THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER
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THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

AND THRONGS ARE RETURNING FROM MOUNTAIN AND SHORE.

The Bright Summer Girl We Shall Hear of No More Till the Warm Weather Cometh Again—Meantime 'Twill Amuse You to Cast Your Eye O'er What She Thinks of the Summer Young Men.

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THE most beautiful season of the year in the country and by the sea, when the green of the hills begins to change to red and gold, when sunset comes earlier and grows more gorgeous every day, when the beach plums are ripening in the yellow sand, and when just to breathe the winey September air makes one rejoice to be alive, is the time selected by the summer guest to hurry back to town.

Now doth that alternately exalted and reviled, flattered and slandered, that dainty and ephemeral, fair and fleeting creature, the summer girl, begin to pack her twenty trunks for the autumn hegira. With what different emotions did she superintend that same titanic operation three short months ago! With what fond anticipations did she watch each rich and dainty bit of finery as it was carefully laid in its proper place! With what swelling pride did she survey the two loaded baggage wagons that preceded her to the station! There was one trunk for her boots, one for her hats, one for her underclothes, another just for furbelows, another for the umbrellas to match every gown, another for the waists of dresses, and several more long ones with trays to hold the skirts. No girl at the beach had more trunks than she. There was a senator's wife who brought twenty-five, and those Cubans had twenty-eight apiece.

Oh, dear! Every year one has to dress more. Why, this spring papa made no end of a fuss over the bills. What will he do next season? Life grows more and more complicated, thinks the summer girl. Yes, the summer girl does think. What else can she be doing as she sways back and forth in the low rocking chair? She is draped in a white India silk wrapper, her blond hair is loose on her shoulders and her feet are thrust into high heeled red slippers. There is a look of deep absorption on her face and a trace of thoughtful melancholy in her blue eyes. Why shouldn't she think? When the baby stares into space that way isn't there always some one in the room to say, "What is the dear little thing thinking about, I wonder?"

WHAT ELSE CAN SHE BE DOING?

The summer girl rocks slowly, reviewing the past and speculating on the future, as the deft handed Marie folds and packs muslin, silk and lace.

It is an accepted theory with the philosopher that the sense of smell is, of all the senses, the one most closely connected with memory; that a familiar odor will awaken a whole chain of thought long forgotten, will call up the past from the grave of dead years as nothing else can do. It is probable that the formulators of this theory were men, for every woman knows that as an inspiration to memory all the perfumes of Araby are less poignant than the sight of old and wornout clothes.

What moons shine again, what visions of wave and sky, what recollections of long walks on deck under the stars, that blue yachting suit with its gold laced cap and white canvas shoes brings to the mind of the maiden! There is a sound of horns in that red crape coaching parasol. She had the seat beside the driver that day and Flossie Dash, who was supposed to be engaged to him, was wild. Well, he didn't last long; that is to say, they staid in the mountains but ten days.

HALF AN HOUR TO GET THE GLOVES OFF.

Those little silver slippers must still quiver with the fever of the dance. They were worn with a white crape Greek gown and flesh colored silk stockings. Her blond curls were bound into a silver fillet, and the Harvard man with whom she sat out all the square dances on the cool veranda called her Lydia and Chloris and quoted poetry in Latin or Greek or something. She didn't understand it, but it sounded as though it meant something nice, and why that tall, slim waiter with the spectacles should have choked and giggled and spilled lemon ice all over himself just at that moment was a mystery.

White muslin and lace, India silk, soft wool—the maiden's gowns this year have all been simple. No jewels, no heavy satins or brocades. "The girl" is no less the important part of American social life, but every season she dresses more like the maidens of other countries, who are merely in society on probation, so to speak, never being really admitted until some one marries them.

Say what you will about our American social system, the folly of allowing unsophisticated young things to arrange their own destinies—some of our girls are butterflies, but not many of them are featherbrains. They like their freedom, they don't marry in a hurry, even though some of their little affairs are rather quickly arranged in summer.

