OFFICIAL

Heppnet



Gazette.

PAPER

FREQUENT AND CONSTANT Advertising brought me all

THIRTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1895.

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 646

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

Tuesdays and Fridays

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be treated and cared by the same power of Bell necessary for the strong-estman.

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UNION PACFIC RAILWAY -- LOCAL CARD.

No. 9, mixed, leaves Heppner 3:30 p. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives at Willows Junction except Sunday. Arrives at 6:20 p m.
No. 10, mixed, leaves Willows Junction 7:15 p. m. Arrives at Heppner 10 p. m. daily except p. m. arrives at Willows Sunday. East bound, main line arrives at Willows Junction 1:46 a. m. West bound, main line, leaves *illows Junc-

West bound, main line, leaves *illows Junction 12:15 a. m.

West bound Portland fast freight with passenger coach leaves Willows Junction 6:38 p. m. and arrives at The Dalles at 12:01 a. m. Here passengers from the branch lay over till 3:15 a. m. and take the fast mail west bound which arrives at Portland 7:25 a. m. The Dalles and Portland passenger leaves The Dalles and Portland passenger leaves The Dalles daily at 2:15 p. m. and arrives at Portland 6:30 p. m. Leaves Portland 8:00 a. m. daily and arrives at The Dalles 12:15 p. m. This connects with the east bound way freight with passenger coach which leaves The Dalles at 1:30 p. m., arriving at Willows Junction 6:58 p. m.

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WE HAVE FOR SALE ALL KINDS OF UN dressed Lumber, 16 miles of Heppner, at what is known as the SCOTT SAWMILL

PER 1,000 FEET, ROUGH, " CLEAR, -

IF DELIVERED IN HEPPNER, WILL ADD \$5.00 per 1,000 feet additional. The above quotations are strictly for Cash.

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enough left out of \$100.00 to purchase a No. 1 Crescent Bicycle. This is

a first-class machine. Why then pay \$100.00 for a bicycle that will give

FACTS

It can be changed

from positive to negative current in a moment. They have and are cur-

A TERRIBLE FALL.

GUARANTEE Ed C. Allen's 6-year-old Son Now Lies in an THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES INSURE TO THE SICK THESE GREAT POINTS OF ADVANTAGE OVER ALL IMITATORS

Little Dick Allen, son of Ed C. Allen, proprietor of the Golden Rule, lies in an unconscious state at the hotel, says the E. O., constantly watched and at timeof Rheumatism, Chronic Diseases and Nervous Ail-ments in man and weman (from any cause) where long continued medical treatmentialled to cure. passing through severe convulsions. Friday evening at 4 o'clock he was playing about the balustrade on one of the upper floors and fell to the first floor, striking on head and shoulders. It cannot be said whether he was on the second or third floor, as no one was near him at the time of the accident, and the THE OWEN ELECTRIC TRUSS is the most retentive and curative Truss made for the radical cure of Rupture. first that was known, the little boy was Inclose six cents and send for our Large Hinstrated Catalogue in English, German, Swedish or Norwegian languages; containing medical facts, sworn statements of cures made and descriptions of Belts and Appliances. Address picked up by a gentleman standing near and carried up to a room on the second

Medical attendance was secured and as complete a diagnosis as was possible was There were no broken bones, though the physicians fear the skull is fractured. All the night long the couvulsions continued, but toward morning the patient rested easier and the convul sions came less frequently. There ap pears to be small room to hope for re-

Halfway up the first flight of stairs there is a dent in the woodwork which is thought to have been made by the boy as he fell and bounded back, striking on the floor on his head out of the range of the opening down through the winding stairway.

Whooping Cough.

There is no danger from this diseas when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given It liquefies the tough mu cus and aids its expectoration. It also lessens the severity and frequency of paroxysms of coughing, and insures a speedy recovery. There is not the least danger in giving the remedy to children or babies, as it contains no injurious anhatance. For sale by Slocum-John son Drug Co.

