"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.

Wonderful Blades

The most celebrated weapons in history, uniting miraculous sharpness with wonderful elasticity, are undoubtedly the blades of Damascus. The sabers of Japan, although as hard as a diamond, and taking an edge so acute that they will go through a pillow or poker as if they were air, cannot compete with the old Syrian swords because they have no elasticity. This elasticity is not altogether a "lost art," as even today one may see in Toledo, Spain, blades packed in coils like watch springs.

Swords have been made during the present century in Russia that rivaled in edge and bending qualities the famous Damascus blades. At the imperial factory of Zlatoust, in the Urals, some have been turned out which bent till the point touched the hilt, and which would also cut through an iron bar. More than this no blade has ever done or can do.—Kate Field's Washington.

"German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones.

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

DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. FREE BOOK AT Druggists.

HEART DISEASE!

STATISTICS show that one in FOUR has a weak or diseased Heart. The first symptoms are **short breath, oppression, fluttering, faint and hungry spells, pain in side, then smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy (and death)** for which **DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE** is a marvelous remedy. "I have been troubled with heart disease for years, my left pulse was very weak, could hardly feel it, the smallest excitement would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death stared me in the face for hours. DR. MILES' NERVINE and NEW HEART CURE is the only medicine that has proved of any benefit and cured me.—L. M. Dyer, Cloverdale, Md. **Dr. Miles' Liver Pills** are a sure remedy for Biliousness and Torpid Liver. 50 doses 25 cents. Fine book on Heart Disease, with wonderful cures **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 speedily cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

50 DOSES 25 cts.

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

Politeness.

The fine courtesy of the old time "knights of the road" who robbed people of quality with their hats in their hands, and made profound obeisances before and after taking their purses, is not, it seems, unrivaled at the present less formal stage.

A gentleman who lives in a retired and lonely district just outside a great city has met thieves on two or three occasions when going home late at night.

One evening he was seized by a man who demanded his watch.

"Oh!" gasped the gentleman, "you are the same rascal who took my watch two months ago."

"I hope," said the thief very politely, but without loosening his hold on the gentleman's throat, "I sincerely hope your house has been able to purchase another!"—Youth's Companion.

Mutually Satisfied.

At the Grand Central depot the other day a woman with a year old baby in her lap said to a man with a satchel who sat next to her:

"I expected a friend, but she has not come. I want to buy my ticket for New Haven, but I can't take the baby into that jam of people. Can I ask you to hold her for two or three minutes?"

"Ma'am, I had a baby left on my hands once in this very way," he replied. "Give me the money and I'll buy your ticket."

"But what guarantee have I got that you won't run off with the money?" she asked.

"That's so. You may leave the baby on my hands or I may slide out with the price of your ticket. Seems to be a fix."

"I'll tell you how we can arrange it," said the woman after a moment's thought.

"We'll go together. You bring the baby and I'll buy the ticket. We can thus watch each other."

He agreed, and they lined up before the ticket window. She got her ticket and the baby was duly handed over on the other side of the window.—New York Evening World.

A Fatal Error.

Helen Troy—How has your book on cooking been received?

Jane Cook—Oh, very well; but one of the papers made such a dreadful mistake. They put a notice about it in the death column.—Truth.

The Play That Pleases.

Dramatic Author—I have a new play which I should like you to examine.

Great Actress—Pardon me, but I am so overworked that it would be impossible for me to——

"The scene is laid in Europe"——

"Don't want it."

"At a most picturesque era of mediæval times"——

"I have plays enough."

"It is in five acts"——

"Keep it in your pocket."

"Fifteen scenes."

"Won't have it."

"And calls for ninety-five changes of costume."

"I'll take it."—New York Weekly.

Senator Frye's Warlike Grandson.

