

STRIPE IN TABLE LINEN

Patterns of Twenty Years Ago in Style Again.

Linens of the Present Day Not Likely to Last So Long as Those of a Generation Ago—Costly Cloths and Napkins from France—Table Linen that is Woven to Order.

The latest designs in table linen may be known by their stripes. That is, when you see a striped tablecloth you may put it down as a very new one or a very old one. Some of the patterns which were used twenty years ago are making another appearance now, and so, too, are some tablecloths of the same date.

It isn't likely that much of the table linen made today will survive so long. Unless the twentieth century goes back to some of the ways of the eighteenth to the old and careful bleaching of linen in particular, there will be no tablecloths which will last for twenty years, and no sheets which will wear thirty years. It isn't altogether the fault of the makers that linen doesn't wear as it once did. Things that are made in a hurry wear out in a hurry and there's no help for it.

Once, said a well-known New York dealer, "nine weeks were spent in bleaching linen. Now you can get it done in nine days. Of course, there is a difference. There is the slow bleach from Ireland and Scotland, which for wearing qualities is the best in the world. It costs more than the same grade of linen bleached by a quick process. When a manufacturer has to prepare his goods in a rush he first gives the linen a strong chlorine bath. Then he puts it into water, gives it a weaker chlorine bath later, and so on. You can imagine the effect this has on the thread when I tell you that the French bleached linen in this way weighs only two-thirds what the Irish slow-bleach linens weigh. The chemists burn up a third of the material. That is what it amounts to.

In other times, a man used to dip water from a trench and scatter it over the linen on the grass. It is said that they could, with a sweep of the arm, send the water in an even shower over an astonishingly large area. But people don't wait for that sort of thing nowadays. So the chlorine bath is the only one.

"Linen in this country? Oh, they don't make linens here; nothing but the cheapest, commonest varieties. Everything we handle is imported. Linen, so far as its geographical origin goes, is like all grain. It is divided into three parts—Irish, French and German. Among the Irish linens, however, there are of the same grade as they go, are included Scotch linens. And among the German linens are also included the Austrian. I haven't time to say about the Austrian linen, though. It is a poor imitation of the French. The German linens differ, according to the locality they come from. Those that are made around the Rhine are of excellent quality, while those that are made in the little further south are made in the Irish style.

The new designs come from France. In Ireland they use the same pattern year in and year out and there is always a steady demand for them. But in France they are constantly devising new styles. The French linen is lighter in weight, sometimes almost as fine as a pocket handkerchief, and of course it doesn't wear so long as the heavy Irish linen. It isn't intended to. Here it is a beautiful tablecloth from France. It has a mixed design, you see, but the stripes occupy the conspicuous place.

The cloth indicated had a double border, composed of a festoon design about a foot in width, a perfectly plain stripe of the same width and then the festoon design again. The centre was of longitudinal stripes of the plain damask about three inches wide. Another design, which indicates the popularity of stripes and is revived from the styles of twenty years ago, is called the thousand-line pattern. It is of damask in stripes of a quarter of an inch in width, separated by half lines. It has no border at all. Most of the cloths, however, have the double border.

The dealers say that, judging from the cloths they sell, the round table cloth for a round dinner table is four yards square. Dinner napkins are almost large enough for small luncheon cloths, some of them being three-quarters of a yard square, others being oblong in shape and measuring 30x39 inches. A fine cloth two and one-half yards square costs from \$40 to \$50. The same cloth four yards square costs about \$120. Some of the specially fine French cloths cost \$75 when they are only two and one-half yards square. Dinner napkins of the quality often cost \$60 a dozen. When the cloth has a double border the design in the napkin matches the part of the cloth which shows on the table. That is to say, the napkin does not repeat the double border. It has only the inner one which, on the table, should run at the edge of the board right under the plates.

When it comes to lace-trimmed linens for luncheon tables the prices take a big jump. One large round linen cloth, with an inserted six-inch band of point de Venise lace and a little wider border of the same lace, costs \$450. A mere centrepiece, trimmed with the same lace costs \$250. Among centrepieces those trimmed with Duchess lace are the sweetest thing. The colored laces have gone out of style. The butter-colored lace trimmings which had such a race at one time are quite superseded by white. Point de Venise is very fashionable, but when it is in the very pale ecru in which it so often comes it is not the thing. One dealer showed a little centrepiece trimmed with point de Venise in pale ecru. It had been \$20, but he said it could be bought now for \$2. A \$450 cloth, trimmed with the same lace, had been

marked down to \$250. "Hemstitching, too, is decidedly on the wane," he said. "Of course some of it is shown, but the latest thing is, well, the oldest thing, I suppose, in hems, that is, a narrow hem sewed by hand. The more it can be made to look like a selvage the better. The idea of course is to make it look as if it was a made-to-order cloth. Do we ever make cloths to order? If you mean, do we have a cloth woven from a unique design made for it alone, we do not. People will tell you that they have cloths made to order when they go abroad. I think that all they do is to go to manufacturer who submits a good many designs to them. They fancy that they are choosing from designs which are not sold to regular dealers, and that, when they get a cloth made from the design they choose they have something unique. But I doubt it. I think they have simply ordered a tablecloth which you or I could order in the same way at the same place.

