

S.S.S. RIDES THE SYSTEM OF MALARIA

Malaria is an atmospheric poison which we unconsciously breathe into our system. The blood in its constant passage through the lungs absorbs the germs, and they destroy the rich, red corpuscles of this vital fluid and reduce it to such a weak, watery condition that it is unable to properly nourish the system, and disease gets a foothold. Then the symptoms of Malaria, such as pale, sallow complexion, weak vitality, poor appetite, deranged digestion, and perhaps chills and fever show that the trouble is affecting every part of the body. Malaria also affects the liver, producing a chronic state of biliousness, and often a long spell of fever follows when the blood becomes fully contaminated with the poison. Chronic Sores and Ulcers, boils, aches and pains, and skin affections of various kinds often result from this insidious disease if the poison is allowed to accumulate in the blood in sufficient quantities. Malaria must be removed from the system through the circulation, and for this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. This great remedy goes down into the blood and drives out all germs, microbes and poisons, and permanently cures Malaria. S. S. S. not only cleanses the blood of the cause, but furnishes it with the healthful properties it needs, so that instead of a weak, germ-infected stream, spreading disease throughout the system, it becomes a rich, red fluid, nourishing the body and enabling it to resist disease. S. S. S. is also the greatest of all tonics, and builds up and invigorates the entire system while ridding the blood of the germs of Malaria. Persons who are suffering from Malaria will be pleased with the prompt and pleasant results produced by the use of S. S. S., and can take it with confidence because it is an absolutely safe medicine, being free from harmful minerals of any kind. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

TSILCOOS LAKE A FINE RESORT

WILL BECOME FAVORITE CAMP-ING PLACE—FINE SIUSLAW AP-PLIES

The shores of Tsilcoos Lake are certain to become a favorite camping place for residents of Eugene and other places in the valley. The people here have known for a long time that it is naturally fitted for a pleasure resort, but it is only recently that the attention of the people from outside has been attracted to that section.

A short time ago a company of Eugene citizens purchased a tract of about 160 acres lying on the north bank of Tsilcoos Lake and will make it a summer resort. Lying as it does only a short distance from the ocean it commands the advantages of an inland lake with those of a beach resort. Ten-mile creek, which flows out of the lake near the place, enters the ocean at a distance of about one and a half miles. It is a fine little stream and small boats can easily pass up and down it from the sea beach to the lake.

There is an excellent opportunity for some dealer to purchase a large quantity of first-class apples in the Siuslaw valley. Parties have been corresponding with some of the farmers here, but so far as we have heard no buyers have appeared here yet. The apples grown here are as good as those grown anywhere and are free from worms and other fruit pests. Several thousand bushels could easily be secured in this vicinity, and the first buyer on the ground will have the advantage over any who come later.

Superintendent Dillard has set October 10, 11 and 12 as the dates for holding the institute in Florence. The first two days will be for the teachers and the last day for the benefit of school officers and parents.

Captain Heerman in forms us that he intends soon to build a house on his land on Tsilcoos lake. He is having a launch built and will soon be prepared to take his friends for a trip on the lake when they pay him a visit.

Alice E. Weatherston, who has been attending the Whinn-Walker business college in Portland, has accepted a position as bookkeeper for the Sanitary Cream and Milk Company, of that place.

The school at the portage on North Fork opened Monday morning for the winter term with Wilkie Yost, as teacher.

Wesley Whittaker and wife, who have been in Eugene for several months, returned to Mapleton last Friday.—West.

Ruled by The Ring.

By CHARLES STILLER.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer S. Stiller.

Keeler stepped aside to let her pass, and the girl favored him with a smile as she acknowledged his courtesy. He went on up the stairs with a feeling of warmth about his heart. Somehow the smile of the girl across the hall always affected him that way. He had often wished that he might venture to speak, but there was something about her that held him back.

For almost a year now they had been fellow tenants of the old rookery that masqueraded as a studio building. His name, neatly printed, adorned his door, but there was not a sign of an announcement on her own, from which he inferred that she worked for some concern and merely used the office as a workshop.

