

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 will endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience Against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. 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 Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. 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.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 117 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

CHAS. H. FLETCHER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

1 and 2 Christian Block.

EUGENE, OREGON.

M. WILLIAMS.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Over Lane County Bank.

BILLY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Over First National Bank.

EUGENE, OREGON.

C. WOODCOCK.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Over First National Bank.

EUGENE, OREGON.

B. SKIPWORTH.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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EUGENE, OREGON.

B. SKIPWORTH.

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 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, Gastric, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

VINCENT & CO., Corner Drug Store.

NERVITA

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.

2101 N. Jackson St., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale W. L. DeLano Drug Store.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

Eva Stingley, Plaintiff,

vs.

J. C. Stingley, Defendant.

To J. C. Stingley, Defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court on or before the 10th day of March, 1900; and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will take a decree against you dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant; and also that plaintiff's name be changed from Eva Stingley to her maiden name, Eva Deming; and for such other relief as to the Court may seem equitable. This summons shall be, by order of the County Judge of Lane County, Oregon, published for six consecutive weeks in the Eugene Daily Guard and the first publication thereof in said paper is in the issue of January 24, 1900. And the date of the order of publication of this summons is the 24th day of January, 1900.

This summons is published in the Eugene Daily Guard by order of Hon. E. C. Potter, Judge of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made in chambers the 24th day of January, 1900.

E. R. SEIPWORTH,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Lydia A. Heston, has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of the estate of H. C. Heston, deceased, by the county court of Lane County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with the proper vouchers to said executrix at the law office of L. B. Heston at Eugene, Oregon, within six months of the date of this notice.

Dated this 23rd day of January, 1900.

LYDIA A. HESTON,

Executrix.

L. B. HESTON, Atty. for estate.

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 cents and 50 cents. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

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.

I. T. Travis, Agent Southern R. R., Selma, Ga., writes: "I can not say too much in praise of One Minute Cough Cure. It may as well be called 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.

THE HIDDEN PAGE

The angel and on her sister's grave

Laid her down in a fair young face.

With her hand on her forehead,

She said, "How much I grieve

Because you never knew

The loneliness of being loved

By one so good and true."

She kissed the foot of her hand,

She said, "How much I grieve

Because you never knew

The loneliness of being loved

By one so good and true."

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AN ACCIDENT TO PONSONBY

A Story of A War Correspondent.

It was hot, villainously hot. So was the firing. So were transport mules, Chinese stretcher coolies, advancing troops and the poor bleeding wretches who were being put into the ambulances. So was all the available water. So were the little knot of correspondents who drummed their heels on the sides of a stack of biscuit boxes on the side of the railway embankment and anathematized the war, editors in general and the press censor in particular. But the very hottest thing of all was Ponsonby. And Ponsonby, the usually calm and urbane Ponsonby, the well tried representative of The Daily Gaddy, was now swearing like a trooper, or, for the matter of that, like a thousand troopers. Had he not lost his pony and smashed his camera? Had not a staff officer ordered him, "Fifteen paces behind the staff if you please, gentlemen?" And had he not fallen headlong into a buffalo wallow, thereby befouling his usually neat attire and twisting his ankle?

Around us was nothing but smoke and dust through which the midday sun glowed in a crimson ball. A few hundred yards to the northward on either side of the line of railroad lay a long line of blue and brown clad humanity, from which came a rattling sound as though millions of crackers were being ignited in one continuous stream. Then, cutting the dust laden air with their sobbing screams, the bullets of the foe came flying overhead, occasionally alighting on the brown sun baked ground with dull thuds or clanging loudly on the iron roof of the station in whose rear we were, dust begotten and smoke stained, taking shelter. A queer looking trio we, booted and spurred, belted and revolvered. And the worst of it was we had none of us broken our fast that day. As Agden of the San Francisco Screamer remarked, "While we are waiting here we might as well investigate the hard task anyhow."

To this proposition I assented. A big stone and a jackknife soon had a case opened and our teeth busy, and when I unearthed a tin of sardines from my big pocket even Ponsonby forgot to swear further. While thus engaged the firing ceased, there were a couple of bugle calls, a series of "yells" from the American troops as they rose from their rice ridge shelters and dashed forward in pursuit of the fleeing foe. Speedily we were following in their wake, pausing only now or then to look at a wounded man being borne rearward on a stretcher. The advance line is soon overtaken. They have lost all sight of the fleet footed Filipinos and are now resting and awaiting a well earned meal. Our notes are soon jotted down, and we proceed to investigate a neighboring hamlet which, after firing, the insurgents have vacated.

"Looks like hot work here," said Agden, pointing to the church, from which a shell had gently removed a corner.

