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TWO ON THE TERRACE.

Warm waves of lavish moonlight
The capitol infold,
As if a richer noonlight
Bathed its white walls with gold,
The great bronze Freedom shining—
Her head in ether shrining—
Peers eastward, as divining
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring
Her splendor o'er the ground;
See the white obelisk soaring
To pierce the blue profound.
Beneath the still heavens beaming,
The lighted town lies gleaming,
In guarded slumber dreaming—
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing
From those dim roofs arise;
The myriad pulses throbbing
Are silent as the skies.
To us their peace is given;
The mood of spirits shriven;
I see the wide, pure heaven
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah, love! a thousand scenes
Shall range their trooping years;
The morning stars their paeans
Shall sing to countless ears.
These married States may sever,
Strong time this dome may shiver,
But love shall last forever,
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,
A wish for trust and bliss,
To future lovers meeting
On far off nights like this.
Who, in these walls enclosing
Purforce of time's rough wooing—
Amid the crumbling ruin
Shall meet, clasp hands and kiss.

—John Hay in Scribner's.

THE CONTESSA'S HAIR.

"It's Charley!" said Polly.

"It isn't!" said I.

"But I tell you it is!"

I laughed derisively.

"Do you think I've taken leave of my senses?" said I. "Do you think I don't know Charley St. Cyr when I see him?"

"There, they're stopping now. That's Belle with him. Now do you believe in me?" cried Polly.

The next minute we were kissing and embracing our pretty cousin-in-law, Mrs. St. Cyr, on the sunken step of old Matteo Giglio's shop in the Via Madre in Naples. On either side of the dingy stone doorway blossomed a huge oleander bush in a clumsy marble vase, and the Italian sunshine slept dreamily on the pavement in zigzags of gold, while overhead glowed the deep blue sky of the poets.

Who was "we?" Well, "we" represented Polly and myself. Polly was my sister. We were both schoolma'ams, spending our vacation in the land of sunshine. Not wealthy tourists by any means, nor yet bloated bondholders, but sensible, economical Yankee girls who had learned the art of making every penny go as far as possible, and who were engaged in "doing" the continent as cheaply as practicable. And quite necessary we found that same economy. At home we lived in a flat and kept house for ourselves, turning our own gowns and wearing dyed kid gloves and washed and ironed ribbons in a spirit of cheerful independence. With Charles St. Cyr things were altogether different. He was one of those curled darlings of fortune on whom adversity's cold wind had never blown, and when he married pretty Belle Bleecker, a beauty and an heiress, it seemed as if nothing further could be desired.

"To think," cried Belle radiantly, "that you shouldn't have known Charley! Of course it's Charley! Kiss me, Polly, you dear thing! Give me a hug, Lucia! Of all good luck, this chance meeting is the most delightful!"

"But," cried I, peering into the recesses of the close carriage, "what has Charley done to himself?"

Belle laughed.

"You notice everything, don't you, dear?" said she. "Yes, he is changed. He's been very, very ill with typhoid fever, and his hair has been cut off. It's that antediluvian skullcap that changes him so."

"I told you so," said I. "No one would have known him."

"But it's Charley, all the same," Polly protested.

"I'm a regular guy, ain't I?" said young St. Cyr, laughing rather mirthlessly, as with a glance up and down the narrow street to make sure that there were no observers, he stepped out of the rusty vehicle and entered the store.

"We've come to buy him a wig," said Belle lightly. "Of course he'll expect me to set up a pair of spectacles and a crutch to keep him company. He's so low spirited about it, poor darling," she added sotto voce, as Charley passed on with Polly. They always had been great friends as children. "And of course it was a terrible trial to lose all that splendid hair of his. But he broods over it, and so I talk as much nonsense about it as I can and pretend to think it wild fun. And the strangest thing is that it's almost impossible to find anything to match his eyes and complexion in wigs or toupees, and he's so fastidious you can't think. We've been recommended to Matteo Giglio's place, and that's how we came to be here."

"We came to look at antique cameos and carved coral," said I. "Not to buy, of course. Our purses don't admit that; but as a mere matter of curiosity."

"Oh, Giglio keeps everything when once you find him out," said Belle. "There's a hair dressing ward in a little underground hole where lamps are burning all the year around. Do come with us, there's a love, while Polly loses herself among these intaglios and rusty coins."

