

PITH AND POINT.

Honest men are soon bound, but you can never bind a knave.
God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it in the nest.
More men are guilty of treason through weakness than any studied design to betray.
Evil habits are webs which are too light to be noticed until they are too strong to be broken.
To write a good story for the public a man must have a good upper story of his own.—Practical Farmer.
It takes a great intellect to keep up with all the follies and foibles of fashion, but it takes a greater intellect yet not to.

The one who will be found in a trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—F. W. Robertson.
Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee; for deeds, not words, make each man's money stable. If what thou doest is good, its good all men will see; must by its smell be known, not by its label.
Happiness does not consist of earthly possessions or in distinguished positions, for both are perishable, but in the consciousness of having done an act that gives consciousness to others.
In the depth of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the most impressive preacher at the funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.
One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting-table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Dr. John Hall.
Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined to religion; but they are everywhere; people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming a culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold.—Rev. Albert Goodrich.

Those of less sensitive organization have little patience and less pity for what they can not understand; yet this unfortunate class are not for that reason to be shut out in the cold till they "come to." A little sympathy—some cheerful topic of conversation adroitly introduced—some pleasing little personal attention at the right moment—and the mental clouds disperse, and all again is sunshine.—N. Y. Ledger.
THOUGHT HE WAS SMART.
Nobody Could Get Ahead of Him with the One-Price Business.
It is a singular thing," remarked a prominent dry-goods man, "how country merchants, coming here to buy, refuse to believe that we are selling goods at a fair price, and insist on trying to cut us down on every thing. I had an experience the other day which is in point. A merchant from down in Indiana came in and began to look over things with one of my clerks. We try to sell on the one-price principle. He asked the price of some prints. The clerk told him the price. He offered three cents a yard less.
'This is a one-price house," said the clerk. "We can make no reduction."
'Nonsense," said this smart man from the country. "You needn't try to fool me with any such stuff as that. I'll give you three cents less."
And the clerk could not persuade him that he was telling him the truth, finally coming to me in despair. I went out and took the man in hand. I offered him goods at from three to five cents above the marked price, and then would take whatever he offered me. He flushed his purchases, slapped me on the back, remarking: 'That's something like. None of your one-price business for me, and went out. In the afternoon he came back, and I had two bills made out for him. The first I handed him was made up from his own prices. It was for about \$700. He looked at it and said: 'Those are good prices. Oh, you can't get ahead of me with your one-price business. Then I handed him the second, which was made up of the actual prices at which we had been selling. It was over \$100 less.
'What's that?' said he.
'That is the bill we want you to pay. This is what the goods cost you at our prices. I wanted to show you how easily you could be fooled by thinking you knew more about our business than we do ourselves.'
'He paid the bill meekly and thanked me for his lesson.'—Toledo Blade.