LATE LITERARY NEWS.

"O, will he paint me the way I want, As bonny as a girlie, Or will he paint me an ugly type, And be d -d to Mr. Nerli. But still and on and which ever it is, He is a canty Kerlie. The Lord protect the back and neck Of honest Mr. Nerli."

This, one of the latest verses ever written by Robert Louis Stevenson, is verse for the first time in the July Cos- more." popolitan. The lines might have come from the pen of Barns, and are inimita ble in their way. The portrait was de-clared by Stevensen himself to be the best clared by Stevensen himself to be the best ever painted of him. In this same churches." number of the Cosmopolitan Rudyard Iss Wiggin contributes a story of one of Queensland and New Guinea." the most delightful of Welsh retreats. The Cosmopolitan was with this number reduced to 10 cents per copy, and as a consequence, notwithstanding its large London, after our Latin school acedition, it was "out of print" on the third day of publication."

one of her balloon sleeves, throwing her. | Cooktown, on the northeast coast." self into the arms of her escort and splitting the atmosphere into shingles with a a passer, seeing her wildly tearing at her half a dozen natives, Kanakas, Japs, the street. sleeve, ripped it off with an amount of Chinese, or Malays, maybe. energy and alacrity that showed he was perfectly willing to rip every rag off ber, if necessary. He was not called on to him. do this, as in the voluminous folds of the dissevered sleeve was found the cause of all the trouble-a monster with claws like a lobster and goggle eyes, long prickly legs and a glossy back-in short, one of those huge water beetles which come out at night to join in a fairy dance around the are lamps. "It bit me," was all the excuse the young lady bad for her outcries, but the closest search revealed no scratch or puncture of the snowy skin of her shapely arm, and, hastily pinning on the unfortunate alceve, she gave the arm it covered to her es cort and got out of eight as quickly as possible.—Oregonian.

Two Lives Hoved. Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her but two bottles of Dr. King's own way, though it was nigh to being New Discovery completely cured her for the last time. and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 130 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which thesare samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottle at T. W. Ayers. Jr., drug store. Regular size 50c. and

"Rocky Monntain" Smith has taken hold of the editorial reins of the Mitchell Monitor. Success to Smith. If you want to rent a binvels or get re

naving been badly possoned.

THE ROSE JAR.

I remember in my childhood, in a quaint, oldfashioned room.

A rose-jar, flushed with crimson, like the colors of the dawn It stood upon a little shelf, fliled to odorous

With roses that had blossomed in the summers past and gone. Oh, what a charm swept o'er me, when some-

times sitting there. I held the jir in careful hands, and breathed its fragrant scent; I heard the bees go humming, and I felt the I saw the river flowing where the drooping

Sweet friend, you say the roses that bloomed for you are dead.

You only have the withered leaves to hold The summer's warmth has gone, and the golden

And the snows of cruel winter, their biasting chill impart. I only know that now and then, your heart has

stood jur.

And thoughts like perfume sweet and rare across your soul have swept: Dear thoughts, like summer blossoms thoughts. like eager birds. Shy thoughts, like blue-eyed violets, where summer showers have wept.

Then keep the withered rose-leaves, preserve them in your heart.
Their perfume blesses other lives thoughts of summer hours: And friend, dear friend, though winter snow lies white and chill to-day,

Yet, after winter comes the May, and springtime brings the flowers.

-Gussie P. Dubois, in Chicago Interior.

CAUGHT BY A CLAM. BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.

"One does not usually regard the clam as a dangerous animal," remarked my friend, Jack Ballantine, as he shook a silver pepper-box over a plate of the delectable Little Neck bivalves, "yet the narrowest escape of

my life was from a clam." Jack Ballantine was an old schoolmate. I remembered him as the ad venturous spirit among the boys, but had not seen him since we graduated from the Latin high school, a dozen years before, till that very day.

