My son, what are you thinking about?

That you are the biggest fool in town, pops.

Why, my son?

Because you spent so much for this suit of mine. I could have got one just as good at Ben Forstner & Co.'s and had enough money left to buy a whole toy shop besides.

Largest stock in city. Sold at cut prices.

B. FORSTNER & CO.

HUMOR

HAD ENOUGH.

Thought He Knew It All, but He Was Humbled.

He was a youngish man, and he had a plain, honest way of speaking, and there was something about him to remind you of an old red farmhouse—trees loaded with hartest apples, the farmer's wife making soft soap in the back yard, the old oaken bucket coming up brimful of cold water and all that. He made room for me to sit down beside him in Battery park, and pretty soon he asked:

"Ever make a tarnal fool of yourself, mister?"

"Yes, lots of times."

"Then shake! I'm jest aching to find company! Curus, ain't it, how a feller will sometimes drop all his horse sense and act like an idiot? Man's a queer critter, even to himself."

"We can't always account for our own impulses."

"K'rect. I was a-sittin here and wonderin if I ever did have any brains in my head, or if this was a dream."

"Go ahead with your story."

"Ever hear of a town in this state called Cazenovia?"

"Yes."

"Well, my old dad owns a farm about four miles from that town. I'm his youngest son, and my name's Jim. I used to be the Smart Aleck of that neighborhood. I was supposed to be the gaul durnedest smartest young feller for twenty miles around. I could sing more songs, husk more corn, jerk more music out of an accordion and jump higher than anybody else in the township. I got so smart I concluded that community was too low for me. Ever had what they call the swell head?"

"Several times."

"Hats get too small—you begin to spit over your shoulder—you know it all and nobody else knows nothin. When it gits hold of a feller he's a goner. I had it bad. I got too big for that county. Says I to the old man one day, says I:

"'Dad, they wants me down in New York city, and I guess I'll have to leave you.'

"'What do they want of you down there, Jim?' he asks, sort of openin his eyes very wide.

"'Fur to show 'em how to run the town,' says I. He didn't seem to believe it, and the old lady didn't believe it, and nobody else but me didn't believe it, but I packed up and cum down. Didn't nobody meet me at the depot with a band."

"No?"

"Papers didn't say a word about my 'rival.'"

"No?"

"Wasn't the least bit of excitement over my comin, and bizness didn't stop fur a minut. Durn my hide, if anybody even shook hands and said they was glad to see me!"

"Did the swelling begin to go out of your head?"

"Purty soon. In one day my No. 6½ hat was so loose it fell down clear to my ears. I brought seventeen dollars with me. I was goin to buy out half the town with that."

"Well, your money is gone, you have failed to make your fortune, and now you'd like to get back home again?"

"Stranger, if I could see old Cazenovia agin I'd be willin to lay down and let a drove o' cows walk over me! If I had the money to send a telegram to dad he'd forward my railroad fare and the prodigal son would git up and hump fur home. But I'm dead busted fur sugar."

We went up to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to "dad," and at 5 o'clock that afternoon I saw Jim start for home. As he shook hands with me he said:

"I'm goin home as humble as a cat. I'm goin home with a hull newspaper stuffed into my hat to keep it from fallin down to my chin. The Smart Aleck has bin weighed in the balance, and he didn't pull down a pound. I'm the prodigal son. I'm goin to git right down and tell dad I hain't got the sense of a grasshopper, and after I've bin forgiven I'm goin to kick myself all over the farm, and then settle down to dig 'taters and cut corn."—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

Very Imaginative.

"Is Dobbley imaginative at all?"

"Is he? Well, rather! His last academy picture was a study of a tramp at work."—Truth.

Shake's Mistake.

Asker—Did I understand you to say you had never seen one of Shakespeare's plays before last evening?

Masker—That's what I said.

"How did you enjoy it?"

