

CASTORIA

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.

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 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

CENTRAL MARKET.

WATKINS & MILLER
PROPRIETORS

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 Willamette St., Eugene, Oregon.

Orders promptly delivered.

Will Keep Constantly on Hand a Full Supply of

BEEF MUTTON
PORK and VEAL

Groceries

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.

J. L. PAGE

EUGENE-FLORENCE

STAGE LINE.

R. 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.

A WHEELER,

Expert Accountant.

The MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

of New York

Guaranteed value, and returns furnished by

W. A. WANN, Eugene, Or.

Hotel Eugene.

T. N. SEGAR, Proprietor

First-class, new management, \$5 per day.

BUSINESS CARDS

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

J. M. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections a specialty.
Office—Over Lane County Bank.

L. BILLYEU,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—Over First National Bank.
EUGENE, OREGON.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—One-half block south of Christian B.
EUGENE, OREGON.

E. R. SKIPWORTH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Will practice in all the Courts.
EUGENE, OREGON.

HELMUS W. THOMPSON (CHAS. A. HARDY)
THOMPSON & HARDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—In First National Bank Building.
Practice in all the courts.
EUGENE, OREGON.

L. M. TRAVIS,
Attorney-At-Law.
Office—Over Eugene Loan & Savings Bank.
EUGENE, OREGON.

GEO. B. DORRIS,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Will practice in all the courts of the Second Judicial District and in the Supreme Court of the state.
Special attention given to collections and matters in probate.
Office—First National Bank Bldg.
Rooms 1, 2 and 3.

John M. Edmunson Leon R. Edmunson
EDMUNSON & EDMUNSON,
Attorneys-At-Law.
Practice in all the courts. Collections a specialty.
Office—Over Eugene Loan & Savings Bank.
EUGENE, OREGON.

LOUIS R. BEAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Loan & Savings Bank Building, Room 3.
Special attention given to land and mining matters.
EUGENE, OREGON.

MEDICAL.

PAINE & KUYKENDALL,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Office—In Eugene Loan & Savings Bank Building.
Special attention to surgery and surgical diseases of women.

J. S. LUCKEY,
JEWELER.
Watches and Clocks Repaired.
EUGENE, OREGON.

D. G. BIDDLE,
DENTIST.
Office—On Olive street, between 12th and 13th streets—opposite block west of Minnesota hotel.

HERBERT LEIGH
ASSAYER AND METALLURGIST
EUGENE — OREGON
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.

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE.
Very Latest.....
LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICIES.
ALBERT J. CARON, Gen. Agt.,
J. M. WILLIAMS, Portland, Ore.
Local Agent Eugene

THE VANISHED HAND

By Harold W. Raymond
Copyright, 1922, by the
S. S. McClure Company

"If ever I find money, I'll keep it. No advertising for the owner with me—no more!"

Many a time has Percival Langdon said this, with a careless glance at the sidewalk and an odd feeling of wonder how it would feel were he to see a fat roll of bills at his feet. And now, there in his pathway, lay a pretty little purse, fat and feminine, as unmistakably the lost property of a woman as if it had borne the name of the owner in big letters on the side.

Percival picked it up. It was of snakeskin, somewhat worn, but still dainty, and it had silver trimmings and a silver clasp. As the finder held it for a moment in his hand some psychic force from the fingers accustomed to carrying it seemed to strike into his palm. It almost seemed to him as if he felt the warm weight of a little hand in his own. Who has not found this personality in a castoff glove or shoe or other object strongly associated with its wearer? Even a castoff relic of the dead has the touch, the "feel," of the absent one long years after he or she has departed.

The young man looked up and down the street. Unconsciously his eyes sought out a short, stout figure, one befitting ownership of the little treasure trove which he had picked up. But there was no one in sight whom he could associate even remotely with the purse.

He laughed aloud.
"Well, by Jove, this is funny," he said to himself. "For years I have been wishing that I could find money and have planned how I would get rid of it if fortune ever favored me, and the moment I really do find some, behold, I am looking for the owner. But perhaps there is no money in this little baguette to tempt me after all."

He opened it. There were a number of samples of dress goods, a recipe for making soft gingerbread ("Soft gingerbread—that's good!" exclaimed Percival, sniffing his lips. "If there is one thing I like better than another it's soft gingerbread and the soft gingerbread style of girl!"), a newspaper clip-

ping containing three verses of sentimental poetry, a glove buttoner and \$30 in bills and a handful of small change.

"My, what a tidy little sum!" cried Percival. "There's a box of cigars, a pair of new shoes, a round of theaters. All I've got to do is to toss the purse into a sewer and put the money in my pocket!"

