

The Cottage Grove Sentinel

and Cottage Grove Leader
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER WITH PLENTY OF BACKBONE

ELBERT BEDE, Publisher and Proprietor

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MEMBER WILLAMETTE VALLEY EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
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GRANDFAP ON MODERN METHODS

By some durn fool scheme of tilin'
John has dreamed the pecky slough
In the medder. Now he's spillin'
Fer some other trick to do,
Drat his pater! Him'n Lizze
Always has their elbows bent,
All last winter John was busy
Makin' fence posts of se-ment.

Slack times, Lizze she's a-helpin'
John a right smart now and then,
Spee'y if the kids ain't yelpin'
But when they need tendin', then
John's gas engine does the washin'
And dinged if the thing don't churn,
Way John farms is sure a caution;
W'y them folks has gas to burn.

John has got a patnt dingus
To divide the milk and cream,
And he built a konkreet thingus
Filled with some durn fodder scheme
Fer to feed the dratted cattle.
To increase their milk supply,
He says half the farm'n' battle
Is the what, the when and why.

Has a rig for strainin' honey;
Railroad en-jines hitched to plows,
Just got through a-spendin' money
Fer machines to milk the cows.
Bought an auto, Liz is steerin'-
Spee' she'll run it in the ditch,
But they're both farm engineerin'
And I guess they're gettin' rich!

—Howard C. Klegley.

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

THE FOLLOWING editorial was written by Rev. D. A. MacLeod at the request of The Sentinel. It is one of several by local pastors and other people The Sentinel hopes to publish:

OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

WHEN WE speak of obstacles, we think of anything that is in the way of progress, whether in the social, commercial or political world or that which besets us in the moral and spiritual realm. There are few who aim to be, or to do, but meet with some difficulties and obstacles that must be overcome, before they can attain the ideal that rests before the mind's eye. The story of every great achievement has been one of struggle. Man stands in the center of the world's activity; his hand formed to wield a scepter, his brow to wear a crown, his feet to scale the rugged hills of life, but those who have accomplished this have had to put forth some effort, and their greatest joy might be summed up in the word overcoming.

Those who have wrought in the civilization and enlightenment of the world did so in no haphazard manner, but through earnest effort and honest toil. The men who climbed highest the shining ladder of fame began at the lowest rung. The height they reached was not by common flight but by arduous effort. The man who looks for true success and great achievement along any line must not dream of too many soft snags in life. Someone may give him a good start but he has got to work his own way to the front. In so doing he will find obstacles along the way, but no man should cease in any great achievement because of difficulty. Where there is a will there is generally a way. If you cannot ford the stream of difficulty, build a bridge. If you cannot climb the mountain, cut a tunnel. Thus spoke the great hearts, who have bridged rivers and tunneled mountains. Oftentimes what seems the impossible is not so. The obstacle in the way may appear like a mountain, when it is no greater in size than a mole hill. We see it from the wrong angle. The poet said, "the difference is great between the optic seeing and the object seen." But whether that obstacle be great or small it will hinder man's progress if not overcome.

It has been said "a faint heart ne'er won fair lady." A faint heart never won anything else of true worth. The man who thinks of failures, dreams of failure and continually talks of failure is sure to fail. If a man thinks that he cannot live up to a certain ideal there is not much chance of him doing so; if he believes he cannot achieve

along a certain line there is little hope for his success in the thing purposed, for his effort and work will bear the color of his belief.

As a man thinketh, so the energy wrought into work. The pessimistic in spirit never built a pyramid, never erected a great temple, never founded an institution of learning, never turned the desert into a fertile field, and never will. Every obstacle looms up mightily before him, so that the mole hill will look like the mountain. He is ever ready to paint in black the fairest landscape and obscure the vision with a murky cloud. He can see only the cloud without the silvery lining, the river without the bridge, the mountain without the pass. He builds imaginary prison walls, puts a chain upon every great purpose and stamps beneath an iron heel every high ideal. In this spirit man can never overcome the obstacles in the way however small they may be.

It is rather the optimistic spirit, that is born out of the eternal hope of the soul, that the individual needs in overcoming the obstacles in the way. In this spirit man has a firmer belief in himself and his God-given powers, which is so necessary in meeting the difficulties in the way. He will be better enabled to see things in their true relation one to another and, through his hope in the tomorrow of life, will ever seek to create new worlds of thought and action. He will seek to build upon the ruin of yesterday the foundation for the structure of tomorrow.

