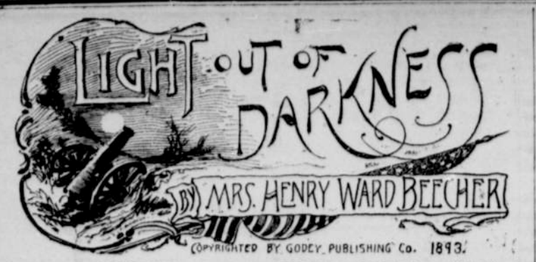

CHAPTER XII.

And now there came frequent tidings of one battle after another, but always followed speedily by telegrams from Rose to assure the anxious home friends that, although the first in the conflict and the last to leave the field, her brothers thus far had been mercifully preserved unharmed. Dunbar's horse had once been shot under him, but he escaped without injury. His brave men, however, had suffered terribly. More than 20 of George's gallant 100 had fallen, and 12 more were now in the hospital, watched over by their gallant captain's sister with a tenderness and hearty sympathy that made her like an angel in their midst.

Then came another pause, during which the regiments had leisure to fill up their broken ranks, recruit their exhausted strength and restore order again in their camps. But it was only the quiet of the tempest while it gathers force to burst again upon the earth with fury and desolation.

Our friends at the farm had enjoyed one of those quiet, delightful Sabbaths that July sometimes bestows after a severe thunderstorm. Toward evening all were on the veranda watching the shadows falling over the clover fields, while the sun edged the grand old hills with fire as he slowly sunk to rest behind the dark mountains that overlooked the placid lake.

Just then a horse's hoofs were heard, and the next moment a horse and rider were seen rapidly approaching the house. It was an uncommon occurrence on the Sabbath, and every face betokened alarm. As the rider halted at the steps Mr. Newton rose and received a dispatch. The boy lingered one moment and then rode quickly away. To how many does the sight of a telegram bring fear and forebodings of evil, even when from business necessities they are of frequent occurrence, and how one not accustomed to receiving them shrinks from the first glance of the contents! Thus stood Mr. Newton, while every eye turned anxiously toward him. His own face was very pale and his hand trembled when at last he opened it. As his eyes took in the message a heavy groan burst from his lips, but he instantly controlled himself as his wife and daughter exclaimed:

"Oh, my boys!" "My husband!"

"Be brave, my dear ones. It is from Rose. A fearful battle at Bull Run. We are shamefully beaten. Eustace slightly wounded, but George and Ralph are missing. Come—come to me quickly!"

Ah, was not this a bitter cup? How will they bear it? The noble father, the tender mother, the loving bride and sister and the dear younger brother! Their faith and trust in God must be strong indeed to carry them safely through these deep waters!

Lillian was the first to speak.

"We must go at once, dear father. Eustace will be well cared for, but Rose needs counsel and support immediately."

"Yes, my darling. But there is no train that we can reach till early Monday morning.

"My dear wife, you are not well. I dread this rapid and exciting journey for you. Will you not remain at home, leaving Lillian and myself to do what we can for our children, yet keeping you informed by daily telegrams?"

In the early morning Alfred returned.

"Good news. I telegraphed to Rose as soon as I reached the city and received this answer not 10 minutes before I was obliged to leave," handing the dispatch to his father.

"George safe with us. Eustace doing well, but Ralph is a prisoner. Let Alfred come with Lillian. Father and mother can do nothing toward Ralph's release."

Great was the joy at this release from part of their fears, but it was with difficulty that the mother could be persuaded to relinquish the idea of going herself. She at last consented on one condition—that her husband should accompany Lillian, leaving Alfred to supply his father's place at home.

Mr. Newton and his daughter reached the camp without any delay, sending back by the magic wires an immediate report of their safe arrival and the comfort their presence gave the anxious children.

At noon the next day came the following:

"Ralph is safely with us. Expect a letter the next mail."

