The Story of an African Farm

Continued from First Page

"I do not know how it is," she said humbly, nestling to him, "but I cannot love you so much as you love me. Perhaps it is because I am only a woman, but I do love you as much as I can."

Now the Kaffir maids were coming from the huts. He kissed her again, eyes and mouth and hands, and left her.

Tant' Sannie was well satisfied when told of the betrothment. She herself contemplated marriage within the year with one or other of her numerous "vrijers," and she suggested that the weddings might take place together.

Em set to work busily to prepare her own household linen and wedding garments. Gregory was with her daily, almost hourly, and the six months which elapsed before Lyndall's return passed, as he felicitously phrased it, "like a summer night, when you are dreaming of some one you love."

Late one evening Gregory sat by his little love, turning the handle of her machine as she drew her work through it, and they talked of the changes they would make when the Boer woman was gone and the farm belonged to them alone. There should be a new room here and a kraal there. So they chatted on. Suddenly Gregory dropped the handle and impressed a fervent kiss on the fat hand that guided the linen.

"You are so beautiful, Em," said the lover. "It comes over me in a flood suddenly how I love you."

Em smiled.

"Tant' Sannie says when I am her age no one will look at me, and it is true. My hands are as short and broad as a duck's foot, and my forehead is so low, and I haven't any nose. I can't be pretty."

She laughed softly. It was so nice to think he should be so blind.

"When my cousin comes tomorrow, you will see a beautiful woman, Gregory," she added presently. "She is like a little queen; her shoulders are so upright, and her head looks as though it ought to have a little crown upon it. You must come to see her tomorrow as soon as she comes. I am sure you will love her."

"Of course I shall come to see her, since she is your cousin, but do you think I could ever think any woman as lovely as I think you?"

He fixed his seething eyes upon her.

"You could not help seeing that she is prettier," said Em, slipping her right hand into his, "but you will never be able to like any one so much as you like me."

Afterward, when she wished her lover good night, she stood upon the doorstep to call a greeting after him, and she waited, as she always did, till the brown pony's hoofs became inaudible behind the "kopje."

Then she passed through the room where Tant' Sannie lay snoring, and through the little room that was draped in white, waiting for her cousin's return, on to her own room.

She went to the chest of drawers to put away the work she had finished and sat down on the floor before the lowest drawer. In it were the things she was preparing for her marriage. Piles of white linen and some aprons and quilts, and in the little box in the corner a spray of orange blossom which she had brought from a smouse. There, too, was a ring Gregory had given her and a veil his sister had sent, and there was a little roll of fine embroidered work which Trana had given her. It was too fine and good even for Gregory's wife—just right for something very small and soft. She would keep it. And she touched it gently with her forefinger, smiling, and then she blushed and hid it far behind the other things. She knew so well all that was in that drawer, and yet she turned them all over as though she saw them for the first time and packed them all out and packed them all in without one fold or crimple and then sat down and looked at them.

Tomorrow evening when Lyndall came she would bring her here and show her all. Lyndall would so like to see it—the little wreath and the ring and the white veil! It would be so nice. Then Em fell to seeing pictures. Lyndall should live with them till she herself got married some day.

Every day when Gregory came home, tired from his work, he would look about and say: "Where is my wife? Has no one seen my wife? Wife, some coffee!" and she would give him some.

Em's little face grew very grave at last, and she knelt up and extended her hands over the drawer of linen.

"Oh, God!" she said, "I am so glad! I do not know what I have done that I should be so glad. Thank you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

LYNDALL.

She was more like a princess, yes, far more like a princess, than the lady who still hung on the wall in Tant' Sannie's bedroom. So Em thought. She leaned back in the little armchair; she wore a gray dressing gown, and her long hair was combed out and hung to the ground. Em, sitting before her, looked up with mingled respect and admiration.

