## NATIVES OF PATAGONIA

Dress of the Men-Women Do All the

Manual Labor-Ornaments. Four years ago Chili and the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia between em, the former taking the Straits of Magellan, the key to the commerce of the west coast, and the latter the pampas. Thus in the partition the Indians fell to the Argentines, but they kept as far away from their owners as possible, for fear of being impressed into the army. Their numbers have been so much reduced that there are not more than 3,000 of them left, and these remain around Puenta Arenas, where they find the society of the Chillanos more agreeable than that of the Argentines further north. They are still mindful of their tribal relations, and have similar customs to those of the Sioux. The term Patagonian is unknown to them and was given by the early explorers because of their large Those who formerly inhabited the lower latitudes had the tribal name of Tehuelches, while further north they were called Chennas.

The native dress of the men is a chirpa or breech clout; a shirt of calico, which is a modern innovation; leggings of horsehide or the skin of the puma (the pampa lion), and over all a splendid robe of guanaco fur fit for any king. These robes, like the blanket of the North American Indians, are never laid aside, and are worn like the celebrated breeches of Bryan O'Lynn. The leather side is painted in bright colors, with symbol and tracery to represent the achievements of the owner in battle or in the chase, and some of them bear fantastic designs. A well tanned robe is worth half a dozen horses, and is much prized by the owner, who will not part with it unless he is very drunk or thirsty. The best ones are made of the skins of young guanacos, sewed together with the sinews of the ostrich, so that the shape of the animal will appear. The fur is soft and silken, the backs and sides being of fawn color, and the belly of the purest white. One can buy them of the traders at Puenta Arenas, but they seldom go to market, as people on passing vessels pick them up for curiodities

The Indian women dress as the men do, and it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish the sex of a Patagonia native, except from the difference in stature, as the women are short and stumpy and generally have a baby slung over their backs. They do all the manual labor, pitch the tents or toldos, as they are called, skin the game that is brought down in the chase, make the robes, cook the meals and everything else in the way of drudgery, for their lords and masters are opposed to every form of work that cannot be done in the saddle. Both the men and women are given to wearing loads of solid silver ornaments, much of which is antique, and handed down from generation to generation. The silver comes from the Andes, and is obtained by trading with their neighbors, the Arceanian Indians of Chili. Hunting is their business, and their amusements are gambling and horse racing. They are great smokers, but do not have the calumet of their North American brothers, using cigarettes exclusively, like the Spaniards, from whom they have ac-quired the habit, and rolling them with the skill and grace of a haughty don. -

Uses of the Willow. It is an interesting fact that not only is the presence of extensive growths of the willow found to be anti-malarial in its influence, but that from a certain species of this same beautiful tree, or its bark, is derived the comparatively new but well known antiseptic preparation called salicine; it is of a pure, bitter taste, highly febrifugal in quality, is largely used in various solutions, also in surgical operations, and is the most effectual prentive of putrefaction in the system yet known. For these purposes the willow is now being extensively and systemat-ically cultivated. At the end of two years the switches are from four to seven feet long, and are cut and gathered into bunches like sheaves of wheat; in the stripping building they are steeped in water and the bark at the larger ends loosened for a couple of inches by machinery; one by one the switches are placed in the mechanical stripper and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with a sudden jerk, being then wiped off with a wooden cloth, bundled, and laid away to dry. All the leaves and bark are dried and baled, the average yield being a ton to the acre, the willows commanding, when dry, \$200 per ton.— Frank Leslie's.

How the Grouse "Drums." I have had some experience with the ruffed grouse. The peculiar noise made by them while drumming is usually made while the bird is standing upon a log, but the log has nothing whatever to do with the sound produced. The bird while drumming assumes an upright po-sition and droops his wings until the flight feathers almost or quite touch the log or other perch on which he stands. He then, by an intense muscular effort, makes quick, spasmodic beats with his In doing this the ends of the wing feathers may, and perhaps some-times do touch the log; but it is the in-tense quiver of the flight feathers, as they come in contact with the still air, in the short and intensely rapid beats that produce the soft, yet powerful and far reaching sound. No impact of a feather or feathers with a solid substance—especially a moss covered log—could ever make a sound capable of being heard for a quarter of a mile. The air seems to be filled with the sound, soft as it is, and it seems to come to you from every direction, so that it requires a quick and practiced ear to locate it correctly. This is proof posi-tive that it is produced by vibratory ac-tion in the air, and not by the impact of two solid substances.—Cor. American

Facts About Berlin. A lover of the "curious in number" has arrived at some interesting facts about Berlin. The city has 210 miles of streets, so that a person might walk ten days in the capital without retracing his steps. If the 1,400,000 inhabitants marched in double file they would form a line nearly 750 miles in length. If the citizens determined to start upon a jour-ney at the same time, all the cars of Germany would accommodate but two-thirds of the number.—New York

Governor Steele of Oklahoma is threatened with assassination by Oklahoma of some body being benind him. However, he was not going to be frightened by this nonserne, so, consigning all superstitions to their father the bill which passed the Legislature locating the capital at that place.

# COLONELQUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

"Tills doon passed, flowever. Evidently ne must have slept some time, for the lamp was out and the fire dying. He got up and hunted about in the dark for some matches, which at last he found. He struck a light, standing exactly opposite to the bit of paper with the copy of Sir James de la Molle's dying message on it. This message was neatly copied long ways upon a half sheet of large

writing paper, such as the squire generally used. Its first line ran as it was copied: "Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly and wickedly done."

Now, as the match burned up, by some curious chance, connected probably with the darkness and the sudden striking of the light upon his eyeballs, it came to pass that Har-old, happening to glance thereon, was only able to read four letters of this first line of writing, all the rest seeming to him but as a blur connecting those four letters. They

D E a d being respectively the initial letters of the first, the sixth, the eleventh and the six-teenth words of the line given above. The match burned out, and he began to

bunt about for another. "D-E-A-D," he said, aloud, repeating the letters almost automatically. "Why, it spells 'Dead.' That is rather curious."

Something about this accidental spelling awakened his interest very sharply—it was an odd coincidence. He lighted some candiss, and hurriedly examined the line. The first thing that struck him was that the four letters which went to make up the word "dead" were about equidistant in the line of writing. Could it be! He hurriedly counted the words in the line; there were sixteen of them, that is, after the first; one of the letters occurred at the commencement of every

This was certainly curious. Trembling with nervousness he took a pencil and wrote down the initial letter of every fifth word in the message, thus:

Do not grieve for me, Edward, my son, that I am thus suddenly and wickedly done to death by a d rebel murderers, for naught bappeneth but ac cording to God's will. And now farewell, Edward,

till we shall meet in beaven. My moneys have I hid, and on account thereof I die unto this world, knowing that not one piece shall Cromwell touch. To whom God shall appoint shall all my treasure

be, for naught can I communicate,

When he had done he wrote these initials in DEad mans mount abo

Great heaven! he had hit upon the reading

The answer was "Dead Man's Mount," followed by the mysterious letters A. B. C. Breathless with excitement, he checked the letters again to see if by any chance he had made an error. No, it was perfectly correct. "Dead Man's Mount." That was and had been for centuries the name of the curious tumulus or mound in his own back garden, the same that learned antiquarians had discussed the origin of so flercely and that his aunt, the late Mrs. Massey, had, at the cost of two hundred and fifty pounds, erected a mushroom shaped roof over in order to prove that the hollow in the top had once been the agreeable country seat of an ancient British

Could it then be but a coincidence that after the first word the initial of every fifth word in the message should spell out the hour now, and was getting very tired. Cold name of this remarkable place, or was it so as it was, the perspiration poured from him. arranged? He sat down to think it over, trembling like a frightened child. Obviously it was not an accident; obviously the prisoner of more than two centuries ago had in his helpiessness invented this simple cryptograph in the hope that his son, or, if not his cover it and thereby become the master of the hidden wealth. What place would be more likely for the old knight to have chosen to secrete the gold than one that even in those days had the uncanny reputation of being baunted? Who would ever think of looking for modern treasure in the burying place of the ancient dead! In those days, too, Mole-hill or Dead Man's Mount, belonged to the De la Molle family, who had reacquired it on the break up of the Abbey. It was only at the Restoration, when the Dofferleigh branch came into possession under the will of the second and last baronet, Sir Edward de la Molle, who died in exile, that they failed to recover this portion of the property. And if this was so, and Sir James, the murdered man, had buried his treasure in the mount, what did the mysterious letters A. B. C. mean? Were they, perhaps, directions as to the line to be taken to discover it? Harold could not imagine, nor, as a matter of fact, did he or anybody else ever find out this either then or thereafter.

Ida, indeed, used afterward laughingly to eclare that old Sir James meant to indicate that he considered the whole thing as plain as A B C, but that was an explanation which did not commend itself to Harold's practical mind.

