A NOTABLE EXPLOIT.

If I was to tell you that me and Jonas G. Smalls, Jack Smoke and Bill Gasheit, all of the Fust Colorado Volunteer Ranger Cavalry, captured a hull squadron of Texas mounted dragoons, you would think I was lyin', but such is the solemn truth; and I reckon if you was to look in the records of the war jest issued by the government at Washington, you would find an account of the hull affair, and if it ain't there, it orter be.

Arter James McGilbney left our troop, I got the fust sergeantcy, which pleased me some, though I was cut out for a higher office, as I shall proceed to show. I had orter been a general, I had, and would have done tolerable well in that position. When we arrived in Texas, we found that all the approaches to the settled part of the state was held by strong outposts of troops with good communications to their base of supplies. These outposts was too well fortified for us to attack 'em, and we couldn't safely make a detour, as we military men call it, so our colonel jest ordered us to go into camp and wait around to see what was to be did. There we stayed for three weeks without botherin' the Texans or them botherin' us. I got disgusted at this, and, disguised as a lightnin' rod agent, I spied around in the confederate country a while to see if there warn't no move our men could make. Arter I had found out all there was to be found out, I went to old Colonel Hetherington and axed him what he intended to do.

"Do? Nothin'. There ain't nothin' to do but wait," says he.

"Wait?" says I. "Strike at their line of communications and cut off their supplies! What would Cesar do, or Napoleon, or Hannibal Hamlin, or any of them other generals of antiquity? They'd strike at the line of supplies."

"There ain't no line of supplies that we can hurt," says he. "They git all their forage, grain and beef right from the surrounding country. They're well fixed for supplies."

"In some ways, yes," says I; "but does that surrounding country raise whisky? No, sir; not a drop. There's a wagon-load of whisky comes to each of them outposts once every week, usually, but I happen to know that there ain't been one of the detachment at Hawkinsburg for two weeks; and if we can capture it, them fellers will never git through another week at Hawkinsburg. They'll fall back on their base of supplies, sir, and the union will have won back another county to its sway. They received word yesterday that the whisky was comin' this arternoon. We wanter git it."

"Is it fust-class whisky?" axed the colonel, brightenin' up a bit.

"The best there is," says I.

"I dassen't send very many men," says the colonel. "A large number would be noticed by the rebs, and even if we all went, we haven't enough for a battle."

"I jest want three men in plain close," says I. "There is only one man on the whisky wagon, them rebs trustin' we will not move and consequently sendin' no guard. But look here, if I am successful, I want some reward."

"If you get the whisky, you can have it.

"Very good, but ain't there no chance of promotion nor nothin' for the exploit?"

"If it's fust-class whisky and you give me a barrel, I'll make you adjutant of the regiment."

"All right," says I, and in two hours Jonas G. Smalls, Jack Smoke, Bill Gasheit and me was t'other side of Hawkinsburg waitin' for the whisky wagon. We was jest in time and had no trouble in fixin' the driver; but as luck would have it, jest as we was turnin' into the fust road to the east so as to avoid Hawkinsburg, we was discovered by a reb who had rode out to meet the whisky wagon. Lickety-split, he rode back, follered by a bullet or so to encourage him, and lickety-split we made them four horses hitched to that there wagon hump over the ground. I was drivin' and the others rode alongside. Gasheit wanted to lighten the load by throwin' off a barrel now and then, with the idee that the rebs would stop to drink and give us time, but I objected, for I knew that they wouldn't foller us, but would head us off. Smoke and Jonas G. Smalls wanted to lighten the load by openin' a barrel for private use, but I objected to that, too.

We had made a matter of ten miles toward our camp, before we see a cloud of dust far to the south that told us the reb had alarmed the garrison and we was pursued. It warn't long before we could make out about two hundred calvarymen ridin' like mad and gainin' on us rapid. The rest wanted to leave the whisky and cut and run, as it appeared to be a sure thing that the rebs would overtake us, but in my experiences I had found out that you never can tell what is goin' to happen and that the most hopeless cases often turn out all right; so says I, "No, boys, we've got to stay by the whisky to the last;" and as one of the barrels was leakin' a little, they was kinder reconciled to do this.

