

AN AID TO MEMORY.

"While you're in the city, Ned,
Won't you buy some bread?
Phyllis asks, and while I linger,
Telling that which is the due
Of blue who wins the bread for two,
She ties some thread around my finger,
Adding: "Don't you forget it,
I'll teach you memory's alphabet."
"First, the thread suggests a string;
Any string may be a measure;
We'll say a yard—the very thing—
Remembering that will be a pleasure;
A grassy yard (what's in a name?)
Will make you think of lawn with ease,
And lawn and meadow are the same,
And muslin's cotton, if you please.
Now cotton wound, as I opine,
Is nothing, after all, but thread,
And fifty is your age and mine—
I'm sure you can't forget it, Ned."

Answer her as best I may,
But now 't is thin the shop I linger;
What in the dreck did she say
About the string around my finger?
—Harper's Bazar.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A Trip in the Elevator to the Top of the Great Shaft.

Sensation Experienced in Making the Ascent—Magnificent and Impressive View of the City and Surrounding Country—A Memorable Visit.

From the monument visitors can obtain a charming view of the city and vicinity, which they can carry away in their memories as one of their most precious souvenirs. A trip up, with the car loaded, occupies about ten minutes. Ten minutes are spent at the top to give the visitors a chance to look out of the windows, and then those who wish to go down are taken back to the lower regions, about nine minutes being occupied by the descent. Those who wish to remain above, however, are permitted to do so, but they must wait for the next downward trip of the car, since no visitors are allowed to ascend or descend by means of the stairway.

At last the word was given, the door was shut with a bang, and the conductor, with a glance around the car, pulled the hand-cable downward several times in succession. There was a slight tremble or shake as the car was lifted from the floor, and then the heads of the watchman, and the floor-man, and the square doorway full of light seemed to slip down, down, until they were lost. The car moved noiselessly and smoothly as it slid up the longest elevator shaft in the world. The eye, turned instinctively upward, winked at the immense vista, through which the strong, stiff rod cables—twins they looked like—spin themselves up and over two great wheels in the roof, five hundred feet overhead. The light from the incandescent lamps filtered through the grated roof and sides of the car, giving a spotted appearance to the passengers. On either side were the rough, uneven courses of the old masonry, the stones ragged and the same zigzagging without regard to uniformity.

The eye had about tired of the monotony of the surroundings when some one exclaimed at the appearance of the first of the celebrated memorial stones set in the walls. This first series occurs on the thirty-foot level. By the way, every thing in the monument is located by "levels." The bottom is called the ground level, and every landing is known by the number of feet of its elevation. On the thirty-foot level are the stones of Maine, Delaware, Arkansas and the National Grays, of Washington. From this point to the half-way level the trip is full of interest, the attention being drawn to alternate sides of the car to note the various tablets and inscriptions. A good plan to follow is to take one side going up and the other going down, paying strict attention to each in its turn. The level at forty feet contains the stones from Nashville, Tenn., Louisiana, Colorado, Alabama and the Columbia Typographical Society. Thence the States and all sorts of societies and military companies are intermingled. On the sixty-foot level is an old square tablet, so badly weather-beaten that it is illegible from the car. On the next level is a magnificent stone from Massachusetts and one from Connecticut. The latter is worn so on the left-hand side that some of the raised lettering is very indistinct, while that on the other side is sharp and clear. The City of Washington's tribute to her godfather is a neighbor of the stones from Maryland and Virginia on the eighty-foot level. On the two hundred foot level is one of handsomest collections of stone in the monument. The tablet from Bremen is a rich piece of dark stone, highly polished, standing out two inches from the wall, with rounded edges. The lettering is elegantly gilded on the surface. In the corner of the landing is stone, in relief, from a Turkish temple. The rich Oriental ornamentation is in sharp contrast to the simplicity exhibited in the majority of the stones, and attracts instant attention.

