TOBACCO DUST FOR INSECTS.

It Is an All Round Cure For Plants Which Are Insect Infested.

A reader asks me whether tobacco dust should be applied to vines when they are wet with dew or when they are dry. This moves me to say that the tobacco dust, or the bone meal, or the mixture of both, is not intended as a coating for the leaves, which would make them poisonous or unpalatable, but as a covering for the soil that will make the atmosphere very uncomfortable for all insects and worms. I like to have the material remain dry and dusty as long as possible. In that case it has a more thorough effect on bugs and beetles that have hard shells. The wet tobacco, or tobacco tea, or even the fumes of wet tobacco, are very unwholesome to the soft bodied insects, worms, etc. I find that cucumber beetles do not like to work in dust, and least of all in tobacco dust. When I put this latter inch deep around melon or cucumber plants, the yellow striped beetle promptly takes its departure and will stay away as long as the tobacco remains dusty or as long as it gives off a strong tobacco smell.

Let me repeat, too, that this same waste material is one of our best and cheapest general insecticides. We can use it both under glass and in open air. By all means keep a good supply of it on hand. Possibly you can get sweepings from a near cigar factory, or you may buy the material by the barrel at about $2.50 or $3. It will last you for years and help you to keep the premises clear of the various pests that prey upon your crops and animals. If you scatter tobacco dust by hand or with bellows over your rows of peas just at nightfall, you can kill the slugs that are so often eating all the lower foliage off and greatly damaging the crop. Or if you dust it in the same way over your currant and gooseberry bushes when infested with worms, you will quickly see the worms disappear. In the same way you can quickly kill all the leaf eating worms and slugs on your trees and bushes everywhere. The tent caterpillar and the fall webworm and all other caterpillars on trees and plants give up the ghost within a few minutes after coming in contact with tobacco dust. And besides all this, tobacco dust is worth about what it costs as a fertilizer. We can also control, in a measure at least, the most unmanageable pests of our gardens—namely, the flea beetle and the cabbage maggot. But in order to make thorough work in ridding the plants of these pests we have to be very liberal in the use of the tobacco dust. For instance, if we throw a good big handful into the heart of the cabbage plant or cauliflower plant or on a choice seeding potato we may be quite sure that the flea beetles will leave, for a time at least, and if we apply the same quantity to the stem of a cabbage or cauliflower plant we may be sure the maggots will not flourish there for awhile.—Practical Farmer.

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

The Romantic History of the Castle of a German Princess.

The wife of the German chancellor, Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, was until recently the owner of a castle in France that has a very romantic history. The princess is the daughter of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, nee Bariatinsky, a member of a wealthy and aristocratic family of Russia. Her brother was the Russian Prince Peter Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, who was adjutant to Czar Alexander III. The prince made his home in France for more than half a century. He became smitten with the charms of the little vaudeville actress Rose Leon while serving as attache of the Russian legation in Paris. At the same time he came into possession of Castle Kerleon, which lies half way between Landerneau and Brest. He contracted a morganatic marriage with the fair Rose, and the marriage feast was celebrated at Kerleon in the presence of his entire household, consisting of 70 persons.

The bride had been playing in the "Seven Wonders of the World," which had a long run in the Porte Saint Martin.

"The eighth wonder," said her husband to her, "will be your castle in Bretagne."

On the day following the wedding the foundation was laid for the present magnificent castle of Kerleon, which the prince surrounded with exquisite gardens and immense hothouses for tropical trees and rare exotic plants. To this magnificent property Prince Peter added the Russian pavilion of Kerjulien, a second castle of enormous proportions, as a gift to his bride.

Rose Leon died Aug. 28, 1886, at Ems, of which resort she had been a regular patron. Her husband had the coffin with the white robed dead conveyed to his castle of Kerleon, and eight years later she was buried in the little cemetery of Relecq. The prince could not be persuaded to leave Kerjulien after her death. At table a place was laid for his wife opposite his own, and every day at breakfast and dinner a bunch of flowers was served with every course for the dead princess. Such conduct was not calculated to prolong the life of the millionaire prince. He died one day while sitting at table, with his eyes resting on the flowers in his dead wife's place.