A Definition of Plutocracy.
A plutocrat is a man who, having the possession of capital, and having the power of it at his disposal, uses it, not industrially, but politically. Instead of employing laborers, he enlists lobbyists. Instead of applying capital to land, he operates upon the market by legislation, by artificial monopoly, by legislative privileges. He creates jobs, and erects combinations, which are half political and half industrial. He practices upon the industrial vices, makes an engine of venality, expends his ingenuity, not on processes of production, but on "knowledge of men," and on the tactics of the lobby. The modern industrial system gives him a magnificent field, a far more profitable one very often than that of legitimate industry.—Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, in N. Y. Independent.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The Treatment of Persons Overcome by Illuminating Gas.
Some extraordinary science seems to have illuminated the recent meeting of the American Gaslight Association at Toronto, during the discussion upon the remedies to be employed in cases where persons were suffering from the inhalation of gas. It is not uncommon for the workmen of the gas companies, in looking for leaks or digging up broken pipes, to be overcome by the gas, and, according to the accounts of the treatment to which they are subjected by the surrounding philanthropists, they seem to be fortunate if they escape with nothing more than a temporary loss of consciousness. One of the participants in the discussion had had the prudence to ask advice on the subject from a physician, who gave him a sensible set of rules, consisting mainly in directions to give the sufferer plenty of air and administer a little brandy and water, assisting respiration by artificial means if necessary. Another one had heard, also from a physician, that sweet oil might be administered with advantage, and had used this remedy in many cases with excellent results, which he attributed to the efficacy of the oil, when swallowed, in "lubricating the breathing apparatus," so that recovery followed rapidly. Another gentleman had had a somewhat different experience. On one occasion, when seven of his men were found insensible in a trench from an escape of gas, he had them carried into a purer atmosphere, sprinkled with water, and dosed with whisky and water until they were sufficiently restored to eat, and then gave them apples. After they had devoured these, it was found that "the acid of the apples immediately started the gas out of their stomachs," and they were soon able to drink some coffee and walk home. A similar method of "starting the gas out of their stomachs" of his men with acids had been tried by a third member, who, however, used vinegar instead of the acid of apples. The fourth remedy mentioned was not an amateur device, but the prescription of a physician, who was said to have on two occasions treated men overcome with gas by injecting carbonate of ammonia. Whether this application was intended to "lubricate the breathing apparatus" or "to start the gas out of the stomach" we are not informed, but it is not surprising to hear that the patient was ill for eight or ten days afterwards. A much-disputed point, that of the relative poisonous effects of coal and water gas, was touched upon by one of the speakers, who said that the effect of the inhalation of water gas was "a very serious matter indeed" and "entirely different" from the effect of coal gas. In his practice extra precautions were taken in dealing with water gas, and men did not recover from the effect of inhaling it for some weeks.—American Architect.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

How Mr. B. Terrorized His Better-Half During the Week Preceding Christmas.
Thank goodness that Christmas is over, and that Mr. Bowser can no longer hold it over me as a weapon to humble and terrify!
It was away back in June that he first began to refer to it. He lost his keys one day through a hole in his coat pocket, and as soon as he entered the house he turned that pocket wrong side out and exclaimed:
'Look at that, Mrs. Bowser—look at that! I believe you claim to be a wife and mother and housekeeper!'
'You have a hole in your pocket.'
'Oh, I have! And you can see it! You can actually see it!'
'You should have called my attention to it before, Mr. Bowser. I'll mend it in about a minute.'
'No, you won't. A wife with no more interest in her husband's clothes than this should let them entirely alone! You have been the means of my losing all my keys, and now I give you fair warning that you don't get no Christmas presents out of me—not even a stick of gum!'
He got a darning-needle and a piece of string and mended the hole himself, and as his keys were returned to him later in the day he apparently forgave me until next time. Along in June he had a soft corn between his toes, and one evening he said:
'Seems to me you ought to have heard of some cure for a soft corn!'
'I have. A lady told me that soap and borax cured one for her. Shall I fix up some for you?'
He was delighted at the idea, and I shaved up some soap, made the preparation and fussed over his foot for an hour. Next morning that corn was so sore he could not put on his shoe, and he limped around and pelted at me:
'You did it to secure revenge on me—you know you did! You expected blood-poisoning to set in!'
'I simply told you what a lady told me.'
'I don't believe any one ever told you so! Soap and borax! Think of it! The stuff would kill a horse! I had planned, Mrs. Bowser, to make this a memorable Christmas for you, but now I'll be hanged if I do! You don't get as much out of me as you can put into your ear!'
The corn got well in three or four days, and it was six weeks before Mr. Bowser had another opportunity to terrify me. One night I had to go down stairs for some medicine for baby, and when I started Mr. Bowser lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and his snore making the earth tremble. When I returned, he was behind the door, and I had to speak to him twice before he would come out.