Lyndall was tired after her long journey and had come to her room early. Her eyes ran over the familiar objects. Strange to go away for four years and come back and find that the candle standing on the dressing table still cast the shadow of an old crone's head in the corner beyond the clothes-horse. Strange that even a shadow should last longer than man. She looked about among the old familiar objects. All was there, but the old self was gone.

"What are you noticing?" asked Em.

"Nothing and everything. I thought the windows were higher. If I were you, when I get this place I should raise the walls. There is not room to breathe here; one suffocates."

"Gregory is going to make many alterations," said Em, drawing nearer to the gray dressing gown respectfully. "Do you like him, Lyndall? Is he not handsome?"

"He must have been a fine baby," said Lyndall, looking at the white dimity curtain that hung above the window.

Em was puzzled.

"There are some men," said Lyndall, "whom you never can believe were babies at all, and others you never see without thinking how very nice they must have looked when they wore socks and pink sashes."

Em remained silent. Then she said, with a little dignity: "When you know him, you will love him as I do. When I compare other people with him, they seem so weak and little. Our hearts are so cold; our loves are mixed up with so many other things. But he—no one is worthy of his love. I am not. It is so great and pure."

"You need not make yourself unhappy on that point—your poor return for his love, my dear," said Lyndall. "A man's love is a fire of olive wood. It leaps higher every moment; it roars, it blazes, it shoots out red flames; it threatens to wrap you round and devour you—you who stand by like an icicle in the glow of its fierce warmth. You are self reproached at your own chilliness and want of reciprocity. The next day, when you go to warm your hands a little, you find a few ashes. 'Tis a long love and cool against a short love and hot. Men, at all events, have nothing to complain of."

"You speak so because you do not know men," said Em, instantly assuming the dignity of superior knowledge so universally affected by affianced and married women in discussing man's nature with their uncontracted sisters. "You will know them, too, some day, and then you will think differently," said Em, with the condescending magnanimity which superior knowledge can always afford to show to ignorance.

Lyndall's little lip quivered in a manner indicative of intense amusement. She twirled a massive ring upon her forefinger—a ring more suitable for the hand of a man and noticeable in design—a diamond cross let into gold, with the initials "R. R." below it.

"Ah, Lyndall," Em said, "perhaps you are engaged yourself—that is why you smile! Yes, I am sure you are. Look at this ring!"

Lyndall drew the hand quickly from her.

"I am not in so great a hurry to put my neck beneath any man's foot, and I do not so greatly admire the crying of babies," she said as she closed her eyes half wearily and leaned back in the chair. "There are other women glad of such work."

Em felt rebuked and ashamed. How could she take Lyndall and show her the white linen and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a little while and then began to talk about Trana and the old farm servants till she saw her companion was weary; then she rose and left her for the night. But after Em was gone Lyndall sat on, watching the old crone's face in the corner, and with a weary look, as though the whole world's weight rested on these frail young shoulders.

The next morning Waldo, starting off before breakfast with a bag of mealies slung over his shoulder to feed the ostriches, heard a light step behind him.

"Wait for me. I am coming with you," said Lyndall, adding as she came up to him: "If I had not gone to look for you yesterday, you would not have come to greet me till now. Do you not like me any longer, Waldo?"

"Yes; but—you are changed."

It was the old, clumsy, hesitating mode of speech.

"You liked the pinafores better?" she said quickly. She wore a dress of a simple cotton fabric, but very fashionably made, and on her head was a broad white hat. To Waldo she seemed superbly attired. She saw it. "My dress has changed a little," she said, "and I also, but not to you. Hang the bag over your other shoulder that I may see your face. You say so little that if one does not look at you you are an uncomprehended cipher. Waldo changed the bag, and they walked on side by side. "You have improved," she said. "Do you know that I have sometimes wished to see you while I was away; not often, but still sometimes?"

They were at the gate of the first camp now. Waldo threw over the bag of mealies, and they walked on over the dewy ground.

"Have you learned much?" he asked her simply, remembering how she had once said, "When I come back again, I shall know everything that a human being can."

She laughed.

