

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 Diarrhea 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

W. C. HALE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Rooms 1 and 2 Chisman Block,
EUGENE, OREGON.

J. M. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Collection a specialty.
Office—Over Lane County Bank.

L. BILLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office—Over First National Bank,
EUGENE, OREGON.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office—One-half block south of Chisman Bldg.
EUGENE, OREGON.

E. SKIPWORTH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts,
EUGENE, OREGON.

W. THOMPSON,
THOMPSON & HARDY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Office—In First National Bank Building,
Practice in all the courts.
EUGENE, OREGON.

GEO. B. DORRIS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of the Second
Judicial District and in the Supreme Court
of the State.
Special attention given to collections and
claims in probate.
Office—First National Bank Bldg.
Rooms 1, 2 and 3.

W. KUYKENDALL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—Over Williams & Linn's drug store.
Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 and 7 to
9 p. m.
Residence—Ferry street between 11th and
12th.

W. KUYKENDALL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—In Chisman Block,
Special attention to surgery and surgical dis-
eases of women.

F. SLOVER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Formerly resident physician St Vincent
Hospital, Portland, Oregon. La France
grocery store, 10th and Commercial streets,
Eugene—Corner Seventh and High.

J. L. LUCKEY,
JEWELER.

Watches and Clocks Repaired,
EUGENE, OREGON.

D. G. BIDDLE,
DENTIST.

Office—On Olive street, between Fifth and
Sixth streets, one block west of Minnesota.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the most 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

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.

Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale W. L. DeLano Drugist

Hargains in Property.

The Lauer residence property on

Williamette street, also lots on corner

of Lincoln and 6th 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, Ore-
gon.

Sick Headache absolutely and per-
manently cured by using Moki Tea.

A pleasant herb drink. Cures consti-
pation and indigestion, makes you eat,
sleep, work and happy. Satisfaction

guaranteed or money back. 25¢ and
50¢. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

I. F. Travis, Agent Southern R. R.,
Selling, 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. Vin-
cent & 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**

Wasting

Are you nervous, restless,
pale and easily tired? Per-
haps the scales can tell you
why. If your weight is
below your average, that
explains it.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

Scott's Emulsion is a fat-
producing food. You soon
begin to gain and you keep
on gaining long after you
stop taking it. For all
wasting diseases, in both
young and old, it is the one
standard remedy.

HER FAITH.

Ann Friend drew a box from under the

bed and began to pack into it the con-
tents of the one chest of drawers that

stood in the room.

At the bottom of the last drawer she

came upon a little bundle of baby's

clothes, and for a moment the hardness

of her face softened while she unfolded

each tiny garment and examined it care-
fully.

"This well she died," she thought to

herself. "This well she can't be ashamed

of her father. I'll leave them there;
he'll like maybe to see how tall she

grew."

Four years ago Ann Friend would have

told you that she was one of the happiest

women in the whole village, and the vil-
lage itself would not have disputed the

fact. Yet in two short years the happi-
ness died, the husband and the temper

man, and Ann, whose good nature was
proverbial, knew herself to have changed

into a sour, hard woman.

The inhabitants of the little village

where Ann had been born and bred said

among themselves that Mrs. Friend was

a rare good woman and had borne the

disgrace of her husband's imprisonment

as few women would have borne it.

They never knew the rage that took

possession of proud Ann Friend when the

shadow of disgrace fell upon her home.

"If you are innocent, prove it," was

his wife's thought, but the thought was

never put into words, for Ann was one

of those strange characters whose

thoughts are worse than their actions.

The mother believed in her son's word,

and counted the days for his return; the

wife allowed her to believe that she did

likewise. Some of the neighbors be-
lieved also in John's innocence; the wife

held her peace, and they accounted her

loyal.

Every day Ann determined to break

down her long reserve—to tell the old

woman that she, John's wife, would

rather die than be in person to wel-
come him home, yet each day saw the

momentous words unspoken.

