We Did Not Stop

The sun's shining to let in rain, but we DID STOP those high prices on Overcoats. We have a daisy coat for ten dollars, no better ever sold for fifteen dollars.

JUST RECEIVED

An elegant line of OVERCOATS direct from the manufacturers which we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Call and see us.

B. FORSTNER & CO.

SALEM MARKET REPORT.

A Synopsis of the Markets—Buying and Selling Prices.

REVISED QUOTATIONS.

RETAIL PRICES.

Shoulders, Sugar cured, per lb, 12½
Breakfast bacon 15
Hams—Sugar cured, per lb, 16@18
Beef—5@12½
Pork—8@10
Mutton—5@12½c.
Veal—10@12½c.
Timothy seed—Per pound, 8c.
Red clover seed—Per pound, 14c.
White clover seed—Per pound, 25c.
Alsike—18c per pound.
Red top—10c per pound.
Lincoln Grass—12½c per pound.
Rye Grass—10c per pound.
Orchard Grass—12½c per pound.
New potatoes 4½c per pound.
Canned Fruit—Peaches, $3 00; pears, $3 00; blackberries, $3; green beans, $2 00; tomatoes $1 50; string beans and green peas $1 85 per doz. In syrup 50c.
Fresh Vegetables.—Potatoes 45 cents 50c; parsnips 75c; onions 4c per lb.
Fish.—Salmon 7@10c per lb; steelhead 5@7c per pound; halibut 7@10c per lb; salt salmon 7@10c per lb; Columbia salmon, 10

BUYING PRICES.

Wheat—93c net.
Flour—Per barrel, $4 00; best $6 50.
Oats—Per bushel, 35@37½c.
Barley—Per bushel, 10@15c.
Bran—Per ton, $21 00 at mill, sacked.
Shorts—Per ton, $21 00 " sacked.
Chop—Per ton, $20 00 " sacked.
Wool—17c to 22c.
Eggs—20c per dozen.
Potatoes—Per bushel, 25c
Corn meal—3c per pound.
Cheese—12@14c per pound.
Dried plums—Per lb, 8@7c.
Dried prunes—Per lb, 10@12c.
Butter—25@30c per pound for good.
Lard—10@12c per lb.
Hams—Per pound, 11@12c.
Bacon sides—9@10 per lb.
Shoulders—8@9c per lb.
Chickens—7@8c per pound.
Turkeys 10 to 12½c.
Geese 7@8 per lb.
Ducks, 12½c per lb
Hops, 8@11c.

Dr. R. L. St. John of Hoxland, Putnam county, Missouri, takes especial pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, because he knows it to be reliable. He has used it in his practice for several years, and says there is none better. It is especially valuable for colds and as a preventive and cure for croup. This most excellent medicine is for sale by Geo. E Good

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Dan'l J. Fry, 225 Com St.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

HEART DISEASE

In all forms, Palpitation, Pain in Side, Shoulder and Arm, Short Breath, Oppression, Asthma, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Smothering Spells, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. A new discovery by the eminent Indiana Specialist. A. F. Davis, silver Creek, Neb., after taking four bottles of HEART CURE felt better than he had for twelve years. "For thirty years troubled with Heart Disease; two bottles of DR. MILES' HEART CURE cured me.—Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich." B. B. Stutson, Ware Station, Ga., has taken DR. MILES' HEART CURE for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Le Bar, Fitchburg, Mich., was ill for 15 years with Heart Disease, had to hire house help, lived on liquid food; used Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and all pains left her, constant use cured her. Fine illustrated book FREE at druggists, or address Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills specially cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Sample free at druggists. Dr. Miles Rem. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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PRINTING.

ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS in the State. Lower rates than Portland. Largest stock Local Binds in the State, and biggest discount. Send for price list of job printing, and catalogue of legal blanks.

H. M. WAITE,
Steam Printer Salem Oregon.

HUMOR

CIVILIZING NEW YORK.

He Was Willing to Do His Little to Help Along the Great Cause.

He was walking about City Hall park and investigating things so closely that I finally asked if he was a stranger seeking any particular information.

"Yes, I'm a stranger," he replied, "and I've been walking around and wondering why New York didn't make more of her opportunities."

"How?"

