VALLEY RECORD.

ASHLAND OR., THURSDAY August 14 1890

The People's Paper.

Office in McCall's Hall, up-stairs; stairs on north side of Masonic building.

Entered in the Postoffice at Ashland as Second Class mail matter.

Authorized Agents.

The following parties are authorized to receipt for subscriptions, advertisements, job printing, etc. Any favors shown them will be duly appreciated by the VALLEY RECORD:

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Linkville .... E. B. Hatton
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The circuit court for the First Judicial district sets in Jackson county on first Monday in April, September and December. In Klamath county on Second Monday in June and first Monday in November. In Lake county on the third Monday in May and the second Monday in October. In Josephine county on first Mondays in March and August

For Jackson county the County, Probate and Commissioners courts meet every month, commencing with the first Monday; for Josephine county, the first Monday in January, April, July and September; for Lake county, every alternate month, commencing the first Monday in January; for Klamath county, the first Wednesday in March, June, September and November.

CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Church, corner Main and Helman streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. Young People's Meeting, 6 o'clock P. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening.
REV. F. G. STRANGE, Pastor.

METHODIST.

Church, corner Main and Bush streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School, 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening; Young People's Meeting, Sunday 6 P. M. Ladies' Aid Society, Wednesday 2 P. M.
REV. C. A. LEWIS, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

Church, corner Church and High streets. Regular Services.—Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. Christian Endeavor Society, 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening. Covenant Meeting, Saturday before third Sunday in each month, 2 P. M. Ladies' Social, second Tuesday eve in each month.
REV. F. K. VANTASSEL, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Church, cor. Main street and Boulevard. Regular Services.—Sunday, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Prayer Meeting, every Thursday evening.
REV. G. J. WEBSTER, Pastor.

CATHOLIC.

Church, corner Sixth and B streets. Regular Services.—Every fourth Sunday, 10 A. M. Sunday School, every fourth Sunday, 3 P. M. FATHER F. S. NOEL, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Services in Baptist church, cor. Church and High streets, second and fourth Sundays, 3 P. M. REV. F. B. TICKNOR, Pastor.

DUNKARD.

Church on Granite street. Services every quarter, and oftener.

SECULAR UNION.

Ashland Secular Union No 1, meets at McCall's Hall the first Sunday in every month, at 7 o'clock p m.
W N LUCKY, Pres.
H S Evans, sec'y.

W. N. LUCKEY,

Real Estate Agent,

ASHLAND, : : : OREGON.

Will Sell, Rent and Handle Real Estate on Commission

A Choice Collection of City and Country Property for sale.

Any person wishing to sell property will find it to their interest to call and see us

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY

Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post free, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave. New York

A fifty pound salmon was caught in a net in Rogue river last week.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., June 3, 1890.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Al. Hopkins, of Shake, county of Jackson, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the S ½ of N W ¼ and E ½ of S W ¼ of sec No. 6, in tp 40, S R No. 4 E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Or., on Thursday the 21st day of August, 1890.

He names as witnesses: William A. Nelson of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Frank McCracken of White Point, Jackson county, Or., Thomas E. Stanley of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., Edward A. Hildreth of Ashland, Jackson county, Or.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of August, 1890.

CHAS. W. JOHNSTON, Register.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., June 3, 1890.

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He names as witnesses: Frank McCracken, of White Point, Jackson county, Or., Al. Hopkins, of Shake, Jackson county, Or., George A. Blood, of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Edward Campbell, of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal.

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He names as witnesses: Thomas E. Stanley, of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., George A. Blood, of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Edward Campbell, of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., William Nelson, of Ashland, Jackson county, Or.

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He names as witnesses: Thomas E. Stanley of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., Edward Campbell of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., Edward A. Hildreth of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Frank McCracken of White Point, Jackson county, Or.

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He names as witnesses: Edward Campbell, of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., George A. Blood and Edward A. Hildreth, of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Frank McCracken, of White Point, Or.

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CHAS. W. JOHNSTON Register

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He names as witnesses: George A. Blood, and Edward A. Hildreth, of Ashland, Jackson county, Or., Thomas E. Stanley, of Klamath City, Siskiyou county, Cal., Frank McCracken, of White Point, Jackson county, Oregon.

