

Personal.

A P Bradley, of Astoria, is in the city. E C Lake, of Harrisburg, is in Eugene.

Miss Julia Garnett arrived from Albany this afternoon.

S R Williams was transacting business at Crewe's today.

Henry Laug of Portland, was doing business here today.

Hon S H Friendly returned from Salem on last night's train.

J Warring, of Camp Creek, gave this office a pleasant call today.

Mrs Darwin Bristow and children returned home to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

Miss Edna Hadley of Hadleyville, is visiting with her uncle, S B Eskin, in this city.

Weather prediction for tonight and Thursday: Rain.

Old glory floated from Company "O" headquarters this afternoon.

COOK'S CORYN ROOT COMPOUND, a recent discovery. At YERING TON'S drugstore.

T C Wheeler has returned from Oakland, California, and is visiting at the home of his parents in Fairmount.

On account of increasing trade Yoran & Son, the enterprising boot and shoe dealers, are having their shelves extended.

Buy an Air Tight stove and have a fire day and night for less than 1/4 of the expense of an ordinary good stove. See them. F L Chambers.

"Wake up, Jacob, the day is breaking!" so said DeWitt's Little Early Risers to the man who had taken them to arouse his sluggish liver. Osburn & DeLano.

The Eugene Oratoric Society held a practice meeting at the Congregational church last night. Forty-six persons have signed the constitution.

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses only 25c. Children love it. Sold by Henderson & Linn.

Grant's Pass Courier: The total tax levy this year in Grant's Pass will be 4 mills or 4 per cent. The county levy is 17; state 4; general school 7; and city levy 5. If you have been assessed at \$1000 you must prepare to pay \$40 to the sheriff by the first of April 1897.

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, hoarse ness. It is an especial favorite for children, being pleasant to take and quick in curing. Osburn & DeLano.

An offer has been made on behalf of the bondsmen of W E Howe, defaulting treasurer of Klamath county who is in the state penitentiary, to settle the suit now before the supreme court to collect from the bondsmen, by paying the county \$4,000. The matter of accepting or rejecting the proposition has not yet been decided.

The turkey has always been known as a miser in Oregon, and his craw has been a miser's sack in which nuggets and gold dust have been stored, but here is a gem collector. Grant Evans found a large opal stone in the craw of his Christmas turkey bought of Hanna and Hartly. The turkey was raised in Sherman county. The opal is worth about \$4,500, so says the Hood River Glacier.

Roseburg Review: Sam Bailey, sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for 50 days in lieu of a \$100 fine for gambling was released Friday afternoon upon an order from the county court upon request of the circuit judge, having served out 28 days of his sentence. The condition of his release was that he leave the state within twenty-four hours, which he proceeded to do Friday night, having a ticket for Stockton, Calif. It is thought he went to Angels Camp.

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggist of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Osburn & DeLano.

The Shakespeare club met Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Benetta Davis and continued its reading and study of The Tempest as far as Act II, scene 1. The club was entertained by the President with a brief summary of Benet Wendell's criticism of the play, presented in her own charming and interesting style, while the discussion led by Mrs Miller, whom we all know so well as the author of "Duff," covered a broad field and was both interesting and instructive. Prof Gilbert Nash, the accomplished head of the University Musical Department, was a regular attendant. The club has the promise of some delightful work in the near future. There is a large attendance and a most pleasant evening was spent. The Christmas meeting will be with the Misses Chase on Tuesday, January 20th, at 7:30 p.m.

A QUICK N.

When I was a youth of 19 and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railroading and a boyish ambition to become an engineer, although I had been educated for lawyer pursuits. During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen and especially with an engineer named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was 40 years old and by no means a social fellow.

When Markley's fireman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. So I became an amateur fireman and lived in compensated for the rough work I was required to do. But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement.

Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in his train without letting him know anything about it and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me to assist her.

It was a midsummer day, and the weather was delightful. The train was carrying an express nor an accommodation, but stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion, as there were two specials on the line, it was run by telegraph.

We started without mishap and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped there the log ran alongside with the telegram, which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy, "and tell Williams to have the message repeated. There's a mistake."

