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### IN THE STEEL MILLS.

A WORKMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST DAY AT HOMESTEAD.

Avoid the deafening noise and roaring flames and blistered by the terrible heat—the fate of one poor man—tossed with Aching Bones at Night.

When I went to the superintendent and asked for work, he said, "What can you do?"

"Anything. I am large, strong, active and willing. I have been about machinery all my life and want work badly."

He touched a button, and a boy appeared. "Show this man down to the converting mill and ask Fred if he can do anything for him. Good morning!" he said, and my interview was over.

I put on my new overalls and jumper and followed my guide down through the mills. We made our way through piles of stock, raw material, rolls, etc., and came at last to the huge converting mill. The superintendent was found and the word delivered. He glanced at the newcomer, then said, "You look good and strong. Jump in and help those fellows there on those vessels."

I hardly knew what he meant, but though I did not understand I saw some men beneath one of the vessels, or converters, working with sledge and bars to get the bottom off.

With its ponderous and massive crills, the immense vessel cut away through the roaring flames, the lights coming and going, the air filled with steam and smoke, and, finally, the shrill and deafening moment, and confusion and I was disconnected no more than I should have liked to acknowledge.

I seized a sledge lying near and jumped in. We at last got to the "keys," as they call the work, which hold the converter together, and by the help of a hydraulic ram took the bottom off. This left a white hot opening 5 feet in diameter and about 6 feet from the ground, under which we must work. It seemed to me as though the skin on my neck and hands would burst with the heat. My clothes even steamed and smoked. How I wished I had been anywhere under the sun—good old Sun!—rather than under this fiendishly hot sun hanging so very near us!

When we had the new bottom on, we went up to the platform above the converters and drove the keys home more securely and stamped any small hole there might be with "ball stud."

A shrieking engine passed by me and swiftly poured into the converter a beam of iron. Then the blast was turned on, and a cloud of yellow and saffron flames, mixed with sparks and small particles of metal, rushed out of the mouth of the converter into the air. One of the men caught me by the arm and pulled me away just in time to save me from being seriously burned, for I was not expecting the flame.

By noon I was so tired I could hardly stand, but I stuck to it for all I was worth. During the afternoon I frequently fell down because my knees were too weak to hold me up. My hands were burned and blistered, and my new overalls were filled with holes burned by flying sparks. About 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, while working under the platform, I was started to see a stream of red fire run over the edge of the platform and strike in the midst of some workmen. As it touched the wet ground it exploded with a report like that of a cannon. The molten metal flew in every direction. Many workmen were burned more or less severely, and in the case of one poor fellow—it makes me sick still to think of it—the steel converter fell directly on the head and back. We got him out of the steam and smoke and carefully and tenderly cut his burned clothing from him. As we placed him on the stretcher the burned flesh dropped from his bones.

When I was relieved at 6 o'clock, it seemed as if it would have been utterly impossible for me to live in that mill atmosphere. I dropped myself to my room and went to bed at once. All that night I tossed and turned my aching bones, trying to get into some position less painful than the last. I was tortured by a thousand grotesque fancies and by the picture of the poor fellow who was burned so badly. At last I got into an uneasy sleep, but I felt as if I had not been asleep a minute when my alarm clock announced to me that it was 4:45, and that I must get up to my 6:15 breakfast. Oh, the misery of that rising and going to the mill! Every bone and sinew seemed as if it were red-hot iron, and the joints as if fused together.

It was a dark, foggy morning, I found, when, having desperately got up enough will power to dress, I tumbled out to my boarding house. The Pittsburgh smoke and fog are proverbial, but I really think that on that particular morning one might have cut tangible chunks out of the black, wet air. The board walks in Homestead are never in repair, and on the way to the mill I stumbled along through mud and stones, over boards and into holes, carrying in my hand my tin dinner bucket, which contained my midday meal.

On my first Sunday we reined the converter, and it became my duty to stand up in the inverted vessel and hand up the ball stud and limestone with left to cool simply over night, and I suppose the temperature of the dry air inside of it stood at about 140 degrees. I worked as hard as I could, but near noon I fainted, for the first time in my life.

