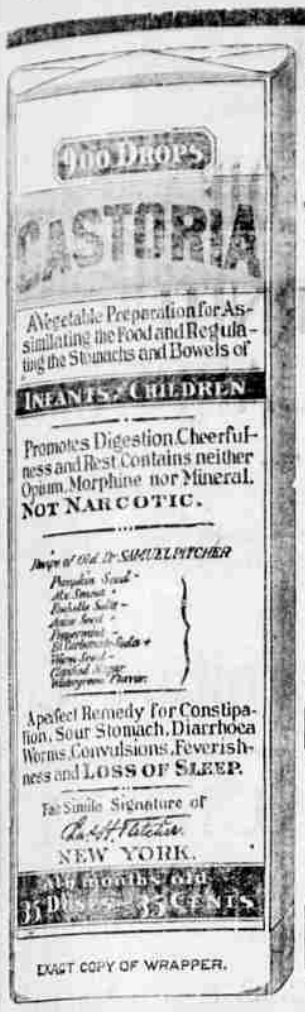

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CLASSIFIED GOLUMN.

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

WANTED.—A girl at the Banquet. Inquire this afternoon.

LOST.—An oxidized silver K of P soldier's charm. Please leave at this office.

ROOM AND BOARD—Furnished rooms and board at reasonable terms. Call at 467 Oak street.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A new upright piano. Inquire of Mrs W Guntch at the Famous.

ROOMS FOR RENT.—Three good living or office rooms for rent. Enquire of Gross & Stevens, real estate agents.

FOR SALE—Team, harness and wagon. Also best wood-sawing outfit in town. A S Stillman, Seventh and Washington streets, Eugene.

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

MEN WANTED.—To cut railroad wood. Long job, fine timber, excellent climate and convenient location. Call on or address Dunbar & Kuykendall, Wolf Creek, Oregon.

GIRL WANTED.—To do general housework. Apply to Mrs Geo H Kelly, corner of Pearl and Third Sts.

GIRL WANTED.—An experienced girl to do general housework wanted at once. MRS F S DUNN, 414 East 12th Street.

DRY WOOD FOR SALE.—M S Hubble still has several cords of 16-inch wood which he will sell at cost while it lasts.

GENERAL REPAIRING.—F A Bliss will mend anything in the house except a watch. Leave orders at Monroe & 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.

FOR SALE.—A new nine room house and one and a half acres of ground, $2200. Inquire at No. 224, third Street. REV P L CHANSEN.

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 aditional, 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.

The Fuel of the Future.

The question has been worrying many people who fear that the coal supply is becoming exhaused, but there is no need to worry, however, as a substitute has been discovered in petroleum. In nearly all of nature's products we find that as soon as one material becomes scarce another is discovered to take its place. There is one exception, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is nature's own remedy for all stomach, liver and bowel complaints, and during the past fifty years it has been impossible to make a better medicine. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and malaria, fever and ague. If you have never tried it, do so today. It cannot help but do you good. Our private die stamp is over the neck of the bottle.

Newly Furnished Lodging House.

New beds in newly painted and papered rooms at the Courthouse Lodging House. Only one block from the main business street, and not a little more than two blocks from the postoffice. A very quiet locality.

Outside rooms at rear corners away from hall, splendid for day sleeping. Windows of these rooms under projecting roof, cutting off much of the light.

Lodging with or without board as desired. Come and see the rooms and I will guarantee that you will be satisfied. ED HOWE

Attention G. A. R.

At the regular meeting Friday evening, January 24, there will be a literary social held after post business. The Hopkins family will furnish vocal and instrumental music. The Ladies of the G A R, W R C and Sons of Vets invited to be present.

By order Committee.

It Girdles the Globe.

The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, felons, aches, pains and all skin eruptions. Only infallible pile cure. 25c a box at W L DeLano's.

LOVE IN THE STUBBLE.

The girl's face was young, plump, shiny. Her half-russet hair—had been drawn tightly away from the face with a damp brush. It culminated in a tight knob under the hat. There were freckles in groups on each side of her squat nose and in semicircles under her blue eyes—steady eyes. Her humorous mouth was slightly open, expectant. Her teeth dazzled. Her wrists above her white cotton gloves were brown, browner than her face.

The girl's eyes were fixed upon the stile in the far corner. About her mouth there played impatience, anticipation, a little nervousness, lots of self satisfaction. She had waited for him on this haystack every Sunday evening for two months. Every Sunday evening he had come, walked round the field without looking at her and followed her home without a word.

