Great Relief

is instantly afforded sufferers from Bronchitis, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Either as an anodyne, to allay inflammation, or an expectorant, to loosen and bring away the mucus, this preparation has no equal.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which, by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thomas B. Gessell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville Dist. M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

"My mother was sick three years and very low with bronchitis. We feared nothing would cure her. One of my friends told me about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She tried it, has used eight bottles, and is now well."—T. H. D. Chamberlain, Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE OLD SMITHY.

Long ago, when life was new,
In the old, delightful days,
We would wander two and two
Where the smithy's flitting blaze,
Backed by shadows of the night,
Used to lighten up the hills,
Beckon us with fingers bright.
'Twas a cure for childish ills—
For the door was ever wide,
There was freedom everywhere—
Near the forge and close beside
The old anvil, always there
Could be found the mighty man
With the sweat upon his brow,
Giant of all mighty clan—
Long gone, not forgotten now.
Ah, he told us fairy lore
While he pumped his bellows grim,
For we loved the mystic store
Pent up in the smithy dim.

* * * * * *

But the sturdy smith is dead,
And the smithy 's in decay;
And the ivies climb instead
O'er the bellows torn and gray.
Ah! the ghosts of long ago
Only come to spell the night,
Where the smith we used to know
On the anvil used to smite
With buttmas a lighter stroke,
When he'd ease his toil to tell
In his way a fact or joke—
Which he told, oh, me! so well.
—H. S. Keller in Arkansas Traveler.

"August Flower"

Biliousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains.

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness

Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

HEADACHE!

Of all forms, Neuralgia, Spasms, Fits, Sleeplessness, Dullness, Dizziness, Blues, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE, discovered by the eminent Indiana Specialist in nervous diseases. It does not contain opiates or dangerous drugs. "Have been taking DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for Epilepsy. From September to January before using the Nervine I had at least 15 convulsions, and now after three months' use have no more attacks.—JOHN B. COLLINS, Romeo, Mich." "I have been using DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for about four months. It has brought me relief and cure. I have taken it for epilepsy, and after using it for one week have had no attack.—Hurd C. Brasius, Heathville, Pa." Fine book of great cures and trial bottles FREE at Drug Stores Everywhere, 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 speedily cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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

Of Course She Consented.

"Will you be mine?"

"Can you afford to dress me well if I marry you?"

"It depends upon what you consider being dressed well. If you mean Worth dresses from Paris, I can't afford them; nor do you need them."

"I don't?"

"No. Your beauty needs no adornment, and it will always eclipse any dress you wear, no matter how fine or how expensive it may be. No one that looks at you sees your dress. The beauty of face and perfection of figure only are noted. All finery sinks into insignificance beside them. What satin is there like your skin? What silk like your hair? What colors to compare with your lips, cheeks and eyes?"

"John, I am yours."—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOR.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The Way You Feel About Your Wedding Trip Two Months After.

They were in a carriage being whirled toward the depot. The groom fidgeted a little because the rice that some one had dropped down his back made him nervous. The bride was trying to repair the damage done to her back hair by a slipper that had been thrown after them.

Finally the groom got everything satisfactorily adjusted, and, as his arm stole around the bride's waist, he said softly:

"Darling, we will have a splendid trip."

"Yes, dearest," she replied, as she stopped her hairdressing and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Think of every one freezing up here while we are in the south—at St. Augustine, for instance."

"It must be lovely there at this season," she said as she softly patted one of his hands. "I've never been south."

"And then as it gets warmer we'll come north along the Atlantic coast, stopping at points of interest until we reach Washington and New York."

"It will be magnificent, Harry," she said as she looked up into his eyes, "but I should think it would be awfully expensive."

"I'm looking after the expense, darling," he said in his superior way. "You musn't worry your little head about that."

It was two or three months later that they were rolling along in a hack from the depot. He was busy trying to arrange the valises so that they would not interfere with his feet, and she was struggling with some shawl straps.

"Well, Harry," she said, "we had a splendid trip, didn't we?"

"We ought to have," he returned. "I'll bet we depleted the United States treasury surplus. A government mint could not have stood a month more of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Self Evident.

Sharpson—What's the matter, Phlatz?