Prince Peter left no children, and his sister, the Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, was his sole heir. But it was a difficult matter for her to come into possession of the property of the former adjutant of the czar. Every effort to sell the beautiful castle, which had cost 2,000,000 francs, and the lands of which yielded an annual income of 30,000 francs, failed, because "patriotism" prevented the would be buyers from wanting to have anything to do with the German heirs. A few weeks ago it was sold for 210,000 francs to the Count of Guerrande, who rented it for the summer to the Count of Nantua. The charming castle of Kerjulien the Princess Hohenlohe retained for herself, and occasionally she spends a few weeks on her Russian possessions. Kerjulien is said to be one of the most artistic and beautiful properties in Russia, and surrounding nature is in harmony with the character of its simplicity.—St. Louis Republic.

ZOLA ON PLAGIARISM.

He Considers It His Right to Take Wherever He Can Find.

"Some time ago one of my friends called me a shark. Of course, he alluded to the shark which follows the ship and swallows everything. I sounded myself to see whether I was wounded or flattered by the epithet. Well, would you believe it, I found myself flattered. Yes, I am proud of it, and am willing to be the shark. A shark that swallows its epoch! It is my right, and if I really do that it will be my glory. A great producer, a creature, has no other function than that of devouring his epoch in order to create it afresh and make life of it." So says Emile Zola in an article which he has written in reply to a charge of plagiarism brought against him by M. Gaston Deschamps. The literary critic of The Temps had cut out some remarks and opinions from Rome which were identically the same as those to be found in a work written long ago by M. Goyau. The "shark" had evidently been at work. But this is not the first time that Emile Zola has been guilty of plagiarism. In both the "Assommoir" and "Germinal" there are many pages taken from other authors. Emile Zola does not deny the soft impeachments. On the contrary, he confesses and glories in it. He says:

"I admit of three sources of information—books, which give me the life of the past; witnesses, who supply me either by their writings or conversation with documents concerning what they have seen or what they know, and finally direct and personal observation. For every new novel I surround myself with a veritable library of books relating to the subject to be treated; I converse with persons competent to form an opinion; I travel in search of new horizons and study the manners and customs of the people. If there exists a fourth source of information, let me know it, and I will hasten to drink of it. It is my function as a romancist to know everything, and when I approach a new subject I have only one thing to do—to study it and to acquire the special information necessary to deal with it."

Emile Zola then gives us a long list of books from which he has cribbed more or less. "In so doing," he says, "I was only exercising a strict right. I am not a savant, I am not a historian; I am simply a romancist. My function is to make life out of all the elements I can obtain. The question is to know if I have been able to gather together all the documents which are flying about in the air, if I have seized them with a firm hand and chosen what is good from them, and finally if I have known thereby how to create things and beings anew. Have I inspired my personages with my own spirit, have I given birth to a new world, have I placed under the sun beings in flesh and blood? If yes, then my task is done, and little matters it to me where I took my materials."—London Globe.

Slate For Inside Decoration.

Slate is too much overlooked as a material for inside decoration. It exists in many different shades. It is easy and inexpensive to quarry and by far the easiest stone to shape into pleasing forms. These qualities render it the cheapest of durable materials for interior purposes, and the wonder is that so little of it is in common use. If large dealers would establish depots of standard goods made up for combination in house building in such forms as would be available to architects, its use would be indefinitely extended. Hardly a cottage of any pretensions would be built where it would not take a prominent part. If such depots were established, house builders would be enabled to see it and appreciate its beauty and cheapness. As it is, hardly 1 in 500 knows anything of either.—Stone.

Taking No Chances.

"Here's a good scheme," she said, looking up from the paper she had been reading.

He seemed a trifle suspicious, but it was so evident that he was expected to answer that he made the inquiry.

"Why, it says that some wives shave their husbands and in that way save what he would ordinarily pay to a barber," she explained.