By optimism we do not mean an illusive hope, born out of an imagination without limit, but a substantial hope that is born out of experience. That optimism that promises success to the individual without any effort on his part is deceptive in the extreme. Anything that makes one trust to luck, fate or fortune is dangerous to the youth, and to those who are older grown. It leads to misery and ruin and never lends anything to the true development of life. It is the optimism that inspires man to think, to work, and to look for great results that enables him to overcome the obstacles in his way. In this spirit, every invention, every structure, every enterprise, every reform has been conceived. Thus the tree has been felled, the soil cultivated, the seed sown, and the harvest reaped. In this optimistic spirit men have bridged the river, tunneled the mountain, fired the engine and set all the wheels of progress in motion.

Nothing can keep a man down, who sees success beyond failure. Not that he is blind to the difficulties in the way. The flinty rock may rest before him, but he is assured that dynamite will blast it. The barren plain lies before him, but he informs himself that he can turn streams of water on the arid soil, and make it fruitful. He sees the struggle and the conflict, but beyond it the victory. And with all his energies bent upon this thing he seeks to overcome, and the greatest joy of his life is that he has been thus able to do.

FAULT FINDING

NOTHING is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business." How profoundly true this is. The facts are well stated, for it is acknowledged that the most worthless business one can engage in is that of grumbling.

It is a business in which nothing is made but enemies, and sooner or later these enemies become more numerous and powerful than his friends. When this occurs the grumbler begins to realize that he has been singing a repellent and unattractive tune.

The world always appreciates the good qualities of the man who sticks up for his rights, but it has no patience for the man who is a bore—who continually magnifies insignificant things beyond all reason.

No, it needs no talent to be a petty grumbler. The superficially wise chaps are generally worse than the poor ignorant wight who knows no better. One of the mottoes which the leading cities

have adopted to boom their town is: "Don't knock—boost." This is a good motto for the grumbler to use. He would find that it produces gilt-edged dividends.—Minneapolis Star.

Free Until 1916

Have you subscribed yet for The Youth's Companion for 1916? Now is the time to do it, if you are not already a subscriber, for you will get all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1915 free from the time your subscription with \$2.00 is received.

The fifty-two issues of 1916 will be crowded with good reading for young and old. Reading that is entertaining, but not "wishy-washy." Reading that leaves you, when you lay the paper down, better informed, with keener aspirations, with a broader outlook on life. The Companion is a good paper to tie to if you have a growing family—and for general reading, as Justice Brewer once said, no other is necessary.

If you wish to know more of the brilliant list of contributors, from our ex-Presidents down, who will write for the new volume in 1916, and if you wish to know something of the new stories for 1916, let us send you free the Forecast for 1916.

Every new subscriber who sends \$2.00 for 1916 will receive, in addition to this year's free issues, The Companion Home Calendar for 1916.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

Boston, Mass.

New subscriptions received at this office.

FERNS IN THE HOUSE

Ferns obtained from the florist for indoor culture should be placed in a strong light, although they will do well without sunlight. They should be kept moist at all times, but watered sparingly. Most fern difficulties arise either from keeping the plants soaked or, on the other hand, permitting them to get too dry. When the fern is in a jardiniere, it is especially difficult to avoid overwatering. In spring and summer, ferns require three times the amount of water that they do in the fall and winter.

It is well occasionally to put ferns in the bath tub and give them a bath with weak soapuds made from a good grade of soap. The soap must be thoroughly rinsed off immediately after the bath and great care must be exercised not to injure the tender fronds.

One of worst enemies of ferns indoors is the mealy bug. This is a white woolly insect that clings close to the bottom of the fronds. Where there is reason to suspect its presence, the plant should be examined every day and all insects removed with a toothpick or splinter. If the infestation is bad, the whole top of the fern can be cut off to within an inch of the ground and the stalks allowed to grow again after the insects have been exterminated. Another fern pest that thrives in a dry atmosphere is the red spider. This can be kept in check by spraying the top of the plant with clear water. If, as is frequently the case in living rooms, there is impractical, the next best measure is repeated baths. Washing will also eradicate the aphids, or green fly.

Ferns should be fed once every two or four weeks with dilute nitrate of soda solution, very dilute ammonia water, manure leachings, prepared plant food, or ground bone and wood ashes.

RUTH IS HOME AGAIN

Ruth had gone to a thimble party one afternoon, and was amused at the way the girls had to run about the room after their spoils of thread and balls of crocheted cotton.

Ruth herself didn't have to do this and after one of the girls had noticed it, she called the attention of the other guests to the fact.

