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6-room house and barn and two lots, good well and young fruit trees started; lays up high and dry, in a fine location, for \$1100. Owner is going away and it must be sold within one week. If you have not all the cash, will sell it on monthly payments, with a small payment down. Let us show you.

6-room house, barn, good well and one lot, for \$1250; \$200 down; \$10 per month at seven per cent interest. This is better than paying rent, as in a few years you will have a nice home, but renting you have nothing left.

127 Acres—70 acres under cultivation, first class land; about \$2.00 worth of piling on the river; 7-room house, large barn. We have a special price on this place for 60 days. On county road with daily mail; 11 miles from Eugene. A snap if taken at once.

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Good music at the Underwood rink every evening. Come and enjoy yourself.

HOW HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL WILL APPEAR TOMORROW

GAME WITH ALBANY COLLEGE ON KINCAID FIELD AT THE UNIVERSITY

EACH PLAYER ON LOCAL TEAM IS A STAR AND THERE ARE A NUMBER OF VETERANS—SOME OF BEST MEN ARE OUT OF THE GAME, HOWEVER, WITH SPRAINS

Eugene high school football team as known to football fans: Dan Mitchell, who has been playing star ball for the Eugene high school for the past three years, is captain of this year's team, and will make a good candidate for the varsity eleven next year. He is playing center.

Elmacker, who played his first football game last year, is playing guard and is a good man to make holes for the back field to plunge through.

Bailey, a sophomore, is holding down the other guard position, and with his 236 pounds will hold any opponent guard.

Chester Chrisman is showing up well at tackle, and it is not uncommon for him to break through the line and down the backs for a loss. John Ellis, who has played right tackle for two years, is also making good this year, and as the game is familiar to him he will not let the offensive team make gains through him.

Milton Burton, the best left end that a high school ever saw, had the misfortune to get his nose broken in practice the other night, will be out of the game for awhile.

Harold Cockerline, who played right end on last season's team, is fast, and the way he gathers in forward passes, quarterback kicks and gets down on punts, is marvelous.

George Matson will play left end Saturday, and there are very few tricks he does not know. Although light he plays an all-around heady game and is a sure tackler. Frank Knox, who is known to be the most fleet-footed man on the team, is a whirlwind on skirting ends for long runs and is also a good man at leading interference. He plays a defensive game that could not help but gain the admiration of the fair sex.

Paul Jenkins, who is playing fullback, is a freshman and but 15 years of age, but the way he tears through the line for five or ten yards at a clip is something to be wondered at.

Preston, last year's fullback, will play left half tomorrow. His regular place is tackle this year, but as Burton is unable to play a change was made and he was placed at half. He plays a very consistent game.

Bob Kuykendall received a sprained ankle the first week and as a result of that will not be able to play with the Hill Military game on November 2.

Ben Chandler, whose regular position is at half back, will play quarter tomorrow, and it is safe to say that he will put the glider into the team that will not only win the game but also the applause of the grandstand.

Carl King, Frank Nolan and Ivan Anderson will be out in suits and are capable of playing a good game if called upon.

The lineup in tomorrow's game with Albany College will be as follows:

Dan Mitchell (captain), center; N. Elmacker, left guard; Ed Bailey, right guard; Chester Chrisman, left tackle; John Ellis, right tackle; Harold Cockerline, left end; George Watson, right end; Ben Chandler, quarter; Gerald Preston, left half; Paul Jenkins, full back; Frank Knox, right half.

Subs—Carl King, Frank Nolan, Ivan Anderson.

George Hug, who is coaching the boys, also deserves a great deal of praise for the condition he has raised his men into, also for the spirit he has put into athletics.

LIST OF CLAIMS ALLOWED BY COURT

ROAD ACCOUNT.

E. F. Jenkins, road work	\$2.00
J. W. Quackenbush, nails	2.00
F. Meats, road work	4.50
H. Shirk, road work	16.80
Palmer Bros., road work	15.75
W. G. Jenkins, road work	36.00
Chas. Marsh, road work	9.00
J. W. Hamble, road work	32.20
H. Hodges, road work	12.21
Wm. Bayly, labor	7.50
Wm. Eason, road work	7.70
B. Pederson, road work	8.25
W. R. Lattin, road work	27.60
E. A. Schweeling, road work	23.50
L. D. Smith, road work	3.00
Griffin Hdw. Co., hardware	254.10
S. B. Mayben, road work	58.75
W. M. Slaven, road work	8.63
J. J. Peplot, road work	1.50
S. McCannas, road work	3.50
Webster, road work	3.00
Ears, Fisher, road work	14.90
H. Roberts, labor	4.50
H. C. Wheeler, labor	4.50
S. A. Roberts, labor	8.00
M. P. Bennett, labor	1.50
Lars Hansen, labor	8.00
Pers. Wallgren, labor	12.00
Jesse Wallace, labor	14.15
I. Saxner, powder, fuse, etc	25.00
A. N. Smith, labor	7.00

