

Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"Now you go after him, you jealous old sorehead," says I. "Go on, I'll spread your nose all the way down your spinal column." The only time to say "No" to me is when I'm not meaning what I say, so away goes Wind River, and they made it up all right in no time. Well, Shadder had to pull for England to take a squint at the ancestral estates, and all of us was right here at this station to see him off. Lord, it seems as if that happened last world! Well, it took a little bit the edge off any and all drinks a ranch as an institution had ever seen before. There was old Smithy crying around, wiping his eyes on his sleeve and explaining to a lot of eastern folks that it wasn't Shadder's fault—gad look it all! He was the best, hootin', tootin' son-of-a-sea-cock that ever lit a prairie breeze in spite of this dum foolishness.

"They can't make no 'lord' of Shadder," hollers Smithy. "That is, not for long. He's a man, Shadder is—ain't cher, yer d—d old gangle-legged hide rack?"

"And Shadder never lost his patience at all, though it must have been kind of trying to be made into such a holy show before the kind of people he used to be used to. All he'd say was, 'Let your life, old boy!' Well, it was right enough, too, as Smithy had nursed him through smallpox one winter up in the Shoshone country and nearly near starved himself to death feeding Shadder out of the slim grub stock when the boy was on the mend. Still, some people would have forgone that."

"But did your uncle Red get under the influence of strong drink? Did he? Oh, my! Oh, my! I wish I could make it clear to you. The vigilantes put after a horse thief once in Montana, and they landed on him in a butt end canyon, and there was all the stock with the brands on 'em as big as a patent medicine sign, as the lad hadn't had time to stop for alterations."

"Well," says I, "what have you got to say for yourself?" He looked at them brands, staring him in the face, and he bit off a small hunk of chewing "Pitt-chay." Says he, "Gentlemen, I'm at a loss for words." And they let him go, as a good joke is worth its price in any man's country. I'm in that lad's fix. I ain't got the words to tell you how seriously drunk I was on that occasion. I remember putting for what I thought was the hotel and settling down, thinking there must be a lulu of a scrap in the bar room from the noise. Then somebody gave me a punch in the ribs and says, "Where's your ticket?" and I can't know what I said nor what he said after that, but it must have been all right. Then it got light, and I met a lot of good friends I never saw before nor since. There more noise and trouble, and at last I woke up—in a hotel bedroom, all right, but not the one I was used to. I went to the window, heaved her open and looked out. It was a bully morning, and I felt A.L. There was a nice range of mountains out in front of me that must have come up during the night. 'D like to know where I am, I think. 'But somebody will tell me before long, so there is no use worrying about that—the main point is, I have been touched?' I dug down into my jeans, and there wasn't a thing of any kind to remember me by. 'No,' I says to myself, 'I ain't been touched—I've been grabbed—they might have left me the price of a breakfast! Well, it's a nice look-



"Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables." So down I walks to the office. A cheerful seeming, plump kind of a man was sitting behind the desk. "Hello," says he, glancing up and smiling as I come in. "How do you open up this morning?"

"Somebody saved me the trouble," says I. "I'm afraid I'll have to give you the strong arm for breakfast."

"He grinned wide. "O, it ain't as

bad as that, I hardly reckon," says he. He dove into a safe and brought out a cigar box.

"When a gentleman's in the condition you was in last night," he says, "I always make it a point to go through his clothes and take out anything a stranger might find useful, trusting that there won't be no offense the next morning. Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables, including the cash. Count your money and see if it's right."

"Well, sir! I was one happy man, and I thanked that feller as I thumbed over the bills, but when I got up to a hundred and seventy I begun to feel queer. Looked like I'd made good money on the trip."

"What's the matter?" says he, seeing my face. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Why, the watch and the gun and the other things is all right," says I. "But I'm now \$50 to the good, even figuring that I didn't spend a cent, which ain't in the least likely, and here's ten dollar bills enough to make a bed-spread left over."

