Glorious winter weather.

The poor should be remembered

Christmas. Give liberally to the Hidden in humble things we never know, we grope and pass unheading on the way The good that we are seeking day by day.

—Donahoe's Magazine.

Every poor family should be remembered by their more wealthy CAP'N TOM WOOLLEY. neighbors in Eugene on Christmas

The poultry show is bound to be

Twenty-three is apparently a lucky number for Major McKinley. dent, the regiment to which he beand he will be elected by the electoral vote of 23 states.

Omaha World-Herald: This is the season of the year when a young lady will spend \$3 for silks and the thing is for.

A Massachusetts doctor, and he i the secretary of the state board of health, declares that the decline in the death rate of women from pulmonary diseases began five years ago, the time of the first general popularity or the bicycle, and has continued since. The rapid respiration it induces strengthens the right down into the depths, as far as you can see, an it's all transparent, an it's all pure an innocent. That's the sea in foreign substances. If this is true Cornwall. it is certainly one great victory for the bicycle.

depositors of the defunct Walla fonder of her than of any other folks as Walla Savings Bank have had their be with your good lady, sir, begging your last hopes destroyed by the recent pardon. She was a fine built young womreport of Receiver McGhee. The up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see estimated value of the assets being only \$5,492.90, and the amount ries by the rocks at nights, you'd say she was one of these book writers, as it might due depositors nearly \$250,000, it may be said that any dividend to lady, too, with a color in her check an a be expected would be infinitesti- spring in her step, walking free across Mullyon moors the same as if they belonged mal. Never was a bank more to her thoroughly looted than the Walla Walla Savings Bank by its chief manager, Edmiston, who diverted the funds of the institution to his own speculative purposes, and de frauded his depositors and stockholders alike."

Dec 15th says: "The seekers after homes will divert their thoughts from Oklahoma and Indian territory," said Major Charles E Wordon, agent of the United States land department, at Klamath, Or., "and will rush to Klamath as soon as the Indians have been allotted their lands in severalty. When this is done about 1,850,000 acres of as fertile and beautiful country as any in the world will become a part of the public domain and subject to homestead entry. Since June, 1894, Major Wordon has been in Oregon establishing farms erecting school buildings and parcelling out lands for the Indians to hold under the government's cooperative system, devised for the red man. Mr. Wordon is on his way to Washington,"

An Odd Care For Fainting.

In The Law Times some interesting stories are told of the late Baron Parke, afterward Lord Wensleydale. His love of the law is illustrated by the anecdote of his apologizing to a hostess for his late arrival at a party on the ground that he could not tear himself away from "a beautiful demurrer." His passion for fresh air was such that on buying a handsomely furnished house his first order, it is said, was that all the bedposts should be sawed down and the next that all the bed curtains should be burned. At Exoter he insisted on ventilation in a wholesale way which wrought

havee with counsel and juries. The best story of Baron Parke is perhaps that which tells how once when summoned to advise the lords he was seized with a fainting fit in the middle of his argument. Various remedies were applied without avail. At last a happy thought occurred to one of his brothron, who well know his poculiar temperament. He rushed into the library, seized a large musty volume of old statutes, rushed back and held it to the nostrils of the patient. The effect was marvelons. He at once opened his eyes, gave them a slight rob and in a few seconds I looked up and saw, an we was most FOT.

We seek for the ideal of our dreams

We seek for the bleal of our dreams. And strive to reach it guided by the beams of truth and faith. Setting our standard high. We struggle on, but when the prize is nigh. We find that it cludes us, and it seems. To beeken coward, mocking with its gleams like some bright mirage in the eastern sky. With eyes blind to the glory here below, Our thoughts forever turned away from cartis.

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap-The poultry show is bound to be a success. Remember it will be held in the Walton brick, Eugene, Dec 24, 25 and 26. Everbody is cordially invited.

Second swim out like she could. "Captain Tom 'Oolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water." She come here every year. She said she never could take to anywheres like the coast of Cornom again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a distaste of the Cornom to the control of the coast of of the coas ish folk like.
Well, that's true what you say, sir. There

ain't no sea anywheres like the sea here in Cornwall. It breaks, as you may put it, He will be the twenty-third presi- all so green as an emerald, round the stacks an skerries off Land's End an the Lizard. See it breaking yonder, sometimes in fine longed was the twenty-third Ohio, white foam, most as high as a lighthouse, white foam, most as high as a lighthouse, round they granite peaks, an you wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oils by they artist gents at Newlyn. The channel—well, what's the chan-nel, come to think of it, but a muddy river, in the manner of speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flooding it all with dirt an refuse? The North sea—no, nor the North sea aln't much better neither, through be satins and 11 hours' work a day to make a present for her best male friend, and after he gets it the chances are he will not know what the thing is for.