We came to the Slumgullion river—I believe that was the name—named after some Spanish saint or other—and as we bumped through the ford, the rebs warn't more'n a mile and a half away. The river was low, only three inches deep, and we had no trouble gittin' through, which I had feared we might have, and reached the second ford, a quarter of a mile across the bend, in good order; but right there, Gasheit and Smoke got to strugglin' for the next chance at the leaky barrel, the load was disturbed, the barrels rolled to one side and over went the wagon, kersmash.

"There shan't none of the rebs have none of the whisky," says I, and I busted in the heads of the barrels with the butt of my carbine, and all that good whisky ran into the river, and Jonas G. Smalls wept.

Our horses was tired, but we was near camp, so we spurred on, hopin' to escape. The rebs didn't come in sight for a long time and we concluded they had stopped at the lower ford to water their horses, but when they did come in sight—well, I never see no horses go so fast. They was jest flyin', and I was sure it was up with us, when the hull kit of 'em slackened their gait and commenced to whinny and horse laugh, and shake their heads, and jump around, kick up and sidle in the most peculiar manner. The rebel officers shouted commands, the bugles blowed, but them horses paid no attention. They pranced and shied and bucked, and some rolled over. They ran around in every direction and their riders was scared to death.

"Them horses is drunk," I shouted. "They drank at the lower ford jest as the whisky flowed down. Now's our chance to distinguish ourselves by capturin' a lot of them rebels."

Everywhere was rebels who had been throwed, runnin' around to avoid the wild horses. We had no trouble ridin' into the mob, runnin' 'em down, snatchin' em on to our horses and tiein' em around in trees. Then we ketched all who had got into the open country, takin' 'em one at a time; then we follered up those who was still on horseback, havin' no difficulty in takin' 'em prisoner, for they was too busy stickin' on their horses to fight, and the horses was goin' 'round and 'round in circles. In a very short time—how long, I don't know, for my watch was busted—we had captured every blame rebel and tied 'em all in trees to prevent the horses tramplin' on 'em. We had'nt more'n done this, when one horse screamed, then another, and then they charged at us in the most ferocious manner. Lucky for us, the men in the trees took their attention and they didn't pursue us far, but stood under the trees, snappin' at the men above. Then they all rushed into the open and began to fight each other just terrible.

"Let's go home," says Bill Gasheit, "they may start for us."

"No," says I, "we want them horses. I want to take every one of them rebs into camp tied on his own horse. A drunk horse ain't no way different from a drunk human, I take it. There's two more stages. You watch!"

Sure enough, I was right—I always am. Them horses quit fightin' and all began to slobber, look sad and weep as well as a horse can.

"Let's ride up and take the rebs down from the trees and git ready to go," says I.

"Better ketch the horses, fust," says Jonas G. Smalls, "they are quiet now."

"We won't need to ketch 'em," says I; and while we was takin' the rebs down, them horses all come up lookin' sheepish and sick, and was wonderin' how they could have been such fools and resolvin' never to do it again.

"What sorter whisky did you git?" axed the colonel, when I told him we had captured two hundred cavaltymen and their horses and equipments.

"We lost the whisky," says I, "but we got two hundred men and their horses, which I consider quite an exploit."

"That was something, to be sure," says he. "You done pretty well. I can't make you adjutant, like I would if you had been successful, but I'll reward you accordin' to your deserts. I'll make you sergeant-major."—W. A. Curtis, in Kate Field's Washington.

Sick Headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. W. E. Brock.

ENGLISH SLEEPING CARS.

The new style English sleeping car is not at all like the American sleepers, except that it has the corridor principle. The American car has been tried in England, but is not favored.

The sleeping carriages of the Northwestern line are petitioned off into eight separate bed rooms, each containing two brass bedsteads. A corridor runs along the side of the car, from which all the rooms open. In the center of the car is a sitting room for men, and one for women, and there are lavatories.