Phlatz (with his hand on his cheek)—Toothache. Had it all day. Went to the dentist's this morning and he pulled four teeth on one jaw, three on the other and told me to come again next week. Hurt me like sixty. When the toothache gets a firm grip on a man it hates to let go. I remember four years ago I——

Sharpson (looking at his watch)—Phlatz, if you didn't have so much jaw you wouldn't have so much toothache. Good day.—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Proud.

Young Wife—I know you would like the slippers, Harry, if for no other reason, because I made them.

Husband—You don't mean this is all your work! Why, what a talented little wife I have, to be sure.

Young Wife—Yes, all my work. Of course I bought the uppers and Mary sewed them together and I got a man to sole them, but I put the bows on and did them up in the box. And do you know, Harry, I am just proud of myself. I didn't think I could ever do such things.—Boston Transcript.

Liberal.

Head of Firm—Mr. Penwiper, you have been very faithful to us this year, and we have decided to show our appreciation.

Penwiper—Yes, sir. I have tried to do my duty.

Head of Firm—So we have observed, Penwiper, and in view of this fact we have decided not to reduce your salary on the first.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Effective Realism.

Playwright—Is her acting natural?

Manager (enthusiastically)—Natural? Why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night a life insurance agent who has her insured for $20,000, and who was in the audience, actually fainted.—Brooklyn Life.

Knew What He Was About.

Clerk—You had better get this underwear a size too large, to allow for shrinkage.

Customer—Oh, this is all right. It's for my youngest boy.—Clothier and Furnisher.

He Played Right Out.

He (awkwardly)—Ah, Miss Mabel, I hope you understand my feelings?

She—I'm sure I'm quite in the dark.

He (despairingly)—Then suppose we strike a match!—Philadelphia Press

Nothing in It.

"She makes all of her own dresses. Don't you think she would make a good wife for Alfred?"

"No, indeed! Think how poor her father must be."—Life.

Ready for an Argument.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk)—Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning.

Dolly (promptly)—Where was it, then?—London Truth.

Breaking the News.

Jack Coupon, Jr.—Why don't you say you will be a sister to me?

Miss Hunter—Because I am going to be your stepmother, Jackie.—Scribner's Magazine.

HELPLESS.

Chicago, Ill.

I was confined to bed; could not walk from lame back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of

ST. JACOBS OIL

cured me. No return in 5 years. FRANCIS MAURER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

VAGABONDS OF TIDE AND FIELD.

Adirondack Murray on the Wholesome Delights of Outdoor Life.

What a splendid freemasonry this is of outdoor life! How gentle and generous its rivalries! Which head shall dive deepest in the cool depths or speck the white surf farthest from shore? Which rod shall lift the heaviest trout or gun show to its credit the fullest bag of game? Whose deck shall shine the cleanest, or whose white sails shall lead the fleet to evening's anchorage? Whose table of bark shall boast of the tenderest venison or lodge front display for ornament the noblest spread of antlers? Whose rifle is truest to the camp when food is scarce, or is silent longest when game is plenty and the larder over full?

These are the generous and healthy rivalries of the outdoor life which stimulate but never fret, and leave both victor and vanquished healthy and happy still. Compare with these the scramble for wealth; the rivalries for gain, the suicidal despair of some, the vain and boastful bearing of others, the bitterness and ruin of those who lose, the arrogance of those who win, the sneering envyings and rankling jealousies, ripening to hatred as the years grow on, which characterize the lives men live in store, office and street, and note the contrast.

Who of us frank spoken and kind hearted vagabonds of tide and field, of deck and camp, are envious of any? Each man we meet is comrade, fellow picnicker, brother man, partner of ours in the sweet profits of our healthy, happy, natural life. Mild mannered and light hearted wanderers, boys with smooth or wrinkled faces, gray headed some of us, but boys still, thank God; canoeists, campers, yachtsmen, our fires are lighted on a thousand shores and our evening song floats over a thousand lakes and island studded rivers. We are a family of nature's saints. Our spirits have been touched and softened by the sweet grace of nature.

