CASTORIA

Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been 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. 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Special attention given to collections and business in probate.
Office—First National Bank Bldg.
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R J W HARRIS,

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Office—Over Wilkins & Linn's drug store.
Office Hours—9 to 12 a m; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p m.
Residence—Ferry street between 11th and 12th.

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Special attention to surgery and surgical diseases of women.

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

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TIME CARD.

After the 4th of Oct. 1895, the street cars will run on the following schedule time until further notice.

LEAVING THE DEPOT.

7:10-7:40-8:10-8:40-9:10-9:40-10:00 a m then every half hour.

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 WL DeLano Druggist

J. L. PAGE

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GROCERIES

Having a Large and Complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries bought in the best markets,

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH,

I can offer the public better prices than any other house in Eugene.

THROUGH TICKETS

TO THE

EAST and SOUTHEAST
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

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OVERLAND ROUTE
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Pullman Palace Sleepers Tourist Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars Daily to . . . .

DENVER, OMAHA, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS

And other Eastern Cities. The only line from Portland offering passengers Specially Conducted Excursions through to Chicago every Wednesday.

Daily Tourist Car Service Portland to Chicago

Via Southern Pacific, Union Pacific N W Ry's. Baggage checked through to destination. Magnificent scenery. Union depot, fast time, lowest rates.

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H LATHROP, C E BRO

HOFFMAN HOUSE SALOON

Sommerville & Berger.

Pure Whiskies and Brandies, the finest grades of Wines and Cigars. Mixed Drinks a specialty.

Weinhard's.....

Famous Beer
Bottle and Draught

FIRST CLASS.

An Unprofessional Model.

The sun, declining on the coast of Norway, made the wide fiord shimmer like liquid gold below the purple mountains. Christine sat at the foot of the cliff dreaming—not that she was asleep, but lost in reverie. The sun made her long, braided hair shine like a halo as she rested her cheek on her hand and dreamed. Her thoughts were far away, and she did not notice that some one had quietly rowed his boat within a short distance of where she sat. He was evidently an artist, for at his feet in the boat lay an open portfolio.

He dropped his oars, entranced at the unexpected and lovely vision. The flowerlike face of the girl, the quaint costume—a short brown woolen skirt, a chemisette of snowy linen, a black velvet bodice and a red stocking cap on her gleaming hair.

What a study for his next exhibition! Snatching his pencil, he made a hasty sketch of the little figure, with the cliffs looming up behind, the placid water almost touching her feet. She was surely a fairy of this land of romance, and presently the little elves would come to seek her. He could almost fancy them whispering to her now. Having finished the sketch, he gently rowed ashore.

Christine started with surprise as he leaped from the boat, but was reassured by the respectful manner in which he addressed her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding," said he, politely. "I had no idea there was any one in this region but myself. But will you kindly tell me the name of this place? It is marvelously beautiful." And he sat down on a rock nearby.

"That is the Naerofiord," she replied, and her eyes seemed fathoms deep as she spoke. "It is very beautiful, but a sad thing happened here."

"What was that? Do tell me," he asked, at the same time making mental notes of the lovely model he intended to reproduce on the other side of the sea.

"Many years ago," she went on, "a beautiful maiden lived on this mountain, and she sang so sweetly in the evening that all were charmed who listened to her. She was merry and happy, and her songs were gay as any bird's. But one day a stranger came in his boat—even as you come now—and, hearing the maiden sing as she sat here, he praised her voice and said many things which pleased her. And after that they met here every evening during the summer time, and she was so happy she sang only for love of him. Though he lived in a distant country, she consented to become his bride. He promised to come for her when the leaves fell in the forest, but he did not come. The snow covered the mountains and the spring melted it, and then she knew she would see him no more. And her sad songs seemed like a moan as the wind carried them out to sea, till one night a terrible storm swept the fiord and the girl did not come home. They found her there by the rock in the morning, where the waves had washed her body on the sand. And some say that on stormy nights you can hear her moaning by the cliffs, for she still mourns for the lover who promised to come. I never sit here at sunset but I think of her."

"Thank you," responded the artist. "I didn't know the story, but I can quite believe it of such a place as this. Do you live on the mountain?" And he noted the small feet and the delicate hands, which did not look as if they had ever done much work.

"Yes; I have lived here with grandfather since I was a little child. My parents were lost at sea. Would you like to see grandfather?" she asked, without a shadow of mistrust or apprehension. "He is very fond of company."

The artist readily assenting, Christine led him through the gorge to the other side of the mountain, where a fine old house stood in its shelter.

The old sailor looked a true descendant of the vikings as he sat on the porch, from where he could view the fiord in all its changing majesty.