Senator Frye has a nine-year-old grandson, whose nature is rather that of a fighter, as his younger brother can testify. The small boy lives in Lewiston, Me., and recently wrote a letter to his grandfather, which may deter Chili from further insults. The letter reads as follows:

DEAR GRANDPER—I see by the paper that there is going to be a war with the Chilis. And I want to go. papa says I can go if you would find me a place in the gunboats. If you can I should like to be errand boy for the captain but if you could not get that, I want to be on the commanders or captains boat.

THOMAS.

—Washington Post.

How to See Bear.

Sportsman—Are there any bears in these woods?

Maine Man—Thousands.

Sportsman—Well, I've been hunting for bear for six weeks now, and haven't seen one yet.

"Would ye like to see some—a hundred er so?"

"Indeed I would."

"Stop huntin an go fishin."—New York Weekly.

Reasons of His Own.

Clubberly—Say, old man, take me around and introduce me to your tailor.

Travers—If it's all the same to you, I would rather not.

Clubberly (heatedly)—What do you mean? Don't you suppose I'm good?

Travers—I don't doubt your being good, but let me give you a letter to him. I don't want to see him personally.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Thinning of the Thatch.

Oh, the autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in,
And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin!
I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three;
But my thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!

I was once a merry urchin—curly headed I was called—
And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald;
But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about,
For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember asking uncle—in my innocent surprise—
How he liked his head made use of as a skating rink by flies;
But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist,
I'm afraid they'll soon have got another rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late,
For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate—
Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks,
Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum,
But the thatch keeps getting thinner and the new hair doesn't come—
So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare,
For the circle's getting wider of that open space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall,
And that coming generations won't have any hair at all,
Well, they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match
With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch!

—Punch.

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

QUEER TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

The Pathetic and the Ridiculous in the Operator's Experience.

Probably it is the sense of the incongruous that takes effect, but it is certain that death messages are more often ridiculous than any others. Surely it was a dutiful and sympathetic child who wired, "Mamma kicked yesterday; will try to make burial Monday," and the number of people who do not hesitate to make funeral arrangements while the prospective corpse is still alive is simply astounding. "We are all well but Sam, and he died yesterday," was probably indicative only of the sender's desire to break the news gently—not of any fears for "Sam's" future happiness. And it is scarcely to be supposed that any ghostly visitation induced the communication, "Your mother is dead and wants you to come home."

"Just send five to help me; am starving by telegraph," was the cry of one impecunious soul, and the wonder has been since as to the exact method of procedure in a case of "starving by telegraph."

Another source of amusement to the telegraph operator is in the curious names which come up in the course of business. When Mrs. "Whetstone" and Mrs. "Firmstone" send telegrams in one day the question arises as to their possible relationship, and whether Mr. "Morningstar" and Mr. "Winternight" are neighbors might be an interesting discussion.

Mr. "Raspberry Smith" gives internal evidence of Afro-American nomenclature, and "Gooseberry" is, beyond all dispute, the name of a colored family. Mr. "Richwine" and Mr. "Gaslier" might easily be Germans, but the nationality of the "Bonebreaks" and the "Goodhands" would be hard to guess. Even "Humbird" comes in occasionally, and "Bosshardt" is too suggestive to be pleasant.

In offices where the operator must be also the receiving clerk many odd incidents occur to enliven the routine of business. An old colored man went, panting, into a telegraph office once and indicated his desire to telegraph a small package that he held in his hand. He met with blank unbelief all the statements to the effect that such a thing could not be done, and persisted in his request. "It's just got to go!" he exclaimed. "They're my wife's teeth. She went off and forgot 'em, and I've got to get 'em to her on the next train." After some ten minutes' discussion it was a sadder and wiser old man who shuffled slowly out of the office.—Washington Post.

A Youthful Warrior.

After the defeat of the Chili government troops at the battle of Concon, Vina del Mar, near Valparaiso, a little lad of eight or nine years of age, hatless and barefooted, arrived in the town of Vina del Mar and gave a tolerably circumstantial account of the fight. At first his story was not believed, but little by little his tale was credited and listened to with astonishment that a child of his tender age should have been present at such a sanguinary encounter.