To the right, under the Bremen stone, is a large tablet from the Swiss Federation. This shows to a greater extent than any other stone in the shaft the vandalism of visitors that finally forced the now extinct Monument Commission to close the shaft to the public. Five or six of the large raised letters of the stone have been bodily removed and the tablet otherwise injured. In many instances the stones have been blackened permanently by the close application of candle flames. This occurred when every visitor was obliged to carry with him a candle or a lantern to light the way up the steps through the Egyptian darkness of the shaft. Michigan is represented on the two hundred

and ten-foot level by a solid block of copper suitably inscribed, and ten feet above is the gem of the collection, a stone from Nevada, bearing the name of the State in letters of solid silver, set into the block, flush with the surface. On this same level is a stone from Salt Lake City, with the characteristic bee-hive carved on the front. The tablets extend to half-way up the shaft. The last ones are on the two hundred and forty-foot level. Of these the highest is that from Wales, a handsome black stone, highly polished, and bearing an inscription in the outlandish tongue of the land of the Cardiff Giant.

The car has long ago passed through the old portion of the shaft, and is running as smoothly as at the start through the new, exact masonry of the new work. The dark surface of the granite is checkered with white squares, the faces of marble blocks that extend entirely through the walls acting as a bond to the masonry. The corners of the shaft in this portion are neatly rounded instead of being square, as below. At every fifty feet from the floor to the roof there is an elevator landing, the floors of levels being extended to meet the car, and guarded by a high latticed gate. These occur on alternate sides, and the car having a door in both the east and west sides, exit from the car is thus provided in either direction. At four hundred and sixty feet the smooth walls are broken by the projection of twelve buttresses, three on each side. These are the ribstones which support the roof of the monument. At the bottom they extend about six inches, leaning out more and more as they go up, until at the top they project about five feet. The middle ones on each side are a little in advance of the others, narrowing more rapidly to form an arch for the support of the capstone. The light from the incandescent carbon is by this time beginning to be dimmed by that from the outside, drifting down from the windows in the roof. The great wheels that have been devouring the cables seem to be falling upon the car, and suddenly the conductor gives a long upward pull on the hand-ropes and the car comes to a stop in the midst of a sheet-iron cage. The air is chilly, and as the passengers step timorously over the threshold they button their overcoats and turn up their collars.

This upper landing is a cold, lonely place, the abutting ribstones cutting it up into angular spaces, and the bare floors and shining white walls tending to give it a lonesome air. On each side two oblong windows give views into the atmosphere and down upon the flattened earth. The world looks bigger than one thought it to be; it stretches away on every hand to a melting blue horizon, faintly outlined, with here and there a hill-top intruding its sharp point as if in claim of recognition as a part of the scene. On the south side the Potomac reaches down toward the sea; silent and steadfast, immediately beneath lie like a map the flats of the river front, with dredges at work here and there. A steamer is crawling down stream at a slow pace, and the shipping thinly scattered along the wharves is silent, as if ashamed of its scarcity.

From the west windows a magnificent view is obtained of the Virginia shore, with Arlington showing like a yellow spot to mark the resting place of the soldier dead. The Potomac drifts out of sight around a bend, and then appears again for a moment with a flash. The haze that softens the horizon makes it almost impossible to discern the peak of Sugar Loaf, thirty-eight miles away in the northwestern sky, but after a moment's search it appears, the summit seemingly floating in the atmosphere. The northern view is first a mass of houses, dull red in tone, enlivened by a patch of white or light brown here and there, with certain streets shooting straight out from beneath until their converging lines lose themselves. Beyond the houses are the heights, marked at intervals by great red patches of exposed earth, marking the course of the Aqueduct tunnel. Off to the right, just below the Soldiers' Home, is a large patch, the walls and banks of the new reservoir. A country road some miles out suddenly climbs a hill and shows itself through the trees, like a steady column of yellow smoke.

The city proper is best seen from the east. From the base of the shaft to the Capitol, standing like a Chinese wall, the mall stretches in a charming succession of groves, graceful pathways and ornamental structures. The Smithsonian Park is gorgeous. Here and there some more forward tree has decked itself in gaudy array and flames out in the midst of the softer green and brown of its neighbors. The picture is marred, however, by a line of smoke and steam from the railroad cutting across the middle of the park.

The spectators are awed, surprised, chilled into silence, and they occasionally glance upward at the maze of stones in the roof, the converging arches, and the seemingly light, airy mode of construction, and then shudder slightly and hurry into the car. Some take off their hats and put their heads through the windows, exclaiming at the dwarfed appearance of the workmen on the mound below, and then looking up toward the capstone, wondering at the multitude of lightning-red points which cover each of the four triangles of the roof. The aluminum tip looks like a dark spot fringed with points. Then the heads are withdrawn with a sigh of relief.

