"Tis past-and now the roses blow There war was raging years ago, And naught exists save friendlin

To you who made the traveler know In southern homes how warm hearts glow, Let even this halting verse express Some measure of true thankfulness, And grateful, loving memory show Between the lines,

--Walter Learned in The Century.

MOUNT MYSTERY.

We were lost in the heart of Costa Rica. There were six of us in the party, all young fellows with little or no experience. and when we realized our situation we

were in despair. When we started out from the coast it seemed to us that it would be a regular frolic to spend a couple of weeks among the mountains in the interior. At the end of that time the brig Pacific would be ready to depart, and we could then resume our journey to San Francisco.

The captain of the vessel endeavored to dissuade us.

"The natives are not likely to bother he said, "but very little is known of the country beyond the mountains. Strange tales have reached my ears, and although I am as fond of adventure as anybody, the trip would not suit me.' We laughed at the old sailor. We were

well armed and afraid of nothing.
"It is all right," I told the captain, "with proper caution there will be no We may make valuable discoveries and become famous explorers. It is time to unveil the secrets of this wonderful land, and it is nonsense to be frightened off by a few sailors' yarns."

The captain shook his head and said no We completed our preparations for the trip, and early one morning started off in the highest spirits.

When the discovery was made, after we had been camping out for about a week, that we had lost our way it appeared to muddle our basis.

Various attempts were made to head towards the coast, but in every instance we were compelled to return disheartened and uncertain as to our course.

The few natives encountered in our wanderings were unlike those along the seaboard. They were light colored, handsome and active, and fled at our approach, refusing to hold any communication with us.

One evening we camped on the por-ders of a lovely lake under the shadow of a frowning mountain.

"There is something queer about that mountain," remarked Walpole, the only sailor in our party.
"Queer!" I replied cautiously. "Every

thing is queer in this peculiar land. What is it about the mountain that strikes

"While I have been resting here." said Walpole, who was lazily reclining on the "I have been using my eyes. The mountain is as steep on this side as the face of a stone wall. If it is that way all around the top must be inaccessible." "Well," I answered, "who wants to

climb to the top?" "I do, for one," responded Walpole. "The luminous cloud or vapor around the summit and reaching down the sides is a strange thing. Just watch it for a mo-

I looked upward at the precipitous mass of rock. The cloud was stationary, and looked more like steam than anything

"Occasionally," said my companion, "I see birds fly out of the cloud, and after circling about for awhile they always return. Then, if my ears do not deceive me, and they are keen ones, I can distinguish various voices all coming from the direction of the cloud."

"Why, man, you are losing your enses," I interrupted. "If the summit is inaccessible what can there be up there to make a noise?"

"Birds at least," said the sailor, with a smile, "I can swear to seeing the birds. I don't know what else may be up there, but several times in the last half hour I have heard the clang of metal and the sound of human voices.

"He is right," said Hinton, another member of our party. "I have heard the

"Why not explore a little?" I suggested, indifferently.

To my surprise everybody agreed. The men were tired roaming about aimlessly with disappointment at every turn. They ere ready for anything for a change. In the morning two men started in one direction around the base of the mountain,

while two went in the other. Their plan was to proceed until they met, and then return together. I remained with one man at the camp.

Others might investigate Mount Mystery, as we called it, but I felt too fatigued for

During the day we founged about and watched the cloud wrapped phenomenon before us. More than once I heard a platter apparently in the upper air, and once or twice I was sure that I heard olces. Evidently Mount Mystery was a good name for this freak of nature.

Late in the afternoon our comrades returned. They had walked all day, covring many miles, and they had learned nothing except that the mountain pre-sented the same perpendicular wall-like appearance all the way around.

"At one place," said Hinton, "we saw tolerably large stream of water trickling lown the sides of the rock. So there is vater up there, and it may be that the whole surface is productive and inhab-

"You forget," I objected, "that it is impossible for any living thing except a bird to get up there."

"Of course I don't attempt to explain t," said Walpole, "but it is possible that ges ago the mountain sloped down, at east on one side. An earthquake or andslip may have left it in its present condition, with a whole tribe of people stranded there among the clouds. I don't say it is so, but that may be the way of it."

Night came upon us again, and we were glad to rest.

"What is that?" Hinton was standing over me pointing o the mountain. I was wide awake in a noment and listened intently.