PITH AND POINT.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.
Disappointment is often the only thorn that guards the rose.—Merchant Traveler.
A hesitating, vacillating man never dies with any celerity, because it takes him so long to come to a conclusion.—Texas Siftings.
Some men are like silk hats. So long as they battle against the wind they are smooth enough; but with the breeze of fortune at their backs a thousand rough places bristle up that were never seen before.—Pack.
It is not the least advantage of friendship that by communicating our thoughts to another we render them distinct to ourselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.—N. Y. Ledger.
Whatever amuses serves to kill time, to lull the faculties and to banish reflection. Whatever entertains usually awakens the understanding or gratifies the fancy. Whatever diverts is lively in its nature, and sometimes tumultuous in its effects.—Crab.
The responsibilities of life are gauged not by what we are, but by what we may become. The man who has ventured only to the limits of his sensible force has only reached the threshold of his possible attainments.—F. G. Clark.
An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be lanced by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire, that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blazon more fair names than one.—Charles A. Dickey.
At least seventy per cent. of the troubles we meet with in ordinary life are imaginary. That is the difficulties seen worse and worse as we ponder over them and try to see how bad they are. We can make just what we like of our every-day life. If we look for the disagreeable features we'll get them multiplied a dozen times. If we think only of the bright, happy parts of life we will find just what we are looking for.—Rural New Yorker.
In the employment of men, that class of labor that is purely mental commands higher price than does that class where only physical strength is wanted. One brain may design a steam engine, but more than one is necessary to build it. Hence, then, among brain workers experience and originality are factors of success. Neither can we gauge a man's worth—commercially speaking—by lapse of time, for one man with frosty locks may have traveled a shorter distance along the highway of observation than his neighbor with half his years.—American Engineer.

JAPAN'S SOVEREIGN.

The Mikado's Ancestry, His Personal Appearance and His Habits.
The Mikado has the bluest blood of any ruler on the face of the earth. The present dynasty of Japan runs back to the gods and His Imperial Majesty is the 121st Emperor of Japan. The Japanese have their history and their mythology, and the present Emperor comes from Jimmu Tennu, who was the first Mikado, and who ruled Japan 660 years before Christ was born. This man was a descendant of the sun goddess, and Mutsuhito, the present Emperor, traces his descent directly from him. Japanese history gives the story of each of the 120 Emperors between the two, and if you will think a moment you will see how far back 660 B. C. is. This was before Rome had become an empire. England was unknown even to the Romans, and hundreds of years were yet to elapse before Caesar penetrated Gaul. The present Emperor was born at Kiota, November 3, 1852. He was declared heir-apparent to the throne when he was eight years old, and he succeeded on the death of his father in 1867. He was crowned in 1868 and was married at the age of seventeen in 1869.
His Imperial Majesty is now thirty-eight years old. Let me tell you how he looks. He is taller than the average Japanese and his appearance is not half as imposing now as when he wore the rich Japanese costumes and sat cross-legged on his mats of state. He has a dark brown cafe-au-lait complexion and his eyes, which look out through almond slits, are of a brilliant black. His hair is very thick and he parts it in European style. It is combed well up from a good forehead and His Majesty's eye-brows have the decided arch which is indicative of Japanese beauty. His nose is large and inclined to flatness. It has the wide nostrils of the Japanese and His Majesty's lips are thick. He is of medium size, but is inclined to stoop, which I imagine may come from the earlier part of his life having been spent in sitting upon the floor. He wears a mustache and chin whiskers and these, like those of most of his race, are thin. The Court Chamberlain tells me that for the past sixteen years he has worn nothing but European clothes, and has to a large extent adopted European ways. His dress is that of a General of the army, and he takes great pride in military matters. He reviews his troops several times a year and is thoroughly up in the organization of his armies. When he goes out to ride he is always accompanied by his imperial guards, and he has lately purchased several new state carriages which are the wonder of Tokio.—Frank G. Carpenter, in Chicago Times.