Matteo Giglio had a consumptive looking son, Guiseppe by name, who sat in the little den where newly shorn tresses of golden curls caught the dim gleam of the lamplight, and long switches hung around like the trophies of some Indian chief fresh from the scalping path. He viewed Mr. St. Cyr critically, first with lifted lamp, then by the ordinary light.

"It is very strange," said he. "I never saw just the shade of the signor's hair."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Belle tragically clasping her hands.

Guiseppe bowed solemnly in her direction.

"Except," added he, "in one instance. Oh, yes, I have some of the hair left. I have it all; I have not used it yet. Wait!"

He stooped down to a lower drawer, and after fumbling there a second or two drew out a single curl of reddish gold.

St. Cyr's eyes sparkled.

"The very thing!" cried he. "Look, Belle, isn't that an exact match?"

"Exact!" exclaimed Belle. "The precise color we have hunted all over Naples for."

Lovely hair it was, metallic in its sheen, silken in its softness, and as I held it in my hand, it seemed to curl and writhe as if it were instinct with life. I dropped it on the counter with an involuntary shudder.

"Whose is it?" said I.

Guiseppe Giglio shrugged his bowed shoulders.

"As well count the sands of the seashore," said he, "as endeavor to trace where such things come from. There is no disease lurking in them; further than that we know not."

Charles St. Cyr frowned.

Belle looked annoyed.

I devoutly wished then I had held my tongue, and set myself to making friends with a pretty peasant girl who had come in to exchange her wealth of raven black hair for some gold ornaments that she coveted.

Presently Belle called to me.

"It's all right," she said gleefully. "The wig is to be finished by tomorrow night. Charley has gone up stairs to help Polly select a Neapolitan coral brooch."

"But Polly never can afford"——

"Yes, she can; or Charley can, which is just the same thing. And you're to have a pink pendant, Lucia, dear. But it's the strangest thing," confidentially twining her arm in mine, "about that hair. I wouldn't have Charley know it for the world, but it's a woman's hair; I saw it lying in the long curls in the drawer."

"What difference does that make?" said I.

"None in the world, of course. But Charley is so fidgety, especially since that wearing illness of his," said Belle.

"Is she dead?"

Belle started.

"Not that I know of. No, I should say not. Does that lovely, gleamy hair look like a dead woman's? Don't, pray, put any such ideas into Charley's head!"

"No, I won't," said I, feeling more guilty than ever.

Charles St. Cyr was upstairs, selecting little bijous for Polly and me out of the half lighted store, and we went home to dine with them in a loggia overlooking a garden of white starred lemon trees, and furnished with ancient carved furniture and discolored marble statues, and afterward to the theater. We were to go on to Switzerland the next day, and when we parted from Belle and Charley they were in superb spirits.

The next place where we met them, two weeks later, was at Monaco. Charley was imperially handsome, and we could hardly believe that those clustering masses of wavy hair that shaded his forehead were not actually his own. His color had come back; his eyes shone with a strange, fitful light, and his manner was full of a strange vivacity. For the period it seemed almost as if he and Belle had changed characters. She was pale and wan and silent, and gave one the impression of continually watching him, as she sat with books or work in her lap.

"What is it, Belle?" I asked, snuggling up to her, the first evening we were there. "Something troubles you. What is it? Remember, I'm your mother confessor."

She was intently regarding the glittering doorway of the great gambling palace opposite to which we sat.

"I thought so," said she. "He has gone there again. He has forgotten that I even exist. Now I shall see nothing more of him until morning."

"Belle, you never can mean"——

She turned fiercely upon me.

"Yes, I do," said she. "I mean just that. Charley, my husband, has degenerated into a mere gambler. He has lost self control and self respect; he will soon lose what little fortune we have as well. Oh, Lucia, I don't wonder you look incredulous. But you must know it sooner or later."

"Go after him," I cried, starting up. "Bring him back. Oh, don't let him drift to ruin like this!"

"I've tried it," she said in a low, monotonous voice. "It is of no use. He pays no heed to me."

"But, Belle, what is to be done?"