High above the earth I heard voices

inging what seemed to be a barbaric bant. Mingled with the voices I could lear the clash and sonorous peal of nusical instruments. "What do you say now!" asked Wal-

ole, coming up.

Every man in the camp was awakened,

nd we spent the greater part of the night istening to the marvelous concert in the The dawn of day found us looking at

each other with pale faces and anxious

"Shall we break camp and move?"

asked. "Yes, to-morrow," replied Walpole. "Give me one more day. I have found out something this morning that may lead to a great discovery. Down there by the lake there is what appears to be a streak of moss running in a zig zag fashion up the mountain. Well, that moss fringes and partially conceals something like a rough hewn or perhaps a natural flight of narrow steps winding around up the mountain. I am confident that a sailor like myself could manage to ascend a considerable distance, and I am going to try it."

We raised a unanimous protest, but Walpole was obstinate.

"I will take off my shoes," he said, and by crawling on my hands and knees and by hugging the face of the rock it will

There was no way of talking him out of the notion, and as he could climb like a cat we finally agreed to let him try it. It was slow work after the brave fellow had got fairly started and we watched him in breathless suspense. He crawled at a snall like pace, never looking down, but keeping his eyes fixed on some point

Two or three of the men made a terrible effort to follow him, but soon had to retrace their steps. The pathway was so carrow that only the most expert and surefooted climber could make his way.

It was midday before Walpole reached the edge of the white cloud or mist. After

that we lost sight of him. How far was he from the summit after ne entered the cloud? Would he be able to proceed? World be raturn alive?

We asked each other these questions as we waited for the result. It was perhaps an hour after we had ost sight of Walpole that we heard a cracking, grinding noise.

We looked at the mountain, and to our unutterable horror saw great fragments of granite falling over the mountain side, carrying with them the last vestige of the steps by which our poor friend had as-

The debris rattled down into the lake, leaving the wall perfectly upright and even, without the slightest projection to which any one could cling.

As the sound of the falling rocks died

away we shouted the name of Walpole. If he heard us in the luminous mist above he made no reply.

We spent one more night of anxiety and suspense at the foot of Mount Mys

There was absolutely no hope of ever seeing our lost companion again, but we could not tear purselves from the place. For the last time that night we heard the ringing songs and the triumphant music in the cloud. It seemed wilder,

"They are rejoicing," said Hinton, over the capture or death of Walpole." I did not Soubt it. It was not likely that these strange dwellers in the air would spare age from the earth below who found his way into their midst.

louder, more exultant than before.

The tumult on the mountain lasted until daybreak. There was nothing to be gained by delaying our departure, and it was with a same of relief that we marched off, hoping this time to reach the coast.

It would be tiresome to relate the story of our trials. We made our way to the little port where the brig awaited us, and told the captain all about the tragic adventure of Mount Mystery.
"I dreaded something of the kind,"

said the old man. "Do you know that the mountain has figured in our sea stories for more than a century? I do not believe in anything supernatural, but I believe that if any explorers ever reach the top of Mount Mystery they will find a tribe of people who, with their ancestors, have been cut off from the rest of the world for hundreds of years. As for poor Walpole, it does not matter whether he is living or dead. He is de He will never get out of that big white cloud and find his way to the plains be-

So we sailed away in the Pacific, and from that day to this I have never heard anything further from the mysterious land in the luminous cloud.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

The Sepulchral "Whistling Buoy."

Perhaps other people are familiar with 'whistling buoys," but the one anchored off Monhegan was a novel sight to me. It lies about two miles away to the northwest, and is made apparently of sheet iron, in shape like a large old fashioned locomotive smoke stack, inverted. sailed out to examine it one day, and with much interest watched this great black mass bobbing up and down with each wave, and uttering a grim "moo" (the sounding is by no means unlike the lowing of a mournful cow) as the waves dashed up inside the drum. It was an eerie sight, and I soon had enough of it. Perhaps the fact that the waves were high and the breeze nearly gone, may have contributed to my sensations of queerness. At any rate, we did not get away as soon as I wished. I have since learned that the buoy has broken loose and drifted away. What consternation must it cause the unwary fisherman who shall be out alone at dusk in a small boat and shall see this large black body approach and groan in its sepulchral way. Let us hope that it has ere this been captured and again put in bondage.-Cor. Boston Transcript.

The Ladies' Fishing Season.

