

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Allegable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. F. Fitcher, New York.

Approved Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

The Smith Signature of J. C. F. Fitcher, NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

J. C. F. Fitcher

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

THE RUBY GIRL.

"I give, derive and bequeath to my daughter, Marjorie Dare, the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be paid to her in the form of a ruby ring, the gem of which was the last of my old writing desk," said Lawyer Hale.

Colonel Dare had been dead just a year, according to directions, the lawyer had suggested the immediate relative to be named at Marjorie's birth for the purpose of the bequest.

After testaments to all the near relatives and the old servants the hall and the old man's study were left to his son, Dan.

There was a blank look on the face of all present. No one had ever heard of the ruby ring, and it seemed preposterous that the colonel should have made such a provision for his favorite child.

Lawyer Hale could throw no light on the matter except that the colonel had said, "Marjorie will be rich enough, for I shall leave her the maharajah's ring."

As soon as Marjorie had recovered from her surprise she begged the lawyer to look for the ring.

He was sitting beside the old desk, and, opening it, he searched thoroughly in every part, but nothing was to be seen of the jewels.

Marjorie turned to her brother and said, "Well, Dan, you have a penurious streak on your hands."

Peter, his arm around her, Dan said, "My father knew that you would always be his first thought, dear, and I shall take care to merit his confidence." Then in a whisper for her ear alone he said mischievously, "I shall not have you long on my hands, I am afraid."

A blush rose to Marjorie's brow as she thought of the handsome fellow to whom she had recently pledged her troth. He was the son of the squire, whom she had known all her life. Eric Churell was 16 years older than Marjorie and had always thought of her as a little girl.

When our war with Spain opened, he joined the Rough Riders. On his return home he found the colonel's daughter almost a stranger to him.

In that short time she had blossomed into a very charming young maiden and sedate. It fascinated the young soldier to see the beautiful gray eyes drop before his ardent gaze, and in a few short weeks he was manly in love with his old playmate. The course of true love seemed to run smoothly in this case, and they were engaged.

The year of mourning for the colonel having passed, they were to be married shortly, and one evening soon after reading of the will the two lovers were sitting in the window seat in the library. They were talking of the pretty home that Eric had furnished for his bride, and Marjorie said wistfully, "I wish, Eric, that I were not a portly little girl. Even a ruby belt would have been something. What do you suppose has become of it?"

"I do not know, my darling, and care less, only that it would please you to have it. Did your father never mention it in his letters to you from India?"

"No, I am sure he did not, but I have all his letters, and we will read them over and see. I will get them at once."

Marjorie soon returned with an old leather case, which she handed to Eric. As she seated herself and leaned against his shoulder to read the letters Eric could not resist kissing the beautiful face so close to his again and again. Then together they read the letters carefully, but found no mention of the girdle of the maharajah.

Marjorie reread a portion of the last one. It ran thus: "My Dear Ones—I shall always cherish this old desk for the memory of the loving words I have written to you on it."

With a bound Marjorie sprang to her feet, scattered letters and came on the floor. "Oh, Eric! You do not suppose papa meant this old desk? He had it with him in India."

"I cannot say, my dear, but we can soon tell," said Eric, and he must have been excited as Marjorie. As Eric lifted the cover he said breathlessly: "I believe you are right. This cover is too heavy for an ordinary desk."

Taking his penknife he gently pried the cover apart, and there, on a lining of white velvet, lay a superb belt of rubies. Marjorie gazed at the beautiful face so close to the lovely thing and then let Eric clasp it around her waist. On the quaint gold clasp was engraved, "For my little Marjorie on her wedding day."

Tears filled Marjorie's eyes as she thought of the loving father who could not give her his blessing on that day, but, Eric, drawing her gently to his arms, said, "My sweetheart, I will be both father and husband to you."

Marjorie was comforted, and as they started to find Dan and tell him the good news Eric said, "You cannot call yourself portly now, my lady, for if I am any judge of stones that girdle is worth a king's ransom."

Marjorie turned with a winsome smile. "If that is true, Eric, you should ever lose all your money we could manage to exist on the maharajah's ruby girdle."—Boston Post.

The Practical Joker.

Peter John was a good fellow, but he had one grave fault—he was addicted to practical joking. One day Peter had been at work a few miles from his home. After his day's labor was finished his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him. This invitation Peter accepted, and then, his system fortified with a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward.

It was a dark, cold December night. The wind swept fitfully among the great pines and beeches, and strange, moaning sounds were sobbing through the forest. Now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry or the sudden rattling of its hoarse wings told where some timid animal hurried away from the sound of foot-steps.

