

### THE TIPPING EVIL.

Walters Should Not Be Paid Extra by Customers.

It is to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the rich that the growth of "tipping" is mainly due. But, while the result is not oppressive to them, it has become a serious tax on persons of moderate incomes who travel much or who eat their meals in restaurants. The person who can afford to pay anywhere from \$2 to \$5 for his dinner does not care what he will give the waiter. To the man or woman of moderate means who pays three meals a day at a restaurant the service is sufficiently good to agreeable the necessity of paying fifty cents a day for "tips" is a serious addition to the expense of living. If three meals cost from \$1.50 to \$2 an increase is from 16 to 20 per cent. Over \$100 a year compulsorily spent in "tips" is a sum which, if saved, would do more to many people the difference between continual pinching and a fair degree of comfort. Ten cents is the low "tip" that can be given in a good middle-class restaurant. Now, if a man has a chop and a glass of beer or a cup of tea or coffee for lunch at the rate of thirty-five or forty cents he is expected to give twenty-five per cent. additional for the privilege of giving the restaurant-keeper a large profit, as the cost of the meal, with all expenses added, is the highest not more than two-thirds of the amount charged.

The necessity for "tipping" is ever on the increase. Even at the lunch-counter down-town where the hurried diner sits upon a swinging stool, it is customary to "tip" the waiter, and the patrons also "tip" the carrier.

The cafes of the large hotels, where an abnormally high charge is made for refreshment, the waiter who brings an order from the bar to a table expects a tip. If the system extends much further the bar-tender who pours a glass of beer will want ten cents instead of five.

The public has become so accustomed to the necessity of "tipping" that there is no organized public opposition. Some people who really can not afford to "tip" either do so and stint themselves in other directions, or patronize cheap and uncomfortable restaurants where "tips" are not expected. There will be a public move against this practice, because people who banded themselves in opposition to it would foolishly fear the called mean. Hotel and restaurant keepers claim it is impossible to run the system, because some selfish people would always try to get the better exercise by continuing the "tip," and therefore they (the proprietors) are not acting wisely in taking advantage of the public's weakness. This is a needless argument, for the experience of nearly all the best clubs where gratuities to servants are absolutely "forbidden" is that equally good attention is paid to all members. Selfish people would be the first to cease giving "tips" when they found that so doing did not bring any advantage.

Reform is only to be hoped for through the action of hotel and restaurant keepers who will possess enough intelligence to see that larger profits can be made by ridding the public of the habit. To many, almost intolerable burdens. Any man who will start a good restaurant or hotel in which there shall be a strict and rigidly enforced rule against "tips" will almost assuredly receive more patronage than he can accommodate. It would need only a few well entering wedges to generally re-educate the public of this irksome and unnecessary tax.—Epoch.

### Arctic and Antarctic Icebergs.

It is not generally known that a marked difference exists in the form of icebergs of the two hemispheres. Some of the Arctic ocean are irregular in shape, with lofty pinnacles, cloud-topped towers and glittering domes, whereas the Southern icebergs are flat-topped and solid looking. The former reach the shore by narrow fords, but the formation of the latter is more regular. The northern are neither so large nor so numerous as those met with in the southern ocean. In 1855 an immense berg was sighted in 42 degrees north latitude, which drifted about for several months and was sighted by many ships. It was 300 feet high, sixty feet long and forty miles wide, and in shape like a horseshoe. Its two ends enclosed a sheltered bay measuring forty miles across. A large emigrant ship ran into the bay and was lost with all on board. Only about one-ninth of an iceberg is visible above water. There are several well authenticated accounts of icebergs 1,000 feet high having been sighted in the southern ocean. This would make their total height 9,000 feet, or nearly two miles.—Science.

The later statistics do not improve the record of some New England States in the number of divorces granted by the courts. In New Hampshire in 1897 there was one divorce for every three marriages. In Maine in 1897 512 divorces were granted by the courts. Thoughtless hasty, thoughtless marriages are to blame for many of these, as alcohol, but probably hasty, thoughtless marriages, and unkind and neglectful acts of husbands are responsible for a larger number.—United Presbyterian.

