

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

## LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

### Dire Effects of the Drought-Fighting the Kangaroos.

The past year has been disastrous to the stockmen, and consequently business of all kinds has suffered greatly," said Mr. Burchitt, a resident of Sydney, New South Wales. "For twelve months not a drop of rain has fallen in New South Wales, and as a result the cattle and sheep have died by hundreds of thousands. One man lost 150,000 sheep and 15,000 cattle, and many others have been ruined. This is the most severe drought since 1820, and has been so terrible that in many instances wild beasts, large birds like the emu, cattle and sheep may be seen struggling in the holes where the surface water collects. The rabbits are the greatest pests which the Australians have ever been called on to fight. They are so numerous that at times the plains for miles are alive with them, and are so thickly covered by the moving mass that little verdure there is covered from sight.

"The kangaroo is also a very troublesome animal, and since herbage has been cut off by the drought these animals come up boldly to the dwellings in search of food. The government and the stockmen expend large sums of money in exterminating these vermin. Ferrets and gun-powder are used to kill rabbits, and the kangaroos are surrounded by large bodies of men and killed by thousands. There is no apparent diminution, however, in the number of the pests, and it is becoming a serious problem whether they will not eventually drive the people from their stock farms. The damage done by wild animals and the disastrous effect of the drought have practically put an end to stock-raising in some portions of New South Wales. On ranches where a year ago the grass was twelve inches high the ground is now covered six inches deep with dry sand, which has been blown in by the wind.

Mr. Burchitt has been engaged in the wholesale tobacco business in Sydney. Speaking of the Australians, Mr. Burchitt said: "They are remarkably fond of athletic sports and racing. Cricket, rowing, football, etc., are generally indulged in, and so far as racing is concerned they go ahead of any other nation. The tracks at Melbourne and Sydney are the finest in the world, and the racing stock is of the very best. Betting runs very high, and immense sums are lost and won at each meeting. At the race for the Melbourne cup there are frequently 300 entries, with thirty starters. The attendance is generally from 100,000 to 150,000. The races are holy contests, and Martin Henry, the winner of the Melbourne cup last year, made two miles in 2:27, beating the best record ever made. He won by a head, carrying 106 pounds.

In reference to the settlement of the country it has come to be the case that squatters are taking up small farms in the midst of the grazing country, as they have a right to do under the law. Each man can take 640 acres anywhere he can find unoccupied land, and the water-courses are generally taken first. This compels the stockmen to buy out the squatters, and leads to a great deal of ill-feeling. "As one of the results of the drought," said Mr. Burchitt, "many stockmen who a year ago could draw a check for 100,000 pounds sterling, are now worth a 5-pound note. The banks hold all the land and the stock, and for their own protection must carry the ranchmen through until it rains.

### The Painter of Water.

Magazine of Art.

Mr. Wyllie's present vessel is a yawl of nine tons register (seventeen yacht measurement), built at Boulogne. She is christened Ladybird, is elegant to look upon, and by no means unsung to live in; but being of distinctly "furrin build" she is chaffed as unmercifully as the boat with the omnibus. Flat-bottomed, with a center-board, and possessing wonderful steering power and very light draught, she can be run ashore literally anywhere—a sort of independence absolutely necessary to an artist to whom point of view is everything. So erratic is the course which Mr. Wyllie steers in search of points of view, so remote and (apparently) unapproachable the spots on which he grounds, that he has built for himself quite a brilliant reputation as a daft and incapable navigator.

### Kind-hearted tug commanders.

With an eye to business when they sight the ladybird helplessly stranded, spontaneously offer to "take her off" for the ridiculous sum of 5 pounds sterling, and cannot for the life of them understand the skipper's refusal to accept their aid, and I believe they end by regarding him as a lunatic adrift. In this craft for years Mr. Wyllie has cruised in many waters; under all conditions of light and weather. Thanks to them he has learnt by heart the lower Thames and its affluents, thanks to them, the channel, its coasts on both sides, and its sands and islands have become even as old friends; thanks to them, he has studied the Zuyder Zee in storm, and mist, and sunshine, and explored nearly every canal in Holland.