An old institution on British roads is the saloon carriage, which is much after the style of the American private cars, only on a smaller scale. These saloons consist of a lobby, with umbrella stands, hat and coat pegs, closets for linen and china, and a small pantry. Opening off on one side in a servants' compartment, and on the other side a smoking room. Then comes a large drawing room, occupying about half the car. It contains several maghogany tables, chairs, divans and couches. At the farther end is a lavatory.

These cars have been improved on year by year, until now the newest ones are as comfortable and luxurious as one may find in the world. Some companies have third class saloons, while picnic saloons, for racing parties and the like, are found on some lines. The electric light is generally used on British railways now.—New York Sun.

REPAIRING A BRIDGE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

It has taken two years to partly rebuild a bridge at Rome, which, it is stated, dates from the time of the Emporer Adrian, an assertion which is in strict consonance with many other remarkable features distinguishing the Eternal City. It does not appear that the necessity for the partial reconstruction arose from any absolute want of repair in the ancient structure itself, but was due to the new conditions to which the bridge was subjected in consequence of the works undertaken in connection with the improvement of the River Tiber. These include the better regulation of the course of the river, a widening of the channel and a raising of both banks. The result was that at one end the approach to the bridge was below the level of the newly raised bank. Originally, the structure consisted of three principal arches of 56 feet span each, and three smaller ones of 12 feet. The latter were for the purpose of allowing for the passage of floods, and have now been replaced by a pair of arches of the same span as that of those first built, which brings the roadway of the bridge almost on a level. The structure as it now stands has five elegant and symmetrical arches of equal span. In fact, if it were not for the difference in tint of the old and new masonary, it would be almost impossible to distinguish the handiwork of to-day from that of nearly 1800 years ago.—Scientific American.

JOS. JEFFERSON'S EXPERIENCE.

Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiograph, tells, among his experiences in Australia, the story of a night spent out on the plains with a shepherd, who was a graduate of Eton and had once been a successful lawyer. After the death of his wife and child he had become despondent and taken to drink. As a last refuge from temptation he had adopted a lonely desert life where his sheep and a remarkably intelligent collie dog named "Jack" were for most of the year his sole companions.

As the two men sat smoking together outside the hut in the bright moonlight, the latter suddenly turned to Jefferson with the question. "Are you superstitious?" "Well, I think I am a little," he replied. "Most people are if they would own it." "I didn't use to be," the shepherd said with a sigh, "but since I've lived here I seem to have become so, and it's all Jack's fault. The dog, not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently as to say, "Yes, blame it all on me; it's all my fault." "I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we're alone, and God knows that's often enough, he'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low, strange kind of moan, and, putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare as if he said, 'Don't you see it, too?'" The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail, as if endorsing every word his master said. "After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd. "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was only 6 months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly, and turn its head around as if it were following something—just as that dog does. What is your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we loved in life can return and stand beside us?"

I told him, writes Jefferson, that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet. "Well," said he, "if they can come, I know who it is that the dog sees when we're alone." The shepherd insisted upon Jefferson's occupying his cot while he stretched himself out on the dry grass outside where the actor had him in full view in the bright moonlight, while he lay apparently asleep in the shadows of that unlighted hut. But the scene so worked upon him that he could not sleep, and about midnight he saw the shepherd pacing restlessly outside—then presently saw him crawl stealthily to where was hanging Jefferson's coat, in the pockets of which was a flask of liquor from which, previous to his telling his story he had been invited to drink, but had declined. As he drew forth the flask "he seemed bewildered," says Jefferson, "as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon the grass as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and instead of drinking the liquor placed the flask untouched back in the coat, then stretching himself on the floor with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction, went off to sleep.

On the following morning he seemed refreshed and had lost the nervous, wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. "I thought perhaps it might be so," said he. "The old craving came upon me again, so strong, too, but if I ever prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and as God is my judge I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. It's all over now, thank heaven, and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world again with safety." Jefferson started to ride for the home station; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of his horse, and at last they shook hands and parted. "I looked back after a time," says the actor, "and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat to me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face and wagging that expressive tail."

