

CATARRH BLOOD UNHEALTHY SYSTEM DERANGED

The entire inner portion of the body is covered with mucous membrane. This membrane is abundantly supplied with blood vessels, veins and capillaries. Each of these is constantly supplying to this tissue blood to nourish and strengthen it and keep the system healthy. When the blood becomes infected with catarrhal matter it is not able to furnish the required amount of healthful properties, but feeds the parts with poisons which disease the membranes and tissues so that they become inflamed and Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and dangerous symptoms, is established in the system. There is a constant ringing in the ears, a thin, watery discharge from the nostrils, the breath has an offensive odor, slight fever often accompanies the disease, and gradually the entire system becomes affected and the system upset and deranged. In its earlier stages, when Catarrh is confined to the nose and throat, sprays, washes, etc., are soothing and in a way beneficial, because they are usually antiseptic, but such treatment has no curative effect, unless it does not reach the blood.

To cure Catarrh the blood must be purified, and this is just what S. S. S. does. It goes down into the circulation and attacks the disease at its foundation; it removes the cause and makes the blood pure and healthy. Then the blood vessels are filled with fresh, reinvigorated blood, which is carried to all the mucous surfaces and linings, the inflammation and irritation are corrected, the symptoms are improved and Catarrh is permanently cured. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable medicine and is free to all who write for it. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

With a vague gesture toward the northwest, he turned away, leaving me in contemplation of the grandest scenery I had yet come upon in all my travels.

Fifteen miles! But those miles lay through the very heart of the mountains, ranging anywhere from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. In ten minutes the city and all signs of city life were out of sight. In five more I was seemingly as far removed from all civilization as if I had gone a hundred miles into the wilderness.

As my horse settled down to work, picking his way now here and now there, sometimes over the brown earth, hard and baked as in a thousand furnaces, and sometimes over the stunted grass whose needlelike stalks seemed never to have known moisture, I let my eyes roam to such peaks as were not cut off from view by the nearer hillsides and wondered whether the snow which capped them was whiter than any other of the line of the sky blue, that the two together had the effect upon me of cameo work on a huge and unapproachable scale.

Certainly the effect of these grand mountains, into which you leap without any preparation from the streets and market places of America's oldest city, is such as is not easily described. We struck water now and then—narrow watercourses, which my horse followed in midstream—and, more interesting yet, goatheards with their flocks, Mexicans all, who seemed to understand no English, but were picturesque enough to look at and a welcome break in the extreme loneliness of the way.

I had been told that they would serve me as guides if I felt at all doubtful of the trail, and in one or two instances they proved to be of decided help. They could gesticulate if they could not speak English, and when I tried them with the one word *Placide* they would nod and point out which of the many-side canyons I was to follow. But they always looked up as they did so, up, up till I took to looking up, too, and when, after miles multiplied indefinitely by the winding of the trail, I came out upon a ledge from which a full view of the opposite range could be had, and saw fringing the side of one of its tremendous peaks the gap of a vast hole not 200 feet from the snow line, I knew that, impossible as it looked, I was gazing up at the opening of Abner Fairbrother's new mine, the *Placide*.

The experience was a strange one. The two ranges approached so nearly that it seemed as if a ball might be tossed from one to the other, but the chasm between was stupendous. I grew dizzy as I looked downward and saw the endless zigzags yet to be traversed step by step before the bottom of the canyon could be reached and then the equally interminable zigzags up the acclivity beyond, all of which I must trace, still step by step, before I could hope to arrive at the camp which from where I stood looked to be almost within hail of my voice.

I have described the mine as a hole. That was all I saw at first—a great black hole in the dark brown earth of the mountain side, from which ran down a still darker streak into the waste places far below it. But as I looked longer I saw that it was faced by a ledge cut out of the friable soil, on which I was now able to descry the pronounced white of two or three tent tops and some other signs of life, encouraging enough to the eye of one whose lot it was to crawl like a fly up that tremendous mountain side.

Truly I could understand why those three men, probably newspaper correspondents like myself, had turned back to Santa Fe after a glance from my present outlook. But though I understood I did not mean to duplicate their retreat.

