CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

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Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box; 6 boxes for $2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.

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Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between George Fisher and J. C. Watkins, under the firm name of Fisher & Watkins, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Philip Miller having purchased the interest formerly held by Geo Fisher. The new firm will pay all bills and collect all outstanding bills.

Dated, this, Eugene, Oregon, January 4, 1900. GEORGE FISHER. J. C. WATKINS.

I hereby desire to thank the citizens of Eugene for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and trust that my successors will be accorded the full patronage of my friends. The members of the firm are first-class butchers and business men.

GEORGE FISHER.

Bargains in Property.

The Lauer residence property on Willamette street, also lots on corner of Lincoln and 5th streets, will now be sold cheap, easy terms. Anyone desiring choice property can obtain information by calling on The Eugene Real Estate & Investment Company, Eugene, Oregon.

Sick Headache absolutely and permanently cured by using Moki Tea. A pleasant herb drink. Cures constipation and indigestion, makes you eat, sleep, work and happy. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. 25 cts and 50 cts. For sale by W L DeLano.

I. T. Travis, Agent Southern R. R., Selma, Ga., writes: "I can not say too much in praise of One Minute Cough Cure. It my case it worked like a charm." The only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

Lewis Dennis, Salem, Ind., says: "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure did more good than anything I ever took." It digests what you eat and can not help but cure dyspepsia and stomach troubles. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH HOUR.

When Cardinal Montalto became Sixtus V, he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master.

It had been the custom of nobles coming to Rome to be escorted whenever they went out by a "following" more like an army than an escort, and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place and blood be freely shed.

Sixtus V resolved to put down this practice and sent an official notice prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than 20 attendants. Every one, also, of whatever degree who should carry any sort of firearms (pocket pistols being especially mentioned) should thereby incur the penalty of death.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarina to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late when the gay guests began to discuss the edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and among them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly.

Next morning Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope.

Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death.

The news spread rapidly. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes, pleaded his nephew's cause.

The pope's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction. A criminal is a criminal and nothing more. Nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The governor of the castle received notice that Ranuccio should be executed precisely at 24 o'clock (in Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset). Angeli, the governor, signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live.

The announcement of his doom was greeted with laughter by the reckless prisoner, as he could not think that the pope would strike off a head that was almost crowned. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meanwhile Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, the Spanish embassador, and they resolved to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers.

"Our only plan," said the cardinal, "is to stop all the clocks in Rome. Meanwhile do you occupy Angeli's attention."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and at the appointed hour Time changed his noisy course as if by magic into a silent flight. Two clocks—those of St. Peter and St. Angelo—were put back 20 minutes, their proximity to the prison requiring this change.

The execution was to be in private, but Olivares, as embassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance showed him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong.

Olivares, in order to gain time, began to converse on every conceivable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders," he said, "are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over." He called, "Is all prepared?"

All was prepared. The attendants, like their master, were only awaiting the hour.

"'Tis strange," muttered the governor, "I should have thought"—

"At least, if you will not delay, do not anticipate," interrupted Olivares.

Despite the delay, it wanted only ten minutes to the fatal hour.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch. On the testimony of that unerring timepiece, Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked the pope.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma."

Sixtus traced the following words, "We order our governor to deliver to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese."

The cardinal rushed toward the castle, and just in time. His nephew had his neck bared, his hands tied, and he was repeating what seemed his last prayer.

"A pardon, a pardon!" shouted Olivares.

The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause.

"The body of Ranuccio Farnese," the governor read and reread. "Why these words, 'the body of?'"

"Is that all? said the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew. "'Look at the clock; it still wants two minutes to the time, and I received that paper a quarter of an hour since."

The governor bowed; the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given to his deliverers. A carriage with four fleet horses waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping on the road to Parma.

Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison.—London News.

His Future Mapped Out.

"Yes, when Willie grows up we intend to get him a commission in the army."

"Which branch of the service?"

"Eh?"

"Which branch of the service, infantry?"

"No, cavalry, I think. He looks just beautiful on his rocking horse."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

The Fire at Simms'.

It was late in December and 100 degrees below zero. The frozen footed fowls crowded together in the old henhouse, and if a glint of sunlight shot across the pen the old hens fought to stand in it. The rooster sank into himself until his hackles looked like an Elizabethan ruff; when he crowed, it sounded raucous and cold, and the hens shook their heads at each crow, as hens have done since time began. They stood on alternate feet and seemed to envy Mrs. Sims her coarse shoes.

