

**GIGANTIC REPTILES.**  
Familiarities of the Varieses Found in the East Indian Country.  
In an article by Rev. J. E. Tenison-Woods on the snakes of the Indian archipelago, he observes that the cobra never exceeds the length of about fifteen feet, and that a larger snake with which it is often confused is a different species, called *Hamadryas ophiophagus*. The hamadryas, which resemble the cobra in having a hood or dilatable neck, attains the length of fifteen feet, and feeds chiefly upon lizards and snakes. It is arboreal in its habits, but shows a great partiality for water, to which it will readily take. It is very fierce, and is ready, not only to attack, but to pursue human beings. Its venom is nearly as deadly in its effect as that of the cobra. Mr. Tenison-Woods has heard of many instances of its ferocious character—that is to say, of its turning on those who attack it, and showing fight. At a picnic party (he says) some officers of the Twenty-seventh regiment gave chase to a large hamadryas; but they had not gone very far when it turned on its pursuers and quickly scattered them. It then took to the water, where it was followed by two of the party in a boat; but it soon tried the effect of boarding, and made the rowers exert their powers to get away. Mr. Tenison-Woods makes mention of sea-snakes as being wonderfully numerous in all the seas of India and China. It is difficult, he says, to exaggerate the numbers one sees on the surface of the water on a calm day. "When off the coast of Borneo in her Majesty's ship Pegasus we had some very fine calm days, when the sea was like glass or oil. On every side we were surrounded by specimens of these reptiles between two and three feet long. I have seen the same thing on many different calm days; in fact, I don't know any place where they seem more numerous than the Borneo coasts. I frequently saw nearly a large an assemblage in the Philippine seas. I should say that bathing was a perilous business in these localities, for the serpents are very venomous, and there are many authentic records of disastrous results from their bites."  
Mention is then made of the *Python reticulatus*, or boa. This species is said to be very numerous, and has a disagreeable habit of coming to live in the thatch of houses, emerging at night to take its prey, in pursuit of which it is not particular whether this is some of the rats and mice of the house or the chickens and fowls of the poultry-yard. Mr. Tenison-Woods proceeds: "Recent writers have described the fear which the natives have of this reptile on account of its sometimes attacking man. This I can not believe, and wherever I have been in the Malay peninsula, Java, Celebes and the Moluccas, I have never found the natives much afraid of them. As to their swallowing a man, or even a large child, the idea is too preposterous to be seriously entertained. Neither do I believe that its muscular strength is so great as generally believed, though no doubt its crushing power is considerable. There was an instance of this in the Raffles Museum at Singapore. A large living python was kept in the show-cases of that museum. It made its escape and was found on the floor by the attendant in the morning. He tried to put it back into the case, and a long struggle ensued. The serpent wound itself round the man's body and tried to crush him; but the man's strength enabled him to unwind the coils with much effort and make his escape. I think he said that the length of the snake was about eighteen feet. If its strength was of the usual kind it will be hard to believe those stories of its prodigious crushing power. Among many specimens brought to me at Perak, the largest I met with was twenty feet long. It had been captured with scarcely any violence, so that as a specimen it was in beautiful preservation and full vigor. The Malays brought it up to me in an excited and livid state, dragging it along by a small bamboo loop fastened behind its head. The creature was active, and constantly getting more of its head through the loop than was safe for the man who held him. Whilst I was making a bargain with the captors, it writhed far out of the loop and savagely bit one of the Malays on the calf of the leg. As its teeth are all recurved, they could not be immediately disengaged, and so the Malays, excited by their comrades' cries, fell upon it with their long knives and hacked it to pieces. The head of this serpent, though the reptile was of such great length, was not as big as a man's hand. The result of my inquiries leads me to believe that pythons invariably fly from the face of man, and are formidable to no larger animal than the deer and small wild boar of the jungle."—*St. James' Gazette*.

