

WEAR THE BEST

We don't believe you can find a suit of any other make that will have the style and appearance of these Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits or that will wear as well and cost as little in the long run. Come in and see them and try on some of the new styles.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX



GUARANTEED CLOTHING.

For Sale HAMPTON BROS.

See

Our new stock of Velvet, Axminsters, and Brussels Carpets. Bought direct from the factory.

Day & Henderson

The American Beauty

Rose is not more delicate in its exquisite odor than is our various flavors for our National beverage—soda water. Our ice cream soda is rich and delicious; our orange phosphate, wild cherry, and nectar will refresh and resuscitate the most faded spirit on a warm day, and all of our flavors, combined with cold and sparkling soda water, are the cream of the fountain.

THE BANQUET HOLDEN & TAYLOR



THE CHOICEST VEGETABLES GROWN.

As well as fruits that are picked at the proper time, and canned absolutely fresh by the most reliable packers in the country, is the only kind you will find on our shelves.

We have

GRAY & SON



SIR GEORGE, A CHAMPION POINTER.

One of the attractions at this year's Westminster Kennel Club show in Madison Square Garden, New York, was the fine collection of pointers. Sir George, here pictured, is a champion pointer belonging to W. Gould Brokaw, of New York. Sportsmen differ in their estimates of the relative value of setters and pointers, and it is probable the two breeds are about equal in their field work.

An Old Homestead MADE NEW

By the use of our superior Regal paint is a transformation, desirably to be wished by those who wish to preserve their property and have it look fresh and attractive. Our high grade Regal paint is made from the best colors, and will not peel or blister when applied, but is durable and attractive.

PRESTON & HALES

Manufacturers of Harness and Saddles; also dealers in Paints, Oil and Wall Paper

We Have...

Received our Spring and Summer line of samples. Come and let us take your measure and get you one of the best fitting suits you ever had.

J. M. Howe

THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow And grace the garden path. And hence I love the pathway so That leads me to her love. And oft my heart before me goes To read the love sign of the rose.

Though fairer bloom for lovers' eyes, To me it seems as fair. As if an angel's lips had kissed And blessed it, blooming there. For heaven its sweetest smile bestows On the dear love sign of the rose.

The pattering of little feet, When shadows blur the light, And ring the air about that meet And tread me at night— These may glad heart enraptured know As the dear love sign of the rose.

Not far away love's steps shall stray In thorny paths to roam, While for the maddens of life's May Shine signals sweet of home. When night falls draw, one heart still knows Rest at the love sign of the rose.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

MIRIAM'S DREAM.

"You won't really go at this time of the year, will you?"

"Rather. I'd go in December if Dick were at the end of the journey."

"Well, I would not cross the Atlantic in the middle of November for a dozen sweethearts."

Miriam laughed gleefully. She and her Dick had been separated for three years, and now he had fallen into a good berth at Toronto and had written to her to decide whether they should both spend their winter in loneliness or whether she would go to him and settle down at once as his wife.

Miriam did not hesitate a moment. She set aside the shortest time possible for winding up her affairs in England and arranged to sail in the Sironian from Liverpool to Halifax.

"But you'll have a dreadful overland journey after that. It must be a long way to Toronto," said her friend Nora. "I don't know how you'll get through all by yourself."

"Ah, but I'm not going to. Dick has been sent by his firm to New York on some business, and he intends to take a berth in the Meldrum, a coasting steamer, which will bring him to Halifax about the same time that I get there."

Miriam was in a fever of joy and was altogether oblivious of such small matters as intense cold, a pitching, rolling ship and battered down hatches. The good ship fought gayly through a stormy, ice threatened sea, and at last a morning broke when the sun shone fair and the waves sank into a comparative calm. Passengers swarmed on deck, congratulating each other on their escape from prison, and the anxious captain sighed with relief to think that the worst was over. He was upon his bridge, stamping up and down to keep the blood circulating in his feet, when ahead of them he saw a strange speck dancing on the waves.

As he drew nearer he found it an apparently empty boat, and he sent off one of his boats to tow the stranger to the steamer. When it reached the side, however, the limp form of a sailor was lifted from it. Under care and good treatment the blood began to run again through his stiff veins, and he was able to tell what had befallen him. But before that happened his boat had been landed on deck, and the name upon it—Meldrum—made known.

