THE BEST ADDITION
TO
A THRIFTY CITY

TERMS THE VERY BEST
SOLD
ON INSTALMENTS

OAK PARK ADDITION

150 LOTS at REDUCED
PRICES
FOR SIXTY DAYS

For Maps & Particulars
Call on or Address,
W. T. SHURTLEFF,
McMinnville, Oregon.

THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.
McMINNVILLE, - OREGON.
June - - - 25, 1891.

OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THE MAN WHO WAS ENGAGED ALL HIS LIFE.

Tinsel Love Doesn't Wash—More Fond Than Wise—Fatal Floods of Affection. Men Throw Off All Disguises—Love Never Learns to Go Alone.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

We have all read of the gentleman who was engaged to be married all his life and died a bachelor, because, as he stated in answer to inquiring friends, if he should be married there would be nowhere to go and spend the evening!

Now the question is, was this man wiser than men in general, or was he very foolish? Did he miss all the quiet and cozy delights of domestic life—somebody to fetch his slippers, and nurse his grippe, and have a bright room and warm welcome for him when he came home from the office, and get only a whimsical idea in the place of them, or did he escape all the fret and worry of too close propinquity, and the miserable feeling of not being able to get away from what one no longer wishes to retain?

Well, the answer to that query is, He escaped the evils and did not attain the blessings. Marriage may be counted as either heaven or hell, but betrothal is that between condition called purgatory, and although one may be very much in a hurry to get out of purgatory into heaven, one would be loth to exchange it for hell. And that ugly word reminds me of a remarkable book called "Letters from Hell," which I read many years ago.

The view of that place of torment which struck me most forcibly was the enforced companionship with persons you no longer loved, and the necessity of pursuing occupations once very absorbing, but now odious. Does not that description fit in with the idea of an ill assorted union, and if that is really hell, do we not often see it begun upon earth?

And if this view is correct, of course the reverse should also be, and we should see the other unions whose perfect harmony and bliss give an image of heaven on earth. No doubt there are such, but I fear they are more rare, or at any rate less conspicuous, than the other, and certainly do not furnish as much material for the pen of the satirist or the pencil of the caricaturist. Now, why is this?

Many persons, at least in our own country, marry for love, or at least from a mutual fancy and sympathy which they mistake for love. In many cases the sympathy is not very deep, nor the fancy very permanent, but at any rate the two people really believe that marriage with each other is going to lead to lifelong happiness—and it doesn't. Why?

Well, the great reason, it seems to me, is because in small natures and shallow hearts the only strong and enduring love is the love of Self, and as soon as the outside fancies come in conflict with this real passion they go to the wall. The man sees a pretty girl in the freshness of her youth, and he wishes to make her his own. She is sprightly, full of fun, makes every effort to be agreeable and amusing, and he feels that her society is a rest and refreshment after the monotony of business. Perhaps she has or is to have some money, and this, added to his own, will keep a comfortable home, where he can be free from the annoyances of a boarding house and the ministrations of a laundress.

Now all this, of course, is pure selfishness. The man has not once considered the claims and rights and wishes of the other party to the bargain, and when he finds, as he will very soon after the wedding, that these are quite as prominent as his own, he is at first surprised, then indignant, and in the end profoundly dissatisfied.

For the bride may be, in her fashion, quite as selfish as her groom. She has married to gain independence and a freer use of money; to have the position and dignity of a married woman; to avoid being an old maid, even for the sake of a smart wedding, a paragraph in the newspaper, new clothes and wedding presents; a year later the clothes are out of fashion, the presents an old story, she doesn't find that she has any more, if as much, independence and freedom as she enjoyed while a girl, and her husband is far more requiring than her father and mother used to be.

So the poor little veneer of mutual fancy and sympathy they dignified by the name of love is worn off, the unshaken selfishness of both man and woman comes boldly to the front, and the man cynically declares that marriage is a mistake and divorce a happy thought, while his wife shakes her head and gloomily advises her young friends to know when they're well off, and not be in too great a hurry to get married.

I don't know that we can say marriage destroyed the love in such a union, for love worth speaking of never existed, but certainly marriage dispelled the delusion that there was any love, and the pretence soon vanishes.

