

NERVED TO DEATH.

The Cause Which Enables so Many Criminals to Die "Game."

There has just died in Paris a venerable ecclesiastic named Abbe Crozes, whose long career of useful beneficence was passed amid surroundings which to most men would have been extremely painful. If not absolutely repulsive, the deceased abbe was chaplain to the prison of La Roquette, and from 1868 to 1882 it had been his deplorable duty to take pastoral charge of all criminals sentenced to death. During his twenty-two years of office he had attended to the scaffold no fewer than fifty-one murderers, comprising among others La Pommerehne, Avignone, Troppmann and Billoire. The sole accusation which his detractors could urge against the "ammonier" of La Roquette was that he was apt to show a little too much commiseration for the atrocious desperados who received his ministrations, and that he was moved even to use his influence to obtain a reprieve for the exceptionally bloodthirsty young man Troppmann, who satisfied his craving for slaughter by the massacre of an entire family. The abbe Crozes occupied a very humble apartment in a house close to the jail, and his room was adorned with all kinds of sordid articles presented to him as souvenirs by the assassins who had received the consolations of religion from his hands at the supreme moment of their fate. One of the most curious of the attributes of the excellent priest who has just passed away remains to be described. It was he who supplied the condemned with stimulants just before their execution. While praying with the malefactors he gave them a small glass of "mole-cassis," which our Paris correspondent describes as "black current cordial, dashed with brandy." The publication of such a petty detail is not without its use, inasmuch as it serves to illustrate a fact with which it is highly expedient that not only the community at large, but the criminal classes in particular, should be made fully conversant—that nine-tenths of the statements made as to murderers "dying game" are so much arrant nonsense. In almost every case when a criminal is led to execution, whether it be by the guillotine or by the gallows, it is found absolutely necessary to administer some kind of alcoholic stimulant to the trembling wretch, and in olden times, when the condemned prisoner was allowed to drink as much as ever he liked on the morning of execution, it was probably the man who was the most drunk who died unexceptionally "game." It may seem at the first blush somewhat indecorous that a jail chaplain should be, above all others, the functionary intrusted with the task of giving a parting "nip" to a criminal, but, on reflection, the "ammonier" may appear to be the most suitable person by whom so delicate a function could be performed. From the time of his condemnation the prisoner has been on terms of affectionate friendship with his spiritual instructor, at whose hands he knows that he can safely expect kindness and sympathy, and it may be with a feeling of gratitude, which for a moment partially softens his depraved heart, that the malefactor accepts a dram from his confessor. The like refreshment offered to him by the executioner or by one of the prison wardens might be accepted only with repugnance or rejected in the disgust of desperation.—London Telegraph.

Evil Effects of Corsets.

A Russian physician has renewed the assault on corsets, and charges them with causing weakness of the lung and muscular structures of the trunk, lax abdominal walls and protuberant bellies, local inflammation of the liver and a grooving of that organ (discovered post mortem), gall stones, biliary colic, wandering liver and displacement of the kidneys, displacement and flexions of the womb, curvature of the spine, dyspepsia, cramped lungs and oxygen starvation, anemia, albuminuria, weak eyes and intercostal neuralgia. Tight-lacing evidently cramps the vital organs, interferes with their normal functions and thus brings about a great variety of disorders, commonly known as female complaints. But all the excessive tippers of alcohol don't die young, and all the women who enjoy the disipation of tight corsets don't kill themselves thereby. Most of them do, however, to prolong, rather than a miserable sort of existence, plague the doctors and deplete the family purses.—Health Monthly.

A Boston Woman's Age.

There appears to have been no lack of humorous incidents attending the registration of the women voters here in Boston. The latest story comes from the headquarters of the registrars, and may be accepted as entirely authentic. A large number of the women seem to have been exceedingly annoyed at being obliged to give their age to the registrars, and in a number of cases they forfeited their right to vote rather than to state how old they were. In one instance a spinster gave her age as "twenty-one plus." "What do you mean by 'twenty-one plus'?" inquired the registrar. "I mean, sir, that I am over twenty-one," was the tart reply. "We can not allow any of that nonsense here," said the official; "you must give your exact age if you desire to be registered." This she persistently declined to do, and consequently her name is not on the voting list.—Boston Herald.

MIGHTIER THAN NIAGARA.

Strange Stories of a Wonderful Cataract in the Wilds of Labrador.