## CHAPTER XXXIX. BUT NOT TO BED,

Harold glanced at the clock-it was nearly In the morning-time to go to bed if he was roing. But he did not feel inclined to go to If he did, with this great discovery on his mind, he should not sleep. There was another thing; it was Christmas eve, or Christmas day, the day of Ida's answer. If any succor was to be given at all it must be given at once, before the fortres had capitulated. Once let the engagement be renewed, and even if the money should subsequently be forthcoming, the difficulties would be doubled. But there; he was building his hopes upon sand and be knew it. Even supposing that he held in his hand the key to the burial place of the long lost treasare, who knew whether it would still be there or whether rumor had not enormously added to its proportions? He was allowing his hopes and his imagination to carry him away.

Still be could not sleep, and be had a mine to see if anything could be made of it. Go ing to the gun room, he put on a pair of shorting boots, an old coat and an ulster. Next be provided himself with a dark inntern and the key of the summer house at the top of Dead Man's Mount, and silently unlocking

the back door, started out into the garden The night was very rough, for the great gale was now rising fast, and bitterly cold, so cold that he hesitated for a moment before making up his mind to go on. However, he did go on, and in another two minutes was climbing the steep sides of the great tumulus. There was a wan moor in the cold sky-the wind whistled most drearily through the asked boughs of the great oaks, which grouned in answer like things in pain. Har-old was not a nervous or impressionable man, but the place had a spectral look about it, and be could not belp thinking of the evil eputation it had borne for all these ages. Bolsingham either, who could have been per-maded to stay half an bour by himself on Dead Man's Mount after the sun was well sown. Harold had at different times asked me or two of them what they saw to be afraid of, and they had answered that it was not what they saw so much as what they felt. He had laughed at the time, but now he admitted to himself that he was anything but comfortable, though if he had had to put his sellings into words he could probably not

curious edifice had been designed for a sum-mer house, and for that purpose lined throughout with encaustic tiles, nobody as a matter of fact had ever dreamed of using it to sit in. To begin with, it roofed over a great depression some thirty feet or more in diameter, for the top of the mount was hollowed out like one of those wooden cups upon which jugglers catch balls. But, notwithstanding all the encaustic tiles in the world, damp will gather in a hollow like this, and the damp alone was an objection. The real fact was, however, that the spot had an evil putation, and even those who were suf-ciently well educated to know the folly of this sort of thing would not willingly have gone there for purposes of enjoyment. So it had suffered the general fate of disused places, having fallen more or less out of repair and become a receptacle for garden tools, broken cucumber frames and lumber

Harold got the door open and entered, shutting it behind him. It was, if anything, more disagreeable in the empty silence of the wide place, for the space roofed over was considerable, than it had been outside, and the question at once arose in his mind, what



was he to do now that he had got there! If the treasure was there at all, probably it was deep down in the bowels of the great mound. Well, as he was on the spot, he thought that he might as well have a dig, though probably nothing would come of it. In the corner were a pickax and some spades and shovels. Harold got them, advanced to the center of the space, and, half laughing at his own folly, set to work. First, having lighted anothe lantern which was kept there, he removed with the sharp end of the pickax a large patch of the encaustic tiles exactly in the center of the depression. Then, having loosened the sod beneath with the pick, he took off his ulster and fell to digging with a will. The soil proved to be very sandy and easy to work. Indeed, from its appearance, he soon came to the conclusion that it was not dirgin earth, but worked soil, which had been thrown there. Presently his spade struck against something hard; he picked it up and held it to the lantern. It proved to be an ancient spear head, and near it were some bones, though whether or no they were human he could not at the time determine. This was very interesting, but it was scarcely what he wanted, so he dug on manfully until he found himself chest deep in taken. How was he to account for this great hole to his gardener on the following morn ing! Then and there he made up his mind that he would not account for it. gardener, in common with the rest of the vil-

lage, believed that the place was haunted. Let him set down the hole to the "spooks" and their spiritual activity. Still be dug on at his grave for a little longer. It was by now becoming a matter of exceeding labor to throw the shovelfuls of soil clear of the bole. Then he determined to stop, and with this view scrambled, not with out difficulty, out of the amateur tomb, Once out, his eyes fell on a stout iron crowbar which was standing among the other tools, such an implement as is used to make holes in the earth wherein to set hurdles and stakes; and it occurred to him that it would not be a bad idea to drive this crowbar into the bottom of the grave which he had dug, in order to ascertain if there was anything within his reach. Accordingly he once more descended into the hole and began to work with the iron crow, driving it down with all his strength. When he had got it almost as deep as it would go, that is about three feet, it struck something—something hard—there was no doubt of it. He worked away in great excitement, widening the hole as much

