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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of 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.

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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.

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Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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A fair share of the public patronage solicited. To the Farmers we will pay the highest market price for fat cattle, hogs and sheep. Shop on Williams St., Eugene, Oregon.

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Having a large and complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, bought in the best markets, I can offer the public better CASH Prices than any other house in Eugene.

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All forms of life, Endowment and Gold Bond Policies and Annuities. Guaranteed value and rates furnished by
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Best equipped Assay Laboratory in the State. Prompt and reliable returns guaranteed. Working tests made on ore samples of one to fifty pounds to determine the most suitable method of treatment.

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CLASSIFIED COLUMN.

Notices under this head not to exceed first time, 50 cents per week; \$1.50 a month; \$12 per year.

Help Wanted.

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

GIRL WANTED.—Cooking and general housework. Apply to Professor Lachman, No. 374 East Eleventh street.

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

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

GIRL WANTED.—A competent girl to do general housework. Call at E. H. Ingham's residence, North Pearl street.

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.

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 office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References, Enclose self-addressed envelope. Manager, 806 Caxton Building, Chicago.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—213 acres of land, 100 acres cultivated, 16 acres of timber, balance pasture, five miles from depot, 1 mile from school, postoffice and church. Estate of C. A. Parker, Jefferson st. between Fifth and Sixth, Eugene.

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

FOR SALE.—A new one room house and one and a half acres of ground, \$2200. Inquire at No. 224 Blair Street. REV. L. C. HANSEN.

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

Rooms and Board.

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

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

Lost and Found.

FOUND.—A ring was picked up on the street. Owner can have same by paying for this notice.

LOST.—A Second Oregon Volunteer's medal. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

Miscellaneous.

GET YOUR HOUSE NUMBERED.—I have the agency for the enameled steelplate house numbers and will take your order and put the number up. M. C. Van Tyne, room 2 over McClung's store.

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.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, fainting and dizzy spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Cherley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes constipation, improves appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at W. L. Delano's drug store.

The Sword Discarded.

In the British army the sword has been discarded, so far as its usefulness is concerned in modern warfare. A half century ago it was considered the best weapon, but the rifle has now taken its place. At the present time thousands of people are discarding their old methods of trying to cure stomach and bowel complaints, and are using the old reliable Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has never been known to fail in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, or malaria, fever and ague, and a trial is therefore recommended. It has been before the public for fifty years, and by its record of cures during that time has firmly established its superiority over all other remedies. Try a bottle and satisfy yourself.

The Imperial.

Cottage Grove, Or. First class. Sample room 30x50 feet, well equipped. Rates \$1.00 and \$2.00 per day.

ONLY LITTLE DRUSA

When John Dering died, he left three daughters to comfort his bereaved spouse, Arabella. The eldest was tall and stately, with a full, well developed form, large, handsome features, black eyes and coarse black curls. She was the ruling spirit in the Dering household. Passionate and proud, she made, as she herself expressed it, "everybody stand around."

Lavinia, the second daughter, was tall and fleshy, with a plump face, sleepy blue eyes and light brown hair. She was the very opposite of Arabella. The latter was quick in her movements, with a lively temperament, while Lavinia was lazy and languid. Drusa, or Little Drusa, as she was generally called, resembled neither of her sisters. She was small and slight, but very graceful, with a complexion as delicately tinted as the heart of a shell, exquisitely chiseled features, great bronze brown eyes, above which was a broad, white forehead, shaded by silken curls, the bellows of whose ripples seemed dark, while the crests alone like burnished gold.

One day she was startled by a foot step, and, hastily looking up, she saw Carl Ruthven, her sister's music teacher. He was only thirty-two, handsome, talented, with a name well known in all the select music circles in New York city. He had come into the country village to spend the summer and at the time of which we speak was getting up a concert in behalf of a church which needed repairing.

Arabella and Lavinia were to take part in the concert, and he had kindly undertaken to train them. He was on his way to the house when, passing through the woods, Drusa's melodious lay fell on his ear.

He had heard many celebrated singers, but never before had he heard such a voice—rich, deep, clear.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, with a courtly bow—"excuse me for startling you; but, really, I heard you singing; and—"

The sentence was ended with an admiring look.

Then he continued: "Will you pardon my rudeness if I ask you if you ever took lessons in vocal music?"

"Oh, no, sir," stammered Drusa. "I have only caught up the exercises that Arabella—that my sisters practice."