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CHAS. W. JOHNSTON, Register.

Milch Cow For Sale.

A NICE YOUNG MILCH COW, with calf, for sale. Inquire for price, etc., at the RECORD office.

THE STOLEN PASSPORTS.

I was just settling down for a quiet evening by the stove when an orderly threw the door open and rushed into the room.

"Capt. Sasha, a dispatch!" he cried, handing me one of those little official blue envelopes which I knew so well.

I tore it open and read the contents:

To Capt. Sasha, Commander of Frontier Station on the Vistula.
Detain Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogram. They will reach you shortly. GEN. JORKA.

"A bad night for travelers to be on the road," I could not help thinking, for the rain was falling in torrents.

I was commander of the Russian frontier station at Dama, which lies on the great high road between Russia and the Austrian city of Cracow, and only a half mile distant was the river Vistula, which divides the dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the dominions of the czar.

It was my duty to examine the passports of all travelers coming either way, and to scrutinize their luggage, to see that no Russian products were smuggled into Austria, or vice versa.

For the last few days there had been little to do. Warm weather—unusual at this time of year—had set in, and the roads were in bad condition for traveling.

The dispatch I had just received had been brought on horseback from the nearest telegraph station, nearly five miles distant, and from the signature at the bottom I knew it must be a matter of some importance, for Gen. Jorka was the minister of police and his very name a terror to evil doers.

I instructed my men to watch the roads with extra care.

The evening wore on slowly and at midnight no one had arrived. I came to the conclusion that the expected travelers had either been apprehended before they reached the frontier or had postponed their journey on account of the bad weather, so I determined to go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest.

The wind and rain kept me awake a long while, and just as I was about dropping off into slumber the sound of sleigh bells woke me up again, and in a moment or two a sharp tap at the door summoned me down stairs. I dressed and went down.

Two travelers were waiting to see me, two big, powerful fellows, wrapped up in furs and greatcoats, which they kept closely buttoned, for the fire had gone out. I judged at once that these were the men I wanted, for though their clothes and furs gave evidence of wealth and refinement their faces hardly seemed to accord.

But a surprise was in store for me. When they handed over their passports I found, to my consternation, that they bore the names of Alexis Zamose and Sergius Melikoff, and were properly stamped and signed.

To hide my confusion I made some inquiries, and they very frankly informed me that they were merchants of St. Petersburg, who were going to Cracow on business.

"Had they met any person on the road?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the smooth faced man, "they had passed two men early in the evening, but their horses seemed to be lame, and they were moving very slowly."

I hesitated a moment, and then ordered an examination to be made of their baggage—a proceeding to which they offered no objection. Everything in their valises, however, was all right, and their linen and toilet cases were stamped with their initials.

I felt that I had no authority to detain them, and yet I hated to see them go, for I had a presentiment that all was not right. To add to my suspicions the man with the beard was nervous and agitated, a fact which he did his utmost to conceal.

I knew too well, however, what would be the result of a blunder committed through excess of authority, so I determined to be on the safe side; and after a delay, which I stretched out as far as possible, I told them they were free to proceed.

I escorted them to the door, where a low, one seated sleigh awaited them, drawn by a pair of horses which I saw at a glance had been hard driven.

At the last moment I had half made up my mind to detain them, but with a hasty salute they stepped into the sleigh and drove rapidly eastward, where dawn was already dappling the sky.

There was no use in going back to bed, so I went in and stirred up the fire and sat down to smoke a cigar and wait for daylight.

Now that it was too late I felt sorry I had let the men go, for the more I thought over it the more certain I felt that there was something wrong about them. It had stopped raining and begun to blow up cold, and I saw that it would probably be a busy day.

I had already finished breakfast when a trampling of horses and a tinkling of bells drew me to the door, and, to my surprise, I saw bearing rapidly down upon the station a small detachment of mounted cossacks, surrounding a sleigh with two men in it, who I made sure were the parties I was looking for, an opinion which seemed to be verified when they drew up, for the men were rather rough looking fellows, and wore heavy cloaks of coarse material, and great astrachan caps, that came forward over their ears. I was soon undeceived.

