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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Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Watches and Clocks Repaired.
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Office—In Office street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, one block west o Minnesota

French Tansy Wafers, the world's famous remedy for irregular and painful periods of ladies; are never failing and safe. Married ladies' friend. French Tansy Wafers are the only reliable female remedy in the world; imported from Paris; take nothing else, insist on genuine; in red wrappers with crown trade mark. La France Drug Company, importers, 306 Turk St, San Francisco. For sale by all druggists, or sent in plain wrapper direct for price, pr pkt of $2.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

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.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

VINCENT & CO., Corner Drug Store.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

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.

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

For sale W L DeLano Druggist

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.

The thin baby

You always expect to see a baby plump and rosy, don't you? Thinness in a baby is a disease. If not corrected serious results follow. The first year often determines the health for the whole of a long life.

Scott's Emulsion is a true and tried friend to the little ones. It gives them just the plumpness all healthy babies should have.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

FISHING FOR JACK

Two Women Go A-fishing and Land a Fish Without a Landing Net.

Joan was lying full length in a punt, lazing away a golden September afternoon on the Thames at Penton hook. She had dropped asleep and was dreaming that she had stolen her husband's fly rod and had caught an enormous barbel with an "artful dodger," when suddenly she was roused by a big flop and a splash quite close to her, and instantly all her senses were on the alert, for Joan Ainsworth was nothing if not a fisherwoman. She sat up in the punt watching the large circles caused by the fish thoughtfully, and her soul yearned with a great yearning to catch a jack and make Billy mad with envy. "I will go this very afternoon," she said. "The water looks in splendid condition, and I'll take Prue." And, jumping up, she seized the paddle and was soon across the river to "Boo Jum Camp," where she and Billy and Prudence, the maid, had been "camping out" most of the summer.

"Prue!" she called, "hurry up with the afternoon tea, while I rig up my rod and tackle. I'm going fishing."

Joan's knowledge of fishing was certainly not large, but she was a keen lover of the "gentle art," and her one great ambition was to catch a jack "all by herself," as she said, while Billy was up in town. Like all women, she despised small fish. There was no more skillful angler for gudgeon, roach and dace on the Thames than she, but she wanted larger game.

"Now, Prue," she said in a grand tone, as she paddled down the Hook, "I am going to Paternoster for jack this afternoon with live bait," and she pointed to her can of frisky gudgeon which she had caught while Prudence was getting tea. "I am not going to moor anywhere, but you must just gently paddle about from place to place and hold on to the thorn bushes while I search all 'piky looking spots.'" Joan felt pleased with her last sentence; she had got it from Billy's fishing book and thought it sounded professional.

"If I have a bite, Prue, I shan't strike at once, as I must wait while the jack turns the bait in his mouth, so I shall count 20 slowly. You must paddle us out into midstream to give me a chance of playing it properly, and, Prue, we will have stuffed pike and caper sauce for dinner tomorrow."

"Now, Prue, catch on to that thorn bush," Joan cried excitedly, as they turned round the bend of the Hook. "I am going to fish down this reach as far as the entrance to the Abbey stream." And Prue held on to the thorn bush like grim death, thankful to have escaped the stump.

John searched all the water thoroughly, skillfully dropping the bait into all the little pools, and she was just beginning to think sadly that there would be no pike and caper sauce, when she felt a tug, tug, and then on Prue's astonished ears fell a sound like the noise of a thrashing machine. "One, two, five, ten, sixteen, twenty!" shrieked Joan and struck with such a mighty strike that if there had not been something "on," she would have gone clean backward out of the punt.

"I believe it's a jack," she said breathlessly. "I must try and get it on the reel at once, and keep it out of the bank, and keep my rod point up, and not let it have a slack line or it will bite through, and play it gently, and—and— Oh, what else did the fishbook say?" she yelled in a perfect agony of excitement. "Oh, Prue, what am I to do? But I think it's coming along very nicely. I shan't lose it. Oh!" Whir-r-r-r went the reel, as the jack dashed off toward the Abbey stream.