It was only a passing thought, a flash, the echo of ideas he had often had before when that dream which comes to all of us at one time or another—the dream of "picking up money"—lingered in his fancy.

But was there nothing in the purse to mark its owner? It did not appear so. "Women are so silly," he said. "No; it is I who am silly," he added as it suddenly came to him that there was a back pocket in the purse. He lifted the cover. Yes; there was a narrow card tucked away in it. With blundering fingers he fished it out and turned it up so he could see the name inscribed upon it—"her name." Somehow possession of the pocketbook had given him a sort of proprietary interest in the owner.

It was a pretty name, very pretty. Percy caught his breath when he read it:

MABEL SWEETBRIAR.
No. 77 Larkin Street.

"Mabel! I always fancied that name," For some reason he could not understand Percy raised the bit of pasteboard to his lips, remembering that her fingers had touched it. "Mabel! Short and plump, with dark hair and big brown eyes. Do I bet it? Yes! Thirty dollars against thirty! Well, bless my soul, Percival Langdon, I guess you woke up duff this morning. You're crazy as a June bug."

A moment later Percival was walking rapidly toward Larkin street. It was a mile away and in a good quarter of the town. But little thought he of distance. His one desire was to find the owner of the purse and restore her

property before she had a chance to suffer much over its loss. Had she been a personal friend he could not have felt more anxious about it. As he went along he kept repeating to himself, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The touch of a vanished hand! Did he not feel it on the polished leather? Langdon's heart was pumping like a fire engine when he rang the doorbell of a pretty little two-story house which bore the name number "77" in gold foil on the glass panels. He was a good looking young bank clerk, underpaid, as all bank clerks are, but earning a decent living and able to dress well and, as he would say it, live like a gentleman. He had an inborn honesty for which he did not give himself credit, for he often thought, given the opportunity, that he would rich a fortune without a tremor. And yet the moment he was put to the test he did not have an instant's temptation.

"Short and dark—I beg a thousand pardons," stammered Percival. "You—I was saying—is this Miss Mabel Sweetbriar?"

She clapped her hands. "I knew you would! I told mother you—that is, the finder—would bring me home the card and bring it home, Mamma!" She raised her voice, and Percival noticed that it was sweet and fine. "The lost is found, dear! You will not have to put off the consultation after all! But you must come in, sir! Mother—and I—will wait to thank you."

"Yes, Mab," said a gentle voice from a room beyond. "Bring the gentleman in. He has taken such a load off our minds! You will excuse my not rising, sir? I am an invalid."

When Percival Langdon left the house an hour later, with an invitation to call again ringing in his ears, he waited until he got round the corner, and then he kicked himself.

"Down on your knees," he said to himself, "and thank God that you are not a villain! If you had taken the earnings of that poor girl, already laid upon the altar of her mother's sickness, you would have been the most unmitigated scoundrel alive. It makes me shudder to think of it. But you were not tempted. You were not! The touch of a vanished hand! Was on that purse, like a talisman. And what a plump little hand it was! Just what I conceived it would be. How warm it was and magnetic! She pressed mine and told me she was sure we would be great friends. Percival Langdon, I believe you are the seventh son of a seventh son. The glimpse you got of the owner of that purse was borne out by the reality in every respect."

Six months later the plump little hand and the plump little owner thereof became the property of Mr. Percival Langdon for better or worse and all the rest of it. He is assistant paying teller at the bank now and has a salary not to be despised. And he will tell you, with a voice of pride and a smacking of the lips, that his wife makes the best soft gingerbread in all the world and other things just as good. He would not trade tables with that supplied by the finest chef that ever came out of Alsace or Lorraine.

Little Joys of Fledgling Times.
Some of the antique forms of paying homage to a feudal superior were very comic. In one of the lordships of France the peasants were obliged to bring a canary bird to the chateau placed on the top of a carriage drawn by four horses. In Austria a noble vassal was to present every St. Martin's day to his superior two pots of flies. Another nobleman in Franconia offered to his lord as a mark of homage a grasshopper.

When the abbot of Figeac made his entrance into the city of his abbacy, the lord of Montbrun and Larogue received him dressed as a harlequin, with one leg bare. When the abbot descended from his horse, the same person held his stirrup and when he sat down to table waited behind his chair to fill his cup with wine.

The lord of Pace had a right to summon all the pretty women of Saumur and its suburbs every Trinity day before him, and they were to pay him each 4 farthings and a chaplet of roses. Those who refused to dance with his officers were to have the family arms marked on their bodies with the point of a needle.

