

The Plaindealer.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

Vol. XXV.

No. 43.

IF YOU DON'T READ
The Plaindealer
YOU DON'T GET THE NEWS.

IF YOU SEE IT IN
The Plaindealer
IT IS SO.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OF OREGON.
J. S. Schuman, J. H. Mitchell
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 Attorney-General, G. R. Chamberlain
 Governor, Sylvester Penney
 Secretary of State, George W. McBride
 State Treasurer, J. R. McEwen
 Supt. Pub. Instruction, E. R. McEwen
 State Printer, J. R. McEwen
 Member Board of Equalization, A. C. Woodcock

Supreme Court.
 Chief Justice, J. C. Fullerton
 Justices, Geo. M. Sherman
 U. S. LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG.
 Receiver, R. M. Yostich
 Register, R. M. Yostich

C. A. WEATHERS BUREAU.
 Observer, Theo. Gibson
 INSOLVENCY COURT.
 Senator, Henry Beckley
 Representative, J. H. Dolph
 Sheriff, C. A. Schlabach
 School Superintendent, J. A. Underwood
 County Judge, J. A. Underwood
 Commissioners, W. J. Wilson
 Surveyor, W. J. Wilson
 Assessor, W. J. Wilson
 Sheriff, W. J. Wilson
 Supt. of Public Instruction, E. R. McEwen
 State Printer, J. R. McEwen

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
 John Hamlin
 H. C. Stinson

CITY OF ROSEBURG.
 Mayor, W. T. Wright
 Trustee, H. H. Schupe
 H. O. Stinson
 I. F. Rice
 H. E. Ziegler
 W. F. Carroll
 J. A. Cox

COURT SESSIONS.
 The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets three times a year as follows: The 2d Monday in March, the 4th Monday in June, and the 1st Monday in December. J. C. Fullerton, Roseburg, judge. Geo. M. Sherman, Roseburg, prosecuting attorney. The County Court meets the 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday in January, March, May, July, September and November. A. F. Stearns, of Oakland, judge. H. Simpson, of Roseburg, and W. L. Wilson, of Kildale, commissioners. Probate Court is in session continuously. A. F. Stearns, judge.

WILL P. HEYDON,
 County Surveyor,
 and Notary Public.
 Office: In Court House.
 Orders for Surveying and Field Notes should be addressed to Will P. Heydon, County Surveyor, Roseburg, Or.

A. M. CRAWFORD,
 Attorney at Law,
 Room 2, Masters Building, ROSEBURG, OR.
 Business before the U. S. Land Office and mining cases a specialty.
 Late Receiver U. S. Land Office.

W. F. BRIGGS,
 U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
 and Notary Public.
 Office: County Jail Building, up stairs.
 Special attention paid to Transfers and Conveyances.
 ROSEBURG, OR.

MYRA BROWN, M. D.,
 Physician and Surgeon.
 Chronic Diseases of Women a Specialty.
 Office, Up stairs, in the Marks Building.
 Residence, 112 Cass Street, ROSEBURG.

K. L. MILLER, M. D.,
 Surgeon and Homeopathic
 Physician,
 Roseburg, Oregon.
 Chronic Diseases a specialty.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Society Meetings.
LAUREL LODGE, A. F. & A. M., REGULAR meetings the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.
UMPIQUA CHAPTER, NO. 11, R. A. M., HOLD their regular convocations at Masonic Hall on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. Visiting companions are cordially invited.
 M. F. RAPP, H. P.
 Readers Care, Secretary.

PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, NO. 8, I. O. O. F., meets on Tuesday evening of each week at a clock in their hall at Roseburg. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
 FRANK G. MICHELL, Sec'y.

UMPHREY ENCAMPMENT, NO. 9, MEETS AT 604 Fellows' hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting lectures are invited to attend.
 FRANK G. MICHELL, Sec'y.

ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 16, A. O. U. W., meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at 604 Fellows' hall. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.

RENO POST, NO. 29, U. A. M., MEETS THE first and third Thursdays of each month. Meetings will be held at Grand Lodge hall on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, NO. 20, MEETS the second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

WOMEN'S ALLIANCE—Reading Quarterly Meetings will be held at Grand Lodge hall on the first Friday in December, March and June, and the third Friday in September.

ROSEBURG CHAPTER, NO. 8, O. E. S., MEETS the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
 MADLINE B. CONKLIN, W. M.

ROSEBURG DIVISION NO. 41, B. O. F. L. E., meets every second and fourth Sundays.