At last the conductor shouts for all to get on the car who wish to go below, and the visitors huddle themselves inside and the down trip is be-

gun. In about nine minutes the passengers emerge from the shaft into the outside atmosphere and mentally congratulate themselves upon their good luck in safely returning to the earth. Then, glancing upward along the face of the shaft, which seems to be falling over upon them, they shudder slightly and go away to boast that they have been to the top of the highest artificial structure in the world.

Is the elevator safe? has been asked hundreds of times. This question is hard to answer, for almost all elevators are a matter of some slight risk, even under the most favorable circumstances. Yet it can be said with truth that the element of danger has been eliminated from the trip to and from the top of the great shaft as far as human skill can go. The machinery has stood the hardest tests for years without a break. The cables have been tested to a capacity of over ten tons, and the car and machinery fitted with the best of safety appliances. Under these conditions it is safe to say that the elevator is as safe as any other, and much safer than the great majority of hoisting machines, the immense length of the shaft notwithstanding. The drum of the elevator is located under the floor of the monument, and it is reached by means of traps in the iron flooring. It is a great red iron cylinder, 6 feet in diameter, and contains, when the car has been hoisted to the top, 1064 feet of cable which is wound around it in opposite directions from the center. The end of the cables are secured to the drum through holes in the surface, and inside are tied to great cross-beams. The governor attached to the starting and stopping machinery operates by stopping the car when it drops too rapidly. On the car itself are two dogs that catch on the corner columns at the northwest and southeast corners of the elevator shaft.—*Washington Star.*

SOME ENGLISH IDEAS.

A Few Facts About Things on This Side of the Water.

For my part, I could almost wish that we in England would give up making any comments on American literature, manners or social habits. We can make none that will give pleasure; we can hardly speak without making what is recognized as a mistake. If we praise, we praise the wrong thing; if we blame, our blame is mere ignorant jealousy. This I know, for I have tried, in an ineffective but hearty manner, to praise Mark Twain as one of the greatest of living geniuses (perhaps it is not saying much) who now uses the English language. Yet this humble appreciation has not seemed to be welcome to all literary Americans. They are not as proud of Mark as one could wish. On the other hand, if I chance to describe the style of an esoteric American novelty, a queer melody of bad Roskin and indifferent Bret Harte, I am once more looked down upon from the frozen heights of literary disapprobation. The fact is that over here we do not know what is the correct thing either in current American literature or society. We admire American authors whom American critics despise; we have never heard of authors whom the more serious American reviews, which ought to know, distinguish by their applause. It is the same thing, of course, in America. There they appreciate English writers who are not or have not yet become prophets in our own country, and they disregard some very considerable (minor) prophets of our own altogether. We do not mind this much; in our fine native bumpthousness we fancy we know best. But one can easily imagine that, to an American man of letters, English praise of a countryman of his whom he does not admire seems another proof of our insularity.—*Murray's Magazine.*

ANGINA PECTORIS.

Nitro-Glycerine an Almost Infallible Remedy for Breast-Pang.

Angina pectoris (agony of the chest) carries off many people, the last of whom, according to the newspapers, was the novelist, Rev. E. P. Roe, who expired in one day because of its crushing anguish. Major-General George B. McClellan (according to published reports of that time) likewise succumbed after twenty-four hours of uncontrolable pain. Just how these patients were treated I am unable to say, but Dr. Richardson, of London, long before General McClellan's death, had received a prize of 25,000 francs from the Academy of Medicine in Paris for having discovered an almost infallible remedy for angina pectoris by the administration, in the very small dose of 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain of nitro-glycerine! This discovery entitles Dr. Richardson to the never-ending gratitude of every suffering man, woman or child afflicted with angina pectoris.

I know a number of persons who always carry tablets of nitro-glycerine with them, and I am equally certain that all these people, by the use of nitro-glycerine, are living in comparative comfort, who would otherwise have fallen under the insupportable torture of that form of heart-neuralgia, the most dreadful of all pains.—*Dr. Pullen, in Belford's Magazine.*

—One of the natural curiosities near Waukesha is a spring that bubbles up in the hollow of a tree. Every one who does not know the secret thinks the water comes from the tree itself.