"Why, right over there is the finest site in the world for a statue to Christopher Columbus. He discovered America, you know, but how many of you New Yorkers, as you hustle up and down these streets, ever give it a thought? Fact is, you don't care a continental copper about it. If there was a statue there, with a policeman in attendance, whenever a boy came along and asked who that was the officer would reply:

"'Sonny, this is the man who discovered America, and you want to remember his name is Christopher Columbus. There was nothing selfish about him. He went dead broke that America might be discovered and amount to something.' Don't you see what an impression it would make on his young mind?"

"I do."

"Then there should be a statue of George Washington right over there," he continued, as he pointed with his cane. "You've read of him, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Father of his country—crossed the Delaware—whipped the British—first president of this glorious republic. How many of the thousands who cross this park ever give a thought to George? Not 1 per cent. You folks bob up and hustle and elbow your way around, and never stop to think where you'd have been but for him. A statue there would be a constant reminder of that great and good man. Am I right?"

"I think you are."

"And over there, facing Broadway," he went on, "there should be a statue of Henry Clay. Did you ever hear one single man in New York speak of Clay?"

"I don't remember that I have."

"Exactly. His name and deeds have been forgotten here because he didn't happen to be an alderman or wreck a bank. Ask the average New Yorker who made use of the glorious expression, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' and he couldn't tell you whether it was Cato or Clay. A statue to him would set your people to inquiring who Clay was, and in time New York would find out that his memory was worth preserving. Is there a statue to Shakespeare in this park?"

"I have never seen one."

"There should be one right over there, facing Park row. You—you've heard of him, I presume?"

"I've heard his name mentioned."

"Just so—like all the rest. Heard his name mentioned, but you couldn't tell whether he invented the steamboat or wrote 'Paradise Lost.' More's the reason why a statue should be set up and a man stationed at the base of it to explain:

"'Shakespeare—great writer—wrote all of Shakespeare's works—an Englishman—works for sale at every respectable book store—been dead some years—pass on.' Am I right?"

"You are."

"Of course I am. I know I am. If you folks was a mind to go at it you could become as cultivated as any one else in a few years. I've heard you were powerful sot in your ways, but I'm going to drop in and see the mayor and make a few suggestions and show my interest in trying to civilize you.—New York Evening World.

Male Vanity.

It was at a ball, and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked.

"That's impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked:

"The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a scared expression of countenance at his vest.—Texas Siftings.

The Conversational Powers.

Young Englishman (after long pause, feels he ought to say something to old lady)—Have you ever hunted the wild ass in Persia?—Harper's Bazar.

Renewing Old Ties.

A future letter to be received by a Chicago woman: "My Dear Cousin—Please do not think that because years have elapsed since you heard from me that I have forgotten you, for I assure you that I have not. The children often speak of you, and although they have never seen you, still you are very dear to them. We are coming to the World's fair, my dear cousin, and will stay with you the whole time."—Arkansaw Traveler.

LIFE IN MINING CAMPS.

Less Danger and Less Noise in Them Than in Any of the Large Cities.

There is a fascination about mining life which, once having possessed a man, cannot easily be shaken off. A miner who has made a good stake by selling his locations at first proposes to himself to travel, then to settle down in his own original home; but after a little while he discovers that he himself has changed, that old ties have been broken and that he is disappointed in his former associations. Things at home seem to have inexplicably dwindled. An almost irresistible impulse, a transferred nostalgia, a longing for the clear, bracing mountain air and the liberal ways of the mines then seizes him.

It is difficult to content one's self with the monotonous life of the staider communities after having tasted a more exhilarating one. The attraction of the mines is not all in the hope of gain, though that of course has much to do with it. The friendships formed, the freedom of thought and custom, the spirit of camaraderie, and the entire absence of commercial competition have their influence as well. So numbers of men, having acquired a competence in mining, make their headquarters still in the mining country as a matter of preference, not necessity.

Such men are much in the habit of taking short trips away, and are to be met with all through the highways and byways of travel. To be able to lead this pleasant, independent life is the dream of the less fortunate ones. Miners are very apt to disparage their calling while they are actively engaged in it; they may term it "a dog's life," but let them once be freed, mark how they hanker after it!