Look at a higher and happier class of marriages; take one where both parties really wish and intend to make the other happy, to make sacrifices, and to study the habits, tastes and wishes of that other; where there is, to begin with, a strong affection and the capacity for yet deeper love. Such a couple marry and make their vows in tones and with looks into each other's eyes that prove to those who look and listen that here is a true love marriage, with every prospect of happiness and constancy.

A few years pass and how do you find the wedded lovers? She has grown rather stout, is fond of her dinner, talks about her children, and does not turn her head to look when her husband comes into the room. When lovers are in question she wears a smile of indulgent superiority and says: "Oh, yes; I know all about it! Tom and I went on just so before we were married." And why is this?

One cause potent to produce this state of things is overfondness on the part of the wife. Before she was married her love was restrained by coyness, by the training good mothers give their girls, by maidenly instincts. But most young women feel that once they are married all restraints and all reserves are to be thrown aside; that it is a duty as well as a pleasure not only to love their lords but to give constant evidence of their affection. They rush at him as he comes into the house, tired, cold, wet, irritated and travel stained, seize him around the neck, kiss and cling while he feebly gropes for a place to deposit his umbrella, bag, hat and the parcel she has sent down to the office for him to bring home.

My mother used to tell a story of one of her girl friends who invited her to come and witness the perfection of her married bliss. She went, never having seen the husband, and the first evening saw a very tired, rather cross looking and much laden man plod up the doorsteps in a rain. Her friend saw him, too, and shrieking, "Oh, there's my honey pot!" she rushed into the hall and went through the exercises mentioned above; but in the midst of her exclamations came another voice, low and growly in its tones, yet quite audible in the parlor:

"Love me a lot, don't you, Bessie?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes my own, own dearest love! And you love your Bessie, don't you, darling?"

"Yes; but if she didn't love me quite so much, perhaps I should love her more," was the reply; whereat Bessie laughed as at a good joke.

Of course the man was a brute to say such a thing; but, oh, dear me, how many men think it, and don't say it! Men are predatory animals, loving to hunt, to pursue, to capture, and to hold by main force, and the moment the prey ceases to resist, the interest of the conquest is over. All the hunters of big game tell us that the only chance of safety for the victim of a lion, tiger, bear, or other beast of prey, is to remain perfectly passive and inert beneath his claws; the least resistance rouses his energies, and he soon enforces a quiet never to be disturbed. The same instinct in a modified form is to be traced in the lord of creation; he only pursues while the dear creature runs away, and disdains a victim that is only too glad to remain in his grasp.

Any man constantly assured that his wife lives, moves, breathes and has her being solely in him; that she has a fund of caresses and honeyed words always at high water mark and eager for an outlet, becomes first calmly confident, then careless, and at the last bored and surfeited by sweets for which he never is allowed to get up an appetite by fasting.

I once traveled in company with a somewhat cynical, but very delightful man, who, as we neared the shores of our native land, remarked:

"I wish the first twenty-four hours after my arrival were well over! It is so hard to come up to the expected mark of enthusiastic affection!"

And yet this man had wooed his wife with the ardor and perseverance of a hero of romance. The trouble was that, whereas she had been a coy and coquettish maiden, she was a very demonstrative wife, and had choked out her husband's affection with a perennial flood of her own.

But often enough the disillusionment comes from the other side, and results from a perverted idea of marital obligations.

A man who is paying his addresses to a young girl, or even to an older woman, holds himself under constant restraint in all conversation bordering upon subjects unfit for an innocent and delicate minded woman's ears. The stories, the jests, the songs, the conundrums which alleviate the toils of the office, the counting room, the lunch counter, the club, the bachelor dinner or the little supper, are most vigorously ruled out from the conversation with which the man entertains his betrothed or any other respectable woman. But the betrothed becomes the wife, and all in a minute the new made husband emancipates his tongue from all reserves, throws aside all care as to whether what he has to say is fit for the ears of a carefully educated girl, brings home the story, the jest, the conversation that only last week he would have felt it an insult to repeat in her presence, astonishes, shocks, repels her in all her finer nature, and excuses himself, if she remonstrates, by saying:

"You know we're all one person now, so I needn't mind what I say."

