

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

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for
burns,
sore and Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff Joints,
Hernia & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
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.

THE GREAT HUYAN
The extra
strong
and
most
effective
remedy
for
all
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of
the
eye.
It
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the
only
remedy
that
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Land Office at Roseburg, Or.,
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. Commissioner, at Eugene, Oregon, on January 10, 1897, viz: H. B. Baldwin, on H. E. No. 157, for the 1-4 of sec 14 tp 19 s. 1 w. 4 e. He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Oliver Bowers, of Eugene, Oregon; Sam Clevell, of Crow, Oregon; Wallace S. S. of Panther, Oregon; D. Hooker, of Panther, Oregon.
R. M. VETCH, Register.

FINIS.
HE MURDER.
She sent my letters back to me—
Poor little bird with weary wing.
They seek the nest where they went free.
She cares no more to hear them sing.
I sent them forth with merry heart
And dared to dream that love would last.
I'd read them, then, then forever part
With these fair visions of the past.
HE BEARS.
Great Caesar's ghost! What did she think
When I called this great blot a tear?
Did she imagine I wept ink?
Who! What an ass I was last year!
A poem on "Her Glove." Great Scott!
"To her I tune my sacred lyre
And crave remembrance." I trust not!
Pshaw! Where's a match to light this fire?
—London Tit-Bits.

A HIDDEN LEGACY.

The High street of Moxford was interested this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby, whose picturesque hobble and long gray locks would never again enliven the street.
He had kept the curiosity shop for about 50 years. The old spinning wheels, sparrow-legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, china of all sorts, rare medals, watches, coins, etc., would, no doubt, now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of its late owner.
Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene in decent black.
They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last ten years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but, as Mrs. Peter remarked when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "He couldn't for shame leave his money to any one else."
Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son, did not conceal his joy in his uncle's demise. He told his boon companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing.
"Blood, you know, as the saying is, is thicker than water," he said as he drained his fourth pint on the evening of his avuncular bereavement.
Nor were the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter without discreet maidenly elation. Their uncle, while he lived, was such a figure that they never cared to look at him. Besides, he hadn't a very civil tongue—liked to be caustic about their high-heeled shoes and extensive bonnets and hats and to be very rude with his inquiries why three Mr. Bights did not press for the honor of their small gloved hands.
It seemed unlikely, indeed, that a single tear would be shed for the old curiosity man.
Of course there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only "a workhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs. Peter's elegant expression.
With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford union after the death of his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him truly for the last six years, being now but 22. A quiet, shrinking, dark-eyed little creature, who had revered her dead master quite unaccountably and devoted herself to him heart and hand and soul. Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford Tin Plate company, she had no one else to care for.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.
"The idea of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the tip of her parasol.
Joan was near at the time. She burst into tears at these words.
"Please, ma'am," she said, "I should so like to go with him. I picked them all myself."
"It shall do nothing of the kind, then, and your place is in the kitchen, not in the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter.
Joan retired, crying bitterly, and Mrs. Peter flung the wreath into a corner.
"The wench ought not to be allowed to leave this house, Peter," she said severely, "without being searched. The idea of her being with all these valubles—all alone too!"
But Peter was not as cruel as his wife. "Cameron says she is entirely to be trusted," he replied, "and it's for him to act as he pleases, he says."
Mr. Cameron was the Moxford lawyer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs.
Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurst, the Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith.
Then the High street enjoyed its little sensation as the hearse and three coaches solemnly passed along it to the cemetery on the hill.
Joan viewed the start from the back entry with fearful eyes. She was periodically convulsed with sobs. She watched the procession as long as ever she could. The void in her life was immense.
So much so, indeed, that even the soothing voice of Seth Perry, who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first.
"Never you mind, lass," said Seth, "things'll all come out right."
She answered him only with tears.
"He's bound to ha' left you summat, Joan, my lass, to remember him by, and whether or no, you've only to speak the word and there's one as'll be proud to have you."
"Seth, I can't talk with you now," she said, showing him her damp face and bright eyes.
"Nor come home and take your dinner with my mother, Joan?"
"No, no, I mustn't go yet. They'll turn me out soon, I know, but I must stay till then."
"Well, lass," said Seth, "you know best, but I'm fair aching for you, and this night as it's I'll fetch you to home."
He took her in his arms in the passage, up which so many antique articles had traveled during the last half century, and kissed her wet cheeks.
"And now I must get back to work," he said.
It was a hot day even for June, and when the funeral party re-entered the house Mrs. Peter's face was extremely red.
Here they were met by Walter Battersby and the three girls.
"This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement. 'The more witnesses there are the safer it'll be,' she had said, alluding, of course, to the reading of her brother-in-law's will. 'Besides,' she added, 'they may hear something nice for themselves.'"
As far as he was concerned, however, young Walter had fully intended to be present, even if his father and mother objected.
Joan had procured cake and sherry, at the instigation of Mr. Cameron. But she had not helped herself to a glass of the wine, even in spite of the kindly lawyer's suggestion, nor yet to a crumb of the cake.

