When Dorothy and I took tes, we sat upo No matt r how much tea I drank, she always Our table was the scarlet box in which her

gave me more;
Our table was the scarlet box in which her ten-set came,
Our guests, an armiess, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast,—the teaport tipped on high,—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream—it seemed a willful waste.
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste,
She asked, "lake mik?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered. "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "must take it so!"
She'd say, "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'aun,"
But then I had to take It—her courtesy was sham.

sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea.
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—
whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only mind-I would mistake the empty cups for those

she'd filled again. She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue: Indeed she really hurt my pride-she made me feel so young. I must have drank some two-score cups, and

Dorothy sixteen, Allowing only useful time to pour them, in between. We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and with all the ceremony of the stately Japan-

esc.

At length she put the cups away. "Goodnisht, Papa," she said;

And I wont to a real tea, and Drothy to bed.

—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

#### AUNT CILLY'S NIECES.

It was that pleasantest time of all the year, when apple-trees were in bloom and the meadows were starred over with dandelions, and Livia Layton sat in the window of the cottage sewing, with her exquisite profile outlined like a cameo against the darkness of the inner room.

Somehow Livia Layton was always doing pretty things. Doubtless there were disagreeable services to be performed at Sycamore cottage as well as elsewhere, but if any one did them it was not Livia. Old Aunt Cecilia Ramsay had been sick and died there, but Livia had kept well away from the invalid's chamber.

"I never could endure sick people," said Livia, with a shudder. "The very sight of medicine makes me ill; and the air is always so stifling, and invalids groan so, and make themselves so

disagreeable." "But, Livia, they can't help it," said downright Patty, who had worked like

"Well, then, they ought to," asserted the beauty.

And her systematic avoidance of

life's unpleasantness was all the easier. because, as she herself remarked, Patty seemed to take to such things so naturally.

Here she sat, the blonde-haired,

blue-eyed elder sister, stitching in the pink reflections of the apple-trees, cool and beatific, while Patty trudged up from the village, her face unbecomingly flushed and her poor little patched boots covered with dust.

"Dear me," said Livia, critically surveying he newcomer, "bow horridly hot and dusty you look! Did you get the French rolls?"

"And my note paper and postage stamps?"
"Yes."

"And the toilet soap and coffee? I will not drink that miserable stuff they keep here any longer!" protested my

"I have got them all," said Patty, putting her parcels on the table and etching out her wearied arms to rest the muscles, "and a letter from the postoffice, too!"

"Yes, for you. Livia, why does Mr. Valiquet keep writing to you every quarter just the same as he did when Aunt Cilly was alive?"

"I suppose he wants to be sure we are not dying of starvation," Livia retorted, with a short laugh. "We are no business of his!"

"He was Aunt Cilly's nephew. We

are her nieces. "But it's on the other side of the family. We are no relation at all to

"And it's no great loss to us, I imagine," said Livia, with a toss of the

fair head. "A haughty, supercilious fellow, who has never taken the trouble to come up here and see us!"
"Why should he, Livia? Oh, Livia,"

exclaimed Patty, "what is that?" For an oblong slip of paper had fallen out of the letter. Livia made a snatch at it, but she

was too late. It was already in Patty's hand. She was looking blankly at it. Livia, why is Paul Valiquet sending Livia laughed discordantly.

"Oh you goose!" she eried. "It's for Aunt Cilly's board and lodging and

medical expenses."
"But Aunt Cilly is dead and buried long ago. Oh, L'via, you don't mean that-that he don't know it?" "I do mean it," said Livia, coldly.

"I was told to notify him; it somehow slipped my mind. Aunt Cilly surely made trouble enough when she was alive, without being an extra care after she was dead. And what did you suppose we were living on? Did you want to see me going out as hired help, or to take a place at general house work yourself? I never saw any one so unreasonable in my life!"

"But, Livia, that was a falsehoodis a falsehood!" protested indignant

Patty. "Who has told any falsehoods?" "To go on receiving money for the use of a woman who is dead, from a man who is a stranger to us-don't you

call that a falsehood?" 'He needn't have been a stranger if he had behaved himself as he ought."