—England uses about 190,000,000 post cards a year, and the United States not far from 339,000,000 annually.

HYPNOTIC TRANCE.

A Force Acting Through the Patient's Mind on His Physical Condition.

About a century ago, Mesmer, a native of Switzerland, was able to induce a peculiar sleep by means of the now well-known "passes." He professed to have discovered a new force, to which he gave the name of animal magnetism, but which most people call mesmerism. In 1843, Braid, of England, scientifically investigated the truth that lay beneath the illusions and deceptions of the mesmerists, and was soon independently followed in the same direction by Esdville, in India, and Mitchell, in the United States.

The patient, being made to fix his eyes steadily on a bright object, about a foot from his forehead and a short distance above it, a sleep was induced in which all sensation was lost. Numerous surgical operations were performed without absence of all pain. The celebrated Charcot performed many experiments of the kind on his hysterical patients at his famous hospital in Paris. The late Dr. Beard, of this country, devoted much time, with signal success, to a scientific investigation of the subject of the hypnotic state, and of hypnotism generally. The word hypnotism, now usually employed, is from a Greek word signifying sleep. More lately there have been many contributions to the subject by German and French experts, and some new conclusions have been reached. According to the new views the hypnotic condition is not one of lethargy, catalepsy nor somnambulism, but it is a normal nervous state, closely allied to natural sleep.

The use of bright objects before the eyes is rejected and condemned as injurious. The operator sitting before the patient, assures him confidently and pleasantly that he will soon be asleep, tells him to make no resistance, and that he is already feeling drowsy. The patient falls asleep in from five to fifteen minutes. From eighty to ninety per cent. of the persons experimented upon can be thus hypnotized. The best subjects are persons of sound nervous constitution. The most susceptible are children under fourteen years of age. Signal curative results have been obtained in rheumatism, neuralgia, alcoholism, morphia habit, various forms of nervous diseases and amenorrhoea. It is not always necessary that the patient be put fully to sleep. It is now thought by some investigators that milder degrees of the new hypnotism are essentially the same thing. These results and the sleep itself are determined by the suggestions of the operator acting through the mind of the patient on his physical system.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MORPHINE HABIT.

How to Stop the Growth of This Terrible Female Vice.

A physician of this city states in an interview that the opium habit is growing to alarming proportions in this city—not the use of the raw article, but its consumption in more agreeable forms, such as morphia pills, injections, etc. He avers that it is no uncommon thing for family physicians to find many patients slaves to the habit, and their arms and sometimes entire bodies covered with scars made by the injections.

When their physicians discover the result and forbid the future use of the drug he says they not infrequently change doctors and lie in order to obtain medical permission to continue their course. It is not unusual, according to him, for them to go to a strange physician and represent themselves as from the country and in sore need of relief by means of opium in some form. Under these circumstances, the relator says, he always insists on seeing their arms. In nine of such cases out of ten he finds evidences of hypodermic injections, and refuses their requests. He claims that the habit is taking such hold upon the people that it can only be checked by the combined efforts of physicians and legislators, and that unless it is firmly taken in hand it will work as much ruin as does liquor.

It seems that women are more addicted to this debasing habit than men, for several reasons. To start with, men have other stimulants, such as liquor and tobacco, and again women can obtain morphia more secretly than they can liquor, and consume it without showing so much of its effects. There is no need here to dilate upon the horror which this wretched practice brings upon its victims. Nothing which science or ingenuity has discovered to the world reacts so terribly upon those who abuse this creature brought into the world for the alleviation of man's ills. If one title of what the physician has avowed is true no time should be lost by his fellows in co-operating to prevent the prescription of the drug save in cases of the utmost necessity. When the Legislature meets there should be a memorial presented to that body asking for legislation of the strictest sort, which shall punish with severity any druggist who sells opium in any of its forms without a prescription from a physician of reputable standing, or any doctor who shall prescribe the drug save to encompass the saving of life or the alleviation of the direst distress.—*Chicago Mail.*

—A certain means of stopping a dog fight, or loosening a vicious dog's hold upon anything, is showering something over the animals that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is the best, as it can be used without limit.

