THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER
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THIS IS A GRACEFUL AGE

WOMEN HAVE LEARNED TO RUN WITHOUT AWKWARDNESS.

Margaret H. Welch Writes of the Training Young Women Undergo Nowadays in Order to Learn How Not to Be Clumsy in Their Movements.

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THE WRONG WAY.

TWO men were walking on a New York pavement the other day when one of them suddenly plucked his companion's sleeve. "Look at that," he said quietly. "That" was a woman running for a street car. The car had stopped, but it was one of the impatient Broadway ones, and the conductor's hand was suggestively on the strap. Two or three vehicles were in the way, but the woman, carrying herself perfectly upright, her skirt gathered in one hand just at the right spot to have the draperies clear the ground properly, ran in and out between them with great skill and stepped aboard the car. She did pause a moment on the platform to regain her poise after her chase, but with head erect and easy gait entered the car and sank into a seat. "When I was young," said the man who had directed his friend's attention to the episode as they passed on, "I remember it used to be said that 'grace adorns a woman until she begins to run,' but that woman's grace did not forsake her even at the critical moment."

In point of fact the old saw has quite lost its pith. It does not hold in either proposition. Grace does not adorn all women even to the running point, and many women like the one who excited the comment just quoted can run with elegant ease and pleasing effect.

It all consists in knowing how. Ten years ago that same woman, perhaps, would have run like the woman pictured in the initial letter at the head of this article, with head thrust forward, torso well in advance of the lower limbs, jeopardizing the center of gravity and compressing the lungs and air passages just at the time when extra breath was needed. "We run with our legs," said a professor in a gymnasium for girls the other day, "and carry our bodies. Don't reverse the process, running with the body and letting the legs drag after as best they may."

A GRACEFUL CARRIAGE.

The same professor preached a short sermon to her class on another occasion. "The grace of our grandmothers," said she, "was the grace, miscalled, of suppression; that of to-day is activity. The physical development of the woman of this period begins at her toes and extends through every separate joint of her body." Whereupon she proceeded to put the girls through a half hour's practice, which consisted entirely in moving the finger joints to secure a graceful use of the hand.

The soul of grace is suppleness. The old Greeks knew this, and the fin du siecle young women are discovering it anew. At the fashionable schools the gymnastic lesson has long since ceased to be an hour of calisthenics in blouses and short skirts with the conventional outstretched arm movements. Said a pupil of one of them recently: "We do everything in our exercise practice. We wag our heads and stretch our necks and work every separate muscle we own. I should not be surprised any time to be asked to elevate my eyebrows for ten consecutive minutes, or to grind my teeth fifty times every day."

When the modern girl is fairly started in her study of grace and the poetry of motion, which some one says should be so perfect "that if every muscle struck a note in this wonderful instrument of nature only harmony would result," she begins to apply her knowledge to the every day happenings of life.

Did you ever see a woman try to adjust a picture or to reach down a shade which has rolled itself up to the last turn of the roller—a woman, that is, who habitually employs only about a dozen of her joints? Her physical machinery creaks and lumbers laboriously as she brings the unused muscles into play, and she is breathless and panting when her awkwardly performed task is over.

AN AWKWARD PERFORMANCE.

The coming woman will be equal to this emergency. She has had that identical practice in her curriculum.

Not long ago, in the parlors of a New York boarding school, the parents and guardians of the pupils were invited to a presentment of the young women's proficiency in this applied grace. The girls were in everyday attire and they did everyday things. They sat down and stood up; they ran to overtake a friend; they climbed a stepladder to drive a nail; they stepped on a sofa, thence to a table, straightened a picture on the wall and got down again; they picked up a handkerchief from the floor; they entered and left an improvised carriage; raised and carried an umbrella in a wind storm; hurried to catch a train, buying a ticket and hastening on—all in a manner that was a revelation to the onlookers.

Only one skeptic had the temerity to say that he didn't believe even these agile girls could climb elegantly into the upper berth of a sleeping car, and, to be frank, not one of them dared to dispute the assertion.