### Traveling on a Title.

[Lord Ronald Gower.]

A genuine lord has no need as a tourist in a foreign land, to proclaim his aristocracy. I have traveled a great deal in America, and almost all the while incognito. My experience is that, though a title may be a passport into some circles of society, it is on the whole a drawback among your people. It subjects its possessor to two sorts of annoyance—that which arises from the common dislike of aristocratic eminence and that which comes from quite general doubt as to its genuineness.

### Benedict Arnold's Descendants.

[Toronto Globe.]

Benedict Arnold's three sons, Richard, Henry and John, visited Canada about 1789 to look after the land granted to their father—some 13,400 acres in Leeds and Grenville counties. They settled there, married, engaged in business, and left numerous descendants, who are now among the most prominent and highly esteemed residents of that part of the country.

Christian Union: Our educational systems are at fault not only in being antiquated, but also in being narrow; they are narrow because antiquated.

### As Though a Vassar Girl Would Flirt.

[New York Graphic.]

There is a rumor that one of the recent Vassar graduates dirtied for a month with a scarecrow before she discovered the mistake. This shows how little a Vassar education really amounts to.

### To the North Pole in a Balloon.

[First Barnaby in Fortnightly Review.]

Much has been said as to the possibility of reaching the north pole in a balloon, and the present writer has received numerous letters from people who declare that they can direct an aerostat. His reply to such communications is that he will be very glad to make the gentlemen in question a present of 100 pounds sterling if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free aerostat from one spot to another, and return, without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas, provided that they, on failing to do this, will give him 5 pounds sterling to assist a charity. Any person who subscribes to a scheme for reaching the north pole in a balloon, with our present knowledge of aerostatics, can not be practically acquainted with the matter.

So far as the solution of the problem how to navigate the air is concerned, we believe that balloons have done more harm than good. The attention of inventors has been diverted from what is probably the only feasible way to obtain the desired end—namely, the construction of a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere will be able to strike or blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose; electricity some day, perhaps will be available.

An engineer who has made electricity his study recently informed an assembly of gentlemen that in the course of ten years he believed it would be possible to compress enough electricity in a substance the size of an eggshell to drive an express train from London to Liverpool. Science has not arrived at this point yet, but who can tell, after the telephone, the phonograph, and the other marvelous discoveries of Edison what it may do in the future? Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force.

### The Fatalist's Terrible Test.

[San Francisco News-Letter.]

The world is full of fatalists. It is an easy and comfortable belief. I have been told a peculiar anecdote on this subject. At a frontier post the officers' mess was engaged in an ardent discussion. Wine had been freely partaken of, and with one of the strange caprices of intoxication, there was philosophy at the bottom of the glasses. The Mohammedan religion was the subject of argument. Mussulmans believe in fate. For them a man's destiny is written above, the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance it. Every one had something to advance or relate in pro or con argument.

In answer to one of the officers, who demanded to know of what use and to what purpose was reason and its controlling power if he were born with the tag of our destiny attached, another newcomer—arose and said: "Gentlemen, what is the use of discussion? Make a practical test of the question. Take me as the subject. Can a man willfully dispose of his life, or is the fatal moment chosen by a higher power? Try the question on me. Who will conduct the experiment?" No one answered. Then some one proposed a wager. "Done," was the answer. The subject drew a pistol, showed that it was loaded, and held it to his temple. "Twenty dollars, I believe. Who will pay if I lose?" He pulled the trigger and the pistol missed fire. "A joke," cried the crowd. The fatalist smiled. He recoiled the pistol and, with a steady hand, aimed at a clock on the wall. He fired and the bullet went right through the center of the dial. "Apologize now," said he. "I have won the bet. I always did believe in fate."

