

### DEGENERATE CAPTIVES

These waters tremble into hill-side lights  
From rocky crevices and shaded spots  
The wild stag pauses, watch, falconlike he  
Looks on the prey he would not touch  
His limbo limbs, his proud head towered  
His height  
He looks in contemplative mood  
On his companions feeding freely there  
From nature's lavish feast, spread every-  
where,  
And asking no man's friendship or his food.  
These men betake themselves in tacit shrifts  
Of city foulness runs a deer skin girt  
With close set buttons here, there, inert,  
The deer carries his hands for paltry gifts.  
—Clara Dixon Davidson in Godley's.

A Telegraph Line Before Morse's.  
Honor to the pioneers in the vast field  
of science! Mr. John Sime has published  
at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form  
a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis  
Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheat-  
stone and Cooke or Morse had patented  
their improvements in the telegraph, in-  
deed while the first two were respect-  
ively under 12 and 14 years of age, Ron-  
alds had sent messages over eight miles  
of overhead wires of his own construc-  
tion and had laid and worked a service-  
able underground line of telegraph of  
sufficient length to demonstrate the  
practicality of communication by tele-  
graph between long distances.  
Details of his overhead telegraph wires  
were published by him in 1833. Ron-  
alds' residence at Hammersmith, where  
these experiments were carried out, is  
the house now and for long past occu-  
pied by Mr. William Morris, the poet,  
who has caused a tablet to be placed on  
the wall bearing the inscription, "The  
first electric telegraph, eight miles long,  
was constructed here in 1816 by Sir  
Francis Ronalds, F. R. S., etc." An  
autotype facsimile of a portrait of this  
father of electric communication accom-  
panies the publication.—London  
Telegraph.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.  
Although lightning and thunder occur  
always simultaneously, an interval of  
shorter or longer duration is usually ob-  
served between these two phenomena,  
which is due to the fact that sound trav-  
els only at the rate of 1,100 feet per sec-  
ond, while the passage of light is almost  
instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it  
is an easy matter to tell, at least approx-  
imately, how many miles a thunder-  
storm is away. A normal pulse will  
beat about one stroke to the second, and  
by counting the pulse beats during the  
interval of the lightning and the thunder  
the lapse of seconds is arrived at and  
consequently the number of feet, which  
can be reduced to miles.  
For example: If 30 seconds elapse be-  
tween the flash of the lightning and the  
crash of thunder, the storm center is at  
a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6 1/2  
miles. An almost accurate calculation  
can be made by using a watch with a  
minute dial.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Fish Story.  
Frank Vinton and others caught a 300  
pound sturgeon at Astoria, Wash., and  
made the line fast to a young tree stand-  
ing on the shore. Later, when they went  
to draw the big fish, they found it had  
escaped by pulling the tree up by the roots  
and taking over 50 feet of small rope along.

Indian Names.  
Sometimes names have been made to  
appear unnecessarily grotesque in their  
writing—in some instances as much so  
as the ruder savage himself appears per-  
sonally—the fact illustrated in the writ-  
ing Youghiogheny for simply Ya-og-ha-  
na and in Esquemaling for Es-ka-mo.  
Many purely poetic garbs of the old  
world have become incorporated into our  
permanent geographical literature.  
The names Mississippi and Tennessee  
are examples of the fanciful versions of  
the old aboriginal titles—the former is  
supposed to have been in sounds repre-  
sented by the English writing Mes-sis-si-  
pa, while the oldest historic records ex-  
tant showing the latter give the writing  
as Ten-us-sa. What is evidently one an-  
cestral word appears in the modern ver-  
sions of She-wane, Sewanee, Suwanee,  
Swanan and Chohan. The French writ-  
ing Chouenne is the same word in the  
remote ancestry, as is now believed.—  
Popular Science Monthly.

LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.  
The Modern Burglar Keeps Abreast With  
Safemakers In Ingenuity.  
Detective William Henderson of Phila-  
delphia discussed the evolution of burglar's  
tools in a recent interview: "The modern  
burglar is like love in one particular,"  
said he, "inasmuch as he laughs at lock-  
smiths. His seemingly simple tools in-  
dicate that the attempts made to bar his  
progress are not difficult to overcome, and  
yet not many years ago they were possess-  
ed of a very different idea, and in Old Man  
Hops' prime brute force was in a measure  
the leading idea in forcing a safe. In those  
days one crook was selected to go with the  
gang not because of his brains, but on ac-  
count of his muscle, and his duty was to  
carry the heavy tools. Big crowbars, huge  
logs and strong men were then the order  
of things. Safes were literally dragged apart.  
In a few years things went to the other  
extreme. Men intending to rob a safe  
would take hardly any tools, but would  
break into a convenient blacksmith shop,  
get a crowbar and a sledge, and then go to  
the place to be robbed. As safes were thus  
constructed, a few blows with the sledge  
would knock off the hinges of one door,  
and then a pry with the bar would wrench  
the door away. But safe manufacturers  
soon caught on, and when the handle of  
the safe was turned by the owner, bolts shot  
both ways, removing the responsibility from  
the hinges.  
"Then came the era of powder. A safe  
would have the crack running around the  
doors plugged with oakum, two little spaces  
only being left. From one all the air  
would be drawn by a pump, and through  
the other powder would be allowed to sift  
in. When they touched it off, the safe  
would be ripped apart. But this method,  
despite all precautions, was noisy, and thus  
came the modern tools. In the case of an  
ordinary safe, the knob is knocked off, a  
punch removes the combination and a piece  
of wire throws back the tumblers. In  
better safes the drug is used. If I had  
a safe, no matter how good, with many  
tumbles in it, I would not trust a bur-  
glar alone with it for over 10 minutes  
at the outside. So far the burglars are  
ahead of the makers of safes, and no im-  
provement is made by the latter that the  
former in a short time do not learn to cir-  
cumvent."

### THE KING OF BEASTS.

He Is Merely a Big Cat, After All, and a  
Coward at Heart.

If we quit literally for fact and go by  
the testimony of travelers and hunters,  
it is very doubtful whether the lion de-  
serves his magnificent reputation. It is  
his appearance, no doubt, which has  
gained for him the appellation of "king  
of beasts," with all the regal honor per-  
taining to it. Certainly he looks "every-  
inch a king." Nothing can be finer,  
fancy itself could conceive nothing more  
fittingly representative of majesty than  
the full grown male lion, gazing with  
gray-yellow eyes, which seem to know  
no fear, and the ample honors of his  
shaggy mane wrapped round his massive  
front and forehead. He looks like the  
embodiment by nature of loftiness and  
magnanimity, and he has been adopted  
as such in all literature and poetry from  
Homer and Eschylus down to the "Hion  
comique" of our music halls. Yet he is  
only a cat—a great cat—after all, and  
those who know him in his native wilds  
give a very different character of "felis  
leo" from popular conceptions.  
We do not wish to calumniate a crea-  
ture so intimately connected with British  
history and so dignified in bearing and  
behavior, for nobody can deny that the  
lion is a great gentleman in his manners.  
Nevertheless, African sportsmen relate  
that he can show himself as cowardly as  
he is cruel; that he will abandon his  
comrades and cubs in a moment of ex-  
treme danger, and that he scarcely ever  
charges straight home upon anybody  
who, armed or unarmed, has the pres-  
ence of mind to await his onset. He is  
described as very nervous and very cau-  
tious, and dreading beyond everything  
the superior prowess of the white man.  
The early Dutch settlers at the cape  
speak of lions prowling round the fort  
at night "in such numbers as though  
they would take it by storm." Now one  
must go very far into the African  
"wilds" to see a lion, and a strange fact  
is that he has learned the craft of silence  
and is seldom or never heard to lift up  
his mighty voice except in the far wild-  
erness, where the hunters have not come  
except singly. Thus it is written in an  
African guidebook: "Though his foot-  
prints may frequently be seen near the  
mountains of Lokaron and Bouthanama,  
and he will sometimes venture to carry  
away an ox from a wagon span there-  
abouts, he rarely or never makes his  
presence known by his roar, having  
learned apparently that it will only have  
the effect of frightening off the timid  
antelope upon which all hopes of re-  
freshing his lazier depend, or worse  
still, of betraying his position to his in-  
veterate enemy and persecutor, man."—  
London Telegraph.

It Was All Love.  
A writer for the Boston Transcript  
was the witness the other day of a very  
pretty scene on a street car. There was  
an old negro woman—a very black old  
woman—whose face, besides being black,  
was pockmarked. No doubt a superfi-  
cial observer would have called her re-  
pulsive, but there was a sweet and kind-  
ly look in her eyes and a benevolent ex-  
pression about her black features which,  
as you looked at her, gave you a glimpse  
of something beautiful.  
At her side, with his sweet child face  
toward the window, knelt a little white  
boy—a handsomely dressed little chap  
with blond curls and blue eyes. He  
asked the old black woman questions  
now and then, which she answered with  
a deep, grave, kind voice, and she called  
the little fellow "honey."  
Presently this little Caucasian leaned  
over tenderly toward the old woman,  
put his arm lovingly around her neck  
and laid his pink and white cheek against  
her black face. That obliterated every  
bit of repulsiveness the woman might  
have had with every person of sentiment  
in that car. To this little boy the old  
black face was entirely beautiful, be-  
cause it was all love. The beauty that  
he saw was a good deal more than skin  
deep.

