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Ten cent;
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Cigars.

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for
Burns,
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Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
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Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse 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.

...ckly. Over 2,000 private endorsements. Premature decay means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of wasted weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.
The new discovery was made by the Specialist of the old famous Hudyan Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes), with guarantee given for a cure. If you buy of druggists and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of charge. Address HUDYAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Sutter and Mason Sts San Francisco, Cal.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
December 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 C Commissioner at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on January 20, 1897, viz: Jacob B Goehnour on H E No 6369 for the ne¼ of sec. 14 tp 17 s, r 1 west.

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

John Waring, John Fountain, John Stormont, Frank Stormont all of Walterville, Oregon.

R M Veatch,
Register.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S advertising Agency, 64 and 66 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Estimates furnished free. Advertisements for advertising can be made

ROSES.

Lucent, clear dewdrops
On mist looms spun
Among the red roses
Ablow in the sun—
June's crimson roses,
Flowers of the sun.

In a waste garden
Through the night's noon
Pale roses dreamily
Swing 'neath the moon—
Gold gleaming roses,
Flowers of the moon.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

MRS. COL. CLITHEROE

"Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe." And with the utterance of those words the brown eyes seemed to laugh at their own reflection in the mirror, and as the prettily curved lips parted they showed the perfect teeth. "Do I look it, John? Do I? For I am intensely anxious as to the effect which I shall produce on your friends and neighbors."

The gray haired, handsome husband shook his head, with a smile.

"Hardly, I am afraid, Rose. A casual observer would be more likely to think you were a young lady spending the holidays with her grandfather. Fortunately, however, the residents in these parts know who you are. I expect they will muster pretty strong at church this morning to get a good stare at you."

Rose Clitheroe took her husband's arm as they passed through the gateway of the priory. The colonel had inherited the property from an uncle not long before his marriage.

"It looks more matronly to take your arm, John," she said, laughing. But then her mood changed, and she looked grave, adding:

"I do really feel nervous. I don't want these people who have known you all your life to say I am too young and too giddy and too altogether unworthy to be your wife. Do you think they will be prejudiced against me by my appearance? I chose a bonnet and this long sealskin coat because they make me older than a hat and jacket."

It was rather a romantic little story, as things go in these prosaic times, that story of how Rose Dysart became Mrs. Colonel Clitheroe when she was 18 and he was 46.

Rose declared that she had been in love with him all her life. Certainly at 2 years old she had been in the habit of assuring him, "Rosie'll marry you when she's big," whereupon he always answered, "All right, little woman; I'll wait for you."

The child's passionate devotion to the handsome officer was quite an amusement to her parents. But when his regiment was ordered off to India, and they saw the little face grow white and thin and heard her heartbroken sobs, they laughed no longer. Even after she ceased to cry for "Rosie's colonel," she never forgot him.

The pretty baby had grown to a tall, slim girl of 13 when these two friends met again. By that time Rose Dysart was a pupil at a small and select boarding school in the environs of Paris, and on one of the frequent visits which her father and mother paid to their darling they came by chance across Colonel Clitheroe, who also was spending a few days in the gay capital.

"How is Rosie? Has she forgotten me?" were among his first questions.

Mrs. Dysart laughed.

"Rose is at school at Neuilly. Come with us this afternoon and then judge for yourself whether you have been forgotten."

The girl had not grown stiff and shy. She was immensely delighted to see her friend again, and she told him so. He joked her about her baby overtures toward him. He reminded her of how she would drag a footstool across the room, and by its aid climb to his knee and busy her small hands with his hair, on the pretext of making him "nice and tidy."

"I have grown gray since those days," he said, with a half sigh. Whereupon Miss Rose declared that she liked gray hair best.

Each seemed to please the other. They seized in a moment on each other's meaning. They appeared to divine each other's thoughts.

"I shall come again," said Colonel Clitheroe when the visitors' hour was over and study must begin. "I see that you and I shall be excellent friends, as we were 11 years ago."

However, he made no second visit to the pensionnat at Neuilly-sur-Seine. His old uncle's illness recalled him suddenly to England, and Rose Dysart was a finished young lady and about to be introduced into society before she had the pleasure of meeting her colonel again.

This girl's face was not strictly beautiful, but it was a charming face. She was immensely admired, both by men and women. And there must be something lovable as well as lovely in a young lady of 17 when those of her own sex express sincere admiration for her and can praise her whole heartedly.

"She will certainly marry young," said elderly people, but it never occurred to any of them to suppose that this sunny faced Rose Dysart would refuse three eligible men simply because she loved a middle aged colonel.

