

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Wm. H. H. H. H.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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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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Notice under this head not to exceed five lines, 50 cents per week; \$1.50 a month; \$12 per year.

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GIRL WANTED.—At the Banquet. Inquire in the afternoon.

GIRL WANTED.—Cooking and general housework. Apply to Professor Luchman's, 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.

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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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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. Enquire 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. Moss, Cottage Grove, Or.

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FOR SALE.—One of the choicest residences in Eugene on Williams street. Call on T. N. Segar, Hotel Eugene, for further particulars.

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

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

FOUND.—A certificate of service in the Civil war and a copy of the marriage certificate of Gustavus Patz-nick were found on the streets today. Inquire at this office.

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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.

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FOR RENT.—Good comfortable house in Springfield with good barn and outbuilding. Inquire or address GUARD office, Eugene.

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Superior steel range, fitted with hot oil is guaranteed to have a quick even. See them at

F. L. Chambers & Bro's.

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When the milk is contaminated, men should at the time of milking cows let the milk fall directly on the ground and moisten it. They should also fast. Deeds of charity and sacrifices in behalf of ancestors should be performed in every house, village and city. For "Imperly is the root of all diseases." So says Charaka, the highest authority in medical science.

The planets should be propitiated. The observance of these good rules will create in men a kind of psychic force which will purify the tainted soil, water, etc., and render them wholesome. Vishnu should be worshipped in every house with offerings of leaves of tulsi. Such holy observances will put an end to all pestilential diseases like the bubonic plague, malarial fever, cholera, etc. There will be timely showers of rain, followed by abundant harvests. Men will pass their lives in the enjoyment of health and peace. Nothing else can contribute to the happiness of mankind.—Calcutta Indian Mirror.

Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes takes 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. Dwyer's drug store.

Young widow owning her own home and independent income, would assist kind husband in business venture. Address Cora, Box 33, St. Louis, Mo.

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Young widow owning her own home and independent income, would assist kind husband in business venture. Address Cora, Box 33, St. Louis, Mo.

PING PONG. A SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.

"Isn't the weather awful?" said Maise.

"I couldn't get a cab or anything at the station, so I had to walk."

"I suppose you're a bit damp?"

"Just a trifle." My hat had made a small pool.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully bored. Do make haste and get those wet things off. I want you to play ping pong with me."

"What on earth is that?"

"You don't know?" she asked incredulously. "Oh, hurry up."

And I did. Maise is always charming. I had not seen her for several months, and I had had something on my mind for a considerable time. She was waiting for me as I came down stairs.

"Come along," she said, and she took me to one of the rooms where a six foot dining table was cleared, save for a tiny net seven or eight inches high stretched across the middle.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Ping pong," she laughed.

"Sounds Chinese."

"No, it's English. Just like tennis."

"Well?"

"You've got to play."

"But I don't like tennis," I remonstrated.

"I think it's a flimsy game."

"I'm going to teach you ping pong," she replied.

I succumbed.

"Very well," I murmured.

She gave me a ridiculous little bat-dell with parchment sides.

"You don't know how to play tennis, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Ping pong is almost the same," she concluded.

"But I wanted to have a chat with you, Maise," I remonstrated.

"Afterward, if you are a good boy." And she smiled so sweetly that I dropped the bat-dell and went toward her.

"Look, you've dropped it," she called quickly, and I returned crestfallen.

Then the excitement began.

"Do you know ping pong?" You play with celluloid balls and bat-dells on a table instead of a tennis court. The little balls naturally bounce abnormally when hit by the parchment sided bat-dell.

My first ball went straight for the portrait of one of Maise's ancestors. I was alarmed, but Maise only laughed.

"You hit too hard," she said.

I tried different methods and succeeded in hitting the ceiling and almost everything in the room, but in vain did I endeavor to return the balls into Maise's court or side of the table.

I have the reputation of being a good slogger at cricket. The little balls flew about like bullets, and Maise bobbed every now and then to let them pass her head. At last I had no more balls to hit.

"Now you must gather them," said Maise. "I think you're improving."

I smiled and crawled beneath chairs, groping with my hands in dusty corners. It was really wonderful where those balls rolled to. When I emerged, Maise said:

"Now you must try and win the next set."

"Don't you think we might have a rest?" I suggested.

"Afterward," she smiled.

Ping pong evidently produced enthusiasm.

I believe I improved, for I almost won the next game, and then Maise passed me and just crept up to the end.

"Confound it!" I said and brought my bat-dell down on the corner of the table.

"Oh!" shrieked Maise, pointing to my weapon. There was a gasp through both sides.

"I'm afraid I've broken it," I apologized.

"And I haven't got another," said Maise, "so you must play on with that."

I did as I was told.

Maise kept on winning, and we came to the last game of the set. I was serving.

"Love—40," called Maise.

I put down my bat-dell.

"I'll give you this game," I said.

"You're beaten," she laughed.

"On this condition," I added, ignoring her retort, "that as you have the 40 you'll let me have the love."

She laughed, but a tinge of red suffused her cheeks.

"You agree?" I asked.

"You'll learn ping pong?" she parried.

"Of course."

"When you beat me?" she started.

"Well?" I stretched out my hand.

"Then you can ask me again." And she ran out of the room.

Maise is almost as exasperating as the ping pong balls.—King.

Two people are walking along the road toward the sea—a young man, tall and stately, and a young woman, also tall and of a very slight figure. Her name is Rebecca Champenown. She is the last descendant of a very ancient and famous family, whose pride is almost her only inheritance.