"Mary," he said, after a moment's thought, "you may get that gown you spoke about this morning. It won't be necessary for you to get at my throat with a razor."—Chicago Post.

Edison's Speech.

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girl's seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had engaged a friend named Adams to operate the apparatus while he talked, but when the "Wizard" arose before his audience he felt so dazed that he simply said, "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus."

Sure Thing.

"A bicycle," says a contemporary, "is a great bond of companionship between husband and wife." Very likely, but two bicycles of different make would produce divorce proceedings in 48 hours.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Such lethy jests be that they may not grind the credit of thy friend, and make not jests so long that thou becomest one.—Fuller.

The average height of 1,000 French women is 5 feet 1½ inches, and of 1,000 Russian women it is 5 feet 3½ inches.

Any new or original design for the printing of silk, cotton, woolen or other fabrics may be patented.

WATCHING LONDON PAPERS.

Scotland Yard Detectives Look Carefully Over the Advertising Columns.

There is one official at Scotland Yard who is but little known to the public, but who, all the same, works very hard and successfully for the public good by closely scanning day in and day out the advertisements appearing in every London newspaper.

This official's primary duty is to keep a bright lookout for the very numerous swindling class which advertises for managers and so on prepared to invest money; but, quite beyond this, he in the most careful manner notes all the advertisements that strike him as being in any way suspicious, handing them over to the heads of different departments. He is himself an expert in all matters that deal with cipher writing, and part of his duty is to translate every cipher that may appear, handing over a copy of his translation to active members of the staff when anything is revealed that justifies such a course.

The writer had the privilege the other day of a short chat with this official—a bright young fellow, speaking several languages, who said:

"I am afraid that I am not allowed to tell you much, but I may say that no day ever passes without my handing over some advertisement for inquiry. Our scrutiny in this way has become very keen recently, for it is an open secret that certain foreign catch advertisement swindlers are expected here again ere long.

"Besides, there have been exposed in court many cases of swindling recently which have depended solely on alluring advertisements. In two of them I gave warning long ago, but no prosecutor would come forward. Were I allowed to do so I could show you hundreds of most mysterious cipher advertisements in the book over there, the bulk of these, of course, being between lovers, but many of them containing warnings from one educated swindler to another.

"Of course, you know that thieves even are all specialists nowadays, and it is surprising how soon a bogus advertisement swindler gets to work again in the same direction when he is released from jail. I am advised of the release of these men, and the characteristics of their style are soon observable again in the advertisement columns.

"We, as a rule, warn them at once that we recognize the new plant, and in this way hundreds of warnings are sent out yearly and do an amount of good that the public knows nothing of. My duty is very monotonous, and I dare not even get a single edition behindhand."—London Tit-Bits.

Keeping the Fourth of July.

Mr. Stead, in his proposal that the English nation should join with the United States in celebrating the Fourth of July, is not quite original. A story is told in San Francisco of a captain of a tramp steamer who, in his search after cargo, was continually inside the Golden gate and as continually in hot water with all the harbor and waterside authorities. His dislike and abhorrence of the states were commonly known.

All the greater, then, was the surprise when the Fourth of July revealed his vessel adorned with every flag on board. The very day before he had been fined for some infraction of the law and had gone out of court speechless. The news of his repentance spread like wildfire, and a reporter went in a hurry to interview him.

"Well, captain," said he, "what does this mean? We understood that you had no love for us."

The ancient mariner shook his head. "And no more I haven't, young man," he replied. "Don't you make no mistake. This here vessel is flagged up to celebrate the day on which we got rid of your most infernal country."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Two Headed Turtle.

L. E. Hudson tells Gameland about a freak turtle he found on the shores of Lake Ontario among a lot of newly hatched turtles.

This turtle was just emerging from its shell. There were two heads and two necks to it, and each head was apparently independent of the other, and each seemed to have contrary ideas as to the proper way to go. Both heads would be asleep, when one would wake up and start the body off according to its own ideas. That would rouse the other head, and then there would be a mix up of motions. It died after awhile.

