

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 "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is 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 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.

SOUTH AND EAST

Southern Pacific Co. SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 8:34 a.m. 1:38 p.m.

Lv Portland	8:30 a.m.	7:50 p.m.
Lv Eugene	2:08 p.m.	12:31 a.m.
Ar Astoria	12:33 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Ar Astoria	5:30 p.m.	4:50 a.m.
Ar Astoria	7:45 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
Ar Ogdan	6:45 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.	7:45 a.m.
Ar Los Angeles	1:20 p.m.	7:50 a.m.
Ar El Paso	6:30 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
Ar Fort Worth	6:30 p.m.	9:00 p.m.
Ar City of Mexico	9:57 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Ar Houston	4:50 a.m.	4:50 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	12:45 p.m.	12:45 p.m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogdan 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, Philippines, Central and South America.

See Mr. L. G. Adams, agent at Eugene or address
C. H. MARKHAM,
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OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO

Montana, Utah, Colorado, and all Eastern Points.

Gives choice of two favorite routes, via the UNION PACIFIC Fast Mail Line, or the RIO GRANDE Scenic Line.

No Change of Cars

On the Portland-Chicago Special, "the finest in the west." Equipped with

Elegant Standard Sleepers
Fine New Ordinary (Tourist) Sleepers.
Superb Library-Buffer Cars
Spend Dinners (meals a la carte)
Comfortable Coaches and Smokers
Entire Train Completely Vestibuled.

For further information apply to

L. L. STEVENS, Agent, Eugene, or
J. R. Nagel, Travel Agent
142 Third St., Portland, Or.

GO EAST

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Shortest and Quickest Line

TO

ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO

An all-points East.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers. Dining and Buffet Smoking Library Cars.

DAILY TRAINS. FAST TIME. SERVICE AND SCENERY. UNEQUALLED.

Tickets to points East via Portland and the GREAT NORTHERN R.R., on sale at Southern Pacific Ticket Office, Eugene, or GREAT NORTHERN Ticket Office.

263 MORRISON STREET PORTLAND.

For Rates, Folders and full information regarding Eastern Trip, call on or address

A. C. DENNISTON,
City and Ticket Agent, Portland.

Single Fare.....\$5.00
Round Trip.....\$9.00
Includes meals, baggage, and hotel.

Arrive in Eugene at 6 p.m. the day following.

Single Fare.....\$5.00
Round Trip.....\$9.00
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Single Fare.....\$5.00
Round Trip.....\$9.00
Includes meals, baggage, and hotel.

Arrive in Eugene at 6 p.m. the day following.

A MISTAKEN WOOING.

When Henry Carey, Sr., told Henry Carey, Jr., that the summit of human happiness would be reached, so far as the elderly gentleman was concerned, if the young man could only win the wayward daughter of his cousin, Katherine Merrick, the junior member of the Carey family drew down the corners of his mouth and wrinkled up the corners of his eyes—a way he had of doing at times—and said he would think about it.

Young Carey had never been very fond of his cousin Katherine. There were several reasons for his lukewarm regard for her. The first and strongest was that he pinned his faith to one thing either in this world or in the world to come, and that was Henry Carey, Jr. He was the center of the universe; all other bodies were his satellites. Then the girl herself was not fashioned according to his idea of what a woman ought to be. She was a good looking, clear souled girl, endowed with a thorough sense of truth and justice, and these were attributes so foreign to his nature that he could neither comprehend them nor their owner, and in his braggadocio way he never failed to express his contempt for such unworldly sentiments.

"Why do you wish me to marry her?" he asked in the beginning of the interview, feeling his way cautiously, that he might avoid the appearance of walking too willingly in a path marked out by somebody else.

"This is a pretty time in the day to be asking that," retorted Mr. Carey sharply, "but I will give you a plain, unvarnished answer to a question that is prompted by pure deviltry. I want you to marry her because she is a woman who will help you up and draw you out of that selfish groove in which you are moving and which is becoming narrower every day; because, in short, she is the only person whose influence over you will be powerful enough to urge you to change yourself into a man who will be respected and self-respecting."

