THE FIRST BABIES OF THE YUKON.

Seattle Correspondence of the San Francisco Call.

U. Day is a miner. He is a big, fine-looking man, and for years before he decided to go to Alaska he worked in the silver mines of the East. He was experienced in his business, and when he made a trip to Alaska four years ago and took a look at the country he made up his mind that he would come back to the United States and get his wife, a bride of a few months, and return to the land of gold. He came back, and his wife, who was at that time living in a suburb of Minneapolis, Minn., consented to return with him to Alaska. She was not very strong, but had plenty of nerve, and in the spring, with the aid of her husband, she reached the Yukon mining district in safety.

Her coming was a great event among the miners. But one or two women had ever been among them, and those had held aloof from the common miners. Mrs. Day took an interest in them and endeavored to bring happiness into their lives. Just two years ago she gave birth to twin boys. Never did the coming of any one, not even of the hardy men who carry the mail, create such a fervor in the Yukon district. Miners who came down to-day say that for three months after the birth of the twins Mr. and Mrs. Day received presents from miners far away who heard of the new arrivals. They were the first children ever born in the Yukon district, and they were petted and caressed and humored as though they were the children of some great king.

On June 3, this year, Mrs. Day, who had not been well since the birth of the children, died, and there was a general mourning in camp. Everybody wondered what would become of the twins. Day told his friends that in the fall he would take them to the United States and place them with their mother's relatives at Minneapolis. The miners laughed at him and said it would be impossible for him to make the trip until the babies were old enough to walk.

Two months ago Day decided to leave the Yukon with his little ones. The miners generally were of the opinion that it would mean death for the children and probably for the father if he undertood the trip. Day was determined. He said that to keep the children at Sixty Mile would mean a life of ignorance and suffering. So, early in July, Day started for Juneau with the prides of the Yukon. Before his departure old and hardened miners shed tears and prayed for the safety of the children. Day said that if they died he would die with them.

They were dressed in clothes of heavy woolen cloth, and, strange as it may seem, made the trip the greater part of the way strapped on the shoulders of their father. He carried them similar to the way Indian women pack their papooses about. They were a great burden when the length of the trip is taken into consideration, and the further fact that Day had a pack of provisions and blankets to carry with him. Day says that at times the weather was very cold, and when his babies would not even cry he would think that probably they were benumbed by the cold. Then he would take a peep at them, and they would either be laughing or sleeping. Once, he says, they amused themselves all day long playing with his long hair. When night came on and he was ready to rest, Day would remove the children from his back and they would sleep in his arms. "Not once did they ever so much as cry," says Day. The trip across the summit of the Chilcat Pass was the most severe of all, but the little ones stood it all right, though Day said they must have suffered some, because he did himself. Several times, in crossing the summit, Day, weak with the long trip and the heavy burden, slipped, and but for the precious ones on his back, he says, he believes he would have given up, sunk down and perished. Their cooing, he says, aroused him, and he would struggle on. Juneau was finally reached, and safely; there the babies were weighed, and it was found that they had grown fat during their remakable journey. They remained there a little while, and when the Willapa arrived took passage on it for the Sound.

Save the Wrappers.

They are worth a cent a piece if saved from Hoe Cake Soap. Bryan-Laidlaw Co.

THE MONEY OR THE BURGLAR.

In St. Paul recently a lady was awakened in the night with the consciousness that somebody was prowling about her room. She soon became convinced that it was a burglar. Her husband was sleeping by her side, and she knew that his clothing and jewelry, the latter valued at over $700, would probably fall into the hands of the thief. But she kept perfectly quiet and permitted the fellow to take what he could and depart, preferring the loss of the money and jewels to the risk of having her husband shot, as he probably would have been had he been awakened.

There is no record of the husband's remarks on the discovery of what had happened, but a cold, common-sense view of the case will commend the lady's conduct. It might have seemed more heroic, perhaps, for her to make a fuss, rush for the intruder, and wake her husband out of a sound sleep to find himself confronting an armed and desperate man; but she coolly weighed the merits of the two courses opened to her, and preferred to keep her husband at the expense of the valuables that were pilfered.