The ladies' fishing season is now at hand. It requires large inducements to tempt women to go fishing, and hence the early days of September are assigned to them in these waters. The reason is that then the festive snapping mackerel, as it is called in Long Island sound, or the young bluefish, as it is termed along the Jersey coast and at the Long Island sea-shore, becomes ravenous. It is only necessary for the men to row the women among a school of young bluefish for the latter to believe themselves great anglers. Of course "no gentleman" will tell his fair companions that to catch ten snapping mackerel it requires only the letting down of a line having hooks enough for one half of them. Five fish being hooked, five other hungry ones will hang on to their tails .- New York Times.

Care of an Umbrella.

Don't continue the practice of dripping the umbrells by the ferule. Turn it the other way, that is, handle down, when you come in out of the rain. The general way is bad for the umbrella, for it rots the material at the coverging point of the frame wires. Any umbrella man will say that the proper way is to let the water run from the frame tips. A good many will object to this good advice because they ion't want the pret* handle moistened. But the handle will arr, or if not quick enough it would be better to wipe it. Um brellas should not be permitted to dry folded. Open them to dry them .- New Orleans Times Democrat.

THE TURKISH HAREMS.

MRS. LEW WALLACE OPENS THE DOORS OF FORBIDDEN ROOMS.

Shady Gardens Where Nightingales Sing and Rushing Waters Cool the Air-Turkish Women and Cosmetics-Bath Rooms of Alabaster-Passing the Time-

The word harem means the holy or sanctifled, and in a general sense is given to any spot peculiarly hallowed. I was a long while earning that the name applies to the spacious nclosed court about mosques; not a barred prison but consecrated ground, revered as a sanctuary. However blank and bare the renainder of the house may be—and usually is -the forbidden rooms are well furnished according to Moslem fancy, in which is copied, as far as possible, their ideal paradise an adorable palace with a thousand windows, and before every window a sparkling foun-

Free light, abundant space, shady gardens where the nightingale sings among the roses, and rushing waters cool the air. These are the luxuries which foreshadow the golden pleasure fields kept for the faithful by the

ouris. The women, old and young, assemble in the sacred rooms, with the children and attendants, and they are the center of the world to the home-keeping Turk, who cares nothing for travel and never emigrates. His spare time and money are spent there, and he wife is, in the tender Arabian phrase, he keeper of her husband's soul.

Turkish houses are much alike. The entrance is through a double door, large enough for horses and carriage. Beyond it is a swing screen, suspended like a gate, which hides the vestibule, or court, when the street door opens. Two outside staircases appear, one leading to the men's apartment, the other to the women's. At the first land-ing the visitor finds the black aga or guard before the door of the apartment to which only one man is admitted, and which is forbidden to the sight and thought or all men gave that one.

There is no special place to eat or sleep in. A low divan, running round the wall of each room, is made a bed by night, the clothes being kept in presses by day. In imperial palaces the coverets are of Lahore stuffs, embroidered with colored silks interwoven with pearls and turquoises, the sheets are of fine cotton barred with stripes of silk like satin ribbon. The pillows have silk and gold, and during summer asosquito nets of Tripoli gauze, spotted with gold, are suspended by gilt hoops over the sleeper. Nothing gayer or daintier can be imagined. Formerly cashmere shawls served as "spreads" for the beds of the rich.

The small round mirror, framed in velvet, s always at hand for toilet use; and the layng on of cosmetics is so deep that it is named "face writing." Turkish women understand the arts of repairing the ravages of time, and their toilet service is varied and

effective. Every Turkish harem has its bath rooms, hree in number, if the owner is well to do. The first is square, chiefly of marble (in the ultan's palace, of Egyptian alabaster), ighted from a glass dome. A large reservoir ouilt against the outer wall, with an opening into the bath, contains the water, half of which is heated by a furnace below it. Hot air pipes throw intense heat into the room, fountains lead the water from the reservoir. and here the rubking process is conducted.
The second room is less heated and furnished only with a marble platform holding mattresses and cushions, where the bathers repose after the fatigue of ablutions too many for description. Here they smoke cigarettes, eat fruits and sweets and finally wrap themselves in soft burnouses and pass to the outer chamber, where they drowze and doze on downy couches till they recover from the steaming heat and the languor that follows a long, warm bath.