"Pshaw!" says he. "Blame it! I've mixed your plunder up with the mining gentleman that came in at the same time. You and him was bound to fight at first, and then you both turned to to lick me, and what with keeping you apart and holding you off and taking your valuables away from you all at the same time, and me all alone here, as it was the night man's day off, I've made a blunder of it. Just take your change out of the wad and call for a drink on me when you feel like it, will you?"

"Still, I would go that, and, moreover, that he was an officer and a gentleman and that I'd stay at his hotel two weeks at least to show my appreciation, no matter where it was, but to satisfy a natural curiosity, I'd like to know what part of the country I was at present inhabiting."

"You're at Boise, Ida.," says he; "one of the best little towns in the United States of America, including Alaska."

"Well," says I, "Well—for again I was at a loss for words. I had no idea I'd gone so far from home. 'I believe what you say,' says I. 'What do you do round these parts?'"

"Mining," says he. "You're just in time—big strike in the Bob Cat district. Poor man's mining. Placer, and durned good placer, right on the top of the ground. The mining gentleman I spoke about is having his breakfast now. Suppose you go in and have a talk with him? Nice man, drunk or sober, although excitable when he's had a little too much or not quite enough. He might put you on to a good thing. I'm not a mining person myself."

"Thanks," says I and in I went to the dining room.

"There was a great, big, fine looking man eating his ham and eggs the way I like to see a man eat the next morning. He had a black beard that was so strong it fairly jumped out from his face."

"Mornin'," says I.

"Good morning, sir," says he. "A day of commingled lucent clarity and vernal softness, ain't it?"

"Well, I wouldn't care to bet on that without going a little deeper into the subject," says I; "but it smells good at least—so does that ham and eggs. Mary, I'll take the same, with coffee extra strong."

"You have doubtless been attracted to our small but growing city from the reports—which are happily true—of the inexhaustible mineral wealth of the surrounding region," says he.

"No—no—not exactly," says I; "but I do want to hear something about mines. Mr. Hotelman out there (who's a gentleman of the old school if ever there lived one) told me that you might put me on to a good thing."

"Precisely," says he. "Now, sir, my name is Jones—Agamemnon G. Jones—and my partner, Mr. H. Smith, is on a business trip, selling shares of our mine, which we have called 'The Treasury' from reasons which we can make obvious to any investor. The shares, Mr.?"

"Saunders—Red Saunders—Chaata See-tee Red."

"Mr. Saunders, are 50 cents apiece, which price is really only put upon them to avoid the offensive attitude of dealing them out as charity. As a matter of fact, this mine of ours contains a store of gold which would up the commercial world were the bare facts of its extent known. There is neither sense nor amusement in confining such enormous treasure in the hands of two people. Consequently my partner and I are presenting an interest to the public, putting the nominal figure of 50 cents a share upon it, to save the feelings of our beneficiaries."

"What the devil do I care?" says I. "I'm looking for a chance to dig. Could you tell a man where to go?"

"Oh," says he, "when you come to that, that's different. Strictly speaking, my partner H. hasn't gone off on a business trip. As a matter of fact, he left town night before last with two-thirds of the money we'd pulled out of a pocket up on Silver creek in the company of two half

breed Injuns, a Chinaman and four more sons of guns not classified, all in such a state of beastly intoxication that their purpose, route and destination are matters of the wildest conjecture. We been laying around town here hating myself to death, thinking perhaps I could sell some shares in a mine that we'll find yet, if we have good luck. If you want to go wild cutting over the hills and far away, I'm your huckleberry."

"That hits me all right," says I. "For what I don't know about mining nobody don't know. When do we start?"

"This or any other minute," says he, getting up from the table.

"Wait till I finish up these eggs," says I. "And there's a matter of one drink coming to me outside. I may as well put that where it won't harm any one else before we start."

"All right," says he, waving his hand. "You'll find me outside, at your pleasure, sir."

