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

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for
burns,
sore & Inflamed Udders,
rheumatic Pains,
bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Hemorrhoids & 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.

THE GREAT HUOYAN
The most powerful
remedy for
all skin
diseases
and
all
other
skin
troubles.
It is a
specific
for
all
the
above
mentioned
diseases.
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Notice for Publication.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
December 10, 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 J. W. C. C. Commissioner
at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on
January 20, 1897, viz: Jacob B. Guelinour
to B. N. 6, 6th 1/2 sec. 14, T. 12 N.,
R. 1 W.

THAT'S IT.
Miss Dolly went walking
Out in a lovely park.
Beside her ran a striped squirrel,
Above her sang a lark.
She stood knee deep in clover
And watched the light clouds pass
And no policeman shouted out,
"Bl, there! Keep off the grass!"
She gathered rosy apples
Beneath the spreading trees,
And no old apple woman said,
"A nickel, if you please!"
She plucked the dainty violets
That all around her grew,
And no boy flower picker cried,
"I'll take ten cents from you!"
How is it she so favored?
Who knows where lies the charm?
The secret's here, my little dear—
She's out on grandpa's farm.
—Elizabeth Hyatt in Detroit Free Press.

NO. 1.
Nearly 30 years ago, when I was an under-graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, I resided in lodgings at Kingstown. A few doors off was a circulating library, kept by a man then unknown to fame, but since notorious as "No. 1" of the "Invisible" conspiracy. T. was a handsome, agreeable man, fond of an argument, and as all my sympathies were with the English, I never lost his temper, which is more than can be said for many who do not kill chief secretaries or blow up kings.
One week in 1860—Dublin was all astir. The heir to the crown of England, with his beautiful princess, was at the vicarage lodge, and a great function was to be performed in St. Patrick's cathedral, in connection with the prince's entry into the Irish order of chivalry. T. was very indignant at such "adulation of a foreign despot," and two days before the ceremony we grew quite hot—at least I did—discussing the matter.
"At any rate," I said, "all the Irish girls are wild about the prince. You'll find he has not an enemy among them."
"If you will come and take a hand at cards this evening up stairs," said the Irish Guy Fawkes, "I will show you a beautiful girl who hates the tyrant as bitterly as I do. And, listen, there is a drop of poison in the house that never paid Victoria a penny. You are not too loyal to drink it, I hope!"
Loyalty is a good thing, but genuine Irish whiskey—which, as is well known, is utterly spoiled by paying duty—is a better. Besides, the fair rebel was an attraction to a youth of 19, so I accepted. I had spent several evenings with T., and I am bound to say that—barring his weakness for killing "tyrants"—he was as agreeable and courteous a host as ever mixed punch or shuffled cards.
On this occasion, besides T.'s wife, I was presented to a Miss Ellen Maguire, a handsome, black eyed, red cheeked girl, about two and twenty, picturesquely attired in a white evening dress, with green ribbons and a shawl brooch. She spoke with a slight American accent running through her native brogue and avowed herself a Fenian, anarchist, communist, etc., with the most charming effrontery. Before the evening ended I was quite fascinated and had she offered to administer the Fenian oath could hardly have refused. We were left together for a short time by our entertainers, when Miss Maguire said: "I am crossing by the mailboat in the morning, and there is a commission which I should have done today in Dublin. Would you do it for me?"
"Certainly," I replied, "with pleasure."
"I ought to warn you," said this Fenian Delilah, "that you will be breaking the law of this miserable country, or rather that of its Saxon oppressor."
I felt rather uneasy at this. Lawbreaking was not in my line, and I began to fear that the beauty yux of this siren might lure me on the rocks. However, I assured her that I was ready "to mount the gallows for her sake." (Of course, I should not have risked my neck for all the eyes in Ireland, but one must be polite to a lady.)
"Well, just this," said the temptress. "I have a small jar of that stuff you have been drinking," pointing to the potheen, "which I should have left at a house in York street. Will you take it there early tomorrow?"
I gave a sigh of relief. No Irishman, however loyal, minds breaking the excise laws.
"All right," said I. "I will deliver it if you will pay me for my trouble in advance. I am not going to break the law and defraud my gracious queen for nothing."
She lifted her face to me and pouted her red lips.
"Here is my purse," she said. "Take your fee." And I took it.
When I rose to go, Miss Maguire slipped away and met me in the passage with a small bag. T. said "Good night," and absented himself.
"Here it is," said she. "Mind, don't break it or drink it. The address is on this card—Mr. Sanderson, 10 York street (second floor front). It would not do to address contraband goods."
"You only paid some of the price you promised," I whispered.
"You are very covetous," she replied, "but take your full pay and be gone."
It took a long time to open the hall door, but at last I and the bag, which was terribly heavy, were in the street. I went to my lodgings to dream of black eyes and black bags.
I had a season ticket on the railway and went in every day, usually carrying a bag of books. I felt rather guilty and thought every policeman and porter looked suspiciously at my burden. Its weight forced me to take a cab on my arrival, and I was soon conveyed to York street, a narrow thoroughfare leading from Stephen's Green toward St. Patrick's cathedral. No. 10 was a tenement house, whose door stood open day and night. I ascended to the second floor and knocked at the front room door. A tall, redheaded Irish-American, who spoke with a nasal twang, opened it about six inches.
"Waal, young sir?" he said. "What's yer business?"
"I was asked by a lady," I replied, "to deliver this to Mr. Sanderson. If you are he, that's my business."
He looked at me and the bag. Then, seizing the latter, said "All right" and slammed the door in my face. I went off in great wrath. "After all," I thought, "I have earned these few kises dearly."
I hurried to the college and soon forgot Miss Maguire and her commission.
Next day business was suspended. The citizens were all in the streets, watching the procession and cheering the royal visitors. I staid out late, watching the illuminations and drinking my native sovereign's health with other loyal and patriotic "undergrads" of Trinity. When I came out of my bedroom next morning, I found the following pleasant letter awaiting me:
"DEAR SIR—If you come by the morning train, please call on Mr. Sanderson at 10 York street."

