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 Burns,
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 Piles,
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 Inflammations,
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 Sciatica,
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 Scalds,
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 All Cattle 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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Constipation, Biliousness, Falling Seculars, Nervousness, Headaches, Debility, Irritability, Indigestion, and restores the system. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the bowels and stomach.

Over 2,000 private endorsements. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the bowels and stomach.

Address: H. W. WILKINS, 1000 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE.
 In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.
 In the matter of the Estate of Margaret I. Smith, Deceased.
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the above entitled estate and is hereby claiming said estate and is hereby claiming against said estate are hereby verified, together with proper vouchers, to me at the office of M. O. Wilkins, in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.
 Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 22d day of November, 1896.
 CHAS. E. POWERS,
 Administrator of said Estate.
 M. O. WILKINS,
 Attorney for said Estate.

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

THE GATHERING OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH CLANS.
 Are ye gaun to the meetin, to the meetin' o' the clan, to the meetin' o' the clan?
 With your tartans and your kilts and your bonnets and brogues?
 There are Newells from New Hampshire and Mulligans from Maine and McCarthys from Missouri and a Tennessee McShane.
 Kelleys, Cawys, Duncans and Daceys by the dozen and the scores.
 And O'Ferrall of Virginia, whom the Trilbyites adore.
 To Mrs. Cochran (born Corcoran) as polished as you please.
 And Kenyans who were Keemans and Murfrees, once Murphys.
 And we'll sit upon the pint stoup, and we'll talk of auld lang syne
 As we quaff the flowing haggis to our lasses' bonnie eyne.
 And we'll join in jubilation for the thing that we are not,
 For we say we aren't Irish, and God knows we aren't Scot.
 —Calvin K. Brauntigan in Boston Pilot

MRS. LATON'S TEA.

Encoined in the depths of her big armchair, a smile lighting up her fine old face, that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the timepiece on the mantel, whose hands were already well past 3 o'clock.
 "Well, Andrew, do you find my clock very interesting?"
 In some confusion the young man stammered an excuse, but she went on: "Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow! You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently."
 "Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sundial like that in your drawing room?"
 "Perhaps because I was born so long ago that I am, and not the clock, that is behind the time. But come! Instead of criticizing my drawing room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here?"
 "In the first place, I am not going to leave here for some time, but when I have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."
 "Mrs. Laton—Pauline Laton?"
 "The same."
 "Ah, yes! I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"
 "She is a blond, aunt."
 "Indeed! She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighting at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"
 "We are all sighting at her feet."
 "She must enjoy it!"
 "Oh, I rather think she does."
 "Is it fun?"
 "Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor girls."
 "And what do you do besides look at these women?"
 "We take tea, which we moderate with rum and a bit of lemon. We gossip, and we flirt."
 "Oh, oh!"
 "But, my dear aunt, one must do something between 5 o'clock and dinner."
 "Evidently. And flirting is what you have found to do."
 "It is a way to kill time."
 "I scarcely know just what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."
 "Oh, impossible! A definition for the word has long been sought, but it has not yet been found. But given a young woman teete-a-tete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you it won't be long before you will have a practical demonstration. Flirting is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."
 "And is love a science too?"
 "No. It is rather an art."
 "And marriage—what is it?"
 "Oh, that is philosophy!"
 "Indeed! At what age does one attain this philosophy?"
 "As late as possible."
 "It seems to me that at 28—"
 "Aunt, aunt," cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concocting some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator." You look as if you were about to spring a trap on me."
 Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in her nephew's face. Then she answered, after a pause:
 "Yes, you are right. I wish to get you married."
 "In heaven's name, what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness, and, as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, aunt, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, descending to the role of matchmaker! It is a terrible shattering of my ideals."
 "Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming, I assure you."
 "Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know her! I can see her now. She may not be exactly pretty, but, as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt, even if I don't look it. And if I marry, I shall marry a woman who suits me simply for the sole and unique reason that she does suit me. But I know girls. They are all alike, and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."
 "And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's," murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, a disturbing expression came into her clear seeing old eyes.
 Under this brutal and even inguistrial look Andrew lost countenance a little. He could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.
 He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard.
 "A caller, old! Is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at 5 o'clock?"
 "You are impatient, nephew. At my age a woman does not give 5 o'clock flirtations. It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the charming girl I spoke of."
 "I shall see, then."
 "Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never! Or, if you insist, I shall go in to this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only consolation I shall make." And the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor. Through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.
 "How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl as she entered the room. "I have brought back the little books on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"
 She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that she must be frightfully ugly.
 "Sit down here, dear, beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room, and the young man, approaching his eye to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.
 "Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"
 "No; very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You will not betray me, will you?" and she laughed a merry laugh that set Andrew's heart throbbing.
 "Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.
 "Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations, with no one to talk to but the insipid women and stupid men of her set?"
 "You are severe, my child."
 "Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton I do not think one can be too much so."
 Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and, under pretext of arranging the portfolio, she crossed the room, and, as she rearranged the dummy, whispered to her nephew: "It's nearly 5. You'll be late for your tea."