The Ring Pheasant.  
This bird was imported from China by  
O. N. Denny some eight years ago. Six  
pair were let loose on Peterson butte,  
about four miles from Sodaville, Or.,  
and the climatical conditions and coun-  
try being favorable and being protected by  
a strict law for six years they have  
multiplied rapidly and now are one of  
our most common game birds. In fact,  
they multiplied so rapidly that long be-  
fore the six years' protection had ceased  
the farmers complained bitterly that the  
birds were a serious damage to their  
grain and gardens, and many birds  
were killed, but in this I think they were  
mistaken, for in my examination of many  
stomachs at all seasons of the year I  
found but very little grain as their food,  
but many wild seeds, bugs, grasshoppers,  
etc.

I think that the farmers have realized  
this also to some extent, as nearly all  
have now posted trespass notices for their  
protection.—Science.

It Went Unnoticed.  
This story is told of the late Dr. Hol-  
land, better known as "Timothy Tit-  
comb." During the service of one of the  
large churches in Springfield, Mass., a  
electric storm came up, and one of the  
gentlemen of the choir set out to  
secure an omnibus to take the ladies  
home. Among the fair singers was a  
certain Miss Etta S.—, and as Dr. Hol-  
land was gallantly helping her into the  
vehicle a terrific clap of thunder startled  
them, upon which he remarked, "Etta!  
in terror packs home in a bus" (Et in  
terra pax hominibus). To close this  
strange tale, it may be well to add that  
the doctor was not immediately struck  
by lightning, but died years afterward  
peacefully in his bed.—San Francisco  
Argonaut.

To Kill a Lobster.  
When a live lobster is required for  
boiling or other purposes, here is a sim-  
ple and comparatively painless mode of  
killing it: Run a long, narrow bladed  
knife into the tail at the third joint from  
the end, having the blade slant down-  
ward. This will cut the spinal cord,  
and death will ensue almost instant-  
ly.

### SUNDRY SNAKE STORIES

A Collection of Curious Encoun-  
ters With Reptiles.

REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF NERVE.

How a Miner Shot a Rattler Coiled on the  
Breast of His Comrade—Queer Combat  
Between Birds and Snakes—A Young  
Woman's Strange Pets.

One of a party of miners encamped on the  
banks of the Gunnison river, Colorado, told  
this story to a correspondent for the St.  
Louis Republic: We had been prospecting  
for gold with decidedly poor success, and  
we were therefore rather disheartened, but  
we endeavored to keep up our spirits by tell-  
ing stories while we lay about the camp-  
fire and smoked. Suddenly we were startled  
by a peculiar whirring sound, which every-  
man of us recognized instantly. "There's a  
rattler in camp!" cried Jeffries as he  
started up. "Look out for it!"  
We all moved rather hastily, with the ex-  
ception of Bolton, who lay quite still on his  
back, his hands under his head, his cob  
pipe having fallen from his teeth.  
"Sh! he whispered. For heaven's sake,  
keep still! The snake has crawled into my  
shirt!"  
We knew what that meant, and we be-  
came motionless instantly. I felt a thrill  
of horror run down my spine as I thought  
of the poisonous reptile snuggled to Bol-  
ton's bosom, in which it might plant its  
deadly fangs in a few moments. The far-  
ing firelight threw fantastic shadows on  
the black canyon wall, and the river mur-  
mured sullenly. Away in the night a lone  
owl hooted.  
Not a muscle of Bolton's body moved,  
and it seemed that he had ceased to breathe.  
The only motion apparent about his person  
was caused by the snake crawling beneath  
his shirt. We sat there staring and help-  
less, unable to make a move to save our im-  
periled comrade. After a time the rattler  
thrust his ugly head out of the opening in  
the front of Bolton's shirt, lifting it over  
the motionless man's face. We could see  
the reptile's forked tongue darting out and  
his eyes glittering, while his head waved  
from side to side.  
Still Bolton remained motionless, know-  
ing that the slightest action on his part  
might seal his fate. We could see he was  
white as a corpse. Jim Nevins, the best  
pistol shot of our party, drew his revolver,  
pressing on the trigger as he cocked it so it  
might not click. The snake's head was  
within six inches of Bolton's eyes, and it  
seemed that the venomous creature might  
strike at any moment.  
"Shall I shoot, Dave?" softly asked Nev-  
ins.  
"Shoot!" was the only word Bolton ut-  
tered.  
The cocked revolver was slowly lifted  
and every man held his breath. The weapon  
spoke, and the bullet into the rattlesnake's  
head from its body. Like a flash Dave  
Bolton leaped to his feet, tore the beheaded  
reptile from his bosom and flung it into the  
fire. Then he sank down helpless, almost  
fainting, great drops of perspiration stand-  
ing on his face. But he had displayed pure  
nerve.  
Our Other Self.  
Each of us has two selves, the higher  
and the lower. When God seems out of  
reach, as is often the case, and our pray-  
ers return to us heavier and sadder than  
when they left our lips, it is a good  
plan to commune with that alter ego  
which is a shade nearer the divine, that  
part which longs to help and to over-  
come, but is held down by the infirmi-  
ties of the lower nature. Ask it for  
strength and instruction, and by so do-  
ing help the whole man. God is so often  
beautifully found in such ways,—Ameri-  
can Woman's Journal.

