

BEYOND.
Where all the world seems dark and lonely,
When joy is dead and life is drear,
When hope and love seem left behind us,
And every smile melts to a tear,
Then turn to things immortal
And look beyond earth's narrow portal.
—Youth's Companion.

RESULT OF A MISTAKE.

Lena Hazleton sat in the dimly lighted church, where she sang leading soprano, in the third row from the organ.

The organist, with no book before him, was playing the most beautiful music she had ever heard.

"Can this be Jack?" she asked herself. "He seems to be pouring out his very soul."

She sank back into her seat, drinking in the inspiring tones, wondering in an indistinct way if he had ever played as well, and why she had never been affected so before.

When the last thrilling notes had died away, she slowly approached him and said, softly:

"You have surpassed yourself to-night, Jack. I have been listening spellbound."

Instead of turning around and greeting her in his usual frank way, he started in surprise, then hesitated, and finally said: "I am glad you like my music," and his fingers stayed on over the keys.

Lena marvelled at his manner, and, after a moment's silence said:

"I wonder the others are not here. It is surely time."

At this he turned slowly around, saying:

"Do not be frightened. Your compliment was intended for some one else, though my name is Jack."

Lena blushed and stammered:

"I beg your pardon?"

"Then, at the thought of having been half an hour in an almost unlighted church with a stranger, she plucked up courage and demanded:

"But why are you here?"

He smiled indignantly and answered:

"Because I am very fond of playing on church organs, and, having Mr. James' consent, saw no reason for not gratifying my wish to try this magnificent instrument. I am sorry to have inconvenienced you."

"Not at all," said she bravely. "But I don't see why the others are not here."

"If you refer to the choir, Mr. James told me that it does not rehearse until tomorrow evening."

"Why, how odd!" said Lena. "We always meet on Thursday evening."

"But this is only Wednesday evening," said the unknown, with a winning smile.

"Only Wednesday evening?" she repeated, hardly believing her ears. "Are you certain?"

"Yes, quite," he replied.

"Yes, Lena," interrupted Mr. James, who had approached unobserved. "I assure you it is Wednesday. Ah, Morton, there you are! Miss Hazleton, this is Mr. Morton. And, by the way, Lena, Mrs. James has some company and sent me for you."

"I should like to go, but I fear auntie will worry."

"No, I have seen her, and explained. She told me you were here."

"Then I shall be delighted."

"Morton, will you not come, too?" he asked.

"Thank you; but I fear I should intrude."

"Not at all. I know my wife will be delighted."

Jack hesitated a minute; but at that moment his eyes met Lena's, and not only was his decision made, but he knew that the current of his whole life had been changed.

During the evening Lena sang, and Jack Morton played the accompaniment. He played so well that she was seized with a desire to distinguish herself.

When she had sung a few lines her friends were surprised, and Jack, who had heard much good singing, was astonished at the purity and sweetness of her tones.

As she finished, her face glowing with enthusiasm, they all pleaded for another song, and glancing to Jack, she read the same request in his eyes, and complied.

Later in the evening she was sitting near Mr. James.

"How do you like Mr. Morton?" he asked.

"Very well," she replied, with a trifle more feeling than was necessary. "He is to escort me home. Have you known him long?"

"He is a business acquaintance of mine from Chicago. I've met him so often that I consider him a true friend."

At 11 o'clock Lena and Jack were walking homeward, her dainty hand resting confidently on his arm.

Before parting he had permission to call, and as his stay was to be short and her next evening was devoted to the rehearsal it was arranged that he should escort her home.

At breakfast her aunt asked:

"Lena, how did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Very well, auntie."

"Did Mr. James bring you home?"

"No, Mr. Morton came with me."

At this the elder lady laid down her fork, and looking directly at Lena asked:

"And who may Mr. Morton be?"

"A gentleman from Chicago who was there," answered Lena, ignoring the romantic meeting in the dimly lit church.

"A gentleman from Chicago?" repeated her aunt, with an ominous tap of her foot. "That is rather indefinite."

"Yes; but he's nice, auntie."

"Of course," said her aunt. "Curly, golden hair, brown eyes and a wonderful mustache."

"Indeed he hasn't. His hair is dark, and I couldn't say what color his eyes are."

Yet even as she spoke the words there came before her mental vision a pair of ardent brown eyes looking down into hers.

That evening the choir seemed unusually stupid. The rehearsal dragged along.

When Lena and Jack started home, as the evening was crisp and starry, they did not hurry, and on their way their mutual acquaintance ripened sufficiently for him to ask and gain the privilege of writing to her.

