TELLING FORTUNES.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad, For you to accept or refuse:
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choo

I see by my gifts within reach of my hand,
A fortune right fair to behold;
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard with boughs hanging With apples, russet and red; see droves of cattle, some white and

brown, But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door, See the fanning mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed.

And I see rising disma'ly up in the place Of the beautiful house and the land, A man with a fire-red nose on his face And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would That he were less wretched to see;

For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now And his eyes they stand out like bug's:

And I think that the fault is the jug's. For the text says the drunkard shall come to

be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags;
And the doesn't look much like a man, I am sure, Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have? To be thrifty And he right side up with your dish,
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

-Alice Cary.

Wait not until the little hands are at rest Ere you fill them full of flowers; Wait not for the crowning tuberose To make sweet the last sad hours; But while the busy household band, Your darlings still need your guiding hand, Oh! fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The words you would speak beside the bier,
Fall sweeter far on the living ear—
Oh! fill their lives with sweetness!

Ah! what are kisses on clay-cold lips, To the rosy mouth we press, When our wee ones fly to her mother's arms For love's tenderest caress?
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with aweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys, Give thanks for the farry girls; With a dower of wealth like this at home, Would you rifle the earth for pearls? Wait not for death to gem love's crown, But daily shower life's blessing down, And fill all young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled Remember the homes where the light has lied Where the rose has faded away, And the love that glows in youthful hearts, Oh! cherish it while-you may; And make your home a garden of flowers, Where joy shall bloom through childhood

And fill young lives with sweetness Union.

CHOICE RECIPES.

spoonful of salt; beat the yolks and whites cation will be keenly felt. separately. Take six or seven teacups and "Then be up and doing with a heart for any butter them well, and fill about two thirds full of the mixture. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. For the sauce have one cup of hot water, six toblespoonfuls of augar; let this come to a boil, then add one egg, stir constantly, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flavor with lemon, vanilla or nutmeg. If you prefer a sour sauce add a table-

To Remove Ink Spots. - When ink spots occur in dyed or printed fabrics it becomes a the advantage of being straightforward, upquestion whether the means employed to re- right and honest in their lives and conver move the ink will not remove the color as well. A German authority recommends the use of phosphate, and then covered with a thin layer of tallow. The spot thus prepared is next washed thoroughly in moderately warm water containing some of the same salt. If the ink is not entirely removed the first

time the operation is repeated. How to Boil Rice. - Few cooks seem to know bow to prepare this article of food properly, so a hint or two will not be out of place here. The rice must be carefully picked over, and and then washed in cold water until it is free from all the loose starch which may adhere to it, or until the water is clear. Then dry it. It can be put in a flour sieve for this purpose. In placing it over the fire, put three pints of water to a cup of rice and a teaspoonful of mit. The water must be bailing before the rice is added. Boil precisely twelve minutes and then pour off the water. Then place the mucepan with the rice on the back part of the stove, where it will be kept warm without

Fon The Children.

HOMESICK.

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

Dolly knows what is the matter—Dolly and I. It isn't the mumps nor the measles—oh, dear, It's the mothering we want, Dolly, the—what shall I call it?

And grandpa says he has sent—he put the spatch safe in his wallet. know well enough that he dropped that tel-

egraph 'spatch in the fire—
If mother just knew, she'd come, if 'twas on
the telegraph wire! She'd take my poor head, that is splitting

this very minute,
And she'd sing, "There's a happy land," and
the hymn that has "Darling" in it.

Course I like grandpa's house; it's the splendideat place to stay, When there's all the out-doors to live in, and

nothing to do but play; Somehow you forget your mother—that is, just the littlest bit, Though if she were here, I don't suppose I should mention it.

But oh! there's a difference, Dolly, when your head is tull of pains

That ('cepting the ache that is in 'em) there's
nothing left of your brains.

Remember how nice it feels, Dolly, to have

your head patted and "poored."

