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Rheumatic Pains,

Bruises and Strains,

Running Sores,

Inflammations,

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All Cattle Ailments,

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HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
Section Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.

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, e ½ nw ¼, ne ¼ sw ¼ sec 20 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 Thurman and Richard Rush, all of Hale, Oregon.

R M Veatch,
Register.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S Advertising Agency, 630 and 632 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal., where contracts for advertising can be made.

A HEART SEARCHER.

I was Professor Pepper's only heir. Among his effects found in his laboratory after his untimely departure was the curious mechanism he called his "heart searcher." In appearance it resembled a Waterbury watch. Of its internal mechanism I know nothing. Professor Pepper regarded the instrument as the greatest invention of the age, and he always refused to explain its principles of construction, as he had an idea that if the world knew how it was made the market would be flooded with imitation heart searchers.

Fortunately for me the professor's invention was accompanied by a card of "directions for use," so that I had no difficulty in testing its great value as an aid in the search after truth. The instrument had a face like an ordinary watch, except that there was only one hand or pointer, and in place of the usual 12 figures there were the names of the moral and immoral sentiments. At the top, opposite the stem or handle, was the zero mark, and when not in use the pointer rested at the zero or neutral mark. From the stem extended two insulated wires about a yard long, and at the end of these wires was a flat ivory disk that could be easily hid in the hand.

My first experiment with the professor's heart searcher was calculated to inspire confidence in the invention. It told the truth with refreshing exactitude. I had at the time of professor's demise been dwelling in a state of rather distressing uncertainty concerning the feelings of my fourth cousin, Amy Clinket, toward myself. My own feelings were quite clear, at least to myself. She seemed to be all that was most desirable in a young woman. I wanted to tell her how much I loved her and had not dared, being uncertain of the result of any such declaration. The heart searcher! Fortunate legacy! It might tell me all, and then I could cheerfully propose, knowing in advance that I would be accepted.

First, it might be desirable to test the heart searcher upon some minor subject. It was the first experiment that led me to press boldly forward in the search for the pure truth. I placed the heart searcher in my vest pocket and secured it there with a watch chain, to give the impression that I had my watch with me. The wires I passed through the sleeve of my coat, leaving the ivory disk just hid in my cuff. Thus armed I set forth in the quest of the unknowable. I took the trolley car, intending to make calls. In the car I met my young niece Diana, aged 7. Slipping the disk into my hand, I cordially took her hand and pressed the disk against her active little pulse. Pretending to be absorbed in learning the time of day, I asked her sundry questions, and at once saw pictured on the dial of the heart searcher every passing change in the dear child's transparent nature.

"Are you not glad to see me, dear?"

The pointer swung slowly around to "delight."

"What are your views, my child, upon the subject of caramels?"

The pointer on the dial promptly moved to "hope." This was significant. Clearly the heart searcher was a most important invention.

The dear child at once expressed herself as interested in caramels, concluding her remarks with the information that she knew of a place where they sold "two for 5." Manifestly the instrument and my young relative's words did not agree. She was evidently torn with conflicting emotions, for the pointer quivered slightly and moved to "disappointment." She did not wish to plainly ask for caramels, and yet in the deep recesses of her young heart she hoped I would give her some.

"I'm very sorry, my child, but I have no caramels with me. If I had only known I should meet you, I would have brought some with me."

The pointer was greatly agitated and vibrated between "disappointment" and "doubt."

I at once offered the child a dime, and to my amazement the dial indicated "disappointment" only.

"Oh, I beg pardon. Let me see. Was that a quarter? Dear me. I'm sorry I made such a mistake. Here's a quarter."

At once the pointer swung swiftly to "delight."

The heart searcher was a triumphant success. I squeezed the dear child's hand once more. The dial marked "gratitude."

"Goodby, dear. I must get off here."

She smiled sweetly and said, "They give 12 for a quarter." This seemed to be truth based upon experience and did not need examination by the professor's wonderful instrument.

As I left the car I saw young Brown of our office walking quickly down the street, as if in haste to catch a train. I grasped his hand fervently. "My dear boy, I'm so glad to meet you. How is your mother and your sister-in-law and your brother, Theodore Augustus? You have plenty of time," I remarked as I pretended to look at my watch.

He pulled his hand away and said in his usual breezy manner: "Delighted to meet you. Goodby—train—awful late. By"—

He was gone, and I gazed upon the white face of the heart searcher. Although disconnected with my friend's pulse, the pointer still lingered at "botheration." It was more than an hour before it finally settled back to zero. Brown had evidently a very powerful emotional nature.

