

Health Restorer

ALL RUN DOWN
No Strength nor Energy

Miserable
Hands
COVERED
-with-
SORES.

CURED BY USING

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, until I had used six bottles, and my health was restored."—A. A. TOWNS, prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

The
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Admitted
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for
Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle,
Membrane and Tissue:
Quickly to the Very
Seat of Pain and
Ousts it in a Jiffy.
Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers
Pain,
Makes Man or Beast well
again.

THE GREAT HUDYAN



This extraordinary
Remedy is
the most
powerful
discovery
of the age. It
has been
employed by
the leading
men of
Europe and
America.
Hudyen is
purely
vegetable,
and stops
transmission
of the
disease in
24 hours.
Lose
MANHOOD

quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.
Prescriptions in the first
stage. It is a symptom of a
disease. It can be cured in 24
hours.
The new discovery was made by the
late Dr. Hudyen, of the
famous Hudson Medical
Institute. It is the
strongest and most
powerful remedy for
gonorrhea, syphilis,
etc. It is a
positive cure for
all these diseases.
Written guarantee given for cure. If not
cured, the money is
refunded. It is a
positive cure for
all these diseases.
Send for circular and testimonials. Address
HUDYEN MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
Junction Station, Street & Ellis Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.

THIS PAPER is kept at E.C. DAKES
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REMEMBER.

When comes the sad year to its close,
And leaves fall fast about the trees,
In other gardens summer glows,
And others, thirsting, breathe and drink
The perfume of the rose.
Both look there, even in thy snows!

And when the rose is blossoming now,
Though this laugh in its rosy crown,
At other gardens, stripped and brown,
Dead roses lie beneath the snow.
Remember, when time had and blow!
—Grace E. Channing in Youth's Companion.

WANTED, A HUSBAND.

The following personal might have been
seen all that summer on the fourth page of
a prominent Journal:

Wanted.—A young lady residing in the
parish of St. Louis, with a fortune of
about \$50,000, desires to marry a
gentleman of about 35 years, one in the legal or
military profession preferred, who resides in
Paris. No agencies. Address Madame T. T.,
box 553 this office.

Elodie Raboteau, the party referred to,
was a young lady, to be sure, and is so
still, more's the pity. She also resides in
the country still, for her father is a judge
at St. Columbian, an obscure town in the
canton of Beauvais.

But, first, she was not pretty; second,
she was not at all distinguished; third, the
above mentioned \$50,000 francs are principally
expectations from her uncle, a
bachelor, it is true, but scarcely 40 years
of age and sold as a rook.

As to the "no agencies," that was a base
deception. "Madame T. T., box 553,"
was in reality Theodore Tardivel, whose
trade is to arrange matrimonial bargains.
"Tardivel has written me a long letter,"
said Judge Raboteau to his wife one
morning of last autumn. "Here is his
plan: The army maneuvers commence a
week from now, and St. Columbian has
been designated to provide quarters for a
half battery of artillery.

"This half battery of artillery is com-
manded by Captain Lecomte, and Captain
Lecomte wishes to marry a young lady
who has been brought up in the country.
Now, don't think of anything but making
the house look its best. We must have a
second girl, too, so that the cook will not
have to wait on the table."

"Goodness," gasped Mme. Raboteau,
"what an expense!"

"I do not deny that it is quite a con-
siderable outlay, but do you or do you not
want Elodie married? She's 26 now, and
for the past eight years we have offered
her to every bachelor, green or ripe, in the
country round, to say nothing of widowers.
Now a chance offers itself, and we must
profit by it. I shall go and fix it
with the mayor so that they quarter the
captain on us."

When September came, cannon sounded
all the morning long through the vast
plain that surrounds St. Columbian, and
toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon the ap-
proach of the half battery was announced.

Presently the captain appeared at the
whitewashed gate that served as boundary
for Judge Raboteau's terrestrial paradise.

Raboteau, under the spreading acacia
trees, was reading *The Revue des Deux
Mondes*. His wife, not far away, was
cutting bunches of grapes from the yellow-
ing trelles, and behind the white muslin
curtain of the parlor window Elodie,
warned by a preconcerted signal, burst
with the energy of despair into a love
song.