The letter came in due time, as follows:

"Dunbar's wound in the left arm, from a bayonet thrust, was slight, and would not have kept him from his work a day, but at the same time he was knocked from his horse, rescued by his men and carried from the field.

"George and Ralph have been wonderfully preserved. Their regiment was among the most fearless and daring."

In a letter to his wife Mr. Newton thus describes how Ralph appeared in the Union lines:

"Yesterday afternoon as we were seated in Eustace's tent a loud shout from his men outside brought us all upon the grounds. Great excitement was manifested by all, and repeated cheers from the front sounded strangely out of place where all but a moment before had been quiet, moody or despondent. As the men saw the colonel leave his tent they made way for us to pass toward the front, and in the distance we saw that a horseman riding furiously was the occasion of the excitement. The instant Dunbar espied him he exclaimed: 'Look! Surely I cannot be mistaken. That is Prince, but such a uniform—who can the rider be?' It was their colonel's well known horse the men had cheered so heartily, but they now stood anxiously waiting for a nearer approach to recognize the rider.

"It was but a moment's suspense before, without checking his headlong speed, he stripped the rebel coat from his shoulders, threw it from him and raising the cap from his head tossed it high in the air to fall in the ditch beyond, with a full, joyous 'Hurrah!' which was answered by the most deafening cheers. We all recognized that voice. Rose sprang forward, crying 'Ralph! Ralph! my darling brother!' as he dashed into our midst flung himself from the panting horse and clasped her in his arms."

The letter still further explained that on the first night of Ralph's capture those who had charge of the prisoners encamped in a wood not many miles from Bull Run, being unable to proceed farther and confident that our army had been too greatly dispirited to rally sufficiently to regain what they had so needlessly lost. From the first Ralph was determined to escape before he reached their prison house. A guard was placed over him, who abused and insulted him in the most heartless and unnatural manner. He assumed meanwhile a weary, dispirited manner, and at last appeared to sink into the heavy sleep of great exhaustion. This after a time relaxed their vigilance, and they yielded to fatigue and whisky, which soon completely overpowered them.

A guard was placed over him.

When all was quiet and deep sleep settled down upon the captors, slowly and painfully, stiff from many blows and bruises, Ralph succeeded in dragging himself clear of the slumbering guards, passing one who had thrown cap and overcoat near where he lay in his drunken stupor. It took but a moment to disguise himself in a rebel's uniform, and greatly rejoicing to find a loaded revolver in the pocket silently passed beyond the guarded tent. Then the rash boy, remembering that he had seen a number of captured horses fastened near by as he marched to the prison tent and sure that he recognized Eustace's horse among them, delayed till he could judge by his ear of the position, then crept skillfully among the trees to the spot where they were tethered. Prince's low, welcoming whinny revealed him! before Ralph, by the fitful moonlight, could be sure of his exact locality. Instantly unfastening the halter he sprang into the saddle, which remained as the master had fallen from it, and dashed fearlessly away.

Evidently the sentry was half asleep or had not distinguished the little noise he made from the stamping and restlessness of so many weary and unfed horses around him, but leaving the swamp where they were tied and passing, as he must, the tents a guard sprang forward, presenting his musket, and demanded the countersign. Not daring to use his pistol lest he should too soon rouse the sleepers within, the only answer he returned was a well directed blow, which staggered the man, giving Prince freedom to rush forward. The sentinel recovered himself immediately and fired, but with an unsteady hand. It was sufficient, however, to rouse the men, and in a few minutes he could hear the confused and fierce call to arms. Many random shots were fired, but the good steed carried the brave boy gallantly, and he was soon beyond their pursuit.

Early in the morning after this dark and perilous ride Ralph once ventured to halt at a house by the wayside and ask for a piece of bread and a cup of milk, which were given him, whether out of respect for his borrowed uniform or from a kindly heart he could not judge, and twice he stopped to give the faithful Prince a good feed of grass and draft of pure water. When at last the camp with Eustace's regimental colors flying opened on his sight, it was the happiest moment of his life.