"Give me the check, Livia. Let me

send it back!' pleaded Patty.
"I shall do nothing of the kind. Mr. Valiquet will never miss the money. He's as rich as Croesus, and he is used to paying the sum once a quarter. Let

Patty's cheeks flamed, her eyes glittered. "Livia!" she cried; "I never could

have believed this of you."

Livia laughed and shrugged her shoulders. She had most aggrevating ways of your way, Mr. Valiquet."

She glided on in advance. Valiquet Fetlock that'll beat him to shucks, I'll beat him to shu

with her-this anger-faced young beauty, with the hair of gold and the

eyes like melting blue jewels. "It stings me to the very heart," said Patty, breathlessly, "to think that all these months I have been living on charity. But I will do so no longer. I should be afraid that Aunt Cilly's ghost would rise up and haunt me. you are going to keep up this tissue of deceit you must do it by yourself."

"Then," said calm Livia, "there will be the more for me to spend. Much obliged to you, I am sure, Donna Quixota!

"Yes," said Mr. Valiquet, dofling his hat to the tall, lovely girl who was so like a pure Bermuda lily, "I suppose I ought to have been down long ago to see my good old aunt. But we city white see my good old aunt. But we city white soul of yours shining through people get involved in a perfect net of its casket like a pearl? It is you that

hot and cold by turns.

"May I see her?" "I-I shouldn't line to disturb her," glad that Miss Livia has got come up of the work cut out for him that day. stammered Livia, the chill drops of with as she deserves."—Saturday With a bound the little fellow landed sweat dropping out on her brow, as Night. she thought of poor old Aunt Cilly lying in the shadow of the churchyard

"No? Well, I'm sorry; but never of kinship between us?"

He held out his hand with a frank

Livia's heart beat high with exultation as she gave him her own in return. "And your sister! You have a sister?" Livia hesitated.

In such a network of treachery it was impossible to escape without a lie. "My sister has left us," she murmured, "She resented living on the money you send us quarterly!

"As if it were not my duty to send it, your privilege to receive it!" he cried. "Of all false pride that is the

"I endeavored to convince her of that, but-'

"And she has gone away and left you with all the care of t is infirm old lady on your hands?" Livia's eyelashes gradually sunk; her

head drooped; but she uttered no word of disclaimer. All this was a kind of tableau and Livia had a deal of theatrical element

about her. "I never saw such a Madonna face in my life," thought Paul Valiquet. "And she is my cousin, too, in a certain way. Why did Aunt Cecilia never

tell me what a superb creature she As he pondered he looked up at the porch roof, which had settled a little to one side. He observed a blind flap-

ping hingeless in the wind. "Things seem to be out of repair," said he. "I believe I had better prolong my stay a day or two and give a little personal supervision to the place. You can tell me, I suppose, what needs

"I shall be so glad" said Livia, "to be of use in any way."

If ever a man was dangerously near the pitfall of love at first sight it was plants extends. — Edinburg Review. Mr. Valiquet that night.

Livia's heart throbbed; she was a keen observer, and she felt somehow that the supreme moment of her life was drawing nigh. Paul Valiquet went back to the inn,

after promising to call early the next From Sycamore cottage to the Fal-

mouth hotel was a mile by the high road. Across the mountain spur, past the little stone church, one could economize half the distance—"for them," as the old wood-cutter grumgood-humored when sober and exceedbled, "as liked to go past dead folks anights."

Mr. Valiquet entertained no superstitions on the subject; but he was a little startled when, in the light of the rising May moon, he saw a slight figure close by the wall and heard

something like a sob.

He paused. Just then the church door opened. Out came the grizzie
"Now keep perfect! man with the camera.

"Keep still, is it?" s bearded sexton with a lantern in his

"Who is that, my man?" whispe red Valiquet, motioning his hand toward the white, shadowy thing that seemed a part of the quivering moonlight.