"I don't know," she said, rocking herself back and forth like one in mortal pain. "God help me, I do not know. There are times when I think I must go frantic. He loved me once. He was true and noble and high hearted once. And what is strangest of all, there are times when he seems to rouse into his true self for a few hours. Sometimes at night when I pray to him on my bended knees in the early dawn when the sound of cattle bells on the mountain rouses him from slumber, his better nature seems to come back to him; but only for a brief, brief while, and then the fever flame seems to burn again in his veins. Oh, Lucia, I am the most wretched woman in the world. Oh, I wish that I were dead!"

"Cheer up, Belle!" soothed I. "Polly will know what to do. We'll take counsel with Polly."

Polly advocated no half measure. She had a genuine New England horror of gambling in all its forms.

"I never would have come to Monaco," said she, "if I'd known what sort of a place it was. Will you go away, Belle, all of us? We'll take a look at the south of France and then go home."

"There are gaming houses everywhere," said Belle, dejectedly. "And you'll find that he will not leave Monaco."

"He shall leave it," said Polly, compressing her lips.

Polly was a Maine maiden who feared nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. She penetrated valiantly into the glittering ring of destruction and marched up to St. Cyr that very night.

"Charley, come out," she whispered. "Come with me!"

He looked at her with gleaming eyes and cheeks dyed deep red.

"Don't speak to me now," he said. "Can't you see that the luck is changing?" She drew resolutely away.

"Come, I say!" she cried, stamping her foot.

Just then some one back of him reached frantically over his head, beckoning to "Monsieur le Croupier," and in his gesticulations knocked off St. Cyr's beautiful wavy tressed toupee. It fell among the crowding feet under the table. There was a momentary silence, then a general peal of only half suppressed merriment. St. Cyr looked vaguely around. Then he bit his lip and receded from the crowd.

"You are right, Polly," said he. "I have no business here. Oh, confound the wig!" as a fantastically dressed page would have restored it to him. "It makes my head ache and keeps me in a fever. Do I look very bad, Cousin Polly, with my own hair just beginning to grow out?"

"No," said Polly, "you look like yourself. You never seemed like our Charley in that curly mass of locks. Let me have it. I'll take it home and give it to old Antonio at the hotel."

And Belle could scarcely credit her eyes when she saw Polly come in, leaning triumphantly on St. Cyr's arm.

"You are my guardian angel, Polly!" she cried.

St. Cyr passed his hand slowly over his forehead.

"That toupee always made my head ache," said he. "Do you know, it seems to me as if I had been in a dream and was only just awakened. Yes, fling it away, Polly. I'll never wear it again!"

Polly carried the wig home to the little hotel where we occupied inexpensive rooms. Old Antonio, the porter, was very bald and flies tormented him.

"See, Rosa," said my sister to his blooming granddaughter, "here is something to keep the grandpapa's head dry and warm. My cousin does not need it any longer and"——

Rosa, a trim, tall maiden, with eyes like pools of wine and a rich olive skin, took the wig and looked at it a second.

"Madre di Dia!" cried she, a shudder convulsing her frame. "The saints forbid!" And, turning around, she flung it on the dim fire that burned in a cracked stove close by. There was a smell of burning hair, an upward glow of purplish flame—then a few writhing ashes.

"Do you know whose hair it is?" she said. "No, but I do. I was in Matteo Giglio's shop on the Via Madre when the American signor bought it. No one in Naples would wear that hair. Hist! It is the hair of the Contessa Vareda—the maddest gambler in all Italy—who cut her throat the night she lost the Vareda family jewels at the faro table. I know it because I was her maid, and I cut the hair away myself, for I knew it was all the wage I should ever get. Oh, sweet St. Rose! and if the grandpapa should wear la Contessa's hair, he, too, would be wild for play. Not for worlds would I have it! Is there not a curse that goes with the Contessa's hair?"

Polly and I looked at each other with startled eyes. We were New England girls who believed in no fantastic tales of psychology or magnetism. Yet what could we think of this story?

"I do believe," murmured Polly, "that the spell is broken."

It was when Charles St. Cyr returned to America entirely cured of his temporary mania for the gaming table, and we never told him or Belle of Rosa's legend.

"It seemed such nonsense," said Polly, "and yet"——

"There is no such thing as nonsense," said I curtly.—Toronto Mail.

Wherein Coffee Is Peculiar.