"So so! But if Hamlet had rung in a topical song and Polonius and the Queen given us a little skirt dance, or something of that sort, it would have been much better. There's where Shakespeare missed it. He didn't make his plays modern enough for our time."—Yonker's Gazette.

Another Record Broken.

The man who put up shoe pegs in molasses for preserved barberries got ahead of the wooden nutmeg fellow.—Boston Gazette.

THE FOOL AND HIS "TOADSKINS."

Two Bunko Sharps Tackle the Wrong Man and Are Sadly Disappointed.

Tuesday forenoon Erastus P. Moulthrop, a well know farmer, who lives a little distance west of the Shepang depot, received a call from a well appearing stranger, who introduced himself as "Mr. Chase," an officer of the Waterbury Clock company, who said that he had $40,000 which he had decided to invest in real estate, and would like to look over Mr. Moulthrop's farm, which he had heard was for sale. "Mr. Chase" had a horse and carriage, which he had hired of Seth Pratt, and he and Mr. Moulthrop got in the carriage and drove to the south portion of the farm on the Plumb Hill road. Here they got out to view the land and were joined by a simple looking individual, who carried a tin trunk.

The third party, who did not appear very bright, remarked that he had come from the south to sell some iron mining securities, and had disposed of them to advantage in Philadelphia for "toadskins," but had lost $1,000 in New York. When asked what he meant by "toadskins," the stranger opened his tin box and began to take out fistfuls of bills and silver certificates and throw them on the stone wall. The box seemed to be full of money. When asked how he had lost his $1,000 in New York, the stranger took from his pocket a handkerchief, and after untying it took out three cards, two of which were plain white on the face and the third red.

He then proceeded to show how he had made a wager that no one could tell the red card as it lay face downward on the handkerchief, and a New York man had been able to pick it out. "Still, it was a very difficult thing to do," and he would wager that neither "Mr. Chase" or Mr. Moulthrop could tell the red card.

"Chase" took up the cards, and while the stranger was gathering up his money from the stone wall quickly turned down the corner of one card and offered to take the bet. When the cards were shuffled again of course "Chase" picked out the right card and won. Then Moulthrop was requested to put up some money and try it, but he refused, saying he had no money, and despite the urgent request of the fellows he refused to bet. Finally "Chase" suggested that they might as well leave the simpleton and return; but he and Moulthrop had not driven far on the way to the latter's house when the alleged "Chase" said that it was not right to leave such a foolish fellow with such a large sum of money, and that they ought to see that it was safely deposited in the bank for him, and he turned to drive back, but Moulthrop decided that he had seen about all of the gentleman's company that he desired to, and left him.

Whether benevolent "Mr. Chase" was successful in his effort to induce the "poor, foolish fellow" to put his money in the bank is not known, but he evidently thought he would look elsewhere for a farm, as he drove Mr. Pratt's horse to Cornwall bridge and left it to be returned by the stage driver. From some inquiries he made previously about the road to New Milford, perhaps he is thinking of purchasing in that town. What has become of the card man with the "toadskins" is not known, but it is certain that he got hold of the wrong sort of a man when he tried to pluck Assessor Moulthrop.—Waterbury American.

Color of the Eye and Marksmanship.

"The idea that the color of the eye has anything to do with expert marksmanship is a fallacy," said Captain H. C. Broun, who came over with the Twenty-third New York regiment rifle team to shoot against the Washington boys at Fort Myer. He was talking with a reporter at the Ebbitt, and the question came up as to whether men with light or dark eyes made the best shots.

"It happens," he continued, "that nearly all my men are dark eyed, and twice this year we have won the honors—in the state shoot at Creedmoor and the Second brigade's prize. There is a popular notion that blue or gray eyed men are the finest marksmen, but there is no invariable rule. Some of our men who are first rate shots use glasses for long distance practice, but the question of color has nothing to do with sight."—Washington Post.

Thirty-eight Snakes in One Day.