My experience at Homestead was the experience of the majority of workmen there.—"Homestead as Seen by One of Its Workmen" in McClure's Magazine.

The reconstruction plant, a native of South Africa, becomes dry and apparently lifeless during drought, but opens its leaves and assumes all the appearance of life when rain falls.

### MADE HIM A CRIMINAL.

AN OPERATION THAT HAD AN UNFORTUNATE EFFECT.

A Boy's Bump of Acquisitiveness Grew Abnormally After He Was Trephined—And the Surgeon Stood All the Blame and Corrected the Error.

"Do you think criminality is a disease?" asked the drummer of the hotel clerk.

"Course not," said the clerk. "It is an acquired habit, and there wouldn't be any criminals if children were trained right."

"That's what you think, but sit down there where you will be comfortable, and I'll tell you something."

It was after midnight, and as the clerk had anything else to do he accepted the invitation and set down.

"Not a great while ago," went on the drummer, "I was in an eastern city, and it happened that I had a package of samples stolen by a boy on the street. I caught him on the act, and a policeman being on the spot, for a wonder, I turned the thief over to him and agreed to appear against the boy, just to teach him a lesson. The next morning I was in the police court on time, and there I was met by a physician, who told me something which led me to leave the case to him. When the boy was called, the physician appeared with him, and desired to make a statement to the court. It was granted, and he said:

"May it please the court, I want to assume responsibility for this offense and for a number of others of a similar character, which I understand the accused has committed within the past year.

"Your honor," he said, "until something more than a year ago this boy was as correct a boy as any I ever knew. Of good parentage and excellent training, there is no reason why he should not have been so. Two years ago he sustained a severe accident by being thrown from a bicycle, in which his skull was fractured directly on that spot which phonologists have designated as the bump of acquisitiveness. I was called in to treat the case, and upon examination discovered that the only thing to be done was to remove a part of the skull and trephine the fracture. This I did, exposing a considerable area of the brain. The trephining, however, was quite successful, and I had the pleasure in a few weeks of seeing my patient once more on his feet, and to all intents and purposes as well as ever, or very likely to be so. At that time, and until several months later, nothing unusual was noticed about the boy, but after several months it was observed that he began to purloin small things about the house. He was not suspected at first, but one day his mother caught him in the act, and he was punished. I may add that at this time he was perhaps 13 years old. His parents were greatly grieved over this discovery and afterward kept a close watch on him. The habit, however, seemed to be growing on him, and all their efforts to check it were in vain. They even went so far as to have their pastor talk to him, but this had no effect. Finally they were painfully shocked by his arrest for a theft of trifling character. The matter was settled as quietly as possible, and it was hoped that this would be a lesson. It made absolutely no difference, and the boy went from bad to worse. What he has stolen no one can tell, for he is as cunning as a fox in his work, as a rule, nor is it known why he does this, his stealings unless he has hidden them some place like the inside. The big leaves are especially desirable for those who like the inside. They have proportionately to weight less crust than the smaller leaves, and they can be so cut as to be served in almost any form that may be desired, with crust or without.

Breads for hotels and restaurants are generally made in special shapes. They are a shape corresponding to 35° England, and many restaurants that do not want so much crust take a bread that is made in leaves about 18 inches in length, and not very wide, baked separately, and laid on together, so that the leaves have crust on the ends only. Some hotels buy this kind of bread, but hotels generally use more French bread and Vienna stales. Taking all the people together, old and young, it is probable that about three-quarters like their bread cramy.—New York Sun.

### DORRIS' SHOE STRINGS.

On Dorris' feet Are the smallest of two, But surely some of his Has enchanted her shoes, For, wherever he goes, Well, now he is, In church or at tennis, Her shoes come untried.

At times it is trying, But, when Dorris' strings, When poor Dorris' strings, So down I must die, In the dust and dirt, Of that dear little girl.

These precious girl tyrants We cannot resist, For our Dorris' strings, Are filled with their spell, Since old fashioned aprons Wekiss, now they are, To the strings of their shoes.

