

CURED ITCHING PAINFUL HUMOR

Which had Spread Over Face, Body and Arms—Swellings were as Large as a Dollar—When they Broke, Sores would Not Heal—Suffered 3 Years.

MADE SOUND AND WELL BY 3 SETS OF CUTICURA

"My trouble began about three years ago with little black swellings scattered over my face and neck. They would disappear but they would leave little black scars that would itch at times so I couldn't keep from scratching them. Larger swellings would appear in the same place and they were so painful I could hardly bear it and my clothes would stick to the sores. The first doctor I went to said the disease was scrofula, but the trouble only got worse and spread. By this time it was all over my arms and the upper part of my body in big swellings as large as a dollar. It was so painful that I could not bear to lie on my back at night. The second doctor pronounced my disease inflammation of the lymphatic glands. He stopped the swellings, but when they would break the places would not heal. He tried everything that he could but to no effect. He said I might be cured but it would take a long time. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and used them according to directions and in less than a week some of the places were nearly well. I continued with the Cuticura Remedies until I had used three sets, and now I am sound and well. The disease lasted three years from the time it commenced until I was cured. Before Christmas something broke out on my seven year old brother's hands in the form of large sores. I tried everything I could think of but to no effect until I happened to think of Cuticura and one application cured him. Also, not long ago, my sister got a bad burn on her ankle. I have been using Cuticura on that and it gave her severely any trouble. O. L. Wilson, Puryear, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1908."

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment and mild doses of Cuticura Pills, afford immediate relief and point to a speedy cure of torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp and blood of infants, children and adults, when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap (5c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (5c) to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Pills (25c) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston, Mass.

Mail Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.



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Quality and quantity so seldom found in cigars are to be both secured in a "BANQUET."

Made of selected leaf by trained hands, it is the best value for 5c to be found anywhere.

OVERLAND TRIP FROM DESCHUTES TO EUGENE

Fred Ross Interestingly Describes Journey Across Mountains

(By Fred Ross).

Three of us, including my wife, little nephew and myself, being on a visit at Wasco, Oregon, 25 miles south of The Dalles, and two miles south of the Columbia river, in Sherman county, decided to drive across the mountains with a little team and high buggy to Eugene, and intending to drive down the McKenzie river. So having everything in readiness on Sunday morning, June 13, we started out at seven o'clock expecting to travel about thirty miles the first day, and going through the little towns of DeMoss, Moro, Rutledge, and down to Kent where we found a good place to camp and were surprised to find we had driven fifty miles. After a good night's rest on the hard ground with only two comforts and a blanket under us, we started on our journey, and after driving about five miles we came to what is known as "the desert," there being no water and nothing growing except sage brush. We drove through this for about 12 miles until we came to Shanko, which is located about the middle of the desert and is also at the end of the branch line of the O. R. & N.

This seemed to be quite a busy little town as there are a number of freight wagons and stages which run out to the various small towns that are not reached by the railroad.

This also seemed to be quite a shipping point for the big sheep ranches as there were car loads of wool at the warehouses ready for shipment.

We arrived there at 11 o'clock and it being the only place we could get water we filled our jug and watered the team and drove about five miles, stopping a little over half way across the desert and eating our dinner with not even a fence post for shade and not a stick of wood with which to build a fire to make a cup of coffee. Naturally, our dinner here was cut down to about 20 minutes.

Leaving this place about 1 o'clock we drove until about 4:30 p. m., when we had crossed the desert and were at the head of Cow Creek. Here we heard of a small place called Rutledge, it being the junction of the Shaniko, Madras and Prineville stage lines. We decided to stop there for the night, and arrived about 6:30 p. m., having driven 46 miles.

We had heard of the Deschutes being a great fishing stream, and as it was just 44 miles we would make that our next camping place.

Leaving Rutledge at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning we drove ten miles through more sage brush country, which was a great place for jack rabbits, counting 19 the first half

hour we drove. About the only thing of importance on this day's drive was the fact that nearly every farmer had to haul water from two to eight miles. Of course, those are all dry counties. So it is nothing strange to see a man on the water wagon.

We passed the towns of Madras, Haystack and Culver, and arrived at Cline Falls at the lower bridge of the Deschutes river. Here we found first-class accommodations and a beautiful river, filled with mountain trout. As we were told that the fish were biting well and our team was tired from a three-days travel we decided to stay over one day and rest our team and incidentally catch a few fish, which we did, catching 18 of the speckled beauties in a few hours, and could easily have caught the limit had it not rained quite hard. It was very fortunate for us that we chose this particular day, as it rained both nights and afternoon. It happened that we were in a good spot filled with nice, clean straw. This was the first rain that had fallen in this vicinity since early spring, consequently the farmers all wore a smile the next day, as it was a soaker of a rain. Most of the farmers in this locality irrigate their farms from small creeks and their crops cannot be excelled. However, the unirrigated lands are used mostly for sheep range.