"Are you thinking of my old boast? Yes; I have learned something, though hardly what I expected and not quite so much. In the first place, I have learned that one of my ancestors must have been a very great fool, for they say nothing comes out in a man but one of his forefathers possessed it before him. In the second place, I have discovered that of all cursed places under the sun, where the hungriest soul can hardly pick up a few grains of knowledge, a girls' boarding school is the worst. They are called finishing schools, and the name tells accurately what they are. They finish everything but imbecility and weakness, and that they cultivate. They are nicely adapted machines for experimenting on the question, 'Into how little space can a human soul be crushed?' I have seen some souls so compressed that they would have fitted into a small thimble and found room to move there—wide room. A woman who has been for many years at one of those places carries the mark of the beast on her till she dies, though she may expand a little afterward when she breathes in the free world."

"Were you miserable?" he asked, looking at her with quick anxiety.

"I? No. I am never miserable and never happy. I wish I were. But I should have run away from the place on the fourth day and hired myself to the first Boer woman whose farm I came to, to make fire under her soap pot, if I had to live as the rest of the drove did. Can you form an idea, Waldo, of what it must be to be shut up with cackling old women who are without knowledge of life, without love of the beautiful, without strength, to have your soul cultured by them? It is suffocation only to breathe the air they breathe, but I made them give me room. I told them I should leave, and they knew I came there on my own account. So they gave me a bedroom without the companionship of one of those things that were having their brains slowly diluted and squeezed out of them. I did not learn music, because I had no talent, and when the drove made cushions and hideous flowers that the roses laugh at and a footstool in six weeks that a machine would have made better in five minutes I went to my room. With the money saved from such work I bought books and newspapers, and at night I sat up. I read and epitomized what I read, and I found time to write some plays and find out how hard it is to make your thoughts look anything but imbecile fools when you paint them with ink on paper. In the holidays I learned a great deal more. I made acquaintances, saw a few places and many people and some different ways of living, which is more than any books can show one. On the whole, I am not satisfied with my four years. I have not learned what I expected, but I have learned something else. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"That is not possible. I shall find out by and by."

They still stepped on side by side over the dewy bushes. Then suddenly she turned on him.

"Don't you wish you were a woman, Waldo?"

"No," he answered readily.

She laughed.

"I thought not. Even you are too worldly wise for that. I never met a man who did. This is a pretty ring," she said, holding out her little hand that the morning sun might make the diamonds sparkle. "Worth £50 at least. I will give it to the first man who tells me he would like to be a woman. There might be one on Robbin Island [lunatics at the Cape are sent to Robbin Island] who would win it perhaps, but I doubt it even there. It is delightful to be a woman, but every man thanks the Lord devoutly that he isn't one."

She drew her hat to one side to keep the sun out of her eyes as she walked. Waldo looked at her so intently that he stumbled over the bushes. Yes, this was his little Lyndall who had worn the check pinafores. He saw it now, and he walked closer beside her. They reached the next camp.

"Let us wait at this camp and watch the birds," she said as an ostrich hen came bounding toward them with velvety wings outstretched, while far away over the bushes the head of the cock was visible as he sat brooding on the eggs.

Lyndall folded her arms on the gate bar, and Waldo threw his empty bag on the wall and leaned beside her.

"I like these birds," she said; "they share each other's work and are companions. Do you take an interest in the position of women, Waldo?"

"No."

"I thought not. No one does unless they are in need of a subject upon which to show their wit. And as for you, from of old you can see nothing that is not separated from you by a few millions of miles and strewed over with mystery. If women were the inhabitants of Jupiter, of whom you had happened to hear something, you would pore over us and our condition night and day, but because we are before your eyes you never look at us. You care nothing that this is ragged and ugly," she said, putting her little finger on his sleeve, "but you strive mightily to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of women. I should have liked us to be friends, and it is the only thing about which I think much or feel much, if, indeed, I have any feeling about anything," she added flippantly, readjusting her dainty little arms. "When I was a baby, I fancy my parents left me out in the frost one night, and I got nipped internally. It feels so."