—Vassar Miscellaneous.

### BAKERS' DREAD.

A Few Facts on a Somewhat Familiar Article of Food.

Stiles change in bread, as in everything else, and those that were more or less familiar 10 years ago are now not made at all. Every baker tries to have something distinctive about his output, and almost every baker thinks his loaf is the best. So, everybody who buys bakers' bread knows there is really a great difference in it in appearance and in taste. The housewife makes what bread of one kind or another, the baker makes generally of three—two brands of spring wheat flour and one of winter wheat, mixed, with the result of making a finer, whiter, smoother loaf. Bakers do not all agree as to the exact proportions in which these flours should be mixed.

Graham flour is made of the entire grain of the wheat ground up together; gluten flour is that part of the wheat grain which is the gluten. Rye Graham flour is made of the entire grain of the rye; the rye flour used in the ordinary rye bread is usually mixed with wheat flour in proportions varying from a little wheat up to half wheat. Of the bread sold in American bakeries about 50 per cent is wheat, the remaining 10 per cent being divided about equally among graham, rye and gluten. In Germany, however, the proportion of rye bread sold is very much greater.

Bakers are all the time getting up new shapes in bread, and there can scarcely be said to be any absolutely standard form, though there are some that are practically so—the oblong, the round, the long, round, French stick, Vienna stick and Vienna loaf. There are now about 15 shapes that are more or less commonly sold. And these breads are made of about as many different kinds of dough. For instance, there is a New England dough, a Vienna dough, and so on, each being composed of a different blend of materials and mixed and handled differently.

Perhaps as nearly standard as any of these shapes is the one known as New England. This is an oblong loaf with square corners. Almost all of these loaves are made in different sizes. The New England is made in at least five, which are sold at 5 cents, 8 cents, 10 cents, 20 cents and 30 cents. Usually the 30 cent loaf is made to weigh a little more than the others, and it would weigh about 16 ounces. The smallest sized New England loaf is the one most sold, as is the case with all breads made in sizes, but the 8 cent and 10 cent loaves are in large demand, and there is a steady market for them. The 30 cent loaf is the one most sold, as is the case with all breads made in sizes, but the 8 cent and 10 cent loaves are in large demand, and there is a steady market for them.

### DOCTORING SHIPS.

PARASITES THAT SEND OCEAN VESSELS TO THE HOSPITAL.

No Ship Protection From Iron Malls Has Been Found—The Great and the New Masters of Construction—Something About Drydocks and Their Uses.

The sea is a grand and yet a treacherous mother to the thousands of ships that sail over its broad expanse, and after buffeting with its storms the ships must go to their hospital for repairs. This hospital is the drydock, and the doctors are the army of careful workmen who look over carefully and repair just a fraction of the ship.

But water is teeming with parasites of plant and animal life that cling to the bottoms of ships, eat slowly but surely through wood and iron alike, and rust it away, while they act as a check on the ship's speed, increasing the resistance and friction of the water against the ship. The "goats of the sea" are everywhere, and pick out each weak seam or faulty rivet and slowly and surely eat into the vital parts of the ship, so that every few months it becomes necessary to examine and repair the vessel. To do this she must come out of the water. The drydock is the place to which the ship is taken, and the ship is slowly pumped out and the water is shut and the iron walls pumped out; then the workmen, with practice and skill, place blocks at the bottom of the dock for the keel to rest upon, taking the dimensions from the plans and drawings of the vessel. These in place, the dock is flooded again, the ship is slowly lowered into the water, and the gate is shut and again the water is slowly pumped out and the ship settles down the dockers pull her this way or that until she rests evenly on the blocks. Then shores, made of heavy wooden beams, are braced from the sides of the dock to the sides of the ship, and as the water is pumped away the ship strains "high and dry," a veritable "dub out" water, the bottom covered with sawdust and parasites that hide the defects they have caused.

Then the workmen scrape and scour the under surface of the hull, and remove the seams and rivets are all examined and repaired, a fresh coat of paint goes on again, and as the dock is again flooded the ship rises from her hospital bed, and the wooden supports are knocked away until she floats out to sea again, "healthy and strong," to battle with the wind and sea and the elements of the sea as promptly flies.