"Would you permit me to give you some instruction by way of preparing you to sing at the church concert?" Drusa looked frightened.

"I? I, sir? Why, I—I hardly think the rest would like it."

"Why not?" bluntly.

She looked down and said simply: "I'm only Drusa, you know."

"Well, one thing is certain, and that is that 'only Drusa' has a wonderful voice," he said, with a smile. "And she will not do right if she does not cultivate the beautiful talent the good God has given her."

The night of the concert came. All Brookside was going, and consequently the hall was crowded.

Arabella was supposed to be the best performer and was reserved for the last. Solos and duets were over, and then Lavinia, arrayed in her blue silk, came forward.

She was excited and nervous—faltering and finally broke down.

Much annoyed at her sister's failure, Arabella determined to do her best and, gorgeous in her maize silk, came forward and sang her operatic air in a loud, clear voice. Not a whit embarrassed was this young lady. She was loudly applauded.

"I'm so glad that I was last, for I know I did the best," she whispered to the weeping Lavinia. "Did you see how devoted Mr. Ruthven looked when he handed me my bouquet? I know he'll propose tomorrow. Yes, I'm awfully glad that I was the last singer. I'm sure I made an impression, for I—why, my goodness! Who is that?" looking toward the stage.

For just then Carl Ruthven appeared, looking proud and happy, leading Drusa.

And standing there, with her little hands simply folded before her, she held the great audience spellbound by the magic of her matchless voice, which rang out clear as a silver bell or trilled like a bird soaring to the heavens.

The song ended. With a graceful bow the singer disappeared behind the curtain. Then, with a universal sigh, the audience recovered itself, and, oh, what applause!

Again and again she was encored. It was enough to turn the head of an older person, but Drusa was just as simple and childlike as ever.

As for Mrs. Dering and her two elder daughters, they were overcome with astonishment, but were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of Drusa's wondrous voice.—New York News.

Notice.
Beginning Feb. 1, 1902, we have designated, will charge for the use of sample rooms at the rate of 50c per day. T. N. SEGAR, Prop. Hotel Eugene, W. O. ZIEGLER, Prop Hoffman House.

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

THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Pretty Maribel Weize leaned against the stile by the lodge, a smile playing about her cupid bow mouth, whereon the kiss of Captain Lurt of the dragoons was responsible for the charming blush which framed so sweet a smile.

Brier-Bonnat shambled along the hedged and tree arched highway.

When he reached the lodge gate, he deliberately sat upon the fender rock.

"Why, Brier," exclaimed Maribel, turning quickly to return to the lodge, "where did you come from?"

"From home, Maribel, and a purpose to see you," soberly replied the simple farmer. "I've heard ye have been receiving attentions from a soldier."

Maribel laughed merrily and blushed. "Ye has a gully look, Maribel, and I fear what I hear be true. But ye must not encourage these chaps, Maribel, for ye know ye are promised to me."

"I am promised to you, Brier? Why, you must be mad! And when, pray, gave I such a promise?"

"It was not ye, Maribel, as gave the promise. It was yer father told me ye should be mine."

"Look to my father, then, to fulfill the promise!" exclaimed the quick tempered Maribel, casting a glance where the dust had risen, then turning and walking quickly up the avenue toward the lodge.

Brier-Bonnat looked puzzledly after her, but he neither called her back nor manifested chagrin.

He dragged his corduroy cap from his glossy, black head and twirled it in his hand, his eyes fixed on the turf reflectively, until Herr Weize came along homeward from the village.

"What do ye here, Brier?" called out the jolly gamekeeper.

"Sit a minute, Herr Weize," called out Brier, straightening up. "Did ye not tell me I should have Maribel for me wife?"

"I did, Why?"

"An hour ago I came up the road from the place to pass an hour with Maribel. As I turned the bend of the road beyond I saw the girl and a soldier."

"Captain Lurt?"

"The same. I stopped just beyond the stile to wait for them to separate. I heard the soldier ask Maribel to be his wife. She gave him her promise, and, Herr Weize, they sealed it with a kiss. Now, Herr Weize, never has Maribel honored me with a kiss!"

"And ye saw this, Brier?"

"With me own eyes."

The sturdy, gray bearded gamekeeper strode up the gravelled avenue toward his lodge.

Brier shambled off down the road. It was a stormy interview that took place between the father and daughter. The motherless girl pleaded her love for the dragoon.

Her stern father swore she should wed in her rank and that his wish was that she become the wife of Brier-Bonnat.