### A Man to be Envid—Dumley—

It was that gentleman that touched Dumley so politically to you just now, wasn't he? Hardecub—My tailor, Dumley (with an envious sigh)—Ah, it must be a glorious thing to be treated in that way by one's tailor.—The Epoch.

### USES OF PARAFFINE.

How Mineral Oils Have Served to Lessen Many Kinds of Labor.

There seems no end to the multitudinous fashions in which mineral oils come to the aid of man. And yet how very recently have these uses been discovered. But a few years have elapsed since the days when the red Indians of North and South America, the tribes on the shores of the Caspian and Red Seas, in short, primitive man, wherever dirty black grease, oozing through dark mud, smoothed the water of sluggish streams—brought their sick, suffering from cutaneous and rheumatic diseases, to be healed. Accident and experience had taught them this value of that floating oil, but that was all.

The so-called fire-worshippers (attracted by the weird flames which sometimes played on the mountain side, kindled by the spontaneous ignition of gases) had indeed erected a temple at Baku, where the sacred fire was fed direct from the soil; but it had not then occurred to enterprising men that the oil which floated on the lake, and which, when ignited by means of blazing straw, produced such fairy-like illumination, could be turned to account; nor could the wildest dreams of the earliest oil prospectors on the Caspian or in the United States have conceived the possibility of a commercial success so amazing as that of the oil traffic which has been developed within the last thirty years. Paraffine has well nigh supplanted the various oils and greases previously in use throughout the whole world, even to the remotest Hawaiian, Tahitian or Fiji isles, where the cocoa palm has ever afforded the purest of vegetable oil.

Nor as an illuminant alone has the kindly earth-oil been turned to use. It has revealed such precious properties of soothing and healing, such excellence as lubricating oil for machinery; it has yielded such varied preparations of vasaline for wounds and for toilet purposes, that merely to catalogue these would be a task. And now, to all previous services another is added—perhaps the most domestic of all. Mineral oil offers to be the ready benefactor of that great body of women whose lives are embittered by the ever-recurring toil of the wash-tub.

It seems that by the addition of a very small amount of mineral oil to boiling water and soap almost all manual labor in clothes washing is dispensed with; for at the end of half an hour the clothes will be so clean that little further is required save to rinse them out in two or three hot and cold waters. The smell of paraffine is not pleasant during the boiling process, but after the final rinsing no trace of it, it is said, remains, and the clothes are easier to iron. Henceforth all temptation to use deleterious bleaching powders must surely be at an end, for nothing can be cheaper or simpler in its application than this use of mineral oil, which has no injurious effect whatever on any animal or vegetable fiber.—St. James' Gazette.

### KILLED BY A COBRA.

A Snake-Charmer Falls a Martyr to His Faith in His Own Powers.

India has just lost a snake-charmer, one Kondajee Mubojee, who fell a martyr to his belief in his own powers. A lad six years old, named Vittoo Heorree, was bitten by a cobra at Mazong, Bombay, and, as usual, a snake-charmer was at once sent for. Kondajee arrived at the spot in half an hour, but the boy was already dead. The snake-charmer inquired where the cobra had taken refuge, and, on a woodpile being pointed out, he removed the wood, found and seized the snake, and endeavored to make it bite the boy, declaring if it did so the child would at once be restored to life. For two hours he persevered, but the snake refused to strike the body, and, at last, irritated beyond endurance, turned and bit Kondajee in the hand.

The snake-charmer calmly placed the snake in a copper vessel and then sat down. A vehicle was sent for and the man placed inside, but by the time he reached home he was dead. The story testifies strongly to the belief of snake-charmers of India in their power over the snakes, and to the existence of a superstition that the second bite of a snake will restore the life that the first has taken away. The apathy of the Hindoo is evident by the fact that the snake-charmer used no effort whatever to save his own life. Whether he thought that he was proof against its ill-effects was not stated in the evidence given at the inquest held on the body of the child; but it is clear that he had no belief in the virtues of any antidote or mode of treatment.