Again Henry Carey, Jr., drew down the corners of his mouth and wrinkled up the corners of his eyes.

"I don't just take that view of it," he said, "but the means used to achieve an end don't matter so much as the desired end is reached, and likewise the reasoning employed in arriving at a certain conclusion is of comparatively little value so long as we get to the conclusion. Isn't it so? I've never recognized any feelings, or, rather, my lack of feeling, for my cousin, but I suppose it is imperative that I shall marry at some time, and I don't know but that I may be getting as good a bargain in her as I would pick up were I to inquire into the par value of a whole market of girls. On the whole, father, I think I'll marry her. But before we adjourn allow me to say that if you have given me your true reason for wishing this marriage to come off, don't you think the girl herself is going to have a pretty tough time of it? Remember, you have always considered you a pretty bad pill, and I am afraid the task of reforming me will be the biggest undertaking she ever had thrown on her hands. Are you sure she will take me? Have you spoken as frankly to her as you have to me?"

"Don't be a fool," was the angry response. "She knows nothing about it. Do your own courting."

Henry Carey, Jr., thought about it a little while longer, then gave a practical test to his theory. He laid out a little of his own money. The first skirmish demonstrated to him pretty clearly that he had found a fortress that would not capitulate at the firing of the first signal gun. He had meant to propose in a fortnight at least, but he postponed the decisive move more than six months.

His opinion of his cousin Katherine gradually changed. He could not understand her; the capabilities of his soul were too dwarfed to receive the influence of his true life emanating from her sympathetic, tender womanhood, and his acquaintance with her became an exemplification of the paradox that the more he knew of her the less he knew of her. He did not love her, but he could not get rid of her. He did the next best thing; he exalted her in his firmament to a position not far below the niche occupied by Henry Carey, Jr., and there he unreservedly bestowed upon her all the affection he did not lavish upon himself. One day he asked her to marry him. She did not answer at once.

"I ought to have told you before," she said at length, laying her hand on his in a half appealing, half conciliatory way, "I have been engaged for more than a year. I thought I was sure I was sure, but I have found out that I was wrong. Nothing in common. I've tried to make you realize that ever since I found out what your intentions were. Hush," she said as he commenced an appeal for lenient judgment. "Your father has recently explained the subject to me fully, and I know that you are going to make the same plea that he has made. You need me, you were going to say. Let me tell you something. Some day you will ask some other woman to marry you. Don't trip over the same stumbling block that you have in trying to win a woman who is not worth winning. You are a poor, poorly balanced man that he has to depend upon her to lift him up and make him strong. There must be a force in him that will command her highest regard. Elevate yourself. If you cannot do that, you have no right to ask a woman to do it for you. You told your father that you would think about it. My dear cousin, that was a good resolution, and I trust you will continue to act upon it."

For the first time in his life the orbit in which Henry Carey, Jr., circled became contracted and his life grew dim.

"Did you see Katherine?" said his father when they met that night at dinner.

He replied with a nod.

"And what did she say?"

"She said," was the querulous reply, "that I had better think about it."—Exchange.

THE DEATH SHADOW.

It was no one's business who he was, not even to ask his name. Ellsworth was for a time the terminus of the railroad, and the toughest kind of a frontier town. If a man gave his name, he was called by it; if not, he was referred to in some other way. There was but one law, and that was the gun. In one saloon it was the custom to shoot a man in the back, in another to kill him as he drank with you at the bar, in a third to shoot him in the front and fire. Customs varied, but the law was always the same—shoot your man before he shoots you.

One day, coming from no one knew or cared where, there appeared a man of 30 who attracted immediate attention. He was quiet spoken, mild mannered and drank sparingly. He did not tarry long in one place. Twice a day and at 10 o'clock at night he made the rounds of the town, and men soon came to remark that he was looking for some one. He gave no name, and pretty soon they spoke of him as the "Shadow." By and by, when it was realized that he meant to stay right there until his victim came to town, soon or late, everybody hoped the "Death Shadow." One day, when three or four men in the Eagle saloon were speaking of the stranger, the bartender brought his fist down on the bar and exclaimed:

"He's waiting for some one to turn up here, and when the right party appears there'll be a shooting match. I tell you he's a man as has his wronged, and he kin never feel right while the other man lives!"