One breathless moment—bum!—and Prue's arms were around a post, and the next they were in the calm waters of the Abbey stream. And then there was a hard fight. For ten minutes Joan tugged at that jack, her heart beating and cheeks burning. Never was there a more astonished fish. From sheer curiosity it went close up to the punt to see who was there, and when it only saw a white skirt wabbling about it flapped its tail in disgust, and off it went again with a whir-r-r-r-r-r-r. But Joan never yielded. She doggedly hauled away, whispering over and over again to herself: "Oh, how jealous Billy will be! What will he say? Oh, Mr. Jack, do hurry up and come home. I'm getting so tired! Oh, Billy, Billy!" And gradually the jack did begin to tire and allowed himself to be drawn slowly toward the punt, and then in one awful moment it dawned upon Joan she had forgotten to bring the landing net. There was despair in her voice and face as she broke this to Prue, but Prue was more than equal to the occasion.

"And what on earth would you be wanting with a landing net, ma'am, when there's a Sairy Gamp on board?" she remarked cheerfully. "By which I mean, ma'am, landing nets are foolish things when you have got a good, stout umbrella with you. You just bring the shark up to the punt, ma'am, and leave the rest to me." And as she spoke she quickly ducked her open inverted umbrella into the water plump under the weary jack, and the next moment Mr. Jack was in the punt, feebly flapping his tail in and out of the wires of the umbrella.

The two women sat, one on each side of the umbrella, gazing at the fish with rapt attention, but neither of them would have touched it for love or money. They were far too frightened of its sharp teeth.

"Oh, Prue," said Joan in ecstatic tones, "how clever you are! I should never have thought of the umbrella. And isn't it a beautiful fish? I am sure it is ten pounds. The poor thing is gasping for breath, but I daren't kill it. We shall have to take it home just as it is in the umbrella."

Billy wondered why his wife looked so radiant when she met him that evening at Staine's, but she didn't tell him her news till they reached home, and then, taking him solemnly by the hand, she led him up the little lawn to the umbrella, which was being carefully guarded by Prue, and, with shining eyes and a little bow, she introduced him to "her first jack."—Chicago Herald.

Discreet Silence.

"I told Bunks a story, and it didn't remind him of another."

"Perhaps he was afraid that if he told one it would remind you of another."—Chicago Record.

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.

A GIRL.

His name was Jappers. This is the hero. He had two other names, and when harnessed tandem my hero figured thus: John Adolph Jappers. Jappers was young, tender, fresh. So was his beard. Jappers had seen about 18 years of earthly woe, and he was highly sensitized by nature, although his father was a bluff old codger, without an ounce of nonsense in his whole make up.

John Jappers fell in love. He had a girl, at least he thought he had, and he thought he had said interesting things and quoted poetry enough to make her just crazy to have him propose. One day he concluded he would try and see how an offer of marriage, made in true knightly style, would affect her. He arrayed himself in purple and fine linen, so to speak, made himself look as ravishingly beautiful as he could be and sought his divinity.

Coaxing her into the parlor, where they might be unobserved, he proceeded in due and regular form to offer himself. Did that girl swoon from excessive gladness? Did Miss Pinky Brown fling herself on his clean shirt front and snivel in ecstasy? Well, not to any great extent.

On the contrary, she laughed in his face and called him a fool; told him to go home and ask his mother for a gingersnap, and when he seized her by the hand and attempted to remonstrate her black and tan terrier seized him by the calf of his leg and attempted to extract a soup piece from it.

Jappers felt his proud heart break. He wished he had snuff to put in that dog's eyes and a pistol ball to put between his own. He waited like a martyr until that pet of hers had got through with his lunch, and then, taking his hat, he strode haughtily from the house, resolved to die, to smother his grief in the lethean wave of oblivion.

Looking neither to the right nor left, he made his way to an apothecary's store and said he wanted a dose of arsenic to kill a cat. The druggist had often met these crazy looking chaps who wanted to poison cats and rats and things, and, concluding at most that he would only make the cat sick of her existence for a few hours, he proceeded to put up a strong emetic, with which our heroic youth strode home, fully resolved on a funeral.

Going to his chamber, he wrote the following note and left it on the table:

Friends of This Earth—Fate has fractured my heart. She whom I worshiped has laughed at my love and set her dog on me. I pass on. I crave the silent tomb. I cannot live in the same world with her and know that I am scorned. I have taken arsenic.

Then he took the emetic. Being strong, it worked hurriedly. It appeared to waltz through his troubled interior, and he moaned like a stricken calf. The family rushed up to his room in great alarm. His father gruffly asked him what the matter was, and he pointed to the paper on the table.