Starting on our journey again on Thursday morning we drove sixteen miles to Sisters, arriving there at 11 o'clock and were disappointed to find that there were from two to sixteen feet of snow over the McKenzie road. However, we learned we could cross the mountains by way of the Santiam route, which, while being about 25 miles further, is considered as being a much better road, as 48 miles of it is a toll road which is kept in much better shape than any of the mountain road this side, there being at this time about twelve or fifteen men and four or five teams working on and improving it, filling in with gravel where the road was washed out and slashing brush and felling trees, giving the sun a chance to get in and dry up the mud. After eating lunch at Sisters we found we could go 16 miles to Cache Creek or thirty-two miles to Fish Lake. We decided on the former and stayed over night. The water at this place was so cold we could hardly drink it.

Friday morning we left quite early as we expected to go over some big mountains. As it was thirty-two miles to what is known as the Mountain House, we thought it would make quite a day's work for our little team. About 8 o'clock we were on the east side of the summit about 14 miles. There we could see snow all over the highest mountains and in the deep canyons and drove over quite a few places where there was snow in the road. For two hours it was very cold and we had to walk several times to keep warm. We stopped for lunch about ten miles from the Mountain House. After lunch we drove about three miles up grade, then started down a very deep canyon, and as we kept going down and the canyon appeared so

deep I remarked to my wife that I hated to go down such a steep grade, that I expected to have to go over the summit the next day. We arrived at the Mountain House at five o'clock in the evening when we were happily surprised upon asking the proprietor how far it was to the summit, and he says, "Young man, you have crossed the summit seven miles back." This hardly seemed possible to me as we had done so little climbing on the other side of the mountains. The fact is one can hardly realize the difference in the elevation of the Willamette valley and the Deschutes valley.

After staying there over night and being nearly eaten alive by the mosquitoes, we again started down, and after going down for about half a day we stopped for lunch on the Santiam. Here I again tried fishing but had no luck. They saw me coming. In the afternoon we came through Lower Soda, which is at this end of the toll road. From there to Sweet Home, a distance of sixteen miles, we found very poor road, it being mostly corduroy, and we also had quite a mountain to go over. Here we found a number of wild strawberries, red huckleberries and salmon berries, also a few wild blackberries. We stopped Saturday night at Crawfordville. Here we found a mill dam, and as the team was tired and it was late we wanted to camp, but decided not to camp by a dam site as the water was warm and not fit to use, so we drove down the river a short distance and found a good camping place.

We left there at 6:30 Sunday morning, June 20, and drove to Brownsville, eight miles, then to Coburg, twenty-two miles, and ate lunch, and arrived in Eugene at 3 p. m. We were quite glad to get to our destination, as we had traveled a distance of a little over two hundred and eighty miles and were a little less than seven days driving, as we had over one day. We came through twenty-nine towns and stopping points. We had plenty of hay and grain for our team but had to pay as high as 3 1/2 cents per pound for oats and 2 cents for hay. But altogether, we had a very pleasant trip and enjoyed it immensely, coming through without an accident.

LOW RATES TO LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.

I am making the low rate of \$25 from any point in the Willamette district in the world, where yields valley to Lethbridge and return, including berth. The Lethbridge district is the best hard winter wheat as high as 70 bushels of wheat to the acre were harvested last year. For further information write to S. Y. EVANS, Lethbridge, Alberta.

Our Fourth of July stock of fireworks, fire crackers, flags, balloons, drums and Chinese lanterns, etc., is now complete. Come and select what you want before our stock is broken. They are going fast. Red Cross Drug Co.

BRINGS PRISONER TO TOWN WITH SHOTGUN

Young Hobo Threatens Farmer's Daughter Near Junction City

Willard Ingram, who lives on the Monroe road, brought a prisoner to town Monday evening at the point of a shotgun, says the Junction City Times. It seems that a young man stopped at his house and asked for something to eat and was refused. As only a 14-year-old girl was at home, it is alleged that he made threats with a broom-stick to enforce his request. Mr. Ingram was absent at the time and when he returned and learned the facts, he hooked up his rig and started after him. He overtook him on the road out by Washburne's and with the shotgun trained on him, marched him to town and delivered him up. He was given a trial before Justice Tower Tuesday afternoon. The young man testified that when he was refused something to eat he turned and left the premises without another word. However, the court thought the evidence of sufficient weight to justify punishment and assessed his fine at \$10 or ten days in the county jail. Constable Nichols took him to Eugene that evening.

BABY CONTEST at the ALOHA THEATRE

Commencing July 6th Call at box office now and enter your baby. Five valuable prizes to be given, as follows: Winning baby, \$10 cash. Second baby, \$5 cash. Third, fourth and fifth prizes to be given by the merchants. Announced later. The coolest theatre in town.

A falling tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—taken from the Heart its impulse, its power, its regularity. The stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or failing stomach, heart or kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering inside nerves. This, no doubt clearly explains why the Restorative has of late grown so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. Sold by all dealers.

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A Specialist has lately discovered a new medicine for the cure of alcohol habit. Do you wish a package? If you have in your family a father, brother or son who is giving you trouble, or making life miserable, and whom you wish to be cured from this disease, do not hesitate, but act at once. Alcohol has this victim in his clutches and fortunate one is not able to escape him. DISCOHOL has cured thousands of cure any one belonging to you. Write to us at once, before it is too late, as the 500 packages will soon be given away and each further cost \$1.00. NOW you can secure one FREE. Cut out this coupon today. Sent in plain wrapper.

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