"How funny!" cried Miriam. "A steamer sailing from New York to Halifax is named Meldrum?"

"Aye, missie," said a sailor innocently. "And this is one of her boats."

"But how can it be? How could it have got loose out here?"

"If that poor chap lives he can tell us that, and no one else perhaps."

After some time the sailor's words began to beat into Miriam's stupor. She tried to speak to some one standing near, but her tongue would not move, only her knees shook so much that she nearly fell. Her neighbor drew her to a seat.

"Is the Meldrum wrecked?" Miriam asked, with tragic eyes.

"I do not know, but I hope not. That poor fellow will tell us, if he lives."

That evening it was known that the Meldrum had collided with another vessel in the storm, and that, although all the boats had been lowered, they had one after another been swamped. The rescued sailor had just jumped into one when his ropes snapped, and he was therefore the only person saved.

The stewardess took the tidings with a cup of tea to Miriam as she lay inert and despairing on her sofa, and she let the woman gossip out her news without uttering a sound. At last the stewardess went away, and Miriam lay still, not thinking, only suffering.

Later she crawled into her bed, where, through the night, visions of Dick, as a boy, as a youth, as a man, rushed through her mind. Sometimes she saw his face shining through the darkness, but when she clasped him round the neck he was cold as ice and wet with salt water.

Then she was out on the upper deck and not alone. By her side stood some one—a huge man, a giant, who seemed to reach to the sky. His clothes changed their color from light to dark, from black to brown. His great body undulated all the time, and when he put his arm round her, she seemed to be surrounded with a dry, suffocating warmth. Then he pointed a long arm to the northeast, and seemed to slip farther and farther away, though he still stood by her side; the monster lengthened into miles; Miriam followed him with straining eyes, when a flash of lightning lit up the sky and sea. It played for a moment round a distant spot, which the giant was touching, and in that moment she saw a picture which she never forgot.

In the little circle of light a boat rocked helplessly upon the waters. Under a sail were crouched some dozen people, trying, by huddling together, to keep the warmth in their bodies. She knew that Dick was there, and called his name shrilly. There was a sudden movement in the human heap, a white face peeped out, and then the vision passed.

Miriam lay in her berth, the new dawn already lightening the sky. Then feverishly she got up and went on deck, to see nothing but the gray sky and the gray sea, to hear nothing but the throbbing of the engines and the sough of the wind and waves. Breakfast time came, but she heeded it not. For hours she stood immovable, gazing to the northeast over the bowworks. What did that dream of hers mean? Was Dick floating somewhere helplessly, with other passengers?

It was noon when the wind, veering, sent a cloud of smoke over her head and a shower of black smudges upon her hands. With them came a passing sensation of warmth. This slight incident awoke some vague memory connected with her dream. The black column of smoke, changing at its edges to brown, thinning out until she could see the gray sky through it, starting over from her side and yet reaching far into the distance, caught her eye.

Inspiration followed quickly. The smoke was the giant of the night before, and where it pointed lay Dick and his companions! Sight danced into her eyes, hope beat strongly in her heart. She turned a glorified face to the ship. What could she do? How save them?

She saw a foot surmounted by blue cloth moving methodically on the deck above, and in a moment flew up the stairs leading to the captain's bridge. The captain turned round sharply at the sound of strange footsteps, and peremptorily ordered her down. Clutching his arm she cried:

"Captain! They are out there, under the line of smoke! A dozen survivors of the Meldrum are drifting helplessly and nearly dead!"

The captain glanced in the direction indicated. How should this frantic young woman have seen what his practiced eye could not discern? Then he guessed that she was the person who, he said, had lost her lover in the wreck.

"My dear," he cried, patting her hand, "go to your berth and lie down. You are in great trouble."

But the haggard, hopeful eyes stared brightly at him.

"For the love of humanity, captain, use your glass. You will see them. I know you will."

To humor her he took a careful survey of the horizon, upon which the sun was shining. At first he shook his head, then he stood for a long time examining the spot under the thin edge of the line of smoke. He rubbed his glasses well and looked again, then said quietly:

"Something is there. Sit down in that corner and wait."

The course of the steamer was altered slightly and a boat was lowered once more to gather in the ocean's drift. To his surprise the captain saw that the distant object was really a boat, without sail or oar. How could the girl have known it? Then the group of people became visible, all evidently in the last stage of exhaustion, and he went over to Miriam and told her to look through his glass and see if her friend were there.