"Occasionally they have their monogram woven in the cloth. But that is a simple matter. All the manufacturer does is to cut out a section of the cords of the original design, invert those for the monogram, and the thing is done. These cards for the weaving were formerly cut one by one with a great deal of labor and care. Now a lot of them are cut at a time, very much as ready-made clothing is cut out by the east side tailors in New York. When a monogram is woven in a cloth it seems to me that the proper thing would be to have it appear at each corner of the center portion of the cloth. But I believe it is often put right in the middle, just where it is all covered by the centrepiece.

"For luncheon people who have handsome mahogany tables do not use cloths with merely use centrepieces, with doilies for the plates and dishes. Luncheon napkins are from fifteen to eighteen inches square. We sell a great many of the colored linen cloths for afternoon tea tables, but they are not used for anything else. No fringed napkins are used for anything. They are obsolete.

The most beautiful linen sets for beds also come from France. One set, consisting of an upper sheet and the reverse of two pillow cases, was marked \$65. They were exquisitely embroidered in colors for trimming beds. One set of colors for trimming beds has come out of fashion. They were very dainty, with their Dresden flowers in pink and blue, their feathers and bows-knots. But their time has come by. Lace is now the garniture, if the expression may be used, for trimming beds. Fine Swiss covers with insertion of lace, grenadine with lace stripes, and similar materials are used ever since.

UNCLE TOBY ON EXPANSION

All this talk about expansion seems to me to be mighty strange. And I'm dead agin the movement. If it's good to make a change in the grand old constitution, in the flag or in the laws that were given to this nation, to wit: a honest voice.

We've enough of territory. For we stretch from sea to sea, and the mainland of this continent is quite enough for me. And if sort of suits my notion that this government of ours should be ligh on a model by the jealous foreign powers.

Yes, I'm dead agin expansion. It's but a poor excuse of the greedy, grabbin' spirits. I don't believe in conquest. Nor that might is ever right. And if that is what they're gettin' at, I'm ready now to fight.

But here's a proposition. That's arising in my mind—I'm always fond of argument. And never go it blind—Suppose the Lord of Hosts directs in His mysterious way? Suppose He's holding Dewey's fleet in fair Manila bay?

Through his prophets he has told us That the earth shall surely be Full of knowledge of his glory As the waters fill the sea. And there's quite a lot of people who believe that Uncle Sam Has been chosen as an instrument To carry out his plan.

And then again, humanity Cries out in thunder tones, And bids us rescue the oppressed In all the world's wide zones. The light of freedom we enjoy Was lit in Bethlehem, And if they cannot come to us, We'll carry it to them.

If this is what expansion means I'm for it heart and soul. We'll spread "Old Glory" to the breeze To wave from pole to pole. We'll let the nations everywhere Behold mellinium's dawn. We've got the best thing in the world And mean to pass it on. —Thomas W. Westendorf.

IN BRECHER'S PULPIT.

Boston Herald: The new pastor of Plymouth church is not yet 40 years old, but he seems to be a very self-reliant sort of a man. His Chicago congregation raised a \$250,000 fund to build a new church, for he has refused to consider it, and the reason he gave was that his Chicago church had no Sunday school, while Plymouth church has a flourishing one. "Plymouth church," he said, "can offer no such financial rewards as this congregation. Time is too short for making money, for literary ambitions, for lecturing, for liturgy, for long enough to be a servant of Christ's poor, to help weary men and women through missions and Sunday schools." Rather neat, that!

There is no other thing promising such lasting credit to this session of the legislative assembly as the inauguration of the fax and linen industry. It would be for all time, and the biggest thing in Oregon. Will our friends in this legislature miss this opportunity? We sincerely hope not.

Tearing up the warning red flag only increases the danger.

THE LITTLE CURATE

The curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully 2 inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise among the residents in Broxbourne.

"Such a very uninteresting young man," said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the curate whose teachers assisted in giving women an overbearing and not altogether united majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort; and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate.

The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. The little curate, however, did not flinch. He held a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, and the ferocity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled, howling up an alley.