The sight of those tents, the thought of what one of them contained, inspired me with new courage, and, releasing my grip upon the rein, I allowed my patient horse to proceed.

Shortly after this I passed the divide—that is, where the water sheds both ways. Then the descent began. It was zigzag, just as the climb had been, but I preferred the climb. I did not have the unfathomable spaces so constantly before me, nor was my imagination so active. It was fixed on heights to be attained rather than on valleys to roll into. However, I did not roll.

The Mexican saddle held me securely at whatever angle I was poised, and once the bottom was reached I found that I could face with considerable equanimity the corresponding ascent. Only as I saw how steep the climb was ever to come down again. Going up was possible, but the descent—

However, as what goes up must in the course of nature come down, I put this question aside and gave my horse his head, after encouraging him with a few blades of grass, which he seemed to find edible enough, though they had the look and something of the feel of green glass.

How we got there you must ask this animal, who took the responsibility

and did all the work. I merely clung and balanced, and at times, when he rounded the end of a zigzag, for instance, I even shut my eyes, though the prospect was magnificent. At last even his patience seemed to give out and he stopped and trembled. But before I could open my eyes on the abyss beneath he made another effort. I felt the brush of tree branches across my face and, looking up, saw before me the ledge or platform dotted with tents, at which I had looked with such longing from the opposite hillsides.

Simultaneously I heard voices, and saw approaching a bronzed and bearded man with strongly marked Scotch features and a determined air.

"The doctor?" I involuntarily exclaimed, with a glance at the small and curious tent before which he stood.

"Yes, the doctor," he answered in unexpectedly good English. "And who are you? Have you brought the mail and those medicines I sent for?"

"No," I replied with a propitiatory smile as I could muster up in the face of his brusque forbidding expression. "I came on my own errand. I am a representative of the New York—, and I hope you will not deny me a word with Mr. Fairbrother."

With a gesture I hardly knew how to interpret he took my horse by the rein and led us on a few steps toward another large tent where he motioned me to descend. Then he laid his hand on my shoulder and, forcing me to meet his eye, said:

"You have made this journey—I believe you said from New York—to see Mr. Fairbrother. Why?"

"Because Mr. Fairbrother is at present the most sought for man in America," I returned boldly. "His wife—you know about his wife?"

"No. How should I know about his wife? I know what his temperature



I preferred the climb. Is and what his respiration is—but his wife? What about his wife? He doesn't know anything about her now himself; he is not allowed to read letters."

"But you read the papers. You must have known, before you left Santa Fe, of Mrs. Fairbrother's foul and most mysterious murder in New York. It has been the theme of two continents for the last ten days."

He shrugged his shoulders, which might mean anything, and confined his reply to a repetition of my own words.

"Mrs. Fairbrother murdered?" he exclaimed, but in a suppressed voice, to which point was given by the cautious look he cast behind him at the tent which had drawn my attention. "He must not know it, man. I could not answer for his life if he received the least shock in his present critical condition. Murdered? When?"

"Ten days ago, at a ball in New York. It was after Mr. Fairbrother left the city. He was expected to return after hearing the news, but he seems to have kept straight on to his destination. He was not very fond of his wife—that is, they have not been living together for the last year. But he could not help feeling the shock of her death which he must have heard of somewhere along the route."

"He has said nothing in his delirium to show that he knew it. It is possible, just possible, that he didn't read the papers. He could not have been well for days before he reached Santa Fe."

"When were you called in to attend him?"

"The very night after he reached this place. It was thought he wouldn't live to reach the camp. But as he is a man of great pluck. He held up till his foot touched this platform; then he succumbed."

"If he was as sick as that," I muttered, "why did he leave Santa Fe? He must have known what it would mean to be sick here."

"I don't think he did. This is his first visit to the mine. He evidently knew nothing of the difficulties of the road. But he would not stop. He was determined to reach the camp, even after he had been given a sight of it from the opposite mountain. He told

them that he had once crossed the Sierras in midwinter. But he wasn't a sick man then."

"Doctor, they don't know who killed his wife?"

"He didn't."

"I know, but under such circumstances every fact bearing on the case is of immense importance. There is one clear. It can be said in a word—"

The grim doctor's eyes flashed angrily, and I stopped.