UNSER FRITZ'S WOOLING.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Late Emperor Frederick.
A contributor to one of the Vienna newspapers has given, lately, some interesting reminiscences of Emperor Frederick. In 1865, shortly after the Bohemian campaign, Crown Prince Frederick William visited Carlsbad, the most popular German resort. Traveling incognito, he was able to indulge his taste for simplicity, and took rooms in the upper story of the house of Burger-Frau, to whom, in time, he became very communicative. The place was like a home to the future ruler. He would sit for hours in the kitchen talking gossip to the old lady, and invariably opening his letters in her presence. These, when from the Crown Princess, he would often read aloud, commenting upon their contents.
'What a dear, good woman my wife is,' he said one day, after perusing the daily packet, 'and how warmly she loves me! She is an excellent housewife, careful of every thing, superintending the kitchen as well as the ball-room. It is now fifteen years since I married her, and every year has made us happier. But I must tell you how I won her. I was only twenty-four at the time, and Count Moltke accompanied me to England, as my adjutant. Vicky was a mere child, but so clever, so good and so true! Her father and mother, too, were the best parents I have ever known. After a few days I was in love up to my ears. I could not resist her. I confessed my infatuation to the Prince, who good-naturedly encouraged me. But the mother was not so kind-hearted, and decided that Vicky should know nothing of my suit until after her confirmation. However, the fates worked in my favor. Late one afternoon, shortly before my departure, we were riding together in the shady lanes of Windsor. I was at Vicky's side. Field daisies grew along the way, which, Vicky said, were indicative of good luck. I plucked one and ordered it to her, trembling as I did so, uncertain by its reception. She took it, blushed, and gave me courage to stammer my confession. My trembling ceased as she gave me her hand, her eyes filled with tears. And to my eyes came tears too. But they were tears of joy, which alone have been shed since the happy day on which we took one another for better and for worse.'
The Crown Prince visited the springs of Carlsbad, as did the other guests who were present, and cheerfully conversed with the people who made efforts to meet him. He enjoyed these meetings. But one morning this pleasure was marred. As he descended the steps to take his morning glass, he was suddenly confronted by a gentleman dressed in the very height of fashion. It was the Elector of Hesse, whom Prussia had robbed of his little principality, and who hurried anathemas at the name of Hohenzollern. Embarrassed, the Crown Prince lifted his hat and stepped aside, and the Elector, with a suppressed curse upon his lips and an angry look in his dark eyes, passed rapidly on without acknowledging the recognition. To avoid a repetition of the unpleasant encounter the Crown Prince sought another spring upon the following morning. But as he returned from the water he stood again face to face with his enemy, who, like himself, had decided to drink at another place to keep out of the Prince's way. It was the last time they came together. The Elector was reported ill soon after, and sipped his water in his own room.—N. Y. Tribune.

Physicians in Russia.

Dr. C. Yaroshevski contributes to the Russkaya Meditsina as article on the state of the medical profession in Russia. He points out that there are only 18,000 doctors for a population of 100,000,000, or one medical man to every 6,500 persons. This number of doctors in proportion to the population is very much less than in other European countries, yet the destitution among members of the profession is alarming. Of late there have been numbers of suicides of medical men who were without the bare necessities of life. The fees for medical attendance are very low. Still, in Odessa, 40 per cent. of the whole population and 94 per cent. of the very poor died without having had medical attendance. A similar state of affairs exists at Kostrome. Dr. Yaroshevski attributes this deplorable condition of things to the ignorance of the Russian people, who prefer to consult soothsayers and magicians rather than educated medical men, to the monopoly enjoyed by the pharmacists, and to the large number of Feldshers who are allowed to practice. The Feldshers are men who have some rough knowledge of surgery and the use of a few drugs; they are generally men who have served in the Ambulance Corps or have been hospital attendants, and on the strength of this slight knowledge they are licensed to practice.
A buzzard which was caught and belted in Georgia nearly twenty-four years ago was captured the other day near Paris, Ky. It was old and couldn't fly, and was captured by some little boys, who afterward turned it loose. On its neck was a leather strap, to which was attached a small brass bell inscribed: 'Atlanta, Ga., April 21, 1853.'
The most powerful artificial light in existence is supposed to be one at St. Catherine's Light-house, in the Isle of Wight, which is estimated to be more than 7,000,000 candle-power.

The Body from Which Originated All the Lodges Now in Existence.