She, poor woman, was on her way out to the barn to milk 40 cows before sunlight should fall. The dull, flat, hopeless, dreary, dismal, bitter, sour, doleful, hard, inevitable, disheartening condition of life on a Garland county farm was imaged in the bleak landscape and in her weary, haggard face.

She walked as if she had several cobblestones in the toes of each shoe, and she wished that she had a millstone about her neck. Jim, her husband, was drunk again, which meant that until he returned from town she must sack 1,000 bushels of buckwheat a day, feed and water 700 stupid fowls and provide meals for seven pairs of vicious, quarrelsome twins of her own raising.

She entered the low doorway of the hideous barn and seated herself on her haunches beside the first of the 40 scraggly, half frozen cows. She was an experienced milker, but the deftest fingers in the world cannot guard against a sudden bovine flank movement, and she saw 33 pails of steaming milk overturned by 33 suffering and fractious beasts.

Something like an oath issued from between her thin, bloodless lips, and she audibly wished that the day that saw her birth might be blotted from the calendar.

In the house she could hear the seven pairs of twins shooting at each other and throwing kerosene lamps about and slaughtering the cat; but she did not care a bit. Time had been when pretty Eliza Simms would have cared a good deal, but that was a score of years ago, before the twins began to come so frequently.

"If the house burns up I won't have no more meals to get."

Poor woman, she did not realize that another house would take its place and the eternal round of ill cooked, greasy, uninteresting, indigestible meals would continue as before. She had lost the faculty of thinking, like all farmers' wives in Garland county.

A couple of odd twins came out to her—Buck, one of the oldest pair, and Jen, next to the youngest.

"Jake has set the house afire again," said Buck.

He would have kissed her if he had been some sons and she some mothers, but the very name was unknown in the Simms family. A kick and a cuss they knew too well, but the union of the two sounds meant nothing.

"Belle has killed the cat again, and Lace has torn your weddin stifkit to smithereens," said Jen, with a malicious grin.

A grim smile sank into the tough, leathery face of the despondent toiler, and she milked two vicious streams into the girl's eye. Jen did not know whether to laugh or cry, but the crackling of the flames turned the thoughts of all three into another direction.

"Ain't yeh go'n ter put out the fierrr? The insurance ran out last week. I heered pap say so."

Mrs. Simms rose to her feet. It was true. She must save the house if it took the rest of the milk.

"It's a wonder your pa can't stay to hum when the house is liable to burn down any day with them youngest twins."

It was the third time in two weeks that they had set the place afire, and milk was high that year. Of course the pumps were frozen hard.

"You bring a couple of pails apiece," said she, taking a pail in each hand and balancing another on her head, but the children only jeered at her and began to fight in the hay.

She toiled toward the house, overweighted and cold. The flames were pouring out of every window, and the sun was just setting, a red ball that looked as if the dwellers beyond the patch of pines on the horizon could warm their hands on its glowing surface.

The squawks and squeaks of the fowls, fighting for the warmest place on the roost, broke the frosty stillness of the air, and the dull, black smoke of the burning house floated in long, trailing streamers to where the upland was crowned with an orchard of young peach trees. It was all beautiful if she had but known, but this sordid woman was bent only on putting out the miserable fire that had attacked the house.

What do farmers in Garland county know of beauty? From their birth onward the grindstone whets their noses down to the bone, and, look as they may, there is nothing but a whirring grind before their eyes.

A creaking farm wagon toiled along the road, the wheels making a crankling music in the frozen ruts. Jim was coming home from his seven day jag, singing in a raucous voice that jarred harshly on the winter quiet of the night. He saw the flames of the burning building, but he did not hasten his pace.

"I never saw the thing that Liz couldn't down from me to a spread oak. The twins has le'n at it again."

And they were still at it. The flames had driven them out of the house, but they had all gone into the barn to quarrel, leaving their mother to fight the fire single handed. As Jim drove into the barnyard the flames succumbed to her efforts and the watery milk. She came out to the side door and looked at him under singed eyebrows.

"What yeh got fer supper?" he asked.

"Smoked beef an b'iled milk," said she. "I wish I'd 'a' burnt up," she added in a harsh voice.

