

STATE GRANGE COMMITTEES

The thirty-fifth annual session of the Oregon State Grange will convene at Eugene, Oregon, Tuesday, May 12th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. The session will continue four days, closing Friday evening and the prizes in the State Grange contest will also probably be awarded at that time.

The following standing committee's have been appointed for the coming session of the State Grange:

CREDSENTIALS.

Mrs. Jennie Lovelace, chairman, Rainier, Mrs. Mary E. Palmer, Albany, Mrs. M. M. Burtner, Lowden, Wash., Mrs. Ursula Sleret, Gresham, Mrs. Mary S. Howard, Mulino, P. Olson, Hillsboro, D. R. Harris, London.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

W. A. Jones, chairman, Macleay, A. J. Thompson, Oswego, Mrs. Susie Wells, Condon, Mrs. Ethel Pringle, Vernonia, Mrs. Julia Olson, Hillsboro.

MILEAGE AND PER DIEM.

Wm. E. Prickett, chairman, Banks, J. R. Wells, Mrs. Anna Everhart, Molalla, Mrs. C. L. Morse, Hood River, Mrs. Mary B. Smith, Carlton.

FINANCE.

A. T. Shoemaker, chairman, Selma, B. A. Legg, St. Helens, Mrs. Eva Jones, Macleay, Mrs. Minnie Bond, Irving.

BY LAWS.

W. W. Jaquith, chairman, Laurel, R. D. 2, Jas. Shibley, Springwater, Mrs. Ella Johnson, Portland, Mrs. Jennie Lovelace, Mrs. Susan E. Stratton, Albany.

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

Mrs. Carrie Townsend, Cleone, Mrs. M. J. Carroll, Mosier, Mrs. Eliza T. Wood, Shedd, P. S. Robinson, Norway, P. Olson.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. L. L. Irwin, chairman, Barlow, Mrs. M. M. Burtner, Mrs. Eva Jones, Mrs. J. H. Eubanks, Wamic, Mrs. Susie Wells.

CO-OPERATION.

Eugene Palmer, chairman, Albany, J. P. Carroll, D. R. Harris, London, Mrs. Emma Merriman, Central Point, Mrs. Mary Shibley, Springwater.

DORMANT GRANGES.

J. P. Carroll, chairman, Mosier, J. H. Edwards, Monroe, R. D. 1, R. N. Lovelace, Rainier, Mrs. Mary E. Palmer, Mrs. P. S. Robinson, Norway.

APPEALS.

J. G. Pringle, chairman, Vernonia, I. A. Merriman, Central Point, J. R. Wells, Condon, Mrs. Eliza T. Wood.

EDUCATION.

M. M. Burtner, chairman, Lowden, Wash., J. H. Eubanks, Wamic, J. G. Pringle, Mrs. Lula E. Miller, Albany, Mrs. Grolline Prickett, Banks.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Marion F. Woods, chairman, Shedd, Fred Glaze, Albany, R. D. 4, B. A. Smith, Mrs. Inez M. Ryan, Oregon City, Mrs. Ethel Pringle, Mrs. Etta Shoemaker, Central Point.

ASSESSMENT AND TAXATION.

J. J. Johnson, chairman, 605 Commercial Building, Portland, E. A. Bond, Irving, A. T. Shoemaker, A. C. Miller, Albany, R. D. 2, W. A. Jones.

LEGISLATION.

C. D. Huffman, chairman, La Grande, John Dinwoody, Woodburn, R. E. Irwin, Barlow, Mrs. Julia Olson, Mrs. Ursula Sleret.

PURE FOODS.

Mrs. Ella Edwards, chairman, Monroe, R. D. 1, B. A. Legg, A. J. Thompson, Mrs. Anna Huffman, Mrs. Susan E. Stratton.

AGRICULTURE.

E. Shepherd, chairman, Stayton, U. U. Everhart, Molalla, John Sleret, Mrs. Elizabeth Dinwoody, Woodburn, Mrs. Carrie Jaquith, Laurel, R. D. 2.

GOOD ROADS.

Thos. F. Ryan, chairman, Oregon City, John W. Townsend, Cleone, E. W. Staats, Airie, B. A. Smith, Carlton, Mrs. J. H. Eubanks, Mrs. E. A. Bond.

TRANSPORTATION.

L. C. Stratton, chairman, Albany, R. D. 2, I. A. Merriman, C. L. Morse, Mrs. E. W. Staats, Airie, Mrs. Ella A. Thompson, Oswego.

RESOLUTIONS.