"I have only a few old thoughts," he said, "and I think them over and over again, always beginning where I left off. I never get any further. I am weary of them."

"Like an old hen that sits on its eggs month after month and they never come out?" she said quickly. "I am so pressed in upon by new things that, lest they should trip one another up, I have to keep forcing them back. My head swings sometimes. But this one thought stands, never goes—if I might but be one of those born in the future; then perhaps to be born a woman will not be to be born branded."

Waldo looked at her. It was hard to say whether she were in earnest or mocking.

"I know it is foolish. Wisdom never kicks at the iron walls it can't bring down," she said. "But we are cursed, Waldo, born cursed from the time our mothers bring us into the world till the shrouds are put on us. Do not look at me as though I were talking nonsense. Everything has two sides—the outside that is ridiculous, and the inside that is solemn."

"I am not laughing," said the boy sedately enough. "But what curses you?"

He thought she would not reply to him, she waited so long.

"It is not what is done to us, but what is made of us," she said at last, "that wrongs us. No man can be really injured but by what modifies himself. We all enter the world little plastic beings, with so much natural force perhaps, but for the rest—blank, and the world tells us what we are to be and shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To you it says—work, and to us it says—seem! To you it says, As you approximate to man's highest ideal of God, as your arm is strong and your knowledge great, and the power to labor is with you, so you shall gain all that human heart desires. To us it says: Strength shall not help you, nor knowledge, nor labor. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means. And so the world makes men and women.

"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person, but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun and the wisdom to use it and the deep, loving heart of an angel, it would not stand me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter she is for climbing. I once heard an old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle, and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled, "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us. 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say, 'your little face will burn and your nice white dress be spoiled.' We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said, but we cannot understand, and we kneel still with one little cheek wistfully pressed against the pane. Afterward we go and thread blue beads and make a string for our neck, and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we were not to spoil and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life—we are contented. We fit our sphere as a Chinese woman's foot fits her shoe, exactly, as though God had made both—and yet he knows nothing of either. In some of us the shaping to our end has been quite completed. The parts we are not to use have been quite atrophied and have even dropped off, but in others, and we are not less to be pitied, they have been weakened and left. We wear the bandages, but our limbs have not grown to them; we know that we are compressed, and chafe against them.

"But what does it help? A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers, and then we go with the drove. A woman must march with her regiment. In the end she must be trodden down or go with it, and if she is wise she goes.

"I see in your great eyes what you are thinking," she said, glancing at him. "I always know what the person I am talking to is thinking of. How is this woman who makes such a fuss worse off than I? I will show you by a very little example. We stand here at this gate this morning, both poor, both young, both friendless. There is not much to choose between us. Let us turn away just as we are, to make our way in life. This evening you will come to a farmer's house. The farmer, albeit you come alone and on foot, will give you a pipe of tobacco and a cup of coffee and a bed. If he has no dam to build and no child to teach, tomorrow you can go on your way with a friendly greeting of the hand. I, if I come to the same place tonight, will have the strange questions asked me, strange glances cast on me. The Boer wife will shake her head and give me food to eat with the Kaffirs and a right to sleep with the dogs. That would be the first step in our progress—a very little one, but every step to the end would repeat it. We were equals once when we lay, newborn babes, on our nurses' knees. We will be equals again when they tie up our jaws for the last sleep."

Waldo looked in wonder at the little, quivering face. It was a glimpse into a world of passion and feeling wholly new to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A POPULAR INK.

David's celebrated writing fluid kept in stock at the INDEPENDENT office is now used at the

Post Office,
State & Foste, Bankers,
Treasurer's Office, Court House,
Assessor's Office, Court House,
Supt. Schools, Court House,
T. H. & E. B. Tongue, Law Office,
Smith & Bowman, Law Office,
H. Wehrung & Sons, Merchants,
P. O. Brown, Furniture Dealer,
Hillsboro Pub. Co., Printers,
Private Citizens.