Equal to the Occasion.
The author of "Across England in a Dogcart" once stopped to examine a church in the little village of Enstone. The day was warm, and on leaving the church he rested for awhile in the grateful shade of the building and for the sake of the coolness still kept my hat in my hand. While standing there I overheard one workman ask of another:

"Why do 'e keep 'is 'at off like that out of doors, mate?"

"'Cause 'e's a Quaker, o' course," replied the mate. "Quakers allus do in churchyards."

There was an opportunity not to be lost. "No," said I; "I am not a Quaker; I am an Episcopalian."

There was a short, awkward pause. Then the first workman, evidently of an inquiring turn of mind, said to his fellow man, who seemed to be considered an authority:

"A Episcopalian one, 'e says 'e is. Wot's that, Bul?"

"Oh," replied the learned Bul, quite equal to the occasion, "that's one of them fancy foreign religions, sure?"

The Rolling Passion.
Stonewall Jackson's dying words were, "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." "We will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees on the opposite side."

He was delicious, and like Napoleon's, his mind, as it feebly fulfilled its last offices, was with his military past.

THE VANISHED HAND

By Harold W. Raymond
Copyright, 1922, by the
S. S. McClure Company

"If ever I find money, I'll keep it. No advertising for the owner with me—no more!"

Many a time has Percival Langdon said this, with a careless glance at the sidewalk and an odd feeling of wonder how it would feel were he to see a fat roll of bills at his feet. And now, there in his pathway, lay a pretty little purse, fat and feminine, as unmistakably the lost property of a woman as if it had borne the name of the owner in big letters on the side.

Percival picked it up. It was of snakeskin, somewhat worn, but still dainty, and it had silver trimmings and a silver clasp. As the finder held it for a moment in his hand some psychic force from the fingers accustomed to carrying it seemed to strike into his palm. It almost seemed to him as if he felt the warm weight of a little hand in his own. Who has not found this personality in a castoff glove or shoe or other object strongly associated with its wearer? Even a castoff relic of the dead has the touch, the "feel," of the absent one long years after he or she has departed.

The young man looked up and down the street. Unconsciously his eyes sought out a short, stout figure, one befitting ownership of the little treasure trove which he had picked up. But there was no one in sight whom he could associate even remotely with the purse.

He laughed aloud.
"Well, by Jove, this is funny," he said to himself. "For years I have been wishing that I could find money and have planned how I would get rid of it if fortune ever favored me, and the moment I really do find some, behold, I am looking for the owner. But perhaps there is no money in this little baguette to tempt me after all."

He opened it. There were a number of samples of dress goods, a recipe for making soft gingerbread ("Soft gingerbread—that's good!" exclaimed Percival, sniffing his lips. "If there is one thing I like better than another it's soft gingerbread and the soft gingerbread style of girl!"), a newspaper clip-

ping containing three verses of sentimental poetry, a glove buttoner and \$30 in bills and a handful of small change.

"My, what a tidy little sum!" cried Percival. "There's a box of cigars, a pair of new shoes, a round of theaters. All I've got to do is to toss the purse into a sewer and put the money in my pocket!"

It was only a passing thought, a flash, the echo of ideas he had often had before when that dream which comes to all of us at one time or another—the dream of "picking up money"—lingered in his fancy.

But was there nothing in the purse to mark its owner? It did not appear so. "Women are so silly," he said. "No; it is I who am silly," he added as it suddenly came to him that there was a back pocket in the purse. He lifted the cover. Yes; there was a narrow card tucked away in it. With blundering fingers he fished it out and turned it up so he could see the name inscribed upon it—"her name." Somehow possession of the pocketbook had given him a sort of proprietary interest in the owner.

It was a pretty name, very pretty. Percy caught his breath when he read it:

MABEL SWEETBRIAR.
No. 77 Larkin Street.

"Mabel! I always fancied that name," For some reason he could not understand Percy raised the bit of pasteboard to his lips, remembering that her fingers had touched it. "Mabel! Short and plump, with dark hair and big brown eyes. Do I bet it? Yes! Thirty dollars against thirty! Well, bless my soul, Percival Langdon, I guess you woke up duff this morning. You're crazy as a June bug."

A moment later Percival was walking rapidly toward Larkin street. It was a mile away and in a good quarter of the town. But little thought he of distance. His one desire was to find the owner of the purse and restore her

property before she had a chance to suffer much over its loss. Had she been a personal friend he could not have felt more anxious about it. As he went along he kept repeating to himself, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The touch of a vanished hand! Did he not feel it on the polished leather? Langdon's heart was pumping like a fire engine when he rang the doorbell of a pretty little two-story house which bore the name number "77" in gold foil on the glass panels. He was a good looking young bank clerk, underpaid, as all bank clerks are, but earning a decent living and able to dress well and, as he would say it, live like a gentleman. He had an inborn honesty for which he did not give himself credit, for he often thought, given the opportunity, that he would rich a fortune without a tremor. And yet the moment he was put to the test he did not have an instant's temptation.