But Peter was strong and stout hearted and trudged quietly along without paying much attention to the sights and sounds around him. He had not noticed, perhaps one-half of his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet descending the long, rocky path behind him. Gradually the sound drew nearer until the sharp, peculiar voice of the horseman could be heard clearly in the distance.

"Ah, ah," said Peter to himself as he heard the familiar tones: "that is Uncle Tom Barry."

Now, Uncle Tom and Peter were neighbors—that is to say, their clearings lay about a mile apart—and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of timid disposition, and, furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear, nothing that he had not rather meet, than a wolf.

No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbor than he resolved to use this trust of Uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a most capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he prepared to put them into execution. Creeping through the undergrowth which bordered his path, he crouched down and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before Uncle Tom's horse at a sharp trot and himself trailing behind, arrived opposite his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then, springing forward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps, followed by the loud, clear, threatening cry of the wolf.

Uncle Tom, who had been walking in a daze, and long he had been expecting to see the performance by making the forest ring with a repetition of the wild, savage cry that had struck such terror into Uncle Tom's timid heart.

But there is an end to all things, and so after awhile there was an end to Peter's mirth, and he, wiping his eyes, regained the path and was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the cold shivers coursing over his body and almost froze the blood in his veins. The wolves heard his successful imitation of their music and were coming in full cry upon him.

Calling all his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than did Uncle Tom Barry himself. Peter was a famous runner and had come off victor in many a trial of speed when the people had come together at a raising or log rolling, but this was no holiday game. The race was for life. Down the long slope that led to Picket's hollow and up the ascent beyond fled Peter, while hardly 100 yards behind came a snarling pack hungry and fierce. The life of an unarmed man would not be worth a minute's purchase could they once surround him.

Down another long slope, across a broad sheet of ice at its foot and Letherbee's hill, with its long, steep ascent, lay before him. He glanced up at his strength would hardly suffice to carry him to the top. Still he kept on, though it seemed madness to hope, for his pursuers had gained on him fearfully. He knew it by the beating of their foot-steps; but, with energy inspired by mortal terror, he ran on, hoping to gain only the brow of the hill, for there the ground became more open, and his own cabin was but a few yards beyond. He felt sure that his pursuers would not follow him beyond the summit, he could reach it before they would close upon him.

No, not by his own exertions, for just as the thought passed through his mind his foot caught under a gnarled root that extended across the way, and he fell heavily forward, his head struck the frozen ground, and he lay senseless.

When Peter recovered consciousness, he found himself hanging over the broad shoulders of his brother John and about to enter his own door. Here he soon collected his scattered senses and was able to listen intelligently to his brother's account of his rescue.

Uncle Tom Barry in his flight had stopped at the cabin long enough to shout through the window that the wolves were out and hurried on. John, who lived with his brother, knowing that Peter must come the same path, took his gun and walked to the edge of the forest, where he halted to listen. But a short time elapsed before he heard the sound of the pursued and pursuers, and rushing down the hill he arrived upon the scene just in time to leap between Peter's prostrate form and the wolves, the foremost of whom was less than ten feet off. Taking steady aim he sent a bullet into the creature's brain, and then, while the pack were fighting over the dead body of their comrade, he slung Peter over his back and gained the open ground in safety.

Peter frankly told the whole truth about the affair from beginning to end and concluded the story with the emphatic assertion that as long as he lived he would never be guilty of another practical joke, a vow he faithfully kept until his dying day.—Exchange.

Sheriff's Sale on Execution.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Lane, on the 20th day of November, 1900, on a judgment rendered in said court, on the 3rd day of November, 1880, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the clerk of said court on the 3rd day of November, 1880, in a suit in said court wherein S. Rosenblatt and Company are plaintiffs and Elias Johnson was defendant, and to me directed commanding me that out of the personal property of said defendant, or if sufficient could not be found, then out of the real property belonging to said defendant in said county on or after the said 3rd day of November, 1880, to satisfy the sum of \$146.00 with interest at 1 per cent per month and a further judgment of \$92.92 with 10 per cent per annum in U. S. gold coin now due on said judgment, less the sum of \$53.35 paid on said judgment July 16th, 1891, from the 3rd day of November, 1880, and the further sum of thirty-nine dollars and cents and the costs of and upon this writ, and being unable to find any personal property of said defendant to satisfy said judgment and costs and incurring costs I did on the 1st day of December, 1900, levy upon the following described real property belonging to said defendant on the 3rd day of November, 1880, or subsequently, to-wit:

All the undivided interest of Elias Johnson in and to the following described premises: To-wit: The Donation Land Claim of Herod and Rhoda Johnson No. 62 Notification No. 7481, being part of sections 28, 32, and 33 in T. 17, S. 34, R. 12, W. 2, containing 254.01 acres of land in Lane county, State of Oregon.

