"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant growth of hair, of a silk-like texture and of the original color, often results from the use, by those who have become bald or gray, of **Ayer's Hair Vigor:**

"I was rapidly becoming gray and bald; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—M. Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"A trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me of its merits. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be abundant and glossy, but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles st., Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Sleep as a Medicine.

A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed, we may make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room; a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—Exchange.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas. Vomit Every Meal.

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 R. Collins, Bonsen, 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.—Hurt C. Brooks, Hesston, Pa." Fine book of great cures and trial bottles FREE at Drug'sts 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.

Rain for the Future.

The question is asked, Are we likely to have in years immediately advancing more or less rain than during the last few years?

While the question cannot be answered with absolute confidence, the grouping of years into decades or other regular periods eliminates most of the nonperiodic variations, and shows whether any secular alterations are taking place. There is no doubt that since 1887, at all events, the rainfall over England has been much below the average; and a consideration of all the facts leads to the conclusion that such a period of scarcity is very likely to be followed by one of abundance, and that the coming few years will probably be more rainy than those recently experienced, although possibly the increase will not occur in the summer months—at a time when it would be most noticed.—London Nature.

"HE CALLED HER IN."

He called her in from me and shut the door!
After a long struggling with my pride and pain
A weary while it seemed, in which the more
I held myself from her, the greater fain
Was I to look upon her face again;
At last—at last—half conscious where my feet
Were faring, I stood waist deep in the sweet
Green grasses there, where she
First came to me,
The very blossoms she had plucked that day.
And at her father's voice had cast away,
Around me lay
Still bright and blooming in these eyes of mine;
And as I gathered each one eagerly
I pressed it to my lips and drank the wine
Her kisses left there for the honey bee.
Then, after I had laid them with the tress
Of her bright hair, with lingering tenderness,
I, turning, crept on to the edge that bound
Her pleasant seeming home—but all around
Was never sign of her! The windows all
Were blinded; and I heard no rippling fall
Of her glad laugh, nor any harsh voice calls
But, clutching to the tangled grasses, caught
A sound as though a strong man bowed his head
And sobbed alone—unloved—uncomforted!
And then straightway before
My tearless eyes, all vividly was wrought
A vision that is with me evermore;
A little girl that lies asleep, nor hears
Nor heeds not any voice, nor fall of tears.
And I sit singing o'er and o'er and o'er,
"God called her in from him and shut the door!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A PERILOUS WOOING.

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husaby. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night, and it was always worse on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husaby, never went to bed on those nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nesset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Husaby. Of course, old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still they smiled, and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the hayloft, whither Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose cool and clear through the sun's misty rays, the cow bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs and blew the cow horn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action, "Come up here again and there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion, that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nesset. All the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husaby's favor.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there were no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now, Canute was certainly getting on in years; still, although he was past sixty, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavy on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husaby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" asked Thor, and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said some one else behind him, and gave him a great blow in the back of his neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the hired man," said Old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully; he dived and he ducked; whenever a blow fell it missed him, and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterward that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up till blood began to flow, then Canute cried out, "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone, "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute Husaby and his men, the the girl shall be yours!"

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Husaby hill, but every one said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Alsang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father, she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor staid in his bed all Sunday and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came and it was a lovely day. It had rained in the night; the hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odors were wafted in, the cowbells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above some one was "jodling." Truly, if it had not been for his mother, who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came and still he staid in bed; on Thursday, though, he begin to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said, "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husaby farm. "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husaby hill; but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upward—all was quiet; he looked over toward Husaby farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

Aslang sat before the hut; her day's work was done; she was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that therefore many others might come instead, so she unfastened the dog, and, without saying anything, walked farther on. She sat down, so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there, and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and without thinking more about it, sat down so that she looked toward the side where lay the fjord. It seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclined to sing, so she chose a song with "long drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second, it seemed to her as though some one answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge and twined her arms around a slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice, and looked down. But she could see nothing; the fjord lay there calm and at rest; not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be." Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaned over the cliff. And there down below, at the foot of the rocky wall, she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nutshell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap, and under it the figure of a man, climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"Who can it be?" Aslang asked herself; and letting go the birch she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down on the greensward, seizing the grass with both hands, as though it were she who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots; she screamed aloud and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him; but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and therefore he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once!" she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time, and help him!" Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seemed to her quite endless.

Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow wow!" said he to Aslang, and jumped upon her. And again, "Wow, wow!" then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husaby heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason. Bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash, "the lad deserves her," he cried, "the girl shall be his!"—Translated from the Norwegian of Bjornsterne Bjornson for Strand Magazine.

A Conversation in Scotch.

The Scotch dialect has a peculiar use of vowels, which is as unintelligible to English ears as the cooing of the wood dove, but which seems to be easily understood by those accustomed to the vernacular. Here are a few specimens culled from reminiscences of Scottish life and character.

The conversation is between a shopman and a customer, and relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door.