"These travelers claim to have been robbed, captain," said the cossack officer, saluting. "They will tell you their story, and, meantime, we await your orders."

The travelers hurried inside, and I followed with a sinking heart.

"We are the victims of an infamous outrage, sir," said one of them. "My name is Alexis Zamose, and this is my friend, Sergius Melikoff. We were journeying to Cracow, and while passing through the forest last evening two armed strangers in a sleigh overtook us, and, overpowering us, they took all our possessions, made us give up our furs in exchange for these wretched garments and stole our passports, and then cutting our horse loose they drove him off in the darkness and took flight. On foot we made our way back to the nearest village, and were so fortunate as to fall in with these brave soldiers, who procured us a horse and accompanied us thus far on our journey."

With inward rage I listened to this strange tale, realizing only too clearly the mistake I had made, and my feelings may be imagined when the man handed me two folded papers, saying: "These, sir, are the passports the villains were so considerate as to give us in exchange for our own."

I tore them open. They were made out to Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogram.

"The rascals have escaped!" I cried angrily. "They passed through not two hours ago, and I dared not detain them."

"And is it too late to overtake them," cried Alexis Zamose.

"Too late. They have crossed the Vistula an hour ago."

"The government shall atone for this," the two men cried out together. They would see if travelers were to be robbed with impunity on the czar's high road.

I was vainly endeavoring to pacify them, when a soldier entered the room.

"Captain," he said, "the Vistula has risen. The bridge was carried away at daybreak."

"Those two travelers!" I demanded eagerly. "Did they get across in time?"

"No, captain. They started for the upper bridge."

"Then we'll have them yet!" I cried. "Call out the guard at once. Don't lose a second."

I buckled on my sword, seized my cloak and hat, and rushed to the door, where my horse already awaited me.

My own men were mounting in haste and the Cossacks sat motionless in their saddles.

A moment more would have seen us off, when a solitary rider came in sight far up the road, and presently reined up before us, panting and breathless.

"Orders from the czar!" he cried, vaulting from the saddle. "Have Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogram passed this station?"

I briefly explained the situation.

"They must be arrested at all hazards!" he cried. "They left St. Petersburg with forged passports. It was discovered only yesterday."

"And who are these men?" I asked.

"They are Shamerin and Kharkoff," replied the messenger, "the assassins of Gen. Orloy."

It was of grave importance, indeed, that they should be captured, and mounting in haste we dashed away at full speed, leaving the czar's messenger to enjoy the comforts of the station, for he had been riding all night and badly needed rest.

Our course led eastward to the Vistula and then turned off to the south, following a rugged and little traveled road through the hills, which led eventually to another bridge over the Vistula, some twenty miles further down the stream. It was bad enough for a horseman; for a sleigh it was terrible.

I rode in advance, side by side with Capt. Karaman, the commander of the Cossacks.

We thundered at headlong speed over the frozen ground, sure of our prey—for on the road before us, fast freezing up in the morning air, were the tracks of hoof and runner imprinted in the slush. At intervals through the hill gaps we caught sight of the Vistula, a turbid, yellow mass, swirling past with its burden of floating ice.

We must travel still faster. The upper bridge was a heavier, more solid structure, little likely to be carried off by even such a flood as this. We must overtake them before they reached it.

We drove the spurs into our panting horses and the forest and barren hillsides shot past us in one flying panorama as we galloped like the wind over the frozen ground, rounding bend after bend, only to see the same empty, glittering stretch of road fading in mockery into the frosty atmosphere.

Furlong on furlong, mile after mile, and still they kept ahead with a speed that seemed incredible.

"Look!" cried Capt. Karaman under his frosted beard. "The tracks are still soft. We shall soon see them."

Straggling houses came in sight, and the people ran to their doors in wonder as we swept past like a whirlwind—Karaman's Cossacks of the Volga, somber and stern in their great black cloaks and shakos; my dragoons a trifle more picturesque, with their green uniforms and waving plumes.