"Were you a detective from the district attorney's office in New York sent on with special powers to examine him? I should still say what I am going to say now. While Mr. Fairbrother's temperature and pulse remain where they are now no one shall see him and no one shall talk to him save myself and his nurse."

I turned with a sick look of disappointment toward the road up which I had so lately come.

"Have I panted, sweated, trembled for three mortal hours on the worst trail a man ever traversed to go back with nothing for my journey? That seems to me hard lines. Where is the manager of this mine?"

The doctor pointed toward a man bending over the edge of the great hole from which at that moment a line of Mexicans was issuing, each with a sack on his back, which he hung down before what looked like a furnace built of clay.

"That's he, Mr. Haines of Philadelphia. What do you want of him?"

"Permission to stay the night. Mr. Fairbrother may be better tomorrow."

"I won't allow it, and I am master here so far as my patient is concerned. You couldn't stay here without talking, and talking makes excitement, and excitement is just what he cannot stand. A week from now I will see about it—that is, if my patient continues to improve. I am not sure that he will."

"Let me spend that week here. I'll not talk any more than the dead. Maybe the manager will let me carry sacks."

"Look here," said the doctor, edging me farther and farther away from the tent he hardly let out of his sight for a moment. "You're a canny lad and shall have your life and something to drink before you take your way back. But back you go before sunset and with this message: No man from any paper north or south will be received here till I hang out a blue flag. I say blue, for that is the color of my bandanna. When my patient is in a condition to discuss murder, I'll hold it from his tent post. It can be seen from the divide, and if you want to camp there on the lookout well and good. As for the police, that's another matter. I will see them if they come, but they need not expect to talk to my patient. You may say so down there. It will save scrambling up this trail to no purpose."

(Continued Next Friday.)

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account with the County Court for Lane County, Oregon, and that the court has by order duly made and entered "set Monday, March 16, 1908, at 10 o'clock of 10 o'clock a. m., as the time and the county court room in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, as the place to hear any objections to the said account.

Any person interested in the said matter are required to file their objections on or before the said day.

S. P. NESS,
Administrator of the Estate of Louis Halverson, Deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Estate of George Drury, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, George A. Drury, administrator of the above-named estate, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, has been set and fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate; and all objections to said account must be filed with said court on or before the said time and date so fixed by said court for said final hearing and final settlement.

Dated this 14th day of February 1908.

GEORGE A. DRURY,
Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Estate of Isaac H. Tyler, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, George A. Drury, executor of the above named estate, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, has been set and fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate; and all objections to said account must be filed with said court on or before the said time and date so fixed by said court for said final hearing and final settlement.

Dated this 14th day of February, 1908.

GEORGE A. DRURY,
Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Stone, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record directing this notice and setting Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the hearing of objections, if any, to said account and for the final settlement of said estate.

RALPH W. STONE,
Administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Stone, deceased.

LIFE-SAPPING PARASITES THAT WRECK HUMAN SYSTEM

The following remarkable statement was recently made by T. L. Cooper. It concerns the preparation which has been so widely discussed throughout the country during the past year, and has sold in such enormous quantities in leading cities.

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"I take this opportunity of explaining what these creatures are, and what I have learned about them in the past.

"Tapeworms are much more common than would be supposed. I venture to say that ten per cent of all chronic stomach trouble, or what is known as a 'run-down' condition, is caused by them. An individual may suffer for years with one of these

great parasites and not be aware of it.

"Contrary to general belief, the appetite is not greatly increased—it only becomes irregular. There is a general feeling of faintness, however, and a gnawing sensation in the pit of the stomach.

"People afflicted with one of these parasites are nervous and depressed. Their chief sensation is one of languor, and they tire very easily. Lack of energy and ambition affect the body, and the mind becomes dull and sluggish. The memory becomes not so good and the eyesight is generally poorer.

"The New Discovery, in freeing stomach and bowels of all impurities, seems to be fatal to these great worms, and almost immediately expelling them from the system. I wish to assure anyone who has the experience just related with my preparation, that there is no cause for alarm in the matter, and that it will as a rule mean a speedy restoration to good health."

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