Ache! Why I ache all over, and the bed is

Nurse says "it's a sweet lovely morning." It

may be for all that I care—
There is just one spot in this great wide world
that is pretty—I wish I was there!
I can see the white roses climbing all over the low porch door,
And the daisies and buttercups growing—I

never half loved them befor And mother-lst's see! she's standing in that very door, no doubt -She loves to look out in the morning and see

what the world is about—
a pale-blue something-or-other—a loose sort of a wrapper, I guess—
As if a few yards of sky had been taken to make a dress.

Aud up from the pine woods yonder comes beautiful woody smell, And the breeze keeps a hinting of Mayflow ers—the pink arbutus-bell;
And I think most likely the robbins have built

in the cherry tree,
And by and by there'll be birdies—and I shall
not be there to see!

you little witch! Did you hear any noise, Dolly ! Speak, Dolly, if somebody was laughing—or crying! I couldn't tell which.

couldn't tell which.

We've kept from crying, so far; we've choked,
but we wouldn't cry—

I've just talked it out to you, dear; I had to,
or else I'd die.

But if that is you mother (and I know by your lips that it is),
I'll just squeeze your head off!—you think that all I want is a kiss?
O, mother: to papa and Tom you needn't go mention it

But you know it was homesickness almos killed your poor little Kit!

OUR LETTER BOX The mails bring letters thick and fast for the Circle now. They are from all parts of our own coast, and some from the Eastern States The date of this issue of the FARMER will be the first one which carries the figures of 1882. The new has actually come, and it will be a great time this week for every one of our litle readers to commence this year with good resolutions; each one of you know heat what there is in each of your fives that needs cor-corn. Drive down the stake and then work away with a will to improve on the new year. Maybe you have not been an attentive, studi our scholar, and have thought more of having Custard Cake, -Make a cake with three a good time than improving the chance of ed eggs beaten separately, one cup of sugar, one neation; or it may be that you have been in and a half cup of flour, in which mix two tea- the habit of shirking out of doing your share spoonfuls of baking powder; add four table- of the daily duties you are expected to attend speenfuls of water. Beat well, and bake in to or worse still, some of our boys may be learnustard of quarter pint of ing to smoke and chew tobacco. Con milk, half teacup of sugar, one egg and a ta- right off, this week, with a promise to quit, blespoonful of flour. Mix the flour first with and do faithfully every duty that is expected a little milk to prevent lumping. When cool of you. Be respectful to teachers, and reflavor with vanilla and spread between the member how fast the time is flying, and when you are grown up you will realize how good Puff Pudding. - Measure eight tablespoon- it was that you did improve every opportunity, fuls of flour, put it in an earthen dish and for when one finally goes out into the world to warm it in the oven; then stir in one pint of fight the battle of life, there is little time, or sweet milk, three well beaten eggs, one tea- desire, to study, and the need of a good edu-

fate, Still aching, still perishing, learn to labor and

There is a young man now here in Portland who is to go to the penitentiary for accidentally shooting a young girl. Now if he had been doing right, and doing his duty, he would not have been in that room, and the pistol would not have gone off, and he would be a free man to-day, now his whole life is blighted. We wish we could make our boys see sation. Often men will seem to be prosper ous who are dishonest, tricky and hard dealers, but time shows a punishment often ir the next generation, when the children suffer for the sins of the father. We knew of a couple who did every such mean action to get money, starved and over-worked the poor bound girls, cheated hired men, turned the clock three times a day to steal a few hours' labor from poor people. Now in their old age, with thousands of money, both parents are afraid of their lives from their two sons, who are drunk every day, and threaten to kill the "old folks," double lock themselves every night in their bed rooms for fear of these sons, who come home intoxicated every night of their lives, cursing father and mother. It is really easier to be upright and honest and how much better, to have it said, "Well, his word is as good as his bond;" "he would take advantage of no one." Then if by any misfortune one has to go to law, a jury will always look favorably on the testimony of an I like to go to school very much. My little

good name are poor indeed. Now, boys, commence this year w. fair and speak the truth. ence this year with a promise to deal

Two letters from Fort Sumter are the first it settled first by people who come from so far wishing the FARMER success. Yours truly,
ALICE TOWNSEND. South as Fort Sumter, of war fame.

