

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for
 Burns,
 Cuts & Bruised Udders,
 Chills,
 Rheumatic Pains,
 Sprains and Strains,
 Sunburning Sores,
 Inflammations,
 Stiff Joints,
 Girth and Saddle Sores,
 Sciatica,
 Lumbago,
 Scalds,
 Blisters,
 Insect Bites,
 Cattle Ailments,
 Horse Ailments,
 Sheep Ailments,
 Penetrates Muscle,
 Membrane and Tissue
 Quickly to the Very
 Seat of Pain and
 Ousts it in a Jiffy.
 Rub in Vigorously.

Mexican Mustang Liniment cures
 Burns,
 Cuts, Bruises, Blows or Boils
 and
 all
 other
 ailments.

THE GREAT HUDYDY

Constipation,
 Nervousness,
 Falling Sensations,
 Nervous twitching
 of the eyes,
 and
 other
 parts.
 Strengthens
 the
 system,
 and
 restores
 the
 entire
 system.
 Hudydy cures
 Debility,
 Nervousness,
 Emission,
 and
 restores
 weak
 organs.
 Pains in the
 back,
 by
 day
 or
 night
 stopped.

Over 2,000 private endorsements.
 Frustrating means impotency in the first
 stage. It is a symptom of actual weakness
 and barrenness. It can be stopped in 30 days
 by the use of Hudydy.
 The new discovery was made by the Special-
 ists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute.
 It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very
 potent, but harmless. Sold for \$1.00 a pack-
 age or packages for \$5.00 (paid in sealed boxes).
 We guarantee a cure for a cure. If you buy
 10 boxes and are not entirely cured, six more
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 Shortest Route Between the Wil-
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 To Coos Bay and Port Orford,
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 Hoag," newly furnished, leave Albany
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 riving in Portland the same day at
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 m., arriving in Albany at 7:45 p. m.
 EDWIN STONE, J. C. MAYO,
 Manager, Supt. River Div.
 GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene

MADELON.
 A wild, soiled daughter of the goddess town.
 With more than woman's beauty in her face,
 Queen of the streets, she wore her beauty's
 crown.
 As to the manner born, with queenly grace—
 The wild, free grace of panther or of fawn.
 She lived for living's sake, for love and joy,
 In laughter and in singing from the dawn
 'Till eve and through the night till joys were
 clay.
 And wore the heart with quivering strange
 and strange
 And blind, dull aching for some higher, bet-
 ter things.
 Into her vision as a white winged dove
 Or white rose falling from a casement down
 Into the black, dank mire of the old town
 A woman came, a being fair as love—
 The love we dream of when for rest we pray—
 With soft, deep eyes, where wondrous lights
 would play.
 Now grave, now gay, as tenderness might
 move,
 Or love or pity or the pain suppressed
 Of some swift sorrow that the eyes confessed,
 Although the lips ne'er hardened to reprove.
 The wild, soiled daughter of the goddess town,
 Like white bud breaking from its dark green
 sheath,
 Rose up to meet, as flowers leap to breathe
 The sunshine, this fair vision, and the sweet,
 Warm atmosphere of purity that shed
 A glory round her and transformed the queen
 Of the soiled streets till round her glorious head
 The nimbus of true womanhood was seen.
 —Rev. J. A. O'B. in Donahoe's.

PUNISHMENT.

Night was falling on the valley between
 the snow capped peaks. The angelus
 bell rang from the tower of the old abbey.
 Down the nave, dark and deserted, a
 woman was praying, her face concealed by
 the darkness and her black veil.
 Every day at the same hour for 18 years
 had that lady been seen passing by, wrapped
 in her black cloak, her face covered
 by her thick black veil. For 18 years her
 mysterious presence in that far off valley
 had furnished a subject to the imagination
 and gossip of the inhabitants. And yet,
 little by little, before that impenetrable
 mystery had ceased to work
 and tongues were now reduced to silence.
 Accompanied by her husband, she had
 arrived one evening, as already stated,
 about 18 years previous to the time we are
 describing. They had come alone, with-
 out servants, and with but little baggage.
 They had alighted at the hotel, where they
 lived for several months, while the house
 they had bought on the outskirts of the
 town was being repaired. It was a pretty
 cottage surrounded by a full garden of
 roses.

From the day they had settled in that
 modest abode they had led a very quiet
 life. They were known as Signor and
 Signora Nicolini, but on their silver plate
 there was a monogram bearing a crown.

What could their motive for conceal-
 ing their name? How had they come to
 that remote corner of the world? Why did
 they not wish to see any one, either rela-
 tives or friends? Why did they live alone,
 as if they had come from some other plan-
 et? They were indeed kind to all and
 charitable to the poor. But their kindness
 kept people at a distance, and when they
 opened their purse it was apparently with-
 out feeling.