She continued alone in the kitchen. The tramp of strange feet in the room over her did but make fresh tears well up from the beautiful sadness inside her.
And so the funeral party and the others sat round old Carmel's table and waited for Mr. Cameron to begin. The lawyer did not keep them waiting. He smiled and dryly took a glass of sherry and drew forth the paper from its official blue envelope.
Never was there, in Mrs. Peter Battersby's opinion, a more horrid and disgraceful last will and testament.
Certainly her husband was to receive a fourth part of the proceeds of the sale of the deceased's goods, but what was a mere fourth?
The other three-fourths were left, of all things, to the Moxford union, "to help them to train up more girls like Joan Smith." Those were the very words.
To the three girls of Mr. and Mrs. Peter the three largest mirrors in the establishment of 59 were bequeathed, without comment. Mr. Walter Battersby was not even mentioned, nor was Mrs. Peter.
Mr. Cameron received £100, and so did the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven.
Lastly Joan was mentioned. She was to have a year's wages, all the furniture of her own bedroom and the large scrupbook for which she had so often felt sears and pangs and which contained curious items of newspaper intelligence during the last 50 years.
"There, gentlemen and ladies, that is all," said Mr. Cameron, "and now you must excuse me. I leave you with my co-trustees, Mr. Craven."
"One moment, sir," interposed Mr. Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What's become of all his money in the bank? He must have had thousands."
"The balance to his credit on May 31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was just £5 8s. 10d. After the funeral expenses are paid."
"What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peter, redder of face than ever.
"I cannot tell you, madam. Good evening!" said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen the unwieldy old scrupbook and told her that it was her property as well as the furniture of her room.
"Come, cheer up, my girl!" he said at parting. "Your master was fond of you, and he would rather see you bright than downcast. And remember that I am your friend, if you should happen to want one."
Joan thanked Mr. Cameron, and then, having reverently kissed the old book, put it on one side.
Mrs. Peter, before she parted, thought well to trespass in the kitchen and say some cruel things to Joan. But somehow the girl did not mind them very much now.
Then Seth looked in again and said she was to come up to his mother's that evening. If she didn't, he should fetch her. And to make sure of having her he carried off the big scrupbook.
Mrs. Peter Battersby did something else before she left 59.
Together with her disappointed son and darling Walter, she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic and took a hammer with her.
"It's the very kind of spiteful thing he'd be likely to do," she said, "but I'll not stand it, robbing his own flesh and blood for a workhouse brat."
Mr. Peter left her to her own devices. He, Mr. Craven and the three vexed—indeed insulted—girls went away together.
Then Mrs. Peter studiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, looked in the drawer of her washstand, ripped up the pallasse outrageously and threw the straw all about and treated the bedster with equal brutality.
There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poor frocks.
It was quite laughable to see how mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of a lion in relief at the top of it to see if there was a secret cavity behind the head.
But the wardrobe taught them no more than the pallasse and the bolster.
"Well, I'm off to the Hen and Chickens," said Walter Battersby at length. "I've had enough of this."
So, too, had Mrs. Peter, for there was not an article in the room that she had not thoroughly tested.
The sun was still above the cemetery hill when Seth called at 59 in his workaday grime and his workaday greens.
"Art ready, my lass?" he inquired of Joan.
The girl began to make excuses.
"It's not right, Seth, to leave the house with no one in it. He wouldn't have liked it," she said.
"It's not right, Joan, to make a promise and not keep it," retorted Seth. "Come, now, I'm not going to leave you to mope your eyes out. Do you mean to make me carry you?"
She was persuaded with difficulty.
Then it was a revelation of character to see how she locked one door after another and peeked the different keys.
"Anybody 'ud think the things were all yours, Joan," said Seth admiringly.
"It's the same to me as if they were," she answered, with the tone of fresh tears.
But Seth hurried her off before she could break down again and when he had in the little red brick cottage he shared with his mother.
Old Mrs. Peter had in her younger days been a servant herself. She had a true woman's sympathy for Joan and discernment enough to know that her son might do far worse than marry such a girl.
It was as comfortable a meal as any in Moxford, with the cat purring on the hearth all the time.
Afterward the talk turned solidly upon old Carmel and his singular bequests to Joan.
"The money and the furniture'll be useful enough to you, child," said old Mrs. Perry, "but the idea of leaving you a thing like that!" pointing to the scrupbook.
"I used to be so fond of it," stammered Joan. "The times were so together, him pasting and me cutting what he had marked."
She rose and lifted the big book on the table, untied its strings and opened it.
"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth as a bank note for £50 appeared.
Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was indeed one of the bank notes that had been found in the attic. She looked at it with a mixture of awe and delight.
"You had this bank note in the attic?" she asked.
"The bank they found it in was of exactly the same kind."
"They are all the same, any girl," said Mr. Craven, who had just arrived. "I told you that the great pleasure of a woman was to have her husband's money in a bank."
"Her husband's money?" said old Mrs. Perry, "her husband's money?"
"Cameron's money," said Joan.