Simeon has a solid sort of a pet, a cow, that he has milked for two years. We are sure the eow was never kicked, but chews her cud contentedly while Simoon is milking. We have been so indignant to see how cruelly ome men treat cows. Sometimes cows will have a sore or tender udder, then when a man takes hold of the tender skin and jerks the bag, of course the cow steps about or kicks, then the biped kicks and beats the poor trembling quadruped - which is the "brute" One is apt to say "like a brute," but brutes are kinder and better than some men.

Celia sends a letter to show that she wants to do her shore of giving interest to the Home Circle column. She must tell why her homis called "Battle Ground."

Laura sends one from Iowa, and we judge she has lived in Oregon before this. She ought to be able to compare Iowa with Oregon and tell which is the best place.

Virgil is well off in regard to pets and ought to be able to tell some of their smart ways. We are glad to hear from Soap Creek, as not many write from there.

Josie must have been a welcome New Years gift to her parents, and as she helps so much has proved to be a very useful little girl. Be sure to take care of Mollie, and Mollie will take care of the rats and mice. Ducks are said to be more profitable to raise than chickens, if one has a good place for them, with a stream of water close by, for they will lay more eggs than hens will, so take care of those Pekin ducks.

Alice, we hope, was pleasantly disappointed and that Santa Claus did come her way. She must write again, and try each time to see how much she can improve on the first, for we think she would soon be a good letter writer.

Lizzie is one of our regular correspondents, and improves fast. No doubt she did have a good time at grandpa's. Where was there ever a girl that did not have happy days at grandma's, too. Not every child has this comfort.

Sarah has a dog named Gopher. No doubt he will "go-for" the squirrels as soon as the Spring air brings them out of their holes. Altogether Sarah gives a lively account of her doings that you all will enjoy, but must not envy.

With a happy New Year to all. AUNT HETTY.

DIXIR, Or., Dec. 14, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: I am a little girl 8 years old, and having read many letters from other little girls in from Vancouver. I am not going to school your paper, I thought I would write you a now, as our school was out two weeks ago few lines. I am going to school, and I am last Friday; our teacher's name is Miss L. B reading in the Third Reader, spelling and Phillips; she taught six months. I have no writing; I was studying geography and pets but one brother. I will close for this arithmetic, but got through with them. We time, and if my letter is published I will try have a good school of forty-nine scholars; our again. Wishing the the FARMER success, teacher's name is T. T. Vincent, and he is a remain, yours truly, fine gentleman, and we are learning fast. I have two sisters and one brother living. I have a dog; his name is Gopher; and also some fine kittens. I have four dollars, with which I am going to buy some sheep and go to raising them, and get some wool to make me some yarn to knit me some stockings to keep my little feet warm in the cold, wet Winter, which is now fast coming on. Well, Christmas will soon be here, and I will look out for old Santa Claus, and see what he puts in my stockings; last year I got a doll and a stocking full of candy; on the Christmas Tree all the little girls got something pretty. There is going to be another Christmas Tree this yet what we will all get. I guess this is all I can think of this time. Wishing the FARMER and also all the little girl readers of your paper great success, I remain, yours truly, SARAH COOLEDGE.