Twice had Dunbar in the midst of a furious assault been brought face to face with Grenville. The first was but a passing glance as in the rush of battle they swept past each other. The last was only a few moments before Eustace's fall. A rebel aimed full at him while giving an order, but in a moment a cavalry officer dashed to the soldier's side, threw up his arm by a quick movement of his sword, as if by accident, and with a sad look raised his cap to Eustace and wheeled off in an opposite direction. That officer was Jasper Grenville. Ralph had also seen him, and burning with indignation, guided only by the impulse of the moment, endeavored to reach him and in that rash attempt was surrounded and taken a prisoner.

Mr. Newton and his daughter returned to the farm, and time sped on, bringing weekly reports from absent ones and meting out full measures of quiet enjoyment for those at home, crowning their toil with great success and more than the hoped for remuneration. The harvest had been carefully garnered, and the sales were rapid. The family were beginning to look forward to the winter as a period of less severe toil, bringing leisure for much reading, and, of more value than all else, a reasonable hope that their children might be able to secure a few days for home, as the slow and seemingly sluggish efforts of the various corps and divisions to recruit would indicate there was little expectation of active service during the winter.

One cold and snowy evening the family were gathered around the cheerful fire, when without a word of warning Rose and Ralph walked in and were clasped in their parents' arms. Some minutes of joyful greeting and glad surprise passed before Lillian could gain an answer to her inquiries after her husband. Then she learned that neither Eustace nor George could be spared, as their regiment was ordered to join the army at Vicksburg, with 10 days for preparation. The brothers had urged Ralph to obtain a short furlough and accompany his sister on this visit, bearing their loving greetings, while they tarried behind to expedite arrangements.

A real home supper was prepared for the beloved guests, and while seated at the familiar board all care and anxiety was dismissed from their minds. If Lillian's heart yearned for her husband's presence and the parents missed George's thoughtful attentions, it was carefully concealed during this meal. Once more gathered in the cheerful parlors, questions flowed continually, but not so absorbingly as to prevent the parents from giving Rose's looks and words careful attention. They were soon satisfied that no corroding sorrow was preying upon their darling's peace. True, she was in many respects greatly changed. The strange, sad experience of her hospital life had given a maturity of thought and expression that was singularly contrasted with her bright, girlish face and figure. Years of home life could never have developed the strength and enthusiasm of her character as the last two months had done.

The bond between herself and twin brother was even stronger than when in their home life. No shadow of concealment ever came between them, and without words they seemed to understand each other's hearts instinctively.

When it was time to retire, Rose said: "Stay a moment longer, please. I have a few words to say before retiring.

"I know, my dear parents, you have had much anxiety on my account and many fears that I might not be able to rise above the cruel disappointment that came so suddenly upon me. I do not pretend that I have not suffered very bitterly. But it was the pain of misplaced confidence, the knowledge that what I had thought a priceless treasure was worse than dross, a thing to loathe and scorn. It takes time to banish regrets for such impoverishment, but the love so unutterably squandered can never be renewed. From the hour that Jasper Grenville joined himself to traitors against his country his power over me ceased. He is now a prisoner, taken by a scouting party in the rash attempt to obtain a clandestine interview with me. I am thankful that it did not fall to my brothers to capture him, but it is well that his efforts against our country are ended, at least for the present.

"Lillian, my sister, you look at me in sad surprise that I speak of him so coolly. You think me hard and unfeeling!"

"Ah, no, Rosie! But I cannot understand how a love so strong as yours was can be so totally annihilated, even if the object prove, as Grenville has, utterly unworthy."

"Ah, dear sister! If this had been of the common order of sin or worthlessness, there might have lingered some shades of tenderness, but for the son who would trample upon his mother, the traitor who would betray and destroy his country, there can exist no feeling but entire indifference. Yes—a stronger one than that—detestation."

