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And if you purchase FIVE Dollars worth of goods before April first--- I'll pay for and send you a Pictorial Review for one year and allow you to select from our stock any of our 15c patterns. Why not buy the cloth for the children's spring dresses or that gown you are going to make.

Pictorial Review is a 64 page monthly magazine with fiction, articles, fashions and also departments on Home, Dressmaking, Millinery, Embroidery, Crocheting, Cooking, the Care of Children, Etc., Etc. Come in and look at a copy. I'll be very pleased to see you indeed at the

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For sale by Hull's Red Cross Drug Store.

DIED
Tuesday, February 25, 1908, at 6:30 p. m., Ludwig Martin, aged 89 years. Cause of death, pneumonia and old age. The funeral will be held at the Catholic church Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, with interment in the Catholic church. Deceased leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Anton Patzner.

MEETING TO SETTLE TEUTSCH BUSINESS
Pendleton, Or., Feb. 25.—A meeting of the creditors of Lee Teutsch, the bankrupt merchant, will be held March 7 for the purpose of selecting a trustee to close up the bankrupt stock. T. C. Taylor has filed with Judge Fitzgerald his bond as receiver for \$47,000. The store is open as usual until the meeting on March 7, after which the stock will probably be offered for sale as a whole.

NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that the county commissioners' court of Lane county, state of Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing and delivery of one hundred (100) cords of old growth body fir four (4) feet long; or for one hundred (100) cords of second growth body fir four (4) feet long, said wood to be delivered at the court house in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on or before the 1st day of September, 1908. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids; said bids to be filed with the county clerk of said Lane county not later than Wednesday, the 4th day of March, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m. By order of the court this, the 8th day of February, 1908.
E. U. LEE, County Clerk.

PILES: PILES: PILES!
Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, always itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by Linn Drug Co., by mail 50c and \$1.00. Williams Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

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Your wants with wood—Oak, Maple, Fir, and Ties. Also Coal.
WILLIAMS TRANSPORT CO.
Phone Black 1141.

GASOLINE WOOD SAWING
W. G. White is prepared to saw your wood on short notice.
Phone Black 4351. Residence, 516 West Sixth street.

ELMIRA ITEMS
(Special Correspondence.)
Elmira, Feb. 26.—People have begun to think about making gardens. We hope this good weather will continue for some time.
B. W. Inman and family spent Monday in the burg.
Mrs. Colzard had had the grippe, but is much better, she being absent from the store for several days.
There was quite a crowd at Fred Yates Sunday. Same were practicing their songs for the entertainment. Mr. Driskell took his phonograph down there and entertained the rest of them.
Everybody has had colds at present.
We are glad to welcome Alice Ware back to our vicinity again.
Miss Ina Zumwalt spent Sunday with friends at Mr. Jean's.
Quite a number attended services Sunday and in the evening.
W. W. Cadby was up to town today on business.
Mr. Parker's brother left for his home in Washington today.
Not much hunting nowadays. The scare the other Sunday has helped the boys.
Miss Delphine Bown spent Sunday home, returning to her school at Smithfield Sunday evening.
Mabel Hayes is getting along fine after her operation.
Veda Hale was down to Elmira Saturday and Sunday, returning home Monday morning on the stage.
Mr. Fountain is improving his place by putting a new wire fence around some of it.
Pearl Inman is sick at this writing. Quite a number attended the dance at Mr. Lemley's Friday night.

ANNOUNCEMENT
J. M. Howe and J. W. Buoy have opened a real estate office in the building with J. A. Maurer's jewelry store, number 542 Willamette street, where we would be pleased to have all old friends who have property to sell, both farm and city, call and list same with us and we will do our best to sell same.
HOWE & BUOY,
542 Willamette Street.

MOTHER'S KITCHEN
Seventh and Oak streets, has opened under new management. Good board and room by the day, week or month. First-class home cooking. Chicken dinner every Sunday.
MRS. S. Y. ABBOTT.

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

J. M. Howe is still selling best tailored suits on the coast from Continental Tailoring Company, of Chicago, at 542 Willamette street. If

CHECKING A RUN.

By TAYLOR WHITE

Copyright, 1908, by E. C. Parcells.

"Is it true that your father's bank cannot stand the run?" asked Sydney Ware. Eunice Whitehead nodded.

"Dad says that he cannot meet the run before the current funds will become exhausted," she said. "That means that the bank will have to be closed down. He is solvent, but he sent too much of the currency to town to be put out at the high interest they are paying now."

"The run is only on the savings department," said Sydney. "That should not bother him much."

"It will break his heart," she returned. "If the bank has to close down even for a couple of days. Dr. Dunham says that he is afraid it will give father a shock which will leave its permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the bank fails," said Ware. "It may be for the best, so far as we are concerned."

"That's what I came to talk to you about," said Eunice gravely. "If the bank fails, Syd, I shall have to give you up, dear. Father would never consent to share a home with a Ware, and I could not leave him."

"You were willing enough to leave him last week," suggested Sydney.

"That was before the trouble came," she reminded. "Then he had his bank, and his friends. If he loses one, he will probably lose most of the others, and my place is with him."