At home Lena's aunt was in the parlor, evidently waiting to form an unbiased opinion of her niece's new admirer.

Jack, being as clever as he was handsome, devoted himself to that good lady to such an extent that she had little time to criticize, and after conversing a while even lost her desire to do so.

Business called Jack away the following day. The next one brought to Lena his first letter, which, like himself at their parting, seemed to mean much that it didn't say.

She replied, and the frequency of their correspondence increased as the days went by, as did their length and interest.

Her aunt saw plainly how matters

were going, out, was woman, kept her own counsel.

One day Lena received a letter from Jack, the most important and sweetest part of which was the last, for in that he wrote, in words which thrilled her through and through, of his great love for her, and begged her if she returned his love, to wear the little ring he had sent, for his sake. The ring, whose gem was as pure as the love of which it was a symbol, came almost immediately after the letter, but not before Lena had answered it.

As she slipped the beautiful thing on her finger, her lover's wish that he himself could have performed the delightful ceremony, was echoed through her every fiber.

Thinking long over her new found happiness, she suddenly remembered her aunt.

It was really appalling to have entirely ignored one who had devoted a good part of her life to her and loved her so dearly — indeed, almost as a mother would!

After pressing the letter affectionately to her lips, she stowed it away close to her throbbing heart, and went down stairs in quest of her aunt.

She found her in the library, and tapped softly on the open door. Without waiting for a response, she crossed the room to where her aunt sat on a low chair.

"I am ashamed of myself because I have not confided in you, auntie. Jack Morton loves me, and I have promised to marry him. Can you forgive me?" she asked, kissing her affectionately.

"Yes, dear," her aunt replied, returning the kiss; "I know it."

"You know it—how?"

"In many ways," said she, looking affectionately at her niece.

"And you don't mind?" asked Lena, relieved.

"Mind, my dear? Does one, alone in the world, bring up a child from babyhood to young ladyhood and then part without minding?" she asked, tears starting to her usually tranquil lids.

"Forgive me, auntie, for giving you pain—I, of all—for you have been so kind to me!"

They soon fell to discussing the future, and one, her aunt said:

"Lena, if anything should occur or come back to me."

"Yes, auntie, but there never will," Lena said, her eyes brimming over with love and tears.

And in three months Miss Hazleton lost her niece and Jack Morton gained a lovely wife.—The Saturday Night.

Animals with Reasoning Faculties.

For myself, I cannot see why the conclusion is denied that animals, as they come to apprehend the advent of Sunday, have some way of keeping count of the seven days of the week. The following fact bears directly upon that point: Something like half a century ago the writer had the care and milking of five cows during one summer. They grazed in a pasture lot many rods from the dwelling. It was the custom to give the animals salt every Sunday morning. They enjoyed the treat, and it was evident that they began to expect it. After a length of time—I cannot say how long—a curious behavior of the cattle became conspicuous for every Sunday morning they were found standing at the bars, the point nearest the house, with every appearance of mute expectation. At every other morning, as well as at evening, they had to be sought and brought to the bars for milking. Sometimes I would forget to take the salt with me at the stated time, when, instead of moving off to feed after my task was done, as they usually did, they remained about the spot an hour or so, as if waiting for their weekly rations of salt.

Here, then, is the problem: Every Sunday morning these cows came of their own option to the place of milking, and where on that day they generally got salt, and not on other mornings. How could they do that, except through some faculty of estimating the seven days of the week.—A. S. Hudson, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Bald Eagles in Pennsylvania.

The Blue mountains, especially in Schuylkill and northern Berks counties, besides furnishing breeding and feeding places for the wild turkey, provide several species of eagles with eyries so inaccessible and fields of prey so extensive and fruitful that the advance made by civilization on every side have as yet been insufficient to drive them from their chosen haunts. Any one who has ever tramped over that part of the Blue mountains has noticed the great number of tall, dead tree trunks that stand on the highest and rockiest summits, out of the reach of the boldest mountain climber. Early in the morning or toward nightfall one or more great birds may be seen hovering about the tops of these dead and sentinel like trees. The birds are bald eagles, or, in rare cases, golden eagles. They select these dead trees on the isolated summits to build their nests on. It is one of the superstitions of the Blue mountain woodmen that it is the presence of the eagles and their nests that has killed the trees, but the fact is that if a tree is not first dead an eagle will not select it for a nesting place. The bird uses the dead trunk because it gives a better post for observation. Sometimes the top of a naked and inaccessible rock serves the same purpose.—Cor. New York Times.