John Sleret, chairman, Gresham, R. N. Lovelace, Rainier, Mrs. Anna Shepherd, Stayton, Mrs. Verna Glaze, Albany, R. D. 4, Mrs. Cora Legg, St. Helens.

Notice to Subscribers.

Owing to the fact that the Postoffice Department at Washington, has issued an order that no weekly newspaper shall give more than one year's credit to a subscriber, without laying itself liable to the first class rate of postage. The Washington County News wishes to notify its subscribers who are in arrears more than one year that they are requested to come in at once and settle their accounts. Our time is limited for straightening up our list and we trust those in arrears will make all possible haste and save us any unnecessary embarrassment. Statements of account will be mailed to those who do not answer this appeal within the next thirty days.

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WHITMAN'S WILDRIDE

It Was Worth Three Stars to the American Flag.

SAVED US VAST TERRITORY.

The Perilous Journey of Four Thousand Miles From Oregon to Washington Made by a Brave Man and the Results Which Followed in Its Wake.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a pluck through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode eighteen miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and a man of the name of Spaulding, with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had been sent out to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time thirty-five years old. In his journeys to and fro for the mission he soon saw the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1818 and 1828 it was the tacit belief that whichever nationality settled and organized the splendid territory would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great impouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad entirely in buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains—are matters of history.

The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

Two Ways.

Jack—In the oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married. Floss—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—New York Globe.

THE COCOA TREE.

This Evergreen is Found Everywhere in the Tropics.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen and grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, its leaves being bright and smooth, somewhat resembling the foliage of a rubber plant. It is very low branching, and the blossoms are small and pink. The blossoms and pods not only spring from the branches, but often from the trunk itself. The fruit is a yellowish pod about the size of a cucumber and is filled with seeds, all strung together in a pulpy, pinkish mass. It is from these seeds or beans, each about the size of a chestnut, that the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are manufactured. The trees bear from the fourth to the thirtieth year, and it is not unusual to see on the same tree buds, flowers and fruit.

When ripe the pods are gathered by the native women and are allowed to lie on the ground for a day or two, after which they are opened. The pulp containing the beans then ferments for about a week, the astringent qualities of the beans being much modified and their flavor improved.

After being thoroughly dried the beans are packed in hundred pound bags for shipment. When received by the manufacturer they are carefully picked over for quality, assorted and roasted. The nibs, as the roasted beans with the shells removed are called, are then fed into a hopper and ground between stones similar to an old-fashioned flour mill. The grinding process, coupled with the friction of the stones, which produce a temperature of some 120 degrees, changes the solid nibs (without the addition of anything) into a thick, heavy liquid. This is technically termed "chocolate liquor" and is sold to confectioners.

This same liquor, subjected to hydraulic pressure, with the resulting separation into a clear oil, gives the cocoa butter of commerce. The remaining pressate when powdered forms drinking cocoa. The chocolate liquor solidified becomes cooking chocolate, and, with sugar, vanilla and spices added, it is sold as "sweet" or "eating" chocolate.

BEATING THE LAW.

Sunday Travelers and Inns and Taverns in Scotland.

There is a law in Scotland generous to travelers. That law grants them the privilege of all taverns and inns during prohibition hours. Thus if you arrive in Edinburgh on a Sunday, having traveled, say, from Glasgow, your innkeeper is bound to serve you with any sort of alcoholic refreshment, albeit the native of Auld Reekie must fret and starve his Sabbath away on ginger ale, memories and the auroral promise of tomorrow. But the law is merciful. He that hath journeyed three miles is a traveler within the meaning of the act.

Consequently there is a vast array of travelers leaving Edinburgh on foot, on coaches, pony carriages, etc., for the trains run not.

They all seek to constitute themselves as travelers. Just within the three mile limit, as far as Edinburgh is concerned, lies the historic village of Corstorphine.

A traveler arrives from Edinburgh. He knocks at the door of the village inn. He is greeted by his long walk. He is in sore straits.

The door is opened timidly, cautiously, and a voice is heard, "Who is it?" "A traveler," is the weary answer. "Whaur do ye come from?"

"I come from Edinburgh," is the answer. "Then ye canna come in. It's against the law."

The door is banged ruthlessly. The traveler thinks awhile. Your Scotsman thinks slowly, but very surely.

After deliberation he knocks again. The formula is gone through. "Whaur do ye come from?" "Frae Leith," answers the traveler quickly.

"Then ye may come in. Why did ye nae tell the truth at first?"

Dixie's Land.