It is most probable that he was confident in the powers of the drugs, ointments or charms he had previously used to protect him, for the evidence of the spectators showed that upon finding the snake in the woodpile, he had seized it without the slightest hesitation. It is certainly singular that a man accustomed to handle snakes should have been so convinced that their bite had power to restore life as well as to cause death.—London Standard.

The ambitious youth who achieves a measure of fame never hides his light under a bushel, but he frequently gets himself into a peck of trouble.—Boston Gazette.

A favorite amusement of the Pope is said to be that of catching birds in a huge net which has been made especially for him. After having played with the birds he sets them at liberty.

### SOME LIVELY KICKS.

Vigorous Extracts from a Late Issue of the "Arizona Kicker."

**OUR POLICY.**—Heretofore, as our readers know, the Kicker has almost entirely abstained from publicly criticizing the evils which all know to exist under our noses. We have become tired and disgusted with ourselves for this lack of spunk, and next week we shall open a red-hot campaign on the mayor.

The common council, the fire department, all secret societies, the saloons, the gambling dens, and on various other organizations and institutions reeking with corruption.

It will be a spicy issue. It will make more than a ton of human hair stand on end. It will make a thousand hearts thump like pile-drivers. Chicanery, deceit, hypocrisy, theft, robbery, arson and murder will be properly tagged off and the tags pinned to the right coat-tails.

Order your extra copies at an early rate. Advertisers should send in their copy by Saturday. Don't neglect this golden opportunity. Another may never come.

**A CANDID OPINION.**—We have received visits from several of our leading politicians to inquire why the Kicker doesn't take a decided political stand in favor of one party or the other. It is a question easily answered. We are not publishing a newspaper for fun. Our convictions all run to publishing a dictionary or an almanac, thus leaving as neutral in politics.

If the Kicker flies the Democratic flag and hastles for Cleveland and Thurman it must have some solid assurance that after election the editor will receive a call. A call with a salary of about \$3,000 hatched to it would just about fit our shape.

If the Kicker puts up the Republican ticket and blows for its success it must have something in writing to fall back on after election. We think we could fall back on a post-office of the second class and not fracture our anatomy.

We sat up all night last night waiting for a committee of Prohibitionists to come along and get down to facts, but the bridges were down and they didn't come. We don't say that it all depends on the Kicker which party rules for the next four years, but we do solemnly affirm that the editor will keep clear of the whole mob and publish nothing but poetry and local news unless some pretty solid promises are held out to arouse his slumbering convictions. We are not for sale, but we do hanker for office.

**STOPPED HIS PAPER.**—Old Steve Bridgeman, who has several times been alluded to in these columns as the nearest white man in Arizona, has stopped his paper because we did not have a column editorial on the Fourth of July. He says we are no patriot, and that a man who can't whoop 'er up for Independence Day is a cussed rebel, and he didn't come. We don't say that it all depends on the Kicker which party rules for the next four years, but we do solemnly affirm that the editor will keep clear of the whole mob and publish nothing but poetry and local news unless some pretty solid promises are held out to arouse his slumbering convictions. We are not for sale, but we do hanker for office.

As to the Fourth of July, we were born on that day. As to patriotism, we've got more in our heels than old Steve could hold in his whole body. The man who intimates that we don't take off our hat every time we hear the name of Washington is a liar and a horse-thief. Our editorial on the Fourth was a solid chunk of patriotism weighing twenty-five pounds, but was crowded out to make room for the advertisement headed: "How to Cure a Bad Breath." We know our gait and we think we know the great need of most of our townspeople. As to old Steve Bridgeman, we are expecting two or three of his six or seven wives to drop in on us any day and furnish us some powerful good reading matter. Don't be uneasy, Stephen—we'll get to you in a few days.

**WARNING.**—We are no fighter. We have neither the sand nor the muscle to make one. We always knuckle under unless there's a chance to run. We admit to a dozen lickings in the last three months, and in every case we were the only one who suffered. However, we want to warn the coyote who plastered our office door with mud the other night that the worm will turn. We are the worm. When we turn he had better look out. We can be kicked, buffed, insulted and abused up to a certain limit. How far off the limit is, we don't know; but when we reach it, we shall be a bad, bad man to fool with.—Detroit Free Press.