"Miss Cilly Ramsay's niece," the sexton answered, in an undertone. "Not "A check," she cried. "For \$100! the pretty one-the brown complected She was powerful fond of the old lady. She often comes here between daylight and dark, and brings appleblows and wild lilies and the

"Miss Ramsay's niece! But who is buried there?'

"Why, Miss Cilly herself, to be sure -six good months ago. It were when the leaves fell, in November." "Miss Ramsay dead! My good friend,

you must be mistaken. "We's all liable to mistakes," slowly said the sexton, "but I'm right this time sure, squire, for I dug the grave and lowered down the coffin myself. Come, Miss Patty, dear," he said, raising his voice, "I'm going home now, and I'd be toath to leave you here in this gloaming all by yourself."

"Are you Miss Patty Dayton?" said Paul advancing to meet the slight figure that flitted among the graves. "I am Paul Valiquet, and until this moment I have been in utter ignor-ance of my aunt's death."

Patty hung her head. "Until to-day," she murmured, "I thought you knew it all. My sister-" "I know," said Paul, compressing his lips. "I have just come from there.

And you-can I see you safe to your home? Is it far?" "I am boarding with the sexton's wife," hastily answered Patty. "When I found it out—that you were kept in ignorance, you know—I could not stay with Livia any longer. I teach in the kindergarten, and earn a little for my-

self. Please don't trouble to come out

But, walking behind with the sexton, he soon learned all-Patty's devotion, her fidelity to the poor invalid,

and Livia's utter heartlessness. As yet, however no one knew of the crowning fraud by which the elder sister had managed still to receive Aunt Cilly's quarterly allowance and expend it for her own use and behoof. And Mr. Valiquet kept the secret.

He returned no more to Sycamore cottage, greatly to fair Livia's perplexity, but he often came down to the sexton's dwelling. And one day he asked Patty Layton to be his wife

"But it can't be possible," said Patty "that you love me. If it were Livia, "But it isn't Livia!" declared Paul.

"Darling, do you think I can't see that

passing through Wilmerding, ten miles up the road, so I decided to make folks know in the next world what's gomiles up the road, so I decided to make a detour. She is as well as usual, I in on in this; but if they do I'm ceruntil he stood clad only in shirt and tain that old Miss Ramsey is glad up "Oh, quite!" faltered Livia, growing in heaven that Miss Patty is married to Squire Valiquet. An' as for we down below-me an' Deborah-we're

Distribution of Seed. Mr. Darwin found that the small mind. I dare say you understand her condition a deal better than I do. And of migrating birds contained seed. you are the young lady who has been Nine grains of earth on the leg of her guardian angel? Ob, you need woodcock contained a seed of the tond not blush. Mr. Balfour, the banker, rush. From six and a half ounces of has told me how faithful a nurse you earth rolled into a ball and adhering are. We are both Annt Cilly's relatives. Does that not constitute a sort raised eighty-two separate plants of tive species. Migrating birds often frequent the edges of ponds ere their departure, and in six and three-quarter ounces of such mud he raised under glass 537 plants. Seeds furnished with crowns, hooks, or prickles readily stick to the plumage of birds, which all such birds, and especially such wanderers as the albatross, might carry long distances. Apply these facts to the case of the Azores. Mr. Wallace found that the most of the plants of the Azorean flora are well adapted to be carried by the methods just suggested-forty-live of the 439 flowering plants belonging to genera that have either pappus or winged seeds, sixty-five to such as have minute seeds, thirty to those with fleshy fruits which are greedily eaten by birds, some have hispid seeds, and eightyfour are glumaceous plants well suited The only trees and shrubs of this iso lated group are bearers of small berries. such as the Portugal laurel, laurnstinus, and elder, while those with heavy berries, which could not be conveyed by the means suggested—oaks, chestnuts, hazels, apple, beeches, alders, firs—are absent, common as they are in Europe. The character of the flora is that of the southwestern peninsula of Europe, and if we assume that one-half of its species is indigenous the other introduced by European settlers, there is still a rich and varied flora which Mr. Wallace thinks has been recently carried over nine hunmiles of ocean by the means just indicated. There is probably no better example of ocean migration than that offered by the Azores, and it is believed that the phneomena in question are still in progress, and that 900 miles do not form the limit of the distance to