The fluid when first used on paper is of a beautiful bluish tinge but after exposure it turns to a jet black. It will not fade in the brightest sun-light. No sediment is left in the ink well and it does not become thick or clotted.

Try a bottle of it.

Portland Business College

Portland, Oregon

A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL.B., Principal. J. A. WISCO, Penman & Secretary.

THE BUSY WORLD OF BUSINESS

gives profitable employment to hundreds of our graduates, and will to thousands more. Send for our catalogue. Learn *what* and *how* we teach. Verily,

A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS

SAVE YOUR STAR TIN TAGS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

	TAGS.		TAGS.
1 Match Box	25	21 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Theromometer, Barometer	500
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25	24 Gun case, leather, no better made	500
3 Scissors, 5½ inches	25	25 Revolver, automatic, double action, 32-Calibber	500
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25	26 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools	750
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50	27 Tea Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
6 French Briar Wood Pipe	25	28 Remington Rifle No. 4, Fine Steel, octagon barrel, sterling silver full jeweled	1000
7 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50	29 Revolver Case, leather, handsome and durable	1000
8 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	50	30 Sewing Machine, first-class, with all attachments	1000
9 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best qual.	50	31 Revolver, Colt's, 38-caliber, blued steel	1000
10 Stamp Box, sterling silver	75	32 Rifle, Colt's, Model, 38-caliber	1500
11 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	75	33 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid	2000
12 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-in. blade	75	34 Machine, very handsome	2000
13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch	75	35 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge	2000
14 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver plated	80	36 Revolver, standard make, ladies or gents	2500
15 Base Ball, "Association," best qual.	100	37 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammerless	3000
16 Alarm Clock, nickel	150	38 Harper's Music Box, 15½ inch Disc	5000
17 Six Genuine Rogers' Teaspoons, best plated goods	150		
18 Watch, nickel, stem wind and set	200		
19 Carvers, good steel, buckhorn handles	200		
20 Six Genuine Rogers' Table Spoons, best plated goods	250		
21 Six each, Knives and Forks, buckhorn handles	250		
22 Six each, Genuine Rogers' Knives and Forks, best plated goods	300		

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30TH, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags (that is, Star tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag), are not good for premiums, but will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if received by us on or before March 1st, 1900.

BEAR IN MIND that a dime's worth of

STAR PLUG TOBACCO

will last longer and afford more pleasure than a dime's worth of any other brand. MAKE THE TEST!

Send tags to CONTINENTAL TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

A Mother's Plain Words

"I suppose you will be astonished when I tell you that six years ago I was in a most dangerous condition with bronchitis and lung trouble, because you can see how well and strong I am now. The attack at that time caused terrible pain in my chest and lungs. I could hardly move, and to stoop caused intense suffering. Someone advised Acker's English Remedy, and I thought I would try it, although I confess that down in my heart I had little faith in it. The first bottle gave great relief, and the second bottle made me the healthy woman I am today. My husband's lungs are weak also, and he cured himself with the same grand old remedy. Our boy and girl have both been saved by it from death by croup. I know this is so, for when they were attacked in the night I had a bottle in the house, and by acting quickly that fatal malady was easily overcome. We always give it to the children when they have a cough or cold, and we would not be without it for anything. My sister will tell you also, if you ask her, that it is a medicine that can always be depended upon for all the troubles of the breathing organs. I tell all our neighbors about Acker's English Remedy whenever I get a chance, and there are plenty of people around Mechanicsville, N. Y., where I live, who would no more think of going to bed at night without a bottle of it in the house than they would of leaving their doors wide open. As I look at it, parents are criminally responsible when they allow their children to die under their very eyes with croup, because here is a certain remedy that will conquer the terrible monster every time."

(Signed) MRS. FLOYD FOWLER.

