THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER

McMINNVILLE, - OREGON.

July - - - 24, 1890

ROYAL DAMES WHO SMOKE.

The Empress of Austria, who Fairly Devours Cigarettes.

The crusade against the use of tobacco during the past three centuries has been preached in vain. The consumption of the soothing herb first brought to Europe by the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, far from showing any sign of falling off, increases each year.

Nor is the use thereof restricted to men. The fair sex, whose nerves are much more highly strung, and whose hearts throb half as quickly again, are finding that the weed first dedicated to England's queen is infinitely more effective and innoxious a sedative than either chloral or morphine. It is true that in the United States the prejudice against smoking still remains, and there is a tendency to regard those who indulge in the habit as fast and even immoral.

But it is different in Europe. There not only the women of the most blue blooded aristocracy, but also a vast majority of the empresses, queens and princesses of the world, rest in the conviction that life bears a more beautiful aspect when seen through the opalescent clouds of fragrant smoke that issue from their delicate mouths.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria, smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and it has for many years been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running horizontally through it, which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening, already lit, on a gold salver. She says herself that smoking soothes her nerves and that whenever she feels "blue" a cigarette will do more than anything else to cause her to see things in a happier light. Spending much of her time in studies of a serious nature and in writing she smokes almost continually while thus engaged. On her writing table are always to be found a large silver box of repousse work filled with cigarettes, a match box of carved Chinese jade and a capacious ash-receiver made of the hoof of a favorite hunter, which broke its spine over a blackthorn hedge several years ago during one of the autumn meets at Schloss' Godollo in Hungary. The empress caused the handsome mare's front hoofs to be mounted in silver in the form of ash-receivers and gave one to the emperor, the other constituting always part and parcel of her dressing case wherever she goes. Almost mechanically does her majesty light cigarette after cigarette, as she sits at work in her great writing room at Godollo, which is fitted up with carved oak panels and goblin tapestries, the somewhat somber hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase. Any one who has the opportunity of examining closely the slender white hand of the imperial lady will certainly have noticed a faint yellow stain on the first and second fingers of the left hand caused by the cigarette. But this is assuredly the only deleterious effect which may be said to have resulted from her use of tobacco. Certainly her brain has not been dulled, nor her marvelous beauty impaired by nicotine. She still remains not only one of the loveliest, but also one of the most quick witted, spirituelle and intellectual women of the age.

Seen riding home in the evening from a meet at Godollo, or seated at her writing table the contours of her fine figure shown to perfection by the plain black tailor made gown that constitutes her customary dress, who is there who would venture to assert that there is the slightest trace of vulgarity in the cigarette held so daintily between the first and second fingers of her ungloved left hand.

The Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicottne, smokes in a somewhat more indolent, and one might almost say oriental fashion. Stretched on the silken cushions of a broad, low divan, at Gatchina, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes the rings of the blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air her boudoir which she calls her den, and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra, with palms in cloisome vases, raising their green banners against the gorgeous colors and gold of the walls. Heavy-hearted and and anxious as the charming sovereign of all the Russias often is, her mind filled with gruesome fears of a cruel death for those she loves best, she finds in the cigarette her greatest solace and she spends many an hour, her small partrician head crowned by its wealth of brown braids, reclining among the gold embroidered pillows of her couch, sending little clouds of smoke upward to the ceiling and slipping exquisite Caravan tea at $40 a pound. The latter is brought to her in a service made by the goldsmiths of the Deccan, who provide work beside which all the best that Europe can furnish appears clumsy, vulgar and inartistic.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is another of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco, and the coquettish way in which she toys with a verbena-scented papiletto can only be compared with the unequalled grace with which an Andalusian belle is went to dally with her fan. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through the fragrant clouds of smoke and she is went to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life.

King Humbert, who is still as much in love with his charming consort as on the day when he first brought home to the royal palace at Turin the lovely daughter of the duke of Genoa, delights in smoking his cigar in her company, and certainly prefers that he should be allowed to join his wife rather than to be relegated, as are so many other husbands, to a distant smoking-room and to temporary exile from so fair a presence.

Christine, queen regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little "Bubi," His most Catholic majesty, King Alphonse XIII, enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame t the end of her cigarette. When this engaged the little fellow laughs merrily and indulges in all sorts of antics like a light-hearted little monarch that he is, his dimpled shoulders as yet unburdened by the cares and anxieties of his lofty station.

