RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

Rubbing with liniments, blistering the affected parts, the application of plasters, and other means of external treatment, are usually helpful in relieving the pains and aches of Rheumatism, but such remedies do not reach the CAUSE of the disease, and are therefore in no sense curative. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by indigestion, poor bowel action, weak kidneys, and a general sluggish condition of the system. The circulation deposits this irritating poison in the different muscles, nerves, tissues and joints of the body, and soon the painful symptoms of Rheumatism are produced. The pains at first may be wandering and slight; but as the blood becomes more fully saturated with the uric acid poison, the disease grows worse and after awhile gets to be chronic. The slight, wandering pains now become sharp and cutting at the least exposure to dampness or night air, or any constitutional irregularity, the bones ache, the muscles are not as free in action as before, and where the acid poison is allowed to remain in the blood the joints often become so clogged with corrosive substances that they are left permanently stiff and useless. Rheumatism can never be rubbed away, nor can it be conquered and driven from the system until the acid-laden blood has been cleansed and purified. No other medicine does this so effectually as S. S. S. It dissolves and removes the impurities and sends a stream of rich, strong blood to the affected parts, which soothes the irritated nerves, inflamed muscles and flesh, and the sufferer obtains relief that is permanent because the real cause of the disease has been removed. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice desired free.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LUNCHEON TIDBITS

that will tickle the dainty palate will be found in great variety in our stock of high grade foods. Sauces, catsups, fine olive oil, olives, and preserved fruits, meats and fish, vegetables and fruits that are in demand for the tables of the fastidious, and sold at bed-rock prices at Green's.

W. M. GREEN, THE SQUARE DEAL GROCER
619 Willamette St. Phone Main 25

BRODERS BROS. NEW MARKET

We are now located in our new building across the street and we will be pleased to see you

SPECIAL

5lb can choice lard for..... 65c

Broi's and Stews strictly cost price

West 8th Street. **BRODERS BROS.** NEW MARKET

Livery & Boarding Stables

BARNARD & WEST, Props.

First-Class Turnouts of all Descriptions. Rubber Tire Cabs and Single Rigs

IF YOU WSH A CAB RING UP MAIN 21

No. 45 West Ninth Street

The Newest Modern Commercial Hotel in Portland, Open July 1st 1907.

..Hotel St. Philip..

FOURTH, FIFTH AND BURNSIDE STS.
Main Entrance on Burnside St.
H. M. PIERCE, Proprietor.

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

Rates $1.00 per day and up.
Special rates by the week and month.

PORTLAND, OR.

LARGEST MAIL ORDER LIQUOR HOUSE ON PACIFIC COAST

MIKE JACOBS & COMPANY

51 Front Street, Portland Oregon

Buy your Liquors direct from the WHOLESALE HOUSE at WHOLESALE 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 inbond 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..... $8.00 per doz

On five case lots we allow a discount of 50c on each calle.
On five and ten gallon kegs and half and barrel lots we allow a discount of 25c per gallon

MIKE JACOB & COMPANY
WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS
51 Front Street PORTLAND, OREGON

BECOMES REPENTANT PAYS STOLEN MONEY

FORMER EUGENE MAN CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY AND SENDS JULIUS GILDSMITH $10

Julius Goldsmith, the cigar dealer, today received the following letter from a man who worked for his father when the latter conducted a grocery store here a good many years ago:

Mr. Julius Goldsmith.

Dear Friend:—Some years ago I was awakened to the fact that I was a wretched sinner. I was made to know that if I ever met God in peace I had to have something done for me. I began to seek God the very best I knew how. The Bible told me that salvation was obtained by repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, His Son. My repentance led me to confess and restore all that I possibly could. In doing so perhaps you will remember that I came to you and confessed to stealing $10 when I was working for your father. I did not have the money so I gave you my note. Some time after that your brother, Charley, gave me back the note, saying it was "no good." From the day I gave you the note I was determined by the help of God to pay that money. I got badly in debt in Eugene during the hard times of '93, and could not pay. I have worked hard to pay that batch of old debts, and while they are outlawed here they are kept on heaven's records. I am paying them just as fast as I can. Enclosed you will find the $10. Please pay it where you feel it should go, and again I want to ask your pardon, and hope that the same merciful heavenly Father that so freely forgave all my sins through the merits of His dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, may richly bless you and all your loved ones, and so help you to give yourself to Him that when the earthlife is over that you may all be safely housed in the glory world, while the ceaseless ages of eternity roll. Again may the dear Lord bless you all.