It may be a surprise to our mill men to know that Nashville, Tennessee, is the largest manufacturer of hardwood lumber in the United States as well as of the world. It is the greatest milling city of the South, and is one of the cities whose industries have been wholly built up since the war.

The delivery by the Oregon Pacific from Pioneer quarry of 10,000 tons of rock for the government work at Yaquina has been completed. In a short time another contract is to be let for the delivery of 20,000 tons, to be dumped into the jetties at the entrance to the Yaquina harbor. The Oregon Pacific will probably be a bidder for the job and the rock may be brought from the Cascades. The rock to be delivered will make 1,800 car loads.

Governers of Oregon.

Following is a complete list of Oregon's governors of all kinds: Provisional governor, George Abernethy; first territorial governor, Joseph Lane; second, John P. Gaines; third, Joseph Lane, who qualified and resigned; fourth, George L. Curry, by virtue of office as secretary; fifth, John W. Davis, qualified and resigned; sixth, George L. Curry, as secretary and later appointed. First governor of state, John Whiteaker; second, Addison C. Gibbs; third, Geo. L. Woods, fourth, L. F. Grover; fifth, S. F. Chadwick, as secretary of state; sixth, W. W. Thayer; seventh, Z. F. Moody; eight, Sylvester Pennoyer; ninth, William P. Lord.

HEAR THE CORSAIR ROAST.

La Union Constitutional, the semi-official government organ published at Havana, Cuba, indulges in this bit of swagger, which causes us Yanks to laugh rather than frown:

"Let it be known that our navy of to-day is the same as that of Lepanto, Trafalgar and Callao. It is the same that the Austrian Admiral Tegesthoff pointed out to his officers to be imitated before sinking the Italian fleet at Lissa. They are of the same race and blood of those who fought and fell before San Sebastin, on ships that were unprotected; the same who at Pugalugalon and Melilla punished the Moors of Medadan and Riffe for their insults; the same that on board the Alcedo and Santa Maria defied and conquered the tempests of the ocean, and the same that during the late naval review received universal admiration. Finally, they are the same men that on sea and on land are unconquerable.

"It would be well that the United States should bear this in mind so that the prestige of that nation may not suffer in the contentions that may arise through adventures and traitors who make war on Spain and her noble sons, and let that nation remember that the laws of neutrality were made for nations that know how to respect them."

COLDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

The word "arctic" has been much in evidence during the cold weather of the last few weeks, and perhaps there are those who may imagine that it could hardly be colder at the North Pole than it has been here in England lately. To them the following facts and figures may be interesting. The coldest inhabited spot on the earth is the little town of Werchojansk, in Siberia, which is situated 67 degrees 34 minutes north latitude, 133 degrees 5 minutes east longitude. The lowest temperature observed there is -90.4 degress F. The average temperature for January is -63.4 degrees F., February -50.8 degrees F., March -18.4 degrees F., April -3.2 degrees F., May -32 degrees F., June -50 degrees F., July -57.2 degrees F., August -42.8 degrees F., September -28.4 degrees F., October -4 degrees F., November -40 degrees F., December -58 degrees F. The terrible cold which prevails in Eastern Siberia is, fortunately, not accompanied by wind, for otherwise no human being could exist there. The minimum temperature at Jakutsk is -79.6 degrees F., and at Ustjansk -63.2 degrees F., and during the whole month of January the thermometer never reaches the height of 1.4 degrees F. The winters are extraordinarily dry in this region. The lowness of temperature is due to the fact that Eastern Siberia is not influenced by oceanic depressions, and a very high atmospheric pressure, with calm, clear weather and a dry atmosphere prevails. In this way the warm air currents are aided in their escape, while the mountain ranges in the south and east tend to imprison the masses of cold air. Hendenstrom and Wrangell have published very remarkable reports on the effects of the cold upon the living organism in Siberia. If the temperature sinks to -40 degrees F., every breath that is drawn causes pain in the chest and lungs. Old tree trunks burst with the frost; rocks are shattered with a noise like thunder, and deep chasms form in the ground, from which streams of water rush steaming, only to be turned into ice the next moment.—Westminster Gazette.