"And what," interrupted Ralph, "do you imagine that Grenville hoped to gain by a disguised entrance into my sister's presence? Why, to persuade her to leave us and allow the first rebel chaplain to marry them and then convey her to his southern home! Or, if she thought that was asking too much, to secure her promise to be his when the south had subdued us."

"How did you learn this?" asked his father in amazement.

"When captured, he was marched close by our camp and urged his guard to procure an interview with our colonel. Eustace met him and brought back an earnest petition for one word with Rose. Suspecting Grenville imagined our sad reverses had somewhat disheartened us, and that he might also flatter himself that a sight of him would revive her love, our little heroine consented to go with Dunbar. It was well that I was off on a scout. I could not have borne his assurance so quietly as Rose and our Eustace did."

"Well, he understands me now, my dear parents, and will never, I am sure, entertain so wild a hope again. That he suffers I do not doubt, and for the suffering, though deserved, I am sorry. But he chose this crooked path against all our entreaties and has no one to blame but himself. We will not waste this short reunion by any more words of him. I thought it best to tell you this at once that all the rest of our time might be undisturbed. One of the old good night hymns, papa, if you please, and then we will go to rest that we may be prepared for great pleasure tomorrow."

While Rose and Ralph were on their visit home Dunbar had been sent with a strong force to disperse an encampment of rebels who had stationed themselves inconveniently near our lines. He was successful in his mission, had routed them completely and taken many prisoners. During the time that this party waited about the union station they had with them many females of the baser sort, who had often been surprised in attempting to lure our men outside the lines, but great watchfulness and strict regulations had given them little encouragement.

On their way back to camp the next day, having scattered the rebels, a woman, feeble and ragged, came out from the wood near the roadside, holding a dirty rag on a stick as a flag of truce. George, who first noticed her, halted. She advanced and stood before him, earnestly gazing into his face. She could not have been more than 22 or 23 years old and must have once been handsome. Meeting no look of recognition, she dropped her eyes for a moment, then raising them again with a half despairing, half defiant look she said:

"I would speak with your colonel. I have something to say to him."

George galloped to where Dunbar rode and reported this request. The regiment halted at a sign from their commander, who rode back with George to where the figure still remained like a statue, immovable. When they reached her, the searching look which had so disturbed George was fastened on Dunbar's face and with the same result. The men gathered near with looks of wonder, mingled with suspicion, that she might be acting as a decoy to some rebel ambush. She heeded them not nor turned her eyes from Eustace's face as if to compel a recognition. He remained silent, wondering to what this would tend, till, her strangely earnest gaze becoming irksome, he spoke abruptly:

"Well, woman, what do you wish? I have no time to loiter."

"Well, woman, what do you wish?"

"And do you not know me, Eustace Dunbar? Am I so changed by misery that you do not recall Estella Le Barron, or are you so proud and scornful you will not stoop to notice me in my misery and ruin?"

The men with natural delicacy fell back, for there were some among George's company who came from their home and knew of the Le Barron tragedy.

"Oh, Estella! And is it thus I find you? And how came you, with all your faults, among the enemies of your country?"

"I have no country, no friends. The villain for whom I forsook both has cast me out to destruction."

"Estella," interrupted Dunbar when he saw how reckless she was of exposing her own shame, "come with us to our camp, and when there I can procure you a safe and respectable shelter where you can secure kindness and friends even yet if you choose to deserve them. I can no longer remain idle here. Will you come and trust an old friend?"

"I know not where you propose taking me, but I am sick, homeless, starving—I have no choice but submission to your direction."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Berlin scientist who has made some investigations into the social habits of the Kondeh negroes in Central Africa says that their affections are much stronger than is the case with civilized peoples. Very frequently after the loss of a wife, a child or a favorite animal they commit suicide because of grief, and their usual way of doing so is to wade into the water and let a crocodile devour them.

Leave Tramps Alone.