Customer (inquiring the material)—Oo? (Wool?)

Shopman—Ay, oo. (Yes, of wool.)

Customer—A' oo? (All wool?)

Shopman—Ay, oo. (Yes, all wool.)

Customer—A' ae oo? (All same wool?)

Shopman—Ay, a' ae oo. (Yes, all same wool.)—Detroit Free Press.

A Cautious Lover.

Jopn Shorger has been paying his attentions to Miss De Smythe. He has come very near proposing several times, but did not dare risk it for fear she might refuse to accept the nomination. He got around it very nicely, however, while escorting her home from church. He said:

"Miss De Smythe, if there is anything in the world I dislike it is to have a young lady refuse me. I wish you would tell me if you would say 'yes' in case I were to ask your hand in marriage?"

She suggested that he try it, but he thought he had better wait awhile until he could see his way more clearly.—Texas Siftings.

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

RUNNING A PAPER UNDER DIFFICULTY

The Troubles of an Editor Who Was Controlled by a Board of Directors.

A certain newspaper not over a thousand miles from Detroit was once owned and operated by a syndicate of lawyers, business men and politicians. About half of the board of directors at first wanted the fun and honor of running the paper. So whenever one of them fancied he had an idea in his head he would run up to the office and interview the managing editor.

Director No. 1's idea was that the editor and reporters were loafing most of the time, because they were not in the building every minute of the day like his own mill hands.

"Do you give your whole time to the paper?" he asked one day of the managing editor.

"Oh, no," said the editor. "I take seven or eight hours for sleep, and an hour or more for meals, a quarter of an hour for dressing in the morning, five minutes undressing at night. I don't shave, so there's five or ten minutes saved there, but I black my own boots; that takes time. Then there's the time going to and coming from the office. Sometimes I lie awake an hour or two at night thinking out some scheme for the paper. That ought to offset the time I take for meals. It seems to me, though, as if I gave all the rest of the time to the paper."

"Humph! You ought to write more for it! Three columns a day, at least."

"I saw the gas burning here as late as 12 o'clock one night. The gas bills are something frightful," said Director No. 2 when he called.

"Yes; well, you see this is a morning paper, and it gets pretty dark by midnight, and along until the paper goes to press the compositors—those are the men that set the types, you know—they can't read everybody's copy in the dark, and so whenever they come across a piece of copy they are not familiar with we have to light the gas for them. Probably when you came by the office that night they had just struck a piece of that kind of copy."

"Oh, of course, if it's necessary, we can't object; but don't burn any more than you actually need."

Director No. 3 remarked:

"I don't altogether like what you copy from other papers. I don't think it's very interesting. Now, I've taken The Observer for many years and there's a lot of interesting reading matter in that. When I get through with it hadn't I better send the paper down to you and you can copy things out of it? I have kept a file of it for years, so I wouldn't like to have you cut it."

"Oh, yes, send it along. I won't cut anything out of it."

Another director came in one day and remarked:

"That's a fine article you've got on the editorial page this morning! Gets me in a nice mess! Why, the man's one of my best friends and he'll lay for me. Who wrote it?"

"Mr. Jackson."

"Well, Jackson is a fool. He's no more judgment than a sheep. We ought to get rid of him."

In order to appease Mr. Director, the editor a few days afterward had another article prepared carefully, taking back what had been said and making a veiled apology for it.

In came Director No. 5.

"You've made an awful mistake; you ought to stick to what you said last week. That was just right. It hit the nail on the head, went right to the spot. Now you've gone and taken water on it. You ought to consult Jackson about these things. His judgment on such matters is excellent."

By this time the editor began to think how his name would look at the bottom of a resignation.—Exchange.

Shopping in Cairo.

During their stay in Cairo, the late Canon Liddon and his sister, Mrs. King, occasionally went shopping, and the lady gives the following account of oriental bartering: "De Nicola (the courier) asked the price of an article, and then offered one half; the seller protested he never altered his price; then De Nicola folded up the goods, put them on a chair, and said, 'Very well, do not waste more words. I shall give you so-and-so.' The merchant screamed; De Nicola gesticulated; then they shook hands, touched foreheads, etc., and I thought the matter was arranged, when De Nicola whispered to us, 'Now the real battle is going to begin.' They screamed, stamped, thumped, and finally De Nicola threw back all our purchases, and said we would go to another shop, naming it. At once the salesman caved in, and protested he would rather give us his goods than that we should go away empty handed, and so the purchase was conducted with smiles, handshakings and the usual greetings of lip and forehead, and a backsheesh was given us into the bargain."—London News.

The Matter of Correct Names.

In Ireland the name of Gallagher, so spelled, indicates the family to be of Roman Catholic faith, whereas when the second "g" is dropped the Gallahers become Protestant. This distinction in the mother country has invested each name with a marked individuality—they are not the same, and the persons bearing them are tenacious of the one to which they have a right.