as be could. Yes, it was masonry, or if it was not masonry, it was something uncommonly like it. He drew the crow out of the hole, and, seizing the shovel, commenced to dig again with renewed vigor. As he could no longer onveniently throw the soil from the hole he took a "skep" or leaf basket, which lay handy, and placing it beside him, put as much of the sandy soil as he could lift into it, and then lifted it and shot it on the edge of the pit. For three-quarters of an hour he labored thus nost manfully, till at last he came down to

the stone work. He cleared a paten of it and examined it attentively by the light of the dark lantern. It appeared to be rubble work, built in the form of an arch. He struck it with the iron crow and it gave back a bollow sound. There was a cavity of some sort un

His excitement and curiosity redoubled. By great efforts he widened the spot of stone work already laid bare. Luckily, the soil, or rather sand, was so frigule that there was very little exertion required to leosen it. This done, he took the iron crow, and inserting it beneath a loose flat stone levered it up. This was a beginning, and, having got rid of the large flat stone, be struck down again and again with all his strength, driving the sharp oint of the heavy crow into the rubble work beneath. It began to give—he could hear bits of it falling into the cavity below. There it went with a crash, more than a square foot

He leaned over the hole at his feet, devoutly hoping that the ground on which be was standing would not give way also, and tried to look down. The next second he threw his head back, coughing and gasping. The foul air rushing up from the cavity or chamber, or whatever it was, had half poisoned him. Then, not without difficulty. he climbed out of the grave, and sat down on the pile of sand he had thrown up. Clearly he must let the air in the place sweeten a lit-Clearly, also, he must have assistance if be must descend into the great hole. He could not undertake that by himself.

He sat there upon the edge of the pit, wondering who there was he could trust. Not his own gardener. To begin with, he would never come near the place at night, and besides, such people talk. The squire? No; he could not rouse him at this hour, and also, for obvious reasons, they had not met lately. Ah? he had is. George was the man? To be gin with, he could be trusted to hold his ngue, and the episode of the production of the real Mrs. Quest had taught the colonel that George was a person of no common powers. He could think, and he could act also.

He throw on his cost, extinguished the large stable lanters, and having passed out,

locked the door of the summer house, and started down the mount at a trot. The wind had risen steadily during his hours of work, and was now blowing a furious gale. It was about a quarter to 4 in the morning, and the stars shown brightly in the hard, clear blown By their light and that of the waning moon he struggled on in the teeth of the raging tempest. As he passed under one of the oaks he heard a mighty crack overhead. and guessing what it was ran like a hare. He was none too soon. A circular gust of more than usual flerceness had twisted the top right out of the great tree, and down it can upon the turf with a rending, crashing sound that made his blood turn cold. After this escape he avoided the neighborhood of

groaning trees.

George lived in a neat little farm house about a quarter of a mile away. There was a short cut to it across the fields, and this he took, breathlessly fighting his way against the gale which swept, and roared, and howled in its splendid might as it came leaping across the ocean from its birthplace in the distances of air. Even the stiff hawthorne fences bowed before its breath, and the tall poplars on the sky line beat like a rod beneath the fresh rush of a salmon.

Excited as he was, the immensity and grandeur of the sight and sounds struck upon him with strange and awful force. Never before had he felt so far apart from man, and so near to that dread Spirit round whose feet millions of rolling worlds rush on for ever, at whose word they are, endure, and

He struggled on until at last he reache the house. It was quite silent, but in one of the windows a light was burning. No doubt its occupants found it impossible to sleep in that wild gale. The next thing to consider was how to make himself heard. To knock at the door would be useless in that turmoil. There was only one thing to be done—throw stones at the window. He found a good sized pebble, and, standing underneath, threw it with such good will that it went right through the glass, lighting, as he afterward heard, full upon Mrs. George's sleeping nose, and nearly frightening that good woman, whose nerves were already shaker by the gale, into a fit. Next minute a red night cap appeared at the window.
"George," roared the colonel in a lull of

"Who's there!" came the faint answer. "Me-Col. Quaritch. Come down. I want to speak to you."