Days and days went by, but the "Shadow" waited and betrayed no impatience. Most men closed their eyes for what he was and let him alone; but there were two or three who declared he was a tenderfoot and would go down in his boots at sight of a gun on a line with his eye. "Railroad Jack" took it upon himself to test the "Shadow," and the result was a bullet through his head and a grave on the hillside. There were no more tests. Only one man had been killed, and that was no record, but the man's grimness and quietness and persistency made other men afraid of him. When it was generally believed that he was waiting to kill some one who was expected to turn up in the town soon or later, everybody hoped the other man would be game and that there would be a duel with knives or a shooting match on the public square.

Days grew to weeks, and the sixth week of his stay had almost gone when the "Death Shadow" entered the Pawnee saloon one night at 10 o'clock. An hour before his coming a stranger had entered, and after a drink and a smoke, had fallen asleep with his chair tilted against the wall. There were other men asleep, other playing cards, men at the bar, but the "Shadow" had no reason to note this particular stranger. When the "Death Shadow" entered, a hush fell upon the place. It had been thus for many nights. His advent seemed to bring death nearer to every one present. He did not look around him as was his wont. His man was there, and he seemed to know it before he entered. He sat down before the stranger who slept—stayed down and leaned his elbow on the table and looked into the sleeper's face. The crowd gathered at the bar behind him, but there was no clinking of glasses, no talking aloud. Now and then one man whispered to another, but the hush was over all. That was the man. He had come at last. Now he would kill or be killed.

It was a long ten minutes before the sleeper awoke and saw the "Death Shadow" before him. Those who watched said they saw a look of mortal terror in his eyes as he realized the situation. His lips grew livid and then pale, and as the pale-faced heider his face it changed to the pallor of death. For two or three minutes he did not move a finger. Then he gasped and opened his lips, and after many efforts the words came forth:

"You—you here!"

"Yes, I am here," was the quiet reply. The stranger trembled in every limb, but of a sudden he sprang up, pulled his revolver and fired full at the face of the man before him. The bullet was aimed too high and was buried in the wall. There was but one shot. When that had been fired, the stranger let his pistol fall to the floor and sat down and covered his face with his hands. The "Death Shadow" had not moved when fired at. He uttered no word until the men behind him were wondering if he had fallen asleep. By and by he quietly arose and said:

"Yes, I am here. I have been waiting for you. Come!"

"You will give me a chance?" yelled the stranger as he stood up.

"Bring it along," said the "Death Shadow" as he pointed to the pistol and passed out.

The other waited a moment and then followed, carrying the weapon in his hand. Down the road toward the gully walked the "Death Shadow" through the gloom of the night. In his footsteps walked the stranger with the pale face. No one followed them. The men left the saloon for the middle of the street and stood, with heads inclined, to listen. The footsteps grew fainter and fainter and finally died away in the distance. There was no sound of voices—no exclamation of triumph—no call for mercy. By and by two pistol shots rang out. The listeners held their breaths and waited, but that was all. They waited to each other that the "Death Shadow" had given the other man a fair show, and they wondered which one had fallen. When daylight came, they hurried down the gully. The stranger lay there dead and cold, shot through the heart, but the other was not to be found, dead or alive. He had accomplished his mission and departed.—Exchange.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Notice.

The public schools will commence Sept. 24. Teachers are requested to call at my office and sign their contracts as soon as convenient.

Dated August 4, 1900.

Geo F. CRAW, Clerk.

Fruit Wanted.

Cash paid for pears, apples and plums.

Eugene, Or.

Eugene, Or.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 60 cents at W. L. DeLano's drug store.

Elks' Carnival.

Account Grand Carnival of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, to be held at Portland, September 4th to 15th inclusive, tickets will be sold at reduced rates from all stations on Oregon lines to Portland and return. These tickets will be on sale September 3rd, 4th, 6th, 10th and 13th, and limited to three days after date of sale. For further particulars, call on or address Southern Pacific agent at Eugene.

Farm For Sale.