At the appointed hour I presented myself at the Irish Scotland Yard. Phallon received me civilly enough and conducted me to a room where a couple of magistrates and Mr. Phillipson, the crown solicitor, were seated.
"This is breaking a butterfly on a wheel in earnest," I said to myself. "What a fuss about a jar of whiskey!"
"Mr. Sanderson," said the senior magistrate, "it is my duty to warn you that you need not answer the questions we are about to put. You might have been here as a prisoner, but we hope you are an innocent agent in this atrocious conspiracy. You can, I think, best prove your innocence by complete candor. But, remember, your statement may be used against yourself."
"Ask what you like," I replied. "I have had no share in any atrocious conspiracy."
"We hope not," said my interrogator, "at least not a guilty one. However, you will not deny having carried a black bag which you received from a young woman at T.'s circulating library in Kingstown, to 10 York street, the day before yesterday?"
"Certainly not," I answered. "The young lady asked me to do a trifling commission for her, and I did it."
"I ask you," said the magistrate solemnly, "did you know the contents of that bag?"
I hesitated, but I did not think it right or perhaps wise to tell a lie, so I said, with a smile:
"Yes, sir, I knew the contents of the bag. Very good stuff it was too. I hope his royal highness will get some before he leaves Ireland."
"Silence, sir," cried both the magistrates together; then the senior said:
"I think we may stop the examination and commit this wretched youth, who glories in his guilt, to Kilmainham. He actually smiles at a crime that might have resulted in death and destruction."
"Gentlemen," I cried indignantly, "surely you will not send me to prison for such a trifle! I did wrong, I suppose, but I was reared in Sligo, where every man, woman and child, magistrates and ministers included, drinks potheen. To circumvent the gauger, by carrying it to a friend, is considered an act of piety and charity, which no Christian man would refuse to perform. The British empire will not come to an end because half a crown duty has not been paid on a quart of good liquor. I will pay the sum three times over and a fine as well. But you have no right to send me to jail—at least in this hole and corner manner. I demand a public examination and legal assistance."
The magistrates looked greatly relieved. "Tell us plainly what you supposed was in that bag," said the inquisitor mildly.
"A quart of potheen or illicit whiskey," I replied. "And I say again that I wish his royal highness had some. If he once tasted it, I am sure he would never send a subject to jail for making or carrying or drinking it."
"Would you be surprised to hear that your friend's jar of potheen was a nitroglycerin bomb, intended to have been flung into the prince's carriage by the Fenian B., alias Sanderson?" asked the magistrate.
I nearly fainted with horror. "And who is Ellen Maguire?" I gasped.
"B.'s wife," said Detective Phallon. "As dangerous an anarchist as there is in Europe. She carries the weapons of conspirators and sometimes persuades young fools who admire her black eyes to help her."
"The serpent!" I exclaimed. "I will give evidence against her with pleasure, and will go to see her hanged. I slept with that awful thing under my pillow. It might have blown me to pieces."
"And half Kingstown as well," said the officer. "A fall or even a shake might have done it. But we have got to catch Mr. and Mrs. B. yet. I fear they are in France by this time."
It appeared that the police, having obtained news of the plot in the usual way—through an informer—searched the room in York street shortly after I delivered the infernal machine. They found the bomb, but B., alias Sanderson, having stepped out to a neighboring bar, saw the officers, divined their errand and managed to escape.
Neither he nor his wife was captured. The latter, some years later, achieved an infamous notoriety as "the brave little woman" who conveyed to Dublin the knives with which the Phoenix park murders were committed. Her friend T., whose acquaintance I dropped after these events, became specially notorious, and I am not likely to hurriedly forget the evening I spent with "No. 1"—London Tit-Bits.

