

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Hatcher** of **NEW YORK** The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of **INFANTS, CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Keeps Old People Young

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

The Simple Signature of **Dr. J. C. Hatcher** **NEW YORK**

At 6 months old **35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE DAY THAT SUMMER DIED

The day that summer died was a strange one. I was sitting on the porch of the cottage I had just bought, looking at the bright sun that shone down on the hills. I had just bought the cottage, and I was sitting on the porch, looking at the bright sun that shone down on the hills. I had just bought the cottage, and I was sitting on the porch, looking at the bright sun that shone down on the hills.

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HEADACHE

Each year over 100,000,000 people suffer from headache. It is the most common ailment of the human race. It is caused by a number of different things, but the most common cause is a sluggish liver. The best remedy for headache is a cathartic that will regulate the liver. **Cascarets** is the best cathartic for this purpose. It is a gentle, non-toxic, and effective remedy. It is made of natural vegetable matter and is perfectly safe for all ages. It is sold in all drug stores.

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"IRONING MADE EASY"

ELASTIC STARCH

A GREAT INVENTION REQUIRES NO COOKING. MAKES COLLARS AND CUFFS STIFF AND NICE AS WHEN FIRST BOUGHT NEW. PREPARED FOR LAUNDRY PURPOSES ONLY.

ONE POUND OF THIS STARCH WILL GO AS FAR AS A POUND AND A HALF OF ANY OTHER STARCH.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY **J. C. HUBINGER BROS. CO.** KEOKUK, IOWA, NEW HAVEN, CONN. COPYRIGHTED

This starch is prepared on scientific principles by men who have had years of practical experience in fancy laundering. It restores old linen and summer dresses to their natural whiteness and imparts a beautiful and lasting finish. It is the only starch manufactured that is perfectly harmless, containing neither arsenic, alum or any other substance injurious to linen and can be used even for a baby powder.

For sale by all wholesale and retail grocers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Soo Pacific Line.

To All Points East.

Solid vestibule train, consisting of Palace vestibule cars, luxurious dining cars, elegant day coaches and magnificent tourist cars and free colonist sleepers on the Pacific to the Atlantic without change.

Most Direct and Cheapest Route to

Kootenay Mining District

All points in the Kootenay Country.

Get a pamphlet giving full description of this wonderful country. Ask for a copy of the mining laws of British Columbia.

Lowest Rates and from

EUROPE

via all Atlantic Steamship Lines

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CO.

Royal Mail Steamship Line

TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN STEAMSHIP CO.

HONOLULU, FIJI AND AUSTRALIA.

The shortest line to the Colonies. These steamers carry an experienced medical man, and a stewardess on every voyage.

For time tables, pamphlets, or any information, call on or address

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A. J. COYLE, Dist. Pass. Agent, Vancouver B. C.

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Elegant Dining Cars

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St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Fargo, Grand Forks, Crookston, Winnemac, Helena and Butte.

Through Tickets to -

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R. McMURPHEY, Gen'l Agent, Eugene, Office - Opposite Guard Office.

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

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of Louis H. Hanchett deceased.

Notice is hereby given that D. E. Lovridge and B. J. Hawthorne, executors of said estate have filed their final account for settlement of said estate that Wednesday June 15 1898. It has been set by order of the court to hear objections to the same. D. E. Lovridge, B. J. Hawthorne, Executors.

Geo. B. Downs, Atty for Estate.

OREGON CENTRAL AND EASTERN R R CO.

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE

Connecting at YAQUINA BAY with the SAN FRANCISCO & YAQUINA BAY STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

STEAMSHIP "PRESIDENT"

Sails from Yaquina every 9 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
Round Trip Good for 90 days, \$17 00

To Coos Bay:
Cabin..... 8 00
Steerage..... 6 00

To Humboldt Bay and Port Orford:
Cabin.....\$10 00
Steerage..... 7 00

RIVER DIVISION.