This evening silence must end. She had put her purse on the path by the stile where he could not fail to see it. Her Sunday frock was new.

She ran the thumb and forefinger of her left hand firmly down each consecutive finger of her right hand, pressing the tip of her first finger finally between each. Her eyes never left the stile. Then, with more firmness, with some spite, she changed thumb and first finger and proceeded down each consecutive finger of her left hand.

The "it's very nice and cool in here oh what a dear old church I am" had ceased. But the world was full of flower whispers, the stirring of leaves, the chatterings of birds and insects.

Then the girl's mouth closed and turned quickly up at each corner. A gleam of delight flew up to her eyes.

A head appeared on the other side of the stile, a head with a cap on the back of it, a lathered lock shining in the distance, then brown, broad shoulders, which dipped slowly left-right,

A great leg was swung over the top bar, and a heavy boot, patterned with gleaming nails, made a scrunch on the step. Another followed it, then the simultaneous wump on the dry field of both. The head bent slightly forward, the left-right of the dipping shoulders came slowly up the path.

The girl opened her first sunshade—white. Her heart swung without beating.

The man stopped, stooped eagerly, picked up the purse and glanced under his eyelashes toward the haystack. The girl's heart resumed beating like a stick duet, allegro, upon a carpet. She moved more to the end of the ledge of the haystack, crossing one hanging white foot over the other. There would be ample room for two, uncomfortably. A green insect dropped on her white knee. She flipped it carefully off.

The left-right crunch, crunch was on the stubble. She lowered her head and watched him under the big brim of her poppy crowned hat. He was coming slowly toward the haystack.

If he saw her watching, he would certainly stop. She lowered the white sunshade to cover her face. She would see him much closer soon. Besides, she could dab her face with her handkerchief.

Her smile faded. The steps were passing. Imperceptibly, as the corners of her mouth drooped, she peeped out this side of the sunshade. He had once come within ten yards of the stack and had then turned off to go round it.

Oh, if God had but made her a man!

He trudged once round—and passed; twice, whistling the air of a hymn, a scattered whiff of which came to them at times—and passed. The third time he stopped.

She held her breath. All her senses were amalgamated into one—hearing. The sunshade longed to rise. A chaffinch chirped in its sleep. The rich notes of the organ wavered by. Another green insect dropped on her knee. Neither moved.

"Hey!"

The sunshade fell.

"Ye've drupped summat!"

Her purse fell into her lap.

She stammered something he could not hear. Their eyes met.

He opened his lips, shuffled, shut them, dropped his eyes and turned on his heel.

Oh, if God had but made her a man!

His broad, brown shoulders dipped left-right till they came to the faint track his heavy boots had made round the fringe of the field.

The sun sank, taking the tree's shadows away. The glow across the field turned to red, turned to gold and followed them. The shrill cooee of the boys coming out of church, the faint hum of voices, the click of the cricket, the scrunch of slow, steady, circular treads, were mixed with the murmur of the shaking grass.

Waiting till he was in front of the stack, she dropped her sunshade and slipped to the ground. She was stiff and angry. She was stiff and pleased. She had only thought before. Now she knew.

Without looking to right or left, with quick trend she crossed the field, mounted the stile, turned sharp to the right, dawdled along the footpath till the slow scrunching came round the corner, left the five barred gate open for him and came to the road leading to the village—home.

She entered the gate, shut it and, putting her sunshade carefully against its cleanest bar, leaned over it, listening. The scent of honeysuckle and sweetbrier hung upon the silent air.

As he came up he looked at her and smiled. She answered it with one that told him that she knew.

He passed.—King.

The New Baby.

Happy Father—We've got a new baby up at our house.

Friend—So? What do you call him?

H. F.—We don't call him; he does all the calling himself.—Detroit Free Press.

To the Public.

I have sold out my transfer business to the J W Clarke Transfer Co. After a business career of 12 years in Eugene, I desire to thank all for their many kindnesses, and hope they will turn over their business to my successors, whom I recommend as perfectly reliable and honorable.

M S HURELE.

If you want to SEE like you should SEE, see Janney & Meyer, graduate opticians.

The Amateur Detective.

"Get up, Dodson. There's been a murder!"

"Murder! Where?" I asked, leaping out of bed.

"In the hall bedroom above. Here is the proof." And he held up a piece of carpet with a bright red spot on it.

"You speak in riddles!"

"I discovered the evidence when I came home last night. As a result of two hours' investigation I have ascertained that the man who lodged in the room above had an enemy. They met last night by appointment, and drank together. The man up stairs drank too much or was drugged and was brought home by his enemy. This was all planned by the murderer, whose object was revenge.