He welcomed the traveler royally, and a servant brought him a draft of wine and some curious confections. Christine sat at her grandfather's feet listening to his wonderful tales of the northern seas, and the moon was high in the heavens when the artist departed, after promising the old man to return the next day for a sail in his queer looking vessel.

The rooms of the art club were thronged with artists, connoisseurs, patrons and men of wealth and fashion.

In one corner a butterfly group of girls hovered around a canvas marked "384."

"Oh, what is that?" "Did you ever see anything so charming?" "What lovely hair!" "What is it called?"

The catalogue answered the question: "'An Evening Dream In Norway,' by O. B."

Suddenly there was a hush, and the admiring group turned to look at a fair, golden haired girl who had just entered talking to a distinguished looking man. Though dressed in the prevailing fashion, there could be no mistaking her. She was undoubtedly the original of the Norwegian maiden in "384."

Not without result had this man with the keen sense of romance spent two months amid the enchanting atmosphere of the Norwegian lakes and mountains in company with the grand old Norseman and his lovely granddaughter. Unlike the lover in the ancient legend, he did not promise to return for his bride, but won and married her on the very mountain where at sunset he had first seen her dreaming by the fiord and carried her off to his western home to inspire him in his art forever.—Boston Post.

Variety In Cocktails.

"How many kinds of cocktails are there, do you suppose?" said the bartender. One man said six, another ten, but the bartender said no.

"How many, then?" they asked.

"I don't know," said the bartender. "I have only been in the business ten years, but there are very many. Some years ago when I was in Frisco a man told me I couldn't make one dozen different cocktails. I told him I could make four times as many. Finally we made a bet. He used to come in every morning, and I guaranteed that I would make a different cocktail every morning for 40 days. If I failed, I was to foot the bill; otherwise he was to pay. I got through all right. For 40 days I made a different cocktail for him every morning, and finally I threw in eight more just as a flourish.

"There was not, of course, much difference between them, but quite enough for an experienced man to be able to distinguish them, and so I won. The truth is there is no limit to the varieties of cocktail, and I should not be surprised to see an experienced man reach the hundred mark."—New York Sun.

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. Acker'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 positive guarantee. For sale by W L DeLano.

AUNT FANNY.

How a Little Old Maid Outstripped Her Younger Rivals.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, how lovely! Are they for Laura, or for me?" The speaker was a pretty but rather insipid looking girl. "Where have you kept them hidden?"

"They were a keepsake from an old friend and have been among my treasures for 13 years, Bertha," was the reply.

"But now they are for me," said the young girl caressingly. "They will be so lovely for tomorrow evening, and I must look my best, for the girls will all don their most fascinating attire in honor of the occasion."

"Is it not rather marked to be so very anxious?" inquired her aunt. "To judge from what you have told me, this hero of yours may have any one in Silverdale for asking."

"Well, he won't know it," replied Bertha. "And, Aunt Fanny, he really is worth courting; he is so very rich."

"Is that all that is required, Bertha, in a husband?" said her aunt seriously.

"Well, it is the main thing, anyhow, nowadays," replied Bertha. "But Lawrence Lane has more than riches. Lucy Harding always speaks of him as a 'true Christian gentleman.'"

"A true Christian gentleman!"

Aunt Fanny repeated the phrase in a musing tone, while a soft light came into her dark eyes and a smile hovered over her lips.

The next evening Laura and Bertha, in fleecy, white robes, with blush roses in the hair, stood before the long mirror in the drawing room pouting.

In the meantime the gentle aunt, who for ten years had filled a mother's place to these her sister's children, waited in her own room for her nieces.

She was not beautiful, yet there was a charm in her sweet face and a music in her voice that were sought in vain in her more dashing nieces. As she waited her eyes rested upon a letter, discolored and worn, which had been long hidden under her treasured ornaments. And she read:

Dear Frances—Since you will not disobey your father and I cannot command the sum he demands to pay my late father's debts to him, we must part—part for a time only, for, though seas roll between us and we may not write, your heart and mine can never be wholly severed. Trust me, trust me, darling, for, though years may elapse, I will return, true to my pledge to you. Will you keep the little gold sprigs I ventured to offer on your birthday that something of mine may be yours? Heaven guard you and keep you from further sorrow. Till we meet, pray for

LAWRENCE.

It was a brilliant party that Mrs. Haskins, the leader of fashion in Silverdale, gave to her returned nephew. He had left home struggling against fortune and depressed with a knowledge of his father's large debts.