"Gad, I wisht yeh had. Your life insurance ain't lapsed."

It was a brutal jest, but she did not perceive its brutality any more than she would have admired a nocturne of Chopin's or an etching by Whistler or a statue by Phidias.—Criterion.

Cheap Water In Glasgow.

In Glasgow a £15 householder obtains for 71d. per annum a continuous, never failing, unrestricted stream of the purest water in the world, delivered right into his kitchen, washhouse and bathroom. It is calculated that 380 gallons of pure water are delivered to the citizens of Glasgow for every penny paid. And it is water of such peculiar softness that the householders of Glasgow can pay their water rate out of what they save on soap.—Engineering Magazine.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J A Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by W L DeLano.

BETH.

BY TINA NICKERSON.

Aunt Eliza Barton walked from window to window and gazed upon the surrounding scenery. Aunt Eliza yearned for the kind husband who had suddenly been taken from her. Hers had been a life of peace and plenty, but now had come the hardest of all blows in her declining years.

Years ago, when her only child died, she took her brother's two little girls to live with her, and for 16 years she and her husband had taken the places of their dead parents.

After Thomas Barton's death it was found that there was little more than the grand old house left to the widow, and she, whose first thought had always been for others, was now grieving not only for the dead, but because she was no longer able to provide in the old way for her two nieces.

Bessie Gardiner sat in an easy chair, regarding her aunt with an unsympathetic look, when Beth came in.

"Well, auntie, how do you think I look?" she asked, gayly turning from side to side as if to invite criticism.

"Very nice. But what does it all mean?" asked Aunt Eliza.

"Can't you guess, dear? Look at this dress and apron, this large shade hat and this nice, bright, shining pail. I'm going to pick cranberries. Come, Bessie, are you coming?"

"Beth Gardiner! What do you mean? How dare you think of such a thing? Pick cranberries indeed! You shall not disgrace us in this way. You know that Gerard Dayton is to call this afternoon!" cried her sister angrily.

"Well, I suppose you can entertain him," said Beth. Then, going to her aunt, she threw her arm around her neck and said earnestly:

"Dear aunt, do you think I am insensible to all your goodness? You have been a mother to us since our own mother died, and we never can half repay you. I realize that you are no longer in a position to do as you have done, and we must take our turn now. From this time, dearie, you are my special charge, and just as I would take care of my own dear mother will I gladly care for you."

Aunt Eliza was deeply affected and, returning Beth's caresses, replied:

"God bless you, my darling!"

Bessie regarded her sister scornfully and asked:

"And, pray, do you intend to support the family by picking cranberries?"

"No, dear," quietly replied Beth. "I have engaged to teach the village school at a salary of $450 a year. Not a large sum, I know, but it will keep the wolf from the door, auntie, and it may be the beginning of better things. It was my secret, and I have divulged it sooner than I intended. But I must make haste, or I shall earn no dimes today. Goodby! Better come, Bessie. Wait till you see my wealth rolling in. My, but you'll be envious!" And, gayly kissing her hand to them both, she tripped lightly down the path and was soon lost to view.

When she returned from her work late in the afternoon, Bessie was seated on the lawn, with Gerard Dayton at her feet. How cool and comfortable she looked and what a contrast to her own appearance! Yet at the sight of her bright, rosy face Gerard Dayton's countenance lighted up with unmistakable pleasure.

Bessie noted this and in a voice which plainly showed her disposition said:

"Here is our rustic maiden now. Mr. Dayton, what think you of Beth in her new sphere?"

But Beth gave him no chance to reply. She burst forth with:

"Oh, it was great fun! Why, the little things never looked so pretty as when I saw them growing. It seemed almost a shame to rob the slender little vines of their adornment, but the enthusiasm of the 'pickers' is infectious, and I soon found myself 'scooping 'em in' with an eagerness bordering on greediness. And see, here are the checks which I received for my labor—42. That number represents $4.20. Of course I had help. I didn't pick half of them," she said laughingly, "but it is very gratifying to my—vanity, I suppose you would call it."

"I am sure, Miss Beth, that you are to be congratulated upon"— began young Dayton.

"But look," she interrupted him. "See these poor hands. Those fingers have actually been bleeding." And she held up two very much begrimed hands for their inspection.

They could not help laughing at her pitying glances, and Bessie said, "Whatever possessed you to branch off in this most extraordinary manner I cannot conceive."