Coming down town to business in the morning, I had met him face to face by the frog pond, and we had engaged to dine together and bring our life-stories

"Not being a dyspeptic, or otherwise impaired in your body," said I, smiling across to his sturdy bronzed face, "your terrible clam could hardly have been of the Little Neck sort." "Hardly," replied Ballantine, with a

laugh. "The clam that captured me would have made a meal for a regular in reference to the portrait of bimself, twenty pounds, and its tremendons which is given to the public with his shells four or five hundred pounds "You must mean the giant clam of

East Indian waters?" observed I, in-"Yes, and in the islands of Oceana for

Kieling tells an Indian story, to whice babies' bathtubs," said Ballantine. Remington adds charming illustrations; tion, however, with which I had a brief Mrs. Barton Harrison makes a serious but fearful acquaintance, was alive, study of New York society in "The Myth and a dozen fathoms deep in tropic of the Four Hundred," and Kate Doug | waters-in the Torres strait, between

So, while we waited the next course, Ballantine began the story of his extraordinary adventure.

"I believe you went to your uncle in quaintance," remarked I. "You wrote me on arriving there, but not afterward."

lady created a street sensation a few and I went out almost immediately aft- all the scared crew standing about." evenings since by clutching wildly at er reaching London. I was located at "The region and the life were full of

interest to me, and I soon became familiar with mining on land and pearling

"On one of these pearling trips we into Torres strait. It was there I had my narrow escape from a clam.

'Almost at the start we struck rich bottom, and our diver was bringing up three or four hundred pairs of shells a day-worth about that number of dolars. By the end of the month we had a cargo of eight or ten tons. Of course. the mother-of-pearl lining of the shells as the bread and butter of the business. The round pearls of the jeweler are the cake (or perhaps I should say the pie, being in New England.)

"I always did have an irresistible desire to get at the inside of things, and 'see the wheels go round,' and I had long wanted, for once at least, to touch deep-sea bottom, and behold the marvels of which I had heard.

"The captin tried to dissuade me. He had been a diver himself, and knew from personal encounter the dangers of the descent. But as usual, I had my

"At last the face glass was set in place, and I stepped over the side of the lugger. I slipped off the wet lower round and sank, sank, down, down, down, into the depths of waters. "That sudden delirious descent was

measured by seconds, yet I lived an age of vision and sensation, as a drowning man does-all the nightmare imaginings the captain's black tales and warnings had projected into my dreams of the night before seemed about to be realized in double terrorthen, in a flash, all mental distress was blotted out by overpowering physical sensations, suffocating pressure, to which Poe's inquisition chamber were paradise. "I struggled spasmodically, I be-

Then with a clush

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

"In the midst of this exmuarating spurt I pulled up suddenly. "As if it had instantly materialized

from the sea water, I was face to face with a gigantic shark. I quickly remembered, however, that while naked native divers are occasionally devoured by these demons of the deep, they never attack the armored diver.

"Indeed! I fancy now that the shark was quite as startled as the diver, for after a second he wheeled and glided off to one side.

"As I started on once more I was stopped a second time, not by an obstacle before, but by a sharp pull on the air pipe behind my helmet, which jerked me over sprawling on my back. "My first thought was that the shark had attacked me in the rear, but on scrambling to my feet and facing about I saw that the air-pipe, which, in my first sudden stop, had probably slackened till it lay on the bottom, was apparently caught against some protrud-

ing object. "I hastened back to release it, when, to my surprise. I found it held fast between the shells of a giant clam.

"I gave the stout wire-lined tubing a twitch, then a strong pull, bracing my feet against the great bivalve. Then I clutched the rims of the shell and strove to separate them.

But the vise-like jaws were relentless. As easily 1 might have rended a granite ledge at some seam in its

"Then I turned to the life-line to signal the tender in the boat. As I did so I saw that it, too, had become slack, and was tangled in a branching coral. I dashed forward to disengage it, but before I reached it I was again twitched backward by the air-pipe. "Then, for the first time, I realized the full significance of the situation.