One cannot settle this question for another. Circumstances differ on such occasions, but generally when a burglar has succeeded in getting fairly into a room he has the advantage of the inmates. He takes his life in his hand, it is true, but he is wide awake and on the watch, while his victims often are neither and are also unarmed.

There is also the danger of a mistake in shooting an intruder at such times. The other night a man in New York shot a man who was prowling about his apartment, killing the latter, only to find that the dead man was an innocent somnambulist who had come from an upper room in the house in his sleep and harbored no thought of robbery.

THE DEMAND FOR FLAGS.

(From the New York Sun.)

The campaign equipment companies and the dealers in flags say that this campaign has created a phenomenal demand for American flags. Every campaign produces more or less of a demand, but this year's fashion of swinging the flags as banners has more than trebled it. All the flag-sewers in the country have been working overtime. The last campaign when flags were generally used was in 1876. The demand then was greater than it is now, and there was a flag famine before the campaign was over. There isn't any sign of a famine this year, but about all the flags that can be produced are taken as quickly as they are made.

The demand in 1876 was the greatest in the history of the country. During the Washington inaugural celebration here in 1889 the demand for flags for decoration purposes was nearly as great. The demand now equals the demand then. In addition to the demand for the big and expensive flags there is an almost unprecedented demand for the small flags that have been a feature of political meetings this year. These flags are ordered by the thousand.

While the reporter was talking with a dealer in Park Place yesterday an order came for 1,400 for a meeting in Brooklyn. Hundreds of thousands of these small flags are sold and distributed every day. There isn't danger of a scarcity of this class of flags, however, for they are turned out by machines with almost as much rapidity as newspapers are printed.

MORALITY OF AN ATTEMPT TO ALTER PRICES.

Prof. John Bascom, in The Kingdom, Minneapolis.

"Contract lies at the basis of commerce, and the observance of contracts is the foundation of commercial faith. The crowning test of honesty is the fulfilment of a contract when its conditions have proved hard. The man who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not still remains the symbol of integrity. Any considerable contract, extending over any considerable period, is wont to involve risks and is intended to cover the risks which beset human affairs. To bolt an engagement because these risks have proved other or greater than one expected is to destroy the purpose of the contract, and to make faith in men impossible.

"The very object of a free coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1 is to alter prices, and so to effect every outstanding contract between man and man. The idea is so immoral, so subversive of obligations, that no one man would be allowed to entertain it. The wrong is overlooked because the majority are to unite in committing it. The magnitude of the sin becomes its concealment.

"Grant that some hardships might be corrected by this action, they would be corrected in the face of perfectly legal and universal obligations, and ten other hardships would be occasioned without any excuse whatever. The contracts of the current year, the contracts of the two or three years which immediately precede it, are the bulk of contracts, and these have been made under existing conditions and approximately under existing prices. Free coinage will tear through these contracts and after one's hold on his own, everywhere, for no reasons or for slight reasons, more certainly than it will bring relief to one who has been heaping up indebtedness for years. It is of the very nature of contract to involve some risk, and for a contractor to repudiate this risk is for him to repudiate the contract.

"Moreover, no man knows how much any man has been injured by the alleged appreciation of gold, nor how far this injury will find correction in free coinage. The policy is simply a vague perpetration of innumerable wrongs in the general hope that they may correct certain other wrongs incapable of definition. The idea is born of that confused and passionate state of mind in which injury begets injury indefinitely.

"When Alexander Hamilton, on the acceptance of the present Constitution of the United States, funded the national debt and so restored its value, many objected to the measure because the debt had been extensively bought up by speculators, often at a nominal price, and thus the nation would redeem its indebtedness, not to those to whom it had been incurred, but to those who stood wrongfully in their places. The case was one of great hardship, but the commercial law prevailed, the honor of the nation was sustained, and few men have since doubted the wisdom and essential rightfulness of the policy.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WHY WHEAT RISES.