AUMSVILLE, Or., Dec. 14, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As you were so kind as to publish my last letter, I thought I would write another one. I have one brother and three sisters; we are all going to school now, but our school will be out in about two weeks. We have a spelling shoeing. school once a week; I like to go very much; also, Sunday school every Sunday, and meeting twice a month at our school house. I will tell you what I study at school; reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic. We are all going over to my grandpa's to spend Christmas; they are going to have a Christmas tree; I suppose we will have a nice time there; I like to go to grandpa's, as we always have a nice time when we go there. I live in the Waldo Hills; they are almost all plowed over now and sowed in grain, and what is sowed looks well. When I was out he other day I saw strawberries in bloom; we have not had such cold weather here as my cousins told you about in their letters to the FARMER from Illinois; there were three of them wrote this time, and I was glad to hear from them; it was as good as if they had sent the letters to me. I will ask a question this time; What was revived by Elisha's bones! I will close by wishing the FARMER great suc-

cess. Your respected friend, LIZZIE HOWD. SALEM, Or., Dec. 13, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: It has been so long a time since I wrote to the FARMER, that I thought I would write again. I am a little girl 11 years old. We have no school now; our school has been out about a month; we had a very good teacher; we all liked her very much; I wish she would teach next Spring; her name is Nina McNary; bersing for ten minutes longer, with the cover partly removed. In this way it is not soggy, or too soft, and every; grain is cooked separately by itself. After being cooked, if left covered, it will soften and the grains will be covered, it will soften and the grains will be covered, it will soften and the grains will be covered, it will soften and the grains will be come to grief, at least generally losing their money, and with neither money nor the coverage of the coverag their money, and with neither money nor hardly come again this year. We feed our

old gobler, and are trying to get him fat for Christmas. We shut him up in a trap, but he got out, and mamma left him out. Mamma read in the FARMER about Aunt Hetty getwe open. Katie tells how the place came to ting a turkey for Thanksgiving, I hope she be called by this name. It is strange to find had a nice time eating it. I guess I will close,

> SILVERTON, Or., Dec. 13, 1881. Editor Home Circle:

I take this opportunity of writing you etter, to see if I can't get my name in the Home Circle. I will tell you what I do to help ma; I wash dishes, churn, sweep, make peds, iron and take care of baby; he is foureen months old; his name is Otis. I will be 4 years old New Year's Day. I will tell you what pets I have; I have an old cat; her name is Mollie, and a little calf, its name is Tiny. I have four brothers and one sister; she is away from home. I went to Howell's Prairie and had a nice time. My brother Frank caught two quails in his trap yesterday; he has two dozen chickens and six white Pekin ducks. I will close for this time, hoping to hear from Myrtle Knight soon. Excus all bad writing, for I was in a hurry. Good night to all. Josie M. Cox.

SOAP CREEK, Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

As I have not seen many letters from thi section. I thought I would write a letter to the FARMER. I have a pet pig and a cat. My brother Perry has a pony; its name is Lucy. I am going to school; my teacher's name is Brock. My brother Henry is running a store at Wells, Oregon. I hope my letter will not see the scrap basket. This is all, I will close. Yours truly, VIRGIL A. CARTER.

Malvern, Iowa, Dec, 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: It has been so long since I wrote to the FARMER, that I thought I would write once nore. I am 13 years old to-day. I live in Iowa, two and a half miles from Malvern, or a farm called Mount Pisgah. The farm used to be 320 acres, but father has given half of it to two children. We are alone now, just father, ma and I live in a very large house. Aunt Lizzie stays with us part of the time Aunt Lizzie lived in Oregon one year, and boarded with Mr. Roots, near the Clackama paper mill. I have an uncle, John Byers, in Oregon. I have four canary birds; one o them is five years old. I go to school in the Foxworthy district; I have to walk two miles to school. I will close, hoping to hear from all my school mates on Mount Pleasant. Oregon. LAURA BYERS.

BATTLE GROUND, Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Home Circle: As I have seen so many letters from the little folks. I thought I would write one, too I am a little girl 11 years old, and live with my mamma on a farm about eighteen miles time, and if my letter is published I will try

CELIA F. O'DONNELL.

SIMEON DURGAN.

FORT SUMTER, Dec. 18, 1881. Editor Home Circle:

I am a little boy 9 years old, and I live at Fort Sumter, about thirty miles from Baker City. There is snow on the ground here about nine inches deep. I have a pet cow, and she has been giving milk for almost three years without going dry. I have two mares and two kittens and four little pigs. If you can read this I will write you some more.