Foreign Population of France.

The rapid increase of the foreign population in France is causing great concern to the government. Since 1880 no less than 482,000 Belgians, 265,000 Italians, 100,000 Germans, 78,000 Swiss and 80,000 Spaniards have gone into France, in addition to the foreign population previously resident there. In 1851 there were about 381,000 foreigners in a total population of nearly 36,000,000. In 1886 the foreign population exceeded 1,000,000, while the native population remained nearly stationary.—Chicago Herald.

Trimming His Financial Sails.

Gus—Do you carry two watches, Jack, or is that double chain a bluff?
Jack—No bluff, Gus, I carry a Waterbury in one pocket and a Jurgensen in the other.

Gus—What's that for?
Jack—When a man to whom I owe money asks me the time I consult my Waterbury, but when a stranger or a lady wants the same information it's the Jurgensen that gives it, and don't you forget it.—The Epoch.

The Indignant Wasp.

"Oh, you swindler, you have a stone inside you!" as the wasp said when he ate into the plum.

Few people are more virtuously indignant than the cheat when he finds himself outwitted.

Of three women living in one house in Walker county, Ga., there are two wives, two mothers-in-law, two daughters-in-law, three mothers, two grandmothers and one great-grandmother.



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Call and see us and get prices at
Oregon City office or on
Robert L. Taft at Portland office
No. 50, Stark street, Portland.

A DREAM.

Behold, there was seen of my heart,
A place of great shadow and tears,
Shadows and trembling and fears,
Death, and the pale of his dart.

Love in his grave clothes lay there
Dead—with no smile on his face,
Dead—in that sorrowful place,
With scars for a wreath in his hair.

He that had once been so great,
Mighty of wing and so fleet,
There, lying still at my feet,
There, at the foot of my bier!

Looking thence on him there,
I, being softened in part,
Touched, for one heart beat, his heart,
Leaving my tip in his hair.

But, as repentant I knelt,
Torn with the battle begun,
Shamed for the thing I had done,
Lo! on a sudden I felt

Warmth of his wings overhead,
Yes, of his lips and his smart,
Of his eyes, and his hands and his heart—
Love had come back from the dead!

—Annie Rivers in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Antiquity of Man.

With regard to the discoveries on the slopes of the Sierra de Managua, Dr. Flint considers that the human bones prove indisputably the existence of man in Pliocene times. Still we must recollect that in such an active volcanic region as Nicaragua, with its hot and moist climate, sudden upheavals and subsidences may be expected to have occurred, while the rich tropical vegetation would rapidly repair the ravages caused by the most devastating eruptions. The footprints themselves tell us little as regards their antiquity. As before mentioned, they present no evidence of belonging to an inferior type of man, while the sundial-shaped footprint indicates a certain advance in civilization, since a man who wears shoes at all can hardly belong to the earliest stage of human culture. Considering all the circumstances, therefore, it will, perhaps be wisest to adopt Dr. Brinton's cautious conclusion, that there is not sufficient evidence to remove these remains further back than the present Post-Pliocene or Quaternary period.—Knowledge.

A Hunter's Curious Mishap.

Luellen Haley, of Ocala, a lover of hunting, was taking his favorite recreation in the fields northeast of Ocala and filling his game bag with quail, when an accident happened to him that came within a hair's breadth of ending his existence. His dog had set a quail and he shot it, and was in the act of drawing the trigger on another when a strange dog came rushing towards him from the rear, ran under his legs and upset the young sportsman, while his gun was hurled from his grasp. The butt hit a stump, causing the weapon to discharge, and the charge struck Haley in the left side, tearing away every particle of clothing and blackening his flesh.—Savannah News.

A Tom Ochiltree Story.

A man in Texas was accused of stealing a horse. It is scarcely necessary to say that immediately there was a lynching bee. At the conclusion of the entertainment the participants found that they had hanged the wrong man, and the high minded citizens who had managed the affair were filled with remorse. They determined that the dead man's memory was entitled to vindication, and therefore a committee was appointed to wait upon the widow. They found her weeping. The chairman, with an awkward wave of his slouch hat, said, in a somewhat embarrassed manner: "Marm, we hanged your husband, but he is the wrong man. Marm, but he is on us."—Philadelphia Times.

A Dog's Earnings.