From the Oregonian.

Columns of figures have blossomed into type since this wheat rise began says the Chicago Chronicle, and it is not necessary to do more than sum up here the situation. In the following table it is seen at a glance where the wheat came from that fed Europe. This table was prepared to show why the price of wheat had fallen to the low ebb of recent years. The compiler pointed out that the world's wheat market was narrow and circumscribed. Every nation strives to feed itself, and most of them succeed. The market for wheat is almost entirely in Western Europe, Great Britain and Holland drawing the larger part of their supply from abroad, and Spain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and a few other smaller countries buying each year a small fraction of their consumption, the amounts varying as their own crops are good or bad.

To supply this limited demand four countries are in competion as wheatgrowers—the United States, Russia, India and Argentine. There are a few others, like Chile, Australia and Canada, that furnishes surplus wheat, but their contributions are not heavy. The struggle among the four great producers to furnish cheap bread to European artisans is seen in the figures below. The table shows the average annual contributions into five-year periods, of the four countries, going to supply the wants of importing Europe:

	United States, bushels.	Russia, bushels.	India, bushels.
1868-72	42,102,172	55,514,142	574,446
1873-77	68,918,592	52,046,986	4,226,503
1878-82	145,274,739	64,572,306	13,804,066
1883-87	128,057,326	74,249,645	35,214,675
1888-92	129,900,738	62,121,906	33,281,200
1893-95	167,002,827	112,000,000	21,704,000

Argentina—1878-82 37,086 bushels, 1883-87, 3,846,863; 1888-92, 10,546,067; 1893-95; 44,855,000 bushels.

The growth and magnitude of this commercial rivalry is fully explained by a studdy of these suggestive figures as well as the cause of the big fall in prices that so burdens the Amercian wheat growers and was so largely responsible for the agrarianism and silver agitation that has been injected into American politics. The table speaks for itself. Argentina, from a country almost unknown to wheat merchants, went by leaps and bounds to the first rank, and her shipments for 1893-95 average 45,000,000 bushels annually, and in one year of the three reached 60,000,000 bushels. The turning of India from an exporting to an importing country, the disappearance of Argentina from the sources of supply which Europe has been accustomed to count on, the practical wiping out of the huge exportable surplus of Russia, the appearance of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa in the list of countries that will have to be fed from abroad, explain fully the big and sudden rise in wheat. To make more apparent the prevailing situation in the wheat world, the following comparisons in bushels will be found useful:

	1897 Crop.	1895 Crop.
United States (about)	425,000,000	467,102,947
Russia (estim's from)	300,000,000 to 375,000,000	402,100,000
Argentina (perhaps)	45,000,000 to 50,000,000	60,000,000

This is an "Age of Soap." Why use any but the very best. Best soap means Hoe Cake. Bryan-Laidlaw Co.

Did you notice how pure and white Soap Foam washing powder looks?

For laundry, kitchen or bath nothing equals Soap Foam. Bryan-Laidlaw.

Thackeray's Opinion.

"The little ills of life," says Thackeray, "are the hardest to bear. What would the possession of £100,000 a year or fame or applause avail to a gentleman who was allowed to enjoy it only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails inside it? All happiness would disappear and plunge into that shoe; all life would rankle around those nails." And as little things have the power to annoy they have also the power to comfort and help.

One day a visitor to the school, finding young Sydney Smith during play hours absorbed in the study of Virgil, gave him a shilling and with it a few words of sympathy and praise.

"Clever boy, clever boy!" exclaimed the stranger. "That is the way to conquer the world."

Such unlooked for encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction.

Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his days praised his deed. The stranger went his way, little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished, while the lad he had cheered soon afterward became prefect of the school.

The Napkin With a Past.

The waiter is an institution against which our æsthetic sense is often in revolt. In a club he is tolerable because you can put him in a uniform and otherwise mitigate his incongruities; but elsewhere his incurable devotion to the napkin with an obtrusive past is offensive to a fastidious taste.—Speaker.