Howard Davis, Jr., while plowing on his father's farm west of town unearthed a nest of spreadhead snakes. He killed twenty, and thinks none of them got away. Later in the day, in the same field, he plowed up another nest, and this time killed eighteen. The serpents were of small size and evidently of this year's crop. The spreadhead is extremely venomous. A total of thirty-eight snakes exterminated in one day is not bad.—Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.

Michigan Showers.

There is much curiosity manifested in Genoa, Mich., about the starting point of a 5 inch turtle which dropped from the clouds above that place during a recent thunderstorm. It landed upon its back with a loud noise in a small pool before the house of Fred Pless, one mile from Long lake. On several occasions within the past few years showers of angleworms and small fish have fallen in the same vicinity.—Yankee Blade.

According to a Japanese belief, the mikado is descended from the gods, being 121st in direct line of descent.

HE COULDN'T TELL A LIE.

A Pennsylvania Driller Enlightens the Inhabitants of Wyoming.

The following story was printed in the Casper (Wy.) Derrick, and shows that the Pennsylvania driller may be miles from home and yet retain his characteristics, and does not allow any microbes of veracity that may inhabit faraway regions to get into his imagination and injure it. A westerner tells the story as a man from Bradford told it:

He said that one time several years ago he was engaged in drilling an oil well near Bradford Pa. When at a depth of 1,973 feet the cable broke, letting the tools down in the hole, and they had a serious fishing job on hand. After various throws and a skillful manipulation of the reel the bobbie began to bob and the tools were safely landed. It appeared, however, that just about the time the cable broke the drill had reached a small vein of water, and the force of the drill falling broke through the cap rock, and the hole filled up so that it was necessary to case it off.

He said he was standing over the hole when he took out his watch, a fine gold stemwinder, a present from his wife, which he carelessly carried without a chain, and, his hands being greasy from oil, the watch slipped through his fingers and dropped right down in the hole. He at once undertook to fish it out, but though he tried every known means, he was unsuccessful and gave up the attempt. He cased off the water and set the drill to work, but carefully examined the contents of the sand pump, hoping to get some small portion of it to preserve as a keepsake, yet never a trace of gold could be find.

Several months later he drilled another hole on an adjoining farm some three miles distant, going, of course, through the same formation, and at the depth of 1,979 feet he again struck the crevice of water. He put the hand pump to work, and in the sand and water which he brought up he found his watch, which he had lost several months before in the other hole, three miles away."

"Was the watch running?" asked Uncle Mat, the Peruvian chief, with a twinkle in his eye, as he relit his pipe which he had neglected, so interested was he in the narrative.

"Yes," replied Brad, as he looked around to assure himself that the rear door was not locked. "That is the strangest part of the story. The watch was going and had correct time. It was accounted for in this way: The watch had a very fine watertight case, and it happened that the water was flowing through a thin flat crevice or vein in the rock, and the force of the water carried the watch—which evidently laid on its side, the side of the stem resting on the bottom of the rock—slowly with it, and there was just enough friction on the stem to gradually wind it up as it moved along, thus keeping it going, and though it had moved three miles under nearly 2,000 feet of earth during the period of several months, it had never lost a second."—Detroit Free Press.

Related to the Queen.

It must be a very exceptional person who does not prefer to be addressed with consideration and a measure of politeness. Lady Duff Gordon, in her travels among ignorant peoples, seems to have carried her "manners" to an uncommon degree. Writing from Capetown, she says:

An old woman married to the Malay tailor here, explained to me my popularity with the colored people, as set forth by "dat Malay boy," my driver. He was sure I was a "very great missis," because of my "plenty good behavior."

I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and didn't "laugh and talk nonsense talk." "Dat Missis never say, 'Here, you black fellow.'"

English people, when they mean to be good natured, are generally offensively familiar and "talk nonsense talk," that is, the Dutch-English of the blacks, while the blacks feel it the greatest compliment to be treated with seriousness. One of them said that I must be related to the queen because of my "not knowing bad behavior."

Value of the Coffee Crop.