Steamer "Albatross" between Portland and Corvallis, Oregon, without layover. Leaves Albany 5 a.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; leaves Portland, Yamhill St. dock, 6:50 a.m. Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

EDWIN STONE, Manager. J. G. MAYO, GEORGE F. COLE.

THROUGH TICKETS

TO THE EAST and SOUTHEAST

Southern Pacific Company and

Fullman Palace Sleepers, Tourist Sleepers and Coaches. Club Cars, etc.

Denver, Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis and other Eastern Cities. The only line from Portland offering passengers

Specialty Conducted Excursions through to Chicago every Wednesday, and DAILY TOURIST CAR SERVICE PORTLAND TO CHICAGO

via Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and C. & N. W. Ry. Baggage checked through to destination. Magnificent scenery, Union Depot to Chicago. For further information apply to any agent Southern Pacific Company or

R. W. BARTON, C. K. BROWN, Gen'l. Agent, Dist. Pass. Agent Third St., Po

Eugene Street Railway.

TIME CARD.

After the 4th of Oct. 1898, the street cars will run on the following schedule until further notice.

LEAVING THE DEPOT.

7:10-7:20-8:10-9:10-10:10-10:50 a.m. every half hour.

LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

At 7:30-8:30-9:30-10:30 and 10:15 a.m. every half hour.

And will leave promptly on time.

MANHOOD RESTORED

By using Dr. Penn's **Yellow Nerve Pills.**

This wonderful remedy restores to men all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Nervousness, Loss of Manhood, Nightly Tremors, Nervousness, all drains, loss of power in Gen. Organs of the body, caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infertility, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. 25 cent box, 6 for \$1. by mail prepaid. Circular Free. Sold by all druggists. Ask for "Take no other." Manufactured by the **Pain Medicine Co., Paris, France. Laroche-Duval Drug Co., distributing agents, Third and Vesuvius Sts., Portland, Or.**

JOB PRINTING.

The Guard Job Department is one of the most complete and finest in the Willamette Valley, and prices that are right.

ENVELOPES, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, MEMORANDUMS, INVITATIONS, CARDS, WEDDING STATIONERY, PROGRAMS, POSTERS, PAMPHLETS, RECEIPT BLANKS, LEGAL BLANKS, MINING BLANKS, BRIEFS.

Or anything else you need executed to your entire satisfaction.

Daily and Weekly

EUGENE GUARD

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors

SOMEBODY'S UNCLE.

I must confess to a weakness for sales, although I haven't a bargain. Every time I go along the High Street I feel that I must have a peep into the auction rooms. I went in one evening not long ago. Like the jugglers for things that took my fancy.

I came across a picture in one corner—by the correct it was an oil portrait and bore underneath the words "Old Bill." "Mighty old, too," I thought, for the face was a perfect network of wrinkles, although the picture appeared to be rather new. I looked at the nose a little too long perhaps; anyhow I got the idea that it was the image of my own. I'm rather proud of my own nose, by the way. It's the "family" nose, I'm told, although the family doesn't appear to have done anything great with it as far as I can trace. I dismissed my gaze to look at the wrinkles on the face, and I discovered that the mouth was also my own. Good! It must be an ancestor of mine.

I felt a big thrill of joy. An ancestor was the very thing I wanted.

One thing, however, rather distinguished me—I didn't like the name Old Bill. Ancestors who kept coal sheds or took in washing are not worth running after, and if I had one of all I preferred one with a decent vein of blood. The very next moment I felt like kicking myself. I recalled that this was the man that all my sisters had so wished to get a trace of—Old Bill, of course. Why, my old dad had mentioned him scores of times. They were brothers—Uncle Bill—William in conversation—yes, yes. He was a bit recent for an ancestor, certainly, but I only needed to get the picture. I could do the rest. As soon as I could find out that he was really worth knowing I meant to be very proud of him.