**AN INDISPENSABLE TOOL.**  
How the Augur Was Discovered and How It is Manufactured.  
The principle of the augur now in use all over the world, is said to have been discovered by accident. In 1680, Benjamin Pugh, an Englishman, while watching some boys working endeavoring to bore a hole in the ground with a piece of iron barrel hoop, noticed that after the hole had been sunk some distance into the earth, and the pliable metal of their improvised tool had become heated, it twisted and carried the dirt up to the surface nicely, and he could not see why the same principle should not apply to wood. The invention of the augur was the result.  
The screw-auger was an American invention, and was invented about one hundred years ago by Thomas Garrett, who lived in the vicinity of Oxford, Chester County, Pa., where most of the black augurs are still made. Most of the bright tools are made in the East, but one of the principal manufacturers is in Philadelphia. The old-fashioned pod augur is still used in England and Germany. The single screw augur is also an American invention, and was discovered by accident by a Philadelphia. It is the only augur that can be used to any satisfaction in very hard woods where the double screw augurs become clogged.  
In the olden time, and until less than fifty years ago, the feature of the manufacture was the excellence he could produce in quality, and as nearly every thing was made by hand, it did not receive the beautiful polish that, at the present day, adorns the cheaper and inferior implements. In preference to a polished surface, the inventor and manufacturer of double twist augurs made the twist black and unpolished. It thus showed the handwork that had been put upon it, and it is still a well known fact that hand-made tools are far superior in quality and workmanship to all others. As manufacturing industries increased, augurs began to be made with a high polish and beauty, but the consumer soon found they were of inferior quality, and would inquire for the black twist augur, knowing it to be the old-fashioned, genuine kind.  
Although every one is perfectly familiar with this commonplace tool, but comparatively few know the process of its manufacture. In making augurs the iron which forms the main or spiral part is welded into the steel of which the tip is made before forging. The bar then is put under hammers and forged into shape. It is then put into what is called a "wringing machine" and twisted up in a rough shape into the spiral form, after which it is passed through "crimpers" giving a uniformity of twist. The augurs are next put through "straighteners" and revolved, making them perfectly straight when they are ready for putting on the head, which is the most delicate operation in their manufacture, and requires the work of a skilled artisan. They are then subjected to a "grinding out" process, which consists of putting them through two rubber wheels to rough polish the twist. The "fitter up" then takes hold of them and "lightens" or fits the head; then the flers file down and sharpen the heads, after which they pass through the hands of the polishers, where they are polished and hardened ready for market.—*Stoves and Hardware*.

**RACE AND LANGUAGE.**  
Why the Distinctions of the Former Must be Older Than Those of the Latter.  
On the monuments of Egypt, more than four thousand years ago, the Libyans are represented with the same fair European complexion as that of the modern Kabyles, and the painted tomb of Rekh-mara, a Theban Prince who lived in the sixteenth century before our era, portrays the black-skinned negro, the olive-colored Syrian, and the red-skinned Egyptian with all the physical peculiarities that distinguish their descendants to-day. The Egyptian language has ceased to be spoken even in its latest Coptic form, but the wooden figure of the "Sheikh-el-beled" in the Bulaq Museum, carved six thousand years ago, reproduces the features of many a fellow in the modern villages of the Nile. Within the limits of history racial characteristics have undergone no change.  
I see, therefore, no escape from the conclusions that the chief distinctions of race were established long before man acquired language. If the statement made by M. de Mortillet is true, language is thus a characteristic of community, and not of an individual. The neglect of this fact has introduced untold mischief not only in philology, but into ethnology as well. Race and language have been confused together, and the fact that a man speaks a particular language has too often been assumed, in spite of daily experience, to prove that he belongs to a particular race. When scholars had discovered that the Sanskrit of India had belonged to the same linguistic family as the European languages, they jumped to the conclusion that the dark-skinned Hindu and the light-haired Scandinavian must belong to one and the same race. Time after time I have taken up books which sought to determine the racial affinities of savage or barbarous tribes by means of their language alone. Language and race, in short, have been used as synonymous terms.  
The fallacy is still so common, still so frequently peeps out where we should least expect it, that I think it is hardly superfluous, even now, to draw attention to it. And yet we have only to look around us to see how contrary it is to all the facts of experience. We Englishmen are bound together by a common language, but the historian and the craniologist will alike tell us that the blood that runs in our veins is derived from a very various ancestry. Kelt and Teuton, Scandinavian and Roman, have struggled together for the mastery in our island since it first came within the horizon of history, and in the remoter days of which history and tradition are silent archeology assures us that there were yet other races who fought and mingled together. The Jews have wandered through the world, adopting the languages of the people among whom have settled, and in Transylvania they even look upon an old form of Spanish as their sacred tongue. The Cornishman now speaks English; is he on that account less of a Kelt than the Welshman or the Breton?  
Language, however, is not wholly without value to the ethnologist. Though a common language is not a test of race, it is a test of social contact. And social contact may, indeed, very generally does mean—a certain amount of intermarriage as well.—*Prof. Sayce, in Nature*.