That is also what the summer girl is thinking. She knows she is called a fisher of men by the newspaper paragraphers, that her mamma is supposed to lie awake nights scheming in her behalf, that the million-heir is warned that he takes his life in his hands every time he enters her presence, but it doesn't trouble her. Of course she wants to marry a million-heir, but she doesn't want to marry them all and she can easily get along without even one, unless that one wants her. The summer girl's object in life is less matrimony than flirting, to tell the truth, and less flirting than dancing in what sunbeams that shine, and enjoying life while it lasts.

The philosophers who preach the theory of change, of the evanescence of all things, are less impressed with their own doctrine than is the summer girl. Regret has little place in her heart, remorse no place at all. She wishes vaguely, as she watches Marie fold that black lace, that she hadn't allowed herself to go to the races with the man who afterward turned out to be a celebrated bookmaker; she bites her lips and frowns when she remembers another little escapade or two. But then the season is over; there are no shopworn goods in the summer girl's stock.

She has an idea that if she were a newspaper funny man she would like to poke a little fun at the summer young man. He is an uncertain quantity. He turns out to be all sorts of things—barbers, dry goods clerks, tailors.

But then the season is over. She picks up a certain Nile green silk with a great stain of ice cream over the front breadth and strokes it softly with her pink finger tips, while the thoughtful look deepens in her eyes. Marie, where are the gloves for this gown? They came to the shoulder and it was strangely amusing—was that just the word?—to have somebody draw them off for her at supper. That corner of the piazza—the soft light—the music. It always took at least half an hour to get those gloves off. Marie could remove them in three seconds, but men are clumsier. That one was particularly so; he used to kiss her fan and her bouquet and the gloves—after he got them off; and once, the night before he left on his yacht, his lips just brushed her hair as they waltzed around behind the clump of palms in the corner.

But then the season is over!

RHETA LOUISE CHILDE.

A Hospitable Woman's Contrivance.

A hospitable woman who dearly loves to entertain her friends over night, but has limited accommodations, has a folding bed in her sitting room. Her dressing table and washstand contrivance is worthy of being copied. A closet was devoted to the purpose. Light pine boarding was used to make a shelf or washstand top with narrow shelves above for comb and brush, glasses and bottles, and a pin cushion. The space between is filled with a good looking glass set in like a panel. Below the large shelf first named is a central space left unshelved to the floor. Here can be hung dusters, brushes, etc., safely hid behind a curtain. The spaces each side, divided from the center by upright boards, are shelved and curtained. Brass hooks on the door serve to hold towels, unless one should prefer to hang them under the central curtain. If so the door hooks will hold dresses nicely. When done the small shelves are covered with light colored muslin. The large shelf where toilet china is set is to be covered with white enameled cloth and over this a fresh towel can be placed.

A DRESSING CLOSET.

Mrs. Edward Burgess.

Mrs. Edward Burgess, wife of the lamented yacht designer, who revolutionized American yacht building, was a reigning beauty in her girlhood. At the ball given Duke Alexis of Russia at New York on the occasion of his visit to this country, Mrs. Burgess, then Miss Kitty Sullivant, was the nobleman's choice for the opening dance. She was the daughter of Mr. William Sullivant, the distinguished scientist, whose father was one of the early founders of Ohio's capital. Her mother was of an old New York family. Kitty Sullivant had ravishing golden hair. She was the original of Love in Fagnanni's famous painting of the "Nine Muses" in the Metropolitan museum at Central park. One of T. B. Aldrich's daintiest poems was inspired by this once famous beauty.

Iron in the Sun.

The opinion is now expressed by what are considered high scientific authorities that the earth, and consequently its iron, at one time formed part of the sun, the term sun, as used in this case, being understood to include not only the sun nucleus, but also the deep covering of incandescent vapors which surrounds it, which, for convenience, is called its atmosphere. The investigations of chemists and scientists with the spectroscope have revealed in the sun no fewer than twenty-five distinct elements, all of which are known among things terrestrial, and there is every reason to believe that the remaining elements either existed at a former period or exist now in the sun.

Among the metals discovered in the sun's atmosphere is iron, and in consequence of the enormous heat it, along with the other metals, is in a state of vapor. Not only is the presence of iron unmistakably made out, but its position among other metals is found to be just where it might be expected, having respect to gravity and the atomic weights which these metals are known to possess on the earth. The study of other metals in the sun, as revealed by the spectroscope, also goes far to support this hypothesis of the earth's solar system.—New York Telegram.