We galloped through the little village of Kaban—only five miles now to the bridge—and as we swept round the brow of a hill in the distance we saw a black speck on the frozen road.

Even as Karaman pointed it out it vanished over a ridge. We thundered on in hot pursuit, losing sight of it sometimes, but all the while steadily gaining, until, from a vague dark object, it assumed shape and form, and we could plainly make out a sleigh and two horses.

With fierce joy I saw it drawing closer and closer. They were lashing the horses with furious desperation, but the poor brutes were fast giving out.

Barely a quarter of a mile lay between us now, and that distance was diminishing very rapidly. We were going down a gentle slope, when suddenly Capt. Karaman cried: "The bridge! Do you see the bridge?"

Crossing the road far ahead of us was a gleaming bit of water spanned by a narrow wooden bridge. It was not the Vistula, but a puny mountain stream—one of the tributaries of the Vistula whose existence I had forgotten.

It was possible, I thought, to overtake the assassins before they could reach it; and even if we failed it mattered little, for the Vistula was still a mile or more away. We swept over the icy ground at a dangerous speed, and I felt like shouting out with triumph, for the sleigh was running slower and slower and the capture of the men seemed certain.

I called to them to surrender, but they made no reply, though they must have seen how hopeless their situation was.

The bridge was very close now, and I saw at a glance that it was giving way, for the stream was high and swollen, and great cakes of ice were crushing against the wooden piles.

"Look out, they are going to fire," cried Karaman, suddenly. And as he spoke the smooth faced man half rose in his seat and, turning round, pointed a gun directly at us. I heard the report and felt the whiz of the bullet past my ear. Then came a puff of white smoke and a second shot; and with a cry of pain the Cossack behind me sprang up from his saddle and rolled down on the icy road, while his riderless horse reared with fright.

"The scoundrels!" hissed Karaman through his set teeth. "If we only dared fire on them!"

But this was exactly what we dared not do. They must be taken alive at all hazards. In the excitement I had forgotten all about the bridge, and closing up we dashed on in rapid pursuit.

The assassins had nearly reached the edge of the stream now. The bearded man was plying the whip savagely, and his companion was standing, gun in hand, holding his fire apparently until we should come a little nearer.

Faster and faster—and now the stream was before us, a raging, roaring torrent, flashing by with terrible velocity, and still the fugitives madly lashed their jaded horses.

An instant more and the panic stricken brutes dashed upon the swaying, trembling structure; and then, with a mighty crash and blinding cloud of spray and snow, bridge, sleigh and all crumbled into the torrent; and with a terrible effort we checked our trembling horses on the very brink.

For a moment I could see nothing, and then Karaman pointed out the two assassins huddled together on a great cake of ice that was whirling rapidly down the stream. The horses and sleigh were nowhere to be seen.

A peasant was speedily found who led us through the forest to the shores of the Vistula, at a point close to the mouth of the tributary stream.

On the other side rose the Austrian military station, but no trace of the assassins could be discovered; and, from the swollen condition of the river, I believed it impossible that they could have been saved. Capt. Karaman was of the same opinion, so we gave up the search, and rode back to the station. The cossack who had been shot was not fatally injured, and gave promise of recovering in a few weeks.

I made out my report and forwarded it to headquarters, and a fortnight later I was exonerated from all blame, much to my relief, for very unjust and arbitrary decisions are sometimes made in such cases.

What their fate was I never certainly knew. Long afterward an Austrian traveling to St. Petersburg informed me that Shamerin and Kharkoff had been seen in Vienna, and were supposed to be editing a revolutionist journal; but I have grave doubts of the Austrian's veracity, and in my opinion the two assassins perished in the icy waters of the Vistula.—New York World.

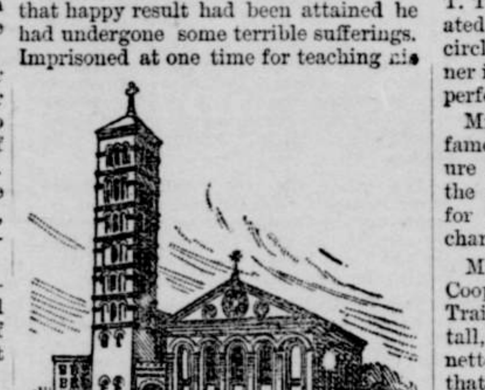
THE JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

It Is Being Built in Honor of the First American Missionary.

