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

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for
...rns,
...ked & Inflamed Udders.
...les,
...neumatic Pains,
...ralgia and Strains,
...ounds, Sores,
...ammations,
...t in joints,
...arness & Saddle Sores,
...latica,
...umbago.
...alds,
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...sect Bites.
...r Cattle Ailments,
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Penetrates ... cle,
Membrane and Tissue
Quickly to the Very
Seat of Pain and
Ousts it in a Jiffy.
...ub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain,
Makes Man or Beast well again.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
December 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 February 19, 1897, viz: John N Cook on homestead entry No 5568 for the lots 4, 5 and 6, s ½ ne ¼ nw ¼ ne ¼ sw ¼ sec 29 tp 17 s, r 6 west.

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

Thomas A Fountain, James D Cook, Elijah Thomas and Richard Rush, all of Hale, Oregon.

R M Veazie,
Register.

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

A DAY OFF.

On the occasion of the marriage of our junior partner to Ethel Mary, only surviving daughter of William Hubblestead, Esq., J. P., of Banlinghury, by the canon of Blockminster, assisted by the Rev. Eugene Hubblestead, cousin of the bride—on this occasion the office was closed for the whole of one day, and the staff had a holiday without deduction of salary.

The staff had presented six silver (hall marked) nutcrackers and a handsomely bound volume of Cowper's poetical works. The latter was my own suggestion. There was a sum of 8 shillings over after the purchase of the nutcrackers, and I have always had a partiality for Cowper. The junior partner thanked us personally, and in very warm terms. At the same time he announced that the following Thursday was to be treated as a holiday.

The weather was glorious, and I have never had a more enjoyable day. The girl laid breakfast overnight, and we rose at half past 5. By half past 6 Eliza had cut some mutton sandwiches and placed them in a basket with a bottle of milk, the milkman having obliged with a specially early call by appointment. A brief journey by train, and by a quarter past 7 we were at Danstow for our day off in the country.

Danstow is a picturesque little village and looked beautiful in the hot sunlight. I was wearing a fairly new summer suit, with brown boots. As I remarked to Eliza, it would probably have created a feeling of surprise among the villagers if they had learned that, as a rule, my professional duties took me to the city in the morning.

Eliza said: "All right. What do we do here?"

"Why," I said, "there's the old church. We mustn't miss that."

We went and examined the old church. Then we went twice up and down the village street and examined that.

"Well," said Eliza, "what next?"

"Now," I replied, "we'll just stroll about and amuse ourselves. I feel particularly light hearted."

"That's breakfasting at 6, that is," said Eliza. "If you could find a quiet place, we might have a sandwich."

We went a little way along the road and I espied a field which seemed to me to look likely. I said to a passerby: "I am a stranger here. Can you tell me whether there would be any objection to our sitting in that field?" He said in rather an offensive and sarcastic way that he believed the field was open for sitting "at short that hour." I did not give him any reply, but just opened the gate for Eliza.

We sat down under the hedge and finished our sandwiches and milk. The church clock struck 9.

"What train do we go back by?" asked Eliza.

"Not until half past 9 tonight. There's a day for you!"

"Twelve hours and a half," said Eliza. "And we've done the sandwiches and done the milk and done the church, and there's nothing else to do."

"Except amuse ourselves," I added as I took off my boots, which had pained me slightly. I then dozed off.

Eliza woke me to say that she had read all the newspapers the sandwiches were wrapped in and picked some wild flowers, and the flowers had died, and she wanted to know what the time was. It was just past 11.

She said, "Oh, lor!"

I soon dropped off again.

When I woke at half past 12, Eliza was not there. She returned in a few minutes and said that she had been doing the church over again.

"That was hardly necessary," I observed.

"Oh, one must do something, and there's nothing else to do."

"On the contrary, there's luncheon. We'll have that at once, so as to give us a good long afternoon."

"The afternoon will be long enough," she said. If I had not known that she was having a day's enjoyment, I should have thought that she seemed rather dejected in her manner.

The luncheon at the village inn was not expensive. Eliza said that their idea of chops was not her idea. But, all the same, she seemed inclined to spin the thing out and make it last as long as possible. I deprecated this, as I felt that I could not very well take my boots off again until I had returned to the field.

"Very well, then," she said. "Only let's go back slowly."

"As slowly as you like," I replied. "It's the right boot principally. But I really prefer to walk slowly."

When we had resumed our old position under the hedge and I had removed my boots, I said:

"Now, then, I think I've earned a pipe and a short nap. You amuse yourself in any way you like."

"Do what with myself?" she asked rather sharply.

She walked twice round the field, and then I fell off to sleep. It turned out afterward that she also did the picturesque old church for the third time and went over a house which was to let, refusing to take it on the ground that there was no bathroom. This was rather dishonest, as she would not have taken it if there had been a bathroom, or even two bathrooms. I would not do that kind of thing myself. I awoke about teatime. The charge for tea at the inn was very moderate, though Eliza said that there was tea which was tea, and tea which was an insult.