W. H. Millhorn, road work	14.87
Lester Wyott, labor	14.00
J. M. Martin, labor	18.00
M. D. Evers, bridge iron	14.00
Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., gravel	8.73
Arthur Baker, road work	10.50
A. J. Baker, road work	19.50
H. Baxter, road work	8.87
Bert Denham, road work	1.50
R. C. Edwards, road work	52.50
M. B. Stone, lumber	73.78
C. Haggis, road work	2.00
W. H. Oswald, road work	48.27
A. J. Hills, road work	21.50
W. H. Renfro, road work	5.00
Melvin Buss, labor	35.87
Clarence Buss, bridge work	29.75
T. J. Boren, bridge work	12.25
W. O. Austin, labor	49.87
P. Watson, road work	4.50
J. M. Goldson, blacksmithing	1.25
Walters & Son Lumber Co., lumber	32.87
C. L. Inman, lumber	9.07
Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., lumber	7.68
Sam Sorenson, road work	5.50
Arthur Easton, road work	12.00
Arthur Gravelle, road work	6.00
Isaac Darnelle, crusher	78.75
Ed Oswald, crusher	11.00
Burton Powell, crusher	11.00
Hans Jensen, road work	15.00
Wm. Kyle & Sons, nails	6.50
Oren Liles, crusher work	47.00
M. Trunnell, bridge work	16.00
S. G. Spieker, gravel	15.03
S. G. Spieker, gravel	12.65
C. W. Smith, road work	7.50
J. P. Stephens, road work	12.50
E. A. Spieker, road work	8.88
Ona Liles, crusher work	52.00
Leonard Stephens, road work	10.50
R. E. Simmons, road work	2.00
Chas. S. Pogue, road work	26.25
Burton Powell, crusher work	15.00
G. O. Powers, material	3.55
Ralph Goodman, road work	13.50
Geo. Fenlow, road work	17.25
Geo. Fenlow, road work	17.25
J. H. Carter, road work	40.50
Oren Liles, crusher work	6.00
F. J. Meisner Hdw. Co. nails	2.00
S. S. Miller, hauling powder	4.25
L. Miller, road work	3.00
Albert Peterson, road by Albert Peterson	16.85
H. E. Phetteplace, road work	9.00
Thomas Watson, crusher work	10.00
John Volkmann, road work	34.32
Hurd Lumber Co., lumber	2.88
M. Leach, gravel	8.73
W. L. Hubbell, gravel	5.40
M. F. Green, lumber	32.30
A. C. Mathews, gravel	1.50
Wm. Watson, road work	7.50
A. D. Johnson, bridge timber	3.00
Orb Fisher, road work	4.00
Joe Watson, crusher	28.00
Griffin Hdw. Co., mds	5.25
Gross Bros., foundry work	157.29
Chas. Deming, crusher	94.50
Burton Powell, crusher	22.50
Dave Elliott, road work	22.50
Chas. Deming, crusher	32.50
Gib Cook, crusher	4.00
O. M. Jetson, gravel	7.50
W. R. Hardie, road work	7.50
O. C. Haldorsen, road work	7.50
N. A. Phelps, gravel	4.50
L. C. Olson, road work	7.50
Alex Swanson, road work	8.25
L. D. Pickens, lumber	41.12
M. Fountain, lumber	5.25
E. E. Carille, road work	10.00
M. M. Lower, road work	31.50
Frank Snyder, road work	9.75
Grover Huston, road work	2.00
Gustav Petzold, road work	7.50
Otto Petzold, supervisor	48.95
Edward Bowman, road work	3.00
Harry Bowers, road work	1.50
Harry Petzold, road work	6.00
Elbert Fisher, road work	19.82
Miller & Mays, mds	3.85
Albert Anderson, road work	8.25
Elmer Anderson, road work	2.75
A. B. Hillstadt, road work	9.00
August Beckman, road work	6.00
L. Shayer, mds	17.84
S. E. Holt, road work	24.00
W. C. Elliott, road work	25.50
W. L. Wallace, lumber	211.15

TWO HUNDRED CAR LOADS OF LUMBER WAITING

Cottage Grove would have more money if cars could have been obtained this summer to carry off the lumber as fast as it was made. It is stated that there are two hundred carloads of lumber at the mills on Row river to come out over the O. & S. E. R. R. The lumber now going forward is mostly surfaced and is worth \$15 per thousand. The average car will hold 20,000 feet and is worth \$300, wherefore the 200 carloads are worth \$60,000. That money is not entirely lost, but is slow coming and is like a slow paying debtor. If those Row River lumbermen had that \$60,000 they would do a lot of things with it.