"I must run and tell auntie. My, but I dread to put my hands in water as would a street urchin!"

"This experience will end your cranberry expeditions, I hope," said Bessie.

"By no means," answered Beth. "I am going tomorrow and next day and the next," and she went to the house singing happily.

The next day Bessie waited in vain for the young lawyer, and all her bitter jealousy was aroused when she saw him walking home with Beth, swinging the cranberry pail as she went. They were enjoying the walk, too, for he was laughing heartily at some bright remark of Beth's. Try as she would she could never make him laugh like that.

"Well, Miss Bessie," he said as they came up to her, "I, too, have been picking cranberries, and I must confess myself a convert to your sister's views."

"And are you, too, rejoicing in a pocketful of checks with which to swell your income?" she asked, with some sarcasm.

"Oh, no," he replied in an unruffled manner. "I fear that I am much too awkward to meet with any such success, but it really is capital fun."

* * * * * * *

Beth was a success at teaching, and Mrs. Barton was justly proud of her lovable niece.

Bessie was quick to see that her charms were lost upon Gerard Dayton and accepted George Dennis, a wealthy young merchant, who loved the imperious beauty almost to distraction.

At the end of the year Beth resigned her position as teacher, amid many protests. Gerard Dayton visited Bartonville with remarkable frequency, and the air of proprietorship with which he greeted Beth as he drew her to him in a close embrace bespoke his mission.—Boston Post.

Never to Be Forgotten.

Watts—Do you ever talk in your sleep?

N. Peck (shuddering)—Do I? Once I jawed my wife.—Indianapolis Journal.

GRATORIO SOCIETY.—The Eugene Oratorio Society will meet at Frank's Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 7 p m. All are urged to be present in order that books may be purchased at a discount. The Oratorio societies of Albany, Salem, Corvallis, McMinnville are already at work. Members urged to bring copies of "The Creation," as it will be practiced on that evening and to be repeated at the annual festival this year.

W. GIFFORD NASH.

Her Husband's Story

"My name is E. J. Sprong, and my address is 16 Bondman Block, Troy, N. Y. I want to tell how thankful I am that my wife's health has been restored to her. About a year ago she caught a dreadful cold, which settled in her bronchial tubes and lungs. She certainly had bronchitis and I think consumption, too, and we despaired of her life. She had a tightness and soreness in the chest, and it was difficult for her to breathe. There were darting, sharp, dull and heavy pains, with constant coughing and expectorating. Each day she was worse than the day before. I was advised to get Acker's English Remedy, and did so, but my wife cried, shook her head and said: 'Another dollar thrown away.' She took the Remedy, however, and said the effect was magical. In less than an hour there was a remarkable change. She got better at once, and in a short time she was entirely well and strong again. The cure was permanent and there has been no relapse. I don't know what Acker's English Remedy is made of, but I am sure it contains something that fortifies the system against future attacks. My wife is in better general health now than ever, and you can't imagine how happy she is for her recovery. She tells everybody about Acker's English Remedy, and so do I, for I believe it to be our duty to the public to help every sufferer who has throat and lung troubles. My neighbors say it is a sure specific for croup, and has saved the lives of hundreds of little ones around in this vicinity alone."

Sold at 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England, at 1s. 7d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d. If you are not satisfied after buying, return the bottle to your druggist, and get your money back.

We authorize the above guarantee. W. H. HOOKER & CO., *Proprietors, New York.*

For sale by W. L. DeLano, Eugene, Or.

JUNCTION CITY BURGLARIES

Secured Booty to the Amount of $125.

Times, Jan. 6.

Robbers made a very successful raid in this city between 3 and 4 o'clock New Year's morning. The store of Pollock & Warner was first visited, entrance being secured by smashing in one of the front windows. Goods to the amount of about $100 was taken. The store of C. F. Hurlburt was also entered by smashing a window and a box of diamonds (?) and some other things taken amounting to perhaps $25.

Mrs. Baker at the hotel heard the noise and called up Mr. Williams to investigate. As he came down to the sidewalk he met Mr. Thornton, who had just started to call the railroad boys, and together they passed the stores and even shook the doors, but unfortunately did not notice the shattered windows, as the robbers might have been captured, as they were inside at the time.

Some time after Mr. Williams had retired he heard the crash of the second glass, and rushing to the bay window of the second story, he saw a man start to run. He fired three shots, but none took effect. Some suspicious characters were in town that evening and two men answering their description boarded the northbound train at the water tank.