The annual coffee crop of the world is estimated at over 11,000,000,000 pounds, worth in first hands over $135,000,000. This enormous quantity is grown in islands between the parallels of 30 degs. north and 30 degs. south latitude, mainly in British India and the neighboring islands, in Liberia and other parts of Africa, in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and Brazil. The domestic consumption of the United States amounts to 561,132,100 pounds, which is valued here at $72,140,000, and of which 90 per cent. comes from countries geographically belonging to this continent.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite an Easy Thing.

"I wish I could get somebody to write a fashion column for me," said the managing editor.

"Why don't you write yourself?" asked the talented assistant. "All you've got to do is to cut out descriptions of dresses from other papers, and add 'trimmed with two shades of faille, shirred and cut bias.'"

"I ought to have thought of that myself," said the chief, "for when I ran Household Hints I used to make raspberry jam one day, tomato soup the next by marking out raspberries and substituting tomatoes, and it saved on typesetting.—Boston Transcript.

Pearl Diving Today.

The pearl diver is no longer the romantic and daring figure painted by the poets. He is a submarine laborer using the modern diving mechanism. Instead of the plunge and the holding of the breath for forty or sixty seconds, the diver now, with glass fronted helmet, rubber suit and air tube, goes down into the depths and stays there for hours. A boat with an air pump follows the diver.

The Meleagrina margaritifera is not valuable alone for the sparse pearls it secretes, but for the shells. From the shells sold for manufacturing purposes the principal profits are derived. But there are pearls too. In three months about $15,000 worth of pearls are gathered. The pearls are graded into nine classes. The lower grades are the most numerous. In 1857, shells at moderate depths having been all taken, the pearl fishery languished. Twelve fathoms for the diver was the extreme limit. Today, the apparatus being efficient, the deepest waters can be searched.

In thirty fathoms Captain Tanner, on the Albatross, dredged pearl shells, and perhaps there are new grounds discoverable. In the Bay of Mulege, near Los Coyotes, were found, toward the close of the last century, pearls which afterward formed the collarette of the queen of Spain. A pearl of twenty eight grains was found a few years ago, and was sold in Paris for 50,000 francs.—New York Home Journal.

Why He Walked.

He was trudging along the railroad track with a bundle in his hand, which he swung in a cheery, contented fashion that prompted a farmer to accost him.

"Goin fur?" he asked.

"Not very," was the answer. "Fifty or sixty miles."

"Jee gosh! Goin to walk it the hull way?"

"Oh, yes. I prefer it. I am quite a distance in front of the other members of the company."

"Yer an actor, are ye?"

"Yes."

"I thought actors always hed money enough to ride."

"My dear sir," the traveler exclaimed, as he drew himself up, "let me give you a bit of science. Take a railway track or the iron in a bridge and subject it to a constant vibration. What is the result? It crystallizes and breaks. Now, sir, when I think of the delicate human frame being subjected for years and years to the jar of a sleeping car I tremble every time I see a train. I do, indeed."

And he strolled away over the ties as thoroughly self possessed and cheerful as it is possible for mortal to be.—Detroit Free Press.

Points on Proposing.

An old fashioned book of etiquette contains a chapter on courtship that is exceedingly naive. Any young man who might be contemplating a proposal of marriage was urged strongly to select with care and due forethought the proper time and place for such proposal. For instance, he should never propose to a young woman while out boating, for if she should happen to refuse him it would be difficult to reach shore immediately, and the situation would obviously be awkward.

On the other hand, if she should accept him the situation would be equally undesirable, since too close a proximity and certain attitudes incident to the circumstances are known to threaten the safety of a boat. Also, said young man was advised never to propose to a young woman just before dinner. Having been without eating for some hours, she would, doubtless, be in a less amiable frame of mind than usual, and might, under these conditions, refuse an offer which at another time would seem desirable.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wrong Box.

A freshman in a college in the city was anxious to mail a letter. Having been told to drop it into the red box at the corner, he hurried out of the building and ran down the street.