A Gold Mine on a Roof.

Three thousand dollars for an old tin roof would be a pretty steep price, but the man who gets the battered roof from the old Tabernacle church at Broad street and South Penn square, which is now being torn away, for that sum will be in great luck. Some years ago the paint was scraped off the old roof and yielded $5,000 in fine gold. It is almost certain to yield as much this time. The gold comes from the mint.

When gold is being coined a considerable quantity of it volatilizes with the smoke through the chimney, and as soon as it strikes the air it falls. Much of it falls on the roof of the mint, so much of it that the officials save even the water that falls upon it during a shower. All the drains from the roof are connected with large vats in the cellar of the mint. Before the water finally gets to the sewer it is strained through many blankets and sieves which retain the gold.

Notwithstanding all these precautions the gold that is annually washed into the Delaware from the mint is worth thousands of dollars. Every particle of dirt swept up about the mint is carefully stored away with the washings from the roof, and once every year it is sold to the highest bidder, as it cannot be used at the mint.—Philadelphia Record.

The greatest ocean depth ever found by measurement was in the Atlantic near Puerto Rico—4,651 fathoms.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

A Woman's Share in Passing the International Copyright Law.

Mrs. M. S. Burke, the Washington journalist, has done some of the best congressional correspondence that comes from the capital. She is well liked and highly respected by senators and representatives, who give her free access to committee rooms and save bits of news for her. Channels of information are open to her as they are to the gentlemen of the press at Washington. A friend tells me that this bright woman did her share of helping on the international copyright law to its passage. The bill had been up before the house once, but failed to pass because a quorum was not present. It was the closing days of the session. Speaker Reed declared in righteous wrath that if the friends of the measure had not enough interest in it to vote for it when it was on he would not call it up again, because there were so many other necessary bills to be put through before adjournment. Those anxious for the fate of the bill were in dismay. Meeting Mrs. Burke one day, several of them begged her to call on the speaker and use all her arguments to induce him to let the measure come up again. They had exhausted their powers of persuasion and he had been obdurate as a rock. Mrs. Burke called on Mr. Reed and pleaded with him. He listened to her kindly and respectfully, as was his wont. He told her he would do whatever he could in the matter, but would not promise for certain. Next day, however, the international copyright bill was passed by the house.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, writing in The Cosmopolitan, is rather inclined to regret that women are so interested in the machinery of parliamentary usage and are trying to learn it. May the Lord forgive Dr. Hale, for he knows not what he does. If he were to attend a few women's meetings and, in the midst of a vitally important discussion evolving the disbursement of a large sum of money, behold a woman rise and announce a millinery opening at such a time, or invite the ladies to a rose tea at her house next week, he would never say a word again against women learning parliamentary usage; never.

Mrs. M. H. Hotchkiss has given to the Yale preparatory school $275,000, and Yale college will not permit even an annex for women to be attached to it. Very unfortunate it is that there are still so many women like this, who will thus deliberately turn and give their own sex a slap in the face.

The race wants women, strong armed, strong hearted women, not dolls and squeaking puppets.

Annie Besant's motto is this: Be strong.

A grand indication it is to see women beginning to stand by one another so firmly. This is especially marked among newspaper women. In New York I have noticed that when one can say a kindly thing of another in a paper, or can help her privately by a good word or note of introduction to get work, the aid is always forthcoming. Somebody has taken occasion to be sarcastic about this tendency of women to "write up" one another, but the sarcasm is harmless. The fact remains that women are glad to help one another in any way possible, and this sisterly feeling is extending to all classes. When they stand by one another against slanderous criticism and attacks on character or unkind sayings, then the millenium will come.

There is something pathetic in the struggles and ambitions of the negro women workers. Freedom has rendered them twice as ambitious in worthy ways as it has the black men. They wash, iron and scrub, day in and day out, to educate their children and get on in the world. They in many cases support idle negro men who refuse to work at all while these faithful, industrious creatures can earn the living, though the black lords are ever ready to "boss" their wives. So far as my observation extends, the free colored women are worth far more than the men in industrial fields.