"How in the world do you manage?" asked a number of them at once.
"Manage? Why it's the easiest thing in the world," she replied. "Notice my apron pocket. See the little eyelet holes in the middle? I simply put my ball or spool in this pocket, and put the end of the thread through the eyelet. This keeps it in place and makes crocheting or knitting a delight in place of a torment."
"Ruth, you are certainly the most practical female of my acquaintances!" ejaculated one of her admirers.

Learn a Little Every Day

There are about 4200 islands in the Japanese Empire.
The Mohammedan religion forbids the use of alcoholic liquors.

The song, Home Sweet Home, by J. Howard Payne, was first sung in an opera called "Clari."

Fifty-seven percent of the population of Peru Indians, and an additional 20 percent have Indian blood.
Benitene, because of its power to absorb large quantities of diatomaceous earth than glycerine, has been suggested as a substitute for glycerine in the manufacture of dynamite. Benitene is now used as an adulterant in candies and drugs and also in the manufacture of paper.

To Clean Copper Easily

Have you any copper utensils in your household that are a trial to clean? Why should it be when there is an easy way? Place a little oxalic acid in a dish and moisten with water enough to make paste. Rub this paste on the articles to be cleaned, using a soft cloth. Let them dry. Now rub them briskly with a dry flannel cloth, and as a result you will have a remarkable brightness.

Having the article to be cleaned very hot will make the operation even easier. Let the utensel stand with hot water in it for a while before cleaning it.
Try this method and see how easily the percolator, chafing dish, tea pot, serving tray and many other things are made bright and new.

How to Treat Mosquito Bites

Try to prevent scratching mosquito bites, for once they begin to bleed, a sore spot is formed, which may become infected and be the beginning of a serious skin eruption. Here is a cooling lotion that will stop the itching of mosquito bites:
Pure carbolic acid.....40 grains
Ether.....2 fluid drams
Alcohol.....6 fluid ounces
This is poison and should be so marked.

THE BOY FARMER

OR

A Member of the Corn Club

"If you expect to take from your land a crop rich in leaf, as lettuce, increase the proportion of nitrogen in your fertilizer."

"If potatoes or onions are desired provide plenty of potash."

"If abundant corn, wheat, cotton bolls, melons, peaches, strawberries or tomatoes are wanted see to the phosphoric acid."

Sam made use of what he had learned in planting and cultivating his crops. He watched them closely, and if it seemed to him that any of them were not doing well he began to hunt and study out the cause.

Although he had fertilized all of the farm to some extent before plowing, he worked manure into the furrows, when he planted his cotton and tried to give everything he planted the food it demanded to do its best. He found out that one good way to apply this food was to sprinkle it on the surface of the ground around the plants and work it in gently with hoe or rake.

Sam made a top application of this kind to his cotton when it was well advanced in the summer. The soil of the contest acre had been well fertilized in the beginning, but Sam didn't want that corn to lack for any of the elements it needed to make two big, long ears to each stalk and sometimes three. He waited until it was just about ready to silk; then he went to town and bought 400 pounds of fertilizer. He had this mixed to suit himself, for he had figured out just what he thought the corn needed—so much nitrogen and so much phosphoric acid. With this fertilizer he went over each row of the acre, sprinkled it around the stalks and worked it into the soil.

Fine as the corn was before, it now showed still further improvement. In a few days it was in full silk, and it seemed to leap up on receiving the stimulating food around its roots. But Sam wasn't through with the acre yet. Every now and then he went over it with a plow, just skimming the surface to break up the crust that commenced to form. One month it was unusually dry, and the young farmer had a chance to see the good effect of this work. His corn kept its dark green color, and by scratching down two inches, just underneath the dust mulch, he found that the soil was perfectly wet.

Fagan's corn across the fence was burning and wilting in the sun. Sam climbed over the fence one day and examined the soil. He found it baked hard on top, and when he took his knife and dug a little hole he had to go nearly six inches before he found the slightest moisture.

"That shows what conserving the moisture will do," he said to himself as he went back to his field. "I've plowed this acre a good many times, but it's been easy work and didn't take long to do it, because it's in good condition. I may be mistaken, but I believe I'm going to make a lot of corn at mighty little cost on this patch."

Late in the summer, when the corn was almost made and when other farmers had long ago laid by their corn, Sam gave his contest acre a final plowing and sowed black eyed peas broadcast among it as he did so. He had done his best, and it remained to be seen whether other boys in his state could beat him.

But if Sam Powell was through with the one acre he wasn't through work by any means. In fact, he didn't have much time to think about the contest.

CHAPTER VI.