He saw a red box, but could find no opening in which to put his letter. He searched for any possible direction on the box, and noticed in large letters, "Ring twice."

He rang twice and waited to see what would happen, expecting a door to fly open into which he could drop the letter. Suddenly an open buggy dashed up, and a man in blue uniform jumped out.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"Here it is, thank you," said the freshman. "Please mail it at once."

The fire captain looked at the letter and then at the retreating student's figure. Then he dropped the letter into the box across the street, reported the alarm false and went back to the station.—Youth's Companion.

He Uses a Single Barreled Glass.

Francisque Sarcey, the French playwright and critic, is noted in Parisian theaters as the only man who uses a single barreled opera glass. It was constructed for his especial use after he lost the sight of one eye through cataract. The prediction was made at that time that he would soon be obliged to abandon theatrical criticism, but he still follows it with an ardor that increases with his years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Mother's Heart.

Mrs. Brink—Mrs. Klink! Mrs. Klink! Your little boy is in our yard stoning our chickens.

Mrs. Klink—Horrors! He'll get his feet wet in your big, ugly, damp grass. I don't see why you can't keep your lawn mowed, Mrs. Brink.—Good News.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

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THE ENTIRE STOCK

DRIVING IN BROADWAY.

Some of the Men Who Drive Well in That Crowded Thoroughfare.

"Who are the best drivers in Broadway?" was asked of Captain Elbert O. Smith, of the Broadway police.

"I should say the drivers of the big express wagons," said Captain Smith. "They are on Broadway more than any other class of drivers and they become very skillful. They have fine horses and they drive rapidly, but they get through the crush nicely. You will notice that their wagons almost always look well; you seldom see one that is marred."

"Who are the next best drivers on Broadway?"

"Next, in my opinion, are the drivers of the light delivery wagons of the great retail stores. The vehicles used for this purpose, though well made, are lightly constructed. The driver who takes one of these light wagons through Broadway has everything to fear from the heavy trucks, and the truck driver has nothing to fear from him; almost always he drives rapidly, and necessity makes him a good driver."

"Are the truckmen good drivers?"

"There are many good drivers among the truckmen. Usually they have heavy trucks and heavy loads, and speed is not what they are looking for; but to drive a truck well in Broadway the driver must be a man of experience and good judgment."

"They are excellent drivers. They are selected for their coolness, good judgment and general steadiness. They are not likely to become excited in the most trying circumstances. It takes a man of nerve and courage to drive a fire engine in any crowded street, and especially in Broadway. When the gong sounds all police officers clear the street, all drivers give out of the road cheerfully and without a moment's hesitation; but, though the driver of a fire engine has the right of way, he must be a driver of perfect nerve and readiness and skill; one mistake might wreck his engine and kill the men riding on it. To see a fire engine going through the street to a fire, the driver on the seat, hat off, leaning forward and holding the lines over a team of powerful horses going at a gallop, gong sounding, smoke rolling out of the stack, all traffic stopped and the people on the sidewalks looking on in admiration is to see one of the sights of Broadway."

"Are the hackmen good drivers?"

"As a general rule they are exceptionally good. They meet with few mishaps. They are like the men who drive the light wagons; they must be on the alert, because they would suffer in case of collision."

"Are the street car men skillful drivers?"

"No indifferent driver could drive a car in Broadway. He couldn't stay there unless he could drive well. He is responsible for all damage to his car, and he must have strength and skill and watchfulness to keep clear of passing teams and of obstructions."

"What part of Broadway is most crowded?"

"From Chambers street to Wall street."

"What is the next busiest part of Broadway?"

"From Chambers to Canal street. Where Broadway, Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street cross is a busy place, filled with light carriages and all sorts of vehicles. Above that driving in Broadway is comparatively easy, excepting at Thirty-third street, the junction of Sixth avenue, which is another busy place."

"Which is the busiest corner on Broadway?"

"Fulton street, taking it the day through."—New York Sun.

Rapid Photography.