This autumn the New Century club of Philadelphia will occupy its new home. This is one of the most successful and progressive clubs to be found anywhere. In the new building is a stage fitted up for theatrical performances, and the club is able out of its own ranks to furnish a writer who can make sparkling and happy dramas for amateur acting. This writer, Miss Burnham, has written one parlor drama, "Postal Cards," which was successfully given at the Seventeenth Street theater in Philadelphia. The New Century club is fortunate.

Mrs. Ella Brown has received her diploma as a lawyer from the State University of Kansas, and will practice in partnership with her husband at Holton.

Dr. Martha Robinson is her father's partner in the dentistry business in Cleveland, and performs the difficult operations on account of her superior skill.

Mrs. Loqua, Universalist preacher, of Chicago, says, "I believe that men are in time to give up the profession of the ministry and we women are to be the only ministers." But we want both. Men must have a fair show in the new world that is to be created.

The southern Presbyterian general assembly has ruled that women must keep silent in public. The southern Presbyterian assembly is away behind the wagon. The members ought to ask their wives at home about this matter.

It is a significant sign of the times that at the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, in Washington, Frances Willard and Mrs. La Fetra were received as fraternal delegates, and Miss Willard, in response to enthusiastic calls, made a speech. But are there no Catholic ladies who can make temperance speeches?

For seventeen years Susanna M. Dunckleе was cashier of the Newton (Mass.) savings bank. Then she retired. At the time of her leaving the bank its deposits had grown to be nearly $2,000,000.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Nothing, we think, is so bitter as an olive freshly pickled, yet after they turn purple and black hogs soon learn to devour them.

A tea made of ripe or dry whortleberries, and drank in place of water, is claimed to be a speedy cure for many forms of scrofulous troubles.

Two forms of catarrh are due to pollen; one, in summer, known as "rose cold" or "hay fever," the other, in autumn, known as "autumnal catarrh."

A person making a call should not, while waiting for a hostess, touch an open piano, walk about the room examining pictures, nor touch any ornament in the room.

The physicians of Berlin assert that their practice has fallen off 25 per cent. since Koch's operations began, and consequently they demand from the government free lymph.

Political advancement of women is rapid in Bombay. One woman has even been admitted to the senate as a worthy member.

At the end of a game of chance it is curious how much more appears to have been lost than any one is ready to own to having won.

One of the sights at Springfield, Mass., is a handsomely dressed woman who never walks out unless accompanied by at least nine dogs.

Lady Harris, wife of the governor of Bombay, is an excellent cricketer, and was captain of the winning side in a successful cricketing match recently held.

A New Use for the Heater.

I once spent a winter with a family where the mother and the daughters performed most of the household service, only calling in a woman on wash days and for extra work.

They were in moderately comfortable circumstances, and considering their habits and their income, should never have been greatly worried about money matters. But the daughters were always in debt, and the mother, who was a widow, was in a perpetual worry about bills. The allowances were always spent before they were received, and the aggregate indebtedness was far more than the sum provided, so that the surplus debt accumulated rapidly. It was a puzzle to me for some time how they managed to get into such corners. They bought continually and bought good things, but never seemed to have anything fit to wear except their most recent purchases. What became of the many articles which were brought into the house I could never imagine, until one day I overheard a conversation that let light in upon the subject.

One of the daughters had been caught in a rainstorm the night before, and her dress was soaked, mud splashed and torn. She had taken it off hurriedly, dropped it on the floor in one corner of the room and forgotten it, she said, and it was one mass of wrinkles and creases. She gave it a few dashes with the whisk broom, then in disgust declared that it was no good and that she would throw it into the heater. Suiting the action to the word, she bundled up the dress, took it to the cellar and a moment later nothing remained of it but ashes. A few days later an out of season hat and some ill fitting but expensive shoes, only half worn, went the same way. When articles were inquired for some excuse was made for their non-appearance, and as time went on they were forgotten. The mother was a happy-go-lucky sort of person, who was to an extent ruled by her daughters, and they silenced her remonstrances whenever she ventured, and by declaring that the things were perfectly useless, and why not have them out of the way?