COLLECTING BIRDS' EGGS.

The Boys of Greenland Are Adepts at the Hazardous Work.

Greenland boys are great egg collectors. As soon as the gulls and other birds that nest in the far north appear in the spring the work begins. No boy who has not practiced a great deal at climbing the rough mountain sides and creeping over the glaciers is allowed to venture on the perilous task. But at 15, and even before, a Greenland boy is as strong of limb, as fearless of heart and as cool of head as any steeple climber.

Early some morning he takes a bag made of sealskin and with a lunch of dried fish or blubber he starts out for a day in the mountains. Up, up, he climbs, along the dizzy edge of some deep inlet of the sea until he comes to the rocky ridges where the gulls make their homes. An ordinary American boy—and some of them are pretty good climbers, too—would not dream that the steep mountain sides could possibly be crossed, but the Greenland boy knows just where to step, just how to hold his stout staff, and he will walk quite coolly along a jagged ridge hundreds of feet above the water, where one little misstep, a loose stone or a bit of crumbling ice would hurl him down to his death. But it is only on these wild ledges that he can find the nests he seeks. Here every crevice is filled with eggs, laid almost without protection on the rocks. As he approaches, the gulls go chattering out and circling round his head. He must not look at them lest he become dizzy. When he reaches a nest, he places the big blue and white eggs in his bag, and thus he proceeds until he has a load. Happy is he if he sees a falcon rising in the air among the gulls, for a falcon's eggs are very valuable. But its nest is hard to find, and often a whole day is expended by the brave hunter before he reaches the spot where the eggs are laid. And if his bag is already filled with eggs he slips his new find into his roomy sleeves.

It may well be believed that the task of getting back with the load is doubly dangerous, but the egg hunter thinks nothing of it, and when he reaches home in the evening he spreads out his treasure. All of the rare eggs—and sometimes there are several in the lot—are sold to a dealer, who supplies the museums and collectors of Europe. The common gull's eggs are carefully examined, and the fresh ones are sold to the missionaries or to the traders.

Occasionally there are accidents. An explorer tells of a stout boy who ventured too far out on a rocky ledge in order to reach a falcon's nest, and, losing his footing, fell. Fortunately, however, he caught the edge of the ledge with his hands and clung, crying for help. At last his father heard him, but it was a long time before they could give him any help. They were compelled to climb to the top of the cliff, and the young egg hunter's brother was let down at the end of a long rope brought from the village. It was a perilous descent, but the plucky little fellow was determined to save his brother's life. On reaching the almost exhausted boy he fastened a loop of the rope around his body, and the two were pulled up together by the men at the top. Later the brave hunter allowed himself to be let down to the falcon's nest, where he succeeded in getting the much prized eggs.—Chicago Record.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The Social and Literary Beginnings of a British Prime Minister.

Disraeli had not the advantages of wealth or connection enjoyed by so many of his race. His father had quarreled with the faith of Judaism, and, without exactly embracing Christianity, he was regarded as a renegade by his own people while he was not considered a convert to the national religion by the people of his adopted country. Young Disraeli therefore had not the opportunities enjoyed by so many wealthy Jews nowadays of being brought up at our public schools and universities and thus acquiring the ideas, associations and friendships which are of such use in later years to men desirous of political or social distinction. He was educated at second class private schools. He was entered as a lad in the office of a small city solicitor, whose place of business was in Old Jewry, and was distinguished, as his employer stated, as "most assiduous in his attention to business and showing great ability in the transaction of it." However, the bent of Disraeli's mind was toward literature as a stepping stone toward politics.