sea ain't much better neither, through being filled with yellow clay by the mouths of Thames an Rhine an Humber. Throw 'em all, bless your 'eart, as have salled in coasting craft, man an boy, this fifty year an more, an being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset, an a muddler sea you wouldn't want nowheres than that. though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, belying my own home, if I make bold to put it so, which is as tidy a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic, where it rolls right in, all blue an green an clear as crystal on they Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it for pleasure of swimming in the British isles, not till a man comes round again to Calthness an Sutherland. Our Joe-him as they calls the fisher-

man poet—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look

The young lady's name I was speaking of was Noe. She was a Miss Pryce of London, but through knowing of her so intimate like we always called her by her given name, Miss Noc. She was at home with the her swim agin the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones sto-

her father an mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parients, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on.
At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me "Tom," says she, "It ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady; it's plain A San Francisco d'spatch of Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the new fashion now, though when I was young 'twas all Alick or else Sandy.

"An a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," L not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with, nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon, but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, desurves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow. Or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailers from?

'An a handsome couple they'll make,' says my misses, being fond of Miss Noo. Well, one of they days Mr. Moore—that's Alex -- he went out swimming off the rocks by the cove, an Miss Noo, she was ashore sitting high on the cliff reading a book or something. But every now an again my wife sees her raise her head an looks out to sea auxious like after the heads bobbing about like buoys to the water. At last up she jumps an runs down to the cortage all breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, de look out at Alex! He's salmming over there, an It weems to me be's in some sort of trou-"-love hav" trees as can see better'n

a binocular. Well, I gets shows my telescope, no I fixes it upon him. I was a mile out to sea-a black sicch on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sors enough, there he was, throwing his cross up wild an trying to make signs t ____ shore for help.
"Is it cramp?" says the young lady.

"Don't you believe it," says I. a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim forever," says I, "let him be so strong as you like," says I. "Tired out, that's what I calls it." says I. An tired out Mr. Alex was, sure enough, by the look of him.

Oh, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone, let alone

I was half way down to my loat by that

Bloss your heart, if he warn't no Strand Magazine friend of yours at all-as man to man-I'd save him. Bill o'my soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "Come and help says I. "There's a gentleman

drownding "Drownding" says Bill running down an putting out. "Come on," says Hill, "I'm with you." His name being Hill o'my soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he was young with all the

we put off an rowed, Itili taking one of the sweeps—as is our name for they long ears—an me the other. After awhite It struck me we wasn't bending entword. turned toward share agin. I'd pulled the boat round on Bill—white I didn't under stand, he being then a super man nor me to pull-not but what when I was in my best days I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

Bill, "says I sharp, "you're not a pull-He looked up at merather odd. "Mate, says he quiet like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you rowing for, the young fellow

or the mones"
"Pull, pull, man," I shouts out, "Pull, pull, I tell you. The gentleman's drownd-ing—Miss Noe's young gentleman."

He pulls a stroke or two quite feeble.
His boart wasn't in it. Then I loss my

temper.
"Bill-o'-my soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here—but as sure as my name is

Cap'n rom concy I'm wring your ugiy

He holds up his sweep an says he Oh, is that your game?" says he. "At do you propose to compensate me."

It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—an a man there a-drownding? Have you no common hu-manity," says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow crea-

Five pounds is a good bit better nor thirty bob," says Bill, looking at me sul-

Well, sir, I'll say it to your face, though your own father is a county councilor, I always thought that one as bad a law as the county could make. But law it is, all the same, an there ain't no helping it.
It's five pound reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an it's only thirty bob for bringing in a man alive as you save from drownding.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row or

Just at that minute my eyes went to ward the shore, an if there wasn't Miss Noe, not wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all, though a lady with skirts, an swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice an shouts: "Come along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl! She was swimming that splendid.

