One day a monkey charged to look In the clear water of a brook, Which, like a mirror, served to trace The features of his ugly face. Astonished at the novel sight, He cried aloud: "Sure, such a fright ne'er before have chanced to see In all my life! What can it be? If I had such a foolish look
As this strange monster of the brook (Although of course he's not to blame I'd drown myself for very shame! But, thanks to nature's partial grace, I've got a different sort of face." Just as the incident occurred. A bear was passing by and heard The monkey's prattle—every word. "Come!" said the latter, who espied His clumsy neighbor at his side. "This way a moment: just look here
And see a brute so very queer
You'll laugh yourself to death—at least
I never saw so strange a beast!" The bear replied: "Pray, look again. 'Tis your own image, full and plain, That scares you so; the cars alone Would make the picture surely known As yours, beyond the least dispute. Tis clearly no outlandish brute. But your own portrait, full and plain, In every part. Pray, look again!' In anger now the monkey spoke: Of course a bear must have his joke But pray be honest and admit (Though it may hurt your pride a bit) The image in the water there Is yours; it is not mine, I swear!" MORAL:

To fail their faults to recognize, However plain to other's eyes, Is (here's the moral) a mistake That men as well as monkeys make. —John G. Saxe.

PLATONIC.

Mr. Harper and Miss Kingsley were the editors of the Smoky City Independent, or rather he was the editor and she was his assistant. She edited the woman's column, gathered the fashion news and often wrote the verses for the poets' corner, and sometimes when they were short of compositors she would set a few stickfuls of type. Her position was no sinecure by any means. Smoky City was a progressive town; women voted at the school meetings, and there was some talk of nominating a lady for mayor. Of course the woman's column of The Independent must have much to say about woman suffrage and the like. Virginia Kingsley was a progressive woman; she believed in these things. So she drove her pen nearly through the bottom of her inkstand and wrote sharp things, to the admiration of the female portion of the community.

Miss Kingsley and Mr. Harper were the best of friends. They were not in love with each other. Brad Harper had never been in love, and as for Miss Kingsley she was too busy to think of such a thing. When she thought of Mr. Harper, it was as a sensible man 'with no nonsense about him," and he admired her for her pluck and grit. Sometimes he said that much of the success of The Independent was due to her

They were on the most comfortable nursing of Mrs. Smart, his landlady. terms and called each other Kingsley and Harper, with a total absence of formality. He called her Kingsley at he had sufficient strength she began the busy scribbler at the other desk was it and straightway repeat the offense, and she said he could not help it and that she did not mind, since it sounded of the thing she often dropped the mis-

Miss Kingsley did not object to tobacco smoke, which was a fortunate thing, since they had but one office between them, and Mr. Harper could not write unless he had a cigar in his mouth. He often felt some compunctions of conscience when the room became particularly blue with smoke, and once he said: "My dear Kingsley, I wish you would take up some horrible habit and avenge yourself. Couldn't you chew gum, for instance?"

"Don't mind me," Miss Kingsley replied good naturedly. "If I objected, 1 would let you know very soon. I advise you to light your cigar and get at work at your editorials; the foreman will call for copy before you have any."

Matters did not always run on smoothly. A rival newspaper was started across the street, and subscriptions day in December Brad Harper went over to Miss Kingsley's desk, and seating himself on the edge asked, "Well, what do you think of it?'

"What do I think of what?" asked Miss Kingsley, tucking her pencil behind her little ear. She was pretty, despite the fact that she wore her hair cropped short.

Of The Independent and things in general. To tell the truth, Kingsley, I don't see the use in trying to run the concern much longer. There have been precious few subscriptions renewed, and it is almost the first day of January. The outlook is dubious, to say

the least." He pulled his mustache and waited

for Miss Kingsley's reply. She made none, and he went on: "The plain unvarnished truth is that Independent stock is way down. The Banner, across the street, is twice as popular already. The trouble is we run the paper on too high a plane, while The Banner caters to the low taste of the masses. It is nothing but scandal and all uncleanness. The truth is, I have about decided to sell out. I am sorry on your account, however. You have been working on a starvation salary, and now to be thrown out of a po-

longer. Luck may turn." 'Not on my account," said Miss Kingsley quickly. "You have done enough for me already. You took me when I was as ignorant as a goose and let me learn the business. I suppose I shall find another opening after a

sition would be hard. Perhaps we

would better struggle on a few months

"Perhaps it would be a good thing for us to go to Chicago," said Harper, after a moment's reflection. "I intend to go as soon as I am well out of this. and if I find anything for you I will send for you. You are bound to suc-

ceed, for you have the regular journal-Istic instinct. I have always seen that." "I am glad that you think so. It is strange how you took me up. I got it spect."
into my head that I could write, and I "I w

sent my manuscripts around the country till I was disgusted. Not more than one in 15 was accepted, and I had about | hand desk drawer, addressed to yourdecided to drop writing and do housework for a living when I happened to and find that letter, I beg." think of asking you for work.'