The husband, a tall, strong man, with
 an almost athletic physique, appeared, at
 the time of their arrival, to be about 50
 years of age, his wife not more than 25.
 They were never seen together. He
 went hunting, or took long walks, always
 alone. She wandered among the roses of
 her garden, and every day, morning and
 evening, she went to the abbey and came
 back, walking with the same slow and
 mechanical step. They received papers,
 magazines, books, but never a letter.

Both seemed sad, of a gloomy and deso-
 late sort of sadness, which those who ap-
 proached them felt themselves. Many a
 servant indeed had gone away, unable to
 endure that joyless atmosphere. It is certain
 that they neither wrangled nor spoke
 harshly. On the contrary, there was ad-
 mirably between them a dead silence, inter-
 rupted only by those short phrases which
 daily contact made necessary.

Reaching the garden gate, as if fighting
 an inward repugnance, the lady stopped
 and passed by. Then she turned back and
 again passed the gate. At last she entered.
 In the hall she found a servant, who, to
 the mute question of her look, answered:
 "Still in the same condition, signora."

She put her cloak and bonnet on a chair
 and went up stairs, where she stopped,
 hesitating again before one of the doors
 on the first floor. Opening it rudely, she
 entered a large, dismal room. Here on an
 iron bed, a bed befitting a soldier, lay her
 husband.

Noislessly she drew near, listened to
 the sick man's heavy and painful breath-
 ing, and bending over him she tried to see
 his face.

Little by little, her eyes growing accus-
 tomed to the darkness, she could perceive
 his convulsed and livid features, his
 cheeks furrowed with red veins. His heavy
 eyelids were half closed, his nose drawn
 and emaciated, stood out above his blue,
 half opened lips, from which came a short
 and whistling breath. He was dying!

A woman, who had been watching at
 the bedside, had left the room as soon as
 the signora had come in, and now the lat-
 ter was alone with the dying man, gazing
 on that human form that held her in sub-
 jection so many years, and that was now
 fading away. This hour, looked forward
 for 18 years, this hour longed for, prayed
 for in the silent revolt of her down trodden
 heart—the hour of her liberty had come at
 last.

The lady seated herself and let her mind
 turn once more to the past.
 She was still beautiful, and within her
 heart sweet sentiments still could dwell.
 He, a stern and imperious man, was born
 to lead an army to battle rather than to
 live by the side of a delicate and sensitive
 woman. His age was twice hers, and they
 had no children. She had no one on whom
 she could lavish her tenderness. She had
 not a single person to whom she could
 confide her dreams or her illusions. Her
 mother had settled in a faraway province,
 and her only sister was a nun.

It was the old, old story. She met a
 young man. Their souls blended. At first
 it was innocent friendship, then the storm
 of passion. One day her husband,
 on returning home, had found them to-
 gether, their hands clasped!
 Oh, the terrible recollection! The
 thought of it made the blood rush to her
 heart, and she again felt the same shame,
 the same terror, which had wholly over-
 powered her before her judge's revolver
 and stern face.

Everything had suddenly assumed a
 strange rapidity. She had faced her hus-
 band, crying: "Mercy! Mercy! I promise
 to never see him again!"
 Her husband had hesitated a moment,
 had looked at them, crushing them under
 the weight of his contempt; then, without
 lowering his revolver, had dictated these
 conditions:
 "Promise, on the gospel, on your eter-
 nal life, that you will never see this crea-
 ture again."

ten years, that you will never see me in all,
 and I will accept the punishment which I
 shall deserve to inflict."
 In the anguish of her fear, and love she
 had promised, word for word, what he had
 insisted upon.
 On a sign of her husband the young
 man, humiliated and vilified, had depart-
 ed, and her expiation had begun.
 Her husband had resigned his command
 in the army and had gone to live on that
 mountain slope, assuming a false name,
 hiding his secret from all. Like two
 stones that fall to the bottom of the sea,
 they had disappeared from society without
 leaving any trace. Twice a year she wrote
 to her mother. Her husband read her
 letters, would mail them himself in some
 far off place. Finally her mother had died,
 and from that day no letters were sent.
 In that terrible isolation she had gone
 through all the stages of despair. For
 several days she declined to eat, wishing
 to starve, but her inexorable judge had
 said to her:
 "You are a Christian. You have prom-
 ised to obey. Therefore eat!"
 And she obeyed, because even in her ex-
 cess of despair and revolt, even amid
 her thoughts of suicide, the idea of falling
 to her promise had never crossed her
 mind. That promise was, in a certain
 sense, the supreme inheritance of her love,
 the painful tie that bound her to the past.
 As she had lived hope alone remained.
 She hoped that her husband, after he had
 noticed her sweetness, docility and pa-
 tience, would relent, and for many years
 she had observed his pensive forehead day
 by day, hoping to see on it a sign of for-
 giveness.