FORT SUMTER, Dec. 11, 1881.

Editor Home Circle:

Sumter, in P a small mining camp; it was settled in 1862 by a few Southern men at the time Fort Sumter, South Carolina, was blockaded; hence they called this heavily timbered spot Fort Sumter. My sister keeps hotel; she has not many boarders now. Most of the little girls and boys talk about their pets, but I have none. My sister has two little kittens and a canary bird. I do not have much to do now, but when we turn our Chimaman off I shall have to do more. There is a little girl stays here, and we have a great deal of fun snow KATIE J. GINCTER.

THE OLD SPINNING-WHEEL'S STORY.

A Tale for the Children. It was such a queer, rambling old attic. A lelightful place to play, the children thought, with its dark corners and old-fashioned furniture, its little closets, so high among the raft ers that Harry thought some giants must have made them for their own convenience, and others so low and slanting and curious, with a depth of darkness that even brave little May never quite ventured to explore. But the furniture was the most curious of all. Much of it was very broken and forlorn, but still retained an air of faded gentility; there were old chairs and sofas, old pictures, tables that folded up into almost nothing, a large spinning-wheel, a cradle, and over all dust and cobwebs and mildew.

But the children did not mind the cobwebs or the dust when, on rainy afternoons, they went up for a frolic, and certainly little May never heeded them when she was curled up n the big arm chair deep in a story-book.

It was quite late one afternoon as she strolled up there, and the daylight was already fading, and the shadows of the furniture looked grim and dark, and the big old spinning-wheel seemed to have grown larger nd to have assumed a threatening attitude.

"You're a great humbug !" said little May, aughing, and giving the wheel a turn with her hand; "You're always trying to scare me when I come up in the evening. You look so big and impertinent, and you are really nothing but a useless old scare-crow!"

"Ugh-! Ugh !" creaked the wheel, as "But," added May, thoughtfully,

more interesting story than I read in books. Go on," she continued, turning it more rapidly, until the wheel seemed to catch the motion and almost turned itself; "speak, and tell me something about the little girls a hundred vears ago!"

"Hum! hum!" slowly murmured the spin ning-wheel; "the little girls who used to live a hundred years ago were different, in their looks and ways, from any that you know. No silks and fancy furbelows, fine slippers on their feet, but gowns of good, plain homespun, and aprons clean and neat! "Dear me !" said little May, "I wear aprone

often: so do lots of little girls. "Their shoes were often home made, of went barefoot throughout the whole year long, for money was not plenty, and people far and near had learned to live on little, for everything was dear. They thought but of their country, for at that time, you know, cruel war was raging-a hundred years

"Oh, yes," said little May, "I've read all about that in my history lessons. George Washington lived then, and he was the General, and fought the British, and when the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' all the redcoats used to run! But hurry up and tell me about ome little girl."

"Ah! Time moves fast!" continued the spinning-wheel. "It seems to me only the other day I watched beside the farmer's hearth his only child at play. But she could work right bravely, and I often heard the sound of her busy little footsteps while my great wheel spun round. And when the tasks were over how merry was her song as she frolicked with her kitten the garden walks along! Sometimes would come a soldier on horseback up the hill, and then the happy face looked grave, the lightsome feet stood still, as the messenger drew nearer and paused before the door, and she knew he brought her mother some tidings from the war; for her father was a soldier, and his camp was far away, and their hearts grew weary waiting for some news of him each day. All letters came by messengers; they had no mails, you know. Ah! life was very different then, a hundred years ago?"