We acquiesce and proceed to investigate the interior. After leaving the church we enter the adjacent priest's quarters and, finding them comfortable, proceed to camp there for the night. Your humble servant is installed as chef, while Agden and Ponsonby, sitting forth to annex a chicken or anything edible which comes handy. By this time a number of the victorious troops have entered the village and are looking about the place, taking sections of nipa with which to make camping "shacks," collecting firewood, seeking water, eggs, etc. Time passes. Agden returns, but no Ponsonby. It gets dark, but the village is ablaze with the light of one or two blazing buildings. We ramble about, looking here, making inquiries there. Still no sign of our friend. Anyhow, it is no use seeking him further tonight. He is sure to turn up all right. So after a pleasant little meal we "turn in."

I must have been asleep some hours when something disturbed me. What on earth is that? There, standing at the foot of my bed, is a young native woman. Naturally I spring to my feet, awaiting Agden as I do so. The mysterious dame says something in Spanish. What it means neither Agden nor myself can comprehend, but how on earth did she get there? The insurgents have carried off all their women with them, and how our present visitor can have remained behind is a mystery. She is evidently anxious about something, for see how she is beckoning.

After a brief consultation as to what to do we follow the lady through the door and into the church. She trips along the floor and goes right up to the altar, seizing some drapery at its side as she reaches it. There right in the thick wall of the church is a doorway

from which descends a flight of steps. Taking a candle from some tiny censer about the floor, she lights it and proceeds to descend. Round and round we wind, and there at the bottom, in a head bound in a blood stained bandage, is Ponsonby, evidently very seriously hurt, looking deathly pale but now peacefully sleeping.

To say that we were thunderstruck would be to put it faintly. As neither Agden nor myself can speak Spanish or Tagalog, we cannot ask the lady, for a lady she evidently is, judging by her manner, her dress and jewelry. She sat in some pieces of wood, her face resting on her hands, occasionally giving vent to a sob. How the weary hours passed that night with Agden and myself attending on our injured friend I could hardly tell. At length came the dawn, and I went off in search of a surgeon, after having assisted Agden to get Ponsonby up the steps leading from the crypt into the church. A doctor was soon found and came with all speed with me to the church. His diagnosis was to the effect that Ponsonby must have discovered the state of the church, had fallen down in the darkness and injured his head. It was impossible to say how severe such injury might be, and although he had every hope of a rapid recovery, he would not try to give us any false impressions. An ambulance was soon on the spot, our wounded friend placed inside and we started for town, Agden having kindly volunteered to do my work in the field during my brief absence. The journey to town was speedily accomplished, and I left Ponsonby in the hands of the good sisters of the San Juan de Dios hospital. Meanwhile I had completely forgotten the seniorita, and it was not until I met Agden at Malolos some three days after that I gave her a thought. Then I learned that she had vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

Meanwhile the campaign went on. Weeks passed. The insurgents were day by day being driven back. Ponsonby had got out of the hospital and was recuperating in town, and as the rainy season was in full swing and nothing of importance was taking place in the country Agden and myself were also "resting." We were one evening sitting on the hotel veranda when Ponsonby walked up. After a few words of greeting he said: "Well, boys, I'm sorry to leave you, but am off tomorrow. My wife joins me in 'chinchins.' Am bound for Calcutta and thence by P. and O. home."

"Your wife?" Agden and myself exclaimed simultaneously.

"Yes, my wife."

"But we didn't know you were married."

"No, I don't suppose you did. But you remember the lady who found me in the church at Malolos?"

"Well, I'm hanged!" It was Agden who spoke. I was practically dumfounded and stood staring at Ponsonby with all my eyes. Then I managed to blurt out:

"But how did she get into town?"

"I really couldn't tell you. But she came and saw me in the hospital. How she ever found me in the church, I don't know and have not yet mustered up sufficient Spanish to inquire."

We were sorry to lose Ponsonby, who was always a decent fellow. But Agden will have it that his brain was affected by the fall into that curious crypt. And Agden is probably right, for, if not, why didn't Ponsonby invite us to his wedding?—Hongkong Telegraph.

The Sense of Taste.

That the intensity of one sense is increased by the action of other senses is a fact which is well illustrated by the sense of taste. A cold coin feels heavier than one that has been slightly warmed by being carried in the pocket, and what is true here of touch is just as true of taste. Warm vinegar, warm sugar, warm solutions of salt taste less sour, sweet or salty than when cold. If you put a slight solution of salt or quinine into a sugar solution of a certain sweetness, the sweetness will seem much greater. Cooks and confectioners are well aware of this fact, for they always add to sweet confections some bitter substance, just as the perfumers put into perfumes of all kinds at least a little musk.

The cook tries to "lift" or "fill" the taste, as they say, just as the perfumer tries to do with the sense of smell, and as in acoustics the bass drum or bass violin forms a kind of background for the tone of coloring. On the other hand, if a mixture is made too sweet, without any contrasting elements, the quality of sweetness is lost, something like Milton's "darkness from excess of light." The effect of cold in reducing the intensity of sweetness is well known to any one who has manufactured ice cream at home. If you don't make the cream a little too sweet before freezing, it will not be sweet enough after the freezing process.

