

COOS COUNTY LOCAL OPTION APPEAL LOST

Salmon, Or., Feb. 12.—Holding that cities whose charters were amended under section 2, article 11, of the constitution are not authorized to amend their charters so as to avoid the prohibition of the county court authorized by the local option law, the supreme court, in an opinion by Justice Eakin, today affirmed the judgment of Judge Burnett, of the circuit court of Coos county, in the case of George Baxter, appellant, vs. the state, respondent.

Several questions were raised in this suit of general interest, pertaining to the operation of the local option law, all of which provisions of the prohibition measure were upheld, the substance of the rulings being:

That the vote of each precinct, even on the vote cast for the whole county, shall stand as an independent vote for the precinct for prohibition, as well as a part county vote on prohibition in the county as a whole.

That the local option law is a uniform law throughout the state, and violation of its provisions is a crime within the meaning of the constitution.

That the operation of municipal charters is governed accordingly, and that the city charters should be amended so as to conform with the prohibitory provisions of the local option law.

NEWS OF THE DAY FROM COURT RECORDS

Real Estate Transfers.
W. W. and Isabelle F. Stevens to Molla E. Stanley; lot 7, Hoffman's ad to Eugene, \$2650.

Geo. C. Cumpston to Maurice Johnson; certain land in Florence, \$100.
School district No. 34 to Sylvester Cox; certain land in sec. 34, tp. 17, s. r. 3 w. \$7000.

P. N. Bennett et al to C. P. Barnard; 149 acres in tp. 17, s. r. 3 w. \$7000.

Mary F. Griffin to John F. Smith; 40 acres in sec. 4, tp. 19, s. r. 1 w. \$300.

James and Jane F. Dinsmore to L. H. Furlong; 9.32 acres in Blair donation land claim near Eugene, \$2500.

Charley S. and Margaret A. Conant to W. L. Hubbell and G. E. Drake; 157.84 acres in sec. 4, tp. 20, s. r. 4 w. \$1030.

John M. Sherwood to N. E. Malarky; certain lands in McFarland's ad to Cottage Grove, \$1.

D. F. and Rosa B. Milne to M. G. Lisher; 40 acres in sec. 1, tp. 21, s. r. 4 w. \$10.

J. W. and Martha E. Marksbury to Lucinda Lewis; lot 1, block 5, Shelton's ad to Eugene, \$100.

Proof of Labor.
A. H. Taylor files proof of labor on Great Western Mining Company's claims, Blue River district.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

Eugene, February 13.
Clover, Miss Alice.
Gay, D. G.
Koon, C. M.
Murphy, Wm.
Newman, Percy.
Patterson, J. P.
Setzer, Claib.
Smith, Miss Flossy (2).
Stewart, John G.
Swift, Miss Elsie.
Williams, Claud.
Williams, Hank.
Willis, M. R.
J. L. PAGE, P. M.

A Well-Known Remedy.
One of the oldest, safest and most favorably known remedies in the world today is Brandreth's Pills—a indigestion, dyspepsia, or any trouble arising from an impure state of the blood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug or medicine store, either old and young with perfect safety altogether, with Brandreth's Pills the no matter how long they are taken. One or two pills taken each night for blood purifier and laxative. Being a while in the best thing known for same dose always has the same effect, and while other remedies require impurely vegetable that can be used by any one troubled with constipation, creased doses and finally cease getting plain or sugar-coated.

Hunting for Trouble.
"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Walters of Alleghany, Sierra Co. No use hunting, Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed by W. L. De Lano's drug store, 25c.

Lovers of good music should not fail to secure seats for the Richter recital next Friday night at the M. E. church. Tickets on sale Thursday and Friday at Linn's drug store. Price of admission, 50 cents.

TRACK TEAM MAY GO TO CALIFORNIA

Manager McCarty, of the university track team, has received an offer from the University of California to take a team from here to Berkeley and hold a meet there on April 20. The offer will be accepted if the men who represent the university are in condition. The only difficulty in holding meets between the California and northern schools is that the men do reach their prime at the same time. In the south the men are much more advanced than in the north, owing to better weather early in the season, and thus in early meets the Californians, while in the late dates Oregon would hold the odds on the supposition that the teams are about even.