ROSEBURG E. D. LODGE, NO. 41, I. O. O. F., meets on Tuesday evening of each week at the 604 Fellows' hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
 MISS SARAH WINNERY, N. G.
 FRANK G. MICHELL, Sec'y.

ALPHA LODGE, NO. 6, K. O. F. MEETS every Wednesday evening at 604 Fellows' hall. Visiting lectures in good standing only invited to attend.

GEORGE B. BROWN, FRED. FAHRTWIG.
BROWN & TUSTIN,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Rooms 7 and 8
 Taylor & Wilson Block, ROSEBURG, OR.

W. R. WILLIS,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 Will practice in all the courts of the State. Office in the Court House, Douglas County, Or.

C. A. SEHLBREDE,
 Attorney at Law,
 Roseburg, Oregon.
 Office over the Postoffice on Jackson street.

W. W. CARDWELL,
 Attorney at Law,
 ROSEBURG, OREGON.

F. R. COFFMAN,
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office: At Dr. Hoover's old stand on Oak Street.
 Residence Cor. Lane & Jackson Streets.

N. J. OZIAS, M. D.,
 Physician and Surgeon,
 ROSEBURG, OR.
 Office in S. Marks & Co.'s Block, upstairs.
 Calls promptly answered day or night.

JAMES BARR,
 Physician and Surgeon.
 Graduate Rush Medical College.
 Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.
 OFFICE, Rooms 2 & 3, Masters' Building.
 RESIDENCE, Douglas Street, second place east of Dr. Hamlin's.
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LA FAYETTE LANE, JUDGE I. LOGANARY
LANE & LOUGHALY,
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 Roseburg, Oregon.
 Will practice in all the courts of Oregon. Office in the Taylor-Wilson Block.

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 And in fact Everything in the
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 AGENTS FOR
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SHOES
 In winter were a secondary matter! If your purse looks weak and conspicuous, it is a poor pair of shoes in some places buy a good pair at our store.

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 EXCLUSIVE BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS
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 A SPECIALTY.
 A special brand of unadulterated Tea. Our price

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 Is having a large sale. New styles of
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 At astonishing low prices. Our own brand
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 Mailed to any address for One Cent Extra.
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T. K. RICHARDSON,
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THE THIRD ADDITION
BKOOKSIDE.

The Howe Farm, east of town, has been platted and is now on the market in Lots and Blocks containing 3, 20, 30, and 40 acres, ranging in price from \$25 to \$100 per acre.
 Any one wanting a fruit, vegetable or chicken farm or a suburban home can now be accommodated on easy terms.
 All lots sold in First Brookside addition have more than doubled in value. The prospect is much better for the future. More fortunes are made in lands near a growing town or city than any other way. Seize the opportunity.
 For information or conveyance, call at any Real Estate Office, or on
G. T. BELDEN, Propr.

Good Cooking
 is essential to
Good Digestion
 In pastry you cannot have either without a good shortening. Lard has always had very objectionable odors, causing indigestion and many other dietetic troubles. Science has come to the assistance of the cook and of weak stomachs, with the new shortening,
Cottolene
 It is composed of the choicest refined vegetable oil, in many respects as good as the finest imported olive oil. Physicians endorse it, cooking experts recommend it, and thousands are now using it in preference to any other shortening. Refuse all substitutes.

Send three cents in stamps to N. E. Fairbank & Co., 176 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., for a sample of Cottolene in a tin. The tin is marked with the name of the manufacturer and the name of the distributor in your city. Cottolene is sold by N. E. Fairbank & Co., ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

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 Preparation of
 Abietine Balsam
 for the relief of
 GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
 BRUISES, SWELLINGS,
 CARBUNCLES, SORES,
 and all other
 inflammatory affections.
 It is a powerful
 antiseptic and
 disinfectant.
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 53 SHOE STORE,
 25, CORDOVA,
 FRENCH AND CORNELL CALIF.
 \$3.50 FINE GOLF BALLS
 \$3.50 POLICE 3 SOLES.
 \$2.50 EXTRA FINE
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 \$3.50 2 1/2" WORKING SHOES
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 SEND FOR CATALOGUE
 W. L. DOUGLAS
 OVER ONE MILLION PEOPLE WEAR THE

W. L. DOUGLAS
53 SHOE
 IS THE BEST.
 FITS FOR ALL.
 All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unequalled. The prices are uniform—no stamped on sale. If your shoes do not satisfy you we will refund the money. Sold by dealers everywhere. Wanted, agent to take exclusive sale for this vicinity. Write at once.