**Half a Dozen Dark Sayin's.**

A bully wins about de same 'mount ob respect as a mule's heels.

Modesty is a mighty good p'int in a 'oman's make-up; der sweetest berries grow in de shade.

It doesn't cost any thing ter say howdy when you meet a man ob it makes the road 'pear shorter.

Advice is sometimes like boue-sot tea; hard ter swallow but does a heap ob good when you get it down.

Education ob 'common sense make a pow'ful team, but if dey's got to pull single, 'common sense is the best nag ob de two.

If people would prais' de Lawd fer their success half as much as they blame Him fer their failures, we'd hab a snag more churches in de land.—Judge.

An Allentown, Pa., firm of tailors employs a pretty young lady as collector. If a debtor murmurs something about being short of money and hints at "cudling again," she smiles sweetly at him and takes a sent from which she seldom rises without the money due in her hand.

### AN UNCOMMON DIAMOND.

The Excessive Hardness of the Gem Known as "Round Bort."

Within five years the study of the diamond by scientists has developed some of the eccentricities of this most precious of nature's formations. One of the most extraordinary of these eccentricities was brought out recently by an experiment at Tiffany's great establishment in this city. In a recent lot of diamonds purchased by the Tiffany's was a fine specimen of "round bort," and Mr. Geo. F. Kunz, the mineralogist employed by the firm as a gem expert, determined to test its hardness on the polishing wheel. "Round bort" is a distinct form of diamond, called by the French "extreme durete," and is harder than any other kind of diamond known to exist. The specimen to be experimented with had been cut into the usual form of the brilliant, and its "table" or face was placed on the polishing wheel. For 100 days it was kept on the wheel, which revolved 2,800 times per minute. The point at which the diamond came into contact with the rotating surface was about fifteen inches from the axis. It was calculated that the diamond passed over a surface amounting in the aggregate to 75,000 miles. Notwithstanding that the pressure on the diamond was gradually increased from two and one-quarter pounds (the usual weight) to forty pounds the gem refused to take a polish sufficient to give it a commercial value. On the contrary, it plowed into and badly damaged the wheel, throwing constant scintillations in all directions.

In a paper prepared by Mr. Kunz on the subject of peculiar specimens of rough diamonds he refers to this "hard round bort." "It is," he says, "often called the 'rolled diamond,' but this is a palpable misnomer, since the diamond can not be rolled. There is nothing in nature hard enough to abrade it except the diamond itself, and this is never found in sufficient quantity. Moreover, the form under consideration is quite uncommon and so excessively hard that it could never be abraded under any natural circumstances, not even with an entire pot-hole of diamonds, a very unlikely occurrence. It requires 100 days to put a slight polish on a surface five millimeters square. The Koh-i-noor, with 2,000 square millimeters of surface, was cut in thirty-eight days of twelve hours each, while it took 1,000 hours, nearly twice as much time, to polish five millimeters of surface on the specimen of hard bort."—N. Y. Times.

### DECAYING MANNERS.

Jennie June Laments the Decline of Social and Domestic Sweetness.

Higher education has something to do with the gradual decline in that social and domestic sweetness which is the outgrowth of the performance of loving little duties and attentions one toward another. The daughter has her school, her college, her post-graduate course, her societies, her discussions of political economy and her "aims," and no longer relieves her mother of household cares or places the slippers by the fire for her father. The son has his night key, his own set of companions and associates, is only seen at meal times, and not always then, and has so many engagements that mother or sister can rarely rely upon him as an escort, and are often obliged to seek or accept the attentions of strangers or mere acquaintances which they do not find at home.

But this is not the worst of "society" young men. Vanity and imbecility are fast rendering them an indistinguishable race, neither divine, human nor respectable as brutes, but a new species, possibly the "missing link," to be investigated and assigned a place by naturalists. A young dude recently made it a condition of going to a party with his sister that she should not "introduce" any one. He didn't want to "introduce" the list of his acquaintances; besides, he was "afraid" the "collection might be mixed." This is literally true.