Probably every one who has noticed the green and roasted coffee sitting together in sacks in the dealer's storehouse has observed the difference in size of the beans. It is a peculiarity of coffee that in roasting, while it loses considerable in weight it gains in bulk. At the reddish brown stage the loss of weight has been about 15 per cent. and the gain in bulk about 30; at the chestnut brown, 20 and 50 per cent. respectively; and, if carried to a dark brown, 25 and 60.

It is in the roasting that the volatile oil, to which the delightful aroma is due, is developed, as it is not present in the green berry. If the roasting is carried too far—beyond a light brown—this oil is injured or destroyed and the disappointed housekeeper properly complains that the coffee has been roasted to death.—Good Housekeeping.

Vapor Paleon and its Antidote

The morning and evening mists that pervade the atmosphere of malarious localities cannot be breathed with impunity. A safeguard is needed to render harmless the dangerous miasmata with which they are impregnated. The surest, safest defense is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an antidote to the poison which has already been exhaled and born fruit, an adequate preventive of its harmful effects. No preparative for breakers of miasma is held so or drinkers of malaria poisoned water like the Bitters. It completely neutralizes the otherwise irresistable upset of the aerial foe. Settlers on newly cleared land, excavators of canal routes (notably that on the Isthmus of Panama), western pioneers and emigrants—in short, all subjected to malarial influences in air or water find in it a benign remedy, an effectual safeguard. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, "la grippe," rheumatism and kidney complaints are remedied by the Bitters.

Studying Birds with Profit and Delight.

An extremely pleasant method of studying birds is to seek some spot which possesses peculiarly attractive features for them, and whither they are accustomed to resort in great numbers, and there, properly sheltered, seat yourself and quietly wait for what may come within the range of your vision. I have in mind two localities that have always proved wonderfully rich in bird life. One is a bluff, perhaps forty feet in height, rather steep, and with a number of good sized forest trees growing upon its slope. Rolling fields spread backward from its brow, and at its foot runs a line of shrubbery, somewhat thickstilke in character and forming a sort of natural hedge, which fittingly bounds a boggy meadow beyond.

Several small springs issue from the sides of this declivity and trickle down in gentle streams until lost in the ditches which intersect the meadow. Meadow larks, blackbirds, marsh wrens, bitterns, bobolinks and an occasional duck frequent the lowland. In the upland the cowbird, the robin and the song sparrow disport themselves, into the trees and shrubs upon the bluff come woodpeckers, thrushes, orioles, catbirds, flycatchers and warblers, and all of these, and indeed more than I have named, take turns in visiting the streams and rivulets; now indulging in a hasty bath, now daintily slaking their thirst, now breaking forth into song, now making love and now, must it be confessed, waging war, all utterly unconscious of the observer, who, reclining upon a mossy bank, or sitting motionless upon a log or stump, or leaning fixedly against the trunk of some friendly tree, is watching with interest the scenes of sylvan life unwittingly enacted before him.—Our Common Birds.

Pavements of Broken Glass.

Use has been found for waste glass by Messrs. Rostaing, Garchey & Geille, of Paris. Any fragments of broken glass of various colors are mixed together, after having been broken to a suitable size; they are then placed in molds lined with silica, talc or some other resisting material and fired. A coherent mass is produced which can be dressed and cut into blocks, which are, of course, irregularly colored. Such blocks may be used as artificial marble.

The blocks are usually rough on one side, owing perhaps to incomplete fusion; this gives a surface which is admirably adapted for causing them, especially if they are slablike in form, to adhere to walls with the addition of a little mortar. Fine decorative effects can thus be produced. Designs in relief can be obtained by pressure while the block or slab is plastic.

If a suitable mold be prepared with movable partitions then pieces of glass can be arranged in such a way that upon firing a very effective "stained glass" window is produced, the necessity of using "leading," as in the ordinary way, being thus obviated. This idea will enable many manufacturers who have heaps of "waste" glass lying about useless to turn them with very little expenditure to profitable account.—Manufacturer.

Uses for the Search Light.

There is no doubt that if every large passenger steamer was provided with several search lights many dangers would be avoided and the yearly loss of life at sea would be greatly lessened. This statement applies specially to emigrant steamers, in which so many lives are in jeopardy in times of danger. It has been recommended that the equipment of such vessels with search lights should be made compulsory by the governments of the countries under whose flags they sail and at whose ports they touch.