My air supply was stopped, communication with the upper world cut off, and I, Jack Ballantine, in all the vigor of young manhood, chained to my death at the bottom of Torres strait. "And now a sudden sense of suffocation warned me that my struggle was limited to seconds.

"In a flash of memory I recalled the tale of one like disaster, where the interlude or whatever one may call it, diver cut his air-tube with a dash freed his life-line, and was drawn up half dead. But I had no knife; in that sudden backward fall I had lost hold of it "Then, as I lifted my eyes in a last

despairing search for succor, I beheld, resting in the branching coral before me-and to this day I marvel at the miracle of it-an iron bar, pointed at one end-a veritable crowbar. "In an instant I was prying at the jaws of the giant clam, with the lever-

age of the bar and the strength of desperation. For a suffocating moment the struggle was unavailing, then one rim split away and the pipe was free. "I turned toward the life-line, staggered and fell across it, insensible! "I suppose the weight of my falling

body gave the line the one jerk which was the signal to the tender to 'pull up.' Anyway, the tender got the signai, and the next I knew I was "Yes. Uncle Ballantine had mining on the deck of the lugger, the old Nan-A NASTY WATER BESTLE - A young and pearling interests in Queensland, tucketer on his knees at my side, and

"Truly a most extraordinary tale, as well as a terrible experience," I exclaimed, as Ballantine ended his story, and the waiter brought on the dessert. "That crowbar, for instance, is a strain succession of shricks of the most blood- at sea. We had quite a fleet of luggers on an everyday businessman's credulicurdling ct aracter. Her escort had all -vessels of five to twenty tons, two ty," and I looked past my friend's face he could do to support the sufferer, but short masts, and manned with crews of to the bronze face of Franklin across

"And yet it is only another instance "One of our captains was an old Nan- of truth stranger than fiction," asserttucket whaler, and I now and then ed Ballantine. "Why, the first time went out to the fishing grounds with the old Nantucketer I have mentioned went down, on recovering from the daze of sudden descent, he saw in a tle more maunish, perhaps, in consewent up the coast, around Cape York, crotch of the coral before him a bottle of pale ale, and if a beer, why not a crowbar?"-Boston Globe.

A FAMOUS PAINTING

The Ecormous Ransom Offered for the Picture of St. Jerume. On the throne of Modena was an Austrian archduke; his government was remorselessly shattered and vir-

tually destroyed. The ransom was fixed at ten million france and twenty of the best pictures in the principality. But on that of Parma was a Spanish prince with whose house France had made one treaty and hoped to make a and architectural monuments. Their better one. The grand duke, there- public buildings in brick are few, but fore, was graciously allowed to purchase an armistics by an enormous but tion. Their traditions are wholly oppossible contribution of two millions posed to ours. Their traditions are in money together with provisions and very old, very theoretical. horses in quantity. The famous St. Jerome of Correggio was among the the rough practice of life, are more twenty paintings seized in Modena. The archduke repeatedly offered to have their roots imbedded in an ancient ransom it for one million francs, the but ever green philosophical literature. amount at which its value was estimated, but his request was not granted. which success in life depends, shall Next came Bologna and its surround- cease, no matter by what blow, to con-Ing territory. Such had been the tyranny of ec-

clesiastical control that the subjects of the pope in that most ancient and famous seat of learning welcomed the French with unfelgned joy; and the fairest portion of the papal states passed by its own desire from under the old yoke. The successor of St. Peter was giad to ransom his capital by a payment nominally of twenty-one million francs. In reality it was far more: for his galleries, like those of Modens, were stripp. i of their gems, while the funds se sed in government raised the total value forwarded to Ports to nearly double the nominal my armor, and went bounding over nontribution. All this, Bonaparte explained, was but a seginning the idloness of summer boats. "This armis-

tice," he wrote to Paris on June 21, 1796, "being concluded with the dogstar rather than with the papal army, my opinion is that you should be in no haste to make peace, so that in September, if all goes well in Germany and northern Italy, we can take possession of Rome."-Prof. Sloane, in Cen-

AN UUD DANQUET.