He quite artlessly stated that when the San Fernando battalion left the town with banners flying and band playing he imagined the troops were going out to exercise, and followed them till he found himself on the field of battle. When the defeat and rout ensued he joined a group of stragglers, and at last found his way back to Vina del Mar, by way of Quilpue, at which place somebody gave him a piece of bread and a drink of water.—London News.

Various Uses of Cork.

Immense quantities of crude cork are brought into this country and cut by machinery. The crude cork varies from half an inch to 2 1-2 inches in thickness, and it is of many qualities. The finest quality is cut up by hand into wine corks; the cheaper qualities are cut by machinery into "soda corks," cork soles and what not. There is an enormous sale for small corks such as are used by druggists, and tons of cork are used every year in eyeglass dips. Only the finest cork is used for this purpose, and it is difficult to obtain a proper quality.—New York Sun.

A Lobster Five Feet Long.

"One rarely hears of a good sized lobster nowadays," said an ichthyologist. "Yet it was not so many years ago that twenty-five pounders were quite frequently caught. There is one preserved in the collection of crustacea at the Smithsonian institution which weighed eighteen pounds at the time of its capture. Reliable record exists of specimens weighing forty pounds. One of that magnitude would be five feet in length, including the claws."—Washington Star.

Not Conclusive Evidence.

On a Niagara street car the other night was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the conductor came into the car and exclaimed with a show of irritation, "Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke on this car?"

"Well, Oi'm not smokin."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth."

"So Oi have me fest in me boots, but Oi'm not walkin."—Buffalo Courier.

Down in His Luck.

Bouttown—Say, why did Klubbite go off and get married?

Oleboy—Poor fellow! He lost so much in the wheat flurry that he couldn't afford to live at the Bachelor club any longer.—New York Weekly.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"
"Let me come in—the door unlock."
"'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
I open to no stranger's knock."

"Who art thou? Speak!" "Men call me Fame,
To immortality I lead."
"Pass, idle phantom of a name,"
"Listen again, and now take heed."

"'Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art,
My post; now unbar the door."
"Art's dead. Song cannot touch my heart,
My once Love's name I chant no more."

"Open then, now—for see I stand,
Riches my name, with endless gold—
Gold and your wish in either hand."
"Too late—my youth you still withhold."

"Then, if it must be, since the door
Stands shut, my last true name do know.
Men call me Death. Delay no more,
I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ah, guest so wan,
Forgive the poor place where I dwell—
An ice cold hearth, a heartsick man,
Stand here to welcome thee full well."

—Walt Whitman.

Following Instructions.

The spirit of implicit obedience is always to be commended in a child, even though the too literal interpretation of instructions may occasionally have an unexpected and amusing result.

Mabel, a very circumspect and conscientious young maiden of four, was sent into the parlor to entertain a caller for a few minutes until her mother could appear.

The conversation drifted to Mabel's intellectual acquirements, and the visitor asked, "And do you know the alphabet, Mabel?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, will you say it for me?"

Mabel began very glibly, but after three or four letters she stopped abruptly and said, "If you please, ma'am, I guess I'd better not."

"Why," asked the other in surprise, "what makes you think you had better not?"

"'Cause," replied this exceptionally discreet young woman, "that's about all I know, and mamma says I mustn't tell all I know."—Youth's Companion.

A Brother's Part.

Sweet Girl—George, although I refused to marry you, I promised to be a sister to you, you know.

George (gloomily)—Y-e-s.

"And you know you said I might, and you said you'd be a brother to me."

"Did I?"

"Yes, I'm sure you said something like that."

"Well, I'll try."

"That's real good of you. Can you spare a little time for me now?"

"A lifetime if you ask it."

"No, only a few hours."

"Certainly. What is it you want?"

"That hooked nose old lady over there, with green goggles, is my chaperon. I wish you'd take her off and flirt with her this evening, so I can have a little chat with Mr. Hansom."—New York Weekly.

Character in Shoes.