But her warning was unheeded. Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.
 "Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.
 "Yes, yes," the old lady hastened to reply, and to turn the conversation, she went on: "But you are wrong to declare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible."
 "Sensible? Well, I do not know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their base airs and their ideas that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair and smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous gowns."
 Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He would have liked to strangle this girl, whose superb health and triumphant beauty irritated him.
 "And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again throwing herself into the breach.
 "I shall never marry."
 "Indeed? Why not?"
 "Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over the face that Andrew admired in spite of himself. "Because I am a little fool who cannot do as she sees fit. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single out from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have confidence in him, and above all, to be proud of him."
 As the girl spoke she had become animated with a gentle exaltation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.
 "Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"
 "Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count. They marry when they have lost their money, and when the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another."
 Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and, pretending she had an order to give, excused herself and hastened to her nephew.
 "Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a charming girl, I would look her against the world."
 "Hurry, Andrew! It is late, and you have almost missed your tea."
 "My tea?" he repeated. "Butcher my tea! Be there nothing else in the world but my tea? No, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room, and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she need have no fear. I shall not try to marry her, for I tell you I have all my hair, a little money, and a heart still intact."
 Mrs. Harmon could not restrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing room.

But, contrary to all expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words. On the contrary, the girl's fresh gaiety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconceptions fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm, forgetting his anger in his admiration for her graceful movements, the penetrating timbre of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.
 The hour for the tea had long passed, and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond, as he was so fondly to admit to himself, had portrayed so truthfully.
 And ensconced once more in the depths of her armchair Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile and silently regarded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with looks that do not deceive and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.—Adapted from the French for San Francisco Argonaut.

Steel Shafting.
 An eminent engineer is quoted by Engineering Mechanics as insisting that the proper way to make a steel shaft is with the hydraulic press. Opinions differ widely in this matter, and the practice varies accordingly. The custom of some is to anneal a straight shank, turn it in the lathe and then anneal it again. They profess the collar, and by upsetting the metal, so into the shape of the shaft. Some engineers still favor the being out of shafts in order to take away that part containing defects in casting, but this is not a general rule, because often the best part of the steel is toward the center of the shaft, and not on the outside. The assumption is that in cooling the steel casting the surface and center collect in the center because of that part remaining fluid longest. Again, forged steel annealing, just as castings do, is a steel casting were put in an annealing furnace, it would suffer



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 was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EH 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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Marcus Kelley, deceased, will by virtue of an order issued out of the county court of Lane county, Oregon, on the 6th day of October, 1896, sell at private sale on the 12th day of December, 1896, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described real property belonging to said estate to pay the debts thereof and administration of the same; to wit: Beginning at the south west corner of donation land claim No. 38, notification 0568 in township 19 south of range 3 west, running thence east 240 rods, north 21 rods and 8 links, west 240 rods, south 21 rods and 8 links to the place of beginning, containing 32 acres. Also beginning at the north west corner of donation land claim number 39, notification 0566 in section 12, township 19 south of range 3 west, thence south 12 27 chs, east 8 14 chains, south 4 49 chains, south 41 1/2 chains, east 16 chains, east 35 chains, more or less to range line, thence north 27 1/2 chains, more or less to the north line of said claim No. 39 and thence west to the place of beginning, containing 141 1/2 acres. Also beginning at the northwest corner of donation land claim No. 55, notification 0543 in section 7, township 19 south of range 2 west, thence east 4 62 chs, south 6 75 chs, west 1 63 chs, north 6 75 chs to the place of beginning, containing 3 12 acres. The said several tracts aggregating 176 62 acres more or less in Lane county Oregon.
 Said sale to take place at the residence on said premises, terms thereof cash in hand.
 Dated at Eugene, Oregon, November 6th, 1896.
 E. K. HENDERSON,
 Administrator of said estate.

Notice for Publication.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
 November 13, 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 December 30, 1896, viz: Oliver J. Warburton on H. E. No. 6896, viz: the N 1/2 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, sec 12, tp 20 s, r 1 west.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
 Spencer D. McGuire of Eugene, Oregon, Isaac Higgins and George Veach of Dexter, Oregon, and W. H. Bangham of Pleasant Hill, Oregon.
 R. M. VEATCH,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
 November 14, 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 January 20, 1897, viz: Melville B. Tallero on H. E. No. 6523 for the lots 1, 2 and 3 of sec 10 tp 18 s, r 2 west.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
 Lester Reynolds and Clark J. Brooks, of Eugene, Oregon, Albert Warden and Lewis A. Chastine, of Irwin, Oregon.
 R. M. VEATCH,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
 December 12, 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 January 20, 1897, viz: H. B. Baldwin on H. E. No. 6845 for the N 1/4 of sec 14 tp 19 s, r 6 w.
 He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
 Henry Bower, of Eugene, Oregon, Dick Corryell, of Crook, Oregon, Wallace Trout, of Panther, Oregon, D. Hooker, of Panther, Oregon.
 R. M. VEATCH,
 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
 December 15, 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 January 25, 1897, viz: H. B. Baldwin on H. E. No. 6845 for the N 1/4 of sec 14 tp 19 s, r 6 w.
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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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 Osburn & DeLano.

TAKE THE BEST
SHILOH'S CURE
 It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Inflammation, Consumption and is the best Cough and Whooping Cough cure.
 Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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 FOR THE LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.
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 Shortest Route Between the Willamette Valley and California.
 Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco.
 Cabin.....\$ 6 00
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 Round Trip Good for 60 days—Special.

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 PORTLAND, OREGON

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 Time to Chicago, 3 1/2 days. (Time to New York, 4 1/2 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.)
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 Gen'l Agents, Dist. Pass. Agt.,
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 The shortest line to the Colonies.
 These steamers carry an experienced Medical Man and a Stewardess on every voyage.
 For time tables, pamphlets, or any information, call on or address
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 GEO. McL. BROWN,
 Dist. Pass. Agent, Vancouver, B. C.

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

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