No word had come to any, till a letter to his aunt had announced his return after 13 years' sojourn in Australia. All his father's debts were paid, and his lawyer spoke of large sums invested in various ways. So the result was the brilliant assemblage which Laura and Bertha were to honor and where that "little old maid," their aunt, was to appear in society after ten years' seclusion.

The hero of the evening had not appeared when the trio, under the escort of Mr. Leslie, Bertha's and Laura's father, entered, but soon a movement near the door announced his arrival; a tall, distinguished looking man of 35 or 36, with finished manners and well modulated voice—a man to notice in any circle, but now, with the glitter of his wealth, a man, Silverdale thought, to fall down before and worship.

He had greeted his hostess, had made nearly the circuit of the room, bowing to new friends, greeting with warm cordiality his old ones, when his eyes fell upon a golden ear of wheat resting upon a broad braid of black hair. The light that sprang to his eyes, the smile upon his lips, carried such deep peace to one heart, gave one life of patient waiting such a new happiness, that the words of polite greeting fell upon ears that scarcely heard them.

No one else noted more than the quiet greeting of old friends; but two hearts were full of deep joy—rest after weary longing.

Some of the guests were invited by the returned Australian to a housewarming of the new mansion which was to be the future home of Lawrence Lane.

One week soon glided away. Aunt Fanny was very kind in helping to trim new peach colored silks for the sisters; but there was an odd smile on her lip when Lawrence Lane's matrimonial prospects were discussed.

A few days before the eventful night Aunt Fanny, to her nieces' surprise, went on a visit to some old friends.

The evening appointed for the housewarming came at last. Merry voices rang through the hall and rooms, gay footsteps flew from one beautiful apartment to another, till it was whispered that the revelers were invited to meet the mistress as well as the master of the mansion. The closed doors which shut off a small room from the long drawing room were eagerly watched as the guests assembled and no host came to welcome them.

At length they were opened, and the hero of the hour entered, with a small, white robed figure on his arm, and more than one cry of astonishment greeted "Frances Somers," and more than one ill natured whisper was directed at Lawrence Lane's taste in choosing "that little old maid."—New York News.

Ridiculous Guns.

Although China is making rapid progress in the art of war, the introduction of railroads and other modern improvements, the government continues to manufacture the ridiculous "two men breechloading jingals" that have been used by the soldiers of the Chinese empire ever since the invention of gunpowder.

The jingal is a curious weapon that looks more like a telescope than a gun. It is mounted upon a tripod six or eight feet high, so that it can be fired over the heads of the soldiers in the front ranks. The barrel is about nine feet long, the bore about 1½ inches in diameter, and the projectile can be either solid or a bunch of small shot tied up in a bag of thin rice paper. It has an effective range of from 200 to 300 yards only, and foreign officers who saw it in use in the late war with Japan say that it is no more to feared than any other old fashioned blunderbuss. It takes two men to load and fire it, and when it is dismounted they carry it on their shoulders like a piece of scantling.—Chicago Record.

PIANO LESSONS.—W Gifford Nash. Voice culture, Miss Marguerite Hansen, For terms, apply to music rooms in Dormitory.

Spray pumps, big and little.
F. L. Chambers.

Bicycle repairing. All work guaranteed. C. C. MATLOCK.

Mrs J K Miller, Newton Hamilton Pa, writes, "I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the grandest salve made." It cures piles and heals everything. All fraudulent imitations are worthless. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

Citizens' Convention.

Notice is hereby given that the Citizens' county convention will meet in Eugene on the 7th day of April, 1900, at 10 o'clock a m, in the Court House, for the purpose of placing in nomination 1 state senator, 3 representatives, a county judge, sheriff, school superintendent, assessor, county clerk, treasurer, surveyor, commissioner, coroner, and for transacting such other business as may properly come before the convention.

Primaries to be held in the several precincts on March 31, 1900.

Precincts are entitled to the following delegates:

N Eugene No 1	6	W Cot Grove	8
N Eugene No 2	7	E Cot Grove	4
Zumwalt	4	Pleasant Hill	4
S Eugene No 1	6	Richardson	6
S Eugene No 2	5	Mohawk	4
Bailey	3	Spencer	5
N Junction	5	Jasper	3
S Junction	5	Goshen	3
Irving	5	Coyote	5
Willamette	5	Gate Creek	3
Springfield	7	McKenzie	3
Thurston	4	Mabel	3
Elmira	4	Cheshire	3
Camp Creek	4	Fall Creek	3
Long Tom	4	Glentena	3
Cresswell	6	Middle Fork	3
Siuslaw	4	Fairmount	3
Hazel Dell	3	Blanton	4
Lost Valley	4	Blue River	3
Hermann	3	Five Rivers	3
Lane	3	Heceta	3
Mapleton	3	Saginaw	3
Lake Creek	3	Wallace	3
Mound	3	Bohemia	3
Walton	3	Florence	4
		Total	201

It is [illegible] that no proxy be admitted, unless such person holding said proxy be a resident of the precinct to be represented.

