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 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.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Which they will sell at the lowest market prices.

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—TO THE FARMERS.—

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J BANGS, Proprietor.

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Returning stage leaves Florence for Eugene daily except Sundays at 1 p m

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Arrives in Eugene at 3 p m the day following.

ONE WAY FARE.....$3

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Tickets for sale at E. Bangs' livery stable, Eugene or at Hurd & Davenport's office.

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Notices under this head not to exceed five lines, 50 cents per week; $1 50 a month; $12 per year.

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FOR SALE—75 acres of first-class farming land one mile east of Creswell Nearly all under cultivation. Terms reasonable. Address S B Morss, Cottage Grove, Or.

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GENERAL REPAIRING.—F A Bliss will mend anything in the house except a watch. Leave orders at Moores & Ray's second hand store in the new McClung block.

WANTED—First-class dining room girl wanted at Hotel Eugene at once. Apply at once.

SHEEP TO LET.—150 sheep to let out on shares. Call on or address F E Blair, Eugene, Oregon, corner West Seventh and Olive streets.

FOR SALE.—At a bargain if sold by Jan 25th, a lot 160x60 feet on Willamette street. See Rev M L Ross.

WANTED.—Intelligent young men from 17 to 19 years of age, having common school education, to learn mechanical trades. For full information apply or write to Union Iron Works, 222 Market street, San Francisco.

FOR SALE.—213 acres of land, 100 acres cultivated, 16 acres of timber, balance pasture, five miles from depot, ¼ mile from school, postoffice and church. Enquire of C A Parker, Jefferson St between Fifth and Sixth, Eugene.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Manager, 306 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be exile when Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottle free at W L De Lano. Price 50 and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

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Strictly first-class. New management. Rates, $1 to $2 per day. Headquarters for Commercial Men.

Public Storage of all kinds at Reasonable Rates at Geo T Hall & Son's Warehouse.

THE VOICE OF AN ECHO

A Story of Two Old Fools

Out of the window of the old wooden bridge, whose hooded tunnel threw a dark bar across the moonlit mountain stream, a man and a woman stood looking into the pine clad amphitheater of the cliffs, which lay in stillness beneath the spell of a September night. The black hollow of the bridge, with its one moonbeam sharp across the floor, contrasted with the awful splendor of the granite gorge, buttressed and pinnacled in every rising tier, under the flood of ghostly light, and if the only object of the couple in coming here was to see the view they were amply repaid. From their conversation since they left the hotel, which now lay behind them hidden by a fringe of the forest, it would have been difficult to say that this was not their only object. The small talk of acquaintanceship, friendship and even love is within certain limits and among people habituated to each other's conventions practically indistinguishable. Frequently it is difficult to decide why the degrees should be of so much consequence to the parties.

It was knowledge of the world and the good temper of experience that kept Mrs. Hugonin and Arthur Kinnaird on perfectly unruffled terms with each other. The conviction that he had long ago forgiven her, gratifying as it once had been, was now of such long standing that it had become confused with her earlier and less justifiable conviction that he ultimately would forgive her. Thus secure in vindication, the lust for which the dying Eve bequeathed to all her sex, Mrs. Hugonin could without the slightest reflection upon her widowhood accept once more the companionship of a man who tolerated life as comfortably as Arthur Kinnaird. The imminence of the climacteric which she knew to be threatening him was not to be read from his figure. His step was alert, his cheeks were bronzed, his tastes were rational, and what more could he desire?

She pushed back her dark hair under its somewhat youthful cap, and, leaning her elbows on the ledge, gazed without speaking at the haunted defile. Kinnaird gave a little laugh behind her. "Margaret," he said, "upon my word, it seems as if we were boy and girl again."

"Why, particularly?" she asked, without turning her head.

"Oh, all this summer," he replied. She did not ask him to be more explicit. "It is certainly an ideal place," she said with a half sigh. "Yet it is foolish to say that the beauties of nature restore one's youth. One may feel young again, but one is not really any the less dispassionate."

"I am not so sure of that," said Kinnaird. "I should like to argue the point with you—if it could be argued."

"You men are all alike," said Mrs. Hugonin with an inconsistent shrug of her shoulder. "You give up to logic what was meant for conversation."

Kinnaird stroked his mustache thoughtfully for a moment. "And so you think me dispassionate?" he observed.

"You?" said Mrs. Hugonin, turning with a delightful laugh. "Why, Arthur, there isn't a sentiment or a conviction to whose support society could order you to contribute!"

"If you mean that," he said slowly, "it is quite as I feared."

"As you feared?"

"You still believe me capable of as much mistaken self control as I once was. And," he added calmly, "I don't wonder."