Marvelous stories are related by the few Montagnais and Nascapoe Indians who have penetrated far into the interior of Labrador respecting a cataract, beneath whose terrific leap Niagara pales into insignificance. But one white man has ever seen these falls, and the Indians' ideas of measurements and distances are so imperfect that, even where their stories agree, it is exceedingly difficult to deduct from them any thing like reliable data. An expedition lately undertaken by Randle F. Holme, F. R. G. S., and H. Duff, fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, to explore the interior of Labrador and investigate these falls unfortunately failed in its object, the explorers having been misled by erroneous calculations as to distances and the exact location of the cataract, and compelled to return in consequence of running short of provisions. They got so near to the object of their expedition, however, that they were enabled, from the general configuration of the country, to form what must be a tolerably correct estimate as to both the location and magnitude of the cataract.

This estimate agrees with the description of the grand falls furnished by Mastenn, who visited them in 1839, and whose further progress into the interior was stopped by them. He gave the width of the river immediately above the falls at 1,300 feet, but says that the cataract itself is not more than 150 feet across. The height of the falls he estimates at 2,000 feet. This estimate is endorsed by a half-breed named Kennedy, met by Messrs. Holme and Duff in the interior, and who, thirty years ago, was in charge of Fort Nascapoe, on Lake Petchikapou. One of the chief difficulties encountered by explorers desirous of reaching the falls is the obstinate refusal by the Labrador Indians to approach them. They believe them to be haunted, and think it impossible to look upon them and live. Kennedy was conducted to them by an old Indian named Louis-Over-the-Fire, who, being an Iroquois, did not share the superstitious belief of the Montagnais and Nascapoe. Messrs. Holme and Duff were principally misled by the erroneous statements and calculations as to distances contained in Prof. Hind's "Labrador," the leading authority upon this virtually unknown country.

The falls are on the Grand or Petchikapou river, which flows into Hamilton Inlet. They are thirty miles above Lake Wainnikapou, a body of water which is itself forty miles long, and situated 150 miles inland from the mouth of the river. Prof. Hind gives this lake as only 100 miles from the mouth of the river, so that the expedition of Messrs. Holme and Duff has brought to light the fact that the best works heretofore published upon this terra incognita contain very little but reliable data. They agree, however, with Prof. Hind that the elevation of the immense tableland which forms the interior of Labrador is about 2,240 feet. On this height of land are a succession of great lakes joined by broad, placid streams, and when these reach the edge of the tableland they commence their wild career to the sea. The Moisie and the Coldwater rivers descend by successive falls, but toward the southeast the descent from the elevated tableland is quite sudden. This is particularly true of the Grand river, which has a drop of over 2,000 feet in the thirty miles commencing with the falls and ending at Lake Wainnikapou. There is a slight rapid below the falls, but none near the lake, and every thing goes to show that the height of the grand falls is very little, if any thing, short of 2,000 feet.

They are by a great deal the highest falls in existence that are composed of any great volume of water. There are mere mountain torrents that fall from a greater height, and the great fall of the Yosemite Valley measures 2,550 feet, but it is broken into three distinct leaps. Niagara, on the other hand, has a height of 164 feet only.—Quebec Cor. Boston Herald.

A Singular Case.

For four years Mrs. Benjamin Moyer, of Souderton, Pa., was totally blind. Not long ago she was taken ill, so that she had to stay in bed several days. On the fourth day she awoke in the morning and exclaimed: "I see!" Her husband rushed to the bedside and was recognized. She pointed out different articles of furniture in the room, told different persons what they were wearing, and in many ways proved that she saw. She asked that all her children and grandchildren, twenty-five in all, come to her bedside, and they did. She told them that she had earnestly prayed that she might see them all once before she died, and this was the answer to her prayer. Then she said: "This is the last day that I shall ever have the use of my eyesight." She awoke the next morning as blind as ever, and has been so ever since.

Marriage a Success.

"How do you do, dear Mrs. Jones?" "Mrs. Smith-Brown, if you please. I have been married twice since I saw you, but I use my second husband's name as prefix."

A week later—"Dear Mrs. Smith-Brown."

"Excuse me, Brown-White. I believe in progressive marriage. I will send you cards to my wedding reunion. Good-bye, dear."—Detroit Free Press.

HATCHING MUSCALONGE.