Acker's English Remedy is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. 25c., 50c., and $1 a bottle in United States and Canada. In England, 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

We authorize the above guarantee. W. H. HOOKER & CO., Proprietors, New York

For Sale by The Delta Drug Store

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points. . . .

For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write . . . . . .

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pas. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis. or JAS. A. CLOW, General Agent, 246 Stark

Karl's Clover Root Tea

Beautifies the Complexion, Purifies the Blood, gives a Fresh, Clear Skin, Cures Constipation, Indigestion, and all Eruptions of the Skin. An agreeable Laxative Nerve Tonic. Sold on absolute guarantee by all Druggists at 25c., 50c, and $1.00.

D. C. WELLS & CO., LEROY, N. Y. SOLE PROPRIETORS

For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair losing. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Denver and Rio Grande

RAILROAD.

Scenic Line of the World

Weekly Excursions

TO THE

EAST

Upholstered Tourist Sleepers

In charge of experienced conductors and porters.

Mondays To Kansas City Chicago Buffalo, Boston without transfer, via Salt Lake Mo. Pacific and Chicago and Alton Ry.

Tuesdays To Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without change via Salt Lake, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Wednesdays To St Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, without change via Burlington Route.

Thursdays To Kansas City and St. Louis, without change via Salt Lake & Missouri Pacific Railway.

A day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.

A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.

Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion.

For rates and all information, call on or address

R. C. MCHGL, Gen'l Agent. F. R. Duffy, Travelling Agent, 251 Washington Street, Portland Oregon.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Denver Colorado.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

EAST SOUTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—OF THE—

SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

				North
6.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	9.30 A M
8.15 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	8.30 P M

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

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8.20 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4.30 P M
5.20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7.30 A M

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

AND

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	5.50 P M
8.50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4.20 P M
11.55 A M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1.20 P M

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

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

1.50 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8.25 A M
6.10 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7.13 A M
7.30 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5.50 A M
8.30 P M		Independence		4.50 A M

Through Tickets

To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. F. Friscell agent or John H. Gault at the Independent office Hillsboro.

S. SOEHLER, Manager, Portland. C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Ag't. n4-f

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK

On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that everyone take an interest and forward such addresses to W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co. Portland.

O.R.&N.

Depart for	TIME SCHEDULE. From Portland	From
Fast mail 8 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, & East.	Fast mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:45 p m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & east	Spokane Flyer 8:00 a. m
8 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. For San Francisco sails every five days	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex Sundy Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia River To Astoria and way Landings	4 p. m. ex. Sundy
6 a. m. Ex Sundy	Willamette Rive Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & way-landings.	4:30 p. m ex. Sund
7 a. m. Tuesday Thursday and Satur	Willamette & Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and way landings	3:30 p. m Mo., We and Fride
6 a. m. TuesThur and Sat.	Willamette River Corvallis and way landings	4:30 p.m Tues Th and Sa.
Lv Riparia 1.20 Daily	Snake River Riparia to Lewiston	8:30 a.m.

Address, W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Dodwell Carlill & Co. Gen'l Agts. Nor. Pac. S. S. Co.

Portland, Oregon.

MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,

DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.

Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood in all its complications; Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.

Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.

We will guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.

Consultation FREE and strictly private. *CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.* Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)

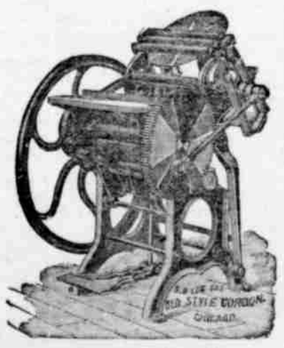
VISIT DR. JORDAN'S Great Museum of Anatomy

the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. *CATALOGUE FREE.* Call or write.

1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WE DO THE BEST JOB PRINTING IN THE COUNTY.

Prices Reasonable



Quick Work

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Prices on application

We are still offering you the

INDEPENDENT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN,

one year for only $2.00.

Address all orders to

INDEPENDENT

Hillsboro, Oregon