I was on the point of coming away just then when a very dainty desk caught my eye. On turning round again I found that a girl was looking hard at my uncle.

As she happened to be a very pretty girl, with the daintiest chin imaginable, I didn't hurry away. On the contrary, I should think I spent quite a few minutes taking in the nice curves of her figure. She had the sweetest little mouth that ever I saw.

She looked sideways at my uncle for fully five minutes after which she spoke to a frothy old lady beside her, and her words were so astounding as to call me to my senses.

"Yes," she said decisively, "I'm sure it's his. Dear old Uncle Bill!"

This was interesting. "What did she know about Uncle Bill? However, I vowed on the instant that as long as I might say Bill as prettily as she did I'd never say William again. But I was puzzled.

Evidently the girl had a stray uncle roaming about somewhere and had picked out my relative by mistake. Well, I would travel down tomorrow and buy the picture, and if she liked to come and look at it in my sitting room she might do so with pleasure. I rather liked the idea of her sitting in my big armchair looking sideways at Old Bill.

There was quite a crowd in the auction room next day. I didn't like to appear anxious to have the picture; but, as a matter of fact, I was anxious, for I had raked out an old letter of the governor's which said that Bill had just been made county chairman or something of the sort and was going to sit for his portrait. This was evidently the identical one—maybe worth a tidy bit.

Somebody started the bidding at \$1—rather a low price, but then the stupids took him for an ordinary person.

"Fifty shillings!" and a voice close behind me said, "Thirty-five!"

"Forty!" said I, and again the voice followed, this time with "Forty-five!"

"Three pounds!" I next called, for I wanted to get the business over quickly.

I heard somebody complaining in the auctioneer called, "Going!" and turned to find the pretty girl of yesterday looking angrily at me.

"What does he want with it?" she said, half crying and speaking to the frothy lady beside her. "My uncle's picture can't interest him."

Now this was a little more than I could bear, and I looked as hurt as I possibly could on a short notice. I could see that she really believed the picture to be that of her own uncle.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, bowing. "I am simply bidding for the portrait of my uncle."

"Your uncle?" she said stiffly, with flushed face. "I'm afraid you are much mistaken. That is my uncle!"

It sounded so absurd that I was almost inclined to laugh, but I could not make a fool before a crowd of people. I put on a very firm expression and said:

"My dear young lady, I'm afraid you do not know."

"Sir!" She stopped me, and her mouth quivered. "You're extremely rude! I know perfectly well what I am saying. I tell you that is the portrait of my uncle."

"It is my uncle!" was on my lips, but I refrained from speaking and turned to the auctioneer. By this time, however, the picture had been knocked down to another bidder.

I felt almost angry. It was positively aggravating after dropping on this most rare of uncles, to have him turn from my grasp in this manner.

Somewhat I felt a bit of a beast when I heard the girl crying, but hugged myself up with the conviction that mine was a just and righteous cause, and that in contesting for the age stained relic of the family nose I was, in a something sense, a hero.

I determined to call on the auctioneer the next day and find out who had bought the picture.

It had been knocked down to a man

SOMEBODY'S UNCLE.

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One thing, however, rather distinguished me—I didn't like the name Old Bill. Ancestors who kept coal sheds or took in washing are not worth running after, and if I had one of all I preferred one with a decent vein of blood. The very next moment I felt like kicking myself. I recalled that this was the man that all my sisters had so wished to get a trace of—Old Bill, of course. Why, my old dad had mentioned him scores of times. They were brothers—Uncle Bill—William in conversation—yes, yes. He was a bit recent for an ancestor, certainly, but I only needed to get the picture. I could do the rest. As soon as I could find out that he was really worth knowing I meant to be very proud of him.

I was on the point of coming away just then when a very dainty desk caught my eye. On turning round again I found that a girl was looking hard at my uncle.

As she happened to be a very pretty girl, with the daintiest chin imaginable, I didn't hurry away. On the contrary, I should think I spent quite a few minutes taking in the nice curves of her figure. She had the sweetest little mouth that ever I saw.