"What the—" spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart.

"Let us go down," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the women, who were standing at the door of the ale house opposite and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate as the lovers continued their walk. A trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him—I would, indeed."

"You think I should have punished him, then?" said the curate mildly. "He was a much larger man than I, you know."

"Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shabby he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy," he said, presently, somewhat suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. But she made no reply.

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned, after a chill pause.

"I don't think your cloth is any extra, anyhow," she blurted out suddenly, and really the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "good-by" was all he had vouchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear, summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A party, in earnest, it had been, for the day had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of condolence had been unavailing, that for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half way home when his sombre meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey cock.

"I'll good afternoon ye, Mister Parson," cried the man, "but I'm done with ye," cried the man, "but I'm done drinking heavily, though he was seasoned to show any uneasiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled with the word—"apology for interferin' 'tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interferin'!"

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped.

"No, ye pass," said the curate.

"No, ye pass," cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from the parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there, and losing itself at last in the heat-haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now." "You have, indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he snatched the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt-

sleeves, while his enemy gaped at the proceedings.

"Now, I'm ready," said the curate gently.

"Are ye going to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come on, ye—"

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends, had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in the stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wild was gone, his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man rose swiftly to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found his enemy bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, I'm—"

"Hush, man. It's not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse. "Now, get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to its feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John peremptorily.

Goliath made a few steps, then returned them, holding out a grimy paw.

"Mister Parson, I've got a grudge against you. Don't say another word, Goliath," and the curate shook hands with him. The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm—" he said. It had come. Then he shuffled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub, and donned his coat and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"O, John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yesterday."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate, coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had snatched her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about fifty yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone.

BOBBY IN THE CLOUDS.

I wish I was an angel boy, With big, strong wings, so I could spread 'em out and fly away Up into the blue sky. I'd like to sit on some big cloud And sail and sail all day. My! but I'd have it jolly when The wind blew good and strong. I'd swim while I'd duck my head Down into that white pile. 'N' somersault 'n' kick my heels 'N' swim round for awhile. An' then I'd come up to the top And take a little peep. Then let myself just go ker-flop And sink Away Deep.

There ain't no big, hard things up there— There ain't no rocking chairs. A feller'd never happen to Fall down the cellar stairs. You have no chance to stub your toe Or fall and bump your head; A cloudy white, pretty thing Soft as a feather bed. Oh, my! I'd give 'bout all I own To spend one day up there, To kick an' holler an' fly around Up in that blue, blue air; And then when I'd get tired out, So I could scarcely creep, I'd fold my wings on some big cloud And

Way off To Sleep. —E. J. Hall, in Toronto Globe.

ELECTRIC THAWING COMPANY.

Miners who have returned from the Klondike say that in that region, as in every where the winter temperature runs down to well below zero, the bugbear of the miner is the frozen soil in which he has to work. Under the influence of the frost the ground turns as hard as rock for several feet down, and until this obdurate stratum is cut through mining operations are at a standstill. The way in which the soil is softened has, so far, been to build a bonfire, and simply thaw things out. This, however, besides being tedious, is a great waste of heat, 50 per cent of which is lost to the atmosphere. A patent for thawing the ground electrically has just been sold for a large sum. The invention is intended to be used for winter mining in countries where the cold is severe. Specially conducted dynamo and electrodes are placed against the walls of the shaft, with a space of five to six feet of ground intervening, so that when the current is turned on it has to cross the face of this space to complete the circuit. As the ground contained therein forms a resistance to the motion of the electricity, heat is generated, and the ground is thawed. The heat thus generated can be so controlled that it can be applied in any manner that will utilize its full force and effect. By the old bonfire system it took twenty-four hours to freeze out a foot of soil; by the electrical system it is claimed that it is possible to thaw out the same depth of frozen earth in one hour, or 24 feet per day.

Even the thermometers were cold yesterday morning.

HANDLES ALL UNCLE SAM'S CASH.

Every Dollar of Currency Issued by the Treasury Goes Through the Hands of John Brown, a Negro, on a Salary of \$1200.

In a famous obituary dell ered in the United States senate a great many years ago a man said of his predecessor in office that he deserved great credit because he had had unexampled opportunities for stealing and had stolen nothing. Men laughed at that speech, because, they said, it was not especially to a man's credit that he should be honest. In this view of the question it is not remarkable that John R. Brown, the packer of currency, should not have taken any part of the millions of dollars which weekly pass through his hands. But it is remarkable that in the economy of the government one man should be clothed with so great a responsibility. James F. Mellin, the assistant treasurer of the United States, says there is sure to be one place where automatic safeguards and checks fail and where the government must trust to one man's honesty. John R. Brown seems to be standing in that place.