**A JAPANESE FUNERAL.**  
Cremation and Inurnment of a Buddhist High Priest.  
A month ago the high priest of the temple across the creek from the foreign settlement of Yokohama died and his body was cremated. His ashes were placed in an urn and then in a pine box in the shape of a miniature temple, and the priests from all the dioceses were summoned to take part in the funeral services. The long interval between the death and final rites robbed the affair of any exhibition of poignant grief, and every thing was given up to the exact forms and elaborate ceremonies of the Buddhist funeral ritual. The son of the high priest succeeded to his father's office by inheritance, and he prepared himself for the services by days of fasting and prayer, and at the ceremonies knelt below the officiating priest and wore the plain white robes of a mourner. He had no part in the service, and was like a statue until he rose and, taking the mortuary tablet from the altar, walked behind the casket from the temple to the graveyard.  
The priests came from near and far, some arriving by train on the day and at the hour of the funeral, and hurrying to the temple with servants carrying bags full of ceremonial robes at their heels, slipped their brocade on in the ante-room and joined the solemn company sitting in rows like so many images. The hundred and odd priests sat at either side of the altar with the casket before it, and for general effect nothing was ever more dazzling than that row of smooth-faced, shaven-headed priests in superb brocade garments that glowed with all the richest colors and glistened with gold thread. The services consisted in chanting by all the priests in chorus, and in responses to the intoned readings of the high priests. The big temple drum was struck at stages of the chanting, and the priests played on an instrument that resembled the bundle of reeds or pipes that the god Pan played in Greek mythology. The noise was a harsh, shrill wail, combining the worst of bagpipe and flute melody. They chanted from open books, and, standing, held plates of pierced brasswork from which they sifted the leaves of the icho tree at regular intervals, these leaves being prayer symbols in the Buddhist service. While the chanting and pipe playing was going on, the friends of the deceased came forward one by one, and kneeling at the edge of the mats, prostrated themselves in prayer and sprinkled incense in the large bronze burner. Later the incense burner and the box incense was passed before the priests, each one muttering a prayer and dropping a pinch of fragrant powder on the coals.  
As the procession of priests wound out through the crowded courtyard, passed under the heavy gabled gateway and down the long terrace steps to the street, it was a brilliant and dazzling spectacle. Their rich brocade robes shone with gold thread, and many of them were fifty, sixty and more years old, heirlooms handed down from one priest to another, and now priceless and impossible to duplicate. The rich, soft old colors, toned by age, are as different from the gayish colors of the modern dye pots as possible, and except in temple services and at the great theaters one seldom sees these old brocades now. An attendant carried a large red umbrella over the head of each priest, and as the line of rainbow color and glistening bullion threads came down the long terrace steps, it was a fine picture. As the procession went out the long street crowded solidly with Japanese, every thing was swallowed up and hidden but the red umbrellas, and these flaming signals alone marked the line of the funeral train. At the graveyard there was more chanting, incense food and flowers were laid at the tomb, and the ashes of the high priest were finally at rest.—*Yokohama Cor. N. Y. Sun*.