Large, flat shoes are always called "sensible." Doubtless they are so. Yet no alert, sharp and clever person, no one intellectually or physically wide awake or "snappy," wears a large, flat shoe. You may say that the feet must regulate the form and size of the shoe, but you are wrong; the man who has broad, flat feet made them so by his habit of mind. Most quiet, thoughtful persons have large, flat feet. Great hearted, big men, whom women either befool or pet and take care of, are men with large, flat feet. The small footed man neither inspires lasting or solid affection nor is he, on the other hand, made the victim of shrewd and heartless women.—Exchange.

A Trouble to Butchers.

If you will take the trouble to notice you will see that in front of nearly every butcher shop the flags in the sidewalks are rough and have been cut down from their original surface. The handling and dragging of so much meat over the porous stone fills it full of grease, and if the stone has a smooth surface in course of time it gets very slippery—too slippery to walk on, in fact—and so about once a year the butchers are obliged to have the tops of the flags chiseled off.—New York Herald.

In the School of Journalism.

"So this is the School of Journalism."

"Yes, sir," replied the guide.

"I suppose those young men who are writing so industriously are to fill responsible positions?"

"Oh, not necessarily. That is the reporter's class."

"And who are the men who merely make one straight line after the other?"

"S-s-sh—you might disturb them. They are developing their muscles to fit themselves as editors. That is the blue pencil exercise."—Detroit Free Press.

Georgia's Strongest Man.

Jim Murphy, an old time Whig, familiarly known as "Big Foot Jim," living on Bridge creek, in Colquitt county, is said to be the biggest and strongest man in Georgia. He weighs 260 pounds, stands 7 feet in stockings, and wears a No. 15 shoe. He is possessed of phenomenal strength. On several occasions he has been known to cruelly twist the horns of cows off. He is a great hunter, and spends most of his time in that way.—Columbus Sun-Inquirer.

An Evidence of Intellect.

"Is he a clever man?"

"Well, I should say so. He can raise money on a personal note and then borrow enough from the same man to pay the interest upon it."—Harper's Bazar.

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, 290 Com St

See Brasfield's Boy's and Children's Suits and Overcoats

Educating Mutes by a New Method.

The method of analyzing motion by the chronophotograph which has been applied in the case of moving animals, such as horses running or birds and insects in flight, has been employed by a French physiological professor to examine the movements of the lips in speaking. The results obtained show that the form of the mouth is quite definite for the different articulate sounds.

With the photographs made combined in a zoetrope the movements of the lips by synthesis can be produced. An ordinary person finds it difficult to read the words by the animated pictures, but a deaf mute, who has been accustomed to read from the lips of a speaker, finds it easy to do so from the photographs. This was actually proved by experiment.

A young pupil of the National Institute of Deaf Mutes could read the vowels and diphthongs as well as the labials. It was to be expected that the first results of these experiments should be somewhat incomplete, but they were so encouraging that M. Demeny, who was the first to call attention to the possibilities in this direction, expresses the hope that in continuing his researches he will be able to develop a new method of educating deaf mutes by sight by mere photographic images.—New York Telegram.

To Be Decided Later.

Judge Greene, of the state of ——, is a good lawyer, and somewhat of a stickler for niceties of pronunciation. Ex-Judge Dennison, in arguing a motion before him, had occasion to refer to Browne on Torts, and pronounced the author's name as though it were spelled "Browny." The judge passed the first mistake without notice; at the second he shrugged his shoulders; at the third he said, "The name is Brown, not Browny, Brother Dennison."

"But it is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e," said the counsel, in his very deep and measured tones; "and if that does not spell Browny, what does it spell?"

"'Brown,' of course," sharply answered the judge, whose patience was becoming ruffled. "My name is spelled G-r double e-n-e, but you would not call me 'Greeny,' would you?"

Mr. Dennison turned to his books, saying apparently to himself, but loud enough to be heard all over the courtroom:

"That will depend upon how your honor decides this motion."

Judge Greene loved a joke too well not to lead in the laugh that followed.—Harper's.