The head was withdrawn, and a couple of minutes afterward Harold saw the front door begin to open slowly. He waited till there was space enough and then slipped in, and together they forced it to, "Stop a bit, sir," said George; "Fil light

the lamp," and he did. Next minute he stepped back in amaze

"Why, what on 'arth hev you bin after, sir!" he said, contemplating Harold's filth begrimed face, and hands, and clothes. "Is anything wrong up at the castle, or is the cottage blown down!" "No, no," said Harold; "listen. You've heard tell of the treasure that old Sir James

"Yes, yes. I have heard tell of that. Her the gale blown it up?" "No, but by heaven I believe that I am is a fair way to find it!"

de la Molle buried in the times of the Round-

George took another step back, remember ing the tales that Mrs. Jobson had told, and not being by any means sure that the colone was not in a dangerous condition of lunacy. "Give me a glass of something to drink, water or milk, and I'll tell you. I've been digging all night, and my throat's like a

"Digging, why, where?"
"Where? In Dead Man's Mount." "In Dead Man's Mount?" said George. Well, blow me, if that ain't a funny place to dig at on a night like this," and, too amazed to say anything more, he went off to get the milk.

Harold drank three glasses without stopping, and then sat down to tell as much of his moving tale as he thought desirable.

## CHAPTER XL HOW THE NIGHT WENT.

George sat opposite to him, his bands on his knees, the red night cap on his head, and a comical expression of astonishment upon

his melancholy countenance.

"Well," he said, when Barold had done,
"blow me if that ain't a master one. And
yet there's folks who say that there ain't no such thing as Prowidence—not that there's anything prowided yet—p'r'aps there ain't nawthing there, after all."

"I don't know if there is or not, but I'm going back to see, and I want you to come

"Now!" said George, rather uneasily. "Why, colonel, that bain't a very nice spot to go digging about in on a night like this. I niver heard no good of that there place—not as I holds by sich talk myself," he added, ologetically.
"Well," said the colonel, "you can do as

you like, but I'm going back at once, and going down the hole too; the gas must be out of it by now. There are reasons," be added, "why, if this money is to be found at all, it

should be found this morning. Today is Christmas day, you know.

"Yes, yes, colonel; I know what you mean. Bless you, I know all about it; the old squire must talk to somebody; if he don't he'd bust; so he talks to.me. That Cossey's coming for his answer from Miss Ida this morning. Poor young lady, I saw ber yesterday, and she looks like a ghost, she du. Ah, he's a mean one, that Cossey. Laryer Quest warn't in it with him, after all. Well, I cooked his goose for him, and I'd give summut to have a hand in cooking that banker chap's too. You wait a minute, colonel, and I'll come along, gale and ghostesses and all. I only hope it mayn't be after a fool's errand, that's all;" and he retired to put on his boots. Presently he appeared again, his red night cap still on his head-for he was afraid that the wind would blow a hat off-and carrying an unlighted lantern in his hand. 'Now, colonel, I'm ready, sir, if you be," and they started.

The gale was, if anything, fiercer than wer. Indeed, there had been no such tempest in those parts for years, or rather centuries, as the condition of the timber by 10

'clock that morning amply testified. "This here wind must be like that as the squire tells us on in the time of King Charles, as blew the top of the church tower off on a Christmas night," shouted George; but Harold made no answer; and they fought their way onward without speaking any more, for their voices were almost inaudible. Once the colonel stopped and pointed to the sky line. Of all the row of tall poplars which he had seen bending like whips before the wind as he came along, but one remained standing now, and as he pointed that vanished also. Reaching the summer house in safety, they entered, and the colonel shut and locked the

door behind them. The frail building was literally requiring in the fury of the storm.
"I hope the roof will hold," shouted George, but Harold took no heed. He was thinking of other things. They lighted the lanterns of which they now had three, and the colone slid down into the great grave he had so industriously dug, motioning to George to fol-low. This that worthy did, not without trepidation. Then they both knelt and stared down through the hole in the maconry, but the light of the lanterns was not strong enough to enable them to make out anything

"Well," said George, falling back upon his drew his night capped head from the hole, "if that ain't a master one, I niver asw a masterer, that's all. What be you a going to do now, colonel! Her you a ladder bere?"
"No," answered Harold; "I never thought of that; but I've a good rope; I'll get it."

Scrambling out of the hole, he presently returned with a long coil of stout rope. It

belonged to some men who had been recently mployed in cutting boughs off such of the [TO BE DONTINUED.]