**SCHOOL AND CHURCH.**  
—A Harvard senior has thirty handkerchiefs with lace on the edges nailed up conspicuously in his room, each the souvenir of a distinct summer flirtation.  
—The very core of healthy and happy discipleship is the willingness to deny self and to let the Master have his way. This principle runs through the deepest, richest experiences of the consecrated believer.—*Cuyler*.  
—Prof. Drummond and his co-laborers have induced a band of athletic young Christian men to devote themselves to work among the tenement houses of London. The professor thinks that this spectacle will do more to inspire a belief in Christianity than a whole library full of books on dogmatic theology.  
—At Hartford, one day recently, a little child told his papa that he could name the first five books of the New Testament without looking at the Bible. They were, he said: "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Hatchet," and then, thinking people looked queer, he hesitated and added: "Well, hatchet or axe, it's about the same thing."  
—Two ex-presidents of Yale are still living—Dr. Woolsey and Porter. Of the two, Dr. Woolsey has the greater power of recollecting the names and faces of Yale graduates. His memory is wonderful, and he often astonishes an alumnus by recalling some trivial detail of the past which had entirely passed from the mind of the younger man.  
—In New York there is one Methodist Episcopal church to each 25,961 of population; in Chicago, one to each 16,304; in St. Louis, one to each 25,000; in Cincinnati, one to each 10,500; in San Francisco, one to each 17,500; in Cleveland, one to each 13,888; in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, one to each 7,575; in Milwaukee, one to each 16,500; in Detroit, one to each 8,750; in Indianapolis, one to each 6,000, and in Columbus, one to each 6,366.—*Public Opinion*.  
—The *Southern California Advocate* reports another magnificent donation of lands to the University of Southern California by Mr. D. Freeman, the owner of the Centinella ranch near Los Angeles—\$500,000 in all given to found a school of applied sciences, \$100,000 for building and apparatus and \$500,000 for endowment. The buildings will be in the vicinity of Inglewood, the new and beautiful town on the Ballona branch of the California Central.  
—At the recent Episcopal Missionary Council in Philadelphia one of the speakers said that he knew a wealthy New York Episcopalian who paid \$800 for an opera box, and who in church on Sundays drops five cents into the alms basin. The *Christian at Work* says that this recalls the family who, after making a trip that cost \$800, and returning home because they couldn't take into the car with them their dog, for which they had been paying \$5 a day board at a hotel, gave as their united contribution \$5 for foreign missions.  
—Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, is enlarging several lines of its missionary work. In its Bethel Mission there are two daily kindergarten schools with four teachers, a day nursery and a dispensary, a sewing school, besides the Sunday-school and evangelistic services. The young men are about to establish a new mission, including a Sunday-school and preaching service, reading room, a coffee room and an industrial school for boys. The church attributes a large share of the support to the regular city mission.—*Christian Union*.

**SOCIETIES.**  
**EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M.**  
Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.  
**SPENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Tuesday evening.  
**WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 2**  
Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month.  
**EUGENE LODGE NO. 15, A. O. U. W.**  
Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. M. W.  
**J. M. GRARY POST NO. 46, G. A. R. MEETS**  
at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order, COMMANDER.  
**BUTTE LODGE NO. 307, I. O. O. F. MEETS**  
every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall. W. C. T.  
**READING STAR BAND OF HOPE, MEETS**  
at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Visitors made welcome.

**O. A. C. R. TIME TABLE.**  
Mail Train north, 2:45 A. M.  
Mail Train south, 2:35 P. M.  
Eugene Local—Leave north 2:00 A. M.  
Eugene Local—Arrive 2:40 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.  
Register, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Mails for north close at 8:00 P. M.  
Mails for south close at 8:00 P. M.  
Mails by Local close at 8:30 A. M.  
Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.  
Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday.

**LEPROSY IN EUROPE.**  
The Awful Disease Being Gradually Propagated by Chinese Emigrants.  
The warning voice uttered by the rector of Greatham, as to the spread of leprosy, brings us face to face with a terrible danger, as little understood or experienced by Englishmen as is the black death or sweating sickness. To most of us leprosy is happily only a name, associated mainly with Scriptural incidents which seem scarcely more remote from ourselves than the disease itself. Yet there can be no doubt that this malady, one of the most hideous that afflicts mankind, is actually among us at this moment, that its tendency is to keep a firm foothold wherever it shows itself, and that it is constantly widening the area of its dreadful influence.  
According to Archdeacon Wright, the disease is being spread all over the world by Chinese emigrants. They have carried it to California, New Brunswick, the Cape of Good Hope and the Sandwich Islands, where it was previously unknown; and either they have brought it into Europe themselves or it has been brought by Europeans who have been in contact with them. All the specialists in skin disease in Paris are said to have lepers among their patients—soldiers, sailors, merchants, sisters of charity, missionaries and others. Epidemics of leprosy have broken out in more than one of the provinces of Spain, the disease having been brought home by sailors. There are lepers in the hospitals of London, Dublin and Glasgow, and Archdeacon Wright mentions, on authority he does not doubt, that a short time ago there was a case of leprosy in an English village. In fact, the two points to be borne in mind are themselves sufficiently suggestive of grounds for alarm, the first being that the disease itself has of late years increased in activity, and the second that, in more or less degree, it is to be found all over the world. Any accidental circumstance which might develop its virulence would at once produce a worldwide epidemic. The train is laid and needs only to be fired.—*St. James' Budget*.