Nothing has yet been settled about the big tri-state meet at Seattle. It is possible that the date May 31 will be substituted for the 30th.

MARCOLA ITEMS

(Special Correspondence.)
Marcola, Feb. 13.—The weather is fine and the farmers are beginning their spring plowing and sowing.

J. L. Renninger has purchased several new horses for logging.

Henry Fisher is visiting here from Cottage Grove.

Walter Price and Mike Weber have purchased Arnold Brothers' grocery store at Marcola and are going to run a delivery wagon this summer.

E. A. Spieer, who is hauling for the S. P. Co.'s mill No. 3, has had the misfortune of breaking his wagon.

On account of the high water the schools had to close last week in the Marcola and Parson Creek district.

Henry Conners, the S. P. Co.'s foreman of the dam at mill No. 3, and his wife have gone to Portland, and George Stankey has charge of the dam in Mr. Conners' absence.

Last Friday 27 carloads of lumber passed Marcola. Who said the Mohawk is not a busy place?

Fischer Bros. are going to have Henry Conners build a \$4000 dam, as the old one is almost rotted out.

Mrs. Rosa Frost has let a contract to William Bundy to erect a fine residence in Marcola.

LONG FELT WANT IN EUGENE.

While working in the largest dyeing and cleaning works on the coast and while there seeing lots of garments shipped from Eugene to be dry-cleaned, or dyed, and after investigating and going over the ground thoroughly we saw at once that there was a good opening for a first-class cleaning and dyeing works in Eugene. So we have decided to put in a first-class plant and are doing well from the start. We are the only experts in this line north of San Francisco, and have had over 12 years' experience and guarantee all work. All articles dyed and cleaned by us are treated separately for sanitary purposes and done by hand. In this way we obtain good results and as no machinery is used in our work that will tear or injure the fabric.

Everything possible in cleaning or dyeing. Eugene Dye Works, 659 Willamette street. Phone Red 2861. C. Marx, Jr., manager.

Even from the Mountains.

Ballard's Snow Liniment is praised for the good it does. A sure cure for rheumatism and all pains. Wright W. Loving, of Grand Junction, Colo., writes: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment last winter for rheumatism and can recommend it as the best liniment on the market. I thought at the time I was taken down with this trouble, that it would be a week before I could get about, but on applying your liniment several times during the night I was about in 48 hours and well in three days." Sold by Linn Drug Co.

SMOKERS KNOW

We have a reputation with lovers of tobacco for the fine smoking qualities our goods have. We carry many brands, plug cut, granulated and blends. Our five-cent cigars make a hit—nothing like them elsewhere in Eugene for less than ten cents.

Buy your candies, oranges, bananas, etc., from us. Quality guaranteed better than elsewhere.

HOSELTON'S CIGAR STORE.

Nice rooms and beds for 25 cents at Courthouse Lodging House, just north of the courthouse. Quiet place and close to the business part of town. See transparency "Beds" from Beckwith corner.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

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A Merciful Deliverance

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

"So you won't have me! Who are you waiting for? There's no other girl around but would say 'Yes, and thank you,' too," young Magee said angrily, crushing his hat as he spoke.

Peggy laughed.

"Oh, for a fairy prince, of course, Johnny—one with spangles all over him and a coach and four," she said. "I know you've got a horse and buggy, money in the bank and the name of a good chance. Somehow, though, I don't want you—very stupid of me, I dare say, but I don't. I think I can tell you, though, who does want you—worst of all," as she saw him put up a protesting hand—"Sally Job, and she's such a dear! Go right on and ask her. She's worth three of me. And then her Aunt Sarah will leave her money. Think how easy you'll get rich with money coming in on both sides."

"I don't want any Sally Job," Magee raged. "She's—she's been after me since we went to school together."

"But don't you think you'd better let me or some other body say it, Johnny?" Peggy demanded, her eyes dancing. She liked Johnny in a way despite his colossal conceit, a conceit somewhat excused by his bringing up, the pet and idol of three maiden aunts. "Tisn't a nice thing to say that of a girl," she went on. "The fact that you do say it and don't see that it isn't nice is one of the reasons I won't have you."