At Which a Fashionable Londoner Buried

His Bachelorhood. Most men experienced in dining out have attended what might be aptly called "crank dinners" where some hobby came into play or an odd eccentricity was grotesquely indicated. One of the queerest banquets of this character took place a few years ago at a fashionable restaurant in London, where an acquaintance engaged a cabinet particulier to celebrate what he called the "burial of his bachelor-

hood. The table was laid with a black satin cloth, the flowers in the epergnes were immortelles, the menu was written in a dead language on mimic tombstones. the name of each guest was inscribed on a cardboard coffin which opened and contained a dark eigar to represent a corpse and the wine appeared draped in crape and was served by mutes.

When the guests arrived they came in two mourning coaches drawn by huge black horses with long tails, such as one sees wending their way to the cemeteries. The host was dressed in deep mourning, with sables around each arm. He was evidently in some respects a morbid man who reveled in his mortuary wit, for when the manager of the restaurant knocked at the door (it was getting late) and desired to know if the obsequies were quite over the giver of the feast was reading the burial service with mock solemnity

over an empty claret bottle. He addressed the manager as a "potent, grave and reverend seignior," requested one of his guests to play him out to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul" and protested that the dinner could not be completed "until it was half mourning." This comedy or farce, was kept up to the very end by the convives departing as luga solemnly as they had entered

ENGLISH WOMEN.

A Tribute to Them from the Pen of One

of England's Old Foes. The Temps has a correspondent in London who has evidently been most favorably impressed by the charms of the English ladies, says the London Daily News. Nothing could be more ridiculous, he declares, than the fancy portrait of an English woman as seen in the mind's eye of a Frenchman who knows nothing of England. Musset said: "As cold as an English woman," and the French picture her as a creature with enormous feet, a jaw like that of a gorilla, bony hands and a flat neck, wearing a round hat, a green veil, spectacles, a plaid shawl and loose, ill-fitting stockings, falling over boots like those attached to a diver's dress. Such an idea could only have been produced, he declares, by hatred of Pitt or the defeat at Waterloo.

The gallant correspondent proceeds to compare English women with French women, not at all to the disadvantage of the former. What americal ob servers take for coldness in the English women, he declares, is really calmness, an easy bearing, a bold, grave, confident and unaffected manner, which excludes coquetry in favor of personal dignity. The London woman, he adds, is brought up in a spirit of independence which is wanting in French female education. She may appear a litquence, but one gets used to this, and one finds she is none the less pretty or fair or fresh-colored or graceful or tender.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA. John Will Now Rapidly Fall to with the

Latest Industrial Methods. The Chinese have a grand old literature and philosophic books by the side of which Piato and the Memorabilia of Socrates seem mere brochures. The Chinese are essentially & literary and aesthetic people, although they, too, can boast of many campaigns those in mud still fill us with admira-

Harbarous traditions, grown up in ensily displaced than those which But when the public examinations, on fine themselves to Chinese classics alone, then gentleman John will become as laborious, docile and enterprising in modern war and finance and policy, and military and industrica methods and training, as humble coolie John already is in shopkeeping in San Francisco and Australia and the Straits. Then we shall have to look

An attorney at Excelsior Springs, Mo., says the most loyal and patriotic marriage ceremony pronounced in the United States is the one used by a Clay county justice of the peace, which runs as follows: "Do you promise that you will support the constitution of the United Nurses, the constitution of the state of Missouri, and that you will faithfully perform the duties of hus-

L. HAMILTON, Prop.

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Benefy avery of gan in Edit attended, the where present as strongered, and as are call agreet the series population of the now is one Onder the foctor's face, tennis ball.

pairs for same, call on Ike Ennis at his

a pinte more that williage - few days own ample ad feet pressed the air within the ees bottom like an India rubber