"Madame," he began, with a bow,
"allow me to introduce myself. I am"—
"You are known to us already, M. Le-
comte. We were expecting you."

The officer bowed and smiled and shook
hands with Raboteau. Then he was led
to the parlor, to the great confusion of
Elodie, who suddenly cut short her song,
blushing as if she had been 100 miles from
suspecting that an artillery captain was
to set foot that day within the limits of
the canon in which her father adminis-
tered justice.

The captain discreetly suggested that he
would take his meals at the hotel, but
they soon gave him to understand that
that would be an unpardonable insult.

It is unnecessary to say that the dinner
was a feast. By dessert the four persons
assembled seemed to have known each
other for ten years, and the captain made
a conquest of them all.

At 10 o'clock he asked permission to re-
tire.

"Of course, dear M. Lecomte," said
Mme. Raboteau. "After such a fatiguing
journey I hope you will sleep well un-
der our modest roof."

In the morning at 4 o'clock, when the
captain went down to mount his horse,
the judge was waiting for him to take
breakfast. That evening there was new
repetition of the follies of Belshazzar.

Lecomte politely asked the fair Elodie
to play for him; then in his turn the
young man was invited to sing. He ac-
cepted without hesitation, and he had a
superb voice. Next he played one of Men-
delsohn's "Songs Without Words," with
undiminished merit.

Elodie's father and mother, who in co-
stumes, as to the girl herself, he could
feel wings gently sprouting on her shoul-
ders.

A couple of days later Raboteau dis-
creetly brought up the subject of officers
marrying and pretended to dery it. Le-
comte smiled significantly and politely
opposed his host's theories. He added that
during the war the married officers had
performed their duty better, if possible,
than the others.

That night not a member of the family
slept a wink, Elodie least of all.

"Well, it ought to go through this time,"
Mme. Raboteau declared to her husband,
"for, according to my calculations, this
week has cost us at least 400 francs."

"You can't make an omelet without
breaking eggs," the judge replied senten-
tially.

He had secretly written to Tardivel.

"Lecomte is charming. He suits us to
a T. Is it necessary to give him a hint?"

And Tardivel had replied:
"Pretend to know nothing about it.
When he comes back, I will see him. I
will manage the whole affair."

However, the last day of the maneuvers
had come. That evening the Raboteau
kitchen was needed for a supreme effort,
destined, to all appearances, to be crowned
with success.

But, alas, at the accustomed hour the
captain's horse was brought back to the
stable by his orderly. Elodie, who was
watching for the return of her future hus-
band—they called him so already among
themselves—from behind the blinds, flew
to the garden and cried out in anguish:
"Merciful heavens, he is wounded!"

"No, mademoiselle," replied the order-
ly, with a peculiar smile. "The captain's
health is in statu quo. But you'd better
tell your papa not to keep the soup wait-
ing for him."

"Isn't he coming to dinner?"
—No, mademoiselle, he is going to have
dinner at the White Horse Inn, and he
will sleep there afterward. I am to fetch

his things as soon as I have unsaddled the
mare."

The dinner of the trio was most melan-
choly.

Bright and early the next day Rabo-
teau sought out the landlord of the White
Horse, who was much flurried by the
presence of a dozen officers of all grades.

"Can you tell me," the judge asked, "if
the artillery captain who was quartered at
my house—"

"He is in No. 8, judge. The captain is
still in his room, for the maneuvers ended
last night. Excuse me if I do not take
you up myself. I am just rushed to
death."

Raboteau ascended the stairs and strode
down the long corridor, on which opened
the several white doors, all alike except
for the large numerals painted on them in
black.

He was just in the act of knocking at
that which bore the figure 8 when sud-
denly he recoiled as he heard a tiger
crouching on the mat. However, it was
not a tiger that he had seen. It was, by
the side of a pair of top boots still armed
with spurs, a little pair of hot-blooded,
with rose colored satin—dainty, elegant,
important hot-blooded—bottines of which
one would say without fear of being mis-
taken, "The foot of a pretty woman was
in that not long ago."

At that moment the key was heard to
turn in the door of No. 8. The door was
seen to open timidly, just the least crack.