The boy dashed off. In ten minutes he came flying back. "He'd it repeated," he panted. "Williams is starting at you. Says there is no mistake—and you'd best get on." He thrust the second message up as he spoke.

Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute. There were dismay and utter perplexity in the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and then at the long train behind him. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he replied curtly. The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start, as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we moved out of the station and dashed through low lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley. I doveled it in, but took time.

"More coal," he said. I threw it in. The fields and houses began to fly past half seen. We were nearing Dufrene, the next station. Markley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back.

"More!" he said without turning his eye. I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"Markley, do you know we are going at the rate of 60 miles an hour?"

"Con!"

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. At least we must stop at Dufrene. He told me that was the next halt. The little town approached. As the first houses came into view the engine sent its shriek of warning; it grew louder, louder.

We dashed up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces of the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again.

I heaped in the coal at intervals, as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary train work.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eye going from the gauge to the timepiece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been.

"More coal," he muttered. "There on more coal, Jack. The fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man that I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder.

"Markley!" I shouted. "You are running this train into the jaws of death!"

"I know it," he replied quietly. "Your mother is aboard the train."

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire!" he commanded and pushed in the throttle valve.

"I will not."

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But, look here. Do you see the station yonder? I want to reach that station by 6 o'clock. The express train meeting us is due. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufrene. I was told to come on. The track is a single one."

I said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had had petroleum I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. Markley pushed the valve still farther. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train.

I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express!

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the powerful little village and beyond that a black line, coming closer, closer, across the sky.

In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray.

There was a terrific shriek from the engine, against which I leaned, and another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past me.

I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our side carriage in passing.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest call I ever had.

What was the blunder?

I don't know. Markley made light of it and kept it a secret, but no man in the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved 100 lives—London News.

The Larder.

The importance of the larder in every household is not always analyzed as it should be, and consequently the health of the whole household suffers. In a well arranged house the larder should be thoroughly ventilated, dry and airy, and where possible, should be on the north side of the house.

A Safe Rule.

Little, why are you always asking old DeWitt's advice?

"Because I can always make big money by doing what he tells me not to do!"—Detroit Free Press

THE LONG TRAIL.

Tim O'Connell was the hardest rider on the Rio Grande. All the cowboys had one opinion of him. When one wanted to boast, he would say:

"I can ride most as far in a day as old Tim O'Connell." Or they described the endurance of a person by saying, "He's almost as tough as old Tim." The "almost" was invariably used, for none presumed to say anybody could do anything fully as well as old Tim. They knew it was not in human nature to do so. He was the ideal beyond which the cowboy imagination never dared pass. Why, even old Timberleg once said, as he sat shaping a new log one night:

"Tim O'Connell, sirs, is the toughest man I ever saw. I'll be shot full of holes if he ain't got a spirit like rawhide and a body like—like—well, like this here wooden leg of mine. I'll wear and wear and never show a splinter all at once it'll drop off and there will be an end of it."

Old Tim came to Endoast when he was a middle aged man—came riding into the frontier on a hungry looking horse and a jaunty saddle. He turned the beast out and traded the saddle to Bill Tomlinson for a good horse. He made a new saddle with a jackknife out of a pair of old leggings and asked Bill for a job, and Bill hired him. He was set to riding the creeks, and he rode day and night and worked so hard Bill said to him one day:

"Tim, you needn't work so hard. You'll kill yourself."

"Ruther be dead 'n poor all my life," answered Tim. "And a man what won't work'll die poor." So he went ahead working hard as ever. I was going to say "harder," but he could not.

But that was 20 years ago, and between then and now he had kept on working, but not getting much richer.

Bill Tomlinson lost his ranch, and Tim was thrown out of a job, but his reputation as a worker got him one the next day. He accepted the first offer and set to work so hard he never saw the rich opportunities open for him. Soon after he had gone to work for Scout Parkinsan, Bill Tomlinson happened along near where Tim was guarding a bunch of steers and said:

"Why, Tim, you could have had a better job than this. You work too hard. Pretty soon you'll be dead and nothing to look back to but hard work."

"Better be dead 'n poor," retorted Tim, "and a man what won't work'll die poor."