Sydney nodded gloomily. Thirty years before Joshua Whitehead and Cyrus Ware had been rival suitors for the hand of pretty Nellie Morton. Whitehead had won, and Ware had never forgiven him his victory. Whitehead had then just founded the First National bank of Carsville, and Ware had drawn his funds from the bank

going to elope with Sydney, but how my place is by my father's side, and I came to tell Syd that I could not go."

"But you were willing to sneak away like a couple of thieves and be married secretly," taunted Cyrus. "I suppose that the plan was yours and you entangled this boy."

"That is not so," said Sydney hotly. "It has taken me a year and more to persuade Eunice to elope, and we did not see why your absurd stubbornness should spoil our happiness."

Cyrus stared at his son. Like most men of dominant personality, he secretly admired spirit in others. It was the first time that Sydney had ever taken so bold a stand against a parental edict, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction even while he spoke.

"I guess you'll find happiness without having to go to Josh Whitehead's daughter for it," he said harshly. "I want a girl I can recognize as my daughter, not the child of a bank wrecker."

Eunice sprang forward at the taunt. "You are a nasty, wicked old man!" she cried. "You know that you are saying what is not true. I believe that you started this run because you knew that most of the country banks had sent their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money market. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate you!"

She stamped her foot to emphasize her words, and something in the gesture brought back to Cyrus' memory a far earlier day when these same words were spoken. He and Josh and Nellie had been out nutting—three children with no thought of marriage.

He had killed a bird with a stone and had brought it to Nellie, the pride of his prowess. Instead of the praise he had expected, she turned on him and scolded him for his wanton act. Eunice in her anger was very like her mother, and the whole scene came back to him as vividly as though it had been an occurrence of the very day instead of a reminiscence of forty years and more.

He looked into the eyes that were so like those he had loved in the long ago and partly turned away. For the first time he realized why Whitehead had won. Nellie had admired his gentleness even while she feared Cyrus' roughness. Perhaps, after all, he, Cyrus, had been more to blame for his loss than had his old playfellow.

"You too go on with your spooning," he said gruffly, and they could not see that the shrewd gray eyes were filled with tears.

Cyrus stumbled blindly along the half defined path that led to the road. He was living over again his boyhood days, and he found therein much to regret.

There was a howling mob about the bank. The employees of half a dozen big mills had taken the day-off to rescue their money from the fancied danger, and they clamored about the doors. As fast as those in the bank obtained their money they were let out and others were admitted. The tellers were paying out as slowly as possible in the hope of being able to tide over the day. On the morrow they might expect help from the city.

Cyrus Ware stamped his way up the steps, the crowd giving way before him. The watchman at the door let him in at once, and, without explanation, Ware pushed his way into the president's office, where Whitehead puzzled over long columns of figures.

He did not hear Ware's entrance, and not until Cyrus' hand fell upon his shoulder did he look up.

"Josh," he said thickly, "I've been a blundered fool for more years than I care to remember, but that's no sign I've got to keep on to the end of my days. I've got about \$100,000 out there in my wagon. I want to open an account."

For a moment Whitehead glanced into the other man's face and saw in his eyes the mute appeal for reconciliation which Cyrus could not frame in words. Their hands met in a clasp that wiped away the memory of bitter years, and together they went out of the office to where a guard of men stood over the boxes. Already the news that Cyrus Ware was going to deposit had broken the rush, and the crowd had materially lessened.

The two men stood on the step superintending the removal of the currency. Cyrus passed Whitehead a cigar. "I'm glad I've squared up old accounts in opening a new one," he said, with a ponderous effort at carelessness. "You see, our young people are planning to get married."



"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus.

and had vowed that he would never patronize the institution. Such banking as he had done was transacted through an institution in the next town, but Ware had conceived a distrust for all banks, and most of the large fortune which he had accumulated was stored in gold and bills and bonds in the huge vault in the knitting mills, a vault as large and as safe as that in the bank.

But in the second generation the feud was not carried on. Eunice Whitehead and Sydney Ware had fallen in love with each other and, realizing the uselessness of asking parental sanction, had agreed to elope and seek forgiveness afterward.

To Eunice it seemed almost a punishment for her contemplated sin that the run on the bank should have commenced the very day they had set for their marriage. Instead of meeting Sydney with her suit case in hand she had come to tell him that her place was by her father in his hour of trouble.

Mrs. Whitehead had died shortly after her little daughter was born, and Eunice had bravely striven to take the place of her gentle mother in her father's house. She could not leave him in his extremity even for the man she loved.

For awhile they sat on the talen trunk which formed the seat in their rustic parlor. Valued Sydney sought to urge the girl to his views, but he could not shake her resolution, and Eunice had just risen to go when there came the sound of some one crashing through the underbrush, and Cyrus Ware came into view.

His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case, that Sydney had brought with him, and he turned to his son.

"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus. "I suppose that this young woman is to be your companion in your travels. She will need some one to support her now that her father has wrecked his bank."

"He has not wrecked his bank, and I am not going away with Sydney," cried Eunice, with spirit. "I am afraid that he cannot meet the run and will have to close the bank. He did not want to wreck the bank. He will be able to pay dollar for dollar, I was

Respiring Clocks.

"Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer to a reporter, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so, for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get rid of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a mainspring, as men have discovered for themselves, unless the proper tools are handy. Now, a clock repairer has a resistance known as a spring controller, which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight day clock should last five years long, and when suddenly it gives out, it is with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun."

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