"What do you know about it now, old Spinning-wheel?" laughed little May. "Up here in this dark attic you can't hear what we're about down stairs. You don't know anything about the postman or the mails. But go on; you're just beginning to be interesting. What was the girl's name ?" "Oh! oh!" groaned the old wheel; "you

make me really giddy; don't hurry me so, I beg; my joints are old, my back is stiff, a cramp is in my leg! When you've stood still so many years you would not like to whirl so very quickly round and round to please a little girl. Where was I? Oh, I know. Her NARROW GAUGE DIVISION. name? Well, let me see. 'Twas Mercy; and it suited well so sweet a child as she, I renember how some neighbors, on one cool Autumn night, were sitting round the hearth tone where the fire was burning bright; and they talked about their country, and what they meant to do to help her in this struggle, like loyal men and true. How one had sold his cattle, the best of all his herd, and each gave of his choicest where the hearts of all were stirred. And woe be to the Tory who cared not to be free from kingly rule and taxing, whoever he might be. And Mercy, from her corner, could feel her heart beat high, and telt that for her country she, too, would gladly die. The voices then grew lower, but Mercy heard them say how the old basket maker was put in ward that day. A quiet, steady workman, who never spoke a word for or against the country, but somebody had heard, when news of some great victory a messenger did bring, these words drop sadly him : 'God save our pracious certainly was treason; the man must be a spy! and then they all decided that he must surely die. In the morning they would hang him as soon as it was light; and now within a neighbor's barn they'd locked him for the night, Men's hearts were stern, their deeds were bold, no pity did they show to traitors to their country a hundred years ago."

"Oh dear !" sighed little May, "I'm so glad did not live then. Did they really hang the poor old basket maker? Your story is becoming very interesting."

"Little Mercy, quite unnoticed, had heard the whispered tale, her eyes were wide with horror, her cheeks grew very pale. What need for such a measure? What cause for such alarm? Why hang their poor old neighbor, who never did them harm? Then words that Christ had spoken came softly to her mind; that we unto our enemies should loving be and kind; and they who were his children could best their service prove by showing their obedience in kindly deeds of love 'Lord Jesus,' whispered Mercy, 'Oh, help me now, I pray, to do what is my duty, and please Thee if I may. For even little children can faithful servants be; now help me try this evening to set my neighbor free.' as the clock struck midnight, and all were fast asleep, I saw then little Mercy forth from ner bed-room creep. Softly she stepped and istened, then swiftly o'er the floor, white as little moonbeam, she burried to the door. The clumsy chain unclasping, the wooden bolt she irew, and out into the darkness so noiselessly she flew. Full well she knew the pathway, with little fear or dread, she bravely hurried forward until she reached the shed; there hung the iron padlock, quite plainly in her sight; she knew the hasps were rusty; with all her main and might she tore it from its fastenings, the door flew open wide, and to the startled prisoner, 'Run for your life!' she cried. 'They'll hang you in the morning; I've some to set you free! Oh, hurry, hurry, from this town as fast as you can flee ! 'Surely it is an angel!' he murmured, half afraid, as, dimly in the starlight, he saw the little

" 'No, it is only Mercy,' she shyly whi pered low; one kiss upon her forehead, and

not doubt if you could speak you could tell a darkness, like an arrow off he fled, and Mercy, glad and thankful, to her little bedroom sped. Now early in the morning, before the night is past, through all the sleeping village a messenger rides fast; 'Ho! young and old awaken! Good news! good news! hurrah! Cornwallis has surrendered! Now ended is the war!' At open doors and windows are eager faces seen, and young and old together come hurrying to the green. And joyful are the greetings and loud the bells are tung, and praise and glad thanksgiving are heard on every tongue, and men embrace each other, and women weep and say, 'Now glory to the Lord of hosts, who makes us free to-day!' And Mercy heard the cheering, and, glad within her heart, she felt in the thanksleather stout and strong, but many a child giving she, too, could have a part. For he who helped our armies to fight for liberty had aided her that very night to set a prisoner free. And far and wide with honfires the hillsides were aglow; that was a grand

Thanksgiving, a hundred years ago." May started. The attic had grown quite dark; she could not even see the old spinningwheel! She rubbed her eyes. Had she been awake or asleep? What a dear, delightful, interesting old place the attic was-Chistian

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