Well, it happened that Bill failed to get his affairs straightened up and had to live with Parkinsan himself. Parkinsan made Tim boss, and Bill was only a cowboy. There never was such a boss on the ranch. The cattle grew fat with careful handling, and the cowboys grew lean. Bill would be set on watch at night, and Tim would roll up in his blanket. But if Bill would stop riding round the herd, no matter what time of night—if he stood still so long as ten minutes, he would hear Tim's voice roll out from the blanket:

"Hi-be around 'em, Bill!" so that Bill got to thinking Tim never did sleep. There was no way of arguing with him about excessive work, for he invariably replied, "A man what won't work'll die poor, and I'd ruther be dead 'n poor."

The long trail that led round the whole ranch was 70 miles in length. Most of the cowboys made it a two days' jaunt, but Tim, who rode it at free vent and irregular intervals, made it in a day. He would say at breakfast:

"I'm going down the long trail today," and one or another of the boys would venture: "Tim, you oughtn't to make that in one day. It's too long for an old man. Some day you'll come riding in from the long trail dead."

They said it just to hear him drawl out: "Better be dead 'n poor any time."

Tim failed to get up one morning. Bill had gone to sleep on watch that night and stood still an hour, and Tim never called at him. He awoke with a start and hurried over to camp fearing the worst. He found Tim all afever with fever. The boys tended the old man all day. Toward evening he brightened up and suddenly jumping to his feet said:

"Why, I'm well as ever, sirs. And I guess I'll ride down the long trail tonight, being as I've rested all day. The moon is bright, and it will be a cool trip."

There was no way of reconstructing, so just as the others rolled up in their blankets for the night—all but Bill, who had the watch—Tim mounted and started down the long trail.

"Never saw Tim's eyes so bright," said Jim Prector. "He looks as if sickness did him good."

"It'd kill an ordinary man," said Bill as he rode to go on watch, "but Tim'll ride in in the morning sitting straight up in his saddle."

And, sure enough, he did. The boys were at breakfast when Bill called out: "Here comes Tim!" And there he did come in the distance, juggling about on a gentle rack, sitting upright in the saddle and never moving a hand, and rode on down the long trail over the homestretch quietly, as if he had only been out for a little exercise.

Presently he neared the camp, but he stopped at the corral, and his horse put its head down and began eating hay with the other horses. Tim sat there, unconcerned, as if in deep thought.

"Better come out and eat breakfast," called Bill. But Tim paid no attention, and pretty soon Bill walked over to the corral, and as he laid his hand on Tim's bridle hand he called out in alarm:

"Why, boys, Tim's dead!"

And, sure enough, Tim did sit there in his deep saddle dead. There was no telling how many miles his cold hand had held the rein as he rode down the long trail, but he had come to the end of it at last.—Cincinnati Post.

Repertes.

In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically, he began, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," interrupted another, "that is precisely what you do want."

But Sir Edward Clarke's report in the Jameson trial is still more to the purpose. The attorney general had argued against Sir Edward Clarke's points as being contrary to common sense. Sir Edward objected. "Then you think," said the lord chief justice dryly, "that common sense has nothing to do with a legal point?"

"No," replied Sir Edward, "with that quickness and felicity which never fail him: 'I am only of Aristotle's Whately's opinion, who said that 'common sense is an authority to which every one appeals on any subject he does not fully understand.'"—London Standard.

Morality in Colors.

"You talk about Deacon Binnet's virtues! Why, they tell me that the last time he went to New York he painted the town red."

"Red, eh? Well, that should be a cardinal virtue, shouldn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dexter Items.

Jan. 21, '97. A beautiful spring day.

Logging camps in full blast.

Grandma Williams is having another very sick spell.

Henry Mitchell and family of Pleasant Hill, visited at Joseph Parker's Sunday.

T Howard, who has been working during the past year in Alaska is home again.

Norman Rowen, who has been visiting relatives here for a couple of weeks returned to Union county, where he is at work.

A gentleman by the name of Zesley, is teaching a winter term of school at Trent.

Patronize the brown front hotel on mud avenue. Red hot meals served at all hours. Addington & Templeton, proprietors.

The Dexter school closes Jan. 29, and an entertainment and basket social will be given at the school house on Saturday evening, Jan. 30. A good time expected—come everybody.