Modern improvements, inventions and luxurious appliances have done their share toward ridding us of the humanities. Nobody now wants to "take any trouble" for themselves or for other people, not even the members of their own households. What is the use of taking a message or carrying a parcel? There is the telephone in the house or office and the messenger boy on the corner. Memory is no longer cultivated in the direction of performing thoughtful little acts, and falls even in the service of directing others to attend to them.—Jennie June, in N. Y. World.

### Practical Philosophy.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it." That is what we see in some of the retail stores. We act too often as though that sign was hung up in this world for our direction. We fret for what we have not. No; life says to us, "If you don't see what you want, make it." We are told that when Isaac Watts was a boy he complained to his father that he didn't like the hymns used in the church. "Young man," said his father, reprovingly, "if you don't like the hymns we have, make better ones." The boy took the hint, intended as a reproach, and did write "better ones." As we have already said, if this paper is not what you want, make it so. If people about you are crooked, be cheerful; if they are impatient, be gentle; if the world is crooked, keep straight yourself. We shall not be much annoyed by the faults of others if we cultivate in ourselves the opposite virtues. What we are toward the world the world will be to us.—Young Christian.

### WORTH A MILLION.

The Red-and-Yellow Royal Cloak of the Kamehameha Dynasty.

"I don't care; I wouldn't wear it."

"But see what it cost. You don't mean to say you wouldn't wear a cloak that cost a million dollars?" said the stout man in a satirical tone that indicated that the woman he addressed was his wife.

The pair had stopped before the royal feather cloak from the Sandwich Islands that is spread out fan-shaped in a case in the National Museum. This cloak is computed to have cost in labor \$1,000,000. The native name for it is mams. In the days when a Hawaiian beau or belle wanted little clothing, but wanted that gorgeously colored, this cloak or mantle would have been considered of more value, aesthetically and intrinsically, than a shipload of Worth costumes, and its happy possessor might truly be said to be in high feather. Since the natives have adopted wide trousers, lawn-tennis shirts and four-in-hand ties, its value lies chiefly in the traditions that surround it. The mantle, which is semi-circular, is 4 feet long or deep, and it is 11-1/2 feet wide at the bottom and 23 inches at the top where it goes around the neck. The entire outer surface is made of feathers of fine texture, giving the whole the appearance of plush. The prevailing colors are red and yellow or orange. The body is decorated with large figures, crescent-shaped, of either red or yellow feathers. The upper and lateral borders are corded and decorated with alternate tufts of red, black and yellow feathers.

A legend on a label states that this feather cloak formerly belonged to Kahuakalani, one of the highest chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. After the abolition of idolatry in 1819 that chief rebelled against the reigning king and attempted to re-establish the ancient religions. A sanguinary battle was fought and Kahuakalani was slain, and this cloak, which he then had on, fell into the hands of the conquerors and thus became the property of King Kamehameha, by whom it was presented to Captain J. H. Aulick, U. S. N., in 1841. The cloak is now the property of Captain Aulick's grandson, Richmond Ogston Aulick, who deposited it in the National Museum. The great value of the cloak is due to the long time required to secure the feathers that compose it and to manufacture the cloak.

The foundation is a net-work of olona, or native hemp, and to it are attached by fine thread of the same material the feathers of birds found only in the Hawaiian Islands, and very rare there. Recent writers have declared that the bird is now extinct. The feathers are woven in so as to lap each other and lie flat, forming a smooth, plush-like surface. The inner surface is without lining and shows the olona net-work and the quill-ends of the feathers. The cord of the upper margin is prolonged so as to serve as a fastening at the throat. The yellow feathers are obtained from the Oo or Uho, and as stated, are of great value, as the bird is rare, very shy and difficult to capture, and it has but a very small tuft of these feathers upon each shoulder. The black feathers are from the head and back of the same bird—its general plumage being a glossy black. The Oo is caught alive by means of bird lime; the yellow feathers are then plucked and the bird released. The red feathers are from the body and neck of the Drepanis Coccinea, the most abundant bird of the Sandwich Islands.