"I swilled the rest of my breakfast whole and hustled out to the bar, where my friend and the hotel man was waiting. 'Now I'll take that drink that's coming, and rather than be small about it I'll buy one for you, too, and then we're off,' says I."

"You won't do no such thing," says the hotel man. "It's a horse on me, and I'll supply the liquor. Mr. Jones is in the hotel man set 'em up, and that made one drink. Then Jones said he'd never let a drink suffer from loneliness yet when he had the price, and that made two drinks. I had to uphold the honor of the ranch, and that made three drinks. Hotel man said it was up sticks now, and he meant to pay his just debts like an honest man, and that made four drinks. Then Jones said—well, by this time I see I needn't have hurried breakfast so much. More people came in. I woke up the next morning in the same old bedroom. Every breakfast Aggy and me got ready to pull for the mines, and every morning I woke up in the bedroom. I should like to draw a veil over the next two weeks, but it would have to be a pretty strong veil to hold it. I tried to keep level with Aggy, but he'd spend three dollars to my one, and the consequence of that was that we went broke within fifteen minutes of each other."

"Well, sir, that were a mournful pull to draw to that way. We sat there and cussed and said, 'Now, why didn't we do this, that and 'other thing instead of blowing our hard earned dough?' till blinely we just dripped melancholy, you might say. How-so-ever, weren't booked for a dull time just yet. That afternoon there was a great popping of whips like an Injun skinning, and into town comes a bull train half a mile long. Twelve yoke of bulls to the team; lead, swing and trail wagons for each, as big as houses on wheels. You don't see the like of that in this country. Down the street they come, the dust flying, whips cracking and the lads hollering: 'Whoa haw, Mary—up there! Wherp! Whoa haw!'"

"And those fellers had picked up dry throats walking in the dust; also they had a month's wages aching in their pockets. We hadn't much more'n got the thump of their arrival out of our ears when who comes roaring into town but the Bengal Tiger gang, and they had four months' wages. The owner of the mine got on a bender and paid everybody off by mistake. You can hardly imagine how this livened up things. There ain't nobody less likely to play lame duck than me, but there was no dodging the hospitality. The only idea prevailing was to be rid of the money as soon as possible. The effect showed right off. You could hear one man telling the folks for their own good that he was the Old Missouri River, and when he felt like swelling his banks it was time for parties who couldn't swim to hunt the high ground, while the gentleman on the next corner let us know that he was a locomotive carrying 300 pounds of steam with the gauge still climbing and the blower on. When he whistled three times, he said, any intelligent man would know that there was danger around."

"Well, sir, I put the Old Missouri River to bed that night, and he'd flattened out to a very small streamer indeed, while the locomotive went lame before supper and had to be put in the roundhouse by a couple of pushers. That's the way with fine ideas. Cold facts comes and puts a crimp in them. Once I knew a small feller I could have stuck in my pocket and forgot about, but when we went out and took several prescriptions together on a day he spoke to me like this. 'Red,' says he, 'put your little hand in mine, and we'll go and take a brisbeve view of the universe.' Astonishin' idea, wasn't it? And him not weighing over a hundred pound. How-so-ever, he didn't take any brisbeve view of the universe. He only become strikingly indisposed."

"Well, to get back to Boise, you never in all your life saw so many men and brothers as was gathered there that day, and old Aggy, he was one of the centers of attraction. That big voice and black beard was always where the crowd was thickest and the wet goods flowing the freest. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'let's lift up our voices in melody.' That was one of Aggy's delusions—he thought he could sing. So four of 'em got on top of a billiard table and presented 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' to the company, which made me feel glad that I hadn't been brought up that way. After Ag had his lip licked the last low note another song bird volunteered."

"This was a little fat Dutchman, with pale blue eyes and a mustache like two streaks of darning cotton. He had come to town to sell a pair of beef steers, but got drawn into the general hilarity, and now he didn't care a cuss whether he, she or it ever sold another steer. He got himself on end and sung 'Leeb Fadderlort mortre eckstein' in a style that made you wonder that the human nose could stand the strain."