THE GREAT HUDDYAN
 This extraordinary preparation is the most powerful and effective remedy for all diseases of the eyes. It has been used by the leading oculists of the world for many years. It is a purely vegetable preparation. It stops the inflammation, weakens the eye, and restores it to its normal condition. It is sold by all druggists.

ABBOTT'S EAST INDIAN Corn Paint
 Cures CORNS, BUNIONS and WARTS SPEEDILY and WITHOUT PAIN.
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
 LIPPMAN BROTHERS, 277 1/2 St. Louis, Mo., SAVANNAH, GA.

DIRECT ELECTION OF SENATORS

Undoubtedly the scandalous senatorial deadlock of the last few years, which left to less than three states only half represented in the senate at once, not to speak of several senatorial elections more shameful than deadlocks, will give strong impetus to the public opinion fast forming in favor of choice of senators directly by the people at general elections.

This will be a slow reform, because they who profit by the present system—United States senators and members of state legislatures—are entrenched directly in its path. The reform can be brought about only by an amendment to the constitution. To make this, assent is required of two thirds of the senators and three-fourths of the state legislatures. This assent will be given only under absolute popular compulsion.

The house of representatives has adopted twice a joint resolution for submission of such an amendment to the constitution to the states. The first time it was rejected by the senate, and now the senate committee on the subject has again made an unfavorable report. No matter how large a majority such a proposition may secure in the lower branch, most of the senators will oppose it, although it is not without advocates in that branch. The whole force of tradition and precedent is on the side of the existing system, and this is reinforced by the practical objections to a change of not a few senators, who have succeeded in getting elected by a legislature but doubt whether they would be as fortunate if they submitted their claims directly to the people. This amendment never will pass the senate until men are sent there absolutely pledged and instructed to support it.

This never can be done until the unwillingness of the state legislatures to see the change made shall be overcome by the same popular mandate. Opposition to the change is still more strongly entrenched in state legislatures than in the senate itself, since it would take from the former a function always important and sometimes lucrative. It may be taken for granted that the legislature will not move in this matter, except as they are driven by the people. But it is certain that popular feeling upon this subject is gaining strength, and it is probable that it will soon make itself felt in the politics of the various states.

Nearly every biennial interval witnesses two or three deadlocks, in which the public business suffers from the waste of time in fruitless balloting, and still more from the absorption of minds in the scheming and intriguing that go on from day to day. It may be regarded as settled that no legislature will do the work of lawmaking so well when it has to elect a senator and does not reach a choice promptly, as in a session when no such question is up. Moreover, a senatorial deadlock may be prolonged to the end of the session and leave a state without one of its senators for two years. This happened in three states in 1893, and may happen in two or three this year. The people will not endure this reduction for long. They will issue a mandate to both parties to consent to election of senators by popular vote.—Oregonian.

THE WHEAT OUTLOOK.
 Call: It is an open secret that the last active work of the late Ex-Senator Fair was studying the prospects of the wheat market, and calculating how the facts would affect prices when they became generally known. Those who keep close watch of the figures are aware that the average annual consumption of bread-wheat being 438 bushels per head, the quantity required for the world's consumption in 1895-96 will be 2,525,000,000 bushels, as against 2,177,000,000 required in 1881-82. To supply this increased demand there has been an increase of the world's wheat growing area of 5,000,000 acres only, which, at the ascertained average yield, will give an increase of 700,000,000 bushels, less than the increased amount of consumers will require. It is a prospect of a deficit, which will be pretty sure to exhaust any possible reserves from the beautiful crops of the past few years.

If we look closer into details the same conditions confront us. One of the reasons assigned for the decline in wheat which has now lasted for a year was the announcement that the French crop of 1894 was an unusually large one, amounting to 351,000,000 bushels, or about as much as France consumes. But now the French trade journals announce that the flour contents of the wheat is so low that the crop is equivalent only to one of 305,000,000 bushels of sound grain, so that France will still be obliged to import from California and the grain states east of the mountains. Then again it was announced that the Argentine crop of 1894-5 was only 8 per cent short of that of 1893-94, but now it turns out that the shortage is fully 25 per cent. In view of the dullness of wheat at the late un-

precedented decline these figures are instructive as showing how slow commercial markets are to respond to the law of supply and demand when the surrounding circumstances are unfavorable to buoyancy? What is selling at Chicago and New York and San Francisco for less than the cost of production, when the figures of supply and demand show that it should be yielding a handsome profit to the farmer.