That their knowledge is valuable in unexpected places, however, is often proved. "Why," said a young belle the other day, "it was worth all my gymnastic lessons and tedious practicing to be able to rally as I did from a recent threatened mortifying experience. I was waltzing in a crowded ballroom, and a clumsy couple collided with us, throwing me on my knees. I should have fallen over quite if I had not known just the movement to protect myself, and once steady it was easy to rise with a single motion erect upon my feet. The other girl, who did not actually fall at the first shock, floundered and staggered worse than I before she recovered herself. She did not know how." All of which is extremely comforting to the modern awkward woman, since it inspires the hope that grace, which has not of itself perched upon her banner, may be induced by effort and practice to abide with her.

RISING WITH A SINGLE MOTION.

M. H. Welch

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

"As for Me, Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death."

With the proverbial shrewdness of his race, Solomon chose wisdom as the best gift he could ask for, perfectly well aware—the sly old Hebrew—that if he only had wisdom he would know enough to obtain everything else in this life that he wanted. It was his long headedness quite as much as his true piety that prompted him to make that choice, but since we cannot all have wisdom, then the next most precious gift to man, and woman, too, is liberty, the right to do exactly as you please, so long as you do not interfere with anybody else. That is the sole restriction that should be put on human beings. The right to think your own honest thoughts; to proclaim them openly and bravely, fearless of all the world, knowing that no old monster of a Mrs. Grundy will crush you under her juggernaut wheel for telling the truth; to dress in comfortable and convenient clothing without being hooted; to associate freely with people whom you like, and with no others; to have no nasty minded social spies on your track, no Miss Nancys of either sex to claw you; to write and print the truth as you feel it and know it, without hedging and trimming and trembling; to live daily without a pack of bigots, critics and hypocrites in cry after you; to follow no conventionalities of fashion, society or belief that did not suit you; to wander out alone in the beautiful wilds of freedom; to climb the cliffs and breathe the sweet, strong air of liberty upon the mountain top—to gain such life I would die a thousand deaths!

The other day I was going up Fulton street in Brooklyn in an elevated train. A young lady sat beside me, reading attentively. In cars I always look to see whether girls are reading novels or newspapers, and I accordingly inspected this young lady's book. It was a religious volume, and I am bound to say she seemed profoundly interested. By and by she laid it down, and I saw that its name was "The One Thing Needful." In her lap beside the book were five packages of chewing gum, and she was manipulating the sixth as fast as her jaws could work. Chewing gum was the one thing needful.

If, after all, the fogy element in the Methodist church manage to keep women out of being delegates to the quarterly and general conferences, it will not be strange if a large proportion of the ablest ladies in that denomination leave it in a body and connect themselves with other Christian organizations that have more Christian views on the woman question. It will be strange, in fact, if they do not.

United States Senator Joseph M. Carey, of Wyoming, made an eloquent address at the late meeting of the National American Woman Suffrage association in Washington. The voting at the first election in the new state was done under the Australian ballot system, and Senator Carey said: "Whatever objection a man could have raised before to a woman's going to the polls and voting was entirely removed by this system."

No; we don't want men to take a back seat just because they are men, but we intend women shall have their share of the front seats from this time on. It is not the entering on this or that occupation, or even following this or that line of conduct, that is insisted on in behalf of our sex. We would force nobody into any trade or profession. It is that we want the liberty to choose our own occupations and do as we please without being forced either this way or that. Under the system of liberty for all each will quickly find his or her own level.

Lady Florence Dixie tells in a manner that is altogether delicious how she evaded the words "love, honor and obey" in the church marriage ceremony. She says: "For myself I am not ashamed to confess it. I did not pronounce them. I merely substituted er, er, er, in a low voice." Girls, don't forget Lady Florence's er, er, er. Years ago, when a beloved girl chum of mine was about to be married by the Methodist service, before the ceremony I saw the minister at her request and asked him to omit from the pledge the word "obey." It was surprisingly refreshing to me to hear this good Methodist clergyman answer: "Oh, I never put that word in. No preacher that has any sense ever does any more."

Eliza Archard Conner

Honesty in the Home.

To construct a household on the basis of the highest honor one to another seems to me to be the preliminary to a community of the same sort. When our homes are right society will be right, and not sooner. This involves not simply honor under law, but honor under conscience. The family is the nursery of the state. What kind of citizens we make here are made for all time. It does press heavily on me that home life has been immensely encroached on by public life. We find people far more ready to preach and teach in the lump than to practice as individuals.