Like many other parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dysart seemed to regard their daughter as little more than a child. They scarcely realized that others viewed her differently.

"Of course, like other girls, Rose must go into society," they said, "but we hope it may be years and years before we have to part with her."

And they were quite delighted that she should refuse her first three offers of marriage.

It was in the spring and just before her eighteenth birthday that the Dysarts left their pretty Sussex home for a furnished house in Eaton place, which they had hired for the season at a somewhat exorbitant rent.

To the great joy of Rose, Colonel Clitheroe was one of the first callers. He also was in town for two or three months, having during the previous year buried his old uncle and inherited the property.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Dysart to him, with the familiarity of a friend of long standing, "you really ought not to remain unmarried. Try to remember that you are depriving some woman of an excellent house and a still more excellent husband. A man in the prime of life—well off, good looking, retired from the army—where lies the hindrance?"

"Simply in this," replied the colonel, "I have never been in love, and I should be afraid to marry now that I am past the age for the tender passion. You see, there is no 'three year system' in matrimony. It has to be till death us do part."

Mr. Dysart laughed.

"You must not be allowed to remain a bachelor, my dear Clitheroe. I shall look round for some nice woman of about five and thirty and try my 'prentice hand at matchmaking."

"No. Don't you get married, colonel," exclaimed Rose, who was in the room. "I like you best as you are. Indeed, I think changes are almost always disagreeable. It is pleasanter for things to go on pretty much the same. I mean to remain single all my life so as never to have to leave father and mother."

"You will be reconciled to leave us when the right man and right moment arrive," said Mrs. Dysart. "You may not think so now; girls never do before they are really in love. But in all probability the time will come when, of your own free will, you will go away from us."

Rose shook her head.

"I can't think so, mother. However, let us talk of some more interesting subject—of my being presented, for instance. Can you picture me, colonel, making my courtesy and kissing the hand of royalty? I hope I shan't turn awkward and shy at the last moment. I ought not, for as a little girl, with a counterpane in place of a train, I have practiced my manners over and over again."

They all laughed.

"No, I scarcely think you will be shy," said Colonel Clitheroe. "Besides the moment makes the man, they say. So, of course, it makes the woman."

The important day came. Rose Dysart was simply yet elegantly dressed, and her fresh young face won its fair share of notice as she waited among the crowd of debutantes.

Then followed six weeks of gayety—concerts, operas, dances, garden parties, riding in the Row. Nevertheless the girl was glad when her father decided to return to the country before midsummer.

Everything seemed beautiful and endeared by absence. The trees had exchanged their first freshness of tender green for the ripeness of summer beauty. The hawthorn and bluebells were over and done with, but the foliage of the woods seemed lovely by contrast with Hyde park.

Colonel Clitheroe was to be one of the after season guests at the Dysarts' country house. He followed them within a fortnight of the departure from Eaton place.

Was anything troubling him? Was he ill? Those were the questions they asked him, for he did not seem so cheerful as usual, and he was apt to drop into fits of musing, so that even the voice of Rose made him start as one does who returns suddenly from the land of dreams to reality.

The fact was that he had promised to execute a commission which was distasteful to him.

"Colonel," a bright faced guardsman had said to him one day, "I'll tell you a secret. I am in love with Rose Dysart, and I shall never care for another girl. Now, you and my father were boys together, and you are the oldest friend I possess in all the world. Say a good word for me, will you? She thinks you infallible upon every point. She has told me herself that there is no one like you."

Colonel Clitheroe worked vigorously at a tuft of grass with the toe of his boot for some moments before answering.

"Have you spoken for yourself?" he suddenly inquired.

"Not in plain words. Every time I try and get round to the point there seems a difficulty. But I would try my luck again and again if I thought I might win Rose in the end. Speak up for me, won't you, colonel?"

"If a favorable moment comes. But I don't see what my recommendation can do for you."

"Hasn't she known you all her life, and doesn't she think you worth any number of young fellows put together?" said Rawdon. "The chief subject of conversation when we dance or when we sit out together seems to be the perfections of Colonel Clitheroe, and I've had to tell her all I could think of about you when the regiment was out in India. After exhausting facts I try fiction, seeing that it is the only way to win a smile." And the young fellow laughed.

The gray haired man of six and forty was thinking over this conversation as the train carried him down to Sussex, but he thought of it even more as soon as Rose, in her bright young beauty, stood before him.

Harry Rawdon was a good fellow enough, but not good enough for the Dysarts' daughter. Who, indeed, would be worthy of such a wife?