Well, I rows toward her an helps her aboard into the boat, an in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather bed to her. An she seizes the oar Billo'-my-soul wouldn't work, an she cries out to me, agonized like: "Row on, Cap'n 'Oolley, for heaven's sake, row on! Alex is a-drownding!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a super-cargo, as you may say, to weigh the boat, not yet a passenger for nothing, so, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Billo'-my-soul an I clasps un round the waist, being a older man nor him; but, heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise—too much to struggle—an I heaves un over afore he knowed where he was an makes a Jonah of him. He comes up spluttering, being the worst swimmer for a seafaring man as ever I met with.
"There," says I, hitting out at him with
the blade of my sweep, "see how you likes
it yourself," says I. "There's five pound agoing begging for whoever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trou-ble about you living." An off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, an leaves Bill there to sink or swim, according as he was minded,

A quarter of a mile out we comes up to a sailing boat. Wind was nor east, or might have been a plint nearer east may hap, an a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex was drownding. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder," she cries, showing the way with her hand.
"Quick, quick! He's drownding."
In a second they sees, an without one

word off they goes, luffin that suddent I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't seen it, an they files before half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming through not having another kick in him, as you may But he was able to float on his back an might have floated an hour more, may hap, if so be as the chill of the water didn't numb him an send him to the bottom. They come up to him an pulled him in. I could see them a pulling of him, but whether it was thirty bob or £5 worth, I ouldn't rightly make out for certain. 'Is it alive or dondy" says the young

lady. "Well," says I, "he do look rather Hmp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back an get your things dried, miss."
"Oh, no," says she, crying. "I can't go

back till I know. Cap'n 'Oolley,' says Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman, perhaps, having nothing on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of. Still, this being a matter of life an death, where such things can't be allowed to

count. I rows on to meet them. About a hundred yards off I stands up an shouts so as she shouldn't understand 'Is it a £5 job, mate, or a thirty bobber?' An the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on, an a sail wrapped round un, an he shouts at the top of his voice,

waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noe! I wanted to turn, then; but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was, at the sound of his voice, she'd stood up in the boat an jumped off the seat an was swimming for dear life again to the sailing boat where her young gentleman was

a sitting. He was most dead when she got there He'd just had strength of mind to hold up till be could shout to her, an then he falls back, numblike an as white as death till they gets him ashore again. Bill-o'-my soul was standing, spluttering an shivering, looking blue with cold an saying as how I'd done him out of £5, or anyways 30 shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings an gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an such an brandy, an by the end of the day he was pretty well right again. But the young lady, she didn't as much as catch a cold with it, an afore they left this place him an her was married. when Bill-o'-my soul come to hear that her father an mother wanted to give £10 aplece to the men in the boat an me, he was just that mad you could 'a' heard his

Her Love Explained.

language neither. - Exchange.

He-If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?

language five houses off, an not choice

She Encourage your He—For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theater,

She-That was not because I loved you. "Save him?" says I. "Is it saving of It was because I leved the sheater.

> For Pink Cheeks. Pink cheeks are much better obtained with exercise than with cosmetics. If a girl does not wish to appear at the break fast table with a pale, sallow face, she should go out into the fresh morning air and take a short, brisk walk. Rouge will supply the pinkness, but the morning san has a cruel way of showing up the effects

Sunlight to a splendid cosmetic. Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover soonest. The woman who always walks on the sunny side of the street outlives her shade seeking alster by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun has shed its rays all day.

Successful Dressing.

Suitability is the secret of successful dress, and there is nothing so annoying as the reception of an invitation which leaves se in doubt of the proper costume. Men have only two styles of dress-morning and evening-but ledies have a number of little gradations, any departure from which would starup them as outsiders at once. New forms of entertainments are constant ly being invented in acciety, and people who are not quite "in the swim" may be excused if they find it a little difficult to know what to wear. There is nothing so uncomfortable in this world as being over-

dressed, but being underdressed runs it close, and the woman is fortunate who



During these bond times it will pay you to give XMAS GIFTS that are useful as well as ornamen-tal. A pair of Boots, Shoes or Slippers will be appreciated as much as a gold watch. We have a big

USEFUL PRESENTS. YORAN & SCN,

LITTLE PANCHA.

Pancha's mother was a nice, clean little woman. Every afternoon, when the sun was on the other side of the case, she used to sit on a tale petate in front of her door, and, with her eigarette tucked over her ear, carefully comb her children's heads. They sat quietly, after the fashion of Mexican children, while les animales were being decimated. All but Paredu. Whether Pancha objected to the slaughter of the

Innocents or it was just her "limate cussodness" no one could determine.

Pancha was 4 and short and sport for that age. Her eyes were extraordinarily large and the blackest I ever saw. They apparently had no pupils. I was told her father and mother did not love her because she was so black. Pancia was indeed the black sheep of the family. She
looked as though she had been smoked.

The warm, velvety brown shaded off in
places to a black, particularly round her
public.

forehead and neck.

There was something pathetically savage about her. She was in a continual brail. The other children had but to say tauntingly, "Panchita es mala" to have her fly at them like a wildent.