Old Nero, the mammoth bull dog belonging to A. J. McDonald, of this place, is earning \$10 a month in McPhee & Michel's logging camp. He takes dinners to the men and does his work as well as a cook with a pony could do it. He knows when it is time to be around, and nothing can keep him from being at camp, ready to be loaded down, at 11 o'clock. Nero is a monster, and the camp can rest at night in perfect safety from any kind of a foe. He can whip all comers in the shape of dogs, and he would tackle a bear with all the confidence in the world.—Rhinelander (Wis.) New North.

A Kentucky Hermit.

A curious hermit has been discovered in Russell county, Ky. He lived in a rude hut of the most primitive construction. He is very tall, and about 60 years of age. His clothing consisted of a few rags tied around his person with strings, and his feet were naked and badly frost-bitten. All that he would tell about himself was that he was "Jim Billy." He had often been seen by hunters, but always eluded pursuit. He was secured and taken to the county seat, where he will be cared for.—New York World.

Keep the Congregation Awake.

The first duty of a preacher is to keep the congregation awake. Instruct the sexton to let in plenty of fresh air. Without air, without life. Break out a few of those stained glass windows and admit the sunshine! Darkness always provokes a yawn.—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

Henry Golding, colored, who lives near Leary, Ga., claims to be 121 years old. He says that he was 9 years old at the commencement of the revolutionary war. He belonged at the time to George Humphreys, of Richmond, Va. Humphreys sold him to George Heard, of Augusta, who had owned him ten years when the "stars fell."

In Switzerland cars are run up to a hotel 2,300 feet above the lake level by rope traction, the drum being worked by electric motors which are driven by dynamos two and a half miles distant, where there is sufficient water power to turn turbine wheels.

Photographing Drops of Water.

An instrument has recently been exhibited in London by which a photograph can be taken of drops of water in the course of their formation. It consists of a lantern and lenses by which a water trough, the source of the drops, can be strongly illuminated, together with a lighting camera having a revolving disk with one perforation.

Paints for Writers.

Pieces of tin cut and bent make a false back for pigeon holes where short envelopes and papers sometimes slip in too far.

Have one pigeon hole always empty, except as it contains such papers as must be attended to before one or two suns set.—Cor. Writer.

Uses of India Rubber.

A solution of india rubber in benzine has been used for many years as a coating for steel, iron and lead, and has been found a strong means of keeping them from oxidizing. It can be easily applied with a brush and is as easily rubbed off. It should be made about the consistency of cream.

School Tax Notice.

To the tax payers of school district No. 62, Clackamas county, Oregon.
The taxes of the above named district for 1901, are now due and must be paid to the undersigned at his office at Public Store, opposite the Courthouse, within sixty days from date of this notice or they will be returned as delinquent.
H. C. STEVENSON,
County Auditor, District No. 62.
Oregon City, April 15, 1901. 4D-4

Notice to Builders.

Scaled bids for erecting a two-story school house in West side addition will be received until 10 o'clock a. m., Saturday, April 20, 1901. The directors reserve the right to accept any or all bids. For further particulars apply to Jonathan Humphrey.
FRANK BAKER,
JONATHAN HUMPHREY,
J. TOMPKINS,
Directors of school district No. 31.

Board of Equalization Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of School District No. 3, of Clackamas county, state of Oregon, that the board of equalization will meet at the school house on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1901 at 9 o'clock p. m.

Notice.

Notice to tax payers of school district No. 3, Clackamas county, Oregon. Owing to error in the annual school meeting held on the 23 day of March last, the tax bill levied on that date was illegal and will not be collected.
A. E. DAVIS,
Chairman of Board of Directors, District No. 3, Clackamas county, Oregon.
Attest: W. A. HODGES, Clerk.
Dated this 15th day of April, A. D. 1901.

Administrators Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Charles Clayton has been by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Clackamas county, duly appointed administrator of the estate of W. H. Clayton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are required to present the same to me at the law office of Melville & Dresser, in Oregon City, in said county, with proper vouchers within six months from this date, to-wit: the 15th day of April, A. D. 1901. After that date I will not be bound to pay for the same.
C. CLAYTON,
Administrator of the estate of W. H. Clayton, deceased.
Oregon City, Oregon, April 15, 1901.
Melville & Dresser and E. Merendahl, attorneys for Administrator. 4-17-01-22

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PLATS OF ADDITIONAL SURVEYS OF TOWNSHIP 4 SOUTH, RANGE 5 EAST, AND TOWNSHIP 4 SOUTH, RANGE 6 EAST, BEING OFFICIALLY FILED IN THIS OFFICE ON MAY 5, 1901, AND ON THAT DAY AND THEREAFTER APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR PUBLIC LANDS IN SAID TOWNSHIPS.
C. H. HARRISON, Register.
B. F. BURCH, Receiver.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas County, the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Peter Meek, deceased, and that letters testamentary have been issued to him, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same within six months from the date hereof to said executor, at the office of W. T. Whitlock, at the court house, in Oregon City, Oregon. J. C. McCREEN, Executor of the estate of Peter Meek, deceased. Dated March 20th. 5-7-01-24

Treasurer's Notice.