At last the morning of the 20th arrived.

The explanatory letter was written and

planned on the pin cushion; the box, con-
taining the letter, stood in the out-house

on the nearest station; the old mother had

been dressed in her best Sunday gown

and cap, the very coffee stood ready on

the hob, and still the silence of two years

had not been broken.

"I may as well see how prison's agreed

with him," thought Ann as she looked at

the clock and saw it was just upon 7:30

and then felt that with the conscious-
ness that this thought had been behind

all her actions for the past two hours.

With a sudden face Ann left the cottage

and took a short cut through the fields to

where, standing on a low, dry old hill,

she could look down unperceived on the

roads below. There were two roads, the

broad, white road from the distant town

that held the prison and which wound its

way upward to the next large town and

the curved, narrow lane that met it and

that struck downward on the left to the

little village of Frant, passing the

Friends' cottage on its way.

Ann knew that prisoners were released

from Newham jail at 8 o'clock in the

morning. She knew that John must

come to where the roads crossed. After

one look at the disgraced man she would

have time to run home and start with

her box in the opposite direction before

he could reach the cottage, so she stood

there and waited and was angry with

herself for waiting, angry because the

minutes went so slowly, then angry be-
cause they had gone so fast, when a soli-
tary figure appeared walking in the cen-
ter of the road, making it suddenly seem

broad, white and cheerful.

The man, for it was a man, walked

slowly, hesitatingly. He felt his way

with a stick as if he was blind.

Yes, it was John, but why did he walk

like that instead of swinging along in his

old, hearty manner? Perhaps he felt

ashamed. Serve him right if he was!

He came nearer and nearer, and, as

she saw that he had a green shawl over

his eyes, the color of her cheeks turned

swollen features. To some it would have

been a repulsive sight; it brought but a

hungry, yearning look into the eyes look-
ing down upon it.

And then, slowly, deliberately, the man

My Husband's Umbrella

It is seven years since the following

adventure took place, but even now I

cannot speak of the memory, heart-rending

trouble without a feeling of profound

thankfulness to Providence for shaping

the end to our benefit.

My husband was then, as now, a col-
lector for the Safety Insurance company

and he had gone down to Birmingham

to collect the sums gathered by the

agents in that town.

He had already been away a week and

had telegraphed me that morning to

the effect that he intended returning that

same afternoon, but it was 10 o'clock

p. m. before I heard the welcome click of

his latchkey. As we crossed the hall he

copped and took down his overcoat from

the peg at the same time taking his

umbrella in his other hand and saying:

"Rhoda, my dear, you may as well put

this in the lumber room; it is smashed

entirely now." And he laughingly opened

his old "cane," which was indeed a com-
plete wreck. I took it from him when he

had closed it, and while he went to kiss

me I hung the umbrella into a

distance corner of a dark closet under

the attic stairs.

Next morning Edward kissed us as

usual and set off, looking bright, strong

and happy. About 12 o'clock I was busy

making a pudding for an early dinner,

when an unusually late empty knock at

the hall door startled me.

I hastened to open it, and was sur-
prised to confront two strangers, my

husband-looking pale and troubled—and

Mr. Snell, the director of the company

by which my husband was employed.

They walked in, and Mr. Snell at once

addressed me.

"Mrs. Falkner, forgive this intrusion,

but your husband has lost his pocket-
book—or at least he says so—containing

the value of \$3,500."

"Lost? Oh, Edward, how could it

happen?" I cried.

"Don't know," he said mournfully. "I

had it in my overcoat pocket last night

after I came home, and as you know, I

took my coat into my bedroom, and it

was there this morning, for nobody went

into our room except ourselves."

"Are you sure you brought it home?"

I asked.

"Sure. Yes, of course, I'm sure," he

said impatiently.

"Then in that case we must search

the house," said one of the strangers.

"Oh, do, oh, do," I said eagerly. "