SAM'S well fertilized, well cultivated acre of Irish potatoes surprised the neighbors with the amount it produced. Two hundred bushels were what he harvested from the patch, and, selling them at 60 cents per bushel, he had \$120 to show for the first crop. It was only the last of June, so he immediately prepared the land and planted the acre again in June corn.

After that the work came thick and fast. The cane was ready to be cut. He moved it, let it cure and stacked away two tons of fine hay in the barn. He could have gathered another crop of cane if he had let it remain, but the pumpkin yams must be planted. So he prepared and bedded the ground, and one cloudy day just before a rain he pulled the potato slips from the bed where he had grown them and planted this acre also with a second crop.

The cotton then had to be plowed, and when that was finished the four acre cornfield, in which he was also growing a flourishing crop of pumpkins, was calling for him.

The peach and plum crops were very short this year, owing to a late frost, but the Powell orchard never suffered in this respect. The old trees had a bumper crop. Prices being good, after Mrs. Powell had preserved what she wanted, Sam sold 40 worth of plums and \$110 worth of peaches, making a total of \$150 income from the fruit, not to mention the preserves for family use.

Early in the winter, before the family moved, Sam had made arrange-

ments with a breeder of a fine strain of Plymouth Rock chickens to get ten sittings of eggs. For these he was to pay \$1.50 a sitting. Mrs. Powell already owned a mixed breed flock of fifty hens, but Sam's plan, with which his mother heartily agreed, was to replace the mongrel stock with the thoroughbreds. The first of these sittings were hatched while it was yet cold, and before summer came on, with its excessive heat and insect pests, the whole ten had been brought off and more than 100 thrifty young Plymouth Rocks were running about the farm.

The ample range and shade and the rye sown in the orchard made the income from poultry almost clear profit. Chickens require little feed when they can get green stuff and insects. Besides the Plymouth Rocks Mrs. Powell raised six dozen common breed fryers, which she sold at \$3 per dozen, or \$18. From the thoroughbred flock, after selecting seventy pullets and five roosters to keep, she sold the culls for \$15, roosters at \$1 and pullets at 50 cents.

The egg market was very low during the summer months, but even at a few cents a dozen \$20 worth were sold this year and the family had all they could consume at home. Finally, in the fall, the old flock of common chickens was sold, bringing 25 cents each or \$12.50 in all. Surplus milk and butter from the two cows brought \$50 for the year. But this wasn't all. The acre of watermelons, cantaloupes and vegetables contributed its share. Sam's watermelons were a long white variety, with black seed and blood red meat, sweet as sugar. These melons always brought something above the regular market price. In all the young farmer sold \$40 worth of melons and vegetables.

The June corn made a fair crop. Sam sold the roasting ears at one cent each. These brought him \$30. Then he cut and cured the stalks for feed. The ground being once more cleared, he plowed, harrowed and planted it in turnips.

Sam found that a little farm of fifteen acres can keep two or three people very busy, especially when the farm is made to hump itself, growing one crop right after another. Hardly a day passed that he or his sister didn't have to drive to town to sell something. Whenever it could be arranged Sam always let Florence go, for then he could be hurrying the heavy work forward.

September came and Florence entered the high school, but Sam, badly as he wanted to begin, found it impossible to do so until after Christmas. However, he began studying at night, and for all the hard work he did he managed to keep pretty close up with his classes.

Late in the fall he dug the acre of sweet potatoes, after stripping off the vines and feeding them to his hogs, and found that he had 150 bushels of "pumpkin yams." He stored twenty-five bushels for home use and sold the other 125 bushels at \$1 per bushel.

Sam Powell never forgot what the government agent told him about seed. When his contest acre was at maturity he went down the rows and tied strings to the stalks that bore the most and the finest ears.

In the same way, also, the young farmer selected his cotton seed. Here and there in the rows he found stalks that were unusually large and perfect in shape. These were generally in some rich place where they had been particularly favored. If they were heavily loaded with bolls and the bolls were large and low down on the stalks, indicating that they would open early. Sam tied white strings on them in conspicuous places.

It may seem that with all this work Sam Powell had little or no time for pleasure or recreation. Such was not the case, however, though he sometimes had to work longer hours than he liked because he was not able to get help.

But Sam had got in the habit of using his mind. He never imitated other people in doing a thing without stopping to think why it was done or if there was a better way. He soon found out that it pays to keep oneself fresh and vigorous. By taking the proper rests and breathing spells and working at certain hours he found that he could do as much or more work in eight hours as in twelve. After that he did not commence work before daylight or quit after dark, as he had been doing. He saw also that it was a good idea to take a half day or a day off now and then.