Those appointed to act as judges at the primaries for the four Eugene precincts are as follows:

North Eugene No 1—J J Walton, D R Lakin, I E Stevens. Voting place, City Hall.

North Eugene No 2—G W Welder, J H Honig and W B Andrews. Voting place, Griffin's warehouse on Seventh street.

South Eugene No 1—J S Higgins, J B Nettleton and V S Holt. Voting place, Engine House on Eleventh street.

South Eugene No 2—A G Mathews, Thomas Brown and F M Wilkins. Voting place, Brown's upholstery shop on Eighth street.

Judges to appoint clerks.

Polls to be opened from 1 o'clock p m to 6 o'clock p m, Saturday, March 31, 1900.

Dated this 28th day of February, 1900.

A J ZUMWALT, Chairman
I N HARBAUGH, Secretary
I E STEVENS
M J HILLEGAS
J W BAKER
JAMES HAYES
J G STEVENSSON
F M WILKINS
J J WALTON
L L STEVENS
W L HOUSTON
R M VRATCH
IRA CAMPBELL
JAMES CALVERT
D R LAKIN
J A WALTERS
L H PATTERSON
Committeemen.

An Editor's Life Saved By Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—R. S. EDWARDS, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

Peoples Party Central Committee.

The peoples party central committee of Lane county, are hereby called to meet at the court house, in Eugene Oregon, on Saturday March 10, 1900, at 1 p. m.

A full meeting of the committee is earnestly requested, important business. By order,

A. J. ZUMWALT, Chairman.
L. H. PATTERSON, Secretary.

"After doctors failed to cure me of pneumonia I used One Minute Cough Cure, and three bottles of it cured me. It is also the best remedy on earth for whooping cough. It cured my grandchildren of the worst cases," writes Jno Berry, Loganton, Pa. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, croup and throat and lung troubles. It prevents consumption. Children always like it. Mothers endorse it. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

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, but 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 on receipt of $2.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by W. L. DeLano.

Colds on the Chest

When your cold has settled down deep in your chest, cough syrups will not relieve you. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion does just this. It enables you to conquer the inflammation. The lungs soon heal, and all danger is passed. Do not let the disease become chronic because of neglect.

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—At a bargain, one of the best stock and grain ranches of 740 acres, 8 miles from Eugene. Will be sold as a whole, or in part, to suit purchaser. Easy terms. For particulars apply to John Ingham, at Ax Billy Department Store.

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.

HAY FOR SALE.—A few tons of first-class cheat hay, $8 per ton at barn. Huddleston's, West Eighth street.

FOR SALE—Plymouth Rock and Black Minorca chickens (pure bred) for sale. Inquire at residence of Joel Ware, Fifth and Oak streets.

HAY FOR SALE—Fine clean cheat hay, loose, for sale. Call on or address C Widmer, two miles west of Eugene

THE CALIFORNIA ROSE CO, Los Angeles, Cal., are headquarters of the coast for nice field-grown ROSE BUSHES. All the latest and best sorts. Send for a catalogue today.

WANTED—Position by a young lady to do stenographic work, typewriting, or copying. Office work preferred. Terms reasonable. Address P O box No 300, Eugene, Oregon.

POSITION WANTED.—Young man wants position in grocery store. Can furnish reference if required. Inquire at GUARD office.

GIRL WANTED—To do general housework. No washings. Inquire at once at residence of H. B. Miller, East Ninth street.

WANTED—Parties wanted to cut 100 cords of white fir and balm wood. Apply to T D Linton, Eugene.

SHE BROKE HER CROSS.

Here is a case of a very charming young woman of central Ohio, who had grace, beauty and wit to commend her. Just as she was budding into womanhood a cloud came to darken her life. Her troubles weighed so heavily upon her that for a long time she would not—could not leave her house. She used to receive her friends stretched on a couch or leaning back in an invalid chair. And her friends were many. She was quoted as an example of Christian

courage. She referred to her condition as "her cross," and everyone thought how brave and good she was to bear her burden with such fortitude. One by one her girl friends were joined to the men of their choice. She sent them all presents and received from each a piece of wedding cake, which she cried over a little, and didn't put under her pillow because it wasn't any good for her to dream. No man could marry her. A life of solitary suffering was hers. Yet her sad smile only got brighter as her cross got heavier. One day a young man found his way into that home; looking upon this girl, he loved her. And so he came often and she grew to look for him, and learned to lean on him, and dreamed the pretty dreams that come to pure women whose hearts God has fashioned for happy love. But over all the prospect was the shadow of her cross.