Articles of furniture requiring only a moment's repairs were broken up for kindling, tins with a speck of a hole in were given to the ashman, and everything and anything the putting in order of which took time or pains were disposed of in the same way. But it was into the capacious jaws of the heater that the goods and chattels of that family went, and wastefulness and extravagance took on a new meaning to me after that winter's experience with the heater as a consuming element.—New York Ledger.

England's Real Estate Loss.

A mistake which cost the British government about as much territory as there is in the state of Rhode Island has come to light. The error consists of the fact that the iron monuments at Blaine, and for many miles east of there, are 360 yards north of the forty-ninth parallel, which should be the next boundary line.

Ensign Edward Moale, Jr., of the United States navy, and connected with the United States coast survey, tells the story. Three years ago Ensign Moale was on the United States surveying schooner which was operating in the vicinity of Blaine. The authorities at Washington sent out charts containing the latitude and longitude, which are filled in with the result of the surveys.

Attached to the schooner was Assistant S. S. Gilbert, who had charge of the party working on shore. He sent in a platted result of his work, which was filled into maps received from headquarters at Washington. When Gilbert's charts were platted in these maps it was found that the boundary monuments at Blaine, and for a distance east thereof, were 360 yards to the north of the forty-ninth parallel.

"At first we thought we were mistaken," said Ensign Moale, "and carefully went over the work time and again, only to verify the fact that the boundary monuments were further north than they should be."

"How did the mistake occur?"

"I suppose when the boundary line survey was made in 1852 under the direction of the joint American and English commission that a slight error was made by the surveyors in northern Montana or the Rocky mountains. This was trifling at the start, but kept widening out until it covers 360 yards wide at the Straits of Georgia."

"Can the British demand the territory back?"

"No, they cannot, because the boundary line between the United States and Canada is fixed by these monuments, which are of iron and are placed every mile from the Lake of the Woods to the straits of Georgia. From the Lake of the Woods to the Atlantic the boundary line is fixed by the lakes and rivers. This fact has never been officially reported to Washington."—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Wall Decorations.

A wall decoration original and sensible, to be seen at one of the exchanges for woman's work, consists of a large square of white wood with beveled edge that is gilded. In the center of the board is fastened a round mirror framed in a braid of gilded rope. At each side of the mirror a pair of small gilt brackets, in a branching pattern, and holding cups for candles, is fastened. A gilded shelf edged with gold fringe is fastened at the lower edge of the dressing cabinet. The space on each side the mirror is fitted first with a good sized pocket of old rose plush. A space is then left, and two open boxes or trays of the white wood are nailed in place. One box is to be used for hairpins, the other for rings and fancy pins. A pretty round cushion for pins and a covered box for hair combings are nailed in the lowest right and left hand corners of this very complete little toilet cabinet.

When fretwork is used across a corner or to separate a bay window from the rest of the room, a flounce of China silk a quarter of a yard or twelve inches deep is sometimes used below it, instead of shutting off the light by an entire curtain reaching to the floor. When there are many long draperies in a room a variety that is pleasing may be obtained by using the flounce.—New York Post.

Grape Fruit as a Salad.

The piles of huge grape fruit which are to be found on the fruit stalls call to mind the tonic value of this fruit eaten as a salad, or as an introduction to breakfast. For the latter, remove the thick rind and tear off the epidermis around each lobe; arrange the pulp in a saladbowl and serve it ice cold and "au naturel." It is delicious served as a salad, with French dressing. This is the "forbidden fruit" of Paris shops. If you notice the depressions near the stem end you will see that they resemble the print of teeth.

This, according to popular tradition, is the mark of Eve's teeth when she bit the fruit, which was a sweet orange before, but afterward became bitter. The negroes at the south tell the same story, about persimmon, though they do not show the print of teeth. They believe it was once well flavored, but was the one forbidden tree in Eden, and when Eve tasted it it became acrid and has remained so ever since.—New York Tribune.

Hardening Cast Iron.

Some Chicagoans have lately been conducting satisfactory experiments in hardening cast iron by a new chemical process. Briefly described, the mode of procedure is as follows: The iron is put in a furnace and heated to the proper temperature, when the chemical is put on the upper side and goes right through it, so that when cool the under side is as hard as the upper side, and when broken the iron is as hard inside as outside.