Ever your friend and well wisher,

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IS UNDER ARREST

New Yrok, Oct. 28.—Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, was arrested this afternoon and arraigned in court on charges in connection with the blackmail charges made by him against Hugo Voecks. Voecks was arrested last week on complaint of Hitchcock, who acused Voecks of trying to extort $2000 from his on pain of having published a story of Hitchcock's mistreatment of Voeck's 12-year-old sister.

THE WISE ONE

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He didn't go the strenuous life,
Nor go to the place that flies.

He didn't hit an auto up
Until he caused a wreck,
From which they later picked him up
With broken bones or neck.

He didn't seek the upper air,
In ships that fly around
Until they slip a cog and drop
Their contents to the ground.

He didn't drive a rapid horse,
That loved to burn the road
Until it ran away like mad
And smashed its wagon load.

He didn't buck the Wall street bunch
As either bull or bear
Until he'd finished up with it
And left his wad down there.

He didn't blow his millions on
The Great White Way by night,
Nor mix up in the social swirl
That swipes the cash at night.

He didn't ever try to skip
With Brown's or Jones' wife,
But bravely sought in every way
To live the simple life.

And so he lived, until one day—
Just how did not appear—
A street car caught him on the track
And ended his career.

Beneath the sod the wise one rests,
We wipe our weeping eyes
And wonder in a town like ours
Why should a man be wise?

—W. J. Lampton.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Andy Taylor, 519 Willamette street. tf

Say, Jim, that lot I bought the other day in the Gross addition is a sure winner. Why, John? Because the electric car line is building just in front of it. See G. G. Gross if you want one. tf

Get next and buy some of those acre tracts of the Oregon Land Company. You will double your money in six months. Oregon Land Company, 412 Willamette street, Eugene, Oregon. tf

Investors will double their money in two years if they buy lots or acre tracts in the Blair street additiot. The city must build in that direction. tf

The Rex Flintkote Roofing. We can tell you why it is better. Chambers Hardware Co. 10-25

Widely recommended for its curing qualities. Its reputation for superior merit has stood for thirty years. Nothing so good for dizziness. Nothing so good for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, and bad blood as Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

Linn Drug Co.

Osana San's Adventure

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

It was a bright spring noon. Sunlight poured down over the quaint glistening roofs of the little town of Yacco. Mists rose and melted from the encircling rice fields. The perfume of cherry blossoms was upon the wind—an erratic wind that blew in breath snatching puffs and twirled the little fans in the black polished coiffure of Osana San as she toddled daintily along the street in her lacquered sandals. Her blue and gold kimono caught the sunlight with a gleam. Her huge red sash, tied in a butterfly bow, added a daring note of color, and her gayly flowered paper parasol made just the background for her delicate oval face. Her skin was the cream of ivory faintly tinted with rose. Her mouth was like a scarlet lily, and her slanting eyes were like dark jewels—very somber, but with a brilliant glint in their depths.

"She looked as if she had stepped straight out of the 'Mikado' or off a Satsuma vase," declared Mrs. Carrington, the wife of the American consul, glancing up from the luncheon table to watch the passing of Osana San. "She is the very essence of this beautiful Japan."

"She's delicious," agreed Mr. Carrington. "And the American words and phrases you have taught her make her doubly so. She gives a twist to them that is all her own. I tell you, Alice, she could teach our American women a good many things she's so demure and quiet and contented."

Yet, had Mr. Carrington but known it, contented was precisely what Osana San was not. A perfect crater of unrest burned in her little soul. Her blood raced in time to the pulse of spring, and as she walked through the sleepy, half deserted streets of Yacco there was nothing in the world for which she longed so much as for an adventure, and she had her wish. As she passed the door of a teacup shop the wind gave a sudden gust, blowing her paper parasol inside out and wrenching it from her hand. A whirl of dust filled her eyes, and she shut

"OA! OA!" SHE CRIED IN JAPANESE. "STOP ME! STOP ME!"

them with a quick blink. When she opened them, she saw a tall man in blue serge standing in front of her. He was holding her parasol.

"I think this is yours," he said, smiling pleasantly.

"A thousand thank yous," murmured Osana San in her very best English. "I fear my humble parasol has given your illustrious self a great trouble."