The smoking paraphernalia of the beautiful and voluptuous looking ex-Queen Nathalie of Servia is of the most elaborate and magnificent description. While the poet queen of Romania, so well known in the literary world under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylvia," is content with a gold cigarette case suspended to her chatelaine.

The Comtesse de Paris is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor, and her daughter, Queen Amelia of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of Russian cigarettes at Dresden. All of the Russian grand duchesses and most of the imperial archduchesses of Austria, including Marie Therese, Elizabeth and Clothilde smoke to their heart's content and in the most public manner, and their example is followed by Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, who is a daughter of czar Nicholas by Queen Olga of Greece.

Queen Victoria has an intense horror of smoking, and it is prohibited at Windsor castle, at Balmoral and at Osborne. This, indeed is one of the reasons why the visits of the Prince of Wales to his august mother are so brief and so few and far between. For the heir apparent to the English throne is so little accustomed to self denial and so fond of smoking that he is scarcely ever to be seen for an hour together without a cigar or a cigarette between his lips, and cannot bear to go for any length of time without it. Of his sisters only the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne smokes, but both his wife and his daughters, especially Princess Maud, are accustomed to indulge in a cigarette when in their morning room at Sandringham or Marlborough house with Miss Bessie Knollys.

Many, in fact most of the great ladies of France, such as the Duchess de Mouchy, De la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville d'Uzes and De Maille are fond of cigarettes, the fashion having been set in France some five and thirty years ago by Empress Eugenia, who like all Spaniards, was never at her ease except when puffing clouds of fragrant smoke from her lips. Indeed during the Napoleonic regime there was scarcely a corner in the palaces of the Tuileries, St. Cloud or Compiegne that was not redolent with fumes of tobacco. Of the members of the imperial French court, Napoleon's cousin, Princess Mathilde (who, although over seventy years of age, has recently contracted a morganatic marriage with a young man of twenty-eight years of age, and bearing the peculiar name of "Porquet" —little porker), the Princesses de Sagan, the Duchess de Persigny, the Marquise de Galifet, the Marquise de Belboeuf and the Comtesse de Pourtales may every one of them have been said to have seen life only through hazy clouds of smoke. In Austria and Hungary all the great ladies divide their loyalty equally between their beloved emperor on one hand and King Nicotine on the other, and many is the time the Princesses Metternich, Leontine Furstenburg, Margravin, Pallavicini, Clam-Gallas, Countess Shonborn and Countess Andrassy, have been seen smoking on the race course of the Freudenau, or even in the Stadt Park, while listening to the strains of Strauss' orchestra.

It is in the Orient, however, that smoking has been developed into a fine art. Debarred from all the social pleasures and active mode of life of their European sisters, the ladies of the Zenana are restricted to gossip, coffee and tobacco. Nowhere else in the world are these things brought to such a standard of perfection. A fair idea of the importance attached thereto by Turkish women of high rank may be obtained by a visit to the harem of the Knedive of Egypt at the Ismailia palace on the banks of the Nile. The audience chamber of his highness' only wife is a casket fit for a jewel. The furniture is of ivory and mother of pearl, and the hangings of silvery satins embroidered with pale roses and violets in silk and silver thread. The ceiling and wood work are painted with groups of flowers, and the glass in the windows is milkwhite, whilst the floor is covered with thick white Aubusson rugs, strewn with a design of rose leaves and buds. Here lying back on a low velvet divan is the vice-queen, smiling welcome to the approaching visitor.

She is still extremely beautiful although a little too short. Her face is brilliant and lovely like a Titian, or a Rubens, her eyes are very large, dark and velvety, full of the slumberous fires of the Orient, her scarlet lips are like a double camellia petal and her skin the warm, creamy whiteness of a tea rose. She is generally clothed in white silken tissues cut "a l'Europenne" with a great profusion of marvelous lace and a perfect shower of pearls and diamonds glittering on her hair, on her bosom, encircling her wrists and covering her small white hands. Diamonds sparkle everywhere, the tobacco box which lies on a low inlaid table is stdded with them. The inkstand and penholder which adorn her writing desk are all ablaze with splended gems. Her highness' slippers are thickly sewn with brilliants, and more jewels form monograms on all the dainty nicknacks which surround her, from her gold foot-stool to her tortoise shell hand-glass. On her left breast she wears a miniature of her husband, framed in huge diamonds and rubies and around his waist is a broad band of the same stones, to which is suspended a band of snowy ostrich feathers, its handle incrusted with pearls, emeralds and saphires. In spite of all this profusion of jewelry there is nothing discordant or loud in the sovereigns appearance.