First a hand emerged—very small and
very white—the hand that belonged to
those bottines. Then the wrist appeared,
round and slender, with a pretty bracelet.

Then a plump arm, which grew longer
and longer—Raboteau had never in his
life seen such an arm as that, and if the
other were like it, all his experience would
indicate, this second of a Lecomte was
a very lucky scoundrel indeed.

However, the arm, the wrist, the hand
and the bottines retreated in good order.
The door was closed, and the judge stood
there, feeling very foolish, but there was
nothing for him to do but to go back to his
own house.

On the table the judge found this mis-
sive:

"I don't understand this at all. You
pretend to have Lecomte there with you.
But he writes that he has broken his leg,
and that one of his comrades has taken his
place in the maneuvers. Pray send me
some word of explanation."

"This is too much!" cried Elodie's moth-
er. "I called him M. Lecomte all the
time, and he never denied the name. If I
were you, I would write to the minister of
war about it."

Enough. That afternoon the false Le-
comte knocked at the gate. But—climax
of impudence—on his arm was a young
and very pretty woman, doubtless the lady
of the bottines.

"Justine," cried Mme. Raboteau, "do
not open the gate! Tell those persons we
are not at home."

At that moment Justine returned, carry-
ing a card, on which was inscribed, "Le
Comte de Prebois, Capitaine d'Artillerie."

Beneath was written in pencil:

"A thousand regrets and a thousand
excuses for having missed your company
last evening. Mme. Prebois came down
and took me by surprise and did not wish
to seem inconsiderate by increasing the
trouble my presence has caused you. It
would have afforded her great pleasure to
make the acquaintance of your wife and
daughter. Allow me to express my sin-
cere gratitude for your excellent hospi-
tality."

Poor Elodie! She always was unlucky.
—From the French.

The Dog's Bark an Evolution.

The most curious imitation which we
find in dogs is as to the measure of expres-
sion to which they have attained. Among
the savage forefathers of the modern dog
the characteristic of all their utterance
was, to a great extent, involuntary, and,
once begun, the outcry was continued in
a mechanical manner.

The effect of advancing culture on the
dog, however, has been gradually to de-
crease this ancient undifferentiated mode
of expression by howling and yelping and
to replace it by the much more speechlike
bark. There is some doubt whether dogs
possessed by savages have the power of ut-
tering the sharp, specialized note which
is so characteristic of the civilized form
of their species.

It is clear, however, that if they have
the power of thus expressing themselves
they use it but rarely. On the other hand,
our high bred dogs have, to a great extent,
lost the power to express themselves in
the ancient way. Many of our breeds ap-
pear to have become incapable of uttering
any sound but the "woof," and the change in
the mode of expression greatly increases
the capacity of our dogs to set forth their
states of mind.

If we watch a high bred dog—one with
a wide range of sensibilities, which we
may find in breeds which have long been
closely associated with man—we may
readily note five or six varieties of sound
in the bark, each of which is clearly re-
lated to a certain state of mind. That of
welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt and of
pure fun is almost always perfectly dis-
tinct to the educated ear, and this al-
though the observer may not be acquaint-
ed with the creature. If he knows him
well, he may be able to distinguish vari-
ous other intentions—those which ex-
press impatience, and even an element of
sorrow. This last note verges toward a
howl.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Madeira Vine.

My mainstay and vine par excellence for
indoor use is the Madeira vine, a climber
or twiner, as it must have some support—
as strings or wires. It is a bulb, or, more
properly, a tuber. I have seen them vary-
ing from about the size of the end of the
thumb up to the proportions of a large po-
tato, which they much resemble. A me-
dium sized tuber, freshly potted in good
fertilized soil, will almost immediately
begin to grow, sending out its glossy green
leaves and twining tendrils in cheerful in-
difference to circumstances. It will bear
heat and dust; although it loves sunshine,
it will do its best in a shady place, and if
you cannot take it to the kitchen sink and
give it a good shower bath it will be grate-
ful if you sprinkle the leaves every few
days, and I have never known it to be
troubled by insects of any kind—always
clean, bright and growing.

The only disadvantage in its use is that
the tubers multiply so rapidly as soon to
fill the pot or box, so they must be given
a good sized one at first.—Vick's Illus-
trated Monthly.