Another case where miscalling a person is that of one who has, for good and sufficient reasons, which the legislature of his state has recognized, changed his name. To continue to call him by his former name will probably get you out of his good graces, and deservedly so.—New York Times.

As Staple as Coffee.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is as staple as coffee in this vicinity. It has done an immense amount of good since its introduction here." A. M. Nordell, Maple Ridge, Minn. For sale by G. E. Good, druggist.

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, 228 Com'l St.

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WHY PEOPLE STARED AT HER.

Awkward Adventure of a Woman Visiting New York for the First Time.

"I visited New York for the first time in my life last week," said a good natured western woman the other day, "though my husband, who was with me, knew the city pretty well from frequent business calls to the east. I was natura'ly much interested, not to say excited, by the noise and hubbub in the streets, and my husband had amused himself by imagining in what way I would show my country breeding and 'give myself away for a hayseed,' as he called it. I was therefore on my guard.

"I got along quite well till we entered an unpretentious restaurant, for we could not afford to spend much money. My husband told me to order what I wanted, as he did not feel like eating anything. I asked the waiter for lamb. 'One lamb!' he called promptly to the cook, as he gave me a glass of water. 'Gracious,' I exclaimed, 'a whole lamb for me!' 'Leave what you don't want of it,' said my husband. 'Certainly not,' I exclaimed; such wicked waste! Waiter, I don't want lamb. Make it raw oysters.' 'Make that lamb one oyster raw, raw!' he called, so angrily that I was afraid to tell him I wanted a dozen. But when he brought the order I found that he had six on the plate, and I thought it was a mistake, and that he would only charge me for one in the bill if I said nothing about it.

"I did not confide this hope to my husband, as I knew he would not countenance it, and he told me afterward that he admired my self control in not showing surprise at the six oysters when I fully expected only one. As I ordered several other things besides oysters and was slow about finishing them, my husband left me in order to keep a business engagement, and we agreed to meet again in one hour at Tiffany's. He paid my bill and left me eating slowly at the little table, which was near the door, so near that when I passed out into the street I did not go near the clerk.

"As I turned into Broadway alone I noticed that several people whom I passed stared at me curiously. I resented this from men, thinking it impertinence, but when some women tittered I looked down at my hands, my skirts, my shoes, etc., but could see nothing out of place, and I knew that even if my clothes were somewhat countryfied in cut they were not far enough behind the fashion to warrant such rudeness, even in New York. Still the people stared at me and some turned to look after me. One woman made a motion as if to stop me and speak to me, but now, thoroughly hot and angry, I tossed my head indignantly and almost ran.

"As I reached Tiffany's panting and angry, I saw my husband afar off, and as he approached me I noticed him stare also, then grin and then burst out laughing.

"'What do you mean?' said I angrily.

"'What's that tucked under you chin?' he spluttered as well as he could for laughing.

"I put my hand up to my throat and pulled away a horrid little table napkin, not particularly clean, with a vulgar red border around it and with the name 'Centennial Restaurant' stamped on it in big black letters."—New York Tribune.

Baptized His Own Child.

The vicar of a parish church which stands in one of the South Midland counties recently performed the interesting, though rather unusual, ceremony of baptizing his own child.

From the beginning of the service, which took place in the presence of the immediate friends of the family only, it was evident that very little was necessary to upset the gravity of the participators; in fact, there was a smile lurking on every face. However, all passed off decorously until the time came for the vicar to take his own child in his arms, and ask the godfathers and godmothers what name he should christen it. As he did so the comic aspect of the situation was forced upon every one present, when their pent-up feelings at last found relief in a ripple of laughter, in which even the clergyman himself could not resist joining.—London Tit-Bits.

Speaking Scotch.

The race of Scotch speaking people is passing away, and not many are left to tell the story in the rich brogue of the national tongue. And there was always a story to tell, so that one on this very subject comes in pat here. A youth, who had been educated in England, returned to his family in Scotland, and was shown off by admiring friends.

"Is he not charming?" remarked one to the young man's sister.

"Oh, yes; but he speaks English now," she answered, in real distress.

An old lady being asked if a person she had lately seen was "Scotch," answered with much bitterness:

"I canna say. Ye a' speak sae genteel now that I dinna ken wha's Scotch."—Detroit Free Press.

Blacksmiths and Machines.

The making of horseshoes by machinery at first caused a strike among the blacksmiths, who refused to put on the machine made shoes; but the work was done so much more cheaply that the machine shoes triumphed, and the result was that owners of horses, as they got the shoes for less, had the horses shod oftener than before, and the blacksmiths did not lose much, if any, work after all.—New York Sun.

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OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 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

TIME SCHEDULE, (Except Sundays).

Leave Albany	1:00 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	8:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 A M
Arrive Albany	11:10 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 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.

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 Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 204 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.

best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished 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 sleepers 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, No 121 First street, cor. Washington; Portland, Oregon

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.