She always rises most graciously from her couch and extends her hand to the visitor, and during the course of the audience she talks both pleasantly and cleverly on the topics of the day, of which she is thoroughly cognizant. Soft-footed slaves hand round tiny jeweled cups filled with a fragrant beverage which in its way resembles the brown mixture that we in our ignorance are pleased to call coffee, and the vice queen herself offers her guests some rose-scented cigarettes. The air of the room is heavy with the perfume of innumerable blossoms, great bunches of orange buds, baskets of delicate orchids, of lilacs, of tea orchids and of gardenias are grouped on all the tables and stands for the Khedivia is passionately fond of flowers, and in the large drawing-room adjoining, which if all white and silver with velvet panels embroidered with silver thread and doors made of huge mirrors, there are masses of feathery palms and thickets of roses, azaleas, camellias and plumed minosas, like the vegetation of the vale of Cashmere.

The vice queen frequently smokes a narghile—water-pipe. This suits her style of beauty even better than the more prosaical cig ratte. The Khedive presented his wife with a narghile of great magnificence. The bowl is of engraved rock crystal, mounted in chased gold, fashioned in the form of a lotus flower. The tube is concealed by a deftly wrought network of pink silk and gold thread, while the amber mouthpiece and gold plateau are one mass of sparkling jewels.

Two Glimpses of Eugenia.

I may mention here the two rather picturesque interviews with the Empress Eugenie. The first one at Venice in 1869, when she was on her way to the Suez Canal to open it for her cousin, M. de Lesseps.

She arrived there in her own yacht the Aigle, and we saw her from the windows of Damilli's hotel, pacing up and down the deck, a queenly figure. Indeed the Empress Eugenie, who was not a royalty, looked more like one than any I have seen born in the purple. She was physically so handsome, and what we call aristocratic looking that she seemed every inch a queen. In the evening all Venice was illuminated and the grand canal had the appearance of a long jewelled serpent. Victor Emanuel came thither with a brilliant troop of cavliers to do her honor. He took her in his own gondola up the tortuous, dark passages of the lesser canals into the grand canal; past the historic house of Lucretia Borgia, which was blood red in the lime light; past the violet tinted church of Maria del Salute; past the glorious old Ducal Palace; past the two columns which hold the Lion of St. Mark and the Saint on the Alligator; through all the dreamy charms of a night in Venice, with the gleaming boats beside them, one a model of the Bucentoro. Music was playing softly all the airs from Othello, "I Due Foscari" and other Venetian things; and so the Empress, whose pale handsome face and red hair I saw plainly from my gondola, spent her evening in Venice. Lord Houghton was with her and he afterwards told me that she ordered in Venice a dress made after the portrait of Catarina Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, in the Accademia, which she wore at the ball given by M. de Lesseps at Suez.

Poor woman! this was the last of her glories. The next year came Sedan, with downfall and ruin, loss of husband and loss of son. She is our Lady of Vicissitudes.

During the most brilliant days of the queen's Jubilee in London in 1887, I saw the empress once more, a tall, pale, white-haired woman in deep mourning attended by one gentleman and one lady. She came down the steps of the Buckingham Palace hotel as I did. Our carriages were detained and I noted again that fine, aristocratic outline, and that beautiful droop of the eyelid. She is still very handsome and looks like a martyr, but how changed it all is!

Enormous Reptiles.

One of the biggest snakes ever brought to this city is now confined in a box with a glass cover at Donald Burns' bird and animal store in Roosevelt street, says the New York *Sun*. The reptile is a famous anaconda. It is twenty-two feet long. The thickest part of the snake's body is about nine inches in diameter. It is a glossy black in color, mottled with oval spots of a still deeper black. The snake has been in the possession of Mr. Burns only a few days. It comes from the Amazon river, and was captured by the natives in the neighborhood of a village called Manous, some 400 miles from the mouth of the Amazon. Mr. Burns values the monster at $500. The snake is kept in a large box from which the light was carefull excluded. When the cover of the box is raised and the light admitted the snake shows signs of uneasiness. To show the enormous strength of the snake Mr. Burns opened the box in the presence of a reporter and seized the anaconda by the neck as it slowly raised its head from the coil in which the body was lying. Although Mr. Burns exerted all his strength and he is a strong man, six feet tall, the snake kept on rising until the dealer was forced to close the box.