His father, Isaac D'Israeli, as the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" had been welcomed by the Republic of Letters, and his intimates were chiefly to be found amid the then contributors to The Quarterly Review. The solicitor's clerk soon made acquaintance with his father's friends, and at the age of 20, just after he had practically quitted his desk in the Old Jewry for good, he published "Vivian Grey," the successful novel of the season in which it appeared. As a young man he had feeble health and traveled a good deal abroad, but he seems to have lived chiefly with Englishmen, and neither then nor at any other time in his life did he acquire any proficiency in foreign languages. On his return from abroad he had no difficulty in getting into society, but it was the society chiefly of young men about town and of ladies of the Blessington—that is, of the semiliterary, semifashionable, semibohemian category. His young friends got him to back their bills—to money considerations he was always sublimely indifferent. He became involved in financial embarrassments, and the credit of being at once extravagant and impecunious combined, with his studied eccentricities of dress, manner and look, to retard the public recognition of his real talent.—Quarterly Review.

A Play That Was Never Played.

When Jules Simon joined M. Thiers in 1872 as minister of public instruction and fine arts, George Sand had in rehearsal at the Odeon a dramatized version of her novel, "Mademoiselle de la Quintinie." The plot turned upon the love affairs of a priest, and, although handled tenderly by the author, this theme was not unlikely to give offense to orthodox Catholics, whereas M. Thiers just then had begun to coquette with the Vatican. Simon consequently found himself in an awkward predicament. He sent for the manager of the Odeon and in his pleasantest manner suggested that "Mademoiselle de la Quintinie" must not appear.

"You put your veto on it?" inquired Duquesnel.

"Heaven forbid that I should so treat a piece by George Sand," replied poor Jules.

"Then you authorize the performance?"

"By no means."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

Thus adjured, the minister frankly explained the difficulties of his position to the sympathetic manager. Next day the actor who was to impersonate the hero had a sudden attack of gout. The leading lady soon after suffered from a sharp fit of fever, and a succession of disasters ensued till the close of the season. George Sand made her own exit from the world's stage in 1876, her heart's desire unfulfilled, nor has the manuscript ever seen the light of day.—London Chronicle.

His Profession.

"Wyndley is a soldier by profession, did you say?"

"Yes. He has been over since the war."—Indianapolis Journal.

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 facsimile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Ex-President Harrison on the Powers of Government.

I will tell you what this government can do alone. It can fix its money unit. It can declare by law what shall be the relative value of an ounce of gold and an ounce of silver, but it cannot make that last declaration good. It is unquestionably fully within the power of this government to bring this country to a silver basis by coining silver dollars and making them legal tender. They can do that. This government can say you shall take one of those dollars in discharge of any debt owing to you for $1, notwithstanding you may have loaned gold dollars; but it cannot say, and enforce its decree, if you should call out the regular army and navy and muster all our great modern ships and add the militia, and put William J. Bryan in command of them—it cannot enforce the decree that 1 ounce of gold is the equivalent of 16 ounces of silver. Not only that, not France and England and Germany can do that unless the markets respond. Why? You may make me take a silver dollar for a debt, but if I have bought my goods at gold prices you cannot make me give as many yards of cloth for a silver dollar as I have been in the habit of giving for a gold one.

If I have a gold dollar in this hand and a silver one in that, and you declare they are equal, and I can take that gold dollar to a bullion broker and get $2 for it, I know it is a lie. If I have nothing but a gold dollar, and sugar is 20 pounds for $1, I will not give that gold dollar for 20 pounds of sugar. I will take it around to a broker and get two silver dollars for it and get the 20 pounds of sugar and have one silver dollar left. So it is, my friends. We can of ourselves, of our own wisdom, declare the unit of value. We can coin silver freely, but we cannot make 16 ounces of silver equal to 1 ounce of gold unless it is. And it is not unless the merchants take it at that rate. That is where all this thing comes in. It is trade, it is the merchant, it is the man who exchanges and deals in these things that fixes the relative value, and if you do not take the value he fixes the gold dollar will go back to the gold vault, and the gold will go out of circulation. —Ex-President Harrison in His New York Speech.

Honesty Leads to Prosperity.

No country can prosper that habitually tells lies. If the United States stamps the lie "This is $1" on pieces of silver worth 53 cents, it will have taken the first step away from the straight path of national truth and honor.

No Nonsense About Her.