To understand exactly John R. Brown's position, you must know that all the currency printed at the bureau of engraving and printing is completed in the treasury building by having the red seal printed on it. It comes to the treasury building by streets of four notes each, and when the seal has been impressed on the notes, they are cut apart and the notes are put into packages for storage. The peculiar duty of John Brown is to cut up the packages of notes as they come.

Each package has its paper strap on which the number and denomination of the notes is given in printed characters. Of these packages, forty are put together in two piles of twenty each and placed in a paper press. This press is called by a lawyer. It is something like an old style cotton press. There are openings above and below through which strings can be slipped after Brown has cut the paper and come to the package. These strings hold the packages together, while a piece of paper is folded about it as though it had been a pound of tea, and is sealed at the ends with wax. Then a label is pasted on it showing in plain large characters just what it is.

It is true that these packages are of uniform size, and that any variation from the standard would be noticed. But it is only the notes of a denomination in Brown's position that could slip a printed wand of rap into one of the packages when no one was watching, and put the notes that it represented into his pocket. And it is true, also, that if he did this crime might not be known for six months or a year, or even longer. Then some day there would come from the office of the treasurer of the United States a receipt for a package of notes of a certain denomination. The director of the department would be asked if it would be opened perhaps in the cashier's office and the shortage would be found. However, the government has never had to meet this situation.

There have been only two men engaged in the work of packing and sealing currency since the treasury department was organized. John T. Barnes began the work. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention, which nominated Lincoln, and he received his appointment in the treasury on the recommendation of Montgomery Blair. This was in 1861. In 1862 he was assigned to the new duty of packing up the currency packages, and he fulfilled that duty to the time of his death in 1884. In all the years of his incumbency no mistake was ever discovered in his work, though he handled every cent of currency issued by the government for thirty-two years—so many millions of dollars that it would take a week to figure them up.

Mr. Barnes died August 10, 1884. His duties were filled temporarily until November 1st, when John R. Brown was appointed to the place. He has filled it satisfactorily since.

In spite of the fact that these men were so greatly trusted, Barnes at the time of his death was receiving only \$1800 a year, and Brown now draws only \$1200. Barnes received \$1400 the first year of his service in the treasury, and in the thirty-two years that followed he drew an aggregate of \$44,800 more. For every dollar the government paid him he handled millions.

Ordinarily the bureau of engraving and printing delivers to the issue division about fifty-six packages of paper money of 1800 sheets each, four notes on a sheet, making only four hundred twenty-four notes. These notes usually range in value from \$1 to \$20, and their aggregate might be \$4,360,000. But in

they are of assorted denominations the aggregate is usually about \$1,000,000. The government, however, issues currency in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000. The largest are not printed very often to ease the amount issued is very small.

It could happen that 24,000 notes of \$1000 each were received from the bureau of engraving and printing in one day, the aggregate of value represented in the fifty-six packages put up by John R. Brown would be \$24,000,000. As it is a little more than 16 per cent of this sum represents the amount aount handled by the issue division in one day.

That is, the packer has handled \$25,000,000 in a single day, and not one of the \$25,000,000 has gone astray.

John R. Brown is a hereditary office holder. His father was a trusted employe of the treasury's office for ten years prior to his death in 1871. The son was appointed assistant messenger in 1872. He became clerk through competitive examination, and was gradually promoted to his present responsible position.

The man who has the largest interest in John Brown's integrity does not know Brown's name. Yet if \$1000 was missing from one of the packages in the storage vault, Ellis H. Roberts, treasurer of the United States, would have to make it good. Mr. Roberts has given a perpetual bond to the government in the sum of \$500,000. Twenty years hence the sureties on that bond could be held for a shortage in the treasurer's office if that shortage could be traced back to Mr. Roberts' term. Not one of the many employes under Mr. Roberts gives a bond, though they handle millions every day. But the treasurer's office is one in which every responsible employe has been watched carefully in the balance. His clerks have been in service for many years, and have proved themselves worthy of all confidence.—Grant Hamilton.

Pistachio nuts come from Sicily and the Greeks were very fond of them. Chestnuts form a portion of the daily food of the Mediterranean nations, though in America they are not grown here to hour, but are eaten simply as nuts.

TRANSPORTATION.

O. R. & N.

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Mail 8 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver Ft. Worth, Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Miss and East.	6:45 p. m.
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8 p. m.	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex. Sunday	For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days.	
Saturday 10 p. m.	COLUMBIA RIVER STEAMERS.	4 p. m. Ex. Sunday
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