We wish to engage in converting the world, but our home habits are quite negative as concerns a true life, or else are positive bad. The extent of this modern religious habit it is difficult to measure. The plainest laws of life are broken by those who zealously support churches and schools. But when we get down to the fundamental need, is it not for more absolute honesty in our every day doings? I should like, also, to put in a plea for a higher social honesty. Society is not so corrupt and vicious as it is lying. What is the prime purpose of ordinary social arrangements? Pure selfishness. We do not aim at frankness in our fashions.

There is a dishonesty in love that must be guarded against. Of all things let us beware of love forms. When a husband or wife says "My dear" in addressing each other in company it is possible they leave it off in private. We must learn to feel gentleness, and never to profess what we do not feel. I do not advocate an absence of gentle words and manners, but that we, above all, guard against the use of empty manners and words that are but husks. With children there is a still worse cheat in the form of indulgence.

Honesty is the best policy every time in the culture of the young. What we know is right and for the best should be unflinchingly adhered to. Look ahead at the consequences of yielding to ease, or the least troublesome course. One-half the sickness of any community is owing to false feeding and indulgence in childhood. Our first obligation to a child is to give him a healthy body.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Real Question.

In all the discussion that has arisen about the proposed shortening of the college course, the advocates of either side have limited themselves to a single point at issue: Will the student be able to learn enough in three years to qualify him for the duties of life? This is all very well, but there are other questions more important. Will three years be sufficient to make a football player of a man—an oarsman, a crack pitcher, catcher or first baseman? The fact that all this side of the question has been entirely overlooked shows how set and narrow is the mind of the average educator of today.—Illustrated American.

A GIRL BACHELOR'S HOME.

Annie I. Willis Tells How Apartments May Be Made Attractive.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

WITHIN comparatively few years a new sort of city bachelor has dared to live alone in apartments more delightful than even the handsome ones where the old kind hold sway, because they show the touch of feminine hands. It is the girl bachelor. To break bread with one of these is a pleasure known by few people, because not many are fortunate enough to know this sort of a bachelor. The one herein described has lived in this way long enough—though less than a year—to prove several things:

First, that her physician's prescription of housework was just the thing for a broken down writer, too ill to go out of doors, but not too ill enough to be in bed.

Second, that frugality united with common sense will effect wonders out of small capital.

Third, that poverty develops ingenuity to a degree undreamed of where money is plentiful.

Two serious illnesses greatly reduced the young woman's capital, so she began small. But time and her friends have been good to her, so that she is acquiring some real art treasures and originating many ingenious devices. There is no time to speak of the former, though everything interests because it has a special history. The place indicates growth, not accretion, and its mistress says, "Nothing has been bought in the spirit of, Go to; I will set up housekeeping."

One admires the several sitting room chairs.

"Loaned indefinitely," says the proprietress.

A remark about the couch luxurious with down cushions elicits the same reply.

A steamer chair stands before the grate, and over it is thrown an old buffalo coat, fur side up. Within reach as one reclines is the litterateur's desk, very orderly. Under it is a soap box, with little handles at each end. When she wishes to use its contents—it is her sewing box—she can, without rising, pull it out beside her, open the lid, on the under side of which are elastics and pockets to hold all the implements for setting the proverbial stitch in time, use them, and put the box away when done.

This contrivance is only one of a number which show that poverty develops ingenuity. Another in her bedroom resembles this. It is a shoe box. The lid is hinged, and when lifted discloses straps for gaiters, shoe horn and buttoners. It serves also as a hassock.

Her clothes bag is neat, convenient and sanitary, not patented, but worthy of being copied. It is made of a square of stout wash goods, measuring two yards each way. Fold it once and sew a seam down the center, vertical to the fold. Put four tape loops in the corners, and fold along the line of the stitching, hemming all edges. Then it is ready to hang up, a bag that is really two bags, open to the air, and a first rate cover in which a washerwoman may carry clothes.

So much for devices solely for use. Others, combining use and beauty, are to be seen in the sitting room. Chief among them is a "sideboard" for pretty china. It consists of two shallow soap boxes, which cost fifteen cents apiece, set one over the other, side touching side, so that their length forms the width of the sideboard. The lids were used to make shelves, removable because they merely rest on iron brackets fastened to the baseboard, and all are soon to be painted black, to show off the dainty ware which they contain. Above it hang shelves with books, vases and bric-a-brac.