### Mr. Carroll's Portrait.

All Terryville, says the Hartford Times, is laughing over the adventures of Mike Carroll, a popular village character, in a traveling photograph gallery. Mr. Carroll is a man with a fascinating brogue which escaped the notice of the revenue officer when the owner imported it from Cork. He is ingly humorous at all other times. A portable photograph gallery was put together in the village and the villagers became enthusiastic. Mike, after imbibing freely, visited the gallery. A contract was finally made and Mike sat down for his photo.

"Now keep perfectly still," said the

"Keep still, is it?" said Mike. "Naythur you nor the likes o' you can make me keep still." "But I can't take a good picture un-

less you sit still." "Well, it's me that's payin' for the picture, isn't it?" asked Mike, "an' if it is I'll sit whichever way I like, an'

say whatever I plase, too. By way of emphasis, Mike rose from his seat and sat down again with all his combined force and weight. The chair was on casters and Mike in rising moved it away. As he sat down he grazed the edge and went to the floor. Certain fastenings of the frail structure gave way, and in the jar two corners of the building tumbled in upon Mike just as the photographer caught the scene. There was a great demand for the photographs at 75 cents each.

### The Boat Raised Itself.

Speaking of remarkable incidents, I can tell you one that I have seen equaled, although it occurred more than half a century ago. The steamboat Charleston was on a trip from Louisville to St. Louis with a big cargo of salt in barrels. When just below Grand Tower, on the Mississippi, she came in contact with a sudden obstruction. While they were preparing to put her afloat again, after being at the bottom of the river a day and a night, she popped up with surprising suddenness with her deck to the top of the water. The salt in the barrels stored on her melted when it came in contact with the water, and the buoyancy of the barrels raised the boat to the surface. - St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## A Home Institution.

Mrs. Highfeather-Has the Browning cult reached your town yet, Mr. Bas-

Mr. Bascom-No, he han't yet; but

#### An Indian Horse Race.

From an article, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington in the Century, we quote the following. "An elderly Indian of great dignity of presence steps into the ring, and with a graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them. Men walk up and throw in silver dollars and every sort of personal property imaginable. A Winchester rifle and a large nickel-plated Colt's revolver are laid on the grass near me by a cowboy and an Indian, and then each goes away. It was a wager, and I thought they might well have confidence in their stakeholder-mother earth. Two ponies, tied head and head were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail. Near me a little half-Mexbreech-cloth. His father addressed some whispered admonition and then the rank referred to, took another tack led up a roan pony, prancing with impatience and evidently fully conscious on the neck of the pony only half-way up; but his toes caught on the upper muscles of the pony's leg, and like a monkey he clambered up and was in his seat. The popy was as bare as a wild horse, except for a bridle, and loped away with his graceful little rider sitting like a rock. No, not like a rock, but limp and unconcerned, and as full of the motion of the horse as the horse's tail or any other part of him.

"A Kiowa, with loose hair and great coarse face broke away from the group and galloped up the prairie until he stopped at what was to be the startingpoint, at the usual distance of 'two arrow flights and a pitch.' He was followed by half a dozen ponies at an statements made about the reverend easy lope, bearing their half-naked jockeys. The Indian spectators sat about on their ponies as unmoved in happened the other day. I was walkcountenance as oysters, being natu-ral gamblers, and stoical as such should which was not much frequented. It themselves.

one man to me, as he pointed to a the unenticing mixture on pieces of racer, 'and he's never been beaten. It's his walk-over, and I've got my gun up boy on the sidewalk, who was laying on him with an Injun.

"It was to be a flying start, and they seem to get off. But presently a puff of smoke came from the rifle held aloft circles of various sizes. They with a scurry the five ponies away from the scratch, followed by a cloud of dust. The quirts flew through swept backward and upward, and the nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Comanche tribe, and as he rode back to his father his face had the settled calm which nothing could penetrate, and which belitted his dignity as a young runner."