We have been indoctrinated in the truths that shine out of stars and which the blue heavens declare at noon and night. The leaves of the catechism we have studied have been the flowery meadows, the voiceful slopes of mountains, the shining beaches, the whispering leaves of trees, the thunder shaken firmament, or the star lighted depth of level waters. From these un-Calvinistic text books we have learned sweet lessons of God, whose gentleness we saw in the very leaves we studied. Our souls have drank the waters of life, fresh from native fountains, and our spirits have bathed their scars in rivers which flow from him whose voice is as the sound of many waters.

All hail! Ye healthy blooded, healthy minded, kindly hearted, gentle mannered saints of flood and field, of hill and river, of car and sail, of deck and camp; your smiling faces rise before me in thousands, and your voices, in happy talk, in joke and song, come from afar and stir the silence around me into laughter. Joke, laugh and rest on, ye thrifty vagabonds and gentle loafers; into each hour you are storing the honey of health, on which in future days of toil and strain your strength shall feed and fill itself with vigor. I hail you, fellow saints, in this lower heaven of God, where each happy one is his own priest, each pure mind its own creed, and the gentle wishes of each heart its only "sum and substance" of doctrine.—Forest and Stream.

Improvising a Dress Suit.

"About eight years ago," said Auditor Joseph Brown, "I was in London, England. One day I bought a stall to to see Patti at the Royal. A stall corresponds to our boxes. When the evening came I took the ladies around and walked in at the door. But I did not get far.

"'You cannot come in here,' said the doorkeeper.

"'Why not?' I asked in surprise; 'here are my seat tickets.'

"'Well, you cannot enter,' he replied decisively; 'your coat is a frock, and nothing but dress suits are allowed.'

"I expostulated. I told him that my hotel was a long way off and that the ladies would be greatly disappointed; I was an American and did not know the rule of the theater.

"Finally he told me to go into the dressing room, where the attendants might perhaps be able to fix me out all right.

"I went, expecting to pay two or three crowns for the loan of a coat. The fellow looked at me for a second, whipped a pin from his lapel, and pinned my coat tails back, and I found myself in evening dress!

"I gave the man half a crown."—St. Louis Chronicle.

Hunting the Hunters.

Sport in Algeria is of an exciting nature, because there is a possibility that a lion may walk out of a thicket and make for you, and in that case a shotgun loaded with quail shot is not the best possible weapon. Failing the lion the inhabitants may come out against you with sticks and stones, and endeavor to take away your gun to put in the village armory. An experience of this sort happened to three young men near Oran.

They were out shooting when they were surrounded by thirty Arabs, who asked them to give up their arms and ammunition. They refused, and the Arabs thereupon began to pelt them with stones, wounding one of them badly. The sportsman thereupon fired a volley, killing one man and wounding several others, and on seeing their comrades fall the other Arabs took to flight.—Galignani Messenger.

NO MORE SAWDUST.

A Remarkable Invention That Will Cut Lumber with a Heavy Knife.

A new lumber cutting machine has been tried at the works of a lumber cutting company at Greenpoint, L. I. The experiment was highly successful. The machine, upon which Dr. Bradley and Thomas S. Crane, of Newark, have been working for the past five years is 42 feet long, 15 feet wide and 8 feet high. Its weight is forty-five tons. The object of the invention, which may largely do away with the use of buzz saws, is to economize time and lumber itself. The machine will take a log eight feet long and cut boards from it at the rate of forty a minute of any width from 1-32 of an inch to one inch in thickness. There is not the slightest waste of material in the cutting. It is calculated that when saws are used one-fourth of the wood is wasted in sawdust and planing if inch boards are being cut. In sawing boards 1-16 of an inch in thickness the loss is 215 per cent of the boards turned out.

The knife is three feet long and weighs 500 pounds. It works with a draw motion, a sort of combination of knife and saw, which prevents the fibers of the wood from breaking. The roller preceding the knife compresses the wood and aids in this matter, which the inventors found was the most difficult of the ends to be attained. The knife is moved by a wooden connecting rod, fastened to a wheel ten feet in diameter. Every revolution of this wheel makes a board.

The machine is fed by an apparatus which is controlled by two screws set in Babbit metal. A chain gear connects the two screws, so that they move with absolute accuracy, thus making the boards exactly the same width from one end to the other. A system of cogs is so arranged that by changing the size of the cog wheel the width of the board to be cut is regulated. The total output of the machine when in running order will be from 80,000 to 100,000 feet a day.