Japanese Launchings.

The Japanese apply one of their many
"pretty ways" to the launching of ships.
They use no wine. They hang over the
ship's prow a large pasteboard cage full
of birds, and the moment the ship is afloat
a man pulls a string, the cage opens, and
the birds fly away, making the air alive
with music and the whir of wings. The
idea is that the birds welcome the ship as
she begins her career as a thing of life.

Approved.

Suitor—I am sure your heart is in the
right place.
Beloved—I am glad to hear you say so.
I have just given it to the other fellow.—
Detroit Tribune.

A COAST ROMANCE.

To tell the story it is necessary to go
back two years, when the three characters
playing part in the romance lived in the
little town of Cape May. They were Dor-
othy Mosher, a young woman of 19 years;
Alix Wint, a farmer, and John Christo-
pher, a young oysterman. Dorothy was
the belle of the town, and there was a
strong rivalry for her favors between Wint
and Christopher. The girl enjoyed the
contest and refused to encourage one more
than she did the other.

The young men kept up the siege sev-
eral months and finally lost their temper.
The oysterman Christopher went one day
and said: "Alix, I'm getting tired of this
fight between us for Dorothy. I'm willing
to go into a ring with you and see who's
the best man. If you are, I'll get out of
the way, and if I'm the better man, then
you, then you must leave Dorothy to me."

Wint agreed to the proposition, and in
the presence of a large number of their
friends the young men stripped one night
in a fishhouse on the beach and fought
like tigers for the girl they loved. They
were pretty evenly matched, and it was
a long time before the contest ended. It
finally came to a close with the knocking
out of Christopher.

Christopher took his defeat deeply to
heart, and he left the town. He had saved
money and invested in a schooner that
was engaged in the coasting business. He
sailed a few weeks as mate of the vessel
and then became her captain. Meantime
Wint wooed Dorothy more ardently than
ever, but he got but little satisfaction
from the girl, who blamed him for driving
Christopher away. He believed that he
would win her for his wife sooner or later
and persisted in giving her attention. He
was not a little surprised one morning to
find that the night before Dorothy had
disappeared from town. Her friends went
in search of her and found that she had
been secretly married to Christopher, who
had taken her aboard his schooner to live.

The discovery that the girl loved his
rival best was a severe blow to Wint, who
found it impossible to content himself on
the farm. He finally found his surround-
ings uncongenial, and disposing of the
farm joined the life saving station at
Hereford inlet. In the excitement of this
wild life he did his best to forget Dorothy.
He was considered the bravest of the crew.
There was no wind or weather in which he
was afraid to put out in the lifeboat, and
he seemed happiest when in the midst of
a storm on the sea. Some thought that
his mind was unbalanced, but the advisa-
bility of discharging him from the service
with which he always performed his duties
argued strongly in his favor.

Last Thursday was a stormy day on the
Jersey coast. The wind blew fearfully in-
land, and the wreckers kept a sharp look-
out for vessels in distress. All day the
rain came down, but at sundown the
clouds broke and fled, but the wind in-
creased its strength, and the surf of Here-
ford inlet ran higher by many feet than
the roof of the life saving station. About
midnight the patrol of the beach saw a
rocket curve through the darkness. It
was quickly followed by a second and a
third. A vessel of some sort was in dis-
tress in the vicinity of North bar. The
crew was aroused, and the lifeboat got in
readiness, but it was impossible to launch
it, so terrible was the surf. Answering
signals were given to encourage the unfor-
tunates on the foundered vessel. When
day broke, the wind began to die out, and
by sunrise the surf had lessened in force.

Nearly a mile from the shore the masts
and rigging of a schooner were visible
above the tumbling waters, and at the
head of the mainmast was seen a dark ob-
ject. The vessel was completely sub-
merged, and the masts were swaying like
reeds. Evidently one of the crew had been
lashed to the mast. After several vain at-
tempts the lifeboat was finally launched,
and the sturdy crew sent it across the
waves as rapidly as it was possible for
them to do. They finally came lower
enough to the wreck to see that the object
at the mainmast was a woman. She was
alive and encouraged the crew in the life-
boat by waving her arms. As the lifeboat
came nearer it was found that it would be
extremely dangerous to attempt to take
the woman off until the waves had sub-
sided, for parts of the shattered hull pro-
jected above the water, and to be dashed upon
them meant quick destruction. While the
crew was debating what it was best to do,
Wint caught up a fieldglass and turned it
on the woman. An instant later the other
members of the crew were surprised to
hear him exclaim, "It's Dorothy!"