There is more wealth lying about Cottage Grove than would be in circulation if there were cars to carry it. One man, J. H. Chambers, has 1,500,000 feet of lumber on his docks ready to load on the cars, and all sold, too, which is worth \$22,500. Other mills are similarly situated. Further, there are 500,000 lineal feet of piling already out and sold, but not delivered, because there are no cars. It is reasonably worth 6 cents per foot, or \$30,000. Then there are cedar poles undelivered that are worth \$8000. Bringing together these sums Cottage Grove has manufactured timber stock ready for delivery that is worth \$120,500. That amount of money dumped into this town of 2500 people would keep the wolf from every door all this winter.

How much does the railroad lose? Two hundred cars from Row river carrying on an average of 25,000 feet of lumber mostly sized that will weigh 3000 pounds gives a weight of 750,000 to the car, which at 50 cents per hundred pounds, being a revenue of \$375 per car, and the 200 cars would earn \$75,000, which the road loses by its prohibitive rate of 60 cents, coupled with the car shortage. The 500,000 feet of piling there is not going forward because there are no cars would earn a revenue amounting to \$9000. Then there are the telegraph poles and the lumber at Alca and at Coast Fork mills and the others from which no estimates can be quoted at this hour, which make the railroad lose in freights from Cottage Grove a sum ranging from \$120,000 to \$150,000. Producers freely admit that they cannot stand these losses long. How long can the railroad stand them?—Western Oregon.

DR. OGLESBY'S OFFICE ENTERED BY BURGLAR

Dr. W. W. Oglesby's office was entered by a burglar early last Friday evening and ransacked for valuables, but so far nothing has been missed. His surgical instruments were emptied out of their cases and placed in a pile, appearing as though they were the things coveted. Jack Oglesby, the doctor's brother, seeing a light in the office, thought his brother might not have gone home and went to the door, which was open, but not seeing him returned to the street. This interruption, if it was, may have frightened the burglar. Word from down the river toward Portland is to the effect that several surgeries have recently been robbed. There may be an organized band of hobos who are building up a trade in surgeons' implements, and are stocking up.—Western Oregon.

IF YOU WANT PURE WELL WATER

J. E. Kilborn wishes to announce to the public that he has turned over his well-drilling machine to G. R. Kilborn, 869 High street, and orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

RECOGNIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

In these days of strenuous opposition to adulteration of goods and drugs we note that the U. S. Department of Agriculture has recognized Knapo-Curo as an official sheep dip, and inspectors have been notified to this effect. This action is certainly gratifying to the Prussian Remedy Company, of St. Paul, Minn., who have been putting Knapo-Curo on the market for years. Inasmuch as the general government and many of the states require that livestock shall be free from any sort of disease, before shipment, the shippers may feel safe in using Knapo-Curo Prussian Sheep Dip, Lice, ticks, and all vermin are destroyed effectively by the preparations of the Prussian Remedy Co. The company is to be congratulated for obtaining recognition by the Agricultural Department.

Proston & Hales are agents for Prussian Stock Food and remedies, if

THE TEXAS WONDER

Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles, sold by all druggists on two months' treatment by mail for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2325 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send two testimonials. Sold by Hull's Drug

FIRE SETS.

Black cast iron, wrought iron finish, very neat.

GRiffin HARDWARE CO.

Homebuilders will find the best bargains in their street addition. Make your own terms, pay for your lot or acre tract out of your monthly savings.

"Golden Grove" butter took the first prize at the state fair, manufactured by the Montrose Creamery Co. For sale by leading grocers.

Nan's Wooing

By TAYLOR WHITE

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"I simply must make that train," said Nan. "I must get home."

Bert looked at his mother. She made a helpless gesture.

"I don't see how it can be done, my dear Nan," she said weakly. "Both of the horses have gone lame. The livery has no horse in, and the expressman cannot come for your trunk until this afternoon."

"Can't we beg, borrow or buy a rig?" she demanded briskly. "Surely every horse and cart in Pleasantville is not engaged."

"I guess you'll have to stay over until tomorrow," said Bert blandly. "I can get a horse by then."

"I'm going to get one right away," she said decidedly. "I promised Nell Taylor when we were at school that I would be her bridesmaid and I'm going to."

Mrs. Montrose stared. "My dear Nan," she said coldly, "I hope you will do nothing to excite comment."

Nan stared. She had told them a week ago that she must leave on Thursday, and they had made no move toward looking after her departure. Now that she had been forced to take the matter into her own hands this placid remark irritated her.

"I am going to get that trunk to the train if I have to hire a circus parade," she said spiritedly as she darted out of the door.