"Aw, cheese that!" says a feller near the door. "Come, get your steers; one of 'em's just chased the barber up a telegraph pole!"

"So then we all piled out into the street to see the steers. Sure enough, there was the barber sitting on the crosspiece and the steer pawing dirt underneath."

"He done made me come a fast beat from de cohnor," says the barber. "I kep' hollerin' 'Next!' but he ain't pay no 'tention—he make it 'next' for me, shuah! Yah, yah, yah! You gents orter seen me start at de bottom 'n' slide all de way up dis yer telegraph pole!"

"One of the bull whackers went out to rope the steers, and Aggy gave directions from the sidewalk. He wasn't very handy with a riata, and that's a fact, but the way Ag lit into him was scandalous. When he'd missed about six casts of his rope, Ag opened up on him:

"Put a stamp on it and send it to him by mail," said Aggy in his sarcastic way. "Address it, 'Bay Steer, middle of Main street, Boise, Ida. If not delivered within ten days, return to owner, who can use it to hang himself.' Blast my hide if I couldn't stand here and throw a box car nearer to the critter! Well, well, well! How many left hands have you got, anyhow? Do it up in a wad and heave it at him for general results. He might get tangled in it."

"It rattled the bull whacker, having so much attention drawn to him, and he stepped on the rope and twisted himself up in it and was flying light generally."

"Say," says Ag, appealing to the crowd, "won't some kind friend who's fond of puzzles go down and help that gentleman do himself?"

"That made the whacker mad. He was as red in the face as a lobster."

"You come down and show what you can do," says he. "You've got gas enough for a balloon ascension, but that may be all there is to you."

"Oh, I ain't so much," says Aggy, "although I'm as good a man today as ever I was in my life, but I have a little friend here who can rope, down and ride that critter from here to the brick front in five minutes by the watch, and if you've got a twenty-five dollar bill in your pocket or its equivalent in dust you can observe the experiment."

"I'll go you, by gosh!" says the bull whacker, slapping his hat on the ground and digging for his pile.

"Say, if you're referring to me, Ag, I says, 'it's kind of a sudden spring. I ain't what you might call in training, and that steer is full of triple extract of giant powder.'"

"G'wan!" says Ag. "You can do it—and then we're twenty-five ahead!"

"But suppose we lose?"

"Well—it won't be such an awful loss."

"Now, you look here, Agamemnon G. Jones," says I. "I ain't going to stand for putting up a summer breeze agin that feller's good dough. That's a skin game, to speak it pleasantly."

"Then Aggy argues the case with me, and when Aggy started to argue you might just as well 'moor' and chase yourself into the corral, because he'd got you sure. Why, that man could sit in the cabin and make roses bloom right in the middle of the floor. While he was singing his little song you could see 'em and smell 'em. He could talk a snowbank off a high divide in the middle of February. Never see anybody with such a medicine tongue, and in a big man it was all the stranger. 'Now,' he winds up, 'as for cheating that feller, you ought to know me better, Red. Why, I'll give him my note.'"

"So, anyhow, I done it. Up the street we went, steer bawling and buck jumping, my hair a-flying and me as busy as the little bee you read about keeping that steer underneath me 'stead of on top of me, where he'd rather be, and after us the whole town, whoopin', yellin', crackin' off six shooters and carryin' on wild."

"Then we had \$25 and was as good as anybody. But it didn't last long. The tin horns come out after pay day like hoptoads after a rain. 'Twould puzzle the government at Washington to know where they hang out in the meantime. There was one lad had a face on him with about as much expression as a hotel punkin pie. He run an arrow game, and he talked right straight along in a voice that had no more bends in it than a billiard cue."

"Here's where you get your three for one any child may do, it no chance to lose make your bets while the arrow of fortune swings all gants accommodated in amounts from two bits to double eagles and bets paid on the nail," says he.