But the girl is the same girl from whom all coarseness or indelicacy has been carefully kept, and she has never realized that such matters *could* be spoken of, far less that they are the habitual conversation of a large class of men, including her own especial man. Probably, poor little soul, she has idealized this man into one of those *héros de roman* never met with outside of romance or a young girl's imagination; she has fancied that he is so much better, wiser and stronger than she; that her one great effort must be to keep up with him, to climb to his level. They marry—his pursuit is over, and he throws aside the fine costume of the chase, puts on his soiled workaday clothes, lights his pipe, and throwing himself upon the couch with his heels higher than his head, amuses his wife with two or three of the new stories and delicate jests with which "the fellows" greeted his return among them. She, during this, his first day of absence from her, has been arranging the little souvenirs they have brought home from the wedding journey, putting away his clothes in the chiffonier, not without some shy blushes and smiles that such matters should now become her recognized duty, and in looking out two or three poems she means to read to him this evening.

Just fancy the disillusionment! Just fancy how the *héro de roman* becomes a fading phantom; how the feet of clay all at once become more conspicuous than the head of gold; how she feels insulted and frightened and bewildered, and then blames herself that she should feel so, and tries to believe that she is a poor, ignorant little fool, and that whatever her husband thinks right to say to her must be right.

And so begins in that woman's heart a conflict which more often than not ends by the destruction of all that was best and finest in her love. She may never say it even to herself, but she knows in her inmost heart that her ideal is shattered; that the being she fancied a demigod is only a man, coarse, indelicate, profane, material, and so far as regards at least half her life, utterly unsympathetic.

Does not marriage destroy love in such a case?

No, there is no epoch in his whole career, there are no conditions of his existence when Love is to be trusted to take care of himself. He must be guarded, guided, restrained, encouraged and carefully nurtured from first to last, or before you know it he will have spread his wings and flown—forever.

And when all is said, the happiest married people are those with whom this fickle, troublesome, exacting passion has merged into a sober affection, founded upon mutual needs, mutual interests, habit, and the memories of far reaching years. Married friends are happier than married lovers.

Mrs Frank Leslie

The Fashions of Paris.

There is a revival of the old style of organdie lawns and other thin fabrics, and in spite of the almost limitless numbers of different dress materials already popular, these have been seized upon as a long felt want, and few ladies fail to number among their summer toilets one of the dainty organdie lawns. The patterns are the same quaint little floral designs our grandmothers thought so pretty, and the crossbars of thicker threads make them really strong, though appearing so thin.

ORGANDIE TOILET.

One particular value that these delicate organdies have is that when slightly crushed or dampened a hot iron passed over the wrong side will make them as fresh as new.

There is also a revival of dimity for summer dresses, and this is trimmed with black point d'esprit in accordion plaited ruffles and with ribbon loops and bows. Indeed, such a quantity of lace ruffles and ribbon bows was never used before to trim summer dresses. Hats are loaded with it, parasols are covered with it in narrow ruffles, both outside and in, and dresses have yards and yards gathered and plaited on wherever it will go.

The exquisite costume for a young lady, of which I give you an illustration, is of organdie, with a lace ruffle at the foot of the skirt. The guimpe, the epaulets and the hat are all of lace, and the parasol is also covered with it, and this is a very modest costume.

Surplice styles in the corsages of thin fabrics are very much worn, and the one-sided effect that has been so popular has had its day, and more graceful fancies now drape the fronts equally. But for nearly all cotton fabrics and the most of the thin woolen and silk the full waist is made, and belted in by one style of girdle or other. The pointed girdle is very graceful and gives a slender figure, but for those who have not lost their girlish roundness narrow ribbon.

A Southern Writer in New York.

Mrs. Lee C. Harby, formerly of Galveston, now of New York, is a genial, frank, whole souled, typical southern woman, and, in addition to rare graces of mind and character, possesses unusual personal beauty. For the excellence of her serial, "The City of a Prince," published in the Magazine of American History, she was

MRS. LEE C. HARBY.

elected a member of the American Historical society—an honor rarely bestowed upon a woman. "Texas Types and Contrasts," from her pen, recently published in Harper's Monthly, added to her laurels.

Mrs. Harby draws about her at her weekly receptions some of the cleverest people in New York, at which the southern element is always well represented. She presides over a handsome home in Harlem, is adored by a son, a married daughter and the fondest of husbands, to say nothing of a grandson, who is a recent addition to the happy household. Sorosis received her with open arms, and found in her a valuable acquisition to its clever membership.

LAUGHING HIMSELF AWAY.

What Seemed Good Luck Has Cost Him 65 Pounds, and May Cost Him His Life.