The old man seized and read it.

"I'll be hanged if the cussed idiot hasn't been taking arsenic!" he exclaimed, and, seizing his hat, he rushed out for the nearest physician.

Grabbing a stomach pump, the doctor was soon at the bedside of his howling patient. Then the fun began. The parent of that poor boy sat upon his stomach, while the doctor applied the pump, and the experience that he underwent for the next ten minutes was quite enough to make any man sigh for "the silent tomb." He could feel it pull on his very corns.

After nearly turning him inside out the doctor discovered the real truth and limbered up his "machine" to go home. That matter of fact father followed him to know why he withdrew, if he was quite sure he had pumped him dry, when the doctor informed him that he had been made a fool of, that the boy had taken an emetic and that he would take $10 for his trouble in relieving him of it.

That matter of fact parent paid the bill and showed Mr. Medico out of doors, and then, with a flood of paternal love light in his eyes, he returned to his son.

He ordered the others from the room, and, after locking the door, he began to act the part of an Indian medicine man with the sufferer.

He warmed him with a rattan cane. He sat upon him and dusted the most distended portions of his pantaloons with the palm of his hand. He took him by the two legs and, holding him up as he would a carcass of mutton, he jounced his head on the floor several times.

"There!" said he, after his parental love had spent itself. "If I ever catch you making such a confounded mule of yourself again, I'll cram a pound of nitroglycerin down your throat and throw you out of the window. If you want to die, I'll fix you myself, but don't let me see any more suicide in this house."

Then he left that tender youth to his own sad reflections. What they were may be inferred; but, somehow, he didn't care half so much for Pinky Brown as he did before. In fact, he didn't dare to die for fear of his unromantic father.

He enjoyed about a week of these reflections before he could overcome his physical weakness sufficiently to get out again. But it cured him, and now he has shaved off that springtime mustache, stopped attitudinizing before the mirrors and behaves himself quite like one who came up through great tribulation—on account of a girl.—New York News.

She Conquered the Germans.

In the Franco-German war the French hospital at Vendome was in charge of the late Mme. Coralie Cahen, one of the most noted nurses of the time. There, aided by two nurses and seven Christian sisters of mercy, she received thousands of French and German soldiers. When the Prussians occupied Vendome, they wished to hold the hospital and plant on it the German flag. But, warned of the enemy's intentions, Mme. Cahen, early one January morning, visited the Prussian general, who, surrounded by his staff, was about to seize the building.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "we have received your wounded and nursed them as though they were our own. We will continue to do so, but we will remain in a French hospital. We will not have it converted into a German hospital."

"Madame," was the reply, "we are masters."

"In the town it may be; here, no!" was the answer. "We are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag. You have no right to touch either the one or the other."

She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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.

HULDAH.

"A woman with ideas of her own," her acquaintances said of Huldah Owen. She was only one of that great multitude of middle aged unmarried women who are dependent upon themselves. A series of misfortunes had fallen upon the Owens, and when the debts were paid and the estate was settled only a few hundred dollars remained. Besides the money, Huldah possessed a common school education, excellent health, an independent spirit and strong, common sense.

Many plans floated through her mind. There was one thing she greatly desired, and that was to be an owner of real estate. Why could not she do with small village property what the money kings had done with railroads—buy dilapidated houses, put them in repair and sell at a profit or keep them and live on the rental?

After eating breakfast at her friend's house she started out in quest of a bargain in real estate.

Every house she passed which looked as if it were going to decay she scanned with interest, and in some instances inquired if the property were for sale. In view of a possible purchaser, the price was generally raised beyond the reach of Huldah's small capital. On the outskirts of the village stood an old house which she especially wished to possess. It was large and surrounded by about two acres of land. It seemed in the last stages of decay.

"If there wasn't so much land with it," mused Huldah, "I might be able to buy it, but I do not want to go in debt, and if the Hulsey heirs knew that I wanted to buy it they would want a fancy price."

She went home quite tired and with a much clearer idea of what $600 would not purchase than when she started out.

"Come here and welcome," her friend, Mrs. Ramsdell, had said, when the breaking up at the homestead had left Huldah without shelter.

"Thank you, kindly," the young woman had responded. "It will only be for a short time, for I must get settled."