"You never spoke of yourself before," Brad called out: "Haven't you found it said Harrer. "Why did you not? I yet? You have been gone long enough

mould have been interested, I know." "I had nothing to tell. I have been an orphan since I was 10 years old and have knocked about the world since then. As soon as I get settled the order

comes to move on." Harper put out his hand and gave hers a friendly shake. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly, "we must go to Chicago. I feel that I cannot get along without you."

The Independent fell further in disfavor when its editor took sides with the reform party on the temperance question. The editor of the rival paper sided with the popular party and wrote offensive editorials concerning "our esteemed contemporary" and his policy. To these Brad responded in dignified paragraphs and stated a few facts anent The Banner man which cut him keenly because they were strictly true. He hinted to some of his henchmen that if anything should nappen to "lay up" the editor of The Independent till the campaign was over it would be the salvation of their cause.

One evening when Brad returned late from the office he was conscious that some one was following him. As he turned to see who his shadow was, he was struck on the head and knocked down. At the same time a shot or two were fired from the opposite side of the street. It was in a lonely part of the town, but a crowd soon gathered, among them a woman whom the men recognized as the assistant editor of The Independent. She seemed to have all the common sense in the crowd. In a moment she dispatched one messenger for a doctor, and another for restoratives. which she applied to the injured man.

Virginia Kingsley, sitting on the curbstone with Brad Harper's head in her lap, knew for the first time her feeling toward him. What she said or did she scarcely knew, but after Brad had been taken to his boarding house and she had time to think it over she was haunted with a fear that she had said something expressive of feelings which were more than platonic.

Miss Kingsley did not nurse Brad. She was too busy running the paper. The Independent suddenly became popular when people saw the girl fighting the battle alone. The woman's column, the fashion notes and the poets' corner were neglected, while Virginia wrestled with the editorials. She kept up her side in the battle with The Banner man, and as she had her views about the assault upon Brad, and did not hesitate to express them, popular favor turned against The Banner and its head, and the sympathy of the town was with The Independent and its editors. The reform party gained the day, and its friends did not hesitate to say that their success was due to The Independent.

Brad was badly injured, and a serious illness was the result of the wound on his head. He pulled through, thanks to his good constitution and the faithful

Virginia did all the work of the pafirst by mistake, for he often forgot that taking her editorials to him for criticism, and before long he was able to not a man. He used to apologize for dictate to her. It was on one of these instances, when Virginia's pencil was running at its fastest and Brad was dictating an editorial on the silver quesso very businesslike. Just for the fun tion, that he stopped and laid his hand on hers. "Wait," he said.

Miss Kingsley held her pencil poised over the paper, thinking that he wished to make some correction.

"Kingsley, you kissed me the night was hurt.

She turned deadly pale. "Don't," she said. "Oh, don't remember that." "But I can't forget it. You kissed me and called me 'Brad, darling.' I did not hear any more, for I became unconscious. Now, I should like to know what such a demonstration meant. You cannot sharpen that pencil; your hands are trembling. Give me the knife." Brad went on talking in a steady voice, meanwhile cutting dainty shavings from the pencil. "The pencil was sharp enough if you had let it alone. If you were any one else, I should say you are nervous.

"But to return to that night that you kissed me. You and I were getting began to drop off. Things looked dark- along on purely platonic principles, as er and darker, so that at the close of a I supposed. We were pards, in the vernacular of this wild and woolly west, but I never heard of a partner who would hold a man's head in his lap, kiss him and call him 'Brad, darling. Of course this platonic business is played out; you can see that as well as I. The question is, What is to be done about it?"

> Through this long speech Miss Kingsley had been trying to find her voice, and as Brad paused for a reply she said hoarsely:

> "I intend to tell you, Mr. Harper, that I shall leave Smoky City as soon as you are able to take the helm again." Brad felt the tears rush to his eye. Brute," he called himself, under his breath, but even then he could not resist teasing Miss Kingsley:

> "Don't call me Mr. Harper. Can't you think of something more tender? I much prefer 'Brad, darling.'"