The same blood flowed in their veins. Their quarrel increased until the dark browed parent, goaded by disobedience and love's obstinacy, threw open his door and bade his high spirited child leave his sight forever.

"Yes, here was the very spot. Do you remember, dear?"

"As if it were yesterday. Come here, Myrtle, I want to show you something."

A tall, beautiful young woman approached the gray mustached, florid, portly man, upon whose arms leaned the graceful, well preserved lady who made the first remark and who was regarding an old broken down gate with peculiar interest.

"Myrtle," said the gentleman, "it was at this very spot that mamma promised to be mine."

He looked into the bright eyes of his daughter as he added:

"Just here we sealed our troth with a kiss."

Then he took the face of the contented looking lady in his gloved hands and said:

"And mother doesn't regret that first kiss, does she?"

"The response was not in words. 'What were you then, papa?' asked the girl."

"A captain, my child."

"And you, mamma?"

"A gamekeeper's motherless daughter, Myrtle. This is the first time I have been here since your grandfather drove me from home because I was in love with your father."

"Where is grandpa, mamma?"

"Dead, dear, years ago."

"And was he gamekeeper here?"

"Yes. Yonder in the trees was our lodge."

"Who is the gamekeeper now, mamma?"

"There is none, my child. The estate has been closed years since. Let us walk up under the old trees, and I'll show you where your mother's childhood days were passed."

In the doorway stood an old man.

The lady looked at him steadily for a moment and then gave a little gasp. The general lifted his hat in response to the salutation of the beggarly looking fellow.

"You live here, my good man?" he asked.

The old man bowed his head.

The general tossed him a piece of money as the party walked away.

The old man leaned against the door frame and watched them until they left the avenue by the gate.

The coin lay unheeded at his feet.

Tears stood in the heavy eyes of Brier-Bonnat as he huskily whispered: "Her father promised her to me."

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 but 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 most of the light.
Lodging with or without board as desired. Clean and comfortable and I will guarantee that you will be satisfied.
Ed Howe.



Beauty is Health.

I thank you for the benefit I received from your advice and the Wine of Cardui I took in my terrible condition. My life was no pleasure to me as all I was of no use to anybody. After receiving your advice and medicine I commenced taking it and began immediately to improve. The pains left me and the morose, which came at the correct time, continued three days. I have gained strength and my weight has increased. My husband says the medicine has made me better looking than ever before.
Mrs. LIZZIE MANNELL.

Womanly health means bright eyes, rosy cheeks, clear complexion and elasticity of form. This is the youth unmeasured by years—the beauty of perfect womanhood. Beautiful women are happier and get more out of life than their sisters whose faces indicate suffering. Wine of Cardui made Mrs. Mannell "better looking" and infinitely happier because it cured her of those terrible pains. But she is no exception.

WINE OF CARDUI

Is giving thousands of women health, beauty and freedom from the dragging pained forms are the results of suffering. What suffering can compare with the torture of irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb! Beauty flees quickly before the ravages of such disease. The sharp pains of falling of the womb deepen the crow tracks in the face. Menstrual irregularities rob the eye of its fire and the complexion of its transparency. Leucorrhoea drains the body of its strength, but Wine of Cardui restores the natural beauty, brightens the eye, clears the complexion, rounds out the figure and brings back the vigor of health. Every druggist in this city handles \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

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

SOUTH AND EAST

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Co

SHASTA ROUTE

Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 3:00 a.m. 1:42 p.m.		
lv Portland	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.
lv Eugene	2:08 p.m.	1:15 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.	9:45 a.m.
Ar Kansas City	7:25 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
Ar Chicago	7:45 a.m.	9:50 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 p.m.
Ar City of Mexico	9:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Ar Houston	4:00 a.m.	4:00 p.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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Corvallis & Eastern RAILROAD

TIME CARD		
No. 2 for Yacquina	Trains leave Albany.....	12:50 P. M.
	Leave for Corvallis.....	1:50 P. M.
	Arrive Yacquina.....	6:45 P. M.
No. 1 returning	Leave Yacquina.....	7:00 A. M.
	Leave Corvallis.....	11:30 A. M.
	Arrive Albany.....	12:15 P. M.
No. 3 for Detroit	Leave Albany.....	7:00 A. M.
	Arrive Detroit.....	12:15 P. M.
No. 4 from Detroit	Leave Detroit.....	12:45 P. M.
	Leave Albany.....	5:00 P. M.

Trains 1 and 2 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.

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