Upon the base of the "Cleopatra needle," which Egypt has given to America, are certain mysterious characters which so closely resemble the emblems of Freemasonry that prodigious stir has been caused among Masons in this country as to the real character of the inscriptions. If they could be shown to be truly Masonic they would establish the great antiquity of the order which is so boastful of its age and descent. Among Masonic scholars the widest differences of opinion exist as to the age of the institution, some dating it back to the time of Solomon, or even remoter time and others ascribing its genesis to the period since which comes within the range of "ancient history." Still, there seems to be a prevalent opinion that however ancient the institution may have been, and whatever traces of it can be discovered in remote times, the Masonry of to-day is a reconstructed and modernized system. An eminent Masonic authority (Colonel Thomas Pictou), who takes this view of it, says that the origin of modern Masonry can be attributed to Lord Bacon. In the "New Atlantis" there is a description of Solomon and his house, and it is there said that the King set apart different days for prosecuting the arts and sciences. The "New Atlantis" was excessively popular among the learned men of Bacon's day, and they tried to establish a society, taking Solomon as an exponent of wisdom. It was encouraged by the court of James I. and his successor, Charles I., until the revolution broke out. Then the royalists, after the death of Charles I., reorganized their society for religious and political motives—the religion for the re-establishment of the church, the politics for the restoration of the monarchy. Next they invented what is called the legend of the third degree. Hiram Abiff was the murdered monarch. Hiram, the King of Tyre, was the King of France. Solomon was the church. Hiram's three assassins were the three kingdoms: England, Scotland and Ireland. The Masons of that day, who were the conspirators—the Jacobites—were necessarily a secret society. They called themselves, as the Masons of the European continent do to the present day, the Sons of the Widow, inasmuch as the King had been beheaded and his son had not been recognized. After the restoration the leading men of the movement formed the Royal Society, which exists to the present day, and they openly continued the work of the house of Solomon. The Jacobites in France continued their benevolent organization. In England, immediately after the Restoration, a number of those who had been previously affiliated conjoined with a guild of so-called operative Masons, a body of freemen of London, meeting in Mason's Lane. They then became free and accepted Masons. In 1717 there appeared to be four lodges in London. They met in the Apple-tree Tavern, placed the oldest Mason in the chair, and proceeded to organize a grand lodge, electing Sir Christopher Wren grand master. From that body originated all the Masonic lodges at present known to be in existence.—English Notes and Queries.

THE SILENT TOWERS.

Where Flocks of Vultures and Ravens Dwell Among the Dead.
One of the most remarkable customs of the Parsees is their method of disposing of the dead. On the rocky crest of Malabar Hill, from whence the admiring beholder looks down on a magnificent panorama of city, sea and bay, the Parsees own a beautiful plot of ground, which is ornamented with lofty palms and flowering plants. In this garden or cemetery stands the Dakhma, or "Tower of Silence."
The interior of this structure is divided into three circular or concentric chambers, each of which is in turn divided into numerous smaller chambers. The inner circle is for the bodies of children, the next for the women and the outer circle for the men. When a corpse is brought to the cemetery by attendants, clad in white robes, and amid the chanting of priests, is placed in one of the compartments of the Dakhma.
Almost immediately the "holy birds of Ormuzd," the sedate vultures perched on the Palmyra palms in the cemetery, swoop down into the open tower, and in a few minutes devour the flesh of the dead body. Swarms of ravens follow and voraciously swallow the remnants of this feast. Later the bleached bones are gathered into a receptacle under the tower. To most Europeans this is a horrible mode of sepulture; but, as collating zoologist, I confess I think the swift destruction of a dead body by vigorous birds of prey or by fire, as with the Hindus, more aesthetically and poetical than the slow, wasting, worm-eating corruption of the grave—a method that is just as revolting as that of the Parsees. It is in opposition to sanitary laws, and is often the source of disease.—London Tidbits.

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O. & C. R. M. TIME TABLE.
Mail Train north, 4:30 a. m.
Mail train south, 9:30 a. m.
Engene Local—Leave north 9:00 a. m.
Engene Local—Arrive 2:10 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 or 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 BIOS.—Dealers in jewelry, watches, clocks and musical instruments, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.
FRIENDLY, 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.
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