Artificial Propagation of the Big Game Proved to Be Feasible.

The progress of modern fish culture is no more aptly shown than by an experiment in the artificial hatching of muscalonge which was successfully accomplished at Chautauque Lake last spring. Although shad and trout have been hatched in large quantities by artificial means, all experiments with muscalonge had before this been failures. The work was done under the direction of the New York State Fish Commission, with the object of artificially propagating the fish and stocking the lakes in the interior of the State with them.

The experiment took place at Jamestown on the lake, and was commenced in the latter part of last April. Mr. Jonathan Mason, an assistant at the Caledonia hatchery, and a fish culturist of many years experience, was dispatched by Mr. Seth Green on April 23. He at once commenced operations at the lake, and was assisted by Mr. Eleazer Green, a resident of Jamestown, who has taken great interest in the artificial propagation of muscalonge. A seine was employed to catch the mature fish. After considerable difficulty about a dozen muscalonge ranging in weight from six to nine pounds were caught. From a six-pound female about 2,000 eggs in good condition were first obtained, then, on the following day, 60,000 eggs obtained from a sixteen-pound female and 10,000 from two other females.

The spawn was placed in hatching boxes and kept in still water overnight. The next day it was taken across the lake to Southlands creek, where there was a little current. The temperature of the water ranged from 50 to 55 deg. most of the time, but fell as low as 45 deg. and rose as high as 65 deg. before the experiment was finished. The formation of the fish in the eggs could be seen on the fifth day, and the fry commenced hatching on the eleventh day. On the twelfth day the eggs hatched rapidly, and by night it was estimated that 60,000 young muscalonge were hatched.

A number of them were taken to the Caledonia hatchery, where they were examined with a microscope daily. They were three-eighths of an inch in length when hatched. They showed no movement of the gills or signs of breathing until they were nine days old, but the heart action and the circulation of the blood were seen to be strong and vigorous. They are helpless little creatures, and lay so quiet for hours at a time that one would think they were dead. When nine days old they showed signs of life. They were then half an inch in length, and the yolk sack, which is of good size when they are hatched, was two-thirds absorbed. At fifteen days old the yolk sack is entirely absorbed and the fish commence looking for food.

LUCKY INVENTORS.

Fortunes That Have Been Realized from the Sale of Trifles.

The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils has yielded 20,000 pounds. A large fortune has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of the metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached 145,000,000, producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over 200,000 pounds, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him 400,000 pounds in United States bonds. Upward of 2,000 pounds a year was made by the inventor of the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived, or for which large sums have been paid. Few inventions pay better than popular patented toys. A clergyman realized 100 pounds a week by the invention of a strange little plaything to be seen for a long time in every toyshop window, and even in the streets of London. That favorite American toy, the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic attached—yielded the patentee an income equal to 10,000 pounds a year, and an income of no less than 15,000 pounds per annum to the inventor of the "dancing Jim Crow." The invention of "Pharaoh's serpents," a toy much in vogue some years ago, was the outcome of some chemical experiments and brought the inventor more than 10,000 pounds. The sale of the little wooden figure, "John Gipsy," was incredibly large for many years; and a very ingenious toy, known as the "wheel of life," is said to have produced upward of 100,000 pounds profit to its inventor. The field of invention is not only vast and varied, but it is open to every body without respect to sex or age, station or means.—Invention.

LITTLE DOLLY'S CRY.

One of Those Sweet Little Stories Which Touch Every Heart.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell my fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry-goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for my youngest—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy; and how when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine, and ten, and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though. I remembered it so well; and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles, or maybe six miles, from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be put out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I be-thought me of the hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough I found the dripping little thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mama. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed that my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp. That's Dolly, yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then) I'm her father and partial, may be) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—San Francisco Call.

What a Copyright Protects.

A title may be entered, but the copyright covers the book and not the title. A title alone can not be copyrighted; it can be protected solely as a trade mark. What is a copyrighted manuscript? Copyright pertains to a published book only. So long as a book is in manuscript it is protected by a common law of property; no one can print it without authority unless he steals it. It is when a book is published that the copyright law steps in to protect it. Every day we have evidence that authors have wrong notions of copyright; they make a point of having obtained copyright as if it were something difficult—like a patent—and think they have in some way secured their book and their title by entering the latter. Whatever is secured nothing. Nothing whatever is gained by entering a title except a preliminary step to be followed by filing copies of the book.—Critic.