LADIES WITH RED FACES
And oily, greasy complexions, or subject to rashes, itchy eruptions, blotches, yellow or mothly skin, will be gratified to learn that the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier yet compounded is
CUTICURA SOAP
It is so because it strikes at the cause of most complexional disfigurements, viz., the Clogged Pores, Irritated, Inflamed, or Overworked Pores.
Suggestion: After cycling, golf, tennis, riding, or athletic, a bath with Cuticura Soap is most soothing, cooling, and refreshing, preventing chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothing inflammation, and when followed by gentle smoothing with Cuticura (ointment), proves beneficial in relieving itchy, lame, or strained muscles.
Sold throughout the world. Price, Cuticura, 25c.; Soap, 10c.; Remedies, 5c., and 1c. For Sale Everywhere.
How to Obtain a Brilliant Complexion, free.

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 & LIXX.
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 permanent cure." This is only one of the thousands of similar cures. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used.
OSBURN & DELANO.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Chamberlain's Cough Syrup.
When she was a Child, she cried for Chamberlain's Cough Syrup.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Chamberlain's Cough Syrup.
When she had Children, she gave them Chamberlain's Cough Syrup.
Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowles, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had a gripe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Osburn & Delano.

There are two reasonable things, everybody should do: take good care of one's health; and if lost regain it quickly, and to this everybody will agree. And there are a great multitude of people who are agreed that for both purposes Simmons Liver Regulator is the best helper. I am troubled with torpid liver and nothing gives relief so quick like Simmons Liver Regulator."
—R. B. Strange, Lake City, Fla.
ARBUCKEL'S COFFEE.....20c
1 lb Sky Baking Powder. 15c
Eng Breakfast Tea.....20c
Salt Pickles.
Eastern Cream Cheese.
Evaporated Apples.
A. E. WOOD.
GO TO...
"DEACON'S"
FOR THE LEADING BRANDS OF
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
Confectionery, Nuts and Soda Water.
—FRUITS IN SEASON.—
Best selected line of smoker articles in town.
Try Oregon Cracker Co.'s
WHOLE WHEAT
BREADS
made from Radston process whole wheat flour. Finest thing made for dyspeptics or all persons with weak stomachs.
Beware of imitations. Be sure and get Oregon Cracker Co.'s Brand.
NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator has filed in the County Court of Lane county Oregon, his final account in the matter of the estate of Agnes L. Day, deceased and that Monday the 1st day of February, 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the time and at the court house in said county as the place for examination and passing upon said final account. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objections if any to the allowance of said final account on or before said 1st day of February.
Dated at Eugene Or, Dec 9th 1896.
E. R. BRIDGEMAN, Administrator.

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
For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

We might tell you more about One Minute Cough Cure, but you probably know that it cures a cough. Every one does who has used it. It is a perfect remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness. It is an especial favorite for children, being pleasant to take and quick in curing.
OSBURN & DELANO.

TAKE THE BEST
Cough Syrup
SHILOH'S CURE
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup and Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.
Sold by Henderson & Lixx.