A beautiful specimen of a boa constrictor can be seen in the window of a William street bird store. It is comparatively small being only two years old. The boa is much handsomer than the anaconda. It is mottled in yellow and dun colors on a buff backgound, and is very fond of pigeons and young rabbits. It shed its skin a few days ago. The old skin has been preserved and hung upon a nail in the store. The skin is almost intact. It resembles a piece of Hamburg lace.

County Newspapers.

The Walla Walla *Statesman* of a recent date had the following: An old newspaper man (retired) who is one of Walla Walla's best citizens, not long since related his experience in conducting a country newspaper. Among other things he said: There are more persons who sponge from newspapers than any other class. When a man comes into the world he receives a free "ad;" when he dies his good deeds are not overlooked by the critic editor. All during his life he asks and receives favors from the newspapers. If they speak well of him the flattering notice is received in silence. If his acts are justly criticised he talks of a suit for damages. He desires favorable mention and desires it often. In fact some men have an idea that a newspaper is run expressly to keep them before the public and that too, without money and without price.

B. D. Merchant, of St. Helena, has picked blackberries for a couple of seasons from a large bush in his yard. This year the bush bore another large crop, but the berries were all white, and it was some time before Mr. Merchant could make up his mind that he had not been stricken with color blindness.

KING OF THE BUNCOISTS.

Career of a Man Who Made and Lost Fortunes by His Criminal Practices.

In the Strangers' lot at Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati there is a grave, which, though unmarked, contains the remains of John B. Hall, who, under the alias of "Coal-oil Johnny," was in his day a criminal of national reputation. The memories that rise from that grave are those of a "high-rolling sport," a prince who squandered fortunes, a trickster whose victims were scattered over the country. The story of his early life, says the *Enquirer*, is that his home was in St. Joseph, Mo., where his mother lives, a highly respected woman and his brother is a city official of excellent character. Hall cultivated a taste for gambling in St. Joseph, where his earnings as a hotel waiter invariably found their way into the 'pile' of faro dealers.

In St. Louis, to which city he migrated from St. Joseph, Hall had a streak of luck, and when he entered Cincinnati, $12,000 in greenbacks were tucked away about his person. Within a month he played against a "brace" game and lost every penny. Then it was that he became a professional gambler and in company with "Godey" Martin and "Hen" Collins, he succeeded to the proprietorship of Julia Dye's notorious den on Sixth street. On a big square in front of this place were the barracks, and many a soldier passed the portals of old "Jule's den, never to emerge alive. While conducting the saloon on the lines followed by its former proprietor, "Coal-oil Johnny" and his partners opened a brace game in the rooms above it, and the place coined money. Even brace was too slow, and Hall opened a bunco game at 107 West Fifth Street, which was the first game of its kind ever operated in America.

In those days the police of Cincinnati were hand-and-glove with criminals, and "Coal-oil Johnny's" game flourished under the protection of the authorities. Among the score of steerers employed by Hall were "Red" Wilson, now a "green goods" man in New York Joe Coburn (not the fighter) Frank C. Clark, alias "Nobby," who was connected with the murder of Izzie Lazarus, a noted sport, in Harry Hill's resort; Harry Withrow, a clerk in the Bent wrong, became a professional and is now in New York, worth at least $150,000. These men have all acquired a national notoriety as professional crooks. One day Hall folded his cloth and when he next spread it it was at 53 Longworth street. This establishment was on a larger scale than the other one. Simpletons would come in by twos and threes, and as only one could be squeezed at once the others were kept waiting while the "directors were in session."

Johnny had gotten a new force of steerers. Among them were Billy Raymond, Joe Hall, Harry Withrow, "Kid" Miller, Bill Delamater, George Fagley, Big John Blackwell, Thomas Crowell, George Haight, Dan Scribner, Walter Haines. These all became notorious. Many are living to-day and plying their nefarious arts. The Longworth-street place lasted about a year. In that time the profits amounted to between $200,000 and $300,000.

There was a sudden spasm of virtue on the part of the authorities and bunco for a while was banished. "Coal-oil Johnny" again turned his attention to brace, and opened a den on 167 Race street. His hand had lost none of its cunning, but the game did not draw He soon closed up and started another brace game on Walnut street, just south of Eighth. Brace now came under the ban, and all such places were closed for five or six months. Finally a new administration came into power, and the city was again as wide open as ever. Johnny returned to bunco and soon gathered a clever gang around him. They moved frequently rarely staying in one place after they had swindled anybody.