"A great pleasure, believe me," he answered. Then, with a long look at Osana San, he raised his hat and went back into the teacup shop.

"Oh!" breathed Osana San, rubbing her smooth fingers up and down the bamboo handle where his hands had touched it. How tall and handsome he was and how broad shouldered! She had seen few American men save Mr. Carrington, for Yacco, though not far from Tokyo, was off the main line and so inaccessible that travelers seldom came there. Mr. Carrington, moreover, was old, with a wrinkled face and white hair, while this stranger was young—divinely young, with a way of looking. The rose deepened in her cheek as she remembered it. It was a day of marvels. And there were more to come, for, standing near by, so near that it was a wonder she had not noticed it, was a strange object such as Osana San had never seen before. She guessed it to be one of the horseless carriages of which Mrs. Carrington had told her. She gazed at it, fascinated. And then a wild idea took possession of her. She wondered how it would seem to sit on the cushioned leather seat! She gave a hurried glance up and down the street. There was no one in sight. In the teacup shop the young American was busily selecting china. His back was turned toward her. He would never know. Swiftly she made up her mind and stepped into the motor.

"Now I am like an American girl," she said to herself, intoxicated with the newness of the thing. She heard a heavy step in the shop behind her and started up guiltily. Her moment of stolen sweetness was over. But alas for Osana San! In her haste the wide sleeve of her kimono caught on the lever of the machine. She jerked it and the mischief was done. Quietly the machine began rolling along the street. For awhile she was too dazed to scream, and when she found voice she was already on the outskirts of Yacco. The road stretched on miles ahead, as straight and white as a long ribbon. A laborer toiling in the rice fields raised his head to look at her.

"Oa! Oa!" she cried in Japanese. "Stop me! Stop me!" The man stared at her stupidly, too amazed to move, and she sped past him. Her hands fluttered about the nickel plated wonders of the motor like a pair of frightened birds. Perhaps if she pressed something it would stop! Very cautiously she tried. The result was a loud "Honk, honk!" ear piercing and terrible. Osana San crouched on the seat with a sob of utter despair and helplessness. On and on she went, past rice fields and low lying marshes where cranes flew, calling dismally to one another; past little thatched farmhouses sheltered from the midday glare by clumps of graceful bamboo. Osana San was becoming desperate. Something must be done. Gathering her courage together, she pushed and pulled at all the contrivances she could lay hands on, and luck favored her. In front of a lonely wayside temple the motor came to a sudden stop. With a great breath of relief, Osana San alighted. Tears were still glistening on her cheeks. "Here in the shadow of the temple I will be safe," she said, "and I will wait till the august and honorable stranger comes for his most terrifying machine."

But when the stranger, whose name was Douglass Morton, arrived in a jinrikisha some hours later he found Osana San cuddled up on the temple steps, fast asleep.

"Poor little frightened butterfly!" he murmured. "Thank heaven she's safe! It's a pity to waken her."

Osana San opened her eyes and saw him bending over her.

"Most august," she faltered, "my name is Osana San, and my unworthy curiosity"—

"That's all right," Morton said heartily. "I understood how it happened and all you're going to tell me, except how in thunder you had wit enough to stop the machine. Since you're safe, nothing else matters, and I bless all the gods of Japan that this road is as straight as a string. Otherwise—well, we won't think of that. Besides, there is much else to talk of. Do you believe in love at first sight, Osana San?"

Osana San shook her glossy head.

"My poor intelligence does not comprehend your illustrious words," she answered.

Morton laughed.

"I haven't time to pick it out of the phrase book now," he said, "but I'll explain it later if it takes me all the rest of my life to do it, or perhaps Mr. Carrington, the American consul, will explain it for me. He knows my family, and he ought to do me a good turn. You won't be afraid to ride back with me, will you, Osana San? The auto can't run away with you now, you know."

So back they went to Yacco, while the shadows of night deepened among the bamboo, and the moon rose, looking as large and red as a paper lantern. And a week later, in the Carringtons' pretty drawing room, Douglass Morton urged his impetuous suit. When Osana San finally understood his meaning she grew as pink as a cherry blossom.

"I be most afraid to live in your honorable and illustrious country, where everything go so fast—the motor carriages and the lovemaking."

"Osana San, do you mean that you will not marry me?" demanded Douglass Morton.