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

REGON CENTRAL & EASTERN.
R. R. Co.
YAGUINA BAY ROUTE.
Connects at Yaguina Bay with the San Francisco & Yaguina Bay steamship company.
STEAMSHIP "FARALLON."
Sails from Yaguina every 8 days for San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford, Trinidad and Humboldt Bay.
—Passenger Accommodations Unsurpassed—
Shortest Route Between the Willamette Valley and California.
Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco.
Cabin.....\$10 00
Steerage.....6 00
To Coos Bay and Port Orford, Cabin.....\$ 6 00
To Humboldt Bay, Cabin.....\$ 8 00
Round Trip Good for 60 days.....\$17 00

RIVER DIVISION.
Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M. Hoag," newly furnished, leave Albany daily except Saturday at 7:45 a. m., arriving in Portland the same day at 4:30 p. m. Returning boats leave Portland 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.

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Pullman Sleeping Cars
Elegant Dining Cars
Tourist Sleeping Cars
St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Winniper, Helena and Butte.
TO
Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and all Points East and South.
For information, time cards, maps and tickets call on or write
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—OR—
A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, 25 Madison Street, corner Third, PORTLAND, OREGON.

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.

UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS
To the EAST via the UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
Through Pullman Palace sleepers. Tourist sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars.
DAILY PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by electric light.
Time to Chicago, 2 1/2 days; time to New York, 4 1/2 days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.
For rates, time tables and full information apply to
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To and from all points in Canada, United States and Europe.
The Finest Palace Sleeping, Parlors, Dining and Tourist Cars in the WORLD.
Both First and Second-Class Cars are heated by steam and are designed to secure uniform warmth, combined with perfect ventilation.
The cars of no other line can compare with them in these respects, nor in strength, elegance and comfort.
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These twin-screw steamers are in every respect superior to any ships that have yet sailed the Pacific Ocean. The route is 300 miles shorter than via any other Trans-Pacific line.
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The shortest line to the Colonies.
These steamers carry an experienced Medical Man and a Stewardess on every voyage.
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ALLAN CAMERON, GEO. F. CRAW, Freight and Passenger Agt., 146 Third St., Portland, Or.
GEO. McL. BROWN, Dist. Pass. Agent, Vancouver, B. C.

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This great railway, connecting as it does with all transcontinental lines at St. Paul and Omaha, assures to the traveling public the best service known. Tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are on sale at all railroad ticket offices to any point in the United or Canada. For maps, folders and other information address:
C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
December 1, 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, Lane county, Oregon, on January 10, 1897, viz: Albert W. Edris on H. E. No. 7712, for the ne 1/4 nw 1/4, n 1/4 ne 1/4, sec 34, tp 20 n, r 7 w.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:
John Dixon, Fred Laras, Ernest Fugh, all of Alma, Oregon; Benjamin Watts of Monard, Oregon.
R. M. VETCH, Register.