I have now in my hands funds applicable to the payment of all warrants endorsed prior to April 30, 1901.
Interest will cease from the date of this notice.
S. B. CALLEY,
County Treasurer.
Dated Oregon City, April 17, 1901.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OR.
MAY 21, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of U. S. Land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on May 12, 1901, viz:

Homestead Entry No. 3798 for the sec. 2, of sec. 27, T. 3 S., R. 2 E., 40 acres the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles Daugherty, O. W. Sawell, John Stewart and Frank Sawell, all of Multnomah, Clackamas Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 5-7-01-24

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

State of Oregon, ss.
County of Clackamas, ss.
C. H. DREW, Plaintiff.

The Portland Cement Company.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of Multnomah County and State of Oregon, and to me directed and delivered to me, as Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon, and bearing date March 20th, 1901, commanding me to execute and enforce the collection of said debt, I have levied upon the property of the Portland Cement Company, situate in the town of Oregon City, County of Clackamas, and State of Oregon, according to the office book thereof, naming those situated along the eastern boundary of Main street, thirty-two (32) and 50 (50) feet, thence easterly on a line, the projection of which would intersect the most north westerly corner of block No. 23 in said Oregon City, — feet to a point fifteen (15) feet westerly from the center of the main track of the Oregon and California Railroad track; thence southerly a line parallel with the said main track to a point in the southerly boundary of said block No. 23, 15 feet from the center of said main track, and except the conditions in Deed, Book No. 190, 200, 210 and 220, in Book No. 30 of Deeds, and will on Saturday, May 31, A. D. 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oregon City, Oregon, or cash in hand, all defendants' right, title and interest in and to the above described real property, to satisfy plaintiff's demand and costs and accruing costs.

W. W. H. RAMSON.

Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon.
Dated this 15th day of April, 1901.

MONEY.

Money is wanted for all kinds of business. We have a large amount of money on hand, and are ready to loan it on any kind of security. We can furnish you the money you need, and we can do it on the most favorable terms. We have a large amount of money on hand, and are ready to loan it on any kind of security. We can furnish you the money you need, and we can do it on the most favorable terms. We have a large amount of money on hand, and are ready to loan it on any kind of security. We can furnish you the money you need, and we can do it on the most favorable terms.

UNION PACIFIC RY.

OVERLAND

Trains for the East leave A. M. and 9:00 P. M. TICKETS to and from in the United States and Europe. Elegant New Dining Parlors. Pullman Palace Sleepers. FREE COLONIST SLEEPS run Through on Express.

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Oregon Pacific R.R. T. E. HOGG, Receiver. OREGON DEVELOPMENT CO. SHORT LINE TO CALIFORNIA. FREIGHT AND PASSES THROUGH. Train No. 3 will run Tuesday and Saturday, and on days when necessary. Train No. 4 will run Monday and Friday, and on days when necessary.

EAST AND SOUTH VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Express Trains leave Portland 7:00 P. M. Lv Portland 7:15 P. M. Lv Oregon City 10:15 A. M. At Ft. Vancouver. 8:00 A. M. Lv Portland 9:00 A. M. Lv Oregon City 12:10 P. M. At Corvallis. 8:00 A. M. Lv Portland 9:00 A. M. Lv Oregon City 12:10 P. M. At Albany. 7:00 P. M. Lv Portland 8:00 P. M. Lv Oregon City 12:10 P. M. At Albany. 4:40 P. M. Lv Portland 7:25 P. M. At McMinnville.

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For accommodation of Second Class attached to Express Trains. West Side Division BETWEEN PORTLAND AND OREGON CITY, Daily (Except 8:00 P. M. At Corvallis). 7:30 A. M. Lv Portland 8:30 A. M. Lv Oregon City 12:10 P. M. At Corvallis. Express Train Daily (Except 4:40 P. M. Lv Portland 7:25 P. M. At McMinnville).

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For tickets and full information, call on Company Agents. R. KOELLER, Manager. E. P. ROBERTS, Asst. G. F. and

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