CLOTHES BAG.

Many trophies for table or walls are gathered by the mistress in wanderings around the city. She says: "One of my old pleasures was knocking about town and picking up things I fancied and that were within reach of my purse. Those who can give orders to furnish a room or house do not know the fun of keeping a sharp eye open for bargains in every store and odd little shop."

"Is there a heater for this apartment?" I asked presently.

"No, I heat it abundantly with the range and this grate. I burn cannel coal here, and the cost of all my firing averaged less than nine cents a day for the winter."

"How do you manage to do so much, with your writing to attend to?"

"I make everything secondary to that. These things are only diversions," alluding thus carelessly to her housekeeping and sewing, all of which she does, and does well, as her tasteful costume and the good dinner she served proved.

Close beside where she sat at dinner is a tiny table made of a box covered with dark red stuff and a tea cloth. It is the place where many a "cup that cheers, but not inebriates" is brewed, as a diminutive gas stove testifies. Here rest the family stock of knives and forks, laid in folds of delicate china silk, and her nut picks stand in a small jar. So ingenious a person does not need a nut cracker. She uses two smooth stones for that purpose, and the device has a charm from its very novelty.

BOOKCASE AND SIDEBOARD.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

Rather a Mean Trick.

A gentleman who resides within a Sabbath day's journey of Springfield is very sore over a horse transaction. He visited a dealer with a view to buying a mate to a horse he owned. The dealer showed him one which suited him, but advised him not to buy the animal, as he did not consider him "right," and he went his way. As the story goes, another dealer learned that this man wanted a horse, and accordingly stepped around to dealer No. 1 and bought the horse in question, and after a week or more drove the horse around to the would-be purchaser, who was taken with the animal, and made a trade, paying $100 in excess of the price asked by dealer No. 1. The purchaser soon found he had bought the horse he had first looked at.—Springfield Homestead.

Bodices of Kid.

The possibilities of undressed kid are fast becoming apparent. Not content with shoes, gloves, hats, bags, portemannaies, card cases, etc., made of this pliant material, madam will now have her bodices of kid. Latest advices from Paris show that Suede will enter largely into the composition of waists, which will fasten in a manner to defy detection.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Alternative.

Smudge—Why did young Snooks give up cigarettes?

Grudge—The doctor told him he would give him up if he didn't.—Munsey's Weekly.

COULD NOT KILL HIS FRIEND.

A Young Soldier Discharged and Disgraced for Refusing to Shoot.

Sergeant Roswell recently gave a bed in Central Station to William J. Higgins, a young soldier who four months ago was dishonorably discharged from the United States army in Utah, and has ever since been painfully making his way back to his home in Troy, N. Y. Higgins had his discharge, duly signed by the officers of the court martial which thus disgraced him for neglect of duty. He had been a member of Company F, Sixteenth regiment, Department of the Platte, and was stationed at Fort Dushane, Utah.

He showed the effect of the past few months' hardship in his appearance, though he must once have been a handsome young soldier. His black curly hair was full of dust from the last freight car in which he had traveled, and his dark eyes showed nothing of a soldier's spirit. His hands and face were red, swollen and dirty, and his clothes were almost in rags. He told his story in a way that gave the impression that he was truthful.

"I sacrificed honor to friendship," he said simply. "Myself and a friend named Franklin enlisted together from Troy just a year previous to the date of my court martial. We had served our apprenticeship in the New York militia, and were as fond of soldier life as of each other. A year's service only confirmed us in our liking for the army. I wished above all things to spend my life as a soldier, and so did he. But he was quarrelsome, and the fear of severe discipline could not prevent his engaging in brawls with his fellows. For one of these offences, which came to the knowledge of the officers, he was sentenced three months to the guard house, which meant he should work on the road with an armed guard over him.

I had been his guard several times, and he made no attempt to escape. It did not occur to me that he would, as we were 200 miles from a railroad. I grew careless, and one day when my back was turned he took to his heels. I saw him in time to have shot him, according to orders, but I could not do it. He had been my friend, and was endeared to me by a thousand remembrances of little kindnesses we had done each other. I let him escape, but I would not have put him to such a test had I been the prisoner and he the guard.