Mrs. Montrose held up her hands in placid horror. "My dear Bert," she said, "it is almost fortunate that the girl will not have you."

"Nothing of the sort," was the brutal response. "I need the money, and you know I do. If you hadn't made that row about her riding Dwight's horse it would have been all right. I was hoping if I forgot about the baggage she might stay on, and I could patch it up."

"Well, let us hope that the girl does not entirely disagree us," was the waiting rejoinder as Mrs. Montrose went into the parlor, where she could command a view of the street.

Nan Udell had been a thorn in her flesh ever since she had come from the



"I FANCY YOU SHOOKED MRS. MONTROSE, SHE IS SO EMINENTLY PROPER."

west for a visit. Her father and the late John Montrose had been mining partners in the early days. Each had made his strike, and when Nan and Bert were born it was agreed that they were to marry when they should be old enough. Nan had come visiting with the implied understanding that they were to wed, but Bert had soon

disgusted her, while there had been numerous conflicts between herself and Mrs. Montrose, who was perpetually shocked at her heavy western manner.

She administered the last shock when she presently drove up to the house on the seat of an express wagon, talking spiritedly to the driver. She sprang to the ground before he could descend and assist her and ran up the steps.

"All right," she cried as she threw open the door. "Please let John help the man with the trunks."

"But how are you going to get into town?" objected Mrs. Montrose.

"I'll ride with the man," laughed Nan. "He said I might. It won't be the first time. Goodbye, Mrs. Montrose. I'm sorry I was such a trouble to you. I'll wire when I get home and write and tell you all about the wedding. Goodbye, Bert."

She turned and flew down the steps after the man and with a spring was back on the seat beside him.

"If you're in a hurry," she said contentedly as he touched the team with the whip, "the only way is to do a thing your own."

"You seem quite capable of looking after things yourself," he laughed. "I fancy you shocked Mrs. Montrose. She is so eminently proper."

"I'm sorry," she said apologetically, "but I just had to get home, and they knew it. I'm glad I found you."

"So am I," he laughed.

"You ought to be out west," she said, with a comprehensive gaze that was not impertinent because it was frank. "You're more the type of western man. They don't have a lot of usen of your type here."

The driver chuckled. "We have them,"

he said quietly. "But I guess they don't travel in the Pleasantville set." He laughed as he thought of the snobbish social circle of the little suburb where even the trolley was barred. Nan read his thoughts and laughed in sympathy. Her visit had not been pleasant.

She chatted on as they sped along. The man was singularly intelligent for a workman, and she enjoyed his chat as much as she did the presence of a real man after six weeks with the pale youths who constituted the male element of Pleasantville society. She was almost sorry when they reached the town and drove up to the station.

The driver ushered her into the waiting room, purchased her ticket and sleeper, checked her trunks and finally came toward her. "Here is what I had to pay out," he said, offering a most meager sum. "This is the change."

She glanced at the coins and smiled. "That's the last of my greenbacks," she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again. I like it lots better."

"We don't take it on here," he smiled.

"But I've got to give you one," she said. "I have no more bills."

She held out a five dollar gold piece, and after a pause his hand closed over it. "Thank you," he said. "But you would have been welcome to my services. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"That's a real goodbye," she said impulsively, remembering the frigid farewell at the house. "Will you shake hands?"

His hand closed over hers with a pressure that almost crushed it; then, with a bow, he turned and left the room, while she settled herself for the hour wait.

Nan was in time to be a bridesmaid, and when she had written a long account to Mrs. Montrose she sought to put thoughts of Pleasantville out of her mind. It was easy enough to forget Mrs. Montrose and the colorless Bert, but somehow the expressman would crop up in her memory.

She assured herself over and over again that she did not care for any man who was content to drive an express wagon, and yet all the time she knew that she did care, and when a few weeks later she entered the Crumwells' ballroom and at the far end saw a face she thought familiar her heart gave a bound.

It could not be the expressman, she assured herself. The Crumwells were most exclusive, and yet— He came toward her with his hostess on his arm.

"Mr. Newhall has been asking about you, my dear," smiled the old lady. "It seems that you met back east."

"I do not flatter myself that Miss Udell recalls me," she smiled. "But I had the good fortune to be of some slight service at her departure."

"Well, you can recall it to her," said Mrs. Crumwell placidly. "I must go and look after that Templeton girl. Look after Paul, my dear."

"I suppose you are surprised to see me here," she smiled. "May I explain? The conservatory is very handy."

Nan bowed, and he led the way. "You see," he began when they had found a palm screened nook, "my father has some old fashioned ideas about work. He says that a man who commands must first be able to obey, and he put me on with the men on precisely the same footing. He even docked me half a day's pay for going to town without permission and chuckled when I told him I was still \$2 to the good."

"Then you are not a regular expressman?"