On Aug. 9, 1788, was born into the world a boy who was destined before his career in ripe old manhood was over to earn for himself a name and make a record in the religious world, to be known, beloved and honored of all men. And now, nearly a hundred and two years after his birth, has just been laid the corner stone of a fitting monument to his life and holy labors, the Judson Memorial Baptist church, at the corner of Washington place and Thompson street, in New York city.

Very many years ago, when religious America conceived the idea of sending into foreign lands missionaries bearing the standard of Christianity, the Rev. Adoniram Judson was selected as the man most fitting to be the pioneer. Cheerfully he accepted the work assigned him, and thus he shines in history as the first American missionary.

The scene of his labors was among the fanatical Burmese, and there he toiled for a period of forty years. He translated the entire Scriptures into the Burmese language, and eventually had the proud satisfaction of numbering his converts by the thousands. But before that happy result had been attained he had undergone some terrible sufferings. Imprisoned at one time for teaching his



JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

belief, he lay twenty-one months in the fearful prison of Oung-Pen-La, at Ava, subjected to savage cruelties and marked with scars that he bore to his dying day. While returning home from one of his missionary trips he died at sea and was buried in the Indian ocean.

And it is to perpetuate the memory of this zealous Christian worker that the Judson Memorial church is to be built. The conception and execution of the plan should be credited to Rev. Edward Judson, the missionary's son.

The church will be a handsome structure, 130 feet wide and 100 feet deep, and facing Fifth avenue, opposite the Washington Memorial arch. The style of architecture will be Romanesque, accentuated by a strong admixture of the early basilica, and the tower will be 165 feet high. There will be seven magnificent memorial windows, all of which are already provided for.

The total cost of the edifice will be $320,500, of which $230,970 has already been subscribed.

A BEAUTIFUL DECEPTION.

The Mirage Lake in One of San Francisco's Parks.

San Francisco has discovered a new wonder within her borders—a mirage that transforms the broad roads and green lawns of Golden Gate park into a beautiful lake. The phenomenon may be seen throughout the day, but shows to best advantage early in the morning

AN EARLY MORNING VIEW.

from a point where the main road from the McAllister street entrance and the North Ridge road converge. All the usual details of a mirage are carried out, and to the observer the distant pedestrian or wagon on entering the charmed confines appears to be going deeper and deeper into the depths of a placid lake until the center is reached, and then to begin the outward progress. The mirage can be seen as long as there is daylight, no matter whether the skies are clear or cloudy.

The First Woman Lawyer in France.

France is doing her best to keep up with the times, and recently turned another lap in the race of progress when she admitted a woman to the practice of the law for the first time. Her name is Sarmisa Bilsesco and she is 23 years old. She went to Paris from Bucharest, her

MLLE. SARMISA BILSESCO.

native city, where, when she was only 16 years old, she had been made a bachelor of arts, and a year later had received the degree of bachelor of science. For five years she has studied in Paris, and her recent success shows that she is a woman of force as well as intellect, for her admission to the bar was bitterly opposed by many influential men.

Two Veteran Merchants.

Mr. Horace G. Tucker, senior member of the firm of J. L. Fairbanks & Co., who is still in active business, has been in the same store for fifty-four years. N. P. H. Willis has been sixty-two years in one store, 52 and 54 North Market street. Mr. Willis began there in the summer of 1828.—Boston Journal.

"But There Are Things."

"Never cry over spilt milk, dearest."

Penelope—But if the milk happens to be condensed and you get a cold slab or two on your new skirt?—American Grocer.

Mlle. Louise Michel says she looks back with much pleasure upon many of the days she spent in prison. "They are, in fact," she adds, "among the happiest days of my life."

BREVITIES

THE GENTLER SEX.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, is the editor of The Legal News, and is an indefatigable worker for the rights of women.

Mrs. Reagan, wife of the Texan senator, learned shorthand, without a teacher, in order to become her husband's private secretary.