He bent over his drafting board all the morning, though the face of the girl somehow would get mixed up with the side elevation of the building.



DESPERATION LENT HIM STRENGTH.

was planning, and he was glad when the tiny clock struck 12 and he had an excuse for stopping for lunch.

He had not yet made his fame as an architect, and lunch was an elementary meal—a couple of sandwiches brought down from home and a cake of maple sugar that he had picked up somewhere. He slipped off a corner of the cake with his cracker.

On the broken half a yellowish glint caught his eye, and he further dissected his portion. It was a ring, a slender band of gold, with "T. H. to A. G. 1904," engraved inside. Plainly some girl's engagement ring this. Perhaps some little country girl was bewailing her loss even yet. He caught up the box, with its gaudy label. It bore the address, and that evening he posted a letter addressed to Thomas Gillespie, Wyoming, Vt., in which he explained the discovery of the ring and announced his willingness to return it on a proper description.

With his own little romance of the girl across the hall, Vance Keeler felt interested in all romances, and as he slipped the letter into the box he sent after it a wish for good luck.

But sometimes blessings, like curses, come home to roost. He was beginning to fear that there would be no answer to his letter, that perhaps the label was but an evasion of the pure gold law, when there came a knock at his door, and in answer to his "Enter" there appeared the girl from across the hall, blushing rosily.

"I believe that you are Mr. Vance Keeler," she began as Vance sprang to his feet and dusted off the company chair.

"You have the advantage of me," he suggested, "since I do not know your name."

"I am Agnes Gillespie," she explained. "My father wrote me to see you about a letter you sent him."

"And you were working right across the hall all the time?" he cried. "Rather a roundabout way, isn't it? I suppose you can describe it?"

"It was a plain gold band," she said. "The initials were T. H. and A. G. and the date 1904."

"The initials are right," he agreed, "but the date is wrong. It's 1904."

"That is because the ring has been worn so long," she explained, the red suffusing her face. "The S is partly erased."

The blush convinced him, and his heart sank as he drew out the ring. Perhaps she was bashful about admitting her engagement, but it was 1904. He could swear to that.

Her face broke into smiles as he drew it from his pocket and passed it to her.

"I never thought that I should see it again," she ran on. "It dropped off my hand last year while I was helping with the engraving. I never realized that it might be in the sugar until it had all been shipped."

She slipped the ring on her finger, and Vance noticed that it was a perfect fit. He breathed a silent vengeance on "T."

"As he held the door open for her, Vance's satisfaction in the thought that he at least knew her name."

After that when they met on the stairs they exchanged greetings, and several times she had to run into his

room a rubber or some material, and she had shown him her studies when he asked. She was always so friendly, so respectful of the rights of "T. H."

But to a "T. H." from loving was quite another thing. Even before he had known her he had fallen in love, and acquaintance had only strengthened the feeling. More than once he thought of making away out of the situation, but before he decided the fatal moment came.

He was working with his door ajar, and, chancing to look up, he saw a puff of black smoke blow in. He sprang to his feet and rushed into the hall. The stairway was crackling merrily, and two floors below the flames had full possession. There was a rear building, built in the yard of the higher structure. It would be a hard fire to fight, and all chance of escape by stairway or fire escape was hopeless.

He ran to Agnes' door and burst in when there was no answer to his knocking. He knew that she was in, for he had seen her pass. One glance showed that he was right in his fear. She was stupefied by the smoke, and he had to drag her out.

There was a scuttle to the roof, and from there an emergency ladder led to the top of the next building, a climb of twenty feet. Desperation lent him strength, and somehow he got her through the scuttle and was just lifting her over the edge of the adjoining roof when the flames burst through the roof he had just quit.

In the jostling she had received the smoke had been forced out and the air forced into her lungs, and as he laid her upon the roof she opened her eyes.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "I—I remember now. I saw the smoke in my room, and I faltered. You came for me?"

"Sure," he smiled. "It wouldn't be neighborly to leave you behind, would it?"

"Behind? There?" Her glance wandered to the pillar of flame that rose through the ever widening opening, and she shuddered convulsively.

"It was splendid!" she cried, with glowing eyes. "You must have had a terrible time. How did you do it?"