### The Elder Duck.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

The elder duck, after the wild swan, is probably the finest bird that frequents the Atlantic seaboard. They nest all about the island, especially among the long heather and reedy inlets on the eastern coast. The great precipices on which the Atlantic breaks are too steep and perilous, and the young birds, new from the nest, could hardly weather that tempestuous sea. From their earliest days, it is true, they are splendid sailors. When they grow older they grow somewhat unwholly, and are not difficult to shoot on the water; but the half-fledged bird is splendidly supple, and seems to dive with the fish. In clear, shallow bays we can see the little, downy morsels soaring themselves swiftly a foot or two under water, and when forced to the surface showing only the tips of their bills. At this season the family is under the maternal wing—the drake, till well on in autumn, leaving his consort to her own resources. Meantime the male birds keep together, and are found quite on the other side of the island, in parties of a dozen or a score. Why they should manifest such selfish unconcern for their offspring, at a season when one would fancy their services were most required, we do not know, but the fact is undoubted.

### A Steamer's Furnaces.

[Foreign Cor. Kansas City Journal.]

After two days out the coal began to grow poor, quite a common occurrence in these waters with 1,200 tons of coal aboard, bought for the best. This proved toward the bottom to be exasperating stuff, and every day each furnace had to be cleaned two or three times, which signified a loss of five or six tons of coal each time. The coal would clog and settle down on the burners. This would heat them to such a pitch as to cause them to melt.

The process of replacing these bars is awful beyond comprehension. The live coals are heaped out of the furnace, bundles of bars are thrown in upon the almost red-hot grates, and a poor human wretch rushes in with the bar. He can only stay inside for an instant, and if he does not succeed in getting the bar in place another man has to go in to finish the job.

You who have never been below in a steamer in the tropics have not the faintest idea of how hard a lot it is of that not inconsiderable fraction of humanity. I went down on a raw October day in the Pacific passage, and was amazed. I tried on the Regal in the Arabian sea, and actually could not get down. As I staggered back after the third trial the words burst from my lips involuntarily: "Great heavens, can it be that men are working in this temperature every day?" "Six hours at a stretch," was the reply; "we are a little short now. The regular watch is only four hours." I have no words at my command in which to characterize the awful heat of those lower regions of the steamer. I saw way down, down, far below the water's edge, men walking between red-hot furnaces, and on the tops of boilers, with not a breath of pure air, despite the appliances for their relief. From that day I longed for the end of the voyage, that I might no longer profit at such a terrible expense of physical endurance. The engineer told me the temperature never went below 160 degrees down there, and frequently higher—very much higher.

### He Didn't Like It.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"What are we waiting for, conductor?" inquired an impatient, clerical-looking traveler, as our train stood on a side track between Albany and Saratoga. "I thought this was the fast train, and yet here we have been for half an hour. What's the matter?" "We're waiting for a special to catch up with us and pass," replied the conductor. "Some big bugs on board, I believe." A few minutes later the special appeared, running like mad. There were only two cars, neither of them passenger coaches. Through their open doors could be seen the hind legs and the tails of a couple of high-toned horses; in the middle of the car sat a hostler with one eye on each animal; on the sides of each coach were painted the words "Special Horse Car."

With a snort and a rattle and a munching of oats in luxury at fifty miles an hour the special whizzed by. As the passenger train started out, an hour behind time, the impatient traveler fumed: "It's simply disgraceful. There ought to be a law against it. Making passengers wait for those rascals to pass! I am going to write a letter about it to the Independent. I never felt so insulted and outraged in my life. And I'll be late. I know I shall. Oh!" The impatient man looked as if he wanted to swear. But he didn't. He was a minister of the gospel from Albany en route to a country town to deliver an address at a college warning the students against the vice of sporting, gaming and horse-racing.

### Peculiarities of Pigeons.

[Chicago News.]

Pigeons are very peculiar in their habits, one characteristic being that they take up with strange pigeons and will fly away one or two at a time, with the stranger, until the whole flock has moved to new quarters and new masters. Another peculiarity is that the male bird will sit on the egg the same as the female, and furnishes half of the food for the young. The common pigeon is undoubtedly what was known to the ancients, and is the biblical dove which was sent out from the ark and returned with the olive branch. An interesting fact concerning pigeons is that they drink like cattle—with long continuous draughts—without raising their head. Another thing is, they feel their young with the white cur-like contents of the crop, the male being even better supplied with this tender food than the female.