There has been quite an influx of immigration to the valley during the week or so past. Messrs John Gully and Jess Holbrook have taken boys to raise, and Henry Howard and Ed Chandler ditto likewise, only they're girls instead.

All hail to gallant Lark Blyden. Stay with the hungry regulars, and the people will stay with you.

The recent high water so seriously damaged the free ferry landing that it is very troublesome to operate it.

Messrs Roberts and Gibson are traveling with their stereopticon show in the lower valley.

Honest gold standard republicans should stand by their principles and see to it that no political adventurer and imbecile, such as John H Mitchell is ever returned to the U S Senate. Teach him at least, that honesty is the best policy and that there is no reward for a Benedict Arnold. We'll teach Senator Dolph in preference, for he is at least sincere, however much he may be mistaken. Nestr, John H, you're a chicken without a roost.

REGULAR.

A BARGAIN COUNTER.—Yoran & Son have carpenters at work putting in more shelving in their shoe store. This is to make room for the stock of goods now occupying the central part of the store. A table will be extended through the center of the room and will be used for a bargain counter. All remnant and shelf worn goods will be placed on this bargain counter and sold at greatly reduced prices.

FRIENDLY'S SALE.—If you are thinking of going shopping read Friendly's ad. See the specials in his space today. He is quoting prices that will reach all and that all can reach.

Air Tight.

An Air Tight stove (latest improved) have a sheet iron, bucket lid style, door on the top of the stove and is guaranteed not to smoke.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Produce Market.

Wheat.....\$ 80 to 81

Oats.....35 to 40

Chickens.....1 25 to 1 75

Turkeys—per pound.....68 to 69

Ducks—per dozen.....3 90 to 3 50

Geese—per dozen.....3 50 to 4 00

Eggs.....15

Butter.....20 to 40

Hams.....68 to 124

Shoulders.....95 to 97

Sides.....97 to 98

Hops.....68 to 9

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Man, 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.

DAV & HENDERSON, Undertakers and Embalmers, Cor. Wil. and 7th sts.

A Full Line

Shoop's Family Medicines.

Every Bottle Guaranteed.

Yerington's 9th St. Drugstore,

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DRINK Weinhard's Beer

ON SALE AT ALL SALOONS. Bottle Beer for Families W. MAYER, Aat.

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A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, 25 Morrison Street, corner Third PORTLAND, OREGON

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for Lane county. S H Friendly, Plaintiff, vs John Keens, Defendant.

To John Keens, the above named defendant, in the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint in the above suit on or before Monday the first day of March, 1897, that being the first day of the next regular term of the above Court. And if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof, Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree to the effect that any claim Defendant has to the East half of the East half (E 1/4 of E 1/4) of Section Twenty-six (26), Township Fifteen (15) South, Range One (1), East of the Willamette Meridian, containing 160 acres, in Lane county, Oregon, be determined, and that it be adjudged that defendant has no estate or interest in said lands, and plaintiffs title to the same is valid and good.

That plaintiff have judgment against defendant for costs and disbursements of suit and for such other relief as is equitable. This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. C. Fallerton, Judge of the above Court, made on the 12 day of January, 1897.

A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice for Publication. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, 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, Lane county, Oregon, on January 30, 1897, viz: Jacob B Goshorn on H E No 6099 for the ne 1/4 of sec 14 tp 17 n, 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 Stormant, Frank Stormant, all of Waterville, Oregon.

R M VERTCH, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. January 14, 1897.

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 February 20, 1897, viz: Alva E Kitching on H E No 6099 for the sw 1/4 of sec 14 tp 16 n, r 1 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alfred Montgomery and Curtis Reid of Isabel, Oregon, and Asa W Gilbert and Thomas H Cain, of Eugene, Oregon. E M YEATON, Register.

REGON CENTRAL & EASTERN. R. R. Co.

YAUQUINA BAY ROUTE. Connects at Yaquina Bay with the Oregonian & 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 Storage.....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 4:50 p.m. Returning boats leave Portland the same days as above at 6:30 a.m., arriving in Albany at 7:45 p.m.

EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. C. MAYO, Supt. River Div. GEORGE P. CRAW, Agent Eugene.



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