When wood is used, it must be especially in building ships, a very easy and convenient means was found to protect the under water portions of the ship from the insidious attacks of barnacles and parasites of plant and animal life. This was done by covering the bottom of the ship with a plating of tin copper, for the galvanic action of the salt water upon the copper was to convert the ship and sea into a vast battery, where the copper became the positive pole and was slowly yet constantly eaten away, the particles, as they fell, taking with them the barnacles and seaweed as fast as they formed on the ship. This was done by covering the bottom of the ship with a plating of tin copper, for the galvanic action of the salt water upon the copper was to convert the ship and sea into a vast battery, where the copper became the positive pole and was slowly yet constantly eaten away, the particles, as they fell, taking with them the barnacles and seaweed as fast as they formed on the ship.

### HE WAS A HUSTLER.

The Opportunist Was a Golden One, and He Hastened to Cash It.

When Major General Schofield went to Keokuk, Ia., and married one of the belles of that town, Miss Kilbourne, an amusing incident occurred which Arthur Clarke, business manager of John Drew, the comedian, enjoys telling about. It appears that Mr. Clarke's father is editor and proprietor of Keokuk's leading paper, The Gate City, and in his counting room he has a particularly energetic helper, by name Joe Klein. Joseph is a hustler in every sense of the word, and the day is bleak indeed when he gets left. He heard of the approaching wedding of Miss Kilbourne with the distinguished Major Schofield, and early on the morning of the date set for the happy event he called at the Kilbourne home, rang the doorbell and inquired for Mrs. Kilbourne, mother of the bride. He was informed by the servant who answered his ring that Mrs. Kilbourne was very much engaged at the time, but he insisted that he must see her on very important business connected with a matter she could not leave the front stairs. She knew Mr. Klein very well, as people always know each other in small towns, and when she saw him at the door she said:

"I can't see you now, Joe. I'm dressing for the wedding. Call another time."

"But I can't," said Mr. Klein. "I want you to present me to Major General Schofield. I must meet him."

"That is impossible, Joe," said Mrs. Kilbourne. "The general is dressing for the church." But the soldier had overheard the conversation from an upper landing and rather than create trouble he came down and was duly presented.

"General Schofield," began Klein impulsively, "do you realize that you are about to take from one of the fairest flowers we have in Keokuk? Do you know that when she goes hence you will see her for news of her old neighbors? In order that she may be really and truly happy by these things I ask you now to place your honored name on the subscription list of The Gate City, which is the best paper in Iowa. Our rates are \$5 for the daily paper and \$1.50 for the weekly. Think of your young bride!" And there were tears in Klein's voice as he pleaded for recognition.

"Mr. Klein," said the general after regarding the business manager with undisguised admiration for several minutes: "I do not hesitate to proclaim that you are a wonder. You deserve success. Come in, and we will have a bottle of champagne together. I will not subscribe for your daily, but you may put me down for your \$1.50 weekly," said The Weekly Gate City, who finds its way from Keokuk to General Schofield's home, day with great regularity.—Chicago Times.

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THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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### MODERN SURGERY.

The Large Part That Absolute Cleanliness Plays in Its Operations.

There are three locations, so to speak, the absolute cleanliness of which must be above suspicion before the operator is justified in proceeding to his work. These are the surgeon's hands, his instruments and the integument covering the part of the patient's body at which the operation is about to be performed. How is the requisite cleanliness in each case secured? So far as the hands are concerned, by profuse scrubbing with a nailbrush in soap and hot water, followed by a thorough dressing in some antiseptic solution, such as that of 1 in 2,000 of perchloride of mercury. So far as the instruments are concerned, by sterilizing them—that is, by boiling them in a steam sterilizer, and then, when the operator is ready to begin, by putting them into a receptacle containing an antiseptic solution—such as, for example, that of carbolic acid. Lastly, so far as the patient's integument is concerned, by washing the part first thoroughly with soap and water, having previously shaved it, if necessary, and afterward with a perchloride of mercury solution, or, if the part be greasy, by removing all the greasy material by scrubbing it with ether.