"Red," says Aggy, "I can double our pile right here. Let me have the money. I know this game. You'd hardly believe it, but I dug up. 'Double or quits' says he to the dealer."

"Let her go," says the dealer. The arrow swung around. "Quits," says the dealer and raked in my dough. It was all over in one second."

"I grabbed Aggy by the shoulder and took him in the corner for a private talk. 'I thought you knew this game,' says I.

"I do," says he. "That's the way it always happens. And once more in my life I experienced the peculiar feeling of being altogether at a loss for words."

"Aggy," says I at last, "I've got a good notion to lay two violent hands on you and wind you up like an eight day clock, but rather than make hard feelings between friends I'll refrain. Besides, you are a funny cuss, that's

sure. One thing, boy, you can mark down. We leave here tomorrow morning."

"All right," says Ag. "This sporting life is the very devil. I like outdoors as well as the next man, when I get there."

"So the morning morning away we went. All we had for kit was the picks, shovels and pans. The rest of our belongings was staying with the hotel man until we made a rise."

"Ag said he'd be cussed if he'd walk. A hundred and fifty miles of stroll was too many."

"But we ain't got a cent to pay the stage fare," says I.

"Borrow it of Uncle Hotel-keep," says he.

"Not by a town site," says I. "We owe him all we're going to at this very minute. You'll have to hoof it, that's all."

"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet, not even myself. I can stand off that stage driver so easy that you'll wonder I don't take it up as a profession. Now, don't raise any more objections—please don't," says he. "I can't tell you how nervous you make me, always finding some fault with everything I try to do. That's no way for a hired man to act, let alone a partner."

"So of course he got the best of me, as usual, and we climbed into the stage when she come along. Now, our bad luck seemed to hold, because you wouldn't find many men in that country who wouldn't stake two fellers to a wagon ride wherever they wanted to go and be pleasant about it. I'd have sure seen that the man got paid, even if Aggy forgot it, but the man that drove us was the surliest brute that ever growled. When you'd speak to him he'd say, 'Unh—a style of thing that didn't go well in that part of the country. I kept my mouth shut, as knowing that I didn't have the come-up-with weighed on my



"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet."

Spirits, but Aggy gave him the jolly life he meant it in fun, and there was plenty of reason for it, too, for you never seen such a game of driving as that feller put up in all your life. The Lord save us! He cut around one corner of a mountain so that for the left foot hung over about a thousand feet of fresh air. I'd have had time to write my will before I touched bottom if we'd gone over. I don't know as I turned pale, but my hair ain't been of the same rosy complexion since."

"Well," says Aggy in a surprised tone of voice when we got all four wheels on the ground again. "Here we are," says he. "Who'd have suspected it? I thought he was going to take the short cut down to the creek."

"The driver turned round with one corner of his lip twisted—a dead ringer of a mean man. Says he to Aggy, 'Ye'r a funny bloke, ain't yer?'"

"Why," says Ag, "that's for you to say—wouldn't look well coming from me—but if you press me I'll admit I give birth to a little gem now and then."

"Our hold buck puts on a great swagger. 'Well, yer needn't be funny in this wagon,' says he. 'The pair of yer spongers a ride! Yer needn't be gay. Yer hear me, don't cher?'"

"Why, I bear you as plain as though you set right next me," says Ag. "Now, you listen and see if I'm audible at the same range. You're a blasted chump!" he roars in a tone of voice that would have carried forty miles. "Did you hear that, Red? He asks yer innocent. I was so hot at the driver's sass—the cussed low-downness of doing a feller a favor and then leaving it at him—that you could have lit a match on me anywhere, but to save me I couldn't help laughing—Ag had the comicalst way!"

"At that the driver begins to larrup the horses. I ain't the kind to feel faint when a cuss gets what's coming to him for raising the devil, but to see that lad while his team because there wasn't nothing else he dared hit got me on my hind legs. I nestled one hand in his hair and twisted his ugly neck back."