### Feeding the Motor.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Considerable excitement was caused in Philadelphia, one day last week, by a rumor that the Keely motor was able to stand alone. Investigation, however, revealed the reassuring fact that it was leaning up against the wall in the corner, while the great inventor was feeling it stock out of a large, strong basket.

### A WONDERFUL SUBSTANCE!

The results which are attending the administration by Drs. Starkey & Paen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, of their Vitalizing Remedy for Chronic Diseases, give new surprises to both patients and physicians every day. Nothing like these results has heretofore been known in the treatment of disease. If you have any ailment about which you are concerned, write to them for information about their new treatment and it will be promptly furnished.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 608 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

### TRY GERMEA for Breakfast.

Vita Oil. Vita Oil. Vita Oil. Vita Oil. Vita Oil. Vita Oil.

Dr. Hestley's *Cery, Def and Iron* is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

### ANY SMALL BOY, WITH A STICK.

Can kill a tiger, if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

The liveliest girl this summer is Polly Ticks.

Don't take the risk. Dr. Roger's Heart Tonic will cure those dreadful symptoms. No heart remedy like it. J. J. Mack & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Sole Agents.

If you want a good smoke, try "Seal of North Carolina," plug cut."

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs, and throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Use Wellington's Improved Egg Food for Poultry.

### THE TROUBLE SAFELY OVER.

Stomach trouble is serious business while it lasts; but what a blessed relief to have it depart! Mrs. F. G. Wells, of 19 Atlantic street, Hartford, Conn., writes that she tried Brown's Iron Bitters for stomach trouble, and that she experienced relief that the trouble is now entirely over. She recommends this great iron medicine to all who are afflicted. It cures liver and kidney complaint.

### DR. PIERCE'S

Electro-Magnetic Belt is the only complete Electro-Magnetic Belt in the world. It is a general curative. Electro-Magnetic Belt, without Acids. Cures disease like magic. For male or female. Hand-drawn! Pamphlet. 704 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

## GATHERING RUBBER IN BRAZIL.

### The World Dependent on Trees Worked by Careless Natives.

[Exchange.]

Writing about the production and export of rubber in Brazil, Consul General Andrew says: "The rubber tree requires a growth of twenty to twenty-five years before it begins to produce, hence little or nothing has been done for its propagation. The milky sap which forms rubber is taken from the wild tree, which grows scattered through the forests of the Amazon and many of its affluents. The industry, being principally in the hands of an uneducated and half-civilized nomad population of Indian mixture, is of a crude character. Nothing has been done to improve the system of labor. A wasteful and exhaustive system has been followed for half a century, and the consequence is that millions of rubber trees have been destroyed and many others abandoned from premature and excessive use. There are instances of groves of trees, which, by careful use and by not permitting them to be tapped in the months of August and September, in which they change their leaves, have been yielding for thirty years, and still are in good producing condition; but the common practice is so wasteful that many well-informed people apprehend that, unless some remedy is applied, this rich resource will before long suffer a serious and perhaps fatal decline.

"The rubber tree thrives only on soil which is annually overflooded to a depth of three or more feet, and prefers the lowest and most recent river deposit. The rubber gatherers are temporary squatters, and their usual dwelling is a hut with low roof of palms, beneath one end of which there is a raised floor or framework of lath, one or two yards from the ground, to which the occupants retreat at high water."

The following description of the process of gathering rubber was written by Mr. Franz Keller: "Narrow paths lead from the gatherer's hut through dense underwood to each separate tree, and as soon as the dry season sets in he betakes himself with his hatchet to the trees to cut little holes in the bark. The milk-white sap immediately begins to exude into pieces of bamboo tied below and having their ends in little clay cups set under the gashes to prevent its trickling down the stem. He travels thus from tree to tree. On the return visit he pours the contents of the bamboos into a large earthen vessel provided with straps, which he empties at home into a large turtle shell. Without delay he sets to work to coagulate it with smoke of palm nuts, and pours a little of the milk evenly on a light wooden shovel, which he thrusts into the thick smoke issuing from a little narrow chimney made by the neck of an earthen bottle. He moves the shovel several times and to and fro with great rapidity, when the milk is seen to consolidate and to take a grayish yellow tinge.