THEIR FIRST GARMENTS.

An incident related to Mas. Paton, the wife of Dr. J. C. Paton, the well-known missionary to New Hebrides, illustrates the missi, as the natives call him, in the great purpose he had in view, so that he entirely overlooked the comicality of the scene which so impressed his good wife. Here is Mrs. Paton's story: "The trial to my risibles I found it hard to bear was that which befell me especially on Sabbaths. The first of these days in particular presented a ludicrous scene in the way of dress, and it was only by a desperate effort that I could manage to keep a long face while watching the natives coming into the church. We had arrived on Tuesday; a number of garments had been distributed among the people, and from twenty to thirty turned out to worship. One man, I remember, came prancing in, looking so delighted with himself in a snow-white vest—absolusely nothing else! Another came stalking majestically with a woman's skirt pinned round his throat and the tips of his fingers appearing at the bottom of it. A third had a native bag done up so as to represent a hat, which he took off with quite the air of a gentleman as he entered the door. One man had on a nice little jacket I had presented to his wife; and, indeed, every one who wore any clothing at all did so in the absurdest fashion. The effort at self-control was fast becoming unendurable when the worthy missi unintentionally proved the last straw.' His face was a picture of adoring thankfulness, and his prophetic soul—unconscious of anything grotesque—saw them already on the way to glory. He whispered, 'Oh, Maggie, shouldn't we be grateful to God to see them all coming out of church so nicely dressed?' He was adding something about 'jewels' and 'trophies,' but I was already half way out of the church under cover of a convenient fit of violent coughing, and just managed to slip round a corner before going into prolonged convulsions. Pray forgive me; I loved them none the less; but that phrase—so nicely dressed—was rather more than my woman's soul could withstand.—From the Missionary Herald.

CLOSER CULTIVATION.

The question of large land holdings is again attracting considerable attention throughout the country, and more especially through the middle West. The newspapers and magazines are discussing the question and devoting a great deal of space to correspondents who desire to handle the subject. In almost every instance the drift of sentiment is in favor of smaller holdings and closer cultivation, if it would be made profitable.

Oregon is to-day afflicted with the same condition of affairs. Farmers undertake to handle too much land and in consequence the soil is not properly tilled nor the crop sufficiently cultivated. This is especially true in the large wheat growing sections of the Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon. In those sections the farms are too large to handle profitably under present conditions. Nearly all the leading and most successful agriculturalists recommend that the large tracts of agricultural land be divided into smaller holdings; that one man should not attempt to cultivate a greater number of acres than is in his power to cultivate well. There are very few farms, says an eminent writer, but what could be made produce more than they do, with close cultivation. This close cultivation can only be accomplished by dividing the large farms into small tracts with a tenant for each, or better still, by selling small tracts to men who will operate them for themselves. Through the universal plan of large land holdings too much valuable and otherwise profitable soil is allowed to grow up in weeds every year. A forty-acre farm properly cultivated will produce a margin for any ordinary family in Oregon.—St. Helens Mist.

La grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor, One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. W. E. Brock.

There is always room for a new party in this country, if it dosen't mind being made a target of ridicule for the great majorty of intelligent voters.

No cocky Spaniard can fire on "Old Glory" with impunity. For once Secretary Gresham has manifested the true Amercian spirit.—Independence Enterprise. (Dem.)

There is a conflict of estimates in the matter of the appropriations made by the late Congress; but there is no room for doubt as to the fact that all the money in sight was voted away.

The revolt in Cuba in 1870-71 cost Spain 62,008,000 and cut down the revenue from the island by many millions. If Spain had accepted the offer of $100,000,000 for Cuba, made by the United States during Polk's Admenistration, the buisness transaction would not have been a bad one for Spain. Taxig a colony at the point of the bayonet is a losing operation in the end.

Numerous deaths have occured amongst cattle in the upper part of Klickitat county recently, from eating a wire-grass hitherto unknown to stockmen. It appears that the early rains of last fall caused a rapid growth of the grass and it ripened. Usually it does not ripen, and it has hitherto been eaten green, and was not dangerous in that state.—Moro Observer.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing.