When outnumbered and outgeneraled, which was scidom, for she was a veteran of many fights, she would go away to a path on the mesa, where the dust was thick and the nepales grew in plenty. Through the dust and among the principales she tramped, tearing out her and sobbing and choking with rage.

One very hot day we were all sitting in the patio under a big green awaing. tinkling of the fountain and the dro chirping of the birds the only sounds, in we were all sleepy.

There was a long tiled corridor leading to the patio, and in this I heard the me monstrating with some one. When I went in, Pancha was there, defiantly eying the big mezo. She grinned with delight on seeing me and held out, in a hea, grimy little hand, a present for me. Something muy blen. It was hers, all hers, but now it was mine.
She watched my face with open antici-

pation of my delight. It was a place of meat wrapped in a solled tortilla—a for tilla is not a napkin, but its capacity for getting solled is just as great as though it were linen instead of a comestible. But ment—think of it! When had Pancha a

shoulder. It was a long glass ruby about the size of the pendants hung from lumps. keeping the ear under cultivation.

One day I went down to Guanajuato given Lerewith.—New York Tribune. When I returned, I brought Pancha a pair When I returned, I brought Pinelin a pair of earrings. My thrifty New England friend said: "Why carrings" Why not something useful?" Because. And then there is another reason. Children density there is another reason. Children density the company of the country celve two Christmas presents. One was the right boot for the right fast and the other was the left boot for the left fast. Was he grateful! Not a bit of it. He cried long to him:

Pancha's carrings were silver-hig boops | rgain? wrought in a design that be led like lace work. Pancha was very happy the duy she received them and went about swelling her little pigeon breast in pride, the carrings shining white amilies her brown that general's using was Lee!

"Yes, my hey?" the statety officer and the received them.

Afternoon, coming off victor in every one.

Next day she had her mother put on her face seems familiar to me somehow."

Ittle flests dress, a freek of red cotton, and submitted to having her hair lemshed and her face washed, then came promity up the steep grade to the case grands to visit and show her finery. The little fat woman, her great eyes glistening with exwoman, her great eyes glistening with ex-citement, at in a big armchaiv in the sala ginia institute. Youth's Companion. cating her cakes and drinking deep of the

Before the burden of entertaining her became onerous she stid from her chair, and, to my surprise, came to me to be struction of the great a mple of Diana at kissed before starting for her home. She Ephesus in R. C. 1856 on the night Alexwont down the grade used by the ex wag-ons. There was a deep cut in one place, kindled by the extratus who, when appre-E Schwarzschild stationery....... 1 55 where the grade had been unusually steen. bended, confessed that Lis only desire was Here she was lost to view. A recognit la transmit lis name to further ages. He ter there was a tremendous rattling and was put to douth with exquisite and pro- A C Jennings stationery 8 00

I reached the bladf, and, looking down into the cut. I saw—can I ever forget it!—the poor little waldling figure in its brave red dress, trampled down by the frightened mules, crushed and mangled by the great whools of the heavy ox wagon. I heard one pitiful wall.

When we picked up the bruised little heaf, I found in the bosom of her freck several small places of bread that she had

cowed away to take home. acowel away to take home.

I insisted that her loved carrings be buried with her, washed the dirty little hands and face and made a wreath of jasmine for her lead. Afraid they might reent my interference, I did no more. The stiffened remains were wrapped in

a white cloth and placed on a heard-cof-fins cost too much for the very, very poor fins cost too much for the very, very poor in Mexico. So they covered her face, and the father, putting the board on his head, carried her down in the night 50 kilome-ters to the graveyard. He rented a tiny piece of ground and dug the grave himself. The priest was a kind old fellow and gave his services for nothing, which was fortunate for near Natrico had 25 cenfortunate, for poor Nareiso had 25 cen-

tayes for his whole expenses.

Thus Panchita, in her gay red dress and silver carrings was laid away in conse-crated ground.—Edith Wagner in San Prancisco Argonant.

The New Zealander's Heaven. The New Zenlander Imagines that the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the souls of the dead so to a place behavior the earth called raings. According to their belief, the path to this region lies along a precipice clees to the sensitors at the North cape. It is even said by the natives who live in that neighborhood that at night they can hear sounds caused by the spirits which are passing through the air. It is a common superstition with the New Zenlanders that the left eye of every chief becomes a star. Some of the tribes profess to believe that there is a separate immor-tality for each of the eyes of the dead, the left becoming a star, and the right descend-

ing to roings as a spirit.