Now therefore in the name of the state of Oregon and in compliance with said writ I will offer for sale at public auction, for cash, subject to redemption, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant in and to the above described premises, at the South door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 16th day of January, 1901, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. to-wit at 1 o'clock p. m. on said day.

Dated this 8th day of December, 1900.

W. W. WITKINS.

Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

For Malaria, Chills and Fever

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The formula is plainly printed on every bottle—hence you know just what you are taking when you take Grove's. Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the **Original** and that all other so-called Tasteless Chill Tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Notice under this head not to exceed five lines per week; \$1.50 a month; \$12 per year.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Corner First and Jefferson streets, one 10 room house, and two lots, 80x160 feet each. Good lawn, water, fruit, fine garden ground. Also house and lot, corner First and Lawrence streets, lot 66 feet 8 inches by 110 feet, young fruit trees, good garden ground, water, etc. Also house and lot, corner Williams and South streets. For prices and terms write S. J. Sills, Tacoma, Wash., Box 827, or call at GUARD office.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.—I have 15,000 A shaved cedar shingles for sale. Write H. W. Jones, Jasper, for prices, etc.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me, when the doctor said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had more than once saved her life, and had cured her of consumption. After three small doses she slept easily all night, and further use completely cured her." This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all throat, chest and lung diseases. Only 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at W. L. DeLano's drug store.

Hotel Arrivals.

HOFFMAN.
D Sparks, Blue River
N Castle, Philomath
W H Vaughan, S P Co
A J Wertheimer, S F
T H E Linnit, Aloft Station
A Hagen
T Buras
J Fullerton
Wm V Krohn, Chicago
W J Ball, S F
Harry Huggins, Portland
J V Nary Sr, Portland
J W Waing, N Y
Geo I Briggs, N Y
W A Evans, Estrop
B H Pitts, St Louis
Mrs J R Wiley, Junction
B K Lawson, Cottage Grove
Clive Hart, Cottage Grove
John Ranninger, Wendling
W A Trephayen, S F

EUGENE.
G J Lenvir, S F
C H Baker, Waverlyville
F M Dodson, Waverlyville
A F Kelly, Mohawk
Ed Burnett, Mohawk
D B Greve, Blue River
J H Landess, Saginaw
John P Fuller, S F
W R Holbrook, Chicago
Henry Hansen, Wahoo, Neb
S R Johnson, Portland
C C Lyon, Cottage Grove
J C Long, Cottage Grove

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Dated this 8th day of December, 1900.

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OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

THE DIRECT ROUTE TO
Montana, Utah, Colorado,
and all Eastern Points.

Offers choice of two favorite routes, via the UNION PACIFIC First Mail Line, or the R.O. 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.
Superior Library-Buffet Cars
Splendid Dinners (meals a la carte)
Comfortable Coaches and Smokers
Entire Train Completely Vested.

For further information apply.

L. L. STEVENS, Agent, Eugene, or

J. R. NAGEL,
Travel Agent
142 Third St., Portland, Or.

SOUTH AND EAST

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Co

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 8:34 a. m. 1:08 p. m.

Portland	8:30 a. m.	8:30 p. m.
Eugene	2:46 p. m.	1:15 a. m.
Ar Ashland	12:30 a. m.	12:08 a. m.
Ar Macamonto	5:00 p. m.	4:25 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.	9:20 a. m.
Ar Los Angeles	1:20 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
Ar El Paso	6:30 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Ar Fort Worth	5:20 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Ar City of Mexico	9:35 a. m.	9:55 a. m.
Ar Houston	4:30 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	12:50 p. m.	12:43 p. m.

FOR SALE.—A second hand piano for sale. Steinway square. Inquire at this office for particulars.

FOR RENT.—Fifty acres of good farm land, no buildings, adjoining the corporate limits of the city of Eugene. Apply for terms and particulars to L. L. Campbell, GUARD office.

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Harry Huggins, Portland
J V Nary Sr, Portland
J W Waing, N Y
Geo I Briggs, N Y
W A Evans, Estrop
B H Pitts, St Louis
Mrs J R Wiley, Junction
B K Lawson, Cottage Grove
Clive Hart, Cottage Grove
John Ranninger, Wendling
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Peter frankly told the whole truth about the affair from beginning to end and concluded the story with the emphatic assertion that as long as he lived he would never be guilty of another practical joke, a vow he faithfully kept until his dying day.—Exchange.