The heart searcher was a remarkable instrument. It reported the exact emotional truth concerning the subject. It was indeed a boon to bashful lovers. They could, by its skillful use, ascertain the exact state of the beloved one's heart without the distressing uncertainty of a formal proposal. I would at once put it to its greatest test. If it proved successful, I could proceed to manufacture heart searchers upon a large scale, and no doubt live in comfort upon the resulting profits.

Amy was at home when I called, and when I shook her hand warmly I glanced hastily at the telltale dial—"expectation." This was encouraging. I would proceed to unfold my tale of love. I still held her hand with loverlike fervor and stammered forth my blushing confession. At intervals I glanced at the white face of the heart searcher. Its sensitive pointer was greatly agitated and quivered from "surprise" to "anger" and from "anger" to "cold disdain." Finally it stopped at "doubt."

"But, my dear, I—I love you."

The fatal words were out.

"I don't believe one word you say. You are looking at your watch all the time, just to see how soon you can go."

The heart searcher fell from my nerveless hand and was dashed to a hundred pieces.

No. I never repaired it. Amy has convinced me that it is, in the words of the poet, "better not to know." The unknowable is the truly wise.

Amy? Oh! Pardon me. She married another man.—Charles Barnard in Home Magazine.

A PECULIAR FACE.

One afternoon I was sitting in my office alone when the door was opened and a singular looking individual stood before me. I asked the intruder to be seated, but he declined the civility on the plea that he had business of importance to transact, and that if I would go with him for a few moments my services would be rewarded.

More for curiosity's sake than for pecuniary benefit I consented.

After walking a few squares we stopped in front of a brownstone mansion. It was a noble looking structure and towered far above the surrounding buildings. My companion gave a quick, nervous glance up and down the street and then entered the house. Through the unoccupied building, up many flights of stairs, I followed this strange man, until he arrived at a little iron door, which, on the pressure of a secret spring, opened. He bade me enter. I hesitated. But before I had an opportunity to speak, he pulled me in, closing the door after us.

I heard the key turn in the lock, and then for the first time suspected that the man was deranged. I looked around the apartment. It was more like a tower than a room. The walls were about 8 feet apart and reached to a height of 50 feet on each side. A skylight served as a roof and window. In the center of the room was a table, through the top of which were stuck sharp pointed steel teeth, varying in length from 3 to 8 inches. To a ring in the wall was fastened one end of a rope; the other was thrown over an iron bar that reached from wall to wall a few feet below the skylight and hung in a hangman's noose directly above the table.

"Well," said mine host after we had been in the room full ten minutes, during which time neither of us had spoken a word, "you perceive that we are alone. These bare walls tell no secrets, rest assured as to that. When I asked you to come with me, I said that I had business of importance, a secret to impart. So I have. It is the result of 50 years of seclusion. Hear me, if you value your life.

"My first discovery in the scientific world was a plan whereby two trains going in opposite directions on a single track could pass each other without damaging or checking the speed of either. Next I discovered how to substitute electricity for steam and transport beings from place to place like magic. I next discovered what Franklin sought in vain—an air line to the north pole. And then, after years of hard and patient study, I discovered that which has perplexed the brains of scientific men from the beginning of the world—perpetual motion.

"You may think, sir," continued the lunatic, "that after accomplishing all this man should be satisfied, but no. I have one more grand scheme—a scheme that will crown all my former efforts—one that I have nursed in my bosom from boyhood. I have searched for many years to find some person to aid me in this grand scheme. Now I am rewarded. You are the man.

"My plan is this: You will place your head in that noose," said the lunatic, pointing to the rope that dangled over the table; "then I will rack your body on these sharp instruments on the top of the table until the vital spark is almost ready to depart, and then, for the climax of all, when death with his arrow is about to pierce your soul, I will capture him, and then the present inhabitants of the world will live forever. Ha, ha! I shall ruin the occupation of the gravedigger, and generations to come will honor my name."

"You will not murder me!" I gasped.

"Murder you? Oh, no! It will merely be suspended animation. I will rack your body on this table until life is almost extinct, then I will capture and disarm death. You will live forever and bestow a blessing on mankind."

So saying, he opened a secret drawer under the table and drew out a short, two edged sword. I could feel the color desert my cheeks and the cold perspiration roll down my face. My hands fell at my side, and I grasped the chair that I was sitting in, intending to use it as a weapon of defense. But, horror, it was riveted to the floor! There was no hope. I was alone and unarmed.

"I will now proceed to business," said the madman after cutting a hair in two with the sword.

"Will you not give me time to pray?"