Besides these, there are public baths where women spend many hours in gossip and the passive enjoyment of being thoroughly rubbed, brushed, combed and perfumed.

I once met a famous lady bought with a

great price by a high official of Stamboul. She was a Georgian, I think, with hair of reddish gold—the sunbright tresses of Medea -ivory white skin, eyes black as death, the antelope eyes of the poets. The faintest line of antimony drawn on the lids at the root of the long lashes added to their luster and the

witchery of her glance.

She wore the yashmak and, as only ladies were present, I begged her to remove it so I might see her unveiled loveliness. She complied without affectation of timidity or blushing and returned my gaze with smiling serenity, too well used to open admiration for embarrassment. I cannot recall her name, it was something which being interpreted might mean Tulip Cheek. A rivierer of pearls lay on her neck-snow on snow-and the exquisite mouth was a very Cupid's bow,

My princess must have been a peerless maiden ten years before, now, unhappily, growing stout as eastern women usually do: the result of the luxurious living and much eating of sweets. Her manner was soft and gracious, her aspect the repose of supreme content.

The seclusion of the harem gives much time for discussion, and many a question of grave import is there debated. The women are well informed in politics, fond of intrigue, and so artful that our missionary, Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes: "Any one who has a private scheme to advance, a policy to develop, an office to gain or to keep, a boy to provide for, or an enemy to crush, sends his wife to the harem of a grandee.' Women here bring about the most astound-

ing results.

Their manner is ceremonious during formal calls, and they still kiss the hem of the garment in deference to age or superiority. In familiar places they have a sweet frankness like untrained young girls, and listen with interest to accounts of our ways of living, how we keep house, do great charities, manage the churches. "How hard," they say in tender pity, "that life may be good for you, but would not be at all good for us. You are made for work; we are made for love; this suits us best." So they lean back on the silky cushions, taste the conserve of rose and of quince, light their cigarettes and are happy.—Susan E. Wallace in New York

When Potatoes Are Done. Jessup Whitehead, the gastronomic writer. says the infallible rule to know when fried potatoes are done is this: When first thrown into the fat they sink; when done they rise and float. After that it is only a question of color when they should be taken out.—Boston

An Old Complaint.

The papers of Guadalajara are complaining that many ladies that go the performances of the Pastor zarzuela troupe wear very large hats, which prevent those sitting behind them from seeing what is going on on the stage.-Chicago Times.

There is grumbling in Gotham because the tipping nuisance has extended to the maids who at receptions look after the wraps of the lady guests.

TRAINING FIGHTING DOGS.

Improving Their Grip, Reducing Flesh

and Cultivating Wind and Limb. A man who owns several fighting dogs and who also owns a barroom not many blocks away from Washington square, explained the method of training a dog to a reporter, as follows: "Well, take my dog Grip, for example. Say I make a match for him to fight at twenty-four pounds. He has been hang-ing about the bar doing nothing but eat and sleep for six or eight months and is conse quently fat, short winded and lazy, as well as ten or twelve pounds over weight.

"I must put him to work at once so as to be ready, but I must begin slowly. Every morn-ing before breakfast I take Grip out and walk him around Washington square half a dozen times at a brisk walk and then back to the house. With a rough towel I give him a good rub down and sponge out his mouth with a clean sponge. He is now ready for breakfast, generally a piece of raw beef. In the afternoon I give him another two or three mile walk, a rub down and sponge his mouth. Giving him three times a day a good substan-

"A few days of this and Grip is feeling as bright and chipper as you please. Then the walks become longer, with an occasional run, and I add some exercise in the house. This consists principally of chasing the ball. I'll

"Here, Grip! and a fat, lazy looking bull dog came lazily from behind the bar. A rub-

ber ball, about half the size of a baseball. was taken out of a box and sent spinning across the floor and Grip went after it. He picked it up and brought it to his master, giving it up with a wag of the tail as naturally as a well trained setter. When he is in training I keep him at that

work for two or three hours a day," con-tinued Grip's owner, "besides the walking it gets the flesh off of him and gives him good wind. After the training has gone on for a couple of weeks I give him long runs and slack up on the walking. Sometimes I'll hitch him under a light wagon and drive at a smart jog up to Central park and back. He'll make it after two or three trials without turning a bair

'Another essential thing has to be looked after, his grip. The way this is cultivated is by taking a heavy crash towel and making the dog bite it. The way that a bull dog will hang on is something marvelous. I can make that one take a towel and can drag him all over the place, or even lift him off the floor and carry him the length of the room, provided his jaw is in good condition and the towel holds. He gets anywhere from half an hour to two hours of this work every day, and after he has been at it for two or three weeks he'll hold on until you kill him or his trainer tells him to let go,
"It generally takes about a month to get a

dog like Grip into first class shape, and when he is there he is fit to fight for a man's life." -New York Press.