Joe Durhlinger, of Wrightstown, Bucks county, is laughing himself to death over the Newhope extension of the Reading railroad, which runs by his farm. Three months ago he weighed 175 pounds. The first train passed his farm the first of March. Durhlinger has laughed so much since then that he now weighs 110 pounds. The doctors are puzzled, and Durhlinger's friends are awaiting the result with mingled feelings of alarm and curiosity. Durhlinger is about fifty-eight years of age. He is a native of Germany.

On the first of March, 1890, the Newhope extension of the Reading railroad commenced. This ran directly past Durhlinger's farm, with a station at Walton, about half a mile away. His farm increased in value at once, and Durhlinger began to grin. All of his talk was of the improved value which the extension would give his land, and how his posterity would benefit thereby.

Then he began to neglect his own work and took to watching the railroad men at theirs. He was so tickled that he took several of the railroad men to board at almost nothing per week, and did nothing but laugh and talk about the improvement with them all day. By degrees his mirth became more hilarious. When the extension was finished and the first train ran by Durhlinger's farm he suddenly became convulsed with laughter. From that time he did nothing but sit on his porch and wait for the trains to go by. His keen ears detected the music of the whistle at a distance, and this was so deliciously refreshing to him he would burst into uncontrollable laughter.

After a train has passed he inspects the track, and laughing quietly to himself, returns to his house chuckling, to await the coming of the next. He knows the timetable by heart, and can tell to a minute when a train should be due off his farm. He allowed everything to go to pieces on the farm, and the watching for and laughing at the trains became his one absorbing passion.

He began to lose flesh, and is gradually becoming a skeleton. His wife hopes that the novelty of the thing may wear off, and that her husband will regain his normal state. He does not laugh now quite as much as he did, but his interest in and care of the road remains as great. Monday he walked eighteen miles to testify for the railroad company in a case of trespass on the track.—Philadelphia Record.

Pleasant for Eaters of Marmalade.

Marmalade is doubtless an excellent and nutritious accompaniment to bread and butter at breakfast. It is reported to be largely consumed—under the name of "squish"—by Oxford undergraduates when in training for races. But the pleasing theory on which its patrons have hitherto gone has been that none but the very soundest oranges were used in its manufacture. Probably this is the case with the best makers of the conserve; but a rather lurid light has been thrown on the subject by a case heard at the Woolwich police court.

An inspector stated that complaints were made to him as to the condition of some oranges exposed for sale at the local market. On examining three boxes they were found to contain a "black pulpy substance," which was "quite unfit to eat." The owner of the fruit made the horrifying suggestion that it "could be chopped up for marmalade," and at the hearing of the case he defended himself on the the ground that the oranges were merely "frosted." Another witness mentioned the disquieting fact that while the "pulpy" oranges cost twelve shillings a box, those sold for marmalade only fetched four shillings.

The defendant was let off with a warning, as there was no proof that he knew the oranges to be as bad as they undoubtedly were. For the public the important point is to discover what proportion of their matutinal marmalade is made up of the "black pulpy substance" aforesaid.—London Telegraph.

Hints to Illustrators.

Get in the habit of carrying a small sketch book, and of picking up characteristic jottings in the street, on the ferry, in the horse car or in the audience at the theater. Notice how men wear their hats, at what angles they are tipped and how much of the head or face is visible below the brim. There is a good deal that is expressive and characteristic about a hat if the artist can only catch it.

Notice how different sorts of people dispose of their hands and feet. Watch the wrinkles in a man's coat when its wearer walks, and make quick memoranda of them. When he is leaning forward see where the line of the shoulder and arm will come and how much of his neck is visible above this line. Get the pose of his head when it is thrown back, when he is asleep, reading the paper or fumbling in his pocket for car fare. If his arm is forward or back, note where the wrinkles in his coat front, back or sleeve will be.

Society men, laboring men, business men and tramps will all have different and characteristic attitudes, ways of disposing of their hands and feet and wearing their clothes. The more you make careful study of these things and are able to express them, the more original an artist you will become. Make studies of the hang of a lady's drapery, the set of her bonnet or hat, the lines of her hair, the way in which she carries her muff, parcels, bag or umbrella, how she gets on or off of a car, crosses a gutter or rings a doorbell.—Art Amateur.

So Much the Better for Her.