A Disgrace to Our City.

State Journal: "In the freedom from nuisances and those petty pollutions to which most towns are subject, we think our fair city very lucky on account of the vigilance of its officers and the pride of its people. But there is yet one thing which stands even overlooking the town, which in its present condition is a disgrace to a community and a blot upon the record of a people far less advanced than ours. This is the old building formerly used as an observatory on the top of the hill. Its windows are out, its doors broken, its walls covered with the vilest writing and its floors fouler than the worst stables. The building ought to be either removed or made into a quarantine station for those characters who defamed it."

Dynamite would level it to the earth, and its present condition warrants its use.

No Cure, No Pay.

That is the way all druggists sell Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic for Chills, Malaria and Billiousness. It is as pleasant to take as Lemon Syrup. 50 cents

Wall paper at cost, and less.

F L Chambers.

Astoria is a lively city. The receipts of the police court during 1899 were $6,188.50. Few other cities of the size in the United States can show such a record. It sounds fishy, but is appreciated by the fact that fishermen have the money to liquidate with, and are as well easily caught when on a spee.

G. H. Appleton, Justice of the peace, Clarksburg, N. J., says: "DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made for constipation. We use no others." Quickly cures all liver and bowel troubles. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

Fuel for Force

Your body must have force, nervous force, muscular force, digestive force. What is the fuel used to supply this force. If you are weak in any of these forces, use more fuel.

The cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is the best fuel for this work. Your nerves have stronger, your muscular power increases, and your digestion improves.

50c and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Notices under this head not to exceed five lines, 50 cents per week; $1 50 a month; $12 per year.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Probably the very best 150 acre tracts of land in Lane county, and one of the best in the state of Oregon, owned by Dr T W Harris. This is a very fertile and highly improved farm lying 2½ miles west of Eugene on an excellent road. The doctor bought this farm with a view to breeding fine horses, but having given up the breeding business, has no further use for his farm and desiring to devote himself exclusively to his profession, offers it for sale at a rare bargain. Call on the doctor for terms of sale.

FOR SALE.—Corner First and Jefferson streets one 10 room house, and two lots, 80x100 feet each. Good barn, water, fruit, fine garden ground. Also house and lot, corner First and Lawrence streets, lot 66 feet 8 inches, by 160 feet, young fruit trees, good garden ground, water, etc. Also house and lot, corner Willamette and Fourteenth streets. For prices and terms write S J Sills, Tacoma, Wash, Box 827, or call at GUARD office.

FOR SALE—Young team; weight about 1400 pounds each; also wagon and harness. Inquire of Henry Hohl, South Willamette street.

Lost and Found.

TAKEN.—A white India Cashmere shawl was taken from the ladies' reception Monday night at the Armory. It is prized very highly as a present coming from Manila. The party taking it is asked to return the same to this office.

LOST.—Between residence of J W Kays and the U B church, a red satin ribbon belt, with steel buckle. Finder please leave at store of J W Kays.

Miscellaneous.

WOOD BIDS WANTED.—Bids will be received at the office of the Eugene tannery until February 1, 1900, for 200 cords of 4-foot body fir wood. HAINES & Co.

WOOD WANTED.—350 cords body fir wood by August 1, 1900. Bids will be received prior to December 1, 1899. Eugene Water Co., F. L. CHAMBERS, Secretary.

SEND STAMP—For circulars and list of R. H. C. literature. Address Jos. Amrhein, box 972, Tacoma, Wash.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For Christmas presents that will be appreciated every day in the year, go to F L Chambers.

D. M. McCrady, artistic painter and paper-hanger. Inquire or leave orders at Preston & Hales.

M O Warner tunes pianos and organs. Repairing and polishing.

Dyspepsia can be cured by using Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. One little tablet will give immediate relief, or money refunded. Sold in handsome in boxes at 25 cts. For sale by W L DeLano.

No advance as yet at F L Chambers in prices on Bain wagons, Racine buggies, Monitor drills, Dandy disc harrows, Oliver walking plows and Pitts harrows. Now is the time to buy before this lot is all sold.

Size doesn't indicate quality. Beware of counterfeit and worthless salve offered for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's is the only original. An infallible cure for piles and all skin diseases. Vincent & Co., Corner Drug Store.