Badly Broken Up.

"Awful accident at Jones' yesterday."

"So? I didn't hear of it."

"Jones hit his thumb with a hammer and immediately exploded with rage, while his wife burst into tears."—Indianapolis Journal.

A pleasant "guess" is to name how many dollar bills would be required to weigh as much as a $20 gold piece. Answers fluctuate between 300 as the lowest and 1,000, the correct number being 34.

The salaries of the queen's household amount to £131,260.

NOT AFTER JINNY.

This Settled, the Traveler Was Assured That He Was Welcome.

I was riding along a country road in the vicinity of Memphis when I came to a newly painted frame house which gave such shining evidence of prosperity that it was an attraction to the barren landscape about it. A long, lean man, stoop shouldered and ungainly, sat on a post in front of the spick and span doorstep and held an old rifle across his knees at the same time that he peered from under his shaggy brows in all directions, as if he were in ambush and expected to be surprised.

I wanted several favors at this man's hands if possible, one of them being supper, another an invigorating draft of moonshine whisky and finally, and the only demand I was certain of, a route to Memphis by that particular road.

"Evening," I said in as jocular a tone as I could assume. "Guarding the new paint?"

"Evenin, stranger," he answered as short as pie crust.

"Could you tell me how to reach Memphis tonight?" I asked.

"Foller yer nose."

"Then I am on the right road?"

"Git."

He leveled the rifle at me, and my horse shied at the sudden movement. At the same time I heard a cackling laugh through the half open front door.

I was disconcerted, but hardly alarmed, as it was evident that the man was nothing worse than a crank, so I assumed an air of injured innocence and asked:

"Do you take me for a sheriff or a revenue officer, because I am neither one nor the other?"

"No, young feller, I take you for one of them silly gentry as wants ter come courtin my gal Jinny since they heerd tell that her mother's stepuncle, Job Morrill, left her $100 in his will."

At this moment the door opened wide and the homeliest girl I ever saw in my life filled the space with her ample circumference. She smiled at me so sweetly that I felt it imperative to hasten on my journey or let the old man shoot me on the spot.

"Pop, you needn't be afeard of that un. He's sassy enough ter look out fer hisself," she chirped.

"So be, mister. If Jinny favors yer and et ain't her money you be arter, come rite in and take suthin."

Again my intelligent horse shied, and before I could control him I was half way to Memphis and out of reach of the old man's rifle and the inhospitable imputation of wanting Jinny's money.—Detroit Free Press.

Sleep and Its Indications.

The sleep of persons of all ages should be calm, neither interrupted nor too long undisturbed, with a placid countenance, and no pain, uneasiness, fantastic dreams or visions. The only motion which does not identify irregularity during sleep is the occasional turn from side to side. The more noiseless the breathing the more perfectly healthy the sleep. The skin during sleep should be warm, but neither very hot, dry, nor excessively moist.

The inability to rest and muscular motion may be considered as an unhealthy condition of activity or motion, either internal or external. As a symptom of fever it denotes excessive susceptibility or irregularity and irritative activity of sensation. It is an evidence rather of an inflammatory than of a debilitated state.

Continually starting up in bed evinces great oppression and anxiety or simply delirium.

Continual sinking down toward the foot of the bed shows great prostration of vital energy.

Throwing off the clothes, so that the patient lays himself bare, denotes oppression and anxiety or delirium, associated with evident inability on the part of the patient to bear the bedclothes upon the body, as in rickets.

Grasping at imaginary objects is one of the indications of utter retrocession of vital energy, if not of approaching dissolution.—New York Ledger.

A Doctor's Explanation.

Dr. J.'s little boy, 4 years old, had never seen a funeral procession, for they are of rare occurrence in the quiet side street where the doctor lives. Lately, however, one of the doctor's patients died, and there was a burial from the street.

As the procession moved along the little boy came running to his father, and, pointing to the hearse, asked:

"Oh, papa, what is that?"