She looked sideways at my uncle for fully five minutes after which she spoke to a frothy old lady beside her, and her words were so astounding as to call me to my senses.

"Yes," she said decisively, "I'm sure it's his. Dear old Uncle Bill!"

This was interesting. "What did she know about Uncle Bill? However, I vowed on the instant that as long as I might say Bill as prettily as she did I'd never say William again. But I was puzzled.

Evidently the girl had a stray uncle roaming about somewhere and had picked out my relative by mistake. Well, I would travel down tomorrow and buy the picture, and if she liked to come and look at it in my sitting room she might do so with pleasure. I rather liked the idea of her sitting in my big armchair looking sideways at Old Bill.

There was quite a crowd in the auction room next day. I didn't like to appear anxious to have the picture; but, as a matter of fact, I was anxious, for I had raked out an old letter of the governor's which said that Bill had just been made county chairman or something of the sort and was going to sit for his portrait. This was evidently the identical one—maybe worth a tidy bit.

Somebody started the bidding at \$1—rather a low price, but then the stupids took him for an ordinary person.

"Fifty shillings!" and a voice close behind me said, "Thirty-five!"

"Forty!" said I, and again the voice followed, this time with "Forty-five!"

"Three pounds!" I next called, for I wanted to get the business over quickly.

I heard somebody complaining in the auctioneer called, "Going!" and turned to find the pretty girl of yesterday looking angrily at me.

"What does he want with it?" she said, half crying and speaking to the frothy lady beside her. "My uncle's picture can't interest him."

Now this was a little more than I could bear, and I looked as hurt as I possibly could on a short notice. I could see that she really believed the picture to be that of her own uncle.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, bowing. "I am simply bidding for the portrait of my uncle."

"Your uncle?" she said stiffly, with flushed face. "I'm afraid you are much mistaken. That is my uncle!"

It sounded so absurd that I was almost inclined to laugh, but I could not make a fool before a crowd of people. I put on a very firm expression and said:

"My dear young lady, I'm afraid you do not know."

"Sir!" She stopped me, and her mouth quivered. "You're extremely rude! I know perfectly well what I am saying. I tell you that is the portrait of my uncle."

"It is my uncle!" was on my lips, but I refrained from speaking and turned to the auctioneer. By this time, however, the picture had been knocked down to another bidder.

I felt almost angry. It was positively aggravating after dropping on this most rare of uncles, to have him turn from my grasp in this manner.

Somewhat I felt a bit of a beast when I heard the girl crying, but hugged myself up with the conviction that mine was a just and righteous cause, and that in contesting for the age stained relic of the family nose I was, in a something sense, a hero.

I determined to call on the auctioneer the next day and find out who had bought the picture.

It had been knocked down to a man

SOMEBODY'S UNCLE.

I must confess to a weakness for sales, although I haven't a bargain. Every time I go along the High Street I feel that I must have a peep into the auction rooms. I went in one evening not long ago. Like the jugglers for things that took my fancy.

I came across a picture in one corner—by the correct it was an oil portrait and bore underneath the words "Old Bill." "Mighty old, too," I thought, for the face was a perfect network of wrinkles, although the picture appeared to be rather new. I looked at the nose a little too long perhaps; anyhow I got the idea that it was the image of my own. I'm rather proud of my own nose, by the way. It's the "family" nose, I'm told, although the family doesn't appear to have done anything great with it as far as I can trace. I dismissed my gaze to look at the wrinkles on the face, and I discovered that the mouth was also my own. Good! It must be an ancestor of mine.

I felt a big thrill of joy. An ancestor was the very thing I wanted.

One thing, however, rather distinguished me—I didn't like the name Old Bill. Ancestors who kept coal sheds or took in washing are not worth running after, and if I had one of all I preferred one with a decent vein of blood. The very next