Though there was no bitterness apparent in his tone Mrs. Hugonin was startled. "Really, this is unlike you, Arthur," she said gravely, but yet with a sense of amusement. "You petulant with your past? You provoked with your recollections? Indeed, I have mistaken you."

He laughed, but gently. "Come," he said, "you have no right to be ironical. Though I once let you go, it was because I thought you wished to be released."

"Upon my word, Arthur," said Mrs. Hugonin, "I did not know you were serious or I should not have taken this as a joke."

"I am entirely serious."

"Really?" said Mrs. Hugonin, and she spoke with some irritation. "I thought all had been forgotten and forgiven years ago." Then she drew herself up proudly. "Can it be that after all this time you have conceived the childish whim of forcing me to a—to an apology?"

"No—hardly that."

"I am ready to make it," she went on. "But if I do"—

Kinnaird moved to the window beside her and laid a hand on her arm. "You are much mistaken," he said, in the undisturbed voice which so provoked her. "You must indeed think that I am taking leave of my years. I never had much vanity, I think, but what I had when I was younger I never made a pet of. Look over there at the rocks, and what do you see?"

"Rocks—and moonlight. But, Arthur"—

"The rocks make me recollect," he went on, unheeding, "that one day when you were about seventeen you and I climbed Lone mountain together. And when we reached the ravine you insisted on going first, and I let you. Now, I did that because I reflected that if you fell I could catch you."

"Well?"

"You see, that was my first mistake. I should have gone first and made you cling to my—pardon me—coattails."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Hugonin.

Public School Examination.

The Eighth Grade public school examination will be held February 5th, 6th and 7th, 1902. This examination can be taken at the office of the county superintendent or in the several schools of the county. Teachers desiring lists of questions please notify me at once.

Jan 9, 1902.

W M MILLER,
County Supt of Schools.

The FACE OF A MARQUISE

At the time he made a marquise of the reign of Louis XIV flitted by Julian Chestwick and disappeared in the throng. He haunted the rooms like an unquiet spirit all the evening, until people began to believe that the Hungarian prince was a ubiquity, but the face shone upon him no more.

"So you won't marry Miss Pearlfield?" asked his uncle, a choleric old gentleman who was particularly fond of two things in this world—port and his own way.

"No," said Julian recklessly.

"And what the deuce is the reason?"

"Because I love somebody else."

"Whom?"

Julian looked awkward. He could not very well say "a face," so he said nothing at all, and in consequence thereof his uncle went home in a passion and altered his will.

Miss Pearlfield married somebody else, and Julian Chestwick worshiped at the shrine of the old face, contented with its remembered smiles as they haunted his dream.

"I shall see her some day," he told himself, "and until then I will live."

When Field Pakenham invited him down to a Christmas party at Pakenham Court, Chestwick hesitated. In New York his chances of realizing the dream of his lifetime were as five to one compared to any other place, and yet he was too good a chess player not to comprehend that the tide of luck needs a change now and then.

Chestwick's eye roved from face to face as he took his seat at the long table in the antique old dining room at Pakenham Court. There were blonds and brunettes, and blue eyes and gray, scraggy throats and dimpled shoulders, but there was no look or feature in all the gay assemblage which might suggest the French marquise.

But Lucia Dallas took him in hand and made him talk whether he was willing or no.

"It's all nonsense about your being a Diogenes," said that young lady. "Where are your tub and your lantern?"

"They're coming down by the next train."

"Well, then, until they come I must make the most of you. Do you dance?"

"No."

"Do you sing?"

"No."

"Do you flirt?"

"No."

"Are you fond of pictures?"

"Yes. Did you bring your album?"

"No; I was thinking of the old picture gallery up stairs. Only imagine it—the portraits of the Pakenham ancestry for 200 years back!"

The Pakenham picture gallery was well worth seeing. A long, lofty room, lighted by a dome of glass, it reminded one of some old baronial hall in England.

"I prefer the future to the past," said he briefly.

And then, turning, his eye fell upon a pictured face which thrilled him through and through, a dimpled, smiling face with black eyes which seemed to melt and glow, even against the opaqueness of the meaningless canvas, a mouth full of arch expression and a dress of the time of Louis Quatorze.

"Field," he said, turning to his host, with features as pale as if they had been carved in ivory, "who is that lady?"

"Who was she, you mean," laughed Pakenham. "Why, you know, she's been dead these 200 years."

Chestwick felt an odd, icy tremble through his veins. Was he then in love with a ghost?

"It is Marie de Roubise of Normandy, afterward married to Gerald Pakenham, who died two years after her marriage—my great-great-grandmother—and a very good looking woman too," added Field, rather irreverently.

Chestwick had taken his seat at dinner in a mechanical sort of way when a young lady glided into the seat opposite.