Sheriff's Sale on Execution.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Lane, on the 20th day of November, 1900, on a judgment rendered in said court, on the 3rd day of November, 1880, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the clerk of said court on the 3rd day of November, 1880, in a suit in said court wherein S. Rosenblatt and Company are plaintiffs and Elias Johnson was defendant, and to me directed commanding me that out of the personal property of said defendant, or if sufficient could not be found, then out of the real property belonging to said defendant in said county on or after the said 3rd day of November, 1880, to satisfy the sum of \$146.00 with interest at 1 per cent per month and a further judgment of \$92.92 with 10 per cent per annum in U. S. gold coin now due on said judgment, less the sum of \$53.35 paid on said judgment July 16th, 1891, from the 3rd day of November, 1880, and the further sum of thirty-nine dollars and cents and the costs of and upon this writ, and being unable to find any personal property of said defendant to satisfy said judgment and costs and incurring costs I did on the 1st day of December, 1900, levy upon the following described real property belonging to said defendant on the 3rd day of November, 1880, or subsequently, to-wit:

All the undivided interest of Elias Johnson in and to the following described premises: To-wit: The Donation Land Claim of Herod and Rhoda Johnson No. 62 Notification No. 7481, being part of sections 28, 32, and 33 in T. 17, S. 34, R. 12, W. 2, containing 254.01 acres of land in Lane county, State of Oregon.

Now therefore in the name of the state of Oregon and in compliance with said writ I will offer for sale at public auction, for cash, subject to redemption, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant in and to the above described premises, at the South door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 16th day of January, 1901, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. to-wit at 1 o'clock p. m. on said day.

Dated this 8th day of December, 1900.

W. W. WITKINS.

Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

J. L. PAGE

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

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

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E. BANGS, Proprietor.

Stage leaves Eugene for Florence daily except Sunday at 8 a. m. Returning stage leaves Florence for Eugene daily except Sundays at 2 p. m. Saturdays at 8 a. m. Arrives in Eugene at 6 p. m. the day following.

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Corvallis & Eastern RAILROAD.

TIME CARD

No. 2 for Yacquina—
Train leaves Albany.....12:45 P. M.
Leaves Corvallis.....1:40 P. M.
Arrives Yacquina.....5:55 P. M.

No. 1 Returning—
Leaves Yacquina.....7:00 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany.....11:35 P. M.

No. 3 for Detroit—
Leaves Albany.....1:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit.....11:00 A. M.

No. 4 Returning—
Leaves Detroit.....11:10 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....11:10 P. M.

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

Trains for the mountains arrive at Corvallis noon, giving ample time to reach camp grounds on the Brettenbush and Salmon the same day.

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"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

A fagged out, tearful little woman said this in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who was cured of just such troubles by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Told Her Friend—"After having gone on my neck 42 years Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured me. I was so glad I told friends about it and a lady in Wisconsin who read of my cure told me she also took Hood's for the same trouble and was cured. She thanked me." Mrs. Anna Sutherland, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

The Practical Joker.

Peter John was a good fellow, but he had one grave fault—he was addicted to practical joking. One day Peter had been at work a few miles from his home. After his day's labor was finished his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him. This invitation Peter accepted, and then, his system fortified with a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward.

It was a dark, cold December night. The wind swept fitfully among the great pines and beeches, and strange, moaning sounds were sobbing through the forest. Now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry or the sudden rattling of its hoarse wings told where some timid animal hurried away from the sound of foot-steps.

But Peter was strong and stout hearted and trudged quietly along without paying much attention to the sights and sounds around him. He had not noticed, perhaps one-half of his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet descending the long, rocky path behind him. Gradually the sound drew nearer until the sharp, peculiar voice of the horseman could be heard clearly in the distance.

"Ah, ah," said Peter to himself as he heard the familiar tones: "that is Uncle Tom Barry."

Now, Uncle Tom and Peter were neighbors—that is to say, their clearings lay about a mile apart—and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of timid disposition, and, furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear, nothing that he had not rather meet, than a wolf.

No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbor than he resolved to use this trust of Uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a most capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he prepared to put them into execution. Creeping through the undergrowth which bordered his path, he crouched down and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before Uncle Tom's horse at a sharp trot and himself trailing behind, arrived opposite his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then, springing forward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps, followed by the loud, clear, threatening cry of the wolf.

Uncle Tom, who had been walking in a daze, and long he had been expecting to see the performance by making the forest ring with a repetition of the wild, savage cry that had struck such terror into Uncle Tom's timid heart.

But there is an end to all things, and so after awhile there was an end to Peter's mirth, and he, wiping his eyes, regained the path and was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the cold shivers coursing over his body and almost froze the blood in his veins. The wolves heard his successful imitation of their music and were coming in full cry upon him.

Calling all his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than did Uncle Tom Barry himself. Peter was a famous runner and had come off victor in many a trial of speed when the people had come together at a raising or log rolling, but this was no holiday game. The race was for life. Down the long slope that led to Picket's hollow and up the ascent beyond fled Peter