> He threw down the pencil and knife and tried to take Miss Kingsley's hand, but it was snatched away from him. "I think it is my turn now. Virginia -let me think of something less formal

> -Virginia, darling, you are not going away if I have influence with you." Miss Kingsley rose and gathered up the papers. "I will take these editorials and send over for the others. Mr. Harper, I did as you say I did the night you were hurt: I do not attempt to deny it. I am sorry that I had no more self control. I am surprised, though, that

you find so much amusement in throwing my folly in my face." Brad's face was very grave as he answered. "I am a brute. Virginia Kingsley-I almost said Harper-I love you. I should have said so like a man at first, but was sure that you knew my feeling for you, and I did enjoy teasing you a little. Forgive me! I am go-

if you will have me." You say this because you are sorry for me. You think I love you because I acted so that night, and you are trying to sacrifice yourself to my self re-

ing to marry you as soon as I am well,

"I would not do that even for you, Kingsley. If you doubt me, go into the next room and find a letter in the left self, and notice the date. Please go

She was gone a long time. At last

to read an my private papers. I suppose you have a right to my secrets now. Oh, Virginia, do come here. I

shall come after you unless you hurry. Miss Kingsley put the letter in the breastpocket of her jacket and buttoned. the jacket tightly; then she went into the sitting room.

"Do you believe me now, dear? I found out several weeks ago that the platonic business had come to an end, and we had to begin on a new basis. So let's form a new partnership now. Come here, Kingsley," stretching out his hand. "Kingsley," he pleaded, as she still held aloof, "I hope you don't think that letter a fake. I tell you, on my honor, that I wrote that letter, asking you to marry me the day I was hurt. You believe me?"

"Good girl. If you had received it then, would you have accepted me?"

"Yes," very slowly. "Then, by all that is aggravating, why don't you take me now?" asked Brad, making frantic efforts to reach her. But she moved away. "Oh, dear, was ever a man so shamefully used? If it were not for that gunshot wound! Don't take such mean advantage of a cripple, Kingsley. Come here, I want to show you about this edito-

But Miss Kingsley saw danger ahead, and she moved to a more discreet dis-

"Shot or no shot, I shall walk across this floor, Kingsley-oh, confound this leg! Excuse me. Come here, Virginia, like a sensible girl and kiss me. I don't believe you care a row of pins for me. 1 have proposed to you by letter and by word of mouth. I am a poor lame devil, half sick yet, with all the signs of a relapse coming on, and you won't call me 'Brad, darling,' again."

He rose and cautiously lowered one foot to the floor. "Ow! merciful goodness, what a twinge! Oh, do bring me something; there are salts on that ta-

Miss Kingsley, thus thrown off her guard, ran with the smelling salts and applied them to the sufferer's nose. Only for a moment, though, for the salts fell on the floor, and she was held

"It was a mean advantage to take," said Brad a moment later, laughing triumphantly, "but what else could I do? And truly that foot did make me wince a little. Don't try to look so severe, Kingsley. I know you are not half so angry as you try to appear. Now go into the next room again and find a little box in the lower right hand drawer of the desk and bring it to me." Virginia obeyed and then straightened

her hat before the mirror. "It is scandalously late, nearly noon," she said, "and press day too. I have ever so many galleys of copy here, to say nothing of the editorial which

you did not write." "Bother the paper. Its editors do ot became engaged every day. Come here, Kingsley, and let me see how this

"He buys a solitaire." she said saucily. "Independent stock must have

taken a sudden rise." "Don't be impertinent, child. It was my mother's ring. She told me to keep it for my wife. I think she would like you, Kingsley. Give me your hand, quick. It is time for my lunch, and I think I hear Mrs. Smart coming. A perfect fit. You ought to kiss me for

"Do you see what the clock tells? Where did I put my glasses? Oh, here they are. Good morning, Mr. Harper."

Smoky City has filled the predictions of the most hopeful boomers. It is a thriving city now. The Independent is the leading newspaper, and its editor is a rich man, Mrs. Bradley Harper keeps her carriage, and no longer wears an ink stain on the index finger of her right hand. "Mrs. Harper," her husband calls her very properly in company, but in private he always addresses her as 'Kingsley.''-Adelaide Rouse in Phila-

ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYED.

Labor Leaders Say That Not Enough Is Being Done and Make a Large Proposal.