"Quit that!" says I.

"You let me be—I ain't hurting you," he hollers.

"That ain't to say I won't be hurting you soon," says I. "You put the hind on them horses again, and I'll boot the spine of your back up through the top of your head till it stands out like a flagstaff. Just one more touch and you get it!" says I.

"He didn't open his mouth again till we came to the river. Then he pulled

up. "This is about as far as I care to carry you two gents for nothin'," he says. "Of course you're two to one, and I can't do nothing if you see fit to bull the thing through. But I'll say this, if either one or both of you rooters has got the least smell of a gentleman about him he won't have to be told his company ain't wanted twice."

"Now, mind you, Ag and me didn't have the first cussed thing—not grub nor blankets nor gun nor nothing, and this the feller well knew."

"Red," says Aggy, "what do you say to pulling this thing apart and seeing what makes it act so?"

"No," says I, "don't touch it—it might be catching. Now, you whelp," says I to the driver, "you tell us if there's a place where we can get anything to eat around here? We'd expect to go hungry until we hit the camp some forty miles further on, where we knew there'd be plenty for anybody that wanted it."

"Yes," says he. "There's a man running a shack two mile up the river."

"All right," says I. "Drive on. You've played us as dirty a trick as one man can play another. If we ever get a clench on you, you can expect we'll pull her till the latigoes snap."

"He kept shut till he got across the river, where he felt safe."

"It's all right about that cinch," he hollers back, grinning. "Only wait till you get it, yer suckers! Spongers! Beats! Deadheads! Yah!"

"Well, a man can't catch a team of horses, and that's all there is about it, but I want to tell you he was on the anxious seat for a quarter of a mile. We tried hard."

"When we got back to where we started and could breathe again, we held a council of war."

"Now, Aggy, says I, 'we're dumped. What shall we do?'"

(Continued Next Week)

ORGANS FROM ANIMALS TO BODIES OF HUMANS

Chicago, Jan. 1.—Medical science soon is to accomplish the transfer of sound vital organs and tissues from the lower animals to man. The substitution of healthy organs for the diseased parts of the human body will be made possible through the new experimental surgery and vivisection and will revolutionize modern science. The successful transplanting of arteries from one animal to another is the first step toward this end.

These are the conclusions drawn by Professor Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in a paper on "Tendencies in Pathology," written by him for presentation to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and read yesterday before the physiological section of the society at the University of Chicago, by Professor Ludwig Hektoen, of the university. Professor Flexner's paper also contained accounts of a series of experiments on rats and mice performed by himself and his associates, leading to important discoveries regarding the biological conditions of tumor growth. Pathological problems have been enormously affected by recent experiments in vivisection, according to the New York scientist.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Timber Land, Act, June 3, 1878—United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 29, '07.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Augustus E. Whitaker, of Walton, county of Lane, State (or territory) of Oregon, has this day, May 23 1907, filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3785, of the purchase of the SW 1-4 of Section No. 22, in Township No. 19 south, Range No. 7 West, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before W. W. Calkins, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Eugene, Oregon, on Friday, the 6th day of March, 1908. He names as witnesses: Henry Hinkson of Alma, Oregon; William H. Salles of Alma, Oregon; and Sidney Porter, of Walton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of March, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Timber Land, Act, June 3, 1878—United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 29, '07.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Frank C. Kline, of Eugene, county of Lane, State (or territory) of Oregon, has this day, May 6 1907, filed in this office, his sworn statement, No. 3780, for the purchase of Lot Number Four (4) and the SW 1-4 of NW 1/4 of section No. 2 in township No. 19 south, range No. 6 west, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before W. W. Calkins, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Eugene, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 4th day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Lewis M. Hession of Crow, Oregon; Leslie Hession of Crow, Oregon; Jesse Hooker of Crow, Oregon; John Hooker of Crow, Oregon; and John Hooker of Crow, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of March, 1908.

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