"I was sentenced to three months in the guard house and to leave the army in disgrace. When my time came to go my comrades made up a purse of twenty-six dollars for me. With this I purchased clothes, for my uniforms were, of course, taken from me. I walked a good part of the way from Utah, though I, of course, beat my way on boats and freight cars whenever I could."—Pittsburg Times.

The Creoles Described.

The party of Richmonders with whom I had the pleasure of journeying to New Orleans all looked forward with more interest to seeing the creoles than anything else. To tell the truth, none of us knew exactly what the creoles were. We all expected to see some marvelous specimens of humanity—wonderful but beautiful. For my part I expected to find—well, I will confess my ridiculous fancy—a species of female Othelios—that is to say, women of the oriental cast, with very dark skin and eyes and white teeth. Many of our party, I am ashamed to say, were rather of the impression that the creoles had negro blood in them—a delusion popular with strangers and naturally exceedingly irritating to the creoles themselves.

When I reached the quaint old city I determined to set my mind at rest upon this much discussed point, and I asked all sorts of questions concerning the romantic race.

A creole, strictly speaking, is one born of foreign parents (principally French or Spanish), though in its loose sense the word is also sometimes applied to any native born New Orleans person. A creole, however, according to the proper acceptation of the word, does not necessarily imply that the individual is born in the Crescent City. There are many of them in the West Indies and Mexico.

The popular impression that creole women are handsome is certainly correct, however much strangers may err in their other inferences concerning them. As a general thing they are not large—in fact, rather petite—but have very pretty, graceful figures, and the tiniest of hands and feet. Their eyes are dark and dreamy. From the surreptitious glances I cast at them I imagine it is hard to keep from loving these creoles. Those among the higher classes are also very cultivated, speaking English, French and Spanish, and being skillful musicians and conversationalists. At least I found those whom I met to be possessed of these accomplishments.—Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

A Shrewd American Abroad.

On the tramway between the towns of Zacatecas and Guadalupe in Mexico, which are a few miles apart, the way from Zacatecas is down grade. The cars go at great speed by their own gravitation; no animals are attached, for the descent is as steep as a toboggan slide. It requires six mules, however, to draw each car back again. The animals are harnessed three abreast, like the horses in the Paris omnibuses. Even the projectors of the tramway had no fixed idea as to how it should be operated, and an American overseer has been in charge since the beginning. The cars were ordered from Philadelphia, and while they were being built the steel rails, which came from Liverpool by way of Vera Cruz, were laid down from one end of the route to the other.

When the cars arrived it was found that they would not run on the track, as the rails had been laid on a gauge three inches narrower than that for which the cars were designed. The Mexicans, in their ignorance, saw but one way out of the difficulty; that was to rebuild the cars, make the bodies narrower and cut off the axletrees to fit the gauge of the rails. The present superintendent, a practical American engineer, was in Zacatecas at the time, and took in the state of affairs at a glance. He offered for $500 to show the owners how to get over the trouble without altering an article on the cars. The money was paid, and with twenty men and proper tool, the American took up a few rods of the track, made a gauge for the rest, and in one day had the cars running over the short distance. The managers of the road at once put the American in charge, and he has held the position ever since.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Skating Episode.

"Jim, the teacher's in there!"

"How d' yer know?"

"I seen him went down."

"Then shut up, yer fool, or he'll be fished out an' resusticated."—Judge.

Shorthand Notes Defective.

"I see by the paper that at the performance of your new play last night there were several calls for the author."

"That's a mistake in the print. It should read 'authorities.'"—Puck.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Charles Kloucheck has been by the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Josephine Kloucheck, deceased.

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present their claims to me duly verified at the law office of J. E. Magers, at McMinnville, Oregon within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 11th day of February, 1891.

CHAS. KLOUCHECK, Administrator for estate.
J. E. Magers and F. W. Fenton, Attys.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased, has filed his final account of his administration of said estate in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and said Court has set May 5, 1891, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., of said day, at the County Court room at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said final account.

Therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said estate be not finally settled and said administrator discharged.

JOHN H. WALKER, Administrator of said estate.
F. W. Fenton, Att'y for estate.

Administratrix' Notice.

In the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon
In the matter of the estate of Edwin B. Fellows, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon, duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Edwin B Fellows, deceased.