It is almost a daily occurrence that some tramp workman comes along soliciting work that can be done by residents. One day it is a tramp photographer with an old camera taking botched up views of residences or stores, and selling them at prices equal to those charged by our established photographers, who can establish reputations for first class work, and live here, pay taxes here and help support the community. Then again an umbrella repairer or tinker solicits work, or a sign writer hastily brushes letters utterly at variance with all rules of type foundry designers. They get good pay for their botched work and the local painter goes hungry if there is no other employment. Another class that deserve to be met with a shotgun at the door is the traveling men who take orders for shirts or clothing and then go to San Francisco or Portland probably fill orders from stock on hand at prices far above those of our local merchants.

These and other classes of the tramp business men or workmen should be discouraged. Their wares are generally unsatisfactory and the employment is had at the expense of people who reside among us.—*Eugene Guard.*

The Wilson Bill.

The following is the bill that carried in the house by a vote of 239 to 110:

An act to repeal a part of an act, approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes."

Be it enacted, etc., That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes," as directs the secretary of the treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding one dollar for 371.15 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby repealed; but this repeal shall not impair or in any manner affect the legal tender quality of the standard silver dollars heretofore coined; and the faith and credit of the United States are hereby pledged to maintain the parity of the standard gold and silver coins of the United States at the present legal ratio, or such other ratio as may be established by law.

The Clay Books of Nineveh.

Far away beyond the plains of the Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lies the ruins of the ancient city Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade and the scraper, first of the French and then of the English, had cleared all the earth away and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the proud princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of the city was contained in the palace of Kouyunjikr The clay books which composed its contents were sets of tablets covered with very small letters. The tablets are all oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing was done when the clay of the tablet was soft; it was then baked to harden it. Each tablet was numbered, just as librarians of today number the books of which they have charge. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns, descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as of history and travel.

Mexico Finds High Tariff Costly.

There has been a report lately that Mexican manufacturers were to be asked to make a loan to the government, in return for which they would be guaranteed against any lowering of customs duties. But it appears that the government is not disposed to abandon its policy of tariff reform when estimates by impartial people show that increased revenue may be expected from substantially lowering duties on cotton textiles, paper, drugs and other articles, the consumption of which, if less highly taxed, could be considerably augmented. The protective policy has proved very costly in decreasing revenue, and prices have not been lessened to consumers, regarding whom President Diaz says:

"They have as much to be considered as the manufacturers."

Burglars in Diving Suits.

The Bank of France is not entirely free from nervousness regarding the ability of the burglar, and guards itself in a very careful manner. Every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons are waiting and at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would thus have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive next morning the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened. The treasures of the Bank of France are much better guarded than any others in the world.

The cholera has appeared in Berlin in a colony of Polish workingmen. The German capital was preserved from a visit of the pestilence last year by her incomparable cleanliness, and there will be no alarm now. The great city is in districts to facilitate drainage. Instead of making a sewer of the little river that runs through Berlin, and which, if treated in the ordinary way would be an intolerable nuisance, the sewerage is driven by force pumps to immense fields of sand a few miles distant, and these are fertilized, while the city is purified.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union.*

Dr. Miles' Nervine for Nervous Prostration.

Hops at Independence.

Inquiry by an *Oregonian* reporter with regard to hop areas immediately joining Independence, none of the yards being more than two miles away, shows the following result: Sixteen growers last year had 167 acres in hops and this year it is 480. Last year it was estimated that Polk county had a total of 630 acres in hops. If we are to judge from the increase in acreage here the total this year will be near 2000 acres. Since it takes about five pickers to handle an acre of hops, the number of pickers necessary will amount to 10,000 in Polk county. Last year the yield was estimated at 601,020 pounds of hops, and this year a safe estimate would be 1,800,000, which, if sold at 20 cents a pound, will bring $360,000 into this county. The average yield will be a little less but will be made up in acreage which was not fit to pick last year on account of lice. The approaching hop picking season is bringing hundreds of idle men to town.