Why the Number of Those Afflicted With the Disease Is Increasing.

The official report gives 135,000 as the existing number of lepers in India, but there can be little doubt that they already exceed 250,000, and that their numbers are steadily increasing. Nor can this increase be wondered at, for whether the disease is propagated by contagion or by heredity it has every opportunity of increasing. I saw most ghastly lepers begging in the streets and in the balconies of houses. I met them at railway stations and in places of public resort. In one small bazar a friend of mine told me he had just counted twelve. I even heard of one who was employed by an English baker in the making of bread. It is moreover estimated that all the copper money in India has passed through the hands of lepers. I found in Bombay a man whose hands were covered with leprosy engaged in the railway service as a ticket collector. Who can estimate the danger to the English and native community; many hundreds of railway tickets daily passing through this man's hands? An English lady in the same city had, just before my arrival, fallen a victim to the disease. Lepers, with their revolting miseries fully exposed, associate freely with the community. They marry when they choose; they love a roving life, and thus continually become fresh centers for propagating the disease. I was assured by Mr. MacGulre, the superintendent of the Leper Asylum in Calcutta, that he could testify, from often-repeated observations, that in the congregations of poor people who assemble at the funeral feasts of the wealthy natives one person in every three was a leper. By the same authority I was told that the asylum was generally overcrowded, and that the police do not hesitate to bring in cabs lepers who are in a dying state, and for whom it is necessary to turn out some less imminent cases. Indeed the evil is so widespread that, as Lord Dufferin said to me, one might almost as rapidly undertake to rid India of its snakes as of its leprosy. Moreover the absence of Indian public opinion on such matters, and the constitutional callousness of the native mind, increase the difficulty in a way that English readers can scarcely estimate. So careless of danger does the Indian fatalism make men to this evil that, in the great leper hospital at Tarantarn, the authorities—as I was assured by an official there—have to hunt out relatives of the diseased, who have come in pretending that they are leprosy, and who are actually willing to become infected for the sake of acquiring board, lodging and the power of leading an idle life. The Indian desires above all things to be a man of money, and what the leper at Tarantarn likes to save two out of the three rupees allowed him monthly, and either to hide them in the ground, put them out at interest or invest them in jewelry for his wife. One man had thus acquired six hundred rupees—at the cost of most wretched diet, and consequent increase of the disease.—Nineteenth Century.

Canonization of Joan of Arc.

We may look forward to an early canonization of Joan of Arc. A number of devout Lorrainers bought in the course of this year an "authentic standard" of the heroine to lay on the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. They asked the Bishop of Nancy to receive and bless before they set out to fulfill their purpose, which they fully explained to him by letter. After some delay he fixed a day to receive them. The Bishop, before consecrating the relic, spoke of Joan as having been sent to give confidence and moral unity to a shattered nation, and ordained "or a great work in the world. 'The Papacy,' said the Bishop, 'which rehabilitated her will glorify her purity, piety, patriotism and valor. It will give a place on the altars of the churches to the warrior and martyrized shepherdess. When it does, France will quiver with new hopes from the Pyrenees to Lorraine, and from Brittany to the Alps. She will then invoke with boundless confidence Saint Joan of Domremy, Saint Joan of Orleans, and Saint Joan of France.'—St. James Gazette.

—The recent sale of Frank E. Daggett's share in the Amulet silver mine, near Prescott, A. T., recalls the manner of its discovery. In June, 1886, Daggett was climbing the side of Lynx Creek Mountain with a prospector's outfit on his shoulder. He was on his way to a gold-bearing quartz claim on the other side of the mountain. Half way up he stopped to rest, and after a nap picked up his tools and was about to start. Just then his pick slipped from his grasp, and, in falling, struck his leg, hurting him extremely. He grabbed the pick and struck it into the earth with all his strength, swearing that it might stay there forever. After a while the sharp pain ceased, and Daggett changed his mind and thought he'd take the pick. He pulled it from the earth with difficulty and with it some shining metal. He had stuck the pick into a blind ledge, which is now the Amulet mine, and from which thousands of dollars of ore have been shipped.

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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 10 P. M.
Mails or north close at 8:00 P. M.
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Mails for 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, southeast corner Willamette and Eighth streets.
CELANO BROS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.
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