Some people suppose that a mining camp is an unusually dangerous sort of place, full of desperadoes and "hold ups," where every man carries his life in his hand. The misconception has been handed down from rougher, wilder times, and has been kept alive by the romancing of tenderfoot newspaper correspondents. A man is far safer in a mining camp than on Cherry Hill, New York; Tar Flat, San Francisco, or large areas in any of our cities; much more indeed than in parts of London or Paris. So far as robbery is concerned one is not safe anywhere, in the mountains or in the towns.

As to affrays of other kinds, a man who is sober, minds his own business and does not set up as a fighter would always be let alone. If he does not carry a "gun" so much the better for him, for there is among the roughest characters a certain sense of chivalry, which they would call "squareness," that prevents attack upon an unarmed man. The practice of carrying arms is not at all universal in the mountains. When pistols are worn they are kept out of sight. Indeed, there is not much use to a peaceful man in carrying arms at all.

If he is "held up" by the "road agents" he is always at a disadvantage, being taken unexpectedly, and when they have the drop on him a motion toward the hip pocket would be to take large chances. If the custom, so far as it goes, of carrying weapons may sometimes lead to unpremeditated fatal encounters, it also has the effect of making men quiet and cautious about giving offense.—Albert Williams in Engineering.

The Divinities of India.

"The gates of the Hindoo Pantheon are never shut," Sir John Strachey has finely observed. The truth of the remark is likely to receive a curious illustration in the results of the census in the Northwest provinces and Oude. A novelty of the census was a separate classification for the various sects of Hindoos and Mahometans. Sect, however, implies a definite religious creed, with distinctive tenets, from which a limited number of schismatics have diverged; but so far as Hindooism is concerned, at all events, we have no such creed, and if we are to apply the term sect to the heterogeneous groups of worshipers who call themselves Hindoos we must materially modify its ordinary signification.

As a matter of fact, the census enumerators found that the ordinary Hindoo did not know what was meant when he was asked what his sect was. All he could say was the particular god he worshiped. The consequence is that the census papers are crowded with a vast number of tribal and local gods and deities, many of which have never been heard of before, and will in all probability never be heard of again.—Pioneer.

Taking Advantage of a Mother's Love.

Captain Scoresby relates a striking instance of the affection of a whale for its young. One of his harpooners struck a "sucker," as the calves are generally called, and in a few moments the mother rose close to the boat. Seizing the young one, she dragged out of the boat about 600 feet of the line and disappeared beneath the water. Rising again she darted furiously to and fro, frequently stopping short and suddenly changing her direction. For a long time she acted in this manner, and so solicitous was she for the welfare of her offspring that she seemed totally oblivious to any danger to herself.

One of the boats finally approached near enough to allow a harpoon to be thrown at the dam. After two failures one of the instruments struck her, but she made no attempt to escape, but on the contrary allowed three other boats to gather about her, and was eventually killed without any further resistance.—Detroit Free Press.

BOYER FED THE BEAR.

But Next Time He Will Not Waste His Lunch on a Wandering Bruin.

Solomon Boyer, a teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the Loyalsock region, had a laughable, yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark. As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat, when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon. Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team; but Boyer, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, smelled at the pork and gulped it down greedily.

Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable.

Boyer laughed and tossed out a second piece, which Bruin devoured, and then posed again. But Boyer wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy black beggar. The bear, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled, but Boyer, thinking the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his eating.

The bear ventured nearer and finally climbed up the ranks of bark at the hind end of the wagon and had his head and shoulders above the top of the load before the teamster was aware of his presence. Boyer was unpleasantly surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarmed.

"There," cried the teamster, "get out o' that!" and he threw a bit of pork into the road. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up; but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming, he made another charge upon the wagon.

Boyer started the mules onward, but knew that he could not hope to escape with the heavy load of bark. An idea came to him. He would coax the bear on by feeding him the lunch until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road. Then he would get a gun and shoot the old beggar.

The teamster sat on the bark, facing rearward, his big dinner bucket at hand. When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb up on the load, Boyer tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the beast a slice of bread, which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next slice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it. Boiled eggs and cheese pie fared the same; Bruin wanted pork. Boyer dealt this out in small bits which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length Boyer saw his friend Pealer at work in the field, and called to him to run for his gun. The man seemed to realize the state of the case, and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before Pealer appeared, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight.

The bear climbed upon the load; Boyer tossed him the last piece of pork and then jumped from the wagon and tore down the road. Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was fleeing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him. The terrified teamster had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun.