The best shot of her sex must be the Countess Maria von Kensky, of Bohemia, who, one day last winter on her estate of Chlamce, shot 138 hares.

Mrs. Mary L. McGindley, of Duluth, recently admitted to the practice of law, is said to be the only woman so favored in Minnesota. She is the wife of a judge of that county.

Mrs. F. P. Fish is one of Chicago's pretty women. She is a tall brunette, with dark hair, lovely brown eyes and an exquisite complexion. She has a fine contralto voice.

Miss Mitchell, of Kingston, a graduate of Queen's university, who recently received a license to practice medicine, is the first woman in Canada to write M. D. after her name.

Mrs. Delia Cross, of Brooklyn, is now Mrs. Capt. Cross, of the schooner Oregon. This is said to be the first case in which a woman has become owner and master of a sea going vessel.

Miss Tisdel, the daughter of Col. W. T. Tisdel, of Washington, recently created a genuine surprise in theatrical circles in Paris by the admirable manner in which she acted at an amateur performance.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary-Raymond, the famous opera contralto, spends her leisure time during her summer outing at the seashore in knitting warm shawls for the poor old women who are on her charity visiting list.

Miss Cooper, niece of J. Fenimore Cooper, is a member of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses. She is a tall, slender, graceful girl of the brunette type, with the brilliant coloring of that class of beauty.

Miss Fawcett, with all her mathematics, is an expert needle woman and fond of embroidery. She has also a pretty taste for binding books, and has put some of her continental volumes into covers of her own designing and manufacture.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, whose painting "Love Barred Out" was bought in London by trustees of the Chantrey bequest for exhibition at South Kensington, is a native of Philadelphia who has lived in England with her husband for many years.

MEN YOU HEAR OF.

Tennyson does the greater part of his literary work in the morning between breakfast and lunch.

The Duke of Edinburgh, besides being a clever violin player, is an enthusiastic postage stamp collector.

Edwin Booth, who has himself played the part of Hamlet thousands of times, has never yet seen it played by any one else.

Cardinal Manning has always been an advocate of outdoor sports. To an indulgence in them he attributes his present health.

Pasteur has treated during the past three years 7,893 persons bitten by mad dogs, and of this number only thirty-three died.

The pope recently administered first communion with his own hands to the son of Gen. de Charette, the well known French Legitimist.

Mr. Gladstone, despite his vast wealth, is almost penurious in personal matters. He wears his clothes until they are threadbare, shiny and shabby.

Alexander Dumas has given to the Cluny museum the sword of the Marquis of Pesbara, husband of Vittoria Colonna and hero of the battle of Pavia in 1525.

The oldest official in point of service in America was the late James Lawrenson, who was connected with the Baltimore postoffice department seventy-one years.

Mr. McLeod, the new president of the Reading Railroad company, is 42 years of age, six feet tall, erect and broad shouldered, with a decisive and commanding air.

Renan, the great French religious thinker and writer, is a man of elephantine breadth of body, though not tall. He has a double chin, a large mouth, a large nose and small eyes.

Joe McAuliffe, the pugilist, recently arrived in London. The Referee says that in appearance he is certainly the finest man that has appeared in England as a pugilist since Freeman.

Verdi is reported from Geneva to be in excellent health, and although his white hair and flowing beard give him a venerable appearance, his eyes are full of fire. He will not admit that "Othello" is his last work, and says there is no telling what he may do yet if the inspiration comes to him.

As a strengthener of the digestive organs, Wright's Iron Tonic has no equal. Tones the entire nervous system and renews ebbing strength. Sold by T. K. Bolton.

A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE.

The publishers of THE CANADIAN QUEEN will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well known Magazine, "THE CANADIAN QUEEN." Additional Prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen U. S. 2c stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of presents and three month's trial subscription to THE QUEEN. Address—THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Ont.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER.

$20 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, and $15 for the Single Case Odell, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the Double Case Odell.

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Warranted to cure "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.

Is SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 6 boxes for $5.00 Sent by mail on receipt of price.

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A WRITTEN GUARANTEE is given for every $5.00 order received, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected.