One of the things that Sam enjoyed a great deal was to ramble through the woods and fields and study nature. He was what is called a nature lover—that is, he never tired of studying trees and flowers and birds and insects and animals. It was a mighty hard matter for him to go after the calves and get back in time for breakfast. It was not more than a quarter of a mile to where the calves were usually found—in a little meadow beyond the creek—but the earlier Sam started in the morning the later he would usually be in returning.

He would get up sometimes while it was still dark and only the first red streaks of dawn showing in the east. He would get out in the fresh air and throw out his arms and take deep breaths and walk about the yard for a few minutes; then he would be off suddenly, whistling a lively tune and scattering the dew from the grass and plants with his feet.

He liked to sit down on the creek bank in the dim light of morning and watch the world just waking up. A slight noise from some big treetops told him that crows were leaving their roost. A louder clapping meant buzzards. A splash in the creek announced that a bullfrog was taking his morning bath. Now and then a possum would waddle by or a belated coon returning from his fishing up the creek would stop to eye Sam inquisitively.

(Continued on next page)

RELIABLE REMEDY HELPS KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. Dr. Kilmer used it for years in his private practice. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it will help you. No other remedy can successfully take its place.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Cottage Grove Sentinel.

oct20-nov10

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Estate of Philip Hohl, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Barbara Hohl, has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Philip Hohl, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same, verified as by law required, to the undersigned, as such administratrix, at the office of J. S. Medley, Attorney at Law, at Cottage Grove, Lane County, State of Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1915.

BARBARA HOHL,
Administratrix of the Estate
of Philip Hohl, Deceased.

oct27-nov24

Notice of Executor's Sale of Real Property

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor with the will annexed, of the estate of A. H. Spare, deceased, under and by virtue of the terms and directions of the said last will and testament of said deceased, authorizing and directing them to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate at either public or private sale, as they might deem best, without obtaining an order of the probate court for such sale, and to distribute the proceeds thereof, and deeming it for the best interests of all concerned that said real property be sold at private sale thereto.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as such executor, will, on and after the 11th day of November, A. D. 1915, at Cottage Grove, in Lane County, Oregon, sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder or bidders therefor, for cash in hand, in separate tracts or parcels as hereinafter more particularly described, all of the real property belonging to the said estate of the said A. H. Spare, deceased, to-wit:

Beginning at the south southwest corner of the Henry Small Donation Land Claim No. 57, and running thence North 31.83 chains; thence east 37.06 chains; thence north 1.91 chains; thence east 7.10 chains to the center of the channel of the Coast Fork River; thence in a southeasterly course following up the center of the channel of said river to intersection with west boundary line of the right-of-way of the S. P. R. R. Co.; thence south, 29 degrees west, following the said west boundary of said right-of-way 8.10 chains; thence west 46.14 chains to the place of beginning, containing 149.82 acres of land, more or less. Excepting therefrom a strip of land running along near to and parallel with the West bank of the said Coast Fork River, heretofore deeded to Lane County, Oregon, by the said deceased for a public road, containing 1.02 acres, more or less. All in section 32 Tp. 20 South Range 3 West, in Lane County, State of Oregon.

The southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section six, in Tp. 21 S. R. 3 West, in Lane County, Oregon, containing 40 acres, more or less.

The southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 31, Tp. 20 South Range 3 West, containing 40 acres, more or less, all in Lane County, State of Oregon.

Terms of sale, cash in hand, and said executors reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Said sale or sales to be made subject to confirmation by the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon.

This notice is published once a week for four successive weeks in "The Sentinel," a newspaper published at Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, and of general circulation in said Lane County.

Dated October 5, 1915.

BENJAMIN LURCH,
WALTER P. HUFF,

Executors with the Will Annexed, of the Estate of A. H. Spare, Deceased.

oct13-nov10

(1622) Roseburg 253—List No. 010385

United States Land Office, Roseburg,

Oregon, October 7, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose postoffice address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 7th day of October, 1915, filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898, (30 Stat. 597, 620.) N½ of NW¼ Sec. 34, Tp. 19 S., R. 4 West, W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the Mineral character of the land, or any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 30th day of November, 1915.

J. M. UPTON,
Register.

Published in Cottage Grove Sentinel, located at Cottage Grove, Oregon.

(Oct13-nov17-1915 to C. E. M.)

Get your wedding stationery from The Sentinel and live happily ever afterwards.

Look in window
Chris Dresser Towels, man
What other n...
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MY salary. If o...
To me, I. C. S. r...
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absolutely no ob...
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