Pealer had come at last. Boyer arose and looked around. There lay his late pursuer struggling on his back in the road. A second shot ended the bear's struggles, and Boyer was out of the difficulty. He declares that he will never fool with another bear.—Youth's Companion.

When to Go Home.

A well known lawyer, one of the most brilliant in Kentucky, was some time back out having a good time with the boys. The hours glided by, and the first touch of dawn was making its appearance, when he suddenly realized that he was in the peculiar position so many have experienced—a desire to go home, but in fear and trembling at the thought of the wrath to come. His friends were suggesting this and suggesting that, when he interrupted them by exclaiming: "Ah, I have it! She is now in an indignant state; but if I do not go home at all, by tomorrow she will have reached the apprehensive period, and I will be welcome under any circumstances."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How and Why Some Men Died.

Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, lived until he was ninety-eight. Then, when he fell one day and put his thumb out of joint he decided that he had lived long enough, so he repaired to his dwelling and hanged himself. Homer is said to have hanged himself because he could not solve the "fisherman's riddle." Terence stabbed himself because he had lost 108 translated comedies. Brutus threw himself on his sword. Lycurgus took poison and Nero cut his throat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Result of Education.

"Yas. An since Emily got back from dat school, 'nstead o' sayin fiddle an banjo, she say vi-er-lin an ban-jo-seph!"—Harper's Bazar.

CLEAN!

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

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED.
Liberty Street.

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MADE EVERY DAY

by buying Drugs, Patent Medicine, Toilet Articles and Perfumery from

BROOKS & LEGG,

100 State Street.

MEETING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

He Had Forgotten His Name and Where They Had Been So Intimate.

"I had a peculiar experience the other day," said a friend of mine at the club. "You know I'm a little nearsighted, and I have a very poor memory for faces and voices. I was walking along Washington street about 9 o'clock in the morning on my way to the office, when I was accosted by a well dressed man who called me by name. I couldn't remember him, but I was sure that I had known him somewhere, for his face and voice were both perfectly familiar, but for the life of me I couldn't place him.

"Have you ever been in a similar fix? Well, you know how cheap a man feels and how embarrassed he gets as he tries to talk pleasantly without giving himself away. I would have given $100 to remember my friend's name, and as he rattled on about the weather one indistinct impression chased another through my puzzled brain. No good, though; I had to give it up.

"'Well,' I thought, 'I'll hide it from him if I can, but if the worst comes to the worst I'll tell him I've had brain fever and it has affected my memory, and if he'll tell me his name I'll write it down and promise never to forget it to my dying day.'

"All this time my friend and I kept up a lively conversation, in the course of which he displayed considerable familiarity with my private affairs. He even asked me how that boil on my baby girl's leg was getting on.

"'Great Cæsar!' I exclaimed to myself; 'have I lost my mind, and is this my brother or my father?'

"'How did you come out on that wheat deal?' he inquired with tender solicitude.

"I told him. Yes, I told him all about it. Then he asked me to have a drink and we sat down at a table, and first I drank with him and then he drank with me.

"'Your'e a mighty nice chap,' I thought, addressing my friend. 'What wonderful conversational powers! Funny I never found you out before. I'll take you to call on my maiden aunt and perhaps I can get solid with her again through you.'

"All this time he was telling me about his wife, who was suffering from the heat a good deal it seemed. Then he remembered that he had an engagement, and said he was sorry, but he'd have to leave me.

"'Goodby, old man,' said he, clapping me on the back; 'take care of yourself.'

"'Goodby, old fellow,' I replied, shaking his hand warmly; 'be good. By the way, I've had inflammation of the brain lately. Did you know it?'

"'No; is that so? I thought you hadn't been around at the shop lately.'

"'At the shop?'

"'Yes, the shop. Don't you remember I used to shave you every morning?'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Atlas Mountain Dwarfs.

As much controversy seems to rage around Mr. Halliburton's dwarfs, alleged to be concealed in the Atlas mountains, as was waged thirty years ago about M. du Chaillu's gorillas. Mr. Meakin, a traveler in Morocco, entirely repudiated the theory before the congress of orientalists. He knew there were families of dwarfs, but denied that there was a nation. Mr. Halliburton, with equal emphasis, repeated his assertions, but he admitted that the dwarfs were hard to find. A man might travel in the country for 100 years—if he lived long enough—and never see them, so jealously were they guarded by the Moors. Even the emperor of Morocco could not search for them without risking his life.