A Dining Room Mystery.

A gentleman who was invited out to dipe at a Delaware avenue residence lately, ob-served that the chandeller over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess, "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea, one may invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now last Tuesday I gave a supper and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of those pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were quite taken aback and awfully glum at first. But began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything." The gentleman looked up. He was under a blue light.-Buf

The Right Hand and the Left.

As I stood on the curb talking with an accomplished anatomist the other day he offered to bet me that I could not tell which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand for the wager. But he ob-jected. He said he did not offer to bet me that I could not show him my right hand, or extend him my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand-that is, that I could not describe it in words so that one who never heard of the distinction we make between the right hand and the left would be able to find it. I thought that that would be easy enough, also, until I thought it over, and then I had to give it up.

Said the anatomist: "There are plenty of criteria within the body which define its place such as the heart, the liver and the duodenum. But on the outside of a perfectly formed human being there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left, and no one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person can find it. If people were am-bidextrons, and were not taught, from childhood, to use one of their hands more than the other, it would be almost impossible for them to know which is which. I often think of this when I hear any one say to some on whom he wishes to stigmatize as a fool that he 'can't tell his right hand from his left,' as I do also when I read that God said to Jonah about Nineveh, in which he said were 'more than six-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand, "—Chicago Journal.

A State Deer Park.

The state of New York is about to embark in the enterprise of raising and keeping deer. Last year the legislature voted \$5,000 for the establishment of a state deer park in the Catakill mountains, and recently the forest commission designated Frank C. Parker to take the matter in hand. Mr. Parker will try to find two men who know the habits of er, and with them tramp the Catskills to find a suitable state paddock. When located and purchased the ground will be fenced in and efforts will then be made to catch deer and keep them in the park.-Chicago Herald.

Drawing Room Meetings.

An Englishman with a missionary spirit has issued an appeal to evangelicals to provide "drawing room meetings," at which those who attend should be required to wear evening dress. "We dress to go out to dinner, why should we not dress to read the Bible to-gether?" is his original theory.—Chicago

Natives near Asheville, N. C., get \$1.75 a pound for ginseng root, which they dig in the woods, for exportation to China.

The city of Madison is a phenomenon, from a western point of view. It has never had a

Gen. Robert E. Lec's Bible. Very few things are lost in this world. They may disappear for a time, like the ten tribes of Israel or the pencil that is put over the ear for safekeeping, but will appear again, like the bero in a modern novel, "later Twenty-five years ago a regiment of Maine soldiers were encamped at Arlington Heights, and the boys, understanding that anything belonging to the rebels was common property and therefore subject to confis-cation, ransacked the old Lee mansion pretty thoroughly. They esptured old pipes and cigars and wines and pictures and everything that was portable. Of course they did not need many of these things Such articles which had belonged to Gen. Lee had a peculiar interest and were very desirable. One soldier who arrived late after the desired articles had been taken found the old family Bible and sent it down east to his home in Maine. There were Bibles in Maine, but

turned home and found to his surprise that the Bible contained all the usual ingredients, including the ten commandments and Apoc-rypha, but in addition to these, between the Old and New Testaments, was a complete family record, giving the history of the Lee family for the past 200 years. The soldier was sorry that he had taken the book, but too proud to acknowledge the fault, and so he seld his peace. In the meanwhile biographers were at work on the life of Gen, Lee, and certain dates regarding the birth and marriage of his ancestors were wanting. If an old family Bible could be found it would afford the necessary information. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, and by and by came a letter from Maine saying the Bible was in the possession of a soldier's widow, who would gladly restore it to the owner. Before the property could be recov-ered, however, the widow died, and then came another long wait until the estate was settled. But at last the book was fully identified and turned over to a messenger, who passed through Boston on the 25th ult. carrying it back to its old place at Arlington Heights. The foolish act of a boy soldier has hindered the completion of important historical work for years, but the Bible is at last re stored to its owner, and the biographer can now complete his task.—Boston Globe,