"Thus he rubbers layer upon layer, until at last the rubber on both sides of the wood has reached a thickness two or three centimeters. Cutting it on one side, he takes it off the shovel and hangs it in the sun to dry. A good work man can thus prepare five or six pounds of solid rubber in an hour. From its initial color of silver gray it turns shortly into a yellow, and finally becomes the well-known dark brown of the rubber such as is exported. The more uniform, the denser, and freer of bubbles the whole mass is the higher price it brings. Almost double the value is obtained for the first-rate article over that of the most inferior quality which is nothing but the drops collected at the foot of the trees."

### Two Fiddles Just Alike.

[Youth's Companion.]

Governor Whitcomb, of Indiana, was a good musician, and played the violin with skill.

Once—this was forty years ago—while journeying on horseback, he stopped at a log cabin on a prairie. As he entered, a lame young man was strapping on a fiddle. He laid the instrument on the bed, and led the governor's horse to the stable.

Taking up the fiddle the governor tuned it and began playing. The young man returned and, seating himself, listened as one entranced. The governor played "Hail Columbia."

"If I had \$50," shouted the youth, springing to his feet, "I'd give every cent of it for that fiddle. I never in all my life heard such music!"

The governor, pleased at the compliment, continued playing until he was tired. As he laid the violin on the bed the young man seized it, carried it to the fire, where he could examine it, turned it over and over, and then called out: "Mister, I never saw two fiddles so much alike as yours and mine."

### Rushin on Second-Rate Art.

[Joseph Hatton's London Letter.]

A student asked "What is the good of second-rate art?"

"I am glad you have asked me that question," replied the professor. "Fifth-rate, sixth-rate, to a hundredth-rate art is good. Art that gives pleasure to any one has a right to exist. For instance, if I can only draw a duck that looks as though he waddled, I may give pleasure to the last baby of our hostess, while a flower beautifully drawn will give pleasure to her eldest girl, who is just beginning to learn botany, and it may also be useful to some man of science. The true outline of a leaf shown to a child may turn the whole course of its life.

Second-rate art is useful to a greater number of people than even first-rate art—there are so few minds of a high enough order to understand the highest kind of art."

St. Paul Pioneer: The state needs citizens, but she needs, above all, self-supporting citizens. And that system of education is politic and most perfect which best meets and fulfills the highest requirement.

Dr. Hestley's *Cery, Def and Iron* is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

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### BAFFLED!

#### One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Decrets Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly every one in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those horses and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of the victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange, sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a grayish-colored sputum. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated, and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the hair grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in various present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at 48 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly used remedies, but they were all unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face, which had been a sickly yellow, gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and knew that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficacy of Warner's Tippecanoe Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply excusable.

### INSTANTLY RELIEVED.

Mrs. Ann Lacombe, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALMSAM FOR THE LUNGS, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement. We administered it, and he was instantly relieved."

Why is a gun like a jury? It goes off when discharged.

"The play's the thing, wherein I'll reach the conscience of the king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effective means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

Who ever heard of a hat band playing a tune.

Smith's Cash Store removed to 115 and 117 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal. Ample room, increased facilities, 1000 useful articles cheaper than ever. Price list free.

### JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and All Other Bodily Pains and Aches.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations.

THE CHARLES A. YOUNG CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

### HOMOEOPATHIC BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a preventive of epidemic, a stomachic, an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for indigestion, bilious affections, rheumatism, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, is established upon the solid basis of more than twenty years' experience, and can be used by the most delicate and infirm.

STOMACH BITTERS

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### DRUGGISTS

USE WELLINGTON'S IMPROVED EGG FOOD FOR POULTRY.

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