While "Coal-oil Johnny" had his bunco den at 53 Longworth street, next door was a notorious house. Its presiding genius was Mrs. Maria Thomas, whose career of crime has been one of varied excitement and romance. At the present day, thin, feeble and gray-haired, she lives in a little house on George street, in the sin-infected district. Once wealthy, she has now but a small remnant of her fortune and is quietly awaiting her call to the last account. She is probably one of the most remarkable women in the criminal history of the west. Mrs. Thomas' house was the resort of crooks and thieves, and for nearly thirty years she has been under close police surveillance.

She had two daughters who frequented her den. One was named Sadie—a beatiful black-haired girl, with large eyes and bewitching ways. Her form and features made an impression on the accomplished buncoist next door, and they did their courting through an opening in the fence. She and Johnny were married and to this day public opinion is divided as to whether she was faithful to him or not, though the concensus leaned to the negative. After the wedding she continued with him until he was laid in the grave, for which she had prepared the corpse. Johnny took her to the Crawford hotel where they remained during their sojourn in Cincinnati.

He lavished money on her with an open hand. Her diamonds rivaled those of millionaire's wives, and her apparel was what the sports would denominate, "clear out of sight." Nothing was too good for her. She was his queen, and like a queen she lived, as far as this world's dainties are concerned, but Johnny's ill-luck came, and made him down in the mouth. He began to dissipate. Although in his palmy days a prince of wine-buyers, he had kept himself well in hand and his head about him. He began to devote his attention to other women and to neglect his wife. One night in Terre Haute he went out riding with a female companion. His wife waited for him at the hotel.

When midnight came she went in search of Johnny and found the hackman who had driven him, and he directed her to the house. She quickly found the room and walked in. Johnny and the woman were there. On the bureau was his revolver. Seizing the weapon she put the muzzle to Johnny's head and pulled the trigger. The bullet sped through his brain and the king of buncoists never moved again. Sadie was taken before a magistrate the next day and discharged. Her tears and the fact that she was a betrayed wife were charitably assigned as the reasons but there was suspicions of a more potent influence. The telegraph brought Mrs. Thomas and money. The remains were taken to Cincinnati and Sadie was the chief mourner. They were visited by hundreds of the dead crook's acquaintances.

Johnny was followed to his last resting place by his blood-stained wife and a procession of "steers," "crooks," and criminal artists of every description. There he lies awaiting the long roll. During his career he spent fortunes. His bounty was as widely cast and as generous as the case with which other people's money came to him.

His wife was subsequently indicted, but no effort was ever made to arrest or take her back for trial.

Could Have Saved Lincoln's Life.

The one man in the world who could have prevented the assassination of Lincoln is dead. John Frederick Parker, born in Winchester, Va., came to Washington some time before the firing upon Fort Sumpter and soon found employment upon the metropolitan police force. When in 1862 it was decided to strengthen the regular force of doorkeepers and watchmen at the white house with a squad of policemen, Parker was one of those selected. It thus happened that when President Lincoln and party entered the old Ford Theatre on the night of Good Friday, 1865, they were accompanied by Parker as guard. He took his position at the door to the private box, from which President Lincoln watched the performance, where he was expected to remain and prevent the entrance of any one except the members of the party. As the play proceeded, Parker, from his post, could hear just enough of what was said on the stage to arouse his curiosity, and it was not long before he left the door and edged his way towards the auditorium. He finally took a seat in the orchestra or "pit," as it was then called, where he had scarcely settled himself when the whole audience was surprised by the report of a pistol shot. The assassin, Booth, had stealthily approached the door of the president's private box, where, finding no one to challenge him he entered unannounced and fired the fatal shot. There is no question in the minds of those who are familiar with the details that had Parker remained at his post Booth could could never have taken President Lincoln unawares.

A Cuban negro, about 30 years of age escaped the other night in Boston from a strong cell in police head quarters. Reaching between the bars of his door he pried off the face of a huge padlock with a case knife and the wire handle of a bucket, pushed back the bolt and opened the door. He got through a corridor window to the top of a shed dropped to the ground, climbed a fence or two and was off to parts unknown.