"That, my child," said the doctor, with a deep sigh, "is an erroneous diagnosis."—Youth's Companion.

Hallucination.

It is related that a lady was introduced to Sir Morell Mackenzie at a London soiree as John Strange Winter, and when he incredulously repeated the name she replied, "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles' Baby." Whereupon the great physician drew a friend aside and confided to him that he had just met a poor demented lady who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby.

Knows Good Shears.

Man in Barber's Chair—Barber, those shears are not good ones. They pull my hair.

Barber—They are the best in the place, sir.

Man in Barber's Chair—I wish you'd send the boy down to Fleet street and get mine. I can't stand these.

Barber—Are you a barber?

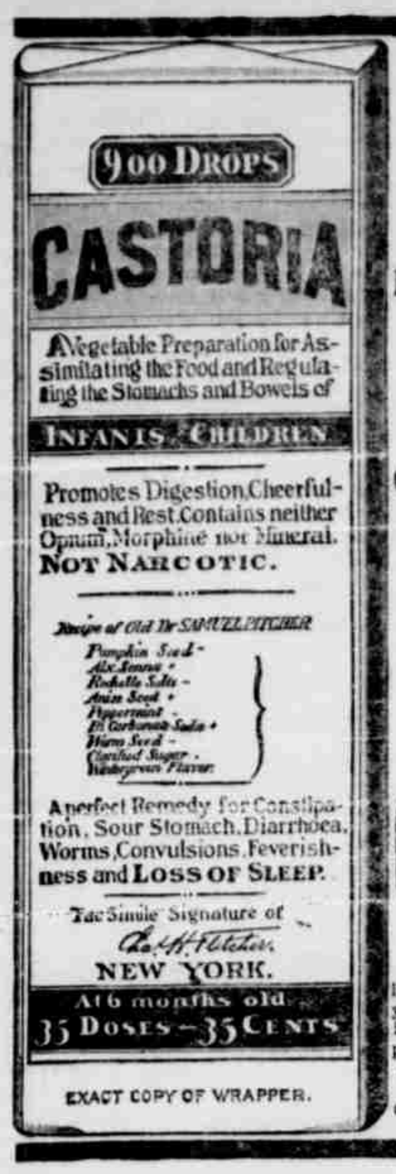
Man in Barber's Chair—No, sir; an editor.—London Tit-Bits.

Hollow (reading sign "Back in Five Minutes" on office door)—I don't know whether to wait any longer for Bungler or not. I've already waited 20 minutes, and I haven't got more than another hour to spare.—Roxbury Gazette.

"Does your papa get much practice?" asked the visitor of the doctor's 7-year-old son.

"Oh, he doesn't have to practice any more," replied the boy. "He knows how now."—Buffalo Times.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



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ICHIBAU.

Her brown little eyes are as bright as the dew
Which decks the chrysanthemum's breast—
So bright that whenever she passes in view
I feel like a being possessed;
Especially when she goes trotting about,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her nose is the smallest I ever have seen,
Like rose leaves on gold are her cheeks,
Though pretty and playful, she's modest in mien
And only in whispers she speaks.
Yet no one is like her in all the mad rout,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her feet are quite slender and tender and thin,
And flat as her sandals of wood.
In standing and stepping she turns them both in,
As well nurtured maidenhood should.
When she sees me, she blushes, pretending to pout,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

Her sandals make music whenever they come,
For, besides their tattoo on the street,
They seem to beat time on my heart like a drum,
Till my spirit re-echoes her feet—
Those dear little feet which go tripping about,
With her rosy toes in and her ruddy heels out.

—Margherita Arlina Hamm.

Frisco.

"That shows what reiteration can accomplish," said a gray bearded man pathetically as he stood in front of the Hoffman House the other night. "The man I was just talking with is a well known San Francisco politician. He was born there and has lived there all his life and used to be a local product down to his finger tips. Just now he spoke of his native town as 'Frisco.' Ten years ago he never would have done such a thing. 'Frisco' was always the mark of the stranger. No San Franciscan ever thought of using the expression. The actors started first to use the abbreviation, then other people outside of San Francisco took it up, and it got into the newspapers. Now even some of the natives are using it, and it goes to show that you've only got to stick to a thing like that and after you've rubbed it in long enough it's bound to win in the end. Think," he added dejectedly, "only think of a real native simon pure San Franciscan calling his town 'Frisco.' It's dreadful."—New York Sun.