Labor leaders are complaining that the government authorization to the local authorities to spend money upon relief works for the benefit of the unemployed is not taken advantage of in a half dozen districts. The result is that distress is rapidly becoming acute in most of the large towns, to the great benefit of the socialist and anarchist agitators. It is difficult to see what more the government can do, unless it go in for state socialism on a gigantic scale, for which public opinion is not

The latest proposal is that the government should guarantee loans for, say, \$250,000,000 to enable the carrying out of a national system of foreshore reclamation all around the coasts. Such enterprise, has certainly proved profit- nish the best figures for the picture able, and it is urged that Holland has demonstrated its practical and remu- talk over a bargain is as full of wit as nerative character as a government en-

There is no reason to doubt that in the London district alone the reclamation of the foreshores of the Thames, from the metropolis to the sea, is per- too hard, even in an old fifteenth cenfectly feasible, and would provide work tury palace. And even a Lorenzo or for thousands for many years, be of immense public benefit, and yield a good return on the outlay, but the government naturally hesitates to take the first step in such a vast undertaking.-London Cor. New York Sun.

To Be Determined at Leisure. A Milwaukee heiress was introduced to a young man the other day and re- hold duties are the same and the pleasmarked that she did not like the cut of ures of life are composed of the same his whiskers. He offered to shave them off if she would marry him, and she immediately consented. As soon as the barber and the minister could get in at home. But the surroundings and a their deadly work, the twain were made one. There may be a moral in this story for rich maidens or hirsute bachmodern life of Venice.—Boston Here elors, but we don't know where to find it. Those interested, however, may study it out at their leisure .- St. Paul

Utah's Resources. Utah has 8,000,000 acres of arable lands, watered by 1,000 miles of canals. One canal, that of Bear river, cost \$2,-000,000. The irrigated lands produce annually 6,000,000 bushels of grains. There are over 3,000,000 cattle, and the mines in 20 years have produced \$150,000,000 in gold and silver .- Ex-

VENICE OF TODAY.

OF THE DOGES.

Costumes Now and 200 Years Ago—A Constant Fete In the Streets All Day Long. Market Men Discusses Politics Across the

greatly to have changed their character, or their clothes, or their customs of life, from those of old paintings and plays and histories.

In the matter of clothes I refer of course only to the working people. Our seignorial selves have changed from the courtly garments of the Mocenigos and the Foscari sadly for the worse. There was a new play the other night at the Rossini, a clever dramatic scene of the period of the last of the doges, by Count Zugana, a local author and playwright. It was played by the Venetian comedy company of Zago and Privata, well known in Italy. The costuming was extraordinarily good for Italy, good for any country. The details were historically accurate, many councilors' gorgeous gowns and ladies' robes being actually family relics. The inevitable afterpiece of Italian theaters was a farce comedy of today. The same actors and actresses appeared in modern 'pants' and dresses, according to the latest fashion of Milan. The contrast

was painfully striking. So much for clothes. For types and characters in Venice today you have only to read Goldoni of nearly 200 years ago, or even earlier writers of comedy, to know them well. The dialect itself is but little changed. Goldoni's comedies are being played nightly in the people's theaters of Venice, as though the author were alive and writing satires upon the present generation of Venetians.

In the narrow streets, the dark little shops, which hug each other closely, side by side, are the same queer, open air sort of bazaars and boutiques of hand workers, unchanged since the first days of the republic. Cheesemongers, cobblers, iron workers at their forge, silversmiths, beaters of brass and copper, money changers and surgeon barbers are all plying their different trades their windowless shops, almost as though they were in the street itself.

Intermingled fruit, flower and vegetable stalls give gorgeous bits of color to the somber background of the narrow calle, and there is always a strip of heavenly blue, with perhaps a piece of a white cloud, up there between the roofs, to help "compose" the picture, like Paul Veronese's joyous canvases. There is a constant fete going on in the streets all day long. The sound of human voices, scraps of song, the clicking of wooden pattens and the musical tapping of metals furnish a perpetual accompaniment to all of your business and bargaining. The cheeseman disserving you, and uses his knife to accentuate the gestures of his argument. The price of a capon induces a quarter of an hour's discussion, which includes family news, the latest gossip of the parish, much good humored bantering and a final compromise on the

Babies and cats play in the middle of the street and look at you with wondering eves when you step over them. Pretty women pass you, with black shawls over their heads and red stockings beneath their short skirts. and show you graceful heels and insteps at every lift of the foot from their loose pattens. They have a word and a laugh, as they pass, for every shopkeeper and worker. Gondoliers swing by, their hands in their pockets, their hats tilted to one side, their coats thrown gracefully over one shoulder and a rose or a cigarette stuck behind the ear. They cannot help their unconscious grace any more than the dirty brown sails of a fishing boat their picturesque beauty. Every one is laughing, joking, bantering and bargaining. Life is sad enough, and has trouble enough. God knows. Most are poer, and many are suffering. But that is only a greater reason why they should make all the pleasure they can out of it. The small details of everyday life in Venice retain all their charm of color and romantic association, after you have ceased being a tourist and become impressions do not seem to fade, or become spoiled, through familiarity. The most commonplace things you do are tinged with an element of the picturesque and the poetical. The man from whom I buy small wood and coals has a shop which would delight the heart of a Dutch master for a subject. He himself, in it, with his blouse, red waistband, faded brown trousers and his silver white hair, accompanied by work, wherever undertaken by private his big yellow Syrian cat, would furwithout choosing. And his garrulous a dialogue in a play.