The Savage Stage of Childhood. Like the savages of today, those flerce pro

enitors of ours must have delighted in the orture of captured enemies. Thus, during long ages, compassion was unknown, and it appears to have been lately acquired by the now dominant races. Indeed, even among so highly cultivated a people as the Romans, is emained almost unknown until comparatively recent times-say 1,500 years ago-in proof of which may be noted their heartless fondness for the bloody sports of the arena. The emotion of pity, then, appeared late in the history of the race; and, in view of the law of our development, which carries us along the path our ancestors have trod, how can we expect our boys to be anything else but cruel! How far is it judicious to go, in trying to alter the natural course he will not hare until later? This last question is inviting, but we will not go into its solution at present, contenting ourselves with observing that because a boy shows no compunction at giving pain to a captive bird, or calmly lacerates the feelings of a family of squirrels, merely to give himself a few soon neglected pets, is no reason for expecting him to grow up a monster of cruelty. And we will further venture to suggest that much of the immorality of boys is a necessary consequence of their descent, as a corollary of which follows the aphorism of my witty friend, "A good boy is diseased."—John Johnson, Jr., in Popular Science Monthly.

When Mrs. Cleveland Held the Reins There was a bit of anecdote connected with this delightful episode of the visit of the mistress of the White House to Philadelphia, which is related at the expense of the gallant commander of the United States army, Gen. Sheridan. When all of the seats in the tally Cleveland had mounted the driver's box and was ready to give the horses their heads, Gen. Sheridan was invited to occupy the vacant seat. "Who is to drive us?" asked the general, as he glanced up at the fair occupant of the driver's seat. He was informed that Mrs. Cleveland would hold the ribbons. "Then I'll go into the next carriage," said the hero of Winchester, who had faced many a belching battery without a tremor, but who hesitated at the prospect of a tumble in a ditch, so President Roberts, of the Pennsyl-vania railroad, climbed into the vacant seat and was whirled safely to the depot, while the man who had made the most dashing and reckless ride of the war to save his army was drawn sedately in the rear.—Philadelphia

Cut flowers may be preserved fresh, it is said, for a long time in the following manner: Get a glass shade and place it on a non-porous vessel to form a stand; put water round the bottom to keep the shade air tight, then procure fresh cut blossoms, put them in water immediately, drop into the water in which the flowers are placed a small quantity of spirit of chloroform and place the shade over them at once. The flowers thus treated, some writer says, will keep fresh for months, but one should hardly expect they would be in a very fresh condition after their four weeks' confinement, but the new preserving process is worth try-ing. Care should be taken to have all in readiness. As soon as the chloroform is put in place the shade over them, and water always kept round the bottom. large soup plate would do for this.—Scientific American.

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S PENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. S. I. O. O. F.

WMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6. Meets on the second and fourth Wedness

EUGENE LODGE NO. 15. A. O. U. W. Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. M. W.

J. M. GEARY POST NO. 4c, G. A. R. MRETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fri-days of each mouth. By order. COMMANDER. BUTTE LODGE NO. 267, I. O. G. T. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' W. C. T.

L RADING STAR BAND OF HOPE, MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday after-noen at 2:30. Visitors made welcome.

O. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Mail Train worth, 4:35 a.m. Mail train south, 9:35 p. m. Eugene Local—Leave north 9:00 a.m. Eugene Local—Arrive 2:30 p. m.

OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY POSTOFFICE.

General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.
Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Roscister, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Malls for north close at 8:00 P. M.
Malls for south close at 8:00 P. M.
Malls for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday
at Thursday. and Thursday.

Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and
Thursday.

Eugene City Business Directory.

BETTMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets CRAIN BROS.—Dealers in jeweiry, watches olocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clething and general merchandise, Willametts street, between Eighth and Ninth. GILL, J. P.—Physician and surgeon, Wi ette street, between Seventh and Eighth. HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquora cigars and a pool and billiard table. Willam-ette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith, rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale, Repairing done in the neatest style and war-ranted. Shop on Ninth street. LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willam-ette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquers and cigars, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth. POST OFFICE-A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office. RHINEHART, J. B.—House, sign and carriage painter. Work guaranteed first-class Stocks sold at lower rates than by anyone in Eurene.

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BOOTS AND SHOES! And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devete my especial attention.

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