A Coward.

Frau Hingstemeier, the wife of Herr Hingstemeier, the lion tamer, was what may be termed—to put it mildly—a virago and held Hingstemeier in absolute subjection.

The lion tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters.

The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little lullaby and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return.

"Where did you sleep?" she demanded.

"In the cage with the lions," he replied meekly.

"Coward!" blessed Mrs. Hingstemeier, with a look as of one robbed of her just dues.—Life.

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 a gripe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the cough, heat 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.

PLAYED OUT.

Dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of impure blood. No matter how it became so, it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Aker's Blood Elixir has never failed to cure Scrofulous or Syphilitic poisons, or any other blood diseases. It is certainly a wonderful remedy and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

COBB & FENS.

Jan. 24, 1900.

The meat market has been closed for several days, the proprietors being unable to find beef cattle to supply the demand.

Miss R. Patterson, teacher of the primary department has taken rooms at Mrs. T. Vanduy's since it has been too stormy to walk in from her former boarding place.

Roy Ballard has gone back East on a visit to his grandmother.

Miss Nora Wilcox expects soon to go to H. C. C. to accept a position in a hotel there.

Examinations will begin at the public school on Thursday, Feb. 1.

The Woodmen report a grand time at their installation last Saturday night.

The pupils of the grammar department met last night at the home of Prof. Fulkerson in honor of his birthday. The evening was spent in the jolly way of all such gatherings, and everybody had a good time. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fulkerson, Misses Lydia and Etta Alford, Belle Vanduy, Lola and Ethel Leach, Nellie Beeson, Jennie, Gertrude and Sarah Mickelson, Lottie Pengra, Etta Shaub, Lulu Mathews and Nora Wilcox; Messrs. Clarence Smith, Welby Wilcox, Eddie Feeter, Herbert Vanduy, Homer Clive and Harvey Taylor, Enosh Stuart, Grim Mickelson, Hammar Tullman, Clair Vaughan and Guy Shummons.

Stock Inspectors.

An article in the Salem Journal of January 25, claims that some county stock inspectors, among others, that of Lane county, do not perform their duties. We give an extract:

"Many sheep have been brought in from Clackamas county where there has been no stock inspector, and from Linn and Lane counties, where the inspectors do not understand, or do not attend very strictly to their business. Marion county buyers go to other sections and buy cheap bands of sheep, to find when they get them home that they are infected with disease. One man recently drove in 600 from Lane county, which were apparently healthy, but one week after their arrival here he found them badly affected with scab. He has dipped them three times and now has them fairly healthy. A few are also affected with grub in the head."

Cold Steel or Death.

"There is but one small chance to save your life and that is through an operation." This was the awful prospect set before Mrs. L. B. Hunt, of Lane County, Wis., by her doctor after vainly trying to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. He didn't count on the marvelous power of Electric Bitters to cure stomach and liver troubles, but she heard of it, took seven bottles, was wholly cured, avoided surgeon's knife, now weighs more and feels better than ever. It's positively guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney troubles and never disappoints. Price 50c at Linn Drug Co's drug store.

Hargraves 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.

Call For County Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that the following warrants will be paid on presentation at my office on and after January 22, 1899. Interest on same will cease January 22, 1899: All Lane county warrants for registered number 6109 to 6150, both inclusive.

Dated, Eugene, January 20, 1900.

A. S. PATTERSON,

County Treasurer.

Call for Meeting of Democratic Central Committee.

The members of the Democratic Central Committee are hereby called to meet at the Court House in Eugene, Oregon, on to-wit: Saturday, the 27th day of Jan., 1900, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for consultation concerning primary meetings and other matters.

L. L. STEVENS, Secretary.

J. J. WALTON, Chairman.

No Cure, No Pay.

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

Mod guards 25 cents per pair at C. C. Matlock.

Which Way?

Are the children growing nicely? A little stronger each month? A trifle heavier? That's good.

Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler?

If so, you should try Scott's Emulsion at once. 'Tis both a food and a medicine to all delicate children. It makes them grow in the right way—taller, stronger, healthier.

See and know, all druggists.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Notice 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 100-acre tract 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 2 1/2 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 in. 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 60 feet 8 inches, by 160 feet, young fruit trees, good garden ground, water, etc. Also house and lot, corner Williamette and Fourteenth streets. For prices and terms write S. J. Sims, Tacoma, Wash., Box 827, or call at GUARD office.

Miscellaneous.

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

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

SEND STAMP.—For circulars and list of R. H. C. literature. Address: J. W. Aurbach, box 972, Tacoma, Wash.

Special School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of school district No. 4, of Lane county, State of Oregon, that a special school meeting for said district will be held at the Court House in Eugene, Oregon, on the 26th day of January, 1900, at 7 o'clock in the afternoon, for the following objects: To levy a tax to pay off the indebtedness of the district and interest on