Skidds—Did she say it was so sudden when you asked her to marry you?

Askin—Of course she didn't. She was a widow.—Detroit Free Press.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has this day filed his final account in the estate of John Raycraft, deceased, and that the 16th day of November 1896 has been set by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the hearing and determination of the same. All persons interested in said estate are notified to be and appear at said date to make objection if any they have to the allowance of the same.

RICHARD RAYCRAFT,
Administrator of the estate of John Raycraft, deceased.
October 15, 1896. 21-25

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for the County of Washington.

David Goodsell, Plaintiff
v.
C. B. Bunnell, L. J. Bunnell, Lyman T. Hicklin, Modie Hicklin, Leonard Hicklin, Sarah Hicklin, U. B. Williams, Clara A. Hicklin (now Clara A. Cutts) Daniel Cutts Hannah Hicklin, Irena M. Hicklin, Arthur J. Hicklin and Sarah L. Cogswelle, Defendants.

To the above named defendants:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit and Court by the 23d day of November, 1896, and if you fail to answer for want thereof the plaintiff will take decree against you for the principal sum of $2000, and interest thereon from November 23, 1895, at 10 per cent per year all in U. S. gold coin until paid and for $250, attorney's fees, and $42, taxes paid, and that the mortgage given plaintiff by defendants on November 23, 1893, upon the north half of the donation land claim of John L. Hicklin and wife, situated in sections 34 and 35 Township 1 South Range 1 West, Willamette Meridian, containing 320 acres, situate in Washington County, Oregon, be foreclosed and sold to pay the same with costs and disbursements.

This summons is served upon you by order of publication made by Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of said Court, on September 28, 1896.

DAVID GOODSELL,
19-25 Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for Washington County.

John Aspinwall, Plaintiff
v.
Jacob R. Foster, (2) Jacob R. Foster as administrator of the estate of Harriet E. Garnett, deceased; J. A. Garnett, Annie L. Foster Daniel B. Foster, Augusta Marston, Phineas F. Marston, Hattibelle F. Kimball George W. Kimball, Rizpah C. Heath, (a minor), and A. R. Fanno, Defendants.

To J. A. Garnett, Augusta Marston, Phineas F. Marston, Hattibelle F. Kimball and George W. Kimball, of the above named defendants:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit in the above named Court, by Monday, the 23d day of November, 1896, said day being the first day of the term of said Court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons.

And if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit:

That the plaintiff have a decree against J. A. Garnett for the sum of $300 in U. S. gold coin with interest thereon from the first day of June, 1894, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, for the sum of $50, attorney fees, and the costs and disbursements of this suit; that the mortgage described in the complaint be foreclosed and the lands therein described and situate in Washington County, State of Oregon, be sold to satisfy the sums aforesaid, and for such other and further decree as may be equitable.

This summons is published against you by virtue of an order therefor made and signed by Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of the above named Court, and made and dated at Astoria, at Chambers, on the 25th day of September, 1896.

BARRETT & ADAMS,
19-25 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been appointed, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, administrator of the estate of Jacob A. Hansen, late of said County deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me for allowance at rooms 687, 4st First street, Portland, Oregon, within six months from, this date, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

B. KRINGELBACH,
September 24, 1896.

This is the very best Smoking Tobacco made.

Blackwell's Genuine
BULL DURHAM

You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share of $250,000 in presents.

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Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Or.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

EAST AND SOUTH . .

— VIA —

THE SHASTA ROUTE

— OF THE —

SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

South				North
8:50 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:10 A M
11:15 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	7:00 P M

Above trains stop at East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene, Creswell, Cottage Grove, Drain, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:40 P M
5:20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	8:00 A M

Salem Passenger Daily:

4:00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	10:15 A M
6:15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8:00 A M

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

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Second-Class Sleeping Cars

ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	6:20 P M
8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	5:03 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:35 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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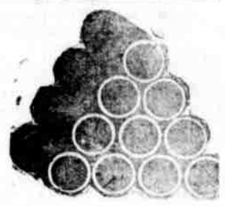

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