Professor Gluck recently performed a remarkable and successful opperation. He removed from one of his male patients a diseased knee-joint and inersted an artificial one made from ivory. The patient has now left his bed. He walks with perfect ease, and says that his ivory knee-joint is convenient and comfortable in every way.

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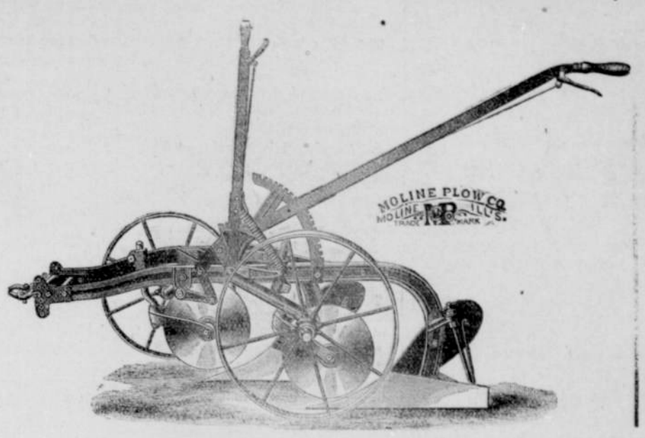

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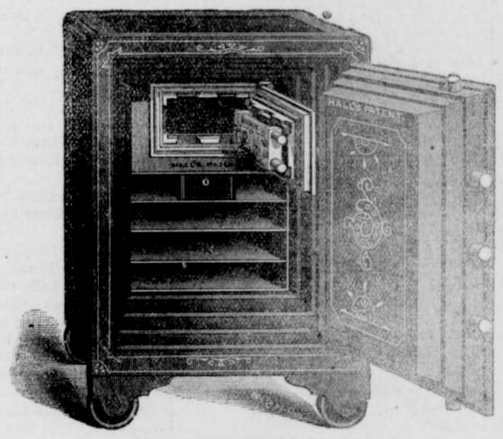

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about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double glass telescope, as large as power to carry. We will show how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all expenses charges for this. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

VIA

Southern Pacific Company's Lines,

THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE!

Time Between Portland and San Francisco, 39 HOURS!

California Express Trains Run Daily BETWEEN PORTLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO!

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland..	6.00 p m	San Francisco	7.45 am
San Fran..	9.00 p m	Portland..	9.35 pm

Local Passenger Daily, except Sunday

LEAVE.		ARRIVE	
Portland..	8:00 a m	Eugene....	2:40 p m
Eugene....	9:00 a m	Portland..	3:45 p m

Pullman Buffet Sleepers

Tourist Sleeping Cars,

For accommodation of Second Class Passengers attached to express trains.

The S. P. Company's Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street

WEST SIDE DIVISION

Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland..	7:30 a m	McMinn'..	10:10 a m
McMinn'..	10:10 a m	Corvallis..	12:10 p m
Corvallis..	12:55 p m	McMinn'..	2:56 p m
McMinn'..	2:56 p m	Portland..	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect w trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday

LEAAE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland..	4:40 p m	McMnn..	7.25 p m
McMinn'..	5:45 a m	Portland..	8:20 a m

Through tickets to all points South and East via California.

Ticket offices, No 134, corner First and Alder streets, Portland, Oregon; corner Front and F streets, Portland.

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

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

If so be sure and call for your tickets via the

Chicago & Northwestern Railway,

—THE—

"FAMOUS ROYAL ROUTE,"

It is positively the shortest and finest line to Chicago and the east and south and the only sleeping and dining car through line to

Omaha, Kansas City, and all Missouri River Point.

Its magnificent steel track, unsurpassed train service and elegant dining and sleeping cars has honestly earned for it the title of

The Royal Route

Others may imitate, but none can surpass it Our motto is "always on time."

Be sure and ask ticket agents for tickets via this celebrated route and take none others.

W. H. MEAD, G. A.

No. 4 Washington street, Portland, Or

From Terminal or Interior Points the

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the Line to Take

To all Points East & South

It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs Through VESTIBULED TRAINS Every Day in the Year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.

(No Change of Cars)

Composed of DINING CARS (unsurpassed)

PULLMAM DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS (Of Latest Equipment,)

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are for holders of First or Second-class Tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A Continuous Line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman Sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road

Through Tickets To and from all Points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst General Passenger Agent.

General Office of the Company, No. 121 First St., Cor. Washington, Portland, Or.