In the same household was a lad about 10 years old, who did chores for his board. The chores lasted all day long, and even the few hours after supper which Donald wanted for study were begrudged and broken. The children of the family crowded the patient little fellow away from the lamp and away from the fire.

Huldah made a resolve that if ever she had a home of her own Donald should have a cozy nook by the fireside. She had helped him with his examples, and he was grateful, for poor and homeless as he was he had set his heart on becoming a great scholar.

The evening that Huldah had been out prospecting a man came to see her about selling the Hulsey property.

"I am one of the heirs," he stated. "There are three of us, an we are tired of looking for a buyer. It hasn't been so we could rent it fur a long spell, an we ain't none of us but could use a bit of cash right handy, now that cold weather is a-comin on. I ben over to see Sary Ann an John about it, an they reckon if you hev a mind to give us each $100 fur our sheer we'll sell out, an the place'll be yourn."

Three of them! One hundred dollars apiece! Huldah thought rapidly. It was a very low figure. Still she was shrewd enough not to seem too eager.

"I will look the place over in the morning and let you know," she said.

Bright and early she was making her way through the weeds to the old Hulsey house. She found a good cellar, an excellent foundation wall and timbers and three or four rooms that could be made habitable without much expense. The land alone she knew to be worth more than the price asked. After ascertaining that the title was good she concluded the bargain as soon as possible.

It was early in September, but there was much to do before cold weather. She went to her friend and asked for Donald.

"I want him for my boy," she explained. "I will give him a home and educate him."

Donald stood by, anxious to hear the decision.

"If he wants to go," said Mrs. Ramsdell. "I have no claim on him. I just took him in out of charity, but I have enough of my own."

"Do you want to be my boy, Donald?"

"Oh, yes'm, if you please."

Huldah was not a demonstrative woman, but she kissed the eager, uplifted face. That caress made the motherless boy her friend, willing to lay down his life in her service.

In the busy days that followed she found her boy a very efficient helper. It was Donald who cleared the place of weeds. It was Donald who helped to scrub and whitewash the rooms. It was Donald who worked with all his might when the drayman brought Huldah's furniture from her old home.

"Donald, I do not want you to work so hard. I fear you will injure yourself," remonstrated Huldah, "and I want you to have time for study."

"I love to work for you," responded the boy. "You never scold me, and I want to see how well we can make the place look."

"It is wonderfully improved already. Since you pulled up those great weeds and burned them it looks like another place, but we need a carpenter to put on a new roof on the wing of the house and to fix the doors and windows."

She soon found a carpenter who was willing to make repairs if he could turn his work on rent. Huldah furnished the materials, and in a week the man and his wife moved into a part of the house, so that almost from the first the property began to be a paying investment. Donald begged to be allowed to paint the outside of the house. He also learned to put on shingles and was so much help in making the repairs that the term of the carpenter's services was comparatively short. At the end of the second month the rent was cash, and it went far toward providing food for the two happy inmates of Hulsey house.

Her success prompted her to greater efforts. She found a mechanic who was out of work, and she agreed that if he would build a house on her grounds she would pay him in rent. Having a wife and child, he was glad to get shelter on these terms.

By figuring Huldah found out that she could afford to borrow money to buy or to build, as the rent was much more than the interest. So her rent roll lengthened year after year, and she gained the desire of her heart by becoming a property owner.—Waverley Magazine.

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.

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.

County Commissioners Court.

Mrs Van Tyne, care of Witt and child	40 00
W E Winfry, supervisor road district No 67	41 50
C W Powell, provisions for pauper Powell	5 00
S B Maybea, supervisor road district No —	26 00
I Slayter, supplies for pauper Cantrell	5 90
W L Delano, medicine for Witt child	4 80
Fred Warner, road work	13 75
O F Knox, gravel	6 00
S J Dolson, repairs on ferry	26 50
W H Eaton, drawing jury list Jasper precinct	3 00
E L Zeru, drawing jury list, Jasper precinct	2 00
Marion Wallace drawing jury list Jasper precinct	2 00
J M Goldson & Son, lumber	9 56
P Newcomb, gravel	2 50
M B McCann, deputy assessor	50 00
E S Calit, gravel	4 60
D P Burton, assessor	75 00
S J Wilson, deputy assessor	50 00
W H Kanoff, road supervisor district No 85	13 80
E Bangs, livery	7 50
A J Renfro, supervisor road district No 86	18 00
H S Tilton, road supervisor district No 56	24 00
T E Creed, work on crusher	83 15
W H Lincoln, road supervisor district No 14	60 00

Soldiers' Homestead Rights.