Two Minutes Later.

Mrs. Suburb—You are very late tonight. Supper was ready two hours ago.

Mr. Suburb—Yes. I missed the 5:17 train and had to take the 5:19.

Mrs. Suburb—But that is only two minutes.

Mr. Suburb—Yes, my dear, but the 5:17 comes straight through and the 5:19 stops at 173 stations before it gets here.—New York Weekly.

A little girl who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."—Exchange.

The first step taken by our government in the direction of a coinage was in 1781, when Robert Morris was intrusted with the duty of investigating the subject and making a report.

"More money" is the delusive cry of the silverites in their campaign for cheap dollars. But they do not attempt to show how a 16 to 1 free coinage law, which would put our $600,000,000 gold at a premium of nearly 50 per cent and drive it all out of circulation, could possible give us more money than we have now.

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, Mollie Hicklin, Leonard Hicklin, Sarah Hicklin, U. B. Williams, Clara A. Hicklin (now Clara A. Cuts) Daniel Cuts Hannah Hicklin, Irena M. Hicklin, Arthur J. Hicklin and Sarah L. Cogdelle, 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 $2600, and interest thereon from November 23, 1893, 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 29, 1896.

DAVID GOODSELL,
19-25 Attorney for Plaintiff.

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. 21-25
October 15, 1896.

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, 451 First street, Portland, Oregon, within six months from this date, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediae payment to the undersigned.

B. KRINGELBACH,
September 24, 1896.

Notice by Executrix.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed executrix of the last will of William Waters, deceased, by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, and has qualified as such executrix. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to me, with the proper vouchers, at my residence at Forest Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Hillsboro Oregon, this 24th day of October, 1896.

SARAH J. WATERS,
Executrix of the last will of William Waters, deceased. 23-27

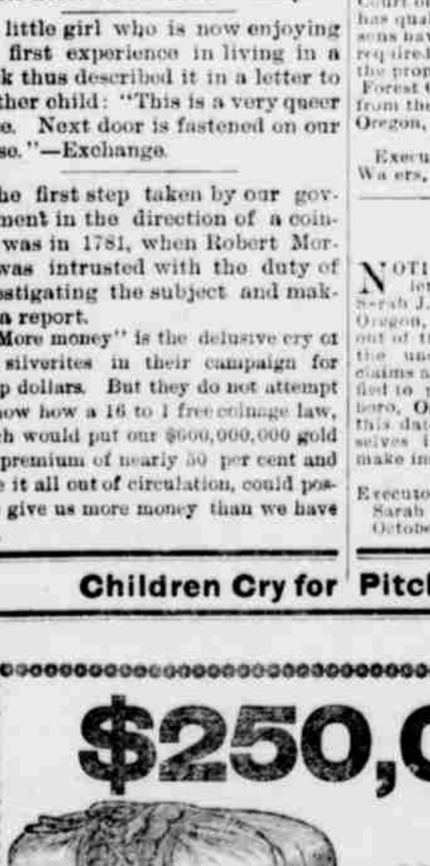
Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT letters testamentary on the estate of Sarah J. Mull, late of Washington County, Oregon, deceased, has this day been issued out of the County Court of said Couty, to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from this date, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate will make immediate payment.

THOS. D. HUMPHREYS,
Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah J. Mull, deceased. 22-26
October 19, 1896.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

$250,000 To Be Given Away this year in valuable articles to smokers of **Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco**



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.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

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—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

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PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS .. AND .. Second-Class Sleeping Cars ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

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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

THROUGH TICKETS to all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe, can be obtained at lowest rates from A. S. Pence agent, Hillsboro.

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