MYSTERIOUS EYES.

Colonel Jagon gave his friends and cronies a terrible shock last week. The colonel had celebrated the dying of the old year in true Jagonian style and started for home when the infant 1895 was only three hours old. He was carrying a load that was heavy even for so expert a vehicle as the Jagon anatomy. Then the surprise came. When the old boy appeared later in the day and took his usual seat alongside the old guard, a tumbler of "straight" was at once brought. All the others raised their glasses, murmured "Happy New Year!" sinking the last syllable into the glasses as they quaffed the rare old brew, and then looked at Jagon. There sat the veteran, but his hand had not touched the glass. "Slightly reached forth, and taking a tumbler full of water he slowly drank. Consternation but feebly expressed the feelings of the old guard—Jagon drinking water, and that, too, on New Year's day! What had happened?

Eager inquiries brought no satisfaction to anxious friends.

"No, I've not sworn off," said Jagon.

"Never going to drink any more?" asked the old guard in chorus.

"I may," replied the hero of many a tussle with old red eyes.

"Sick?" again came from the chorus.

"No," came from between the colonel's tightly compressed lips, and with a curt "Good day!" he strode majestically from the cafe.

This action brought dismay. The old guard's ranks were already depleted. Only four now rendezvoused daily, and Jagon's defection meant more to the survivors than can well be understood by outsiders.

Nevertheless, despite all the efforts of entreaty and solicitous inquiry, the colonel remained a total abstainer. He came daily to join his comrades, to gossip and swap stories, but never once did he betray, by word or sign, the reason that led him to abstain from wine when it was red or the bowl when it was flowing.

Thus affairs ran on. The Old Guard was troubled, and Colonel Jagon looked worried and acted like a man overburdened with serious thought and a deep financial crisis. The fear that Colonel Jagon was caught in the financial stringency induced General Soake to take his wife into his confidence. With that tact and intuition that are woman's chief charm she went at once to call on Mrs. Jagon, and with the usual result—the fit for a king and the trouble in short order. Mrs. Jagon was positively radiant. The colonel was always sober, the household allowance had been increased, the table bore more delicacies of the season, her wardrobe and bonnets were new, and Mrs. Jagon began to think that the declining years of her married state would be happier than the earlier period.

"And how did it all come about?" quoth Mrs. Soake. Now Mrs. Jagon looked that Mrs. Soake had inferred from the casual remarks that she herself had endured, and that soft pity to which femininity is so prone swooped over her, and she gave the cause of the reformation away to her friend.

"You know, my dear Mrs. Soake," began Mrs. Jagon, "the colonel came home just before daylight on New Year's morning and was not quite himself. The conviviality had proved too much for his equilibrium, but after much fumbling he got the door opened and came in to state as he usually does, that he would permit. Contrary to my usual custom, I had put the light in his room entirely out. He seemed unable to find a match and evidently tried to go to bed in the dark. Faint rumblings and mutterings caught my attention, then a wild roar. I rushed in to find him on the floor grasping at the carpet. When the gas was lighted, he became quiet, went to bed, and I left him in the dark again.

"A second time he called and asked me to sit with him in the light. I did so until he fell asleep. The next morning he felt that some explanation was due, I suppose, and told me that bright spots like twinkling eyes had peered at him from the floor about the bed, and when he tried to grab one nothing was there. You may be assured Colonel Jagon was wildly frightened at the effects of his overindulgence, and from that day to this he has not tasted liquor of any kind."

"But the explanation, my dear Mrs. Jagon," cried the excited Mrs. Soake, "well, you must keep it secret. If the truth be found out, the colonel might go back to drinking again. It was this way: You see, I'd been having the colonel's room cleaned and fancied, only fancied, you know, that the bed might have some of those little pests lurking in the crevices, so I told the girl to use a phosphorus powder, and she carelessly let some sift onto the carpet. Of course, in the dark it shone bright, and all there is to the 'eyes' that haunted the colonel."

"Just phosphorus bedding powder!" exclaimed the wife of the old guardman, who had not stopped sipping the cheering bowl in more than 40 years.

"Just think of it! Broken from a habit of so long a time by 25 cents' worth of bedding poison! I shall go and get some immediately."

Thus bubbling with eagerness the little woman rushed into the chill atmosphere of the outer world and into the arms of her dearest friend, Mrs. Major Everfull. So the secret was told to one more and was received again with rapture.