The Hawaiian Spectator, a newspaper published in 1839, refers to this, or a similar mantle, as follows: "Kaw-kauall has the mams, or feather war-cloak of his father, Te-Meha-Meha. It was not completed until his reign, having occupied eight preceding ones in its fabrication. A piece of nankeen, valued at one dollar and a half, was formerly the price of five of the yellow feathers. By this estimate the value of the cloak would equal that of the purest diamonds in several of the European regalia, and, including the price of the feathers, not less than a million dollars' worth of labor was expended upon it at the present rate of computing wages."

A bunch of the yellow feathers called hulu was received by the king from his subjects in payment of a poll tax, and it required many years to collect the material and manufacture one of these mantles. Until recent years these mantles were the royal robes of state and considered the principal treasures of the crown, but European clothing has entirely superseded them and they are now manufactured. A beautiful head-dress for women, called leis, was made of these feathers.

Another authority states that two yellow feathers only are obtained from each Oo, and these are found under the wings. When the much-prized feathers are plucked the bird is set at liberty. The price of the feathers, according to this authority, was one dollar and a half for three, and the time occupied in making the cloak was estimated from fifty to one hundred years.—Washington Star.

### F. M. WILKINS.

Practical Druggist and Chemist

DRUGS, MEDICINES.

Brushes, Paints, Glass, Oils, Leads

TOILET ARTICLES, Etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded.

### SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 4 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. GEARY POST NO. 49, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order. COMMANDER.

BUTTE LODGE NO. 37, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall. W. C. T.

### LEADING STALL HAND OF HOPE, MEETS

at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Visitors made welcome.

### G. & C. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Mail Train north, 6:15 A. M.  
Mail Train south, 9:55 P. M.  
Eugene Local—Leave north 9:00 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 8:30 P. M.  
Mails for south close at 8:30 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.

### Eugene City Business Directory.

BETTMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner, Willamette and Eighth streets.

CRAIN BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

FRIENDEL, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GILL, J. P.—Physician and surgeon, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquors, cigars and a pool and billiard table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith, rifles and shot-guns, breach and muzzle loaders, for sale, repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on Ninth street.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and jeweler, keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Kellaway's drug store.

MCCLAREN, JAMES—Choice wines, liquors 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. R.—House, sign and carriage painter, work guaranteed. First-class Stock sold at lower rates than by any one in Eugene.

### DR. L. F. JONES,

Physician and Surgeon.

WILL ATTEND TO PROFESSIONAL calls day or night.  
Office—Up stairs in Titus' brick; or can be found at E. H. Luckey & Co's drug store. Office hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 4 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

### DR. J. C. GRAY,

DENTIST.

OFFICE OVER ORANGE STORE. ALL work warranted.  
Laughing gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

### GEO. W. KINSEY,

Justice of the Peace.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—TOWN LOTS and farms. Collections promptly attended to.

### SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM

HORN & PAINE,  
Practical Gunsmiths

DRALLEN IN GUNS, RIFLES,  
Fishing Tackle and Materials  
Sewing Machines and Needles of All Kinds For Sale  
Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted.  
Guns Loaded and Ammunition Furnished  
Shop on Willamette Street.

### Boot and Shoe Store.

A. HUNT, Proprietor.  
Will illustrate keep a complete stock of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes!

BETTON BOOTS,  
Slippers, White and Black, Sandals,  
FINE KID SHOES,  
MEN'S AND BOYS'  
BOOTS AND SHOES!

And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devote my special attention.

MY GOODS ARE FIRST-CLASS!  
And guaranteed as represented, and will be sold for the lowest prices that a good article can be afforded.

A. HUNT.

### Central Market,

Fisher & Watkins PROPRIETORS.

Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of

BEEF,

MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL.

Which they will sell at the lowest market prices  
A fair share of the public patronage solicited

TO THE FARMERS.

We will pay the highest market price for fat cattle, hogs and sheep.

Shop on Willamette Street.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.  
Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.