A gentleman and his wife, the latter with a six-months'-old infant in her arms, were about to enter the Austin Opera House to see the performance one night, when the doorkeeper suddenly said:

"Beg pardon, madam, but you can't take infants inside!"

"Very well," said the lady, "so much the better for me. You just take care of the little fellow till the play is over—and, by the way, there's the milk bottle in case he should cry."—Texas Siftings.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the county court of the county of Yamhill, state of Oregon
In the matter of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Kittie Davis, as the administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased, has filed her final account of her administration of said estate in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and said court has set the 7th day of July, A. D 1891, at the hour of ten o'clock a. 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 account be not allowed, said estate finally settled and said administratrix discharged and her bonds exonerated

Dated this 2nd day of June A. D 1891.

KITTIE DAVIS,
Administratrix of said estate.
F. W. Fenton Att'y for estate. j 4-22

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC
TRADE MARK.
Will Purify the Blood; regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL and BEST. Dr. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.
LADIES
Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO St. Louis, Mo.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to hire by mail any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SO I ID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

JOHN DERBY, JESSE EDWARDS.
Edwards & Derby,
Proprietors of The McMinnville
TILE TILE FACTORY TILE TILE
Situated at the Southwest corner of the Fair Grounds. All sizes of
First-Class Drain Tile
kept constantly on hand at lowest living prices. EDWARDS & DERBY,
41- McMinnville, Oregon.

Kidney Disease
—is the cause of no end of suffering. A safe and certain remedy is
DR. HENLEY'S
Oregon Kidney Tea.
It can do you no harm. It may do you much good. Here is the testimony of one sufferer who has been made a "a new man."
I had been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys when kind Providence sent Dr. Henley with the Oregon Kidney Tea to my hotel. It had an almost miraculous effect and in a few days I was a new man. G. A. TUPPER,
Proprietor Occidental Hotel,
Santa Rosa, Cal.
It has cured thousands; why not you? To-morrow may be too late.
Your druggist will tell you about it. Ask him.

J. B. ROHR,
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter
The Only Sign Writer in the County.
Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most Artistic Style.
Designs furnished for Decorations.
Remember Paper Hanging and Inside Furnishing a Specialty.
Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.
Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

B. F. BLOOD,
Of Carlton, Oregon, has the
ONLY MACHINE SHOP
This side of Portland.
Wood and Iron Lathe, Band Saw and Emery Outfit
For saw Gumming and other work.
All kinds of Blacksmiting and Wood Work Done.
CYLINDER TEETH MADE AND LAYED.
Send in your Machinery Early, so you can have it ready for harvest.
All Work Warranted.

Lots in the Oak Park
ADDITION
ARE SELLING FAST!
And It Is Building Up.
Soon Lots will be scarce and Command a Higher Price.
Buy Now Before Too Late.
Price Ranges $50 up. For full particulars apply to
J. I. KNIGHT & CO., Real Estate Agents, McMinnville.
THE INVESTMENT CO., 49 Stark St., Portland, Or.
F. BARNEKOFF & CO., McMinnville Flouring Mills.

Ely's Cream Balm
THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c
Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.
50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

PRESTON'S EDVKE CURES ANY HEADACHE "While You Wait" BUT CURES NOTHING ELSE.

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC
TRADE MARK.
Will Purify the Blood; regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL and BEST. Dr. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.
LADIES
Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO St. Louis, Mo.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by all Local Druggists.

Song little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jas. Bunn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $200.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. Write and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

UNION PACIFIC THE GREAT TRUNK LINE
Tickets ON SALE —TO— DENVER, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, ST PAUL, ST. LOUIS, AND ALL POINTS East, North and South,
—AT— PORTLAND, OR.,
GEO. S. TAYLOR' Ticket Agt.
Corner First and Oak Sts.

East and South
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Route
SHASTA LINE.
Express Trains 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	7:20 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	5:50 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.
Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		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 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' Yaquina 4:35 pm	Arriv Albany 11:18am

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development 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
May 7th,	May 3d,
" 16th,	" 12th,
" 24th,	" 20th,
" 31st.	" 28th,

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 Development 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
ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO
(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 to 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. 147 First St., Cor. Washington, Portland, Or.

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 best line to Chicago and the best and only sleeping and dining car route to
Omaha, Kansas City, and all Missouri River Points.
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 no other.
W. H. MEAD, G. A.
No. 4 Washington street, Portland, Or.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Free Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.