She Got the Half Cent.  
A Portland woman sold a pig to a butcher  
the other day, and he killed it on the  
premises. Now it is a superstition with  
some butchers that to cut off a pig's tail  
insures the preservation of the meat. The  
pig's little tail was cut off. But the woman  
was on the watch. She picked up the tail  
and gave it to the butcher to be weighed,  
saying, "I want pay for the whole of  
him." But the butcher got even with  
her. The reckoning came to half a cent,  
probably because of the addition of the  
tail. She wanted the half cent, of course;  
she always does. So the butcher placed a  
cent on the block, out it in two with his  
cleaver, and gave her the half cent.

The Properties and Use of the mariner's  
compass were known to the Chinese cen-  
turies ago. It was brought to Europe in  
the thirteenth century and first used on  
the Mediterranean.

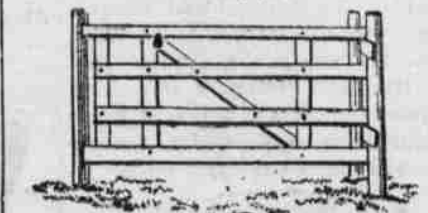
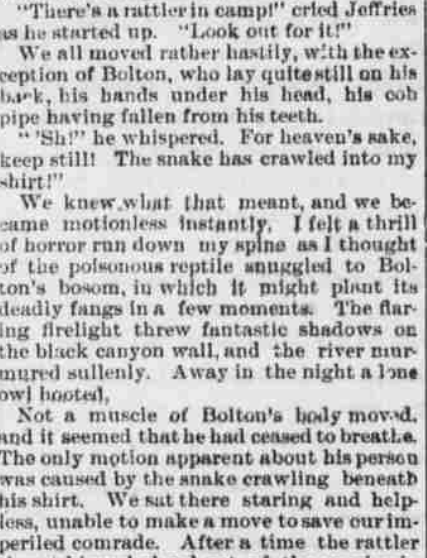
Money in Wall Street.  
New Yorkers are noted for being  
scrubblers after money. But they are  
just as remarkable for the risks they  
take with it when they get it. A man  
went through Wall street to the ferry  
one day last week with \$500,000 in the  
pocket of his overcoat. He had an um-  
brella in one hand and a cigar between  
the fingers of the other. It would not  
have required an expert pickpocket to  
relieve him of his wealth. Yesterday a  
lad was sent to a banking house to deposit a  
certified check for \$5,000. He went along  
swinging it in his hand. In front of the  
bank he stopped and tried to balance the  
check on the end of his nose. No one  
would have believed that what he had  
was anything but a worthless scrap of  
paper.—New York Times.

### THE VALUE OF STRAW.

It Is a Much-Needed Commodity—Listed on the  
Produce Exchange, Where as Hay.