She took it from his hand with a wild sob and gazed long and steadily at the coming boat, then gave the glass back in the midst of a passion of weeping, nodding her head to signify that she had seen Dick. Then she set herself to regain self control by the time the boat came in. When it did, she was waiting in the hospital for her beloved.

For the next 24 hours she shared the duties of nurse with one of the stewardesses and saw Dick's eyes open with the first gleam of consciousness in them. With a contented look at her he fell asleep, and on the ship's arrival at Halifax he with all those who had been saved were well enough to be moved to more comfortable quarters on shore.

The captain made friends with Miriam during those few hours and learned how it was that she knew the boat was afloat. He could hardly believe it, and he could not explain it, but was contented to accept the fact as it stood and to be present at the simple ceremony which made Dick and Miriam man and wife.—Buffalo News.

A Man of Straw.

From time immemorial straw, probably because of its inseparable connection with bread, the staff of life, has had a more or less sacred significance. Our Aryan forefathers strewed their altars with it and swore on it as we swear on the Bible. It is easy to understand how this practice would lead to the stalk of corn being used as the symbol of a binding contract. For instance, the Latin for a stalk is stipulatio, whence naturally comes "stipulation."

In medieval times the presentation of a stalk of corn was a sign of service and faith. So, too, at hiring fairs in later times servants wishing to be hired carried a straw in their mouths. And in the days when unscrupulous persons deliberately hired themselves out to litigants to give any evidence that was wanted, they were straws in their shoes, from which custom we have the saying "man of straw"—a person of no material or moral worth. The horse with straw plaited in his mane and tail is perhaps the last surviving instance of the significance of straw as implying or binding a contract.

Oil For the Skin.

The men and women of ancient Greece and the famous beauties of every clime always understood the use of oil in the toilet, says an authority, which gives the following hint: When animal oil is used, it clogs up the pores and renders the skin coarse, but vegetable oils, such as the Greeks used, feed the skin. There are many skins that do not need lubrication after a bath, but there are many others which are benefited by the use of fine vegetable oil, such as almond cream, which furnishes food to the skin and is a powerful aid in the fight against wrinkles.—Exchange.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr R P Oliva, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's Greatest Blood and Nerve remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Wilkins & Linn, druggists.

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Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. It is a cure on cure. Only 25 cents a box. A cure guaranteed. Sold by Wilkins & Linn druggist.

Foley Springs Stages.

Stages from Eugene to Foley Springs, and way points, leave Eugene hotels at 8 a. m., daily, to date Creek.

Through trips to Foley Springs, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, returning on alternate days. Tickets on short Eugene Feed Yard, tenth and Williamette streets.

NERVITA LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. Anervetonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth.

Write for a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.

NERVITA MEDICAL CO. Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale W. L. DeLase, Druggist, Eugene, Or.

Farm for Sale Cheap. 380 Acres.

Of well improved land. Two good houses and barns. Plenty of farm implements, horses, cattle, wagons, etc. Six miles southwest from Eugene. For terms, etc., address: MILLS & PERKINS, Eugene, Oregon.

SHE BROKE HER CROSS.

Here is a case of a very charming young woman of central Ohio, who had grace, beauty and wit to commend her. Just as she was budding into womanhood a cloud came to darken her life. Her troubles came to her heavily upon her that for a long time she would not—could not leave her home. She used to receive her friends in a staid chair. And her friends were many. She was quoted as an example of Christian courage. She referred to her condition as "her cross," and everyone thought how brave and good she was to bear her burden with such fortitude. One by one her girl friends were joined to the men of their choice. She sent them all presents and received from each a piece of wedding cake, which she cried over a little, and didn't put under her pillow because it wasn't any good to her to dream. No man could carry her. A life of solitary suffering was hers. Yet her sad smile only got brighter as her cross got heavier. One day a young man found his way into that home, looking upon this girl, he loved her. And so he came often and she grew to look for him, and learned to lean on him, and dreamed the pretty dreams that come to pure women whose hearts God has fashioned for happy love. But over all the prospect was the shadow of her cross.



"It could never be, never be!" She said it over and over again to herself many a night as the tears slipped down her face. Then she got to saying, "If it only could be! If it only could be!" And one day this many times day and night. One day she lay on the sofa and began to say, "It shall be!"