"To tell the truth," he laughed, "I don't know. I just remember that I climbed up, and that's all."

Her hands were clasping each other nervously, and she looked down at the ring. "Do you know," she began and then caught herself, with a blush.

"What is it?" he asked curiously.

She shook her head. "It was thinking of an old tradition of the ring."

"It's too new to have traditions," he protested.

She took it off and held it toward him. "That is 1904," she insisted. "It was my great-grandmother's. Thomas Hall rescued her from drowning. She gave it to her eldest daughter when she was—"

"Rescued?" demanded Vance. He scented the tradition. "How was your mother rescued?"

"A runaway," she answered, with averted head.

"And there is no T. H. in your case?" he demanded. "You are not engaged?"

"No," she said wonderingly. "What ever gave you that idea?"

"You blushed so when I said that the date was 1904. And to think that all this time I have said nothing on account of T. H., who was married a hundred years ago. Do you think that you could learn to—well, to bow to the rule of the ring?"

"I think I could," she said softly.

"No, I don't think, I know. I have liked you for a long time, and it's not because I am superstitious that I am saying 'Yes.'"

It was a quarter of an hour later that a blue shirted fireman tottering over the roof with a hose discovered them.

"Are you the people that were in the top floor?" he demanded.

"We are," agreed Vance.

"Well, please go down and tell the chief it's all right," he said. "They're getting ready to lift you out."

"I should say it was all right," laughed Vance. "I'll tell the chief with pleasure."

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Jemima Gibson, administratrix of the estate of Absalom Gibson, deceased, has filed her petition with the clerk of the county court, together with her final account, asking said court to fix a time and place for hearing said final account and objections to the same, if any, and the court on said 16th day of Sept., 1907, issued an order fixing the 14th day of October, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, as the time, and the office of the county court as the place for the hearing of objections why said final account should not be allowed and said administratrix discharged.

Dated this 16th day of September, 1907.

JEMIMA GIBSON, Administratrix.

I. N. HARBAUGH, Attorney for Estate.

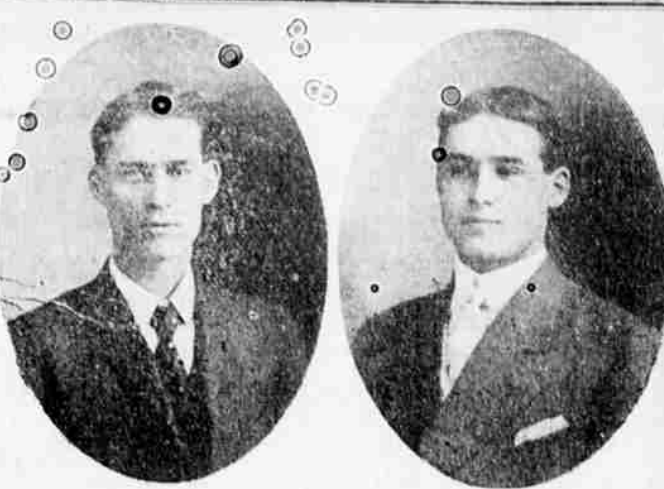
Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Weston, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and that Wednesday, the 25th day of October, 1907, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been set by the county court of Lane county, Oregon, as the time to come on same. All persons having objections to the said account will present them to the said court on or before the said time.

Dated this 16th day of September, 1907.

GEORGE H. YERINGTON, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Weston, deceased.

WILLIAM B. BEAN, Attorneys for the estate.



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Only concrete five-story hotel in the city. Five blocks from Union Depo Burnside street and Fifth street cars pass the door, take street cars at Union Depo. Steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water in every room. Free baths on every floor.

Rates \$1.00 per day and up.