"Merciful fate!" he ejaculated, half starting from his place. "Marie de Roubise!"

"Hold your tongue," whispered Field, dragging him back into his chair. "It's only my cousin, Marquerita Leslie. Stop staring and let me introduce you like a Christian."

And as Pakenham spoke their names to each other Julian Chestwick found himself looking directly into the lively dark eyes of the radiant marquise of the days of Louis Quatorze.

"I never thought of it before," said Pakenham, "but she does look like the portrait of our French ancestors."

"I dressed like it for a masquerade ball in New York last winter," laughed Marquerita herself, "and you would have fancied I had just stepped out of the frame."

The riddle was solved at last. Chestwick's heart grew light as a feather within his breast, and life became a possibility of brightness once more.

When he went away from Pakenham Court, Marquerita Leslie had promised to become his wife.

"It's a very short acquaintance, though," observed Miss Leslie.

"No, it isn't. It's a very long one," said Julian earnestly. And then he told her how, when and where he had first fallen in love with her.

"Dear me! I didn't know there was so much constancy in man!" was her answer.

Wood In Germany.

The total annual production of timber and firewood of the German forests is estimated at 33,000,000 tons, and this is supplemented by an import of 4,000,000 tons. The material progress of the country would not be possible had it not the large home production to fall back upon.

Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded, for Dr King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure constipation and sick headache. Only 25c at W L DeLano's drug store.

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A Strong Woman

Iowa City, Iowa, Aug. 15, 1900

My wife was sick for three years. We tried everything without relief and spent much money. My wife tried Wine of Cardui and four bottles cured her. She took two more bottles, knowing she would have to work hard during the hay harvest. She attended to all her household duties and loaded and unloaded all the hay. This medicine gave her strength. Formerly she was weak and tired and could hardly get about, but since she has been taking Wine of Cardui she feels better and stronger than when 20 years of age. JOS. A. EISENHAFER.

Mrs. Eisenhafer had tried everything during her three years sickness and had spent considerable money. She was weak and could hardly get about for three years before she took

WINE OF CARDUI

Now, after taking the Wine of Cardui, she can work with her husband in the hay field. That is hard work, but it is not as injurious to a woman's health as labor in stores, factories and offices where thousands of girls are closely confined year after year. With the aid of Wine of Cardui a woman can do any reasonable work and enjoy good health. The health that Wine of Cardui brings makes a woman vigorous in body and mind. Freed from those terrible devastating pains a woman grows well and strong naturally. Wine of Cardui regulates the disordered menstruation and cures leucorrhœa, falling of the womb and periodical pains in the head and back caused by standing or sitting a long time in the same position. Thedford's Black-Draught puts the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys and blood in proper shape. Greatly increased strength and endurance is the natural result. Most cases are cured quickly. All druggists sell $1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui and 25 cent packages of Thedford's Black-Draught.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Gap Closed

The operation of through trains between San Francisco and Los Angeles, via Surf and Santa Barbara, will begin on

Sunday, March 31, 1901

....ON THE NEW....

COAST LINE...

Two Through Trains Daily. The Coast Line Limited leaving each terminal early in the morning equipped with elegant cafe and parlor cars, will make daylight trips through the most picturesque, varied and entertaining, scenes on the continent.

Inquire of agents of the,

Southern Pacific.

SOUTH AND EAST —VIA— Southern Pacific Co SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene and Portland and was stations at 3:00 a m; 2:08 p m.

v	Portland	8:30 a m	8:30 p m
v	Eugene	2:08 p m	3:00 a m
Ar	Ashland	12:30 a m	12:08 a m
Ar	Sacramento	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	7:15 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.

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See Mr L G Adair, agent at Eugene or addres

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You will find it desirable to ride on this Trains when going to any point in the Eastern States or Canada. They connect with all Transcontinental Trains and all ticket Agents sell tickets.

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Canadian Pacific

$60 00

To St Paul and return, limit 60 days. Tickets on sale May 30th and June 7th.

$86.00

Buffalo and return, limit 30 days. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, commencing June.

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TIME CARD

No. 2 for Yaquina—
Train leaves Albany.....12:50 P M
Leaves Corvallis..... 1:50 P M
Arrives Yaquina..... 6:45 P M

No. 1, Returning—
Leaves Yaquina.....7:00 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..... 12:15 P M

No. 4 from Detroit—
Leaves Detroit..... 12:45 P M
Leaves Albany..... 5:40 P M

Trains 1 and 4 arrive in Albany in time to connect with the S P south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S P North bound train for Portland.

Train No 2 connects with the S P west side train at Corvallis Crossing for Independence McMinnville and all points north to Portland

EDWIN STONE, Manager

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