On many farms, notably in the grain  
growing regions of the west, straw is  
considered a waste product. But a small  
proportion of it is put to any practical  
use besides bedding for stock. Near the  
cities and larger towns it becomes a  
marketable commodity, and the ex-  
change of straw for the manure made  
in a village custom.  
In New York city straw is a regular  
market commodity listed on the Pro-  
duce Exchange the same as hay and  
graded and subject to the same rules of  
inspection. The prices at which it sells  
render it an object to raise it in the best  
possible condition, for only so is it val-  
uable. The Rural New Yorker says  
there are not so many different grades  
of straw as of hay, but all straw to sell  
for quoted prices must be in good con-  
dition.  
The best rye straw usually sells for  
about the price of the lower grades of  
hay. There are two grades of this straw.  
Some straw may be brought in loose, but  
practically it is all baled. The require-  
ments for No. 1 rye straw are that it  
shall be clean, bright, long, sound,  
pressed in bundles, well and securely  
baled. The bales of straw are usually  
larger than those of hay, and few if any  
are baled with the perpetual presses.  
Many of them have wood in the bales.  
No. 2 rye straw must possess the same  
requirements as No. 1, except that it is  
not pressed in bundles. Both these  
grades should be free from chaff. This  
straw is used largely by horsemen for  
bedding, by florists and nurserymen for  
packing flowers, plants and trees and to  
a less extent for other purposes.  
The exchange has given but one grade  
of oat straw, and all not filling the re-  
quirements laid down for this grade  
would have to be sold on its merits.  
These requirements are that it shall be  
clean, bright, sound, well and securely  
baled. It is possible to bale this more  
tightly than rye straw, but the bales  
usually seen vary little from the others  
in size. It is used largely for packing  
purposes for such goods as crockery,  
glassware, etc.  
What straw is not graded, but differs  
but little from that in the conditions to  
be met. It is used for much the same  
purposes and usually sells for about the  
same price. The market reports gener-  
ally quote short rye straw in addition to  
No. 1 and No. 2. This is such as is not  
long enough to be classed in either of  
the other grades, but otherwise must fill  
the requirements for them.

Substitute Light Gates For Bars.  
The sliding gate depicted in the cut is  
especially adapted as a substitute for  
bars. A farmer who has replaced the  
bars on his farm with gates claims that



### P. P. P.

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES  
AND OLD SORES  
PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT  
AND POTASSIUM  
Makes  
Marvelous Cures  
in Blood Poison  
Rheumatism  
and Scrofula

Are entirely removed by P. P. P.  
—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potas-  
sium, the greatest blood purifier on  
earth.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1901.  
Messrs Lippman Bros., Savannah,  
Ga.: Please send me a bottle of  
your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and  
if it has no more good than three  
months' treatment at the Hot Springs.  
Send three bottles O. O. D.  
Respectfully yours,  
J. M. NEWTON,  
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.  
Capt. S. D. Johnston.

If all whom it may concern: I hereby  
testify to the wonderful properties  
of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I  
suffered for several years with an un-  
sightly and disagreeable eruption on  
my face. I tried every known remedy  
but in vain, until P. P. P. was used,  
and am now entirely cured.  
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON,  
Savannah, Ga.  
Skin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sevin, Tex.  
Sevin, Tex., January 14, 1903.  
Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah,  
Ga.: Gentlemen—I have tried your  
P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, usually  
known as a skin cancer of thirty years'  
standing, and found great relief; it  
purified the blood and removed all ir-  
ritation from the seat of the disease  
and prevents any spreading of the  
same. I have taken five or six bottles  
and feel confident that another course  
will effect a cure. It has also relieved  
me from indigestion and stomach  
troubles. Yours truly,  
W. M. RUST,  
Attorney at Law.

Book on Blood Diseases Mailed Free.  
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.  
LIPPMAN BROS.  
PROPRIETORS,  
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TWICE PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.	Portland	Ar.	North.
8:15 p. m. Lv.	Portland Ar.	8:30 a. m.	
9:45 p. m. Lv.	Seaside Lv.	6:30 p. m.	
10:45 a. m. Ar.	San. Fran. Lv.	7:00 p. m.	

Above trains stop at all stations from  
Portland to Albany inclusive; also at Tangent  
Whed., Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City,  
Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg  
to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:30 a. m. Lv.	Portland Ar.	4:30 p. m.
11:15 a. m. Lv.	Seaside Lv.	1:50 p. m.
1:30 p. m. Ar.	Roseburg Lv.	7:30 a. m.

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PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS  
—AND—  
Second Class Sleeping Cars.  
Attached to all through trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland  
and Corvallis:  
DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY.

7:30 a. m. Lv.	Portland Ar.	4:30 p. m.
12:15 p. m. Ar.	Corvallis Lv.	1:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with  
trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4:30 p. m. Lv.	Portland Ar.	8:30 a. m.
7:30 p. m. Ar.	McMinnville Lv.	5:30 a. m.

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R. KOEHLER, Manager

Oregon Pacific Railroad Co.  
CHAS. CLARK, Receiver.

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YAQUINA AND SAN FRANCISCO

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Leaves Yaquina July 24th and about every  
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