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Will be paid as premiums for Stock, Poultry, Swine, Agricultural Products, Fruits, Native Woods, Minerals, Works of Art and Fancy Work, and for Trials of Speed.

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Has been revised and improved for the benefit of exhibitors.

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Prices of Admission.

Men's Season Tickets	$2 50
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Women to the Race Course, Free. Children under 12 years, Free to all.

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JAPANESE PILE CURE

NOW ON THE MARKET

AND FOR SALE

That Desirable and Most Beautifully Located Property Known as

Pleasant Home Addition

To McMinnville.

Situate and adjoining the BAPTIST COLLEGE and Park; Only [illegible] minutes walk from the main street of McMinnville; By taking into consideration the Fine Avenues and Streets, the Sightly Situation and Lovely Surroundings Pleasant Home addition furnishes the grandest and most convenient property for those desiring a beautiful home. Pleasant Home is subdivided in four acre-blocks and is sold on reasonable terms. For information apply to WM. F. BRIEDENSTEIN, Sole Agent, Cor. Third Street and Railroad, McMinnville.

GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST

CHEW SPEAR HEAD AND SAVE THE TAGS.

One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars

$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

SPEAR HEAD TAGS

1,155	STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES
5,775	FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BOUND, BLACK ENAMELED TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC
23,100	IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES
115,500	ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS
115,500	LARGE PICTURES (11x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them
261,030	PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO $173,250

The above articles will be distributed, by *coupons*, among parties who chew SPEAR HEAD Plug Tobacco, and return to us the TIN TAGS taken therefrom.

We will distribute 226 of these prizes in this county as follows:

To THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from this county we will give ..... 1 GOLD WATCH

To the FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, 1 OPERA GLASS ..... 5 OPERA GLASSES

To the TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE ..... 20 POCKET KNIVES

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM TOOTH PICK ..... 100 TOOTH PICKS

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 LARGE PICTURE IN ELEVEN COLORS ..... 100 PICTURES

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepaid.

READ.—SPEAR HEAD possesses more qualities of intrinsic value than any other plug tobacco produced. It is the sweetest, the toughest, the richest. SPEAR HEAD is absolutely, positively and distinctively different in flavor from any other plug tobacco. A trial will convince the most skeptical of this fact. It is the largest seller of any tobacco in shape and style on earth, which proves that it has caught the popular taste and pleases the people. Try it, and participate in the contest for prizes. See that a TIN TAG is on every 10 cent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

Very sincerely,
THE P. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

A list of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

DON'T SEND ANY TAGS BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1894.

East and South

—VIA—

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—OF THE—

Southern Pacific Company

Express Trains Leave Portland daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	7.00 p m	San Francisco	[illegible]
San Fran.	7.00 p m	Portland	[illegible]

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	8:30 a m	Roseburg	[illegible]
Roseburg	7:00 a m	Portland	[illegible]

Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	5:[illegible] p m	Albany	[illegible]
Albany	6:30 a m	Portland	[illegible]

Dining Cars on Ogden Route.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers.

Second Class Sleeping Cars

Attached to all Through Trains.

WEST SIDE DIVISION.

Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

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

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland	4:40 p m	McMinn	[illegible]
McMinn'	8:45 a m	Portland	[illegible]

Through Tickets to all Points in the Eastern States, Canada or Europe

Can be obtained at lowest rates from Wilcox, Agent, McMinnville.

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

Wisconsin Central Line

(Northern Pacific R. R. Co. Lessees.)

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Two Through Trains Daily

12 45p	6 25p	lv	Minneapolis	ar	8 00a
1 25p	7 15p	lv	St Paul	ar	8 00a
10 50a	4 05p	lv	Duluth	ar	11 10a
1 45p	7 05p	lv	Ashland	ar	8 05a
7 15a	10 05a	ar	Chicago	lv	5 00p

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