Eczema ON BABY
Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried
CUTICURA REMEDIES
Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.
My baby had Eczema in its worst form. One of the best physicians in the city attended her, but she continued to get worse all the time. He finally admitted he was at his wit's end. I then got CUTICURA Remedies, and in a few days noticed a great change in her condition. She continued to improve and to-day is entirely cured, has nice head of hair, and is lively and hearty. I spent considerable money for doctors and doctor's bills, which was useless. J. B. JACOBS, 301 Wilkins Ave., Balt., Md.
SPECIALTIES.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA ointment to the great skin eruptions, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of liniment cures.
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The True Remedy.
W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is ideal to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Henderson & Linn's Drug store.
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 Hib, 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.

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Grew Worse under Treatment of Best Physicians. Tried
CUTICURA REMEDIES
Great Change in Five Days and To-day is Entirely Cured.
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CUTICURA
SHILOH'S
CURE
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures 1st—Pneumonia and 2nd—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.
REGON CENTRAL & EASTERN.
R. R. Co.
YACQUINA BAY ROUTE.
Connects at Yaquina Bay with the San Francisco and Yaquina Bay steamship company.
STEAMSHIP "FARALLON."
Sails from Yaquina 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—Special.....\$17 00
RIVER DIVISION.
Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M. Hong," 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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Best selected line of smoker articles in town.
Try Oregon Cracker Co.'s
WHOLE HEAT AFERS
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,**
ASSIGNMENT NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Notice is hereby given that J. M. Howard, of Junction City, Lane county, Oregon, has this day made an assignment to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons to whom said Howard is indebted are hereby requested to present to me at my place of business in Junction City, Oregon, the amount of said indebtedness respectively under oath within three months from the date hereof.
Dated at Junction City, Oregon, December 8th, 1896.
W. S. LEE, Assignee.
E. B. REYNOLDS, Attorney for Assignee.

Quite a Difference!
Whether You Suffer From
INSOMNIA
NERVOUS DEBILITY
GENERAL DEBILITY
DYSPEPSIA
THE BLUES
IMPURE BLOOD
Or Are Healthy and Have
REFRESHING SLEEP
GOOD NERVES
GOOD CONSTITUTION
FINE DIGESTION
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DR. HENLEY'S CELERY, BEEF AND IRON
Will Cure these Diseases—AND—Bring all these Blessings
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.

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It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures 1st—Pneumonia and 2nd—Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.
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