"You should have taken your mother's advice and have been prepared. It is too late now."

As he said this he came toward me.

"Look behind you," said I, pointing to the ring in the wall. "Death is reaching for you."

He turned his head a moment to look. I made a fearful leap, caught the rope that hung over the table, and with all my strength began climbing. When within about ten feet of the iron bar, I stopped to rest, and on looking down on the demon below I saw him glaring at me with a sardonic smile and drawing the sword across the rope where it was fastened to the ring in the wall.

"Hold!" said I, to divert his attention an instant until I could reach the iron bar. "Follow me, and we will discover the hidden mysteries of space."

With the agility of a tiger he sprang at the end of the rope and was soon after me, sword in hand.

I reached the iron bar and looked down at him, 20 feet below. Taking out my pocketknife I cut the rope, and the madman fell, his sword turning under him and piercing his body through.

I managed to construct a rope with my clothes that enabled me to reach the floor. The madman was dead. The sharp pointed blades in the table top had gashed his body in a hundred different places.

I afterward learned that the house with the strange tower in one corner was built according to the instructions of this deranged genius and that he had spent a lifetime and a fortune in trying to discover perpetual motion.—New York News.

Never Say Die.

"Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "there are times when luck seems against us, when everything seems to go wrong, but there never comes a time when we want to lie down. I don't believe in luck myself. I think every man is the architect of his own fortunes. But there are times when circumstances seem to combine to help a man, and there are times when they seem to be against him. But, as I said before, there can be no possible time when a man should give up, for there is no difficulty, however great, that the man of stout heart and unbroken tenacity of purpose cannot surmount. In this free country, Philip, we don't go in very much for coats of arms and that sort of thing, but if you should ever have one made I bid you blazon on it a bulldog rampant, with a collar marked 'Never say die!'"—New York Sun.

At the beginning of this century the Russian language was used by 30,770,000 people. Now it is spoken by 75,000,000.

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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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.

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.

A LADY'S TOILET

Is not complete without an ideal

COMPLEXION POWDER.

POZZONI'S

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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. U. 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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25 Morrison Street, corner Third
PORTLAND, OREGON

Summons.

In the Circuit Court for the state of Oregon, County of Lane.

W C Washburne, Plaintiff,
vs
J J Eaton, Henrietta Eaton, C W Washburne, The Merchant's National Bank of Portland, Or, a corporation organized and existing under the banking laws of the United States of America, H F McElroy, A L Hill, Joseph Sternburg and Issac Senders, partners in trade as Sternburg & Senders, E J Winter and C U Harper, partners as Winter & Harper, defendants.

To the above named defendants, E J Winter and C U Harper, partners as Winter & Harper, and H F McElroy, and each of the other defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit, on or before the next regluar term of the above court, to-wit: Monday, the first day of March, 1897, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to wit: judgment against the defendant J J Eaton for the sum of $822.12, and for $75.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of $20.80 taxes paid upon the property herein after described by plaintiff for the year 1895, and for his costs and disbursements of suit, and that the mortgage be foreclosed as described and prayed for in the plaintiff's complaint the same being upon the following real property to-wit: Lot eight (8), nine (9) and ten (10) block forty (40) in Junction City, Lane county, Oregon. The said mortgage being recorded on the 7th day of December, 1886, in the office of the said county clerk of said Lane county, in mortgage book "H," page 419, records of mortgages; that said property and premises be sold by the sheriff of Lane county, Oregon, in the manner provided by law and the proceeds thereof be applied on said judgment and the expenses of making said sale; and the defendants and each of them be forever barred and foreclosed of any equity or right of redemption, and that the claims, liens or interest of the defendants, E J Winter and C U Harper, partners as Winter & Harper and H F McElroy, and of all of the other defendants adverse to that of plaintiff be declared and decreed secondary and subsequent to the mortgage lien of Plaintiff herein set forth and subject thereto, and for such other and further relief as to said court may seem just and equitable. This summons is published by order of the Hon J C Fullerton, judge of the above court.

Made at chambers at Roseburg, Oregon, and dated January 14, 1897.

H D Norton,
Attorney of Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the Estate of Julia A Scott, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that James A Scott, executor of said estate has filed his account for final settlement of said estate, and Monday the first day of March, 1897, has been set by order of the Court to hear objections to the same.

James L. Scott,
Executor.

GEO. B. DORRIS,
Attorney for Estate.

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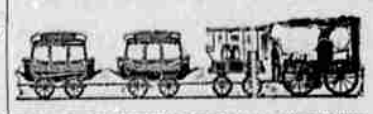

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