### The School Girl.

The school-girl in all her phases is just now very much in the public eye and heart. Everybody is interested in her, from the fond mother who gives herself no end of worry about the assension robe-which, in the vernacular, we call graduating dress-in which her daughter is to take her flight into that larger world that lies beyond the confines of school, to the proud young lover who hopes to see his heroine win all the honors and glories of her class. Some tender soul has said that a cluster of school-girls is a most pathetic sight and a wonderful mystery. sorrows are all before them and their romance, too. Soon they are to scatter out of their happy world to go through the real novel that is not measured by three volumes. There are two things that surely we should never forget in thinking of these weak and thoughtless little women. First, that it is unfair to the girl ever to expect education to give her the mind of a boy, for the nature of her mind is as different as a young willow wand from a sapling oak; and secondly, that she is the woman of the future, and her worth to the world will not be measured by the amount of her learning, which, because of few years and delicacy of frame, has its limits, but that her worth will be measured by her beauty of character, which is capable of developing: to a tradth and depth and height beyond our mortal reckoning. -Detroit Free Press.

### Inventor Edison's Queer Pillow.

Not long ago I called at Edison's home, expecting to see him. He wasn't there and Mrs. Edison told me she hadn't seen him for three days. soon found that he was at his old tricks --working night and day in his laboratory, having his meals sent to him and sleeping on the floor with his clothes on and a stick of wood under his head for a pillow. When working he never leaves his laboratory, and he seems to think that by keeping his clothes on he can better preserve the nervous tension after he has started to work, Then he perseveres until he has accomplished his purpose. His time he regards as very valuable, and this is the reason he doesn't want to come here until it is necessary. His deafness has not improved any, remaining | pie. about the same.

### Paper Pulp Out of Sawdust.

A mill has been established at Ottawa, Out., which makes paper pulp out of sawdust. The paper, made wholly from sawdust, is said to form an ad-ill and sups wor mirable sheathing that is fit for building after being tarred and dried. A not taste of the sour. better quality of paper is made by using one-fo.th waste paper. The fast must hunt over night. mill has a capacity for converting about 13,000 tols of sawdust into pulp annually.

## ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.

That Proved a Damper to a Clerical Gentleman's Aspirations to Office.

Speaking of Gen. Harrison's ability to say an absolute and unmistakable "no" to certain persistent applications to office, a well known western senator recently remarked that President Lincoln, albeit an exceedingly patient chief magistrate, possessed the same emphatic quality, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. His negations were frequently expressed in a manner which was pe-

"A large and influential delegation, continued the senator, "had persist-ently importuned Mr. Lincoln to have the rank of chaplain general created in the army, having, of course, a reverend peg ready to occupy the propos-ed ecclesiastical hole. Upon the last appearance of the delegation President Lincoln, finding it impossible to convince them of the absurdity of creating and inquired with apparent anxiety as to the qualifications of their particular candidate. The deputation enlarged considerably upon his well-known piety and ardent devotion to the cause of religion, painting in the most glow ing colors this 'Boanerges of the great and glowing west,' as they graphically described him. Now, the fact of the matter was that President Lincoln had heard some rather alarming accounts concerning the reverend gentleman. whose amusements and accomplishments were somewhat secular in their character; indeed, he had been assur ed that this worthy representative of the church militant had not, on several occasions, disdained the frequent potation in the beer saloons of his na tive town.