"They came to the house in a cab drawn by a gray horse. It will be easy to find the cab, as the horse was blind in one eye, and three of the cab wheels had old and worn tires, while the fourth was a new one. The driver waited, but when the murderer went down stairs he dismissed the cab and walked away.

"The lodger up stairs was assisted into the house by the man who killed him. The latter took the key from the pocket of his victim and unlocked both doors. The murdered man was killed before he had a chance to make an outcry, but his blood is on the hands of his slayer.

"The murderer is more than 6 feet tall, is broad shouldered, wears a No. 10 boot."

"Great heavens, Tomes, did you see the men when they came in and see the murderer go away?"

"Nothing of the kind. He had been gone more than an hour when I got home, so the murder must have been done between 1 and 2 o'clock."

"Then how do you know all you have told me?"

"Learned it all by a few careful observations. I discovered a red stain on the door of the lodger's room, showing that the murderer had blood on his hand. He attempted to wipe it off on the carpet, and I cut out the spot for examination. The other facts I ascertained with the aid of a tape measure, and my general knowledge of the value of apparently unimportant details in such cases.

"In the first place, there was mud on the boots of the murderer, and he left footprints on the stoop and stairs. I measured those with a tape line and found that he wore a No. 10 boot. That means a man more than 6 feet tall, but, to confirm that, I measured his stride, which was 3 feet 4 inches.

"The points about the cab were easily ascertained. The street was not swept yesterday, and the imprint of the cab wheels was easy to trace. Three wheels made ruts in the dirt round at the edges, showing old and worn tires, while the off hind wheel left a square trace, indicating a new tire. On the lamppost I found a few short white horsehairs on one side. A gray horse had rubbed one side of his head on the post. Now a horse blind in one eye never rubs the blind side of his head against a post for fear of striking a projecting nail. As the hairs were all on one side of the post the horse must have been blind in one eye.

"I know that the murderer dismissed the cab when he went down stairs because it returned in the direction from which it came. If he had gone away in the vehicle, he would have ordered the driver to proceed in the opposite direction."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"My friends from the central office should be here very soon, and then we can get to work," said Tomes glancing at the clerk.

By this time the servants and the landlady were astir. We heard a heavy step on the stairs going up past our door, and a few moments later the voice of the landlady rang out sharp and clear in a long drawn out yell, that sounded to my overstrained nerves like a scream of terror. Tomes smiled quietly. The cry of the woman was repeated, and, listening intently, I made out that she was calling, "Br-i-d-g-e-t!"

There was an answering shout from below, a rush of footsteps, and then the voice of the landlady broke out again.

"Bridget, whatever in the world stained this carpet? Here's all the new varnish ruined and the brussels carpet spoiled entirely! Sure no lone widow ever had to stand such destruction!"

"Please, ma'am, it was Master Willie spilled the red ink! Sure and I couldn't help it!"

Forelock Tomes smiled.

"They'll know more very soon," he said in a quiet tone.

Just then the door was opened on the landing above, and a harsh voice cried out:

"See here, landlady! Bridget! Can't you let a fellow sleep! I'll get out of this! I'll give up my room!"

Forelock Tomes turned pale.

It was the voice of the lodger in the front hall bedroom above, and from far down the stairs came the answer of Bridget:

"Sure, sir, and it was Master Willie spilled the red ink!"

Homemade Ink.

A good ink is made in this way: Bruise half a pound of nutgalls and stand in one quart of water, shaking it now and then, for about four hours. Then add three ounces and a half of gum arabic and, when it is quite dissolved, three ounces of copperas. To prevent the ink from becoming moldy when kept add three or four drops of creosote. This gives a pleasantlike smell to the ink and does not corrode the pens as chloride of mercury would do.

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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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Thousands Sent into Exile.

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. Astonishing cures result from persistent use. Trial bottle free at W L De Lano. Price 50 and $1 00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Public Warehouse.

Geo T Hall & Son having purchased and refitted the Dysinger property, are now prepared to solicit all kinds of storage at reasonable rates. Goods will be insured if desired.

For Sale.

One of the choicest residences in Eugene on Willamette street. Call on T N Segar, Hotel Eugene, for further particulars.

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—VIA—
Southern Pacific Co
SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene stations at 3:00 a m; 2:08 p m.		Portland arrive
Lv Portland	2:30 a m	8:30 p m
Lv 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	7:45 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

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$60 00

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

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Train leaves Albany ..... 12:50 P M
Leaves Corvallis ..... 1:50 P M
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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.

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