"Short and dark—I beg a thousand pardons," stammered Percival. "You—I was saying—is this Miss Mabel Sweetbriar?"

She clapped her hands. "I knew you would! I told mother you—that is, the finder—would bring me home the card and bring it home, Mamma!" She raised her voice, and Percival noticed that it was sweet and fine. "The lost is found, dear! You will not have to put off the consultation after all! But you must come in, sir! Mother—and I—will wait to thank you."

"Yes, Mab," said a gentle voice from a room beyond. "Bring the gentleman in. He has taken such a load off our minds! You will excuse my not rising, sir? I am an invalid."

When Percival Langdon left the house an hour later, with an invitation to call again ringing in his ears, he waited until he got round the corner, and then he kicked himself.

"Down on your knees," he said to himself, "and thank God that you are not a villain! If you had taken the earnings of that poor girl, already laid upon the altar of her mother's sickness, you would have been the most unmitigated scoundrel alive. It makes me shudder to think of it. But you were not tempted. You were not! The touch of a vanished hand! Was on that purse, like a talisman. And what a plump little hand it was! Just what I conceived it would be. How warm it was and magnetic! She pressed mine and told me she was sure we would be great friends. Percival Langdon, I believe you are the seventh son of a seventh son. The glimpse you got of the owner of that purse was borne out by the reality in every respect."

Six months later the plump little hand and the plump little owner thereof became the property of Mr. Percival Langdon for better or worse and all the rest of it. He is assistant paying teller at the bank now and has a salary not to be despised. And he will tell you, with a voice of pride and a smacking of the lips, that his wife makes the best soft gingerbread in all the world and other things just as good. He would not trade tables with that supplied by the finest chef that ever came out of Alsace or Lorraine.

Little Joys of Fledgling Times.
Some of the antique forms of paying homage to a feudal superior were very comic. In one of the lordships of France the peasants were obliged to bring a canary bird to the chateau placed on the top of a carriage drawn by four horses. In Austria a noble vassal was to present every St. Martin's day to his superior two pots of flies. Another nobleman in Franconia offered to his lord as a mark of homage a grasshopper.

When the abbot of Figeac made his entrance into the city of his abbacy, the lord of Montbrun and Larogue received him dressed as a harlequin, with one leg bare. When the abbot descended from his horse, the same person held his stirrup and when he sat down to table waited behind his chair to fill his cup with wine.

The lord of Pace had a right to summon all the pretty women of Saumur and its suburbs every Trinity day before him, and they were to pay him each 4 farthings and a chaplet of roses. Those who refused to dance with his officers were to have the family arms marked on their bodies with the point of a needle.

Equal to the Occasion.
The author of "Across England in a Dogcart" once stopped to examine a church in the little village of Enstone. The day was warm, and on leaving the church he rested for awhile in the grateful shade of the building and for the sake of the coolness still kept my hat in my hand. While standing there I overheard one workman ask of another:

"Why do 'e keep 'is 'at off like that out of doors, mate?"

"'Cause 'e's a Quaker, o' course," replied the mate. "Quakers allus do in churchyards."

There was an opportunity not to be lost. "No," said I; "I am not a Quaker; I am an Episcopalian."

There was a short, awkward pause. Then the first workman, evidently of an inquiring turn of mind, said to his fellow man, who seemed to be considered an authority:

"A Episcopalian one, 'e says 'e is. Wot's that, Bul?"

"Oh," replied the learned Bul, quite equal to the occasion, "that's one of them fancy foreign religions, sure?"

The Rolling Passion.
Stonewall Jackson's dying words were, "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." "We will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees on the opposite side."

He was delicious, and like Napoleon's, his mind, as it feebly fulfilled its last offices, was with his military past.

FOR SALE.

COW FOR SALE.—Good milk cow for sale. Inquire at 149 Madison st.

FOR SALE.—A dozen blooded Belgian hirs. Call on or address W. A. Wann, 104 West Fifth street.

FOR SALE.—Six horses for sale. Call on or address J. M. Gearheart, Eugene, Or.

FOR SALE.—Three lots at Henderson Station. On the railroad. Good 5-room house, barn and outbuildings. Or will trade for part stock. E. B. Wickham, Waverlyville, Oregon.

