 "Oh, Hero, what shall I do?" she pleaded, with wistful tears in her eyes. "Let him go," said Miss Field, who, to tell the truth, had been a little envious that Nannie Eastlake had become engaged before herself.  
 Donald Aubrey was sitting alone in the pretty blue and gold drawing room that he had furnished, expressly with regard to Nannie Eastlake's taste. Mr. and Mrs. Vivian, early risers and early retires, had gone to bed, although it was hardly yet dark, when the little parlor maid announced:  
 "Please, sir, a lady to see you."  
 And Donald found himself looking into Nannie Eastlake's deep blue eyes.  
 "Nannie!" he ejaculated.  
 "Yes, Donald, it is I. Oh, Donald, I have been so wrong, so foolish! And I have come to ask your pardon."  
 "My little Nannie, hush! Not a word more."  
 "But I must speak, Donald. I must tell you how earnestly I have repented my temper and folly. If you will take me back to your heart, Donald, I will try to be a good wife to you, a dutiful daughter to your grandparents."  
 The wedding day came, and the wedding party passed away, and Nannie Aubrey came home to the house Donald had furnished for her.  
 Grandpa and Grandmamma Vivian were waiting on the threshold to greet her. Nannie kissed and hugged them both most heartily.  
 "It is so nice to have you here to welcome me," said she. "And you're sure your rooms have been quite comfortable?"  
 And grandpa, as he had his dinner just as he liked them! But I mean to see to that myself now, for you don't know what a famous little housekeeper I am going to make."  
 But when the cozy tea dinner was over the old people got up.  
 "Where are you going?" cried Nannie.  
 "Home," said Grandmamma Vivian.  
 "Home is here," said Nannie.  
 "No, my dear, no," said the old lady kindly. "Young people are better by themselves. Donald has bought you a pretty little cottage a mile or two out in the country, where I can keep a cow and a grandfater can look after the poultry. And you must come and see us there every day."  
 So the old people trudged away, and Nannie looked up into her husband's face.  
 "Donald," said she, "what does this mean?"  
 "It means, my darling," he answered, "that grandpa and his wife could not be happy in the unwanted confinement of a city. They longed for the country, and so you will have a home without any relations-in-law after all."  
 "Oh, Donald, do not repeat my silly words!" she whispered.—Cincinnati Post.

**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 be his hand light in a comb, night and day, for five months. My sister had used CUTL-CURLA, 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 in six days his face 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, Lubon, N. D.  
 Swayer Child Treatment and Hair Growth—Warm baths with CUTL-CURLA and gentle application of CUTL-CURLA to the sores, the great skin cure. Sold throughout the world. CUTL-CURLA AND CHILD CURE, Two Dime, Boston, U. S. A.

**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.

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

**EB 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.

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.

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter 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.

**COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND;**  
 a recent discovery. At YERINGTON'S drugstore.

**EXECUTRIX NOTICE.**  
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Ruth Rees, has been appointed by the county court of Lane county, Oregon, executrix of the last will and testament and of the estate of Taylor L. Rees, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to said executrix at the office of L. Bilver, in Eugene, Oregon, duly verified within six months from the date of this notice.  
 Dated this 22d day of September, 1896.  
 RUTH REES, Executrix.  
 L. BILVER, Attorney.

**Summons.**  
 In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lane.  
 Jacob Gillespie, Plaintiff,  
 vs  
 Edmund T. Johnson and Eugenie Johnson, Defendants.  
 In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within this county; or if served within any other county in this state, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; and if served by publication of summons then on the 27th day of October, 1896, being the 2nd day of the next term of said court; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of Five Hundred dollars at ten per cent interest per annum from April 19, 1892, less the sum of \$50.00 paid April 20, 1893, and the sum of \$7.39, for taxes paid by plaintiff and the sum of \$50 for attorney's fee and the cost and disbursements of this suit; and for a decree foreclosing the mortgage set up in the complaint in the above-entitled suit and for an order to sell the following real property to wit: The east half of the N E 1/4 and E 1/2 of the S E quarter of section 22, in Tp 18 S, R 12 W, in Lane county, Or., and for such other relief as may be equitable and just.  
 This summons is published by order of Hon J. C. Fullerton, Judge of said judicial district, made at Chambers Sept 7, 1896.  
 JOSEPH J. WATSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,  
 September 17, 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. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on October 28, 1896, viz: John Cleary on H E No 5979, for the 1/2 N. E. 1/4, 1/2 E. 1/4 of sec 22, Tp 20 S, R 5 West.  
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:  
 James Koch, Francis J. Schneider, Richard McGovern, Brinton Gates, all of Loraine, Oregon.  
 R. M. VEAUGHAN,  
 Register.

**HOW Are Your Nerves? Pretty Shaky, Aren't They? Is Your Digestion? Pretty Poor, Isn't It? Thin Is Your Blood? Almost Like Water, Eh?**

**ONE THING will Make a Whole Man of You That is DR. HENLEY'S Celery, Beef and Iron Try a Case. It will Make a "New" Woman of Your Wife And She Won't Want to Vote, Either**

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**SHILOH'S CURE**

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 Time to Chicago, 8 1/2 days; time to New York, 12 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.  
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 223 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.  
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**C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Oregon.**

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
 Notice is hereby given that I Levi Vaughan has been appointed by the County Court of Lane county administrator of the estate of Fred. Peters, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same to me duly verified at the office of E. R. Skipworth in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date thereof.  
 Dated at Eugene, Oregon, September 16th, 1896.  
 LEVI VAUGHAN, Administrator of said estate.  
 E. R. SKIPWORTH, Atty. for Administrator.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,  
 Sept 17, 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. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on October 31, 1896, viz: Charles O. Davis, on H E No 5876 for N E 1/4 sec. 8, Tp 19 S, R 5 West.  
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
 John M. Colburn, Jefferson McCollough, Benjamin Schirmpf and Homer Hayes all of Hadleyville, Oregon.  
 R. M. VEAUGHAN,  
 Register.