Eliza found that there was a train back at half past 6, and said she was going by it, whether I did or not, because it was a pity to have too much of a good thing, and she hadn't the face to ask for the keys of that church again. I accompanied her. I fancy that the brown leather is liable to shrink in the sun, and I was not unwilling to get back to my slippers and stretch myself out on the sofa.

But really for an out and out enjoyable holiday I think that day would have been hard to beat. I am sorry that Eliza did not seem to enter into the spirit of the thing more.—Barry Pain in Today.

Had to Pay For His Patriotism.

A passenger in a railway train from Germany to France recently said, "Vive la France!" as the train crossed the frontier. The German authorities argued that, though the remark was not made in Germany, it might very well have been heard in the next compartment, which was at the moment on German soil. So they fined the enthusiast 20 marks.—London World.

He Was Polite.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his politest subject. "I will test him," said the king and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king. "A lesser man would have trodden on my mantle."

THE WHITE VIOLET.

At Nantai, close under the great south wall of Fuhchan, lived Suen Moi, the violet girl, in the house of her father, the maker of baskets. But he was old, his hands had lost their skill and he was like a blind fowl picking at random after worms. They would have been poor had he not been as careful with his cash as a bee with its honey. Suen Moi did not know, so she sold violets that heaven might bestow upon her the hundred blessings. Her flowers grew in front of the house, which faced the north, and she knew the flowers loved her because when they blossomed they always turned their heads toward the door.

She called the flowers her children, gave them water when the hot sun tried to scorch them and kept the weeds away. Every day she picked the best ones and sold them, that her parents might not die poor. Whenever she sold a bunch, she always whispered, "Ni-ho-chi-lok," that they might find comfort in the parting.

"The flowers of Suen Moi have souls," those at the market said. "They know her voice and her touch, and when they pass into strange hands they droop their heads and die."

But Suen Moi said they only wanted water.

One morning, just as she had finished, a young man stopped at the gate.

"Do you sell flowers?" he asked.

"Yes, honorable sir." And she bowed low, for she knew by his dress that he was a man of rank.

"I want to buy some of you."

She took the basket to him and held it out that he might please himself. He took one flower. Then from the purse at his belt he brought out a coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal shaped like a knife. Upon it were characters which Suen Moi could not understand.

"It is too much," she said like a child that cannot calculate.

"I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger.

She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin. When she went into the house, she showed it to her parents.

"It is very ancient," said her father. "There is one like it in the museum at Fuhchan."

"It is gold," said her mother. "If we had three more, we should be rich."

The next morning the stranger came again. He came over to where Suen Moi was gathering flowers and said to her:

"Suen Moi, Suen Moi, give me a flower."

"I have picked the best one for you," she answered blushing.

"Why have you picked the best one?" he asked.

"Because I know you love flowers too," she answered.

"Do you know you are a flower?" he said.

She hung her head. No one had ever spoken like this to her before.

"You are as beautiful as the flowers," he said. "Your heart is pure and sweet. I love you as you do the flowers."

"The stranger one is at the gate talking to her," said the father to his wife.

"I wonder if he will give her another coin," she answered. "Perhaps he wants to buy her."

"You are like one who looks at the heavens from the bottom of a well," he answered.

As he spoke she went to the door.

"She is bringing him in," she said sharply. "We shall be disgraced."

Suen Moi entered with her basket. The stranger followed. The old couple kneeled and knocked their heads on the floor because they could easily see that he was a man of rank.

"I have come to announce my betrothal to your daughter," he said. "You are not to send her to the market place to sell flowers. You are to find a sin-shang, who will teach these things which she ought to know."

He took from his belt an embroidered purse and laid it on the table. Then he went out, while the old woman began counting the coins.

Every day he came at sunrise and stood at the gate, while Suen Moi plucked one violet for him. One day she asked him:

"Where do you live, honorable sir?"

"In the Temple of the Seven Gentl," and he pointed toward Fuhchan. "My home is in the temple, but because you have asked me the question I must go away. When the moon shines bright and round again, I will return."

He walked down the road with the violet in his hand, while Suen Moi walked sorrowfully into the house.

For three days she grieved. The flowers which grew in the garden turned their faces toward the door, as if looking for her, but she did not come to them.

The black monster had laid his hand upon the village. The curse of smallpox raged. It crept like a thief through the gate and up the path between the flower beds of Suen Moi. It stole into her room, and laid its hand upon her fair forehead and chained her to her couch. The fever came into her face, then the spots appeared and, last of all, the marks of the monster's claws. The flowers in the garden knew and hung their heads in sorrow.

In her delirium Suen Moi found her lover. He had returned, and she was searching for a flower to give him. But they all dropped their heads. So she raved.