—To relieve coughing roast a lemon without burning it. When entirely hot, squeeze the juice into a cup of three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a teaspoonful whenever you feel like coughing.

—Home-made Cologne Water.—One quart of alcohol; three drams each of oil of lavender, bergamot and essence of lemon, one dram of oil of rosemary and three drops oil of cinnamon.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—The women of France, some of them at least, are in favor of the restoration of the monarchy. With this object in view they have organized an order called "The Rose of France." It is patterned after the English "Primrose League."

—Tourists complain that the delightful calm and quiet of Heidelberg has given way to noise and manufacturing bustle. A number of tall chimneys injure the view from the castle grounds, and the fearful foghorn from various tugs disturbs the quiet of the Neckar.

—The electrician is somewhat slower in his conquests in Europe than in America. Electric lights have but lately been supplied along Berlin's famous street, Unter den Linden, and the young Emperor finds much delight in watching the weird shadows under the lime trees.

—Kindness, sympathy and encouragement shown toward the erring, will accomplish a thousand times as much as rigid severity. If instead of harsh words that almost invariably exert the influence of crushing, wounding and destroying the better impulses of the soul, the hand of love is extended, the noble nature in the erring one will be awakened, and the life redeemed.

—King Humbert's gift to Emperor William was unique, being a series of models of the remains of the men, women, children and animals in the famous Pompeii museum, taken by the well-known sculptor, Signor Achille Dors, who has been engaged several months on the work. These are the first models ever taken of the bodies in the museum.

—Slavery is the name of the man who has succeeded to the position of chief bandit in Bulgaria. He is described as a handsome young fellow, highly educated and a most eloquent orator. Two years ago he was a member of the Bulgarian Skuptschina, but being detected in "boodling" fled to the mountains, and now has a very desirable position as boss of the back countries.

—An influential paper of Budapest, Hungary, advocates a reform in the upper House of that country, making titles of nobility descend only to the eldest son, and having them inseparable from a seat in the House, English fashion. The reason is fantastic enough—that so-called Barons and Dukes have been killing themselves lately because they had no money to support their dignity.

—The extent of forest and woodland, as compared with the total area in the principal countries of Europe, according to statistics published by the Department of Public Works in France, is as follows: Sweden, 40 per cent.; Russia, 37; Austria (without Hungary), 32; Hungary, 28; Germany, 25; Norway, 24; Serbia, 20; Belgium, 19; Switzerland, 19; France, 18; Spain, 17; Roumania, 15; Greece, 13; Italy, 12; Holland, 7; Portugal, 5; Denmark, 5; Great Britain, 4.

—Social entertainments in England are made the subject of the following criticism by an English magazine writer: "The chief performer in drawing-rooms is a girl of wild and unsettled look. Her dress is loud, her hair is touched with dye; she plays and sings, acts and recites, and is said to make a great deal of money. She is always engaged to a young mummer, and she is now playing the accompaniment for her future husband. Like the others, he is exceedingly lovely, and everywhere you hear of his loveliness."

—During a very bad performance of "Hamlet" by a barn-storming party in a country theater the audience in its entirety commenced to hiss, with the exception of one man. At last the man next to him said: "Why don't you hiss this show?" "It would hardly be fair," he said, "as I came in with an order; but if they don't do better pretty soon, I'm hanged if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."

—The handwriting of English literary men being under consideration, it is said that Andrew Lang writes a peculiar, but not illegible hand; Swinburne's was curiously school-boyish, but perfectly legible; Matthew Arnold's was lucidity itself; Mr. Ruskin's is pretty and plain; Sir Edward Arnold's is also very plain; John Morley's is difficult at first, but easily got acquainted with; Labouchere's is pretty bad; T. P. O'Connor's is rather rough, but easy to read; Frederick Greenwood's is called agreeable, and the editor of the *Times*, it is said, writes a particularly good and legible hand.

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O. C. R. R. TIME TABLE.
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Register, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.
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Mails by Local close at 8:30 A. M.
Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. and Thursday.
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Eugene City Business Directory.
BETTMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, and general merchandise, south-west corner of Willamette and Eighth streets.
CRAIN BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, clocks and musical instruments, 17th street, between Seventh and Eighth.
FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.
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