No trouble is experienced in going through six inches, and the chemical can probably go through any reasonable thickness. In Chicago it is being used for hardening brick dies made of cast iron, whereas heretofore brick dies were necessarily made of steel. This is a great saving, both in material and work. Another use is for shoes on grips of cable cars.—New York Journal.

From Travancore comes a quaint plant called the "cerberus," which has a milky, poisonous juice. The unripe fruit is used by the natives to destroy dogs, as its action causes their teeth to loosen and fall out.

The first use of gunpowder as an agent in warfare was made in the course of the Twelfth century. The Chinese demonstrated its propulsive effects in the Fifteenth century, in the reign of Yunglop, this being fully 1,000 years after gunpowder was used in firecrackers.

Food in the Faroes.

The food of the people consists chiefly of black or brown rye or barley bread, soup, milk, coffee, and fish, either fresh or dried. Almost every dwelling possesses its own kladlur, or wind house, for drying purposes, the four sides of which are composed of laths, set some half inch from one another, to allow free passage to the air. Here, for months together, mutton and whale flesh hang uncooked, and are then considered fit for human food. Whale flesh is very supporting, but the dark, leathery rind, inclosing very coarse, bacon-like fat, looks terribly untempting, and far worse is the taste.

Often rows of little fish hang outside the wind houses, appealing to the noses of the multitude of unowned cats which meet you at every turn in Thorshavn, and are encouraged as necessary to keep down the similarly attracted breed of rats. The pretty Faroese name of musabrouir, the mouse's brother, has, moreover, been given to the northern wren (troglodytes borealis, Fischer), not for size and color merely, but because, mouselike, it creeps through the chinks of the kladlur to feast on the dried meats.—Good Words.

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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.

B. S. CLARK

OF THE

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THIRD, That He Does Not buy Goods from Drummers.

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RESOLVED: That as **He Owns** the goods in Stock He is not bound to any **Wholesale House,** or in other words, they **Do Not Own Him.**

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Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a smooth, soft, clear velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freckles and blackheads will never come when you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, old or young ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and as nourishing as dew to the flower. PRICE $1 00, at all druggists and hair dressers or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 103 Post St., San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful."

Sample Bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady agents wanted.

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Cures the worst cases of freckles, sunburn, sallowness, moth-patches, pimples and all skin blemishes. PRICE, $1.50. Harmless and effective. No samples can be sent. Lady agents wanted.

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Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon,

In the matter of the estate of Josephine Kloucheck, deceased,

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Charles Kloucheck as administrator of the estate of Josephine Kloucheck dec'd, has filed his final account of his administration of said estate in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and said Court has set the third day of November, 1891, at the hour of one o'clock of said day at the County Court room at McMinnville, Oregon as the time and place for the hearing of 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 administrator discharged and his bonds exonerated. This notice is published five weeks by order of Hon. Wm Galloway Judge of said court. Made this 17th day of September, A. D., 1891.

CHARLES KLOUCHECK, Administrator of said estate

F. W. Fenton & J. E. Magers, Att'ys for estate

Ever since the establishment of the first paper on the bay of San Francisco, which we believe was the "Alta," removed from Monterey in 1849; the inhabitants of the Coast generally have been interested in the news from San Francisco. The "Alta," like many other pioneers of '49, has succumbed to the inevitable and gone over to the great majority, and, like other pioneers, has been succeeded by younger generations. The "Examiner" has taken perhaps the most prominent place in the newspaper field of late years, and its Weekly edition is very generally taken by those who want an interesting and reliable paper published at "The Bay." Everyone is familiar with the Premium Offers made by Mr. Hearst, the "Examiner's" enterprising publisher, and it is only necessary to say that this year the aggregate value of the premiums—of which there are 5,000—is $135,000, which are distributed among all the subscribers to the paper. In addition to these premiums, which range in value from 50 cents to $7,500, every subscriber receives one of the four great premium pictures, which will be mailed to him in a tube direct from the "Examiner" office as soon as the subscription is received:

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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,

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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 with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE	
Portland	4:40 p m	McMnn	7.25 p m
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☞First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

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" Corvallis	1:03 pm	" Corvallis	10:35 am
Arr'v Yaquina	4:35 pm	Arriv Albany	11:15am

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.

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