The following from the Medford Mail may interest some old soldier:

"F. M. Stewart recently sold his claim to additional government homestead. Mr. Stewart filed a homestead right on 80 acres of government land in Missouri in 1869, but under an act of congress all soldiers of the Union army who filed upon a lesser amount of land than 160 acres prior to June 22 1874, are entitled to sell their right to his lesser amount, and it is this right which Mr. Stewart has disposed of. This item may be of interest to other soldiers who are situated similarly to Mr. Stewart. If there are any, they should see to it that their claims are established. Should they prefer to locate upon this additional land themselves they can do so, and make proof upon the same without the usually required residence."

SALEM STORAGE.—Today's Statesman: "The storage capacity of the Southern Pacific Company's warehouse in this city is exhausted and a few surplus bales have found shelter in the regular freight depot. On account of these conditions the company has discontinued receiving hops for storage. The warehouse contains 4,500 bales of hops and represents the property of local dealers who are very evidently holding for better figures. However, several shipments have been made recently, probably to fill advance orders. Last week seven carloads were sent east while yesterday morning another lot 100 bales was started for the eastern market.

LOG BOOM.—Today's Oregonian; "J F Kelly, manager of the Booth-Kelly company's lumbering interests at Coburg Lane county, is at the Imperial, accompanied by George Catching, the company millwright. They are on their way to the Cowlitz to take notes of the construction of a new-fashioned log boom in that river, with a view to building one like it in the McKenzie river at Coburg."

GETS EVEN.—Junction City Times: The Eugene GUARD jumped on the Times "once upon a time" because an error was made in our date. Not in a spirit of revenge but merely as a reminder that the manager of the GUARD is human and liable to err like other members of the family, we will state that Tuesday's daily was dated as follows: "Monday, January 2, 1899." We'll take oysters in our'n.

UPPER SIUSLAW LOGGING.—Williams and Creppin's logging camp at Mound, on the upper Siuslaw, Frank Wallace foreman, are prepared to put in 250,000 feet of logs a month. They have a chute of a quarter of a mile in length which carries the logs to the end in ten seconds. Two good sawyers an find work at this camp.

COMPLIMENTARY. — Salem Daily Journal: "There seems to be at least one college president in Oregon who can open his mouth without putting his foot in it. He lives at Eugene."

Ex-Governor Wm. P. Lord, the new United States minister to the Republic of Argentina, who has been in Washington for some weeks past, sailed from New York city for Southampton, England, yesterday, from which place he will take the Royal Mail Company's steamer direct for Buenos Ayres, the trip from the last named port lasting for about 30 days. The ex-governor is accompanied by Mrs. Lord, their son William and daughter Bessie.

Ashland Record: Rev. E. A. Ross leaves tonight on his northern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Root having returned to Ashland sooner than expected. Mr. and Mrs. Ross and his mother will have to give up their residence in about a month, which may cause them to take up their residence elsewhere, an evangelist's home being an unsettled residence here below.

H A St Earle, a Montana mining man will go to Blue River to prospect in a few days.

Ten per cent off on all ingrain wall paper.
GRIFFIN HARDW. CO.

Throat Troubles

"Bardwell, Ky., where I live, is in the extreme western part of the State and only a few miles from Cairo, Ill., where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi River. It may be that throat troubles are common here because of location, but, whatever the reason, I find it wise to constantly keep a supply of Acker's English Remedy for Consumption on hand. It is the best thing I ever came across for coughs, colds and throat troubles, and I have used it in my family for years. No druggist here can be depended upon to have it always, so I am writing this letter to W. H. Hooker & Co., 220 Broadway, N. Y., to order a dozen bottles at a time. My wife is bothered lately with sore throat and difficult breathing, but just as soon as the dozen bottles get here, I will give her a few doses, and she will certainly be well again. I expect to write another letter in a short time saying my wife is cured, for I feel absolutely sure it is what she needs." (Signed) T. A. WHITE.

Sold at 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England, at 1s. 2d., 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.

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 bes 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, 80x160 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, g 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.