It might be mentioned in this connection that the Sandwich Islanders formerly held a very curious belief concerning the future The current idea was that the souls of their chiefs were led by a god whose name denoted "Eyeball of the Sun." By

An Amusing Game. An amusing game which children like

splayed thus: Three or more players sit around the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to



gorde the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the piece of fat pork before. And sho was give papers are passed on to the left hand ing it to me! I think it is on my credit side that I ate with every appearance of delight. body, also carrying the lines a little be-One of Pancha's treasures, making above way and folded over. Then they are opened, and her scapular, was one beautopened, and if well done cause a great opened, and if well done cause a great opened, and if well done cause a great opened. fore, and the legs are drawn in the same son does not know want his predecessor The other car contained a bit of straw, has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different and looklike the drawing O F Knox spikes

A dirty faced driver of about 17 said "General, are you moing to put us in

"Yes, my bey," the stately officer an-She engaged in several free fights that swered kindly; "I have to put you in afternoon, coming off victor in every one. Reads. But what is your name? Your

The most noted fire v bich involved the larged terrares, and the Enhesian senate C M Collier surveyor.....

···· \$2.50

\$3.50.

Men's Best Underwear, Pric 30 cts. Bargains in Holiday Goods at Er e's Breates Store.

F. E. DUN

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100 DOZEN.

Ladies and Misses @ .

12½c per pair. Gents 1-2 Hose

12½c per pair.

SPECIAL OFFER.

See Window Display.





Commissioners Court.

of 1896 for lands of Elizabeth Harring

county acquired by said sale.

W B Andrews lumber.....

L Lurch lumber, claimed \$2.60

Grubbs & Brown lumber

A S Powers inspecting bridges... 4 00

William Fields lumber...... 1 82

miscellaneous hardware............ 18-5

hardware....... 16 95

bridge...... 3 25

ber..... 6 00

B F Russell care of paupers...... 228 00

W C Yoran clerical work...... 14 00

assessment roll...... 50 00

tion...... 13 (0)

Glass & Prudhomme stationery.. 48 50

S Holt hauling lumber...... 8 95

Ames Lynch brodge work Eu-

gene

Griffin Hardware Company

F L Chambers miscellaneous

W B Mummy work on Eugene

Wheeler Brothers & Owen lum-

Eugene Lumber Company lum-

Charles W Lyons work on Sins-

J E Jennings clerical work on

A J Johnson board and keep of

John Handsaker teachers' ex-

Emma Dodd teachers' examina-

C 8 Hunt teachers' examina-

I L Simpson bailiff board equal-

Lorane Hall Company elections

Meetric Light Company light

Air Tight

stove on the face of the earth today.

Lette: | ist.

Covens, Mrs S L. Davis, A A.

Farley, Geo.

Fernsieur A (2) Flanders, W H

Leatherman, J. Parker, Mrs. B.

Reed, Mrs M Reune, Jerome

Smith, Miss Ida. A charge of one cent will be made on all letters given out. Persons colline for letters will please state when advectised.

T. J. Charg. P. M.

The Dingley tariff bill is dead. It was virtually killed in the senate yes-

F L Chambers.

Dec 17, 1816.

Johnson, C.H.

ization o

prisoners.....

Henry Lajore lumber

Bills allowed:

allowed ..

W B Andrews

Sweet Brothers

Commissioners Court.	
Bills allowed: E. Bowerman, ferryman, November salary	Wheat
signment of certificate of tax sale No 70	Day & Handerson

95.60

4.80%

6 00

· 8 21 #

Dec 10.

Day & Honderson: Uniertakers to L D Forrest of all rights of Lane Embalmers. Car Wit, and 7th its,

Produce Market.

.....\$ 75 to 774

....... 1 50 to 1 75

...... 09 to 10

...... 3 00 to 3 50

...... 25 to 27

...... 25 to 40

...... 06 to 08

...... 2 50

35 to 40

08 to 121

05 to 06

.08 to 9



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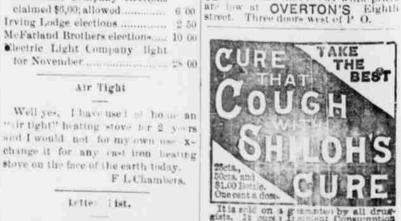
All the Latest Things in Dolls and Toys at Very Low Prices. FINE CARVING SETS 50c AND UP. Xmas Pen Knives and Ra-Sweaters, Leggings and Sporting Goods of All

tion 13 00 # Be kind enough to call and giv

be a slare of your pair inge.

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6 00 J W Renfro court bailiff 1 50 PAINT AND PAPER Part of our 1897 WALL PAPER here. 2 50



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