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

"IT SHALL BE!"

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

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

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

IS IT YOUR STORY?

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

TO READERS OF THIS PAPER FREE.

We will send the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," the life work of Dr. R. V. Pierce, on receipt of twenty-one (21) one-cent stamps to defray cost of mailing only, if you desire the paper-covered edition. Or for the same book, handsomely and permanently bound in cloth, send 31 cents in stamps to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knock-Out Drops

"I am a saloon-keeper, and used to think that rock and rye, or whiskey and quinine were proper remedies for coughs and colds. Most of my acquaintances were of the same opinion. Now I know something at least a thousand times better. It is Acker's English Remedy for Coughs and Colds. A good while ago I began to cough and found out then that rock and rye was no good. I got worse and I was beginning to think that the trouble would run into consumption. I didn't take any stock in patent medicines, but somehow or other I tried Acker's English Remedy. One bottle did the business for me—knocked that cough out completely—and it has never come back again. There is never a day passes that I don't say a good word about this wonderful medicine. I almost forgot to say that I am stronger and fleshier now, since taking the remedy, than I was before the cough began. I write this letter voluntarily and cheerfully and am glad to do it." (Signed) CHRIS. HUMBLE, Saloon-keeper, Pocatello, Idaho.

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.

Election Notice.

To the legal voters of School District No. 4, Lane County, Oregon:

Notice is hereby given that the annual election of this district will be held at the city hall in Eugene, Oregon, on the second Monday, being the 12th day of March, 1900, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock p m on that day for the purpose of electing one director for three years in place of E. Schwarzschild, term expired, and one clerk for one year in place of Geo. F. Craw, term expired.

GEO. F. CRAW, Clerk.
J. H. MCCLUNG, Chairman.

Dated Eugene, Oregon, Feb. 28, 1900.

Alaska Gold Fields.

First steamship for Cape Nome and Cape York will sail from Seattle May 10. This will be a large ship with a freight capacity of 1600 tons and passenger accommodations for 200. For rates and further information, call on or address R. MCMURPHEY, Agent Northern Pacific, Eugene.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequaled for piles, injuries and skin diseases. It is the original Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of all counterfeits. Vincent & Co, Corner Drug Store.

Corvallis & Eastern RAILROAD.

TIME CARD

No. 2 for Yaquina—
Train leaves Albany.....12:45 P M
Leaves Corvallis.....1:55 P M
Arrives Yaquina.....7:25 P M

No. 1 Returning—
Leaves Yaquina.....8:00 A M
Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 A M
Arrives Albany.....12:15 P M

No. 3 for Detroit—
Leaves Albany.....7:00 A M
Arrives Detroit.....11:30 A M

No. 4 Returning—
Leaves Detroit.....12:20 P M
Arrives Albany.....5:45 P M

One and two connect at Albany and Corvallis with Southern Pacific trains, giving direct service to and from Newport and adjacent beaches.

Trains for the mountains arrive at Detroit at noon, giving ample time to reach camping grounds on the Breitenbush and Santiam the same day.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.
H L WALDEN, T F & P A
J TURNER, Agent, Albany.

SOUTH AND EAST

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Co

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 3:54 a m; 1:08 p m.

Lv	Portland	8:30 a m	7:00 p m
Lv	Eugene	2:08 p m	12:34 a m
Ar	Ashland	12:33 a m	11:30 a m
Ar	Sacramento	5:00 p m	4:35 a m
Ar	San Francisco	7:45 p m	8:15 a m
Ar	Ogden	5:45 a m	11:45 a m
Ar	Denver	9:00 a m	9:00 a m
Ar	Kansas City	7:25 a m	7:25 a m
Ar	Chicago	7:45 a m	9:30 a m
Ar	Los Angeles	1:20 p m	7:00 a m
Ar	El Paso	6:00 p m	9:00 p m
Ar	Fort Worth	6:30 a m	6:30 a m
Ar	City of Mexico	9:55 a m	9:55 a m
Ar	Houston	4:00 a m	4:00 a m
Ar	New Orleans	6:25 p m	6:25 p m
Ar	Washington	6:42 a m	6:42 a m
Ar	New York	12:43 p m	12:43 p m

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

Connecting at San Francisco with several steamship lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Phillipines, Central and South America.

See Mr L G Adair, agent at Eugene or address

C H MARKHAM, G P A, Portland, Or.