**WORK FOR WINTER.**  
Why Cold Weather Need Not Entail Idleness on the Farm.  
Much valuable work may be done in winter; and by a proper and judicious division of farm duties the hurried labor of spring may be somewhat avoided. One great source of loss in winter is allowing the shocks of corn to remain in the fields to be injured by the weather, as well as affording harboring places for mice and vermin, instead of hauling the same to the barn there to remove the ears of corn and husking them under shelter, by which means the fodder will be brighter and better, while every portion of the stalk may be conveniently made of some value. The straw-stacks should also be carried to the barn; there along with the cornstalks, passed through the fodder-cutter, to be reduced into very short lengths and either fed to stock or used for bedding. This may cost something for labor, but when it is considered that unemployed help costs as much as that which can be put to service, the real value of the labor is very little. Every ounce of food saved by careful preparation is a clear gain, and the winter work in that respect is but a continuance of that left over from the fall. The manure heap is another winter-work shop, as it is the most important material on the farm. No matter how cold the weather may be, there are certain times when the materials of the manure heap require turning over, not only to prevent overheating, but to throw the coarser portions to the center, where they may, in turn, be reduced to a fine condition. Without entering into the details of the necessary repairs required for the farm buildings and fences, and for the inspection of the machinery and implements, the fattening of stock is a winter occupation, the work of which should be done completely before spring in order to be in readiness for the plow when the frost shall be out of the ground. Farming is an all-year-round business, and permits of no idle time, if rightly managed, as it includes the growing of crops during favorable seasons, to be manufactured on the farm into milk, butter and meat during the periods when little can be done in other respects, for winter can really be made a busy season if the farmer shall so desire.—*Philadelphia Record*.

**THE MASCULINE WAY.**  
Mr. Bixby's Superior Method of Selecting and Buying Beefsteak.  
"The trouble with you women is," said Bixby to his wife, "that you talk too much, especially when it comes to business. A man can buy and sell a cargo of wheat while a woman is ordering a pound of steak. You ought to hear me give an order for meat, and profit thereby."  
Mrs. Bixby did hear him the next day. She walked down town and heard him say to the butcher:  
"Ah, Blood, got something in the way of a nice steak to-day, something rich and juicy for me? Can't palm off any stringy, gritty meat on me. And you want to cut it the right way. Blood, half the steaks are ruined in the cutting of them. What's steaks worth to-day? Twenty-eight cents? Great Scott! You can buy beef by the car-load on West on foot for six cents a pound. Somebody's making an outrageous profit. Beef ought not to be worth a cent over fifteen cents here, and there'd be money in it at thirteen cents. No, I don't like the look of that piece of sirloin. It isn't the right color to suit me. Beef to be tender and sweet should be—let me see that piece hanging up there."  
In something less than half an hour he has bought two pounds of steak, and as they walk away he says triumphantly to Mrs. Bixby:  
"There, my dear, that's the way to do business, that is."—*Tit-Bits*.  
—A Hudson man has invented a process for making hollow brick. He claims superiority over ordinary brick, because they will not retain moisture, hence a hollow wall will not be necessary.—*Michigan Farmer*.

**HUMOROUS.**  
—We've known several women to be outspoken, but we're still looking for one that's been outtalked.—*Duluth Paragon*.  
—Mother—"You must put your dollie away to-day, Flossie; it's Sunday, you know." Flossie—"I'm just playing she's dead, mamma, and we're having a funeral."  
—"We've got a hen that laid two eggs in one day," boasted a six-year-old girl to a companion. "That's nothing! My papa has laid a corner-stone."  
—*Philadelphia Times*.  
—A new style of carving-knife has been invented which works on the plan of scissors. If it can find the joint in the leg of a duck, we'll agree to buy one and join the church.—*Life*.

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**It Brought the Ice.**  
"Confound it all," said machinist Makepenny, "the steam pipes in the office are all frozen up! Confound the cold weather, and that office boy, too. Between them both, they'll break me!"  
"It's all your fault, anyway," said the office boy.  
"All my fault, is it? Why, confound it all, you young pie-eating rascal, what do you mean, anyway?"  
"Why," said the boy, looking wildly toward the door, "you wanted some ice yesterday, and told me to hang the ice card in the window, and there it is now."  
"What's that got to do about it?"  
"Lots, you bet! You've got all the ice you want, haven't you?"  
"I haven't seen it. Where?"  
"In the pipes, of course!"—*Tableau*! —*Boston Budget*.

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