I do not mean that you live in a constant ecstatic state of poetry and romance. A cook, whose name is Angelina, will sometimes make an omelet an Antonio of a gondolier, with all the picturesqueness of his name and calling, can drink too much new wine on the very day your friends are to arrive.

The everyday doings differ in no great measure from those of modern mortals at home. There is the same business to attend to, and affairs to look after. that there would be at home. Houseingredients. You go for afternoon promenades, to 5 o'clock teas, dinnertheaters, much the same as you woul tendant circumstances of these fun modern life of Venice.—Boston Hera

A Prophecy For 1894. Dr. Parker, pastor of the City Temple of London, has been indulging in a wholesale prophecy for 1894: He says: 'Next year will be one of the brightest in the history of England. Russia also will have great prosperity and will make great advance. Germany, especially north Germany, will have a hard time of darkness and suffering."

MODERN LIFE IN THE FAMOUS CITY Street-Not All Poetry and Romance. The Venetians themselves do not seem

> ROLLING ACROSS THE OCEAN. The Curious Craft That Is Proposed by s In these days of revolutionary projects in matters mechanical and scientific unusual engineering exploits have lost much of their tendency to create surprise. Still that sensation may be produced in a mild degree by the latest cheme of ocean transportation which has reached us from France, and which has M. Bazin, not unknown in engipeering circles, for its author. M. Bazin proposes, in brief, to build

for us to price.

in Atlantic liner on eight rollers, with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attached, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the waves that 30 knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility, and will enable the passage from Southampton or Liverpool to New York to be made in four days. The rollers are to enter the water to a depth of about 26 feet, and revolve within a platform placed about 24 feet above the water, so that there will be a rolling instead of gliding body, as is the case in ordinary ships.

The rollers presumably are to be worked by engines to secure propulsion. M. Bazin claims to have settled by experiment that the stability of the roller type of vessel is at least as great as that of the ordinary type, and believes that the construction of his design of ship will' be much less costly than that of the usual description. According to French report, it is proposed to put M. Bazin's plans to a practical test by constructing a vessel about 400 feet long and of about 90 feet beam with rollers 75 feet in diameter, and 35 feet wide. The latter are to make 22 revolutions per minute. - Cassiers' Mag-

A MYSTERY OF DREAMLAND.

While the Doctors Were Helpless a Boy's Vision Effected His Cure. In Savannah, Mo., last June, Thomas, the 11-year-old son of a farmer named rheumatism of the right side and leg. fee and Spices a Specialty. Sole Agency for Antifermentine to precusses politics with the iron worker The pain was so severe that his parents across the street, all the while he is were obliged to keep anything from touching the body or limb. Drs. Martin, Kerr and Jefferies of Savannah could do nothing to stop the pain. On Thursday, Dec. 7, he fell into what seemed to be a trance and could not be aroused for some hours. When he finally awakened, being unable to talk, he wrote on a piece of paper to his parents that he had seen his two little dead brothers and sister. He said they told him to send to a certain field and at a particular place to scrape away the snow until they would find a bed of

moss, and under the moss a bunch of roots, which they were to bring to him. The doubting parents yielded to his entreaties, and going to the place found everything as the boy had stated. They brought the roots home, and the boy told them how he had been instructed to prepare an ointment with them. The ointment was made and applied to the seat of pain, the result being that the next day the boy left his bed. He car now walk as well as ever.

These facts are vouched for by O. J. Hurley, the editor of the Savannah Democrat, the physicians, and all of Gilpin's neighbors.—St. Joseph (Mo.)

Dispatch in Chicago Herald. A Workingman's Discovery. Some years ago a tobacconist discovered the utility of tinfoil for wrapping tobaccos. Theretofore paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not serve to keep the moisture of a partially settled resident. Your first the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry or heated atmosphere. Paper also absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting. Therefore tinfoil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness or thinness, beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to go. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to mashing the tinfoil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit

the manufacturer. Many ingenious inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets to the customary thickness, put the two sheets to-gether into the rollers and made both halves as thin as they were before. This was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tinfoil for tobacconists' use and made a mint of money for the discoverer.—Philadelphia Press.



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