A dimple glimmered in the rose and ivory of Osana's cheek.

"Most august," she answered, "how could I be so rude?"

"It is 'Yes' then?" cried Morton joyfully.

"It is 'Yes,'" whispered little Osana San.

Genuine Eloquence.

Appeals from the organized charities are coming in from all directions. And there are sources of appeal which are not organized, yet quite worthy. One of the raggedest, dirtiest, most dejected of mendicants, sitting on the curbstone, appealed to me by his appearance. I had passed him in disgust, then conscience drove me back to him to see if he really suffered. "If in need, why don't you beg?" I demanded in anger. "Why don't you say something?" "Sure it's begging I am," he replied. "Sint you don't offer a word, man!" "I don't? Look at this"—picking up his nasty remnant of a coat—"and can't you see the skin speaking through my trousers? And ain't the bones cryin' out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks! See the famine that's starin' in my eyes! Man alive, ain't it beggin' I'm doin' with a hundred tongues?"—New York Press.

Our Billions of Ancestors.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many male and female ancestors it took to bring us into the world? First, of course, it was necessary to have a father and mother, and our father and mother must have had a father and mother, and so on back to the time of Christ. A careful calculation of all these ancestors shows that there must have been 139,235,017,485,534,976 births to bring one of us into the world. And this is only from the time of Christ and not from the beginning of the world. According to one authority, if from a single couple for 5,000 years each husband and wife had married at the age of twenty-one and there had been no deaths the population of the earth would be 2,100,015, followed by 144 ciphers. To hold such a population it would take several worlds the size of ours.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, that he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best liniment in the world. A quick cure for rheumatism, sprains, burns, cuts, etc. A. C. Pitts, Rodessa, La., says: "I use Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unexcelled for sore chest, headache, corns. In fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment."

Linn Drug Co.

Administrator's Sale of Real Property

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane county, Oregon, duly made and entered of record by said court in the journal thereof on the 7th day of October, 1907, ordering and empowering the undersigned, Daniel Hinton, administrator of the estate of John R. Goldson, deceased, to make sale of and to sell at private sale the real property belonging to said estate and hereinafter described. Now, therefore, in pursuance of said order, and in accordance therewith, I will from and after the 11th day of November, 1907, at and after the hour at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the law office of L. Bilyeu on Willamette street, in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at private sale according to said order the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

The east ½ of the NW ¼ and the NE ¼ of the SW ¼ of section 23, township 16, S. R. 6 west of Willamette Meridian, in Lane county, Oregon, containing 120 acres, together with the sawmill on said premises, and also the standing and merchantable timber now on the south ½ of the SW ¼ of section 21, township 16, S. R. 6 west, together with the right of public easement over and across said last described lands, and the right to float logs in the stream through said premises last described, all in Lane county, Oregon.

Terms of sale cash down. Subject to confirmation by said court.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1907.

DANIEL HINTON,
Administrator of the estate of John R. Goldson, deceased.

L. BILYEU,
Attorney.

Administratrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Adeline M. Taylor, has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Milo Taylor, deceased, by the county court of Lane county, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned administratrix with proper vouchers, at the law office if L. Bilyeu in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 24th day of September, 1907.

ADELINE M. TAYLOR,
Administratrix.

L. BILYEU,
Attorney.

Administratrix Sale of Real Property

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane county, Oregon, duly made and entered of record by said court, in the journal thereof, on the 7th day of October, 1907, ordering and empowering the undersigned, Cindarella Howard, administratrix of the estate of Samuel N. Howard, deceased, to make sale of and to sell at private sale the real property belonging to said estate and hereinafter described. Now, therefore, in pursuance of said order and in accordance therewith, I will from and after the 9th day of November, 1907, at and after the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the law office of L. Bilyeu, on Willamette street, in Eugene, Oregon, said Lane county, offer for sale and sell at private sale, according to said order, the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 7.30 chains north of the southwest corner of Claim No. 45, Notif. No. 2081, in section 14, township 17, S. R. 4 west of Willamette Meridian, in Lane county, Oregon, thence south to a point 15.81 chains south of the northwest corner of Claim No. 45, thence east 54.60 chains to the centre of county road, thence north 17 degrees and 40 minutes west along centre of said road 14.38 chains, thence east 25.27 chains to left bank of Willamette river, thence following meanders of said river to a point 4.50 chains south of a point due east of beginning point, thence north 4.50 chains, thence west 109.07 chains to the place of beginning, containing 200 acres, more or less, in Lane county, Oregon.