It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

This extraordinary Restorative is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America. Hudyan is purely vegetable. Hudyan stops Premature Discharges of the discharge in 24 days. Cures Lost Manhood in 30 days. Cures Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts. Strengthens, invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and develops and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, loses by day or night stopped quickly. Over 5,000 private endorsements.

Premature loss of manhood is the first step. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 30 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). We then guarantee a cure given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

F. T. Abbott, of the Great Northern, informs the East Oregonian that the shipment of thirteen cars of sheep and seven cars of apples and potatoes sent from La Grande and Elgin over the O. R. & N. and Great Northern to St. Paul and thence to Chicago, went through on schedule time, making the trip from Pendleton to St. Paul in just seventy-five hours, or three days and three hours. The distance between Pendleton and Spokane was covered in thirteen and one-half hours, and from Spokane east an average of twenty-three miles an hour was made clear into St. Paul, including all stops. At St. Paul twenty-four hours were taken to feed, after which the train went on to Chicago.

Not His Vocation.

Grocer—What have you been doing in the cellar so long? Grocer's apprentice—I have been cleaning out the treacle measure. It was so choked up that it didn't hold mor'n half a pint. Grocer—Oh, that is what you've been doing, have you? Well, you take your hat and go home, and tell your father to put you into the tract-distributing business. You ain't fitted for the grocery trade.—Tid-Bits.

That town that goes off to trade will be poor. That nation that stops its own mills and buys from a foreign country will be poor. They will have your money and you will have idle mills and empty boxes. Protective tariff keeps out goods made by cheap labor. It keeps our money at home. It makes us rich.—Pendleton Tribune.

Between 700 and 800 negroes from the United States have recently arrived in Durango, Mexico, as colonists.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HILLSBORO.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

J. W. SHUTE.....President
BENJ. SCHOLFIELD.....Vice-President
J. D. MERRYMAN.....Cashier

Sells sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, and issues Letters of Credit available throughout the United States.

Draws Bills of Exchange on London Liverpool, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort on the Main, Stockholm, and all principal cities of Europe.

Collections made on all accessible points.

Banking hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Administratrix's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Thomas F. Dant, deceased, by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, and that letters of administration have been issued to her in said estate out of said Court. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to me with the proper vouchers, at the law office of Barrett & Adams, at Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Hillsboro, Or., February 26, 1895. ASENETH DANT, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas F. Dant, deceased. 40-44

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has been, by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of William R. Carpenter, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of W. D. Smith in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from this date.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 7th day of March, 1895. JOHN L. LAUGHLIN, Administrator of the estate of William R Carpenter, deceased. 41-45

Notice of Administration.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Godlove Litke, late of Washington County, Oregon deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned, at his residence at Laurel in said county, for allowance, within six months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned. HENRY DILBERGER. March 7, 1895. Administrator. 41-45

Stockholders' Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hillsboro Co-Operative Company will be held at Grange Hall, at Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, on the 27th day of March, 1895, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, for the purpose of electing a board of directors, and the transaction of other business. Hillsboro, February 28, 1895. 40-44 J. A. IMBRIE, Secretary.

L. P. FISHER, newspaper advertising agent, 21 Merchant's Exchange, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Minerva Cunningham Brown, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present their claims, properly sworn to, to me, at Beaverton, Oregon, within six months after the first publication of this notice. Dated this 15th day of March, 1895. FRED J. BROWN, Administrator of the estate of Minerva Cunningham Brown. 43-47

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, administrator of the estate of John T. Walker, deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such. All persons, therefore, having claims against said estate are hereby requested and required to present them, with proper vouchers, to me, at the law office of Thos. H. Tongue, at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. T. W. THOMPSON. Gaston, Oregon, March 22, 1895. 42-47

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EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

South				North
6:15 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:20 A M
10:45 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	7:00 A M

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

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

4:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 P M
4:00 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:00 A M

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BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:35 P M
8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4:22 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:00 P M

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

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:00 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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