As an instance of the simplicity of a search light outfit, and the advantageous use to which it can be put, it is only necessary to look to the navigation of the Suez canal. Vessels unprovided with the electric light can hire a complete plant when entering the canal either at Suez or Port Said. The whole arrangement can be set up in an hour or two, and the steamer can then go through the canal at night. Formerly every ship in the canal had to tie up to the banks at night, and the passage often occupied fifty or sixty hours. Now it is generally made in eighteen or twenty hours, and on some occasions even quicker time has been made.—Electricity.

Counterfeit Goodness.

The keynote to hypocrisy is struck in the remark, "No man is worse by simulating goodness." This may sound finely epigrammatic, but unfortunately there is not a word of truth in it. Any one is always worse by simulating goodness, for that means assuming the appearance of it without the reality. Not only is he more virtuous than before, but his vice has acquired an additional sneaking quality, which makes the man more contemptible per se, and infinitely more dangerous to the community. Imitation is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, doubtless, but the vice is none the less vicious.—Dr. R. W. Conant in Popular Science Monthly.

Adulteration of Coffee.

The adulteration of coffee in France has reached such alarming proportions that it has become a subject for investigation in the chamber. The adulteration is made by a mixture of flour and sulphate of iron, which is pressed into the shape of a coffee bean, the resemblance being difficult for even an expert to detect by sight. A small amount of chicory is sometimes added, and the exterior is given a touch of oil to make it shiny.—New York Times.

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The J. C. Booth real estate office has been moved over Jonas & Bernardi, New Bush bank block.

The New Blacksmiths

SPRAGUE & HILGERS,
Successors to John Holm, cor. Commercial and Chemeketa streets, Salem. Horse shoeing a specialty. 4 6 tf

GEO. C. WILL,

of Will Bros., Albany and Corvallis,
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines
SEWING MACHINES and ORGANS
REPAIRED AND CLEANED
At Your Homes
Agents for Northwest Insurance Co. Two doors north of Post Office, Salem, Or. Needles and new parts for all sewing Machines
8 5-tf dw

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with west's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar coated. Large boxes, containing 30 pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST Co. Chicago Ill.

Sold by Geo. E. Good, Druggist, 309 Com. street, Salem Or.

E. C. CROSS,
Butcher and Packer,
State St., one Door N.—The best meats delivered to all parts of the city.

To Strawberry Growers.

The undersigned has contracted for large quantity of the Jessie, (newspaper state winner at Oregon strawberry fair) and Champion of Good, (best yielder and most profitable late berry in market, sent from R. W. Savage, Salem, and J. W. Gilbert, Aumsville. Warranted pure stock and plants first class. Catalogue free, and sent—other lts. Also ten other varieties. Address E. HOVER,
dw Salem, Oregon.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, premature old age, barrenness, loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion of the brain, Each box contains one month's treatment, $1.00 a box or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Geo. E. Good, Druggist, Sole agent, 309 Com. St., Salem, Or.

EAST AND SOUTH
—VIA
Southern Pacific Route
Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.				North.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:35 a. m.
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:18 a. m.
8:15 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	9:00 p. m.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:00 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:00 p. m.
10:52 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:08 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	9:20 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:00 a. m.
7:32 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	8:05 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	7:00 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:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	5:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	1:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets
—To all points—
EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't.
R. KOEHLER, Manager

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 20 hours 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 - - - - - - - - 1:00 P. M.
Leave Corvallis - - - - - - - 1:40 P. M.
Arrive Yaquina - - - - - - - 8:30 P. M.
Leave Yaquina - - - - - - - 6:00 A. M.
Leave Corvallis - - - - - - - 10:55 A. M.
Arrive Albany - - - - - - - 11:30 A. M.

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.

SAILING DATES.

STEAMERS.	FROM YAQUINA
Farallon, Friday	June 26
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July 7
Farallon, Sunday	" 12
Willamette Valley, Thursday	" 16
Farallon, Tuesday	" 21

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June 27
Farallon, Tuesday	July 1
Willamette Valley, Sunday	" 5
Farallon, Thursday	" 9
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	" 14

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

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.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs. HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE Ac't Gen'l Fr't & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co. Corvallis, Or.
C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Fr't & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take
To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule 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.

Rest that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and unsurpassed for holders of first and second-class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeping car berths can be secured in advance of 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,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Ticket Office, 121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.