Without going into further details these are the cardinal precepts of the science of operating in the present day. Of course each wound which in this manner is made under aseptic conditions, as it is called, is kept aseptic by the use of antiseptic dressings until healing has taken place. The result of this method of treatment of wounds are nothing less than wonderful in comparison with those which the earlier surgeons were able to obtain. What happens after, say, the amputation of a limb nowadays? The rule is, nothing—nothing, that is to say, beyond the usual conventionalities of the patient. The dressings are not touched unless the temperature and the pulse of the patient indicate, by some disturbance, that it would be expedient to examine the wound. The temperature and the pulse are the surgeon's guide. He takes his cue from them. Nothing can be amiss in the wound if these remain normal, and thus it follows that a large wound, such as that following an amputation, heals soundly from first to last without any suppuration. What a contrast with that which obtained in former days! Suppuration was then thought to be an indispensable part of the healthy process of healing. In the present time, on the contrary, a surgeon is held to have failed in his practice of the principles of surgical cleanliness if, in wounds originally aseptic, suppuration occurs.—Nineteenth Century.

### HIGHER EDUCATION.

The Interesting Results of the Study of a Frog's Tiny Muscle.

The young man who has had the priceless experience of self-abandonment to some highly chosen point was well illustrated in a man I knew, writes G. Stanley Hall in The Forum. With the dignity and sense of finality of the American senior year quick within him his first teacher in Germany told him to study experimentally one of the 17 muscles of a frog's leg. The mild disposition of a somewhat too prolonged general culture, aided by some taste for treacherous philo-sophical speculation, almost diverted him from so mean an object. But as he progressed he found that he must know in a more minute and practical way than before—ir a way that made previous knowledge seem unreal—certain definite points in electricity, chemistry, mechanics, physiology, etc., and bring them to bear in fruitful relation to each other. As the winter proceeded the history of previous virtues was studied and broader biological relations seen, and as the summer waned

### SOLID EMERY WHEELS.

In the production of solid emery wheels the best cement that can be employed is one that binds the emery together with that degree of strength which will resist the centrifugal strain due to the high speed at which emery wheels cut best—about 5,000 feet speed per minute. It must not soften by frictional heat nor glaze nor burst nor come brittle and break with cold, nor must it hold the cutting grains until they are too dull to cut nor release them so readily as to waste away the wheel too fast. It must be capable of being thoroughly mixed evenly with the grain emery, so that the wheel may not have either hard or soft spots and be out of balance, and must also be capable of being tempered to suit different kinds of metal or work. Great care and skill are required in the matter of selecting only the best and strongest chemicals for these cements.—Cassell's Magazine.

### REMEDIES FOR TOOTHACHE.

"Remedies for toothache, my friend," said a philosopher, "will be found to afford instant relief in every case but yours."

"Xmas" is often written instead of Christmas, and the authority for so doing is that X is simply the initial letter of the Greek word for Christ.

So broad is the scope of modern charity that in many cases, particularly in Europe, it has taken forms fanciful if not absurd. London has three or four refuges for lost dogs. These establishments are kept up by bequests and donations.

"Xmas" is often written instead of Christmas, and the authority for so doing is that X is simply the initial letter of the Greek word for Christ.

### A SECRET IS A THING WHICH YOU COMMUNICATE TO ONE WHOM YOU CAN TRUST.

"I know the man. I saw him the day after the wreck, and he told the same story to me, only there was a little more to it."

"What was that?"

"Why, he told me that it was the first train of cars he had ever seen in his life, and I don't think he would be a very good judge of speed."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and the engineer got off with a 60 days' suspension.—Chicago Herald.

A secret is a thing which you communicate to one whom you can trust. He in turn, tells it to somebody that he can trust, and that somebody reveals it to another somebody whom he can trust. And so it goes the rounds, but it is still a secret, although everybody knows it.—Boston Transcript.

One hundred years ago the Japanese were so separated from the remainder of mankind that so far as any intercourse was concerned they might almost as well have inhabited the moon.

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