"It is, eh?" Magee said, almost choking. "I came here courting, not to be lectured on manners. Have your way, though, Miss Peggy Lester. But mark what I tell you, some day you'll be sorry for what you're doing now."

"But not so sorry as if I hadn't done it," Peggy flung back at him. She had been a bit sorry for him. Now she was angry through and through. "If I thought there was a woman anywhere big enough and rough enough to thrash you within an inch of your life I'd go to him."



"HE'S NOT FIT TO SPEAK TO ANY DECENT GIRL."

pray that you might get her. Unless there is such a one I hope you'll die a bachelor."

"Peggy, what are you saying?" Mrs. Lester demanded, stopping stock still in the sitting room door, with her tray of elder and crullers. "You mustn't mind her, Johnny," she went on. "You know she's a little spiteful that doesn't mean what she says."

"She does mean it—this time," Magee answered sulkily. "But, Mrs. Lester, I hope you won't let that keep you from being my friend."

"Surely not," Mrs. Lester said, setting down the tray. Johnny must be wrought up when he refused her crullers, to say nothing of the elder. She looked severely at her daughter. Peggy tossed her head. "I'm a friend of Johnny," she said, with a shadow of a smile. "He can't deny it. I've been advising him for his own good."

"Goodly! When I take your advice I'll let you know," said Johnny humbly, his hand on the door. Mrs. Lester sank down, trembling all over.

"You've done it now, Peggy," she said. "Old Miss Em Magee will never, never lend us the money to pay that security debt of your father's. Our home will have to go."

"No, it won't," Peggy said stoutly, running to her mother as she spoke. "We won't ask Miss Em. Instead, I'll go up to the city and see Uncle John."

"It will be no use. He said he'd never help us again when he made up the shortage in the treasurer's office," Mrs. Lester said dejectedly. "But your poor pa will keep going security and having it to pay every time."

"Now, now, mother! Don't fret or go over it all!" Peggy entreated. "I'm bound to go to Uncle John. I don't believe he'll turn me away."

Somebody else thought it would be hard work to turn Peggy away upon a leaden morning two weeks later as she sat in wait outside her rich uncle's private office. He was not a real uncle—only a sort of stepbrother, who had kept terms with his sister, although he had no patience with her easy-going husband. It was five years since he had been to the Lester farm. Thus Peggy, grown up into blooming young womanhood, was wholly strange

to him. She had not seen her name. All her bravery had deserted her as soon as she stepped inside the glass doors. Her eyes turned under the glance of the men at work there and still more at the looks she got from the other men, older ones, hurrying in and out. She meant to wait until Uncle John appeared, then by hold on him and prefer her humble petition. Now she wished desperately that she had not come. It is a question, indeed, whether she would not have welcomed Johnny Magee and his lovenaking as deliverance could he have happened upon her then and there.

The minutes went lonesomely, each one seeming an hour. Presently she heard twelve strokes of the clock and saw men begin to struggle out, putting on greatcoats as they went. A grinding office boy said to her:

"If you ain't got a date with the boss," nodding toward the inner office, "better make one and come again. See!" Then she heard a clerk say to an inquirer over the telephone, "Mr. Hedding is out; won't be back till 3 o'clock."

"Are you sure?" Peggy ventured, touching the man's arm lightly. He smiled and nodded half insolently. Peggy turned from him, biting her lip. As she went blindly toward the door a young man, somewhat book nosed and very red lipped, came from the inner office, started at sight of her, then hurried up to her, asking snarling how he might serve her. Inside of a minute he knew everything and stood looking down and pulling his mustache thoughtfully, but almost instantly brightened, saying she must follow Mr. Hedding; nothing easier. The boy should fetch a cab, and he himself would give directions. Might he venture to meet Miss Lester? Delighted to serve a relative of his old friend Hedding, between sentences he had been hurrying Peggy out and away, and at the last of them he was lurching her into a waiting cab.

Something happened then, just how Peggy never understood. A plain-faced young man, who had glanced at her pityingly as she passed into the private office, somehow rose up from the pavement and sent the red lipped gentleman away in something of a panic.