Why was all this secrecy not explained; and the assailant of the legend undertook to prove, by similiar evidence, the existence of a race of dwarfs in Camden town. Dr. Leitner poured oil on the waters by observing that, at any rate, there were a good many of the small races in Africa. For the present the world can wait in patience until more is known of these mysterious little creatures beyond the atlas range.—London Times.

Novelty in a Name.

Mr. Nosmo King Jones is at one of the up town hotels. Mr. Jones accounts for his peculiar name thus: His mother was anxious to give him an uncommon name, and one day before the christening she noticed on the door of a building the name of Nosmo. This struck her fancy. Now for a middle name. Later, coming along by the same building, she saw on the door the name "King." Ah, this was what she was after. "Nosmo King Jones he shall be," she said, and he was christened so. On the way home from the church she passed the same building again. The doors were all shut, and behold, the doors with the names on them she had selected were shut together, and she read, not Nosmo King, but No Smoking, and her heart was broken.—Washington Star.

No Choice.

The Poor Young Man—Mr. Crœsus, I would like to marry your daughter.

Old Crœsus—Ah, you love her, sir!

The Poor Young Man—Madly.

Old Crœsus—Which one?

The Poor Young Man—Oh, either of them!—Exchange.

Cold Air on Draft.

A chilling freak of nature in Corea is the cold wave cave—a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.—North China Herald.

Geo. E. Good, the druggist, takes especial pleasure in supplying his customers with the best medicines obtainable. Among the many excellent preparations on his shelves may be mentioned Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a favorite during the winter months on account of its great success in the cure of colds. There is nothing that will loosen a severe cold so quickly, or so promptly relieve the lungs. Then it counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia. It is pleasant and safe to take, and fully worthy of its popularity.

Above we give our patrons the EARTH (in stoves) and if this will not satisfy them we can furnish the barb wire to put a fence around it.

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JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law. Rooms 3 and 4, Ladd & Bush's bank building, Salem, Oregon. 8 1 1yr

B. F. BONHAM. W. H. HOLMES.
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I. J. SHAW. M. W. HUNT.
W. H. PRATT.
SHAW, PRATT & HUNT, Attorneys at law, office over Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon.

TILMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up-stairs in Patton's block.

D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys and counselors at law, Salem, Oregon, having an abstract of the records of Marion county, including a lot and block index of Salem, they have special facilities for examining titles to real estate. Business in the supreme court and in the state departments will receive prompt attention.

DR. W. S MOTT, physician and surgeon. Office in Eldridge Block, Salem, Oregon. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.

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DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State street, Salem, Or. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

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C. S. MCNALLY, Architect, New Bush Breyman block. Plans and specifications of all classes of of buildings on short notice. Superintendence of work promptly looked after. 2 5-41

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NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE Company, Fire and Marine.

H. W. BEELER, Agent - Salem, Oregon

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.	7:35 a. m
9:15 p. m.	Lv. Salem	Lv.	5:25 a. m
8:15 a. m.	Ar. San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 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.

8:35 a. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	4:00 p. m.
10:52 a. m.	Lv. Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	Ar. Roseburg	Lv.	8:25 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.)

3:00 p. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	11:55 a. m.
7:02 p. m.	Lv. Salem	Lv.	8:00 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar. Albany	Lv.	6:00 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.	5:00 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar. Corvallis	Lv.	12:50 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. Corvallis	Lv.	5:35 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 at Salem, Oregon.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't
E. KOEHLER, Manager

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. Finest 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	1:30 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:30 P M
Arrive Yaquina	6:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:00 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 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 29
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July 3
Farallon, Sunday	" 6
Willamette Valley, Thursday	" 11
Farallon, Tuesday	" 14

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June 27
Farallon, Tuesday	July 1
Willamette Valley, Sunday	" 4
Farallon, Thursday	" 9
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	" 12

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 Home, HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 209 and 212 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE, Ac't Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 254 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. Trains through vestibule trains, every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars.)
Composed of dining cars (meals served.) Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment

TOURIST
Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodation is free to all, free and furnished for holders of first and second class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A continuous [illegible] with all lines, affording [illegible] uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeping cars 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, 255 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.