He held the glass to his eyes for a few seconds,
as if to make sure that he was right, then
tossed it into the cuddy and, stretching up
a life preserver fastened it under his arm,
and tying a rope around his waist ordered
the men to pull the boat as close to the
wreck as they dared to. The captain re-
monstrated with the man, but he calmly
told him that if the boat wasn't put nearer
he would jump in there and try to swim
to the woman's rescue.

The captain saw it was useless to pro-
test, and he told the crew to do as Wint
desired. Wint fastened one end of the
rope that was around his waist to a cleat
in the boat and waited for a favorable
moment to leap into the sea. At last, when
the boat was on the crest of a wave that
was sweeping toward the wreck, he jumped
overboard and the next instant was bat-
tling with the strength of three men with
the foaming water.

The wave ran like a race horse and
dashed Wint against the rigging. He grasped
the ropes, climbed to where the woman
was lashed to the mast, and in a
few seconds had fastened the life preserver
around her. Tying the rope around her
waist, he signaled the men in the boat to
haul her aboard. It was a terrible trial
to make, but Dorothy arrived safe and sound.
The problem now was how to rescue the
man.

The life preserver was fastened to a rope
and thrown overboard, in the hope that it
would float within Wint's reach, but it
didn't reach the mark. Again and again it
was hauled in and cast overboard with-
out striking the rigging. At every wave
the masts showed that they were growing
weaker, and it was expected by the men in
the lifeboat that they would go by the
board before the life preserver could be got
to Wint, but luckily the swirl in the wa-
ter as it broke over the wreck carried it
on and the ropes, and Wint got it. He put
it on and was soon aboard the lifeboat.

Dorothy's husband and all the crew of
the schooner were lost. The young woman
had no home, and what could she do?
Why, become Alix Wint's wife, of course,
and that was what she did two days after
her old lover resumed her from death.—
Omaha World Herald.

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Suffered, Scratched and Bled. Doc-
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Sets Cuticura Remedies.

Nothing like CUTICURA REMEDIES was ever
manufactured. For three years I suffered
with a sore head. I would break out all over my
head with pimples which would
form a watery matter, and I
would have to scratch until I
would bleed. After doctoring
with two doctors for three
years, more or less, I finally
made up my mind to try your
CUTICURA REMEDIES, with
result entirely satisfactory to
me. After using two sets I
am entirely cured. I have re-
commended your remedies to
several persons, and they all
tell me they are No. 1. Our druggist is doing a
nice business in CUTICURA REMEDIES, since my
cure. I have given him the privilege of using
my name as proof of their efficiency. I enclose
my portrait.
A. F. GRAMM,
Photographer, Mt. Horeb, Wis.

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My wife has been troubled with the salt rheum
for four years. During this time doctors of
Wisconsin, Illinois, and the most eminent of
Chicago, failed to give relief. I bought the
CUTICURA REMEDIES, and she used only one box
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ness, Sourness, Lameless, Strains, and
Pains relieved in one minute by the
Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Or., Mar. 28, '95.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before A. C. Jennings, county clerk of Lane
county, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane county
Oregon, on Wednesday, May 8th 1895,
viz: Thomas Gossage, on homestead entry
No. 5815, for the lots 3, 4 and 7, section
18, tp. 19 n. r. 1 w.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land, viz:
Henry S. Tilton of Dexter, Lane county
Oregon; John A. Briggs of Dexter Lane
county, Oregon; Alexis N. Miller, of
Trent, Lane county, Oregon; Samuel Parks
of Pleasant Hill Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. VATCH,
Receiver.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts.
50cts.
\$1.00 Bottle.
One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. Sold by Henderson & Main.

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GEO. N. FRAZER, Proprietor,
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days and Fridays and the stage arrives in Eu-
gene the next day at 7 o'clock p. m.

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