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to me duly verified at my residence at McMinnville, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 8th day of April, A. D. 1891.

ELVIRA D. FELLOWS, Administratrix of said estate.
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for estate. 15

Notice of Appointment of Executrix

In the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon.
In the matter of the estate of William C. Mason, dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Sarah B. Mason, has been, by an order of the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed Executrix of the estate of William C, Mason, deceased, with Will annexed

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified to the undersigned at her residence at McMinnville, Yamhill county Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of March, 1891.

SARAH B. MASON, Executrix of said estate with Will annexed
F. W. Fenton, Att'y for Estate.

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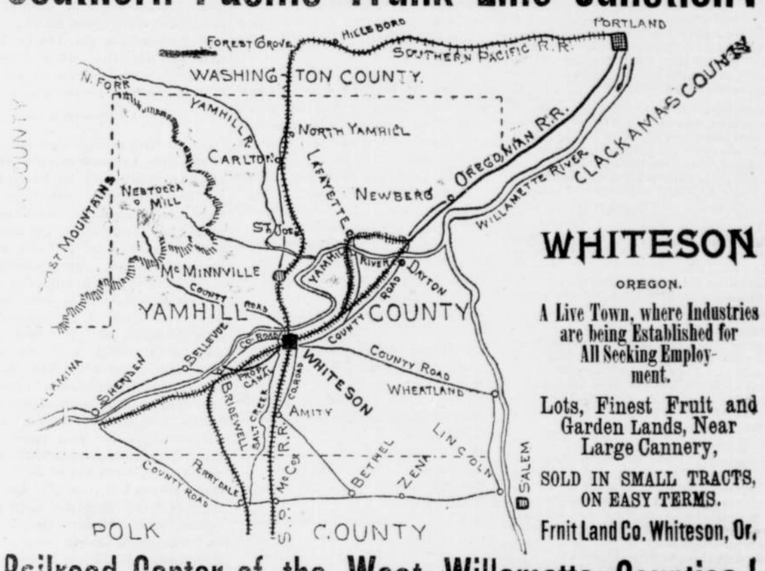

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IS TO BE THE RAILROAD CENTER
Of the West Side Counties, And
Is to be Pushed to the Front!
One of the Largest and Best Equipped Fruit Canneries on the Coast will be Built at Once!
(In Time for the Coming Crop, if Possible.)

WILL PROBABLY EMPLOY 500 HANDS.
OTHER INDUSTRIES WILL FOLLOW.
Don't Delay; Value of Town Lots will Double in 60 Days
ENERGETIC TOWN BUILDERS WANTED.
NO MOSSBACKS NEED APPLY!
THERE IS MONEY FOR THOSE WHO COME EARLY!

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R. B. DICKINSON, 215 Sansome street, San Francisco. A. L. GORTNER, Portland, Or.

East and South
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Route
SHASTA LINE.

Express Tyains Leave Portland Daily

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland...	7.00 p m	San Francisco	10.15 am
San Fran...	9:00 p m	Portland....	9.35 am

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...	5:40 p m
Roseburg.	6:20 a m	Portland...	4:00 p m

Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

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

Pullman Buffet Sleepers,
Tourist Sleeping Cars,
For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains

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'...	2:50 p m
McMinn'...	2:50 p m	Portland..	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

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

Through Tickets to all Points EAST AND SOUTH.

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on the Company's agent at McMinnville.

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

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad
T. E. Hogg, Receiver.
—AND—
OREGON DEVELOPMEN COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP LINE.

225 Miles Shorter—20 hours less time than by any other route.

☞ First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

Time Schedule (except Sundays).

Leave Albany	12:20 pm	Leave Yaquina	7 am
" Corvallis	1:03 pm	" Corvallis	10:35 am
Arr'v Yaquina	4:35 pm	Arriv Albany	11:13am

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Developement Co's. Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley Points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Sailing Dates.

The Steamer Willamette Valley will sail

FROM YAQUINA.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
January 19th,	January 23d,
" 27th,	" 31st.

Passenger and freight rates always the lowest. For information, apply to

C. C. HOGUE, Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon.
W B WEBSTER Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Developement Co., Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

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
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(No Change of Cars)
Composed of DINING CARS (unsurpassed)
PULLMAN 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 in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this connany.

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. Wahington, Portland, Or.

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"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

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

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