We have thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, who have been permanently cured by the use of APHRODITINE.

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T K Bolton, Agent, Ashland, Oregon.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

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Shasta Line.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

South			North
6:00 p m	Lv Portland	Ar	9:35 a m
9:00 a m	Ar Ashland	Lv	6:10 p m
9:30 a m	Lv Ashland	Ar	5:40 p m
7:45 a m	Ar San Francisco	Lv	7:00 p m

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

Roseburg Mail Daily.

LEAVE:	ARRIVE:
Portland ... 8:00 a m	Roseburg ... 6:00 p m
Roseburg ... 6:00 a m	Portland ... 4:00 p m

Albany Local, Daily, (Except Sunday.)

LEAVE:	ARRIVE:
Portland ... 5:00 p m	Albany ... 9:00 p m
Albany ... 5:00 a m	Portland ... 9:00 a m

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

For accommodation of Second Class Passengers, attached to Express Trains.

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Between Portland and Corvallis.

MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

LEAVES:	ARRIVES:
Portland ... :30 a m	Corvallis ... 12:10 p m
Corvallis ... 12:55 p m	Portland ... 5:30 p m

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

Express Train Daily (Except Sunday.)

LEAVE:	ARRIVE:
Portland ... 4:40 p m	M'Minnville 7:25 pm
M'Minnville 5:45 am	Portland ... 8:20 a m

THROUGH TICKETS to all points EAST AND SOUTH.

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on company's agent at Ashland.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & Pass. Agt

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THE DELMONICO has been completely renovated and refitted by the undersigned, and will be conducted in a manner to please all its patrons

A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Give it a trial.

MR. AND MRS. WM. SCHRYER, Proprietors.
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Wanted,

A COOK AND WAITER, Girls preferred. For particulars address
MRS. B. F. BUTLER, Montague, Cal.

SOCIETY DIRECTORIES.

G. A. R.

BURNSIDE POST NO. 23.

Meets in Masonic Hall, on the 1st and 3d Saturday of each month. Visiting Comrades cordially welcomed.
MAX PRACHT, Commander.
J R Casey, Adjutant.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

GRANITE LODGE, NO. 23, Knights Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening Visiting Knights in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
WM PATTERSON, C C.
E T BARTLETT, K of R and S.

MASONIC.

SISKIYOU CHAPTER, NO. 21, R. A. M.

Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon.
W H ATKINSON, H P.
E B Myer, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications on the Thursday of or before the full moon.
E V MILLS, W M.
A C Caldwell, Secretary.

ALPHA CHAPTER, NO. 1, O. E. S.

Stated meetings on 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month.
MRS. J D CROCKER, W M.
Miss Kate Grady, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 45.

Hold regular meetings every Saturday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend
J. C. DURKEE, N G.
ROBT. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

PILOT ROCK ENCAMPMENT, NO. 16.

Meets in Odd Fellows's Hall every 2d and 4th Monday in each month. Members in good standing cordially invited to attend.
H. C. MYER, C P.
ROBT. TAYLOR, Scribe.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, NO. 24.

Meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows's Hall, Ashland.
MRS. R L BISH N. G
N. A. Jacobs, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

ASHLAND LODGE, NO. 66.

Meets in lodge room in Odd Fellows' Hall every FIRST and THIRD Wednesday in each month. All brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
N. A. JACOBS, M W.
B S RADCLIFF, Recorder.

CHOSEN FRIENDS.

FIDELITY COUNCIL NO. 1, OF OREGON.

Meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall. Members in good standing respectfully invited.
MRS. M. L. HICKS, Councellor.
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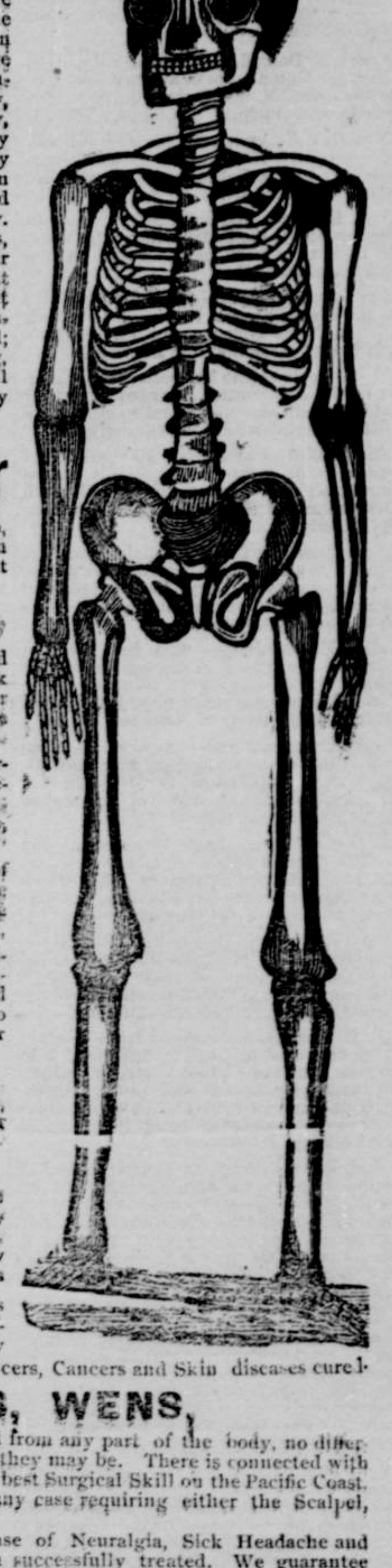
ST. LOUIS

Medical & Surgical DISPENSARY.

205 SECOND ST. NEAR TAYLOR, PORTLAND, OREGON.

ON THE FIRST FLOOR. NO STAIRS TO CLIMB.



The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Dispensary has been in business longer than any other Private Dispensary in this State, and say without fear of contradiction, that they treat more cases than any other Dispensary in the Northwest. The reason they have been here a long time and do such a large practice, is because every doctor connected with the St. Louis Dispensary, is a graduate of Medicine and Surgery, and had years of experience and they make it a point to cure all cases they take to, hence their patients when treated there, always speak a good word for the old St. Louis Dispensary.

Interesting specimens of Tumors, Wens and Cancers can be seen at their place of business. Just take a look at their front window and before you get humbugged by some of these advertising quacks in the city, just call around; a friendly talk will cost you nothing, and if you can be cured, they will tell you so frankly. They successfully treat all cases of

Kidney & Bladder

Troubles. Weak Back, Burning Urine, Frequency of Urinating, Urine High Colored or mixed with Milky Sediment when left standing.

READ THIS!

Take a clear bottle at bedtime and urinate in the bottle, set aside and look at it in the morning; if it is cloudy or a cloudy settling in it, you have some kind of Kidney or Bladder disease.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, lack of ambition, defective memory, loss of vigor or vitality, the results of errors and excesses, positively cured by new methods.

Blood and Skin diseases of every description, pains and nature promptly relieved, and every particle of Poison expelled from the system.

Unnatural Discharges speedily cured without detention from business. State history of your case and send stamp for question Lists, so as to describe plainly the symptoms of your particular disease.

Both sexes consult confidentially. Consultation free and sacred. Hours, 8 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12. Call on or write to us.

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The doctor guarantees to cure any case of Syphilis, Gonorrhea or Gleet, Strictures cured, no difference how long standing. Spermatorrhea, Loss of Manhood or Nightly Emissions cured permanently. The habit of Self-Abuse or Masturbation effectually cured in a short time. Old Sores, Ulcers, Cancers and Skin diseases cured.

TUMORS, WENS,

And all kinds of growths removed from any part of the body, no difference how long standing, or how large they may be. There is connected with the St. Louis Medical Dispensary, the best Surgical Skill on the Pacific Coast. Hence we are Prepared to undertake any case requiring either the Scalpel, Electricity or Medicine.

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SPECIAL!

As the new medical law went into effect August 29th, quite a number of concerns who were advertising in this city were compelled to leave town; but the law does not affect the St. Louis Dispensary, as every doctor connected with this institution is a regular graduate of medicine and surgery, with years of experience in chronic and private diseases of all kinds.