The new invention, it is said, will revolutionize the making of boards for cigar boxes, backs of pictures, butter boxes and the like. Ash, cherry, birch and basswood logs can be cut. The boards drop from the blade as smooth as if rubbed with sandpaper.

"With our saws," Mr. Lewis said, "we cannot cut dry lumber at all, and this machine cuts anything. Neither could our saws cut a board 1-32 of an inch in thickness as this will. But the best thing it will accomplish will be the tremendous saving in the wood itself."

Dr. Bradley and Mr. Crane have persistently stuck to this project for five years, and at last they think their reward has come. The machine will undoubtedly be introduced in all the big lumber tracts of the country. The logs can be floated by stream right down to it and then shipped out to civilization all ready for use as boards.—Safety Valve.

Horrible Suspense.

Ardent Lover (wildly)—What does this mean? I've called a dozen times a day for a week, and each time you tell me Miss Beauti is engaged. What does it mean? Tell me. Has she fallen in love with some one else and——

Kind Hearted Maid—No, indade, Mistur Goodheart; it's little ye nade fear.

"But why is she always engaged when I call?"

"Sure it would cost me me place to tell. Don't be worritin me about it. Sure it'll be all right."

"But I must know. If you lose your place I will continue your wages until you get another. Tell me; for mercy's sake, tell me."

"Oi'll tell yez. She do be ingaged thryin t' cure a pimple on her swate nose."—New York Weekly.

The Mustache in England.

The plain and simple mustache still takes the lead, and, being enforced in the army, it has the most exponents in "society." The English mustache is kept within decent limits. It is neat and trim, is never brushed out like a fan at the end, nor allowed to creep down the chin. Combed gracefully over the lip, or twisted into small, waxed ends, it becomes an ornament to the mouth and face and not a disfigurement.—London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Knew What She Wanted.

A four-year-old girl created a laugh one night in one of the public parks. The band did not arrive so promptly as she expected, and she began to fear that it would not come at all.

"Never mind," said her father consolingly, "if it doesn't come I'll sing you a song."

"I don't want you to sing," persisted the discriminating child; "I want some music."—Boston Transcript.

About 150 years ago the Convulsionaires of France, beginning with prayers at the tomb of Francois de Paris, at length threw themselves down, rolled upon the ground, imitated all sorts of animals, and finally went off into swoons.

The manufacture of boots and shoes offers some very wonderful facts. By the use of the heel shaver or trimmer one man would trim 300 pairs of shoes a day, where it formerly took three men to do the same.

For the Children.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 50 cent bottles for sale by G. E. Goode, druggist.

ONLY 12 DAYS

FOR GENUINE BARGAINS GO TO GEO. F. SMITH.

THE ENTIRE STOCK AT COST.

LEASE AND FIXTURES ARE SOLD.

The Elk in Germany.

The last refuge of the elk in Germany, and the only place in that country in which it is now found, is the Ibenhorst forest near Tilsit. In the Middle Ages the wild elk was found all over Germany, and after 1550 it is frequently mentioned as appearing in Pomerania; but during the last two centuries it has disappeared. The last elk in Saxony was killed in 1746, and the last one in Silesia in 1776. Although the animal was frequently to be met with in East Prussia in the time of Frederick the Great, that monarch found it necessary to issue a decree for its protection.

In the first few years of the present century it existed in considerable numbers in the forests of Schorellen, Tzalkinn, and Skalischen, where favored persons were permitted to hunt it. In the year 1848 the rights of hunting in these forests became general, and elks very soon became exterminated. It was only by the most careful preserving that the few left in the Ibenhorst forests were saved, and their number increased to about one hundred, at which it now stands. These forests, with their 2,000 acres of high wooded land, 6,000 acres of moor and 40,000 acres of alder swamps, offer to these animals the most favorable conditions of existence.

In the spring they leave the high woods and moors and swim down to the islets at the mouth of the Skirwith stream, which are thickly grown with bushes and such plants as grow in swampy regions. In the winter they are driven back to the high woods. Several of them are drowned every year during the spring floods, and in spite of the greatest care they do not increase to any great extent.—London Globe.

Leave the Implements on the Plate.