"He's not fit to speak to any decent girl," the deliverer explained as he took Peggy back to her place of waiting. The deliverer said no more to her. Instead there was a lively buzzing of telephones and some guarded talk over wires. As a result of it Peggy was sent in charge of the office boy up to her Uncle John's house. She stayed there a week and went home with all the money she would take—a deal more than she had thought of asking for.

Even that was not all. She knew the fairy prince was coming to see her in her own rural surroundings before very long. She knew further that he was as rich as he was modest and clean minded, the sort of real fairy prince that every girl longs for. Of course he came, and equally of course next year they were married. Johnny Magee was mightily upset that all things turned out so well until he married the faithful Sally Job. Then he thought of his escape from Peggy as a merciful deliverance.

A Poor Prince to Live In.
Wind and weather were to Mrs. Goodsell a constant source of interest. She watched the clouds and the village weather vane with eagerness and pleasure, and in doubtful weather her first question to the grocer's boy when he came to take or deliver orders was sure to be, "Which way was the meeting house vane puffed when you came by?"

Her neighbors all humored her by telling of any eccentricity they had discovered in their own or other vane, and Mrs. Goodsell would speak of "eddies" and "currents" and "swoops" of air in a wise and authoritative manner.

"How did you enjoy your visit to Boston?" asked one of her neighbors on Mrs. Goodsell's return from a week's sojourn with a niece who lived in the city. "I suppose you saw lots of grand sights. I hear Carrie lives in considerable style."

"She lives in a beautiful locality," said Mrs. Goodsell dryly. "That's what I call it. For all their carriages and stone steps and fine clothes 'tis a beautiful spot. Peer on 'twist as I could, there was only one weather vane I could sight from their windows, back or front. What kind of a place do you call that for intelligent folks to make a home, I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Charon's Boat.
On one of the lakes in the north island of New Zealand, near Auckland, there was a hotel much frequented by fishermen. On one occasion when a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. X., was staying there he was taken seriously ill, and the landlord, supposing that he could not possibly recover, began to think of making preparations for his visitor's death. Knowing a man who was a pretty fair carpenter and had owed him money for some time and seeing little chance of being repaid, he told him to make a coffin for the sick man. The coffin was duly made, but Mr. X., instead of dying, as he ought to have done, recovered, and there was therefore no use for the coffin.

The landlord, not caring to be at the expense, included a charge for it in Mr. X.'s bill, who, on seeing it, naturally enough demurred to paying for something which he had not ordered and did not want. The landlord said it was very hard that the loss should fall on him, as he had only done it for the best, and Mr. X., at last agreed to pay for it. Determined to turn it to some account, he had a keel put to it and used it as a fishing punt during the remainder of his stay at the hotel.—London Telegraph.

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MILL RUN, per load - \$2.75
PLANER MILL, per load - \$2.50

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Driver will collect on delivery.

Wagon and Carriage Shop

At the river bridge—burned—big loss, no insurance; to raise money to pay for new shop and tools give them work. Every little helps. Let them build you a new rig.

Cook With a Gas Range



Our New Gas Plant will soon be completed. Make application for gas connection which we make free of charge.

Fuel Gas 1000 feet \$1.75
Lighting Gas 1000 ft \$2.20

Fine line of electric light fixtures carried in stock. Lights at reasonable rates. Buy an electric iron

Willamette Valley Co
J. M. HODGSON Manager.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

BARNARD & WEST, Proprietors.
Eugene Foley Springs, STAGE LINES.
Eugene-Florence.

Parties at hotels desiring to go to Florence or McKenzie River points should notify the evening before as stage does not stop at private houses.

McKenzie stage leaves 5:30 a. m. Florence stage 6:00 a. m. Phone, Main 21—West Ninth St.

Who Does Your Printing



THE best work should go to the best printers. Our job office is the best equipped in Western Oregon. Let us give you an estimate on your work. Every time you dress a job with out-of-date type or send out a job that is poorly done you send out a yellow dog to bark against you. As long as he barks you will lose business. Your business associates and your patrons are apt to form a poor opinion of you if you use cheap and poorly printed stationery. "Cheap" printing is dear in the long run. Our work is artistic and the price is reasonable. When you want any work see us and we will save you money and give you better work than you can get elsewhere in Eugene. If you are "from Missouri!" come around and we will "show you". Don't send away for your printing when you can get better work for the same money here at home.

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