"It shall be!" "I'll break this cross to pieces or I'll die trying." And then she looked around for help. And by chance or providence there came to her a book—the book whose title and contents are referred to below. It appealed to her. Common sense was what she needed. She realized sense was what she had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions like her girl friends, who were matrons and mothers. She realized that it was not common sense that she should be born to be crucified by her cross.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were her inalienable rights and she wanted full rights of her womanhood. It was common sense she needed. She had tried all the uncommon, extraordinary and extravagant forms of treatment, now she needed just medicine and more common sense. It was thus she began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The rest of the story sounds like a fairy story, but it is only like a fairy story in that it ends with the merry clang of marriage bells and with "they lived happily ever after."

It seemed a miracle to her friends to see this martyr, this patient cross bearer, get up from her sofa and begin to live. It was more strange when she took to golf, and more strange when she went to the theater, and more strange when she began to enjoy life. And stranger of all that she became the mother of healthy, happy children. This is not a fairy story. It is not the story of one person. It is the story of thousands of women. It is a composite picture in which one can trace face behind face, lined with suffering, channelled by tears. It is a story as true as the parable of the Prodigal Son, which was not the story of one young man but the story of the type which repeats itself generation after generation and is as common to Europe as to Asia, to Africa as to America.

IS IT YOUR STORY?

Your story either in whole or in part? Then I hope for you. There's help for you. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured so many cases where life was a daily burden under which the weak and weary body staggered on to the grave, that it can be recommended with the utmost assurance in every case of female disorders.

TO READERS OF THIS PAPER FREE.

We will send the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," the life work of Dr. J. C. Pierce, on receipt of twenty-cent (20) one-cent stamps to defray cost of mailing only, if you desire the paper-covered edition. Or for the same book, handsomely and permanently bound in cloth, send five cents in stamps to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We Have...

JUST RECEIVED FULL LINES OF THE FOLLOWING WASH GOODS:



Devon Pique, Fancy Grass Cloth, A. F. C. Gingham, Twin Star Gingham, Silk Gingham, Porgie Suitings, Everet Classics, Dublin Linens, Laineette Suitings.

We cordially invite the Public to inspect our Spring Stock.

J. V. KAUFFMAN

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

We take pleasure to inform you that we have recently added to our stock

RICH'S FAMOUS JULIA MARLOWE'S PATENT JULIA MARLOWE'S SHOES AND ORTOL



Oriz and in design, Attractive in appearance and Perfect fit. Fast and Captivate the wearer At first trial

Probably no shoes have ever been made that have made so many friends in a time.

A Few Points: THEY fit like a glove. THEY never pinch the foot. THEY are beautiful in design. THEY fit high or low instep. THEY yield to every action of the foot.

They conform in vital points to the shape of the weary foot instead of pressing the foot into the shape of the shoe. TRY A PAIR.

THEY ARE SURE TO PLEASE YOU.

P. FRANK & SON.

Fancy China...

Having just opened one of the largest stocks of Fancy China we have ever handled, we would be pleased to have everyone call and inspect the same.

Geo. T. Hall & Son

ART SQUARES

In my carpet apartment on the 2nd floor, there is ample room, and light, enabling you to see how your carpet will look when laid, without having to use your imagination, as you are compelled to do in most carpet rooms. Here too you will find the most complete assortment ever shown in Eugene. I am in the lead as to price and styles on

Brussels, Moquets, Velvets, Tapestry

Pro-Brussels, 3-ply Ingrain, 2-ply

Extra Super Ingrain, Unions, Etc.

Special attention is called to the new production—Pro-Brussels, which makes the richest and most durable of Art Squares produced. Our line of matings also deserves special notice. Come and get my prices and see my line of Matings and Oil Cloths.

F. E. DUNN

M. EMILE LOUBET, FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT

M. Emile Loubet, the new president of France, is a man of equal ability (for a Frenchman) and sterling honesty. It is claimed that he is a man of anti-Dreyfus, but that he believes in a Dreyfus (justice) in the Dreyfus case. Loubet is 60 years of age and has been prominent in French politics for many years.

The Dreyfus Case.

Our country is in a state of excitement over the Dreyfus case. The Dreyfus case is a case of a Frenchman who was accused of being a spy for Germany. He was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. The case has been a great scandal in France.

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