The query, "Ought the knife and fork to go up with the plate for a second serving, or be left on the knife stand?" is one upon which authorities differ. The correspondent will assuredly be in very good company to send up the implements. Kniferests are not found on every table. They are not seen at ceremonious and elegant dinners.

It has been claimed that to leave knife and fork on the plate interferes with the carver's work; but it need not, as there is always room to place the desired serving at one side. It is also claimed that in the hands of an unskillful waiter the plate may be tilted to shoot knife and fork, either or both, to the floor, or worse, against the back of some unsuspecting guest; but this emergency seems almost too unusual to be provided against, if one is careful to place the articles evenly and well poised across the dinner plate.

Individual kniferests being undesirable, the alternative remains of holding these dinner tools in the hand which is awkward, or of placing them on the cloth or against the butter plate, either of which is not neat. The weight or argument and opinion is decidedly in favor of sending them with the plate.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Bound to Acquire Learning.

The little daughter of a distinguished citizen of Birmingham saw the clergyman of the family church passing the gate the other morning, and she ran out and begged him to come in and make a talk. In this request she was soon joined by her two elder sisters, one of them a belle in society, and they urged the learned divine to make the talk. He was flattered by this unusual attention, and consented to go into the house, and as he ascended the steps he asked the little one why she was so earnestly desirous to have him talk to her. "While you are here," she said, "I can't leave for school, and while you are talking I'll have more time to get my lessons."—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

An Extraordinary Species of Hazelnut.

A new and very extraordinary species of hazelnut has been discovered in the state of Washington. Instead of being the fruit of a dwarf tree not six feet high, it grows upon a giant tree sixty feet in height. However, because the tree stem is only six inches in diameter, it cannot stand upright. Instead, it bends over not far from the ground, touches the earth, rises again, comes down to the ground once more and so on for several snaky curves. Its branches bear hazelnuts by twins. In every pod two nuts are found instead of the usual one. This is a variety well worth cultivating, and experiments are already being made with grafts from it.—Washington Star.

Salaries of Church Singers.

The salaries paid to quartet singers were not so high as sometimes reported. Very few of the lady solo singers were paid more than $1,000 a year, though Mrs. Imogene Brown, the principal singer of Christ church, is said to have received $3,000. The highest salary ever paid for such service ($4,500) is that now given to Miss DeVere, who is engaged at Dr. Paxton's (Presbyterian) church, on Forty-second street.

The salary paid to male quartet singers has ranged from $800 to $1,000. St. Bartholomew's church some years ago had a celebrated quartet choir; the soprano received $1,500 and the bass $1,200.—Interview in New York Epoch.

A Reasonable Supposition.

Miss Poplin—Why does your friend, the poet, always keep his coat buttoned up when he calls on me?

Chubberly—He probably calls on you the days he has no vest.—Clothier and Furnisher.

PEOPLE!

Ask for Hurst's

"STAFF OF LIFE"

Or whole Wheat Flour, healthiest and best tasting bread. Also the Famous Pure Aurora Buckwheat Flour.

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

South.			North.
7:25 p. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	7:25 a. m.
9:15 p. m.	Lv. Salem	Lv.	5:25 a. m.
8:35 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.

8:05 a. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	4:00 p. m.
10:32 a. m	Lv Salem	Lv.	1:38 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	Ar. Roseburg	Lv.	6:20 a. m

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

4:30 p. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	8:55 a. m.
7:05 p. m.	Lv. Salem	Lv.	6:08 a. m
9:00 p. m.	Ar. Albany	Lv.	5:00 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.	12:58 p. m.

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

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

4:00 p. m.	Lv. Portland	Ar.	8:20 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	Ar. McMinnville	Lv.	5:40 a. m.

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E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Ag't
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OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 25 miles shorter, 20 hours less 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

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Leave Albany	1:00 P M.
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M.
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P M.
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M.
Leave Corvallis	10:35 A M.
Arrive Albany	11:10 A M.

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

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STEAMERS.	FROM YAQUINA
Farallon, Friday	June 27
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July
Farallon, Sunday	"
Willamette Valley, Thursday	" 1
Farallon, Tuesday	" 1

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June 27
Farallon, Tuesday	July 1
Willamette Valley, Sunday	" 6
Farallon, Thursday	" 10
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	" 15

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.

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C. C. HOGUE, Act'g Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis Or

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