The phrase "Dixie" or "Dixie's Land" is supposed to be derived from one Dixy, a kind hearted slave owner on Manhattan Island in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His treatment of his negroes caused them to regard his plantation ("Dixy's") as little short of an earthly paradise, and when any of the slaves were taken away from their old home they were always pining for "Dixy's" and singing and talking of its joys. When slavery moved southward, the same ideal of "Dixy's" was taken along, and in the course of time, its origin being forgotten, it was applied to the southern homes of the negroes.—New York American.

Lighting Up.

"Ever notice," asked a salesman for a grocery house that makes a business of supplying the big New York hotels, "that if you stroll uptown and look at any of the big hotels you will see them all pretty well lighted up? Plenty of rooms occupied apparently. Well, that's sometimes a bluff. The help has orders to light up a number of the front rooms every evening just so that the hotel won't look like a graveyard."—New York Sun.

Hottentot Women.

Among the Hottentots women hold a better position than they do anywhere else in Africa. "The married woman," says one traveler, "reigns supreme mistress. Her husband cannot without her permission take a bit of meat or a drop of milk." Generally "they rank much above the average of the negro races."—London Spectator.

A SEA PICTURE CRITIC

He Knew All About Ships and the Wild Ocean.

ART COMMENTS OF A SAILOR

The "Death of Nelson" Reminded Him of How 'Arkness Come Off the Main Yard—The Blood Red Sky Without a Cloud That Foretells a Storm.

Crude perhaps and curious, the outcome of a life apart, sailormen have yet an appreciation of the arts, writes David W. Bone in the Manchester Guardian.

Once in the Walter gallery I was looking at "The Death of Nelson." There was a man with the look of a seaman standing near. He had a slight smell of drink and was chewing tobacco. He, too, was interested in the picture, and recognizing me as seamanlike, he said something, and we got to talking about Nelson and his times, about ships and pictures. "B'gad, mate, them fellers" (the painters he meant) "knewed what they was a-doin'. Look at that 'ere gilm' (danters). 'Looks as its trimmin' was forgot w'en they brought th' admiral down. * * * An' them eyes," pointing to a wounded seaman in the near foreground, "them's th' eyes o' poor 'Arkness wot come off th' main yard las' voyage an' struck th' life rail full on!"

He told me of the accident, how it happened, and by his eyes and rude, simple speech I saw it all. As plain before me as the figure of the stricken seaman I saw 'Arkness come off the main yard, clutching wildly at the sheets and lifts as he fell. I heard him strike the rail with a sickening thud and he stretched, I saw the running figures on the deck, and—" 'e never larsted th' night. We buried 'im out there. Taltit it was," said my speaker, involuntarily twisting a shoulder to an imaginary southwest.

There was a sea picture, a ship coming up to the Isle of Wight—clean curving sails, a good sense of movement and a fine, breezy atmosphere.

"Jest wot it is," said my friend, "oneward bound. Let 'er go, boys!" a burst of enthusiasm that made some visitor glance around, alarmed. "Oneward bound it is!" There were other fine pictures, but we did not feel that we had a right to do more than look at them and admire. With sea pictures it was different. They were our world, and who had the right to criticize the way a sea was moving off the sky if we had not? Too often had we watched, anxious eyed, for a break in the clouds not to know the way of wind on the water, the scud of a cloud breaking free in a welcome shift. Well we knew the curve of a standing sail and the relation it bore to the sense of movement.

For a city of the sea Liverpool has no great representation of her foremost industry on her chamber walls. Sea pictures have apparently no attraction for her chiefest citizens. There was little call for sea critics downstairs, so we went to an exhibition of modern art in the upper galleries. Here we found ourselves properly confronted. "Setting Sail After a Blow" it was, a large canvas, a ship pitching heavily in the swell of a recent gale and the crew pitting the canvas on her. It held a great message for my mate (black smoke and an ever throbbing screw had not yet dulled his sea fancy). He was highly pleased. "Them seas wot ye gets off th' Plate!" He wanted to show some word of cheer, to swing his right hand to the left shoulder in seamanlike admiration, but the cold gray eye of a tall batted official was upon us—"Huh, sailors!"—and there was a group of young ladies near by worshipping at the shrine of a corporation purchase, so he contented himself by nudging me furiously. "That's wot I calls a picture," he said.

A sunset over water claimed our attention. A blood red sky with no clouds, only a slight density near the horizon. I said it was remarkable, perhaps unreal. "That's where ye ain't in it, mister! Look a' here! If ye wos't take all th' colors in th' locker so's ye 'ad lots o' red an' yellin' in, ye'd find a sky' t' match it. Ain't ye never 'eard o' what them dagos calls blood o' Chris'—them dagos wot loads ye ballest in th' Plate?" I had not heard. "Well, it's a sky like that, an' it comes afore one o' them 'pampers'.