No one could have believed that she would fall in love with a fisherman, least of all her mother. But so it has happened. She loves Reuben Gage, captain of the fishing schooner Anna Sheafe.

As Reuben and Rebecca walk along the road they do not appear to talk much. Yet in some way, perhaps by her womanly intuitions, she has discovered his great, manly, affectionate nature.

Reuben has often been on the point of speaking, but the right words failed him, and something arose in his throat that choked utterance, and Rebecca has waited, eager, a little impatient at times and at others almost tempted to speak out herself.

Reuben is equally perplexed in his simple mind. He is sure of only one thing—that is, the state of his own feelings—but he is not yet able to decide whether Rebecca loves him. He would like a sign, something, however slight, that would show him where he stood.

Of late he has been unlucky on his fishing trips in the Anna Sheafe, a small vessel which he commands and of which he owns one-quarter. He met Rebecca less and less often. Somehow, without money in his pocket, he could not enjoy so much being with her, felt less a man and an inequality he could not explain.

Reuben did not recover his usual spirits. His good old mother insisted that he was not well and needed physio. Reuben took the medicine, being a good deal of a child under his mother's roof.

"Mother," said he, "it does me no good, but I will take it to please you."

"My son, you just wait. You've been behindhand some time, and it will take awhile to get you beforehand again. These herbs never failed in my experience, and I've had a good deal of sickness of one sort or another."

Reuben grew thin and nervous. In spite of the medicine, but he went about preparations for the winter cruising. Bad luck continued to follow him; small fares and falling prices discouraged him more and more.

But the greater his depression the more his mind dwelt upon Rebecca. In some curious way he had come to connect his ill luck with her.

His brother fishermen, however, thought it was all on account of his not wearing white mittens when he set and handled his trawl lines, it being in that region of fishing villages the universal belief of superstition that white mittens must be worn to insure good luck in winter trawling.

But Reuben paid no attention to what he thought was a mere fancy. He determined to see her again and arranged to see her when her mother was absent.

"I have come to see you once more," he said on meeting her, "but perhaps I had better not come again."

"Why?" said Rebecca. "Are you not always welcome, Captain Gage?"

"Yes; we never quarrel, and we never get any further along from one time to another."

This was more than he had ever been able to say before in regard to their personal relation, and he was frightened at himself. So he began again from what he thought was another point; yet, as out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, he could betray his true feelings.

"I'm not getting on very well now—no luck, no money, and the Anna Sheafe getting in debt. I thought I would tell you, though I do not know that you will care."

"Yes, I do care, very much, Captain Gage. I knew something was the matter, and I heard from one of the village gossips it was because you neglected or sneered at the custom of wearing white mittens, as the other fishermen do when setting their trawls. Do you think it is a silly superstition?"

"Yes, I do, in the main. At other times I half believe in it. There is something at the bottom of all common customs and beliefs which, when harmless, it is just as well to accept. Our little village would be very dull and uninteresting without them."

"I have no particular objection to white mittens," Reuben replied, "only I did not happen to have any."

"I thought as much. You would wear them if you had them?"

"Why, yes, I should."

Rebecca disappeared for a moment and returned holding out a pair of snowy white mittens.

"There, I made them for you. I had to guess at the size. Most girls would not have worn 'have-brothers,' she said archly. "Let me try them on."

And she pulled one over Reuben's hand, but before she could adjust the other his hands in some manner had become inextricably entwined about her waist. Then they sat down and completed the trying on again and again.

They fitted, but Reuben never wore them afterward. He hung them up as a sacred trophy over the little mirror in the cabin of his vessel. And he had thereafter good luck enough.

Her Worries.

—You know if you worry about every little thing it's bound to affect your health.

His Wife—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Brooklyn Life.

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.

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

Ed Howe.

Seek Relief!

The great proportion of women who suffer never make a serious effort to benefit themselves. The most of them go on paying no attention to their little menstrual disorders, believing they will eventually wear off. They grow worse and worse every day. At the period of menstruation a woman is peculiarly susceptible to cold and other external influences and it is also the most favorable time for the development of hidden disease germs which may be lurking in the system. Any physician knows that disordered menstruation, falling of the womb and leucorrhoea are blighting lives in almost every home. No woman should neglect herself a moment after she sees indications of female diseases. Almost instant relief can be secured by the use of

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It will relieve you right in your own home. Will you accept the testimony of Mrs. Beiger and thousands of other women and really seek relief today? All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

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Years ago I was afflicted with a very bad case of leucorrhoea and I have used five bottles of the Wine of Cardui and I feel like a new woman. I have not had a recurrence of the trouble since I used the Wine of Cardui. I feel like a new woman and I am able to do all my household work and washing, which I could not do before I took Wine of Cardui. I would be very glad to write any young woman and tell her how I suffered before I used Wine of Cardui.

Mrs. C. P. BEIGER.

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

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Trains leave Eugene for Portland and way stations at 3:15 p. m. 1:42 p. m.

lv Eugene	2:45 a. m.	8:30 p. m.
Ar Portland	12:30 a. m.	12:08 a. m.
Ar Astoria	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	9:03 a. m.	9:03 a. m.
Ar Kansas City	7:05 a. m.	7:05 a. m.
Ar Chicago	7:45 a. m.	9:25 a. m.
Ar Los Angeles	1:30 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
Ar San Diego	6:30 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
Ar East Worth	6:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
Ar City of Mexico	6:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
Ar Houston	4:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Ar New Orleans	6:30 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
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