The great progress that has been made in the methods by which rapid movements can be analyzed is well seen in a certain series of photographs. The subject of these pictures is a dog jumping over a small bush. In the act of making one jump the animal has been photographed twenty-four separate times, and each picture is not a silhouette, as was the case with many former attempts of this kind, but a little picture showing half tone and detail. Some of the attitudes appear very ludicrous, for they represent a phase of movement which the eye is not accustomed to and cannot appreciate. Notably is this the case in the commencement of the jump, when the dog's hind legs only touch the ground, and again at the finish of the jump, when his legs are gathered together in a bunch.—New York Telegram.

Ready Made Suit Patterns.

Patterns are now made to fit men of every shape. First, there is the average man, who will measure thirty-eight inches around the chest, who will be 5 feet 9 inches tall and weigh about 160 pounds. We will cut a size to fit that man exactly. Then we make another of the same chest measure to fit a man six feet tall, with long arms and legs. We call that a long size.

Another pattern of the same chest measure we make for a man of the same weight as the first, but several inches shorter, with short arms, short legs, short neck and considerable stomach. That is the stout size. Then we get up what we call an extra stout size.—Interview in New York Epoch.

An Inventive Youth.

Old Lady—This plaster you sold me won't stick.

Druggist's Boy—I'll soon fix that, Mr. Pilmaker, where's that sticky fly-paper we had?—Good News.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

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D. C. SHERMAN, U. S. Pension and Claim Agent, Box 26, Salem, Oregon. Department Clerk. Write for blanks.

INSURE IN YOUR HOME COMPANY, "The State" Assets Over 350,000 Dollars. GEO. M. BEELER, City Agent. And special agent for Marion, [illegible] office with the Company.

EAST AND SOUTH —VIA Southern Pacific Route Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—[illegible] BETWEEN PORTLAND AND [illegible]

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

Above trains stop only at [illegible] tions north of Roseburg, [illegible] Oregon City, Woodburn, [illegible] Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, [illegible] Junction City, Irving and [illegible]

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY

8:00 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	[illegible]
10:52 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	[illegible]
5:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	[illegible]

Albany Local, Daily (Except [illegible])

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.

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.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.

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

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPTED)

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.

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. Agt.
R. KOEHLER, [illegible]

THE YAQUINA ROUTE

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development Company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter and less time than by any other route to pass through passenger and freight from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sunday.)

Leave Albany . . . . . [illegible]
Leave Corvallis . . . . . [illegible]
Arrive Yaquina . . . . . [illegible]
Leave Yaquina . . . . . [illegible]
Leave Corvallis . . . . . [illegible]
Arrive Albany . . . . . [illegible]

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

The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co's steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

STEAMERS. FROM YAQUINA.
Farallon, Friday.....
Willamette Valley, Tuesday.....
Farallon, Sunday.....
Willamette Valley, Thursday.....
Farallon, Tuesday.....

STEAMERS. FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
Willamette Valley, Friday.....
Farallon, Tuesday.....
Willamette Valley, Sunday.....
Farallon, Thursday.....
Willamette Valley, Tuesday.....

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

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and Willamette Valley points can make connection with the trains of YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if desired to San Francisco, can arrange to arrive at Yaquina the day before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates kept as low as the lowest. For information apply to PULLMAN & Co., Freight and Passenger Agents 100 and 102 Front st., Portland.

O. C. C. HOGUE, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis.

O. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st., San Francisco.

From Terminal or Interior Points

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take To all Points East and South

It is the dining car route. Runs vestibule trains every day in the year.

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO (No change of cars.) Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers. Of latest style.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars

Best that can be constructed and every accommodation are both free and reclining chairs for holders of first and second class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES

A continuous line connecting [illegible] Illinois, affording [illegible] service.

Pullman sleeping car berths secured in advance by telegraph along the road.

Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe may be purchased at any ticket office of the company.

Full information concerning rates of fare, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or

A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents, Salem.