He never treated her rudely; he never
 allowed himself to be wanting in respect
 toward her, nor to speak to her a harsh
 or sharp word. Only once, having found her
 sobbing in a fit of despair, he had said to
 her:
 "My life is no better than yours, yet I
 have betrayed no one."
 He had, in fact, sacrificed everything—
 his ambition, career, family, pleasures—to
 bury himself with her in the same atone-
 ment.

She had hoped, but in vain. Days,
 weeks, years, had glided on in an inflexible
 monotony. Self control vanished; she be-
 came the sport of moods, according to the
 time and humor—now weary of life, now
 tormented by remorse, now irritated and
 full of hatred. How many a time she had
 said to herself:
 "He is old, and I am young; he will die,
 and I shall be free. When shall I be free?"

And now he was dying. At this thought
 she felt a strange spiritlike feeling which
 startled her. At last she was about to be
 free, her own mistress, her actions free,
 her thoughts free, free to love and to be
 loved!

Ah, the joy of escaping from her prison,
 of seeking other horizons, of grasping
 friendly hands!
 She felt a kind of intoxication in her
 brain and was, feeling the need to walk,
 to move, stillness was death, and she had
 enough of death, almost, almost, solitude.
 And as the moon, which was high above
 the horizon, sent its pale rays through the
 window, she went to lean against the
 mantelpiece, seized by a kind of uncer-
 tainty. She turned her face to the mirror
 and stood there looking at herself.

She was still beautiful.
 Then her lips parted with a smile.
 Those who had known her would know
 her still. But who would still remember
 her? And what had become of her friends,
 of her acquaintances?

And what had become of him? At this
 question she felt herself seized upon by
 fear. Not that she would appear to him
 less handsome or that she had been for-
 gotten. She feared that she might find him
 unlike the image he had left in her heart;
 that she might find him changed phys-
 ically and morally and not recognize him;
 that he would be a stranger to her.

While she heaped such thoughts she saw
 before herself in the mirror, feebly illu-
 minated by the reflection of the moon, two
 dilated eyes gazing on her like souls.
 Being affrighted by that gaze of the dying
 man, who seemed as if he wanted to fol-
 low her in her guilty reverie, she turned
 with an irresistible motion and went to-
 ward the bed, obeying in spite of herself
 a kind of imperious and magnetic call.

Then it seemed to her as if a deep and
 desperate voice came from that face which
 was growing stonelike:
 "I have loved you, I have worshiped
 you all my life, and you have betrayed me.
 For years and years I have waited with a
 painful desire, a word that would put
 balm on my bleeding wound, but you have
 let me suffer. I was innocent and shared
 your expiation. I took on me half of your
 punishment, hoping that at least repen-
 tance would come to your heart, and, in-
 stead, with a murdering wish you would
 hasten my death, and as you find it too
 heavy, slow your thoughts turn against your
 marriage vows. Foolish and faithless that
 you are! My death cannot free you! Did
 you not say, 'Never!'"

She understood all this as plainly as if
 he had really spoken, and suddenly she
 felt the horror of the evil she had done.
 Yes; he had loved her, he had adored her
 always, before and after her guilt, and she
 had placed the coldness of her passive
 obedience over against that man's passion.

Then, before the terrible impotence of
 that conscious agony, she felt that pity,
 together with remorse, was entering her
 heart, and, being moved by an irresistible
 power, she bent over the dying man,
 stretched her arm to the cross that hung
 over his pillow, and with a low but dis-
 tinct voice she repeated her promise:
 "I promise that I will never see him
 again!"

The contracted face of the dying man
 beamed with serenity, his eyelids lowered
 over his dim eyes, while the only two tears
 which she had ever seen flowing from
 those severe eyes came down his cheeks,
 almost cold.

Those two tears were to her like the
 baptism of pardon which washed her guilt
 away, and a great peace descended upon
 her heart.

She opened the window, saw the starry
 heavens among the snowy peaks, over
 which the moon shed its pale and serene
 smile; then, lowering her eyes to the deep
 valley, she saluted, as if she saw it for
 the first time, that prison where her life would
 be spent. She would know that, to keep her
 promise, so that fate should not bring the
 lovers of former days together, it was nec-
 essary that she should remain called from
 all, unknown, forgotten forever.

The tomb, which had opened for an in-
 stant, had closed forever and closed in
 peace. — From the Italian For Boston
 Transcript.

Potato Croquettes.
 Pass 6 boiled potatoes through a sieve,
 add to them 3 tablespoonsful of mixed
 salt to taste and some chopped parsley.
 Work into the mixture the yolks of 2 eggs;
 shape it into balls, roll them in bread
 crumbs and fry in hot lard. Serve with
 fried parsley.

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 SINGLE FARE.....\$3.00
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