"Min' I wos lyin' in Monte Video once, an' we 'ad a sky all blood red an' never a cloud, an' th' fishin' boats wos all comin' in; not rowin' shipsshape, same 's me an' you 'ud do; them shovin' th' oars 's if they wos pushin' a barrier." He spat into a dark corner and said something more about dagos, then continued: "Nex' day we 'ad a gale. 'Owin' it, it was, an' her drivin' into it same 's we wos off th' Horn, an' a big German bark driv' down on us an' took th' fore to 'galn' mast out o' 'er an' th' boom an' started all th' 'edgier. Two ships wos driv' ashore, an' that's wot comes out o' them skies wot they calls th' blood o' Chris'."

It was an impressionist picture that annoyed my mate—an impression of a scene in dock, with masts and funnels and hulls all mixed up. The coloring was good, but the ships might have been ninnpins or egg boxes or anything. At first he was perplexed, then amused, then indignant. "Oh, 'gad," he said, "What's this? Ships 'b'gad, or I'm a Dutchman!" He burst into a fit of rude laughter. "Ships it is, mister, an' look at them tawp's! Yards! Ships w' tawp's! Yards below the main, an' a hangman's gibbet fer th' mizen gaff. Them fellers' 's got some cheek, mate. That's wot I calls it—cheek—'t be paintin' things like that. 'Oly sailor! Look at them."

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HOW SHE KEEPS BEAUTIFUL.

The Mystery Solved.

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring the young girl just budding into womanhood is an inspiring sight and she is usually beautiful if she is perfectly healthy. She stays beautiful just so long as her health and constitution remain good. Let her be nervous, have backache, sleepless nights, and how soon does it take for wrinkles, crow's feet and dark circles to appear in the face? Her cheeks were rosy until she began to suffer from woman's weaknesses and the constantly recurring pains and drains brought her quickly from the beautiful age to the premature middle age. It was not meant for women to suffer so—it is due to our unnatural, but civilized methods of living, and to the fact that so many neglect those small ills which soon lead up to larger ones. Nothing so drags a woman down as those constantly recurring periods when she suffers more and more from a chronic condition that can be easily cured. No woman should take an alcoholic compound for that will disturb digestion, and the food is quickly compacted and becomes hard and tough in contact with alcohol, rendering the food indigestible. She must go to Nature for a cure. The native Indians of early times were far from wrong when they called a marvelously effective medicinal plant "Squaw root"—what the physicians of our day called Calciphylone or Blue Cohosh. This and Black Cohosh, Golden Seal, Lady's Slipper, and Unicorn root, are important ingredients of a wonderfully successful remedy in modern times, namely, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Having made a specialty of the diseases of women in the early sixties Dr. Pierce soon found that a glyceric extract of these roots with Hydrastis or Golden Seal and Lady's Slipper root, combined in just the right proportions, made the very best tonic and cure for the distressing complaints of women. Where women suffered from backache, weakness, nervousness and lack of sleep, it was usually due to functional trouble, therefore this prescription directed at the cause cured 98 per cent. of such cases. That is why Dr. Pierce soon put it up in a form easily to be procured all over the United States.

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The best of medical authorities recommend and extol the virtues of the above ingredients in "Favorite Prescription." Thus F. Ellingwood, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of Golden Seal: "It is an important remedy in disorders of the stomach. In all catarrhal conditions of Lady's Slipper root he says: "Exercises special influence upon nervous conditions depending upon disorders of the female organs; relieves pain, etc." Prof. John King in the AMERICAN DISPENSARY, says of Black Cohosh root: "This is a very active, powerful and useful remedy." "Plays a very important part in diseases of women; in the painful conditions incident to womanhood. In dysmenorrhea it is surpassed by no other drug, being of greatest utility in irritable and congestive conditions." "Its action is slow, but its effects are permanent." "For headache, whether congestive or from neuralgia or dysmenorrhea it is promptly curative."

Dr. John Fife, of Sangateuk, Conn., Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in THE ELECTRIC REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonia Dioctena*), one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine womb invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system, and that to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

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No. 9	" " " " " "	" "	2:30 p. m.
No. 1	" " " " " "	" "	6:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.			
No. 2	Departs 7:00 a. m.	Ar. Forest Grove	8:30 a. m.
No. 8	" " " " " "	" "	12:30 p. m.
No. 4	" " " " " "	" "	5:40 p. m.
No. 10	" " " " " "	" "	7:00 p. m.

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