150 acres. 100 acres under cultivation. Balance pasture and wood land. Fine cattle or sheep ranch. Good out-range. New house and barn. Running water near house; 20 miles west of Eugene, 5 miles west of Elmira.

Address

J. M. STEPHENS,
Elmira, Ore.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; also old, running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, fells, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains. Best pile cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by W. L. DeLano, druggist.

Chance to Buy a Home.

A 9-room house, barn, outbuildings and two full lots in best residence section of Eugene for sale at a bargain if taken within 30 days. Best chance of the year. Address Lock Box No. 365, Eugene, Oregon.

For Sale.

Good family horse. Handsome form and color, and medium size. Harness and covered roan buggy, cheap. Enquire at

GUARD OFFICE.

French Tansy Waters, the world's famous remedy for irregular and painful periods of ladies; are never failing and safe. Married ladies' friend. French Tansy Waters 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.

"Meet Us On The Midway"

The Event of the Times.

Great Street Fair and Carnival...

Occupying many solid blocks, taking in an entire street from curb to curb.

Under the auspices of the Portland Elks, 50th Anniversary in 1900. LAUNDRY AND DYEING. ANYTHING OF THE KIND EVER ATTEMPTED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Something to remember up to the date of your fair failure.

The Street of Cairo, The Oriental Theater, The German Village, The Dancing Girls, An Arabian Pageant, Crowning the Queen, Rex, King of the Carnival Attended by His Magnificent Court.

The great parade of the Elks and other orders. The Italian Park and Fountain. The magnificent triumphal arch and grand midway filled with wonderful attractions. Mining, Mercantile, Agriculture, Horticulture, and other industrial exhibits. The Women's Pavilion, designed by women, built by women and decorated by women for the exhibit of womanhood and Washington grain and grasses.

Made, Dyeing and Fin. Night turned into day. Lowest fare and water rates ever given to Portland from all parts of the Pacific Northwest.

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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 prices and particulars apply to John Ingham, at Ax Billy Department Store.

FOR SALE—Corner First and Jefferson streets, one 10 room house, and two lots, 80x100 feet each. Good barn, water, fruit, fine garden ground. Also house and lot, corner First and Lawrence streets, lot 66 feet 6 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. Sills, Tacoma, Wash., Box 827, or call at GUARD office.

FOR SALE—A fine stock ranch containing 320 acres for sale at a bargain. Will sell as a whole or in parts, one containing implements, house and two barns, consisting of 135 acres; the other pasture land principally. Situated six miles from Eugene. Call on or address J. M. Gearhart Eugene, Oregon.

FOR SALE—A fine lot, corner Tenth and Pearl streets. Inquire of Mrs. E. Croner.

FOR SALE—A good saddle horse, cheap if taken at once. Inquire of Mrs. M. J. Babb, High street.

For the Seashore.

Newport and Yaquina Bay continues to offer for the summer vacation greater variety of attractions than can be found at any other North Pacific resort. Excellent beaches and safe bathing, enticing rides and rambles good boating and fishing, clams, crabs and oysters for the gathering, and unequalled profusion of pebbles, shells and agates. Add to this cheerful and obliging hosts, who are providing at very reasonable rates homelike quarters, and most liberal fare. They won't let one get hungry at Newport. See Southern Pacific agent for tickets and time tables, or correspond with C. H. Markham, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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. Ayer'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.

Administrator's Sale.

I will sell at private sale the silver and glass ware dishes and books belonging to the estate of A. V. Peters. Also 2400 shares of stock in the Lane County Mining Company in the Blue River district.

Geo B. DORRIS,
Administrator.

Ayer's Pills

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your monstache or beard a beautiful brown or black? Then use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

25c. per box, of E. C. Buck, & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

F. C. CORSETS

MAKE

American Beauties.

F. C.

Latest Models.

On Each Box.

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

AX BILLY

One and two connect at Albany and Corvallis with Southern Pacific trains, giving direct service to and from New York and all rail road beaches.

For the month of October arrive at Portland at noon, giving ample time to reach camping grounds on the Breitenbush and Santiam the same day.

Five and six connect at Albany with the Albany local and from Portland.