"Raise up your heads. Don't you know that—that"—

She did not know his name. She turned to him.

"I cannot call you 'he,'" she said. "What is your name?"

The blush seemed to come over her face because she was bold, but it was only the fever.

"I am called Wong-Fa," he answered.

"That is the name of the god of flowers," she said.

"I am that one," was the reply.

But the memory of all this passed from her.

The black monster has no mercy. It has no soul, so it is continuously searching for human ones. It took the soul of Suen Moi and left the body for the parents to shed their tears on. But as the soul passed down the path to the gate the flowers raised their heads and demanded it, and it went to them.

When the sun shone on them the next morning, a young man stood at the gate waiting for Suen Moi. He had returned. He waited until he saw the white cloth across the door. Then a terror came over him. He walked up the path.

"Where is my betrothed?" he asked of the old woman.

"She died of the scourge last night."—Exchange.

A Man Eater.

Weary Trampum—D'yer know if they've got a dog in there?

Dusty Beers—Yep. Fed him myself last week.—Town Topics.

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 Agness L. Day, deceased and that Monday the 1st day of February, 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon as 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.

R. M. Day
Administrator.

E. R. Skipworth,
Atty for Administrator.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for Lane county,

S. H. Friendly Plaintiff
vs
Althea Leonard Defendant

To Althea Leonard, 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 ½ of the West ½ of Section 26, Township fifteen (15) South Range one (1) East of 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 plaintiff's 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. Fullerton, Judge of the above Court, made on the 12th day of January, 1897.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Sold by Henderson & Linn.

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 ½ of E ½) 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. Fullerton, Judge of the above Court, made on the 12 day of January, 1897.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Is not complete without an ideal
COMPLEXION
POWDER.
POZZONI'S
Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.
Insist upon having the genuine.
IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administratrix of the Estate of G. C. Roe, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons holding claims against the said Estate will please present the same to the undersigned within six months from this date.

January 26, 1897.

Ida B. Roe,
Administratrix.

Joshua J. Walton,
Attorney for Estate.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for county of Lane.

W H Boggs, Plaintiff,
vs
J Tibbetts and M J Tibbetts, H Tibbetts, Ernest U Lee, H W Spaulding and William Miles Jr, partners doing business as Spaulding Manufacturing Company, W S Campbell,
Defendants.

To H W Spaulding and Wm Miles Jr, partners doing business as the Spaulding Manufacturing Company, and W S Campbell three of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You, and each of you, are required to appear and answer to the complaint of the plaintiff W H Boggs in the above entitled Court, in the above entitled suit, now on file with the clerk of said court, on or before the 1st day of the next regular term of said Court to-wit: On or before the first day of March 1897, and you and each of you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint to-wit:

For a decree of said court that the plaintiff may have and recover judgement against the defendants C J Tibbetts and M J Tibbetts for the sum of $260.00 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent from the 1st day of December, 1894, and for the further sum of $50.00 attorney's fee and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements to be taxed in said suits, and that the court decree a foreclosure of the mortgage described in the plaintiff's complaint, and that the real property therein described to-wit: The w ½ of the nw ¼ of s w ¼ of section 16, tp 15 s, r 4 w, in Lane county, Oregon, containing 20 acres, be sold in the manner prescribed by law and the proceeds arising from said sale be applied first, to the payment of the costs and disbursements and the attorney's fee; second, to the payment of any judgment that may be rendered herein in favor of said plaintiff, and that all the defendants in said suit and all persons claiming under them or either of them be forever barred and foreclosed of all right, title and equity of redemption in and to said real property and every part thereof and such other relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is published by order of Hon J C Fullerton, judge of the above entitled Court, said order bearing date December 29th, 1896.

Wm. K. Scarborough,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Chas E Powers, Admr. estate Margaret I Smith, decd., will by virtue of an order issued out of County Court, Lane county, Oregon, on Jan 4th, 1897, sell the following described real property, at 10 o'clock, a m, February 2, 1897 to-wit: Beg. s e cor land owned and occupied by Wm Delaney; thence n along boundary line between Delaney and S H Thomas 327 ft to point where this line intersects Ry right of way thence in s e course along said railway right of way to point due e from place of beg; thence w 684 ft to place of beg. Also poles land bounded as follows, com at point just across Ry right of way from n point land above described, thence n 256 ft to n side Delaney st; thence e 33 ft thence south till it crosses the Ry right of way; thence in northwesterly course along said right of way to place of beg, the two pcs land cont 4.41 acres laid in sec 35, tp 16 s, r 3 w, Lane county Or. Said sale to take place at residence on premises, terms thereof $100, or all cash, balance one year's time.

Dated Eugene, Jan 4th, 1897.

Chas. E. Powers,
M. O. Wilkins, Administrator said estate.
Attorney.

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Cars will leave promptly on time.

H. W. HOLDEN.

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Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco.
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