Said lands, or so much as may be necessary to be sold in lots and parcels according to said order of sale.

Terms of sale cash down. Subject to confirmation by said County Court.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1907.

CINDARELLA HOWARD,
Administratrix of the estate of Samuel N. Howard, deceased.

L. BILYEU,
Attorney.

Notice of Administratrix Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Essie Rickman, administratrix of the estate of J. H. Rickman, deceased, by virtue of an order of the probate court of Lane county, Oregon, dated the 27th day of September, 1907, will on the 29th day of October, 1907, at the hour of 1 p. m., offer for sale at public auction, for cash, at the west door of the courthouse in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, the following described real property belonging to the said estate: The SE¼ and the SE¼ of the SW¼ of Section 11, the NE¼ of the NE¼ and the NW¼ of Section 14 and the E½ of the NE¼ of section 15, all in township 18, s. r. 4 w., containing 520 acres, in Lane county, Oregon.

Dated this 27th day of September, 1907.

ESSIE RICKMAN,
Administratrix.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Martha Cook and —— Cook, her husband, Plaintiff,
vs.
Lucy Hansen, Robert E. Crawford, Clinton J. Crawford, and Olive M. Crawford, minor heirs of William Crawford, deceased, and Lucy Hansen, their guardian, Defendants.

To Lucy Hansen, Robert E. Crawford, Clinton J. Crawford, and Olive M. Crawford, minor heirs of William Crawford, deceased, and Lucy Hansen, their guardian:—

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear in said circuit court at Eugene City, Lane County, state of Oregon, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, filed therein, and for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: for the sale of the following described real property, situated in Lane county, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots 1 and 2 and the south half of the northeast quarter of section 6, in township 16 south, range 1 east, containing one hundred and sixty-one and 21-100 acres of land, partly in timber, and the proceeds of sale be applied in the costs and disbursements of suit and the remainder to be divided between the plaintiff, Martha Cook, and the defendants as their interests appear in the complaint.

It is ordered by the Hon. L. T. Harris, judge of said court, dated August 13, 1907, that service of this summons be made upon you by publication in the Eugene Daily Guard, a newspaper of general circulation published daily in said Lane county, Sunday excepted, for six consecutive weeks.

The date of the first publication of this summons is Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1907.

DORRIS & SKIPWORTH,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Buttolph, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, October 21st, 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 pass on the same. All persons having objections to the said account will present them to the said court on or before the said time.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1907.

CLARENCE L. AKERLY,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Buttolph, Deceased.

WILLIAM G. MARTIN,
Attorney for the Estate.

Notice of Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Darwin Bristow, administrator of the estate of Peter L. Hollo, deceased, by virtue of an order of the probate court of Lane county, Oregon, made on the 17th day of September, 1907, will offer for sale at the west door of the courthouse in Lane county, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 29th day of October, 1907 at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., at public auction, for cash, the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit: The NE¼ of section 13, in township 17, s. r. 9 w., in Lane county Oregon.

Dated this 27th day of September, 1907.

DARWIN BRISTOW,
Administrator.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON,
For the County of Lane.

In the matter of the guardianship of Elmer Nels Olsted and Alice Geneva Olsted and Raymond Palmer Olsted, minors;

To Elmer Nels Olsted, Alice Geneva Olsted, Raymond Palmer Olsted, the next of kin and all persons interested, greeting:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lane at the Court Room thereof, at Eugene, in the County of Lane, on Monday, the 4th day of November, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and then and there show cause, if any you have, why Carrie P. Olsted, guardian of the person and estate of Elmer Nels Olsted, Alice Geneva Olsted and Raymond Palmer Olsted, minors, should not be licensed to sell the real property of said minors, as prayed for in her petition on file in said court, which said real property is described as follows, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the southwest puarter of section 21, the west half of the northwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 28, the west half of the northwest quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of section [illegible], all in township 17, south range [illegible], east of the Willamette meridian, containing 320 acres in Lane county, Oregon.

Witness: The Hon. G. R. Chrisman, judge of the county court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Lane and the seal of said court hereto affixed, this 5th day of October, 1907.

Attest: E. U. LEE, Clerk.

CIGARS

Julius Goldsmith