statements made about the reverend candidate whom you are urging upon me which recall a little incident that which was not much frequented. I be, while the cowboys whispered among themselves. had been raining, and there was a good deal of mud near the curbstones, "That's the bay stallion there,' said and three or four boys were carrying off the mud by means of a wooder dauber which he had made, in a sort jockeyed a good deal and could not of regular plan of figure, comprising squares, parallelograms, angles and by the Kiowa starter, and his horse all working like beavers and didn't reared. The report reached us, and notice my arrival until I was standing came right over them, but finally their work seemed to be complete and they all cloud of dust. The quirts flew through the air at every jump. The ponies bunched and pattered away at a name- have you been making here?" The less rate, for the quarter-race pony is quick of stride. Nearer and nearer they came, the riders lying low on ering scorn upon his grimy face, and dirty little urchin looked at me for a they came, the riders lying low on their horses' necks, whipping and then cried out: "Why, doncher see, or ky-yi-yi-ing. The dust in their wake are you a blind man, anyway? See here," he continued, pointing with a rush they came over the scratch, different figures with his mud-dauber, with the roan peny shead, and my little Me. In feither holding is quirt aloft, and his little eyes snapping with gin, here's the pews, here's the people. and here's the pulpit, too," he finally

concluded. .... But where in the world's the parson, my little man?" I ventured to inquire. The boy looked at me for a second with inexpressible contempt, and then replied, with a bitter emphasis impossible to describe: "Why he's the ornery, snivelin' cuss that's snoopin' 'round a-tryin' to marry my mother; there an't mean enough mud in the

"That deputation," pursued the senator, "filed out, one by one, from Lincoln's presence in a silence that could

#### be feit. How Large Was Ancient Rome?

After carefully examining all the data we have, all the statements of the various ancient writers who allude to it, and all the facts which seem to bear on the question, I am convinced that in estimating the number at 4,000,000 I am rather understating than over-stating it. It is much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. De Quincy also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at 4,000,000. I will only cite one fact and then leave this question. The Circus Maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor, at a later period, probably 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then, it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were 4.000,000. But as one-half the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodation then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one-half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in 4. Again, striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, you would have accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it?-for such must been the case were there only 4.000,-000 of inhabitants. But suppose there were only 1,000,000 inhabitants, it is plain from the mere figures that it would never have been possible to half fill the circus.—Btackwood's Mag-

### Culinary Maxims.

Beauty will buy no beef. A good stomach is the best sauce. Inquire not what is in another's pot.

Better half an egg than an empty Better some of the pudding than no

He that dines and leaves lays the Make not your sauce till you have caught your fish.

He fasts enough whose wife scolds He who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.

He deserves not the sweet who will He who would have hare for break-

When a man can not have what he loves he must love what he has .-Lucullus in Table Talk.

#### Saved By the Irish.

"I paid a visit to Ireland a few years go," remarked Judge Noonan of the Planters' House news-stand, "and in going up through Galway I had to make use of a jaunting car. The driver, a thorough specimen of the peasantry, full of native wit and shrewdness, had in some way discovered that I was from America and after eying me keenly for a time, asked: 'It's from Ameri-

ca yez are? "I acknowledged that such was the case, and after a short silenee, he asked again: 'How are the Oirish gettin' along over thaire?" "Bad,' said I, 'very bad, They are

by far the worst citizens we have. They are much worse there than at home even.' "He regarded me with a queer twinkle in his eye, and queried: "Do you know phwat I think would become of

your counthry if it wasn't for the 'Well, I had not thought,' I replied, but I am curious to know your

"He leaned over, and, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said: '1 think it would be for rint.' "-St. Louis

#### Novel Statistics.

Here is something for the Statistical society, says the London Figaro. It has been calculated by a most devoted amateur of statistics that if the late M. Chevreul, who lately died at the age of 103, had never cut his nails they would have obtained the 9th ult., the day of his decease, to the length of 203 inches. This calculation is founded on the fact which, according to physiologists, may be safely accepted as correct—that the nails of the average mortal grow every year to the extent of an inch and two-thirds. Strange to say, however, the nail on the middle finger grows a little more quickly than the others, and annually adds close on two inches in its length. It therefore follows, states the statistician, that M. Coevreul in the course of his protracted life must have grown in all on his ten digits no less than 56 yards 1 foot of finger nail. Having thus intimated a new path along which the inveterate statistician may ride his pet hobby, I will leave him to extend this interesting inquiry as he may think best.

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