"Nevertheless," reflected the colonel, "I knew his father when we were both boys at school. I must do my best for Harry, and one of these days I will sound Rose on the subject and get an idea of the state of her heart."

Opportunities of private chat were not difficult to find.

Mr. and Mrs. Dysart regarded Colonel Clitheroe as a sort of venerable friend, with whom Rose might be sent to walk, talk or ride without outraging even the narrowest notions of propriety.

Yet the colonel felt a shrinking from mentioning the subject of young Rawdon's desires and from speaking up for his many excellent qualities. He liked much better to talk over "dear old times," as Rose called her golden days of childhood.

"I must have been a positive nuisance to you, wasn't I, colonel?" she said one day as they paced side by side the terraced walk while waiting the summons to breakfast. "I know I was always running after you, yet you never seemed cross and bored."

"I should think not, indeed," and the colonel laughed. "Your advances were so flattering. I could not reckon up the times you assured me your intention to marry me when you grew big enough. Ah, child," and now a sigh followed the smile, "I suppose one of these days I shall stand among your wedding guests—and I don't think I shall enjoy that ceremony one bit."

"You will never be a guest," and now Rose colored, yet held out her hand as bravely as when she was a child. "Colonel, I am going to do something dreadful, I suppose. Please never tell any one, and please say 'no' if you would rather give that answer. But I am big enough now, and I tell you exactly what I did when I was 2 years old—'I'll marry you,' or I shall certainly never marry any one."

And in that moment Colonel Clitheroe knew that, though his hair was plentifully streaked with gray, and though his face had lines on it which nothing but the passage of years can trace, he loved Rose Dysart as a man loves only once in a lifetime.

It was only when he told Mr. and Mrs. Dysart of his good fortune that he remembered Harry Rawdon's commission.

"Never mind," said Rose. "Your recommendation of him as a husband would not have been of the slightest use. I have loved you first and last and always—ever since I was 2."—Household Words.

A Scheme That Failed.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "was that a rooster I heard crowing then?"

"Yes," she said, "but don't hurry away. The people around here don't be up for an hour yet."

Next day he learned that her father had an educated rooster that crowed every night at 10:30 o'clock, and, of course, the match is off.—Cleveland Leader.

Blood Humors

EVERY humor, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or bloody, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, are now speedily cured by

Cuticura Resolvent

A SKIN and blood purifier of incomparable purity and curative power. Purely vegetable, safe, innocent, as palatable. It appeals to all, and especially mothers, nurses, and children.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c. SOAP, 25c. RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Blood and Skin Humors," 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 & LINN.

Eli 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.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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.

Not a few who read what Mr Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had la grippe 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.

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—FRUITS IN SEASON.—
Best selected line of smoker articles in town.

Try Oregon Cracker Co.'s
WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS
made from Rudston 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 TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that W S Lee has been appointed by the county court of Lane county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of E W Ross, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same to me duly verified at my place of business in Junction City, Oregon, or at the office of E B Skipworth in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date thereof.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, Dec. 23d, 1896.

W S Lee,
Administrator of said estate.
E B Skipworth,
Atty for Administrator.

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

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY, BEEF AND IRON

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.

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.

CURE THE COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE
TAKE THE BEST
25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.
Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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—FOR THE—
LIVER AND CONSTIPATION.
For Sale by All Druggists.

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STEAMSHIP "FARALLON."
Sails from Yaquina every 8 days for San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford, Trinidad and Humboldt Bay.
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Shortest Route Between the Willamette Valley and California.
Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco.
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To Coos Bay and Port Orford,
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To Humboldt Bay.
Cabin.....$ 8 00
Round Trip Good for 60 days—
Special.....$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 pm.
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TO St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Winnipeg, Helena and Butte.
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For information, time cards, maps and tickets call on or write
R. McMURPHEY
Gen'l Agent, Eugene,
Office: Rooms 2 and 4 Shelton Block.
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A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent.
25 Morrison 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.

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE
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To the EAST via the
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Through Pullman Palace sleepers. Tourist sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars.
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Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by Pintsch Light.
Time to Chicago, 3½ days; time to New York, 4½ days, which is many hours quicker than all competitors.
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For time tables, pamphlets, or any information, call on or address,
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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 C Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on January 19, 1897, viz: Albert W. Edris on H E No 7712, for the ne ¼ nw ¼, n ½ ne ¼, se ¼ ne ¼, sec 20 tp 19 s, r 7 west.

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

John Dixon, Fred Larse, Ernest Pugh, all of Alma, Oregon, Benjamin Watts of Mound, Oregon.

R M Veatch,
Register.