He Was Disappointed.

Little Tom came all the way from Minneapolis with his mother to see Washington. He was taken through the treasury vaults, up to the top of the Washington monument, saw the printing of the treasury notes at the bureau of engraving and printing, and sat in the chairs of the vice president and the speaker of the house at the Capitol. He was a quick witted, keen eyed little fellow, and his mind evolved more questions in five minutes than could be answered in a week. Finally, he was taken up to the White House one Monday noon to shake hands with the president.

All the time he was kept waiting in line his eyes were dancing restlessly about the room. Something evidently was lacking, but he held his peace until he was marched up to the president, who gave him an unusually cordial hand shake and a reassuring smile. He had not passed out of the president's hearing, however, before he piped out in a voice full of disappointment:

"Mamma, where is the government?"

He had supposed that the government was some sort of a machine that the president kept handily about him, which could be manipulated easily at convenience, and when it was explained to him that the government was not something he could see "go round," he refused to be comforted.—New York Recorder.

New York's Fleeting Society.

The real risk is that some day the would be biographer of the fashionable world of Gotham may find the metropolis depopulated of its gilded contingent. It begins to look as if there were no time of the year to be counted on for seeing them "en bloc." People of the wealthier classes, choosing wisely to linger among the illuminated haunts of nature until the afterglow of autumn has faded, return to town to go out of it again for Christmas. Early in January begins the southward movement: February and March are intolerable in town for those who can afford to migrate. And then with the first break of spring in the air are heard discussions of a journey to Alaska and the Yellowstone, to be followed up by the annual glimpse of London, Paris, Vienna, the German and Swiss baths, Norway, Russia and the east.

If all the summer is not given to travel the rest is spent in luxurious country homes, to be forsaken in due season for a house hired at Bar Harbor, Lenox or Tuxedo. And so the pendulum swings on and on ever. The stately dwellings of Fifth avenue, with their storied furnishings, are left for the greater portion of the year under an eclipse of brown holland and green shades. But patience! Stranger things have happened than that New York may one day again become the fashion. Just now she is out of vogue.—Mrs. Burton Harrison in Ladies' Home Journal.

PEOPLE!

Ask for Hurst's

"STAFF OF LIFE"

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

"Hurst's best Full Roller Process Flour." Also our pure Rye Flour. Ask your dealer for these goods and take no substitute.

J. D. HURST & SON, Aurora.

The Queen City,

The Bouquet City,

The Capital City

GET THERE

The Capital Journal,

SALEM, OREGON.

DAILY.....$6 00 per year.

WEEKLY..... 1 50 per year.

THE LARGEST AND BEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

The Weekly contains all the news and volumes of valuable information concerning this wonderful country. Statistics and statements of fact about the climate, productiveness of the soil, crops and agricultural resources are published in such shape as to give the stranger a comprehensive idea of our growing country. If you wish to post your friends send them the CAPITAL JOURNAL.

It is a Paper of the People.

It is progressive and discusses all live issues on their merits

READ THE DAILY OR WEEKLY CAPITAL JOURNAL.

HOFER BROS., - - - Publishers,

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
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:26 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.
12:52 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv.	1:35 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	6:20 a. m

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:55 a. m.
7:52 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.	6:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	12:55 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.
7:20 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.

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

R. KOEHLER, Manager

Those Afflicted

With the habit of using to excess,

LIQUOR, OPIUM OR TOBACCO

Can obtain a

COMPLETE, PERMANENT CURE

AT THE

KEELEY INSTITUTE,

Forest Grove, Or., Call write. Strictly confidential.

Steamer Elwood.

Leaving Time at Rose's wharf, Salem, and Ash street dock Portland:

SALEM.		PORTLAND.
Monday,	6 a. m.	Tuesday, 6 a. m.
Wednesday,	"	Thursday, "
Friday,	"	Saturday, "

AL. HERREN, Agent.

Office State street and at Wharf.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

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	6:45 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 sleeping car reservations 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 122 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.