Things began to look sad for the old guard. With these determined women on the trail, and one man already in captive chains, red eye bourbon and applejack were doomed. The next day, when the "troupe of old timers were gathered for the morning sip, General Soake said to the waiter:

"Guess I'll have some applejack. Don't feel very well today."

Jagon's ginger ale habit was a shock, Soake falling a victim to the mineral habit was a calamity, but when Major

Everfull calmly, but with a quiver in his voice, said, "Vidly, please," the bottom dropped out of everything.

Everfull sighed and put his hand wearily to his eyes, as though to blot out some horrible sight. Jagon leaned forward and gazed at the major, and General Soake seemed fascinated by the trivial action of his friend. Onemoment was given to thought, and then Jagon blurted out:

"Do your eyes trouble you?"

Thus encouraged the general looked from the major to the colonel, then from the colonel to the major, and in a hoarse whisper breathed:

"Seen anything queer?"

The major and colonel stiffened and seemed like wooden men. Their astonishment was so great they just had strength to gasp:

"What did you see?"

"Spots, by George, sir, shining spots, like devil's eyes last night in my bedroom."

"So did I," quoth the major in alarm.

"I saw them days ago," chimed in Jagon. "That's why I stopped drinking."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the fourth member of the Old Guard, Mr. Deep-tank by name—"gentlemen, my wife yesterday received calls from Mrs. Major Everfull and Mrs. General Soake, and later in the day Mrs. Colonel Jagon came."

"Nothing remarkable in that," said Soake.

"Old friends, ain't they?" quoth Jagon.

"What's that got to do with devil's eyes?" put in Everfull.

"No offense, gentlemen, no offense at all. I assure you, but I think I see the solution of this mystery. I am willing to sacrifice myself on the altar of loyalty to you, and tonight I will go home sober—them—but will pretend I'm a little bit lit in the weather eye—or will stumble up the stairs, just acting, you know, gentlemen, but on my honor I'll be clear in the top story. A sacrifice to do it, gentlemen, but the circumstances require forgetfulness of self."

With wonder the party broke up to meet next morning. What has Deep-tank discovered that will lift this awful pall? Was the thought of the three afflicted men as they wearily tottered home. Could the world ever come right again?

Meanwhile the shades of night had fallen, the hours crept on apace, but Mr. Deep-tank thought not of home. He had a mission to perform, and, though sitting up until 3 a. m. was nothing to him, sitting up without grog was decidedly unpleasant. Nevertheless he fought the battle and won the fight. Faithfully he refrained from sleep, and when the hour of 3 arrived he heaved a mighty sigh, buttoned his coat and made a line for home. When within sight of his domicile, he put on as natural a jag git as one would wish to see. He knew his wife, Deep-tank had told him she could see him staggering along, as she put it, and now she should have a chance to see him stagger.

"Too bad to deceive the wife of one's bosom," muttered the victim of loyalty.

"Too bad, but it's a good cause," and then he began to ascend the steps with an imitation of profound alcoholism as realistic in its effect as any genuine Deep-tank jag ever was. The keynote was finally found, and Deep-tank began to have histrionic aspirations. There was no one on the porch, and he felt as an actor, but within himself he felt that elation which great actors say is the highest reward of the art.

Deep-tank was the last to arrive the next day at the meeting place. He took his evening nap, as usual, but about his eyes was an unusual twinkle, and in his hand he carried a small round wooden box.

"Gentlemen," he began in his suave, apologetic voice, "I have made a discovery. A deep conspiracy has been laid by our wives—pardon me, gentlemen, but bear me—a deep conspiracy, I say, has been hatched to break down the customs of our friendship, to destroy our pleasure in life. As you know, I had a fancy yesterday. That theory today is a fact. I can assure you, gentlemen, my wife said she saw me staggering along, as she put it, and now she should have a chance to see him stagger."

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Bond to Have It.
 Mrs. Gotther—My dear, pardon my frankness, but really I fear your daughter can never be a social success.
 Mrs. Owsley—Why?
 Mrs. G.—Well, she has no—no plumb at all.
 Mrs. Q.—Is that all? She shall have one. Mo and John will spare no expense with Mollie. She shall have the best article of up—whatever it is—that can be had.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Wayne Jones is special farm agent for the "old reliable." Commercial Insurance Company of New York, which has been tested by passing through and moving all of its losses, and in great conflagration of Chicago in 1871, by which over one hundred companies equal to the State Insurance Company of Salem, Ore., failed. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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