LIFE FROM DEATH.

tions from the Dead as Illustrated by the Egyptians. package of peas was once found in

a fold of the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, where it had lain undisturbed 3,000 years. The peas were at once soaked in tepid water and afterwards planted. They soon germinated, grew finely, and produced a good crop. It will be remembered that at various times kernels of wheat have been found in the wrapping cloths of mummies, which, on being planted, have grown and flourished finely.

The above facts teach us a very in-

tersting lesson regarding the Egyptians of the years far, far back; it is this: Their religion taught them to provide for the continuance of the fruits of the earth in remote times. so that the blessings of God might be made manifest to man as well through the bounties of nature as in the growth of the spirit. And thus they made use of death for the transmission of the germs of life to ages in the incalculable future, for they knew that the repose of the dead was sacred among the people of the passing generations, and that only chance and natural changes and causes would reveal their good works-reproducing for others, perhaps at a time when the need would be greatest, those life giv-ing plants whose benefits they had

enjoyed. If the Egyptians honored the dead with costly burials, they took care that life should have the benefit of death in something more durable than monumental stone and the fulsomeness of eulogy. How much nobler, how much higher, the economic morality of this than the later custom of placing marble memorials over or beside the dead, and inscribing upon them, not always the true character of the occupant of the tomb, but a supposititious one which wealth could purchase-perhaps a lie to the genera tion then passing onward, and only a description of that which should come

The Egyptian priests tried their dead, in solemn court and and with an imposing ceremonial, and they gave honorable burial only to those who had been honorable in their lives. Why may we not believe that those dead in whose custody were left seeds for the reproduction of fruit in after ages were persons of peculiar sanctity of lives or distinguished by the noblest virtues? We may venture to suppose that these things were confided to their ghostly keeping so that the blessings of the inheritance might be magnified

The world is every day learning by sharply presented contrasts to respect more and more highly the wisdom and religion of those mighty men of Egypt whose histories they have so carefully handed down to us. Their monoliths and tablets, thus inscribed, now thousands of years old, if left where they belong, under the burning heaven of the east, and enveloped by a pure, clear atmosphere, will be fresh, comparatively, as though newly hewn when our shafts and memories shall have crumbled into dust, our books become mildewed and worm eaten and the memories of our honorable dead shall be perpetuated only in other share of the public patronage solicited. dead shall be perpetuated only in other and perhaps inaccurate histories.-James M. Stewart in Washington

A Well Merited Rebuke

First Actress-The impudence of these men is simply insulting. What do you suppose that front row baldhead sent me this morning? Second Actress-Oh, what was it? Do

tell me, quick.

"A great big floral heart with a love letter in the top and a diamond pin in the

center.' "How rich he must be! What did you do?"

"I summoned a messenger boy instantly, and, after tearing the letter into bits, I scattered the pieces over the flowers and sent it back to the fellow. I didn't want to quite break his heart, though, so I retained the pin."—Omaha

Three Classes of Americans. "In your travels through the country," says an Englishman, in speaking of the United States, "you are constantly running across two classes of people, the hifalutin' boasters who think they can whip all creation, and the apish imitators of European ways, who spend their time in apologizing for their country. But it is only fair to say that the vast majority of the people belong to neither of these classes. Unfortunately, however, a visiting Englishman is much more likely to meet the two classes spoken of than the larger class of self respecting Americans country. And so he goes home with a false impression of the people."-New York Tribune.

The Supply of Quinine. It is a curious fact that while the annual supply of quinine for the whole world is about 6,600,000 ounces, the consumption of this drug in the United States is more than 3,100,000 ounces, or nearly one-half the entire product. The price of quinine has been so low for the ast three or four years that large plantations of the cinchona tree have been uprooted in Ceylon, and the tea plant is substituted. Ceylon produces a very large share of all the bark that is marketed, and the exports from that island

Why He Was Remembered.

Remembrance is not always complimentary. A man who was sadly given to borrowing died very suddenly. During the funeral services, a comrade took occasion to say: "There is nothing lost of this man but a lump of mortal clay.' The astonishment of the people was intense when an old man grumbled out

"Is too! I lend him more as dree hundredt tollah, und don'd ket pack von cendt!"—Youth's Companion.

For a Good Mucilage For a strong mucilage pulverize sepa-

rately about equal parts of gum arabic and gum tragacanth; mix thoroughly while dry, and then add sufficient water. This is a better mucilage than you can get at the stationer's, is cheap, and will keep for a long time without anything to preserve it. Gum arabic is too weak and brittle for good mucilage, and gum tragacanth, if used alone, only partly olves, and remains in lumps.-"D. T. P." in The Writer.

J. L. PAGE,

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