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Buy your Liquors direct from the WHOLESALER HOUSE at WHOLESALER PRICES and save the middle man's PROFIT, which means 50 to 100 per cent on your purchase

We are offering for the next 60 days as follows:

2500 Gallons of Double Stamp Whiskies, regular price \$5.00 per gallon at \$3.50 per gal

2500 Gallons of Pure Old Rye Blend Whiskies, regular price \$6.00 per gallon at \$4.00 per gal

2500 Gallons of Pure Old Bourbon Blend Whiskies, regular price \$6.00 per gallon at \$4.00 per gal

2500 Gallons of Lyon Rye or Bourbon Blend, regular price \$5.00 per gallon at \$3.00 per gal

5000 Gallons of Fine Old California Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Madera and Malaga, regular \$2.50 per gallon at \$1.50 per gal

Freight and express prepaid and no charge for cooperage

500 Cases of McBrayer Whiskey, bottled in bond at \$12.00 per doz

500 Cases of Millview Whiskey, bottled in bond at \$10.00 per doz

500 Cases of Stanford Rye Whiskey, pure blend \$11.00 per doz

500 Cases of Rainier Bourbon, pure blend \$11.00 per doz

5000 Cases of Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Tokay, Madera and Malaga \$4.00 per doz

On five case lots we allow a discount of 50c on each case.

On five and ten gallon kegs and half and barrel lots we allow a discount of 25c per gallon.

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TRANSFERS OF LANE COUNTY REAL ESTATE

Furnished by Lane County Abstract Company.

Perry Lawton of ux to Frank E. Sly: 22.63 acres in tp. 19, s. 2, r. 3 w. \$300.

Rufus Malley to Milo Taylor: lots 3 and 4, block 2, Kelly's ad to Springfield, \$150.

J. R. Marshall to D. Kirkpatrick: 9.21 acres in tp. 17, s. 4, r. 4 w. \$650.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pitts to J. E. Pitts: south 50 feet of lot 3, block 4, Kelly's 2d ad to Eugene, \$150.

Nathan Poles to Jacob H. Williams: the north half of the south half of lot 24, block —, Huddleston's addition, \$350.

Mathias Wilhelm and Mary G. to wife, to O. R. Trout: 24 acres in sec. 27, tp. 15, s. 2, r. 5 w. \$3600.

M. Svarvander to John Pfeiffer and Henry J. Burch: 160 acres in tp. 19, s. 2, r. 7 w. \$3400.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIP IN A BUSINESS COLLEGE

The Rose City Business College, Portland, Oregon, is now offering special scholarships at reduced rates to the first student in each town who makes application for these scholarships. The business manager of this paper recently had the privilege of visiting this college in their magnificent quarters on Fifth street, near the postoffice. For information concerning these scholarships write the Rose City Business College, Portland, Oregon. New students must provide satisfactory references.

TIMBER AND FARM LAND

We can sell you better land for less money than you can buy any place in Lane county. Don't fail to see or write us before buying.

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FIRE SETS.

Black cast iron, wrought iron finish, very neat. dwt GRIFIN HARDWARE CO.

We have a fair stock of the New Era mixed paint from the Morris bankrupt stock we will sell at \$1.25 per gallon—less than cost. Also varnish.

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What? That Otto has the best coffee.

If you feel the same, take Hollister's Lucky Mountain Tea, the greatest, most delicious, and healthy vegetable tea, standard or natural medium. 25 cents, 50c or 1.00 per doz. Linn Drug Co.

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Buy the range you can rely on, and from the firm you can rely on. We sell the

Universal, Toledo and Quick Meal Ranges

Come in and see how nice they are

We are loaded with Heaters all kinds from

\$2.00 to \$20.00

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This tract was put on the market last winter and nine of the 16 lots are already sold and four new houses are now going up. Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 13 and 14 are sold, lot 10 is reserved. Lots 1, 8, 9, 11, 15 and 16 are still for sale at prices ranging from \$75 to \$150 per acre. These tracts are all good land with some timber on each tract. Some of them embrace both river bottom and high prairie. They are located 2 1/2 miles due north of the county court house on a hard dry road and only a short distance from the land of Mahlon Harlow whose cherry trees produce from \$500 to \$600 per acre yearly at 12 years old. Good neighbors and school house near. This land will produce all other crops adapted to this climate as well as cherries. Terms 20% cash and balance on or before 5 years at 6% interest. The land is good security for 80% of the purchase price. No trouble to show you. I like the business.

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