COWS FOR SALE.—With calves by their side and some soon to come. Call at my ranch in Noti valley. S. S. STEVENS.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A fine residence for sale or rent at a bargain. Inquire of Willamette Valley Land Co., or of Mrs. Heslop on the corner of Fifth and Lawrence streets.

FOR SALE.—160 acres with large house and barns; 80 timber; 50 acres bottom land; 12 acres cleared and sowed small orchard; good outside range for about 100 head of cattle. Price \$1000. Address W. B. Scott, Jasper, Or. Also 160 acres saw timber, price \$800.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—147 acres on the Military road 23 miles from Eugene, 6 miles from Lowell, on the Willamette river. 70 acres bottom land; 12 acres clear; the rest hill with some timber. There is a good house with four rooms, smoke house and barn. I will sell or trade at a bargain. Call on me at Mr. H. K. Gardner's on First street between Jefferson and Madison, or address T. F. Gooch, Eugene, Oregon.

Help Wanted.

MILKER WANTED.—Inquire of S. M. Douglas, Eugene.

WANTED.—Reliable portrait agents. Good commissions paid. Address "L," care Guard.

MEN WANTED.—Twenty-five men to work in the timber. Will pay from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day. Call at the Seattle Produce Co., No. 64 West Eighth street, at once.

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, 306 Caxton Building, Chicago.

Lost and Found.

WATCH LOST.—An open faced nickel watch with stem set and stem wind, attached to a long chain was lost at Junction on the Fourth. Finder will please leave same at the GUARD office and receive reward.

BICYCLE FOUND.—A bicycle was left standing in front of Marx's barber shop for several days. Owner can have it by calling at the shop, describing the property and paying for this notice.

CHARM LOST.—A watch charm with initials "M S H." lost on the streets. A reasonable reward will be paid the finder by leaving at the GUARD office.

Miscellaneous.

TEAMS WANTED.—To haul lumber from our mill on Coast Fork river. Good pay, steady work. Coast Fork Lumber Co., Cottage Grove, Oregon.

City Property for Sale

HENDERICKS' ADDITION TO EUGENE.—To those desiring to purchase city lots, I have laid out an addition on the south side of the city and north of College Hill Park. I have 100 lots in this addition, and am selling them very low so as to enable every one to have a home of their own. The price of these lots is from \$50 up.

ELIAS STEWART ADDITION TO EUGENE.—I have some very desirable lots in this addition, in the very heart of the city and within a few blocks of Willamette street.

WHITEAKER'S ADDITION TO EUGENE.—I have a few lots in this addition within two blocks of the First National Bank.

COLLEGE HILL PARK.—I have 100 lots in this addition. The price now is \$50 each. We will advance the price soon. We expect College Hill Park to become the most desirable residence property in or near the city.

HENDERICKS' ADDITION TO COLLEGE HILL PARK.—We have 70 lots for sale cheap in this addition; also 40 or 50 acres of very choice fruit land. I have on this place 1300 young prune trees, about 400 Bartlett pear trees, and 200 black walnut trees, also apples, plums and small fruits. This place has a good farm house, barn and out-houses, and is a most beautiful suburban piece of property. It is known as the Locust Hill farm, and there is no place in the state more beautifully and pleasantly situated.

I am not in real estate business as a business—sell our own lands only. I employ no agents. Any one desiring to purchase any of this property will find me at the First National Bank. I will be pleased to show property and give prices. I might exchange some of this property for good timber land. Come and see me.

Hop Posts Wanted.

Fifteen hundred cedar hop posts to quote 5 inches at large end, and 14 feet long. To be delivered on bank of river at Junction Point, 2 miles above Eugene anytime this summer or fall. Address, W. B. WALKER, Eugene, Or.

Oregon's Favorite Seaside Resort.

Recognizing the advantage of Newport as a summer resort over other seaside resorts in the northwest, and to make it possible for all who desire to do so to spend their vacation by the ocean waves, the Southern Pacific company in connection with the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad, will place on sale, effective June 15th, round-trip tickets from all points in Oregon on the Southern Pacific to Newport, good for return until October 10th, at specially reduced rates.

For full information please inquire of your local agent.

W. F. COMAN,
General Passenger Agent.

City and Nearby Country Property for Sale.

I offer for sale at a low price 120 acres of land 2 1/2 miles southwest of Eugene; about 45 acres of same cleared; plenty of water. Also 41 acres 2 miles west of Eugene, and 5 acres close to the corporate limits on the west. Also 16 acres of nice bottom land 3 1/2 miles north of Eugene on river road.

I also offer for sale some desirable building lots at residence, Pearl and Sixth streets. Anyone desiring such property will do well to see me.

DAVID CHERRY,
Eugene, Oregon.