"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

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

A Female Undertaker.

Buffalo is blessed with a "lady undertaker," who takes charge of every detail of a funeral, embalming the body, draping the funeral apartments, furnishing the shroud and casket, chairs and carriages, arranging the flowers and purchasing the mourning outfit for the entire family. In the latter capacity she has great advantage over the man undertaker, who has vague and unsatisfactory ideas on ruching and borders doesn't know the fine distinctions in mourning etiquette between the suitable garb for maids and matrons, and is no use whatever in deciding which style in mourning bonnets is most becoming

Many people prefer to have this little woman attend women and children especially, and she is doing a thriving business, which she intends to supplement in the spring by a mourning millinery establishment, from which to supply promptly the requisite costume at short notice. St. Paul has a woman engaged successfully in this solemn business Chicago has also one who has retired very wealthy, and Rochester boasts a woman who acts as assistant under taker.—New York Sun.

"Puzzled The Doctors."

MOST of the cases cured by Ayer's **Sarsaparilla** have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says:—"Several years ago, my daughter broke out with large sores on her hands, face, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the doctors. My daughter used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it resulted in a complete cure. Her blood seems to have been thoroughly purified, as she has never had so much as a pimple since taking this medicine."

"This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Maria Ludwigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

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PREPARED BY

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THE BROOK.

Pride of the mountains! joy of bird and flower!
Gleaming with sunshine! mirroring the dawn!
Of thy sweet waters drinks the timid fawn,
Then bounds away unto her woodland bow'r.
Well thou remember'st the place and hour
Where stood Vertumnus with grain garlands wreathed
And his Pomona for whom he had grieved,
But lost, at last, won by his subtle power.

How, without malice, glides thy current pure,
Laving the banks where shepherds love to lie!
Oh, that bad malice died in days gone by
From hearts of men! But it doth still endure,
And still, Hence, brook, adorn thy channel move
And teach to other hearts thy lesson—Love!

—Arthur E. Smith in Arkansaw Traveler.

HIS AMERICAN WIFE.

"Launcelot, my dear, dear boy!"

"My dear mother!"

And the big, broadshouldered earl of Kensingtower was locked in his mother's embrace, kissing her and hugging her, with tears in his eyes, like a great baby.

It was four years since these two had met. When the young lord succeeded his father in the title and estate, he was so pestered and bothered with the duties of his newly acquired position that he shook off the shackles directly his most important business was settled, and left England in his yacht. He had intended to cruise about for a few months; but months slid into years before he could make up his mind to return, and here he was at last once more in the arms of his fond mother.

In these days of cheap postage stamps it seems strange that Lord Kensingtower's family should have heard so little of him during his absence and should not even have been apprised of his return. But he was never a good letter writer, and a traveler who goes wherever his momentary inclination may suggest, and at the shortest possible notice, may perhaps be excused if he is not a reliable or a regular correspondent. Certainly he had occasionally written to his mother, but his letters were characteristic of himself—schoolboyish, and conveyed little or no information, except that they satisfied her who loved him better than the whole world that he was alive and well. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the last letter received from him six months previously to their meeting.

ST. PAUL, Minn., America, Tuesday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I hope you are quite well. Arrived here on Friday. This is a lovely neighborhood, and I have shot three bears, and had good sport with other game. I will send you some skins. Goodby. In much haste, your loving son. LAUNCELOT.

Now it cannot be maintained that communications like this are full of that personal gossip and detail such as a parent longs for from an absent child. But Lady Kensingtower had to submit to such meager information as they contained, and she had grown accustomed to look out for even such scrappy notes and to treasure them up when they arrived. However, all her anxiety was now at an end: Launcelot was with her once more, and would, she hoped, give up roaming about the world, and settle down to meet the calls of his great name and the duties appurtenant to his vast possessions.

After half an hour's cozy talk about old friends who were alive, married, dead or otherwise changed in their state during her son's absence Lady Kensingtower said:

"Do you know, Launcelot, there was a report that you had married—a Philadelphia heiress, I think I read (some one sent me an extract from an American paper), and loads of people believe it?"

"Well, mother, there is some truth in that; I am married, but the lady is not quite a Philadelphian.

"And you never told me! Fie, Launcelot! But where is my daughter-in-law? Why did you not bring her to me that I might welcome her, you naughty boy?"

"I left her at Liverpool for a day or two. The fact is, mother," he said with a nervous gulp in his voice, "there is a long history to be told about her, and I thought you should hear it before I introduced her."

"A long history!" repeated Lady Kensingtower slowly.

She did not like women with histories, and her son's evident nervousness was by no means reassuring. She had heard of noblemen descending to their kitchens or even lower, in search of a wife, but such shocking cases had hitherto been without an example in her noble family, and she certainly never anticipated that her Launcelot would so far descend as to ally himself with a woman whom he could not unhesitatingly present without a blush to his own mother. However, she might as well bear the worst now as later on. It would be a bitter pill, but she must swallow it for the love she bore her son—a love deeper than even that she felt for the title and name he bore.

Having composed herself a little during the awkward silence which had ensued, she said somewhat coldly, "Tell me the story, Launcelot, only be quick about it."

"I'm afraid it must take some time, mother; and, if you please, we will tell your servants that you must not be disturbed."

The requisite orders were given, and Lord Kensingtower commenced the story of his wife:

"You will remember, mother, that when I left England in my yacht I intended to cruise about the Mediterranean for a few months, and then come back. Well, I started and carried out my programme to some extent, putting in whenever I thought there was likely to be anything amusing or worth seeing going on. I stopped at Bordeaux and Lisbon on my way to Gibraltar, where I met a lot of people who knew me. But I soon got tired of wine parties and soldiers' talk and garrison girls, and so started away again in search of novelty. I wanted new scenery, new people—in fact, to see a different life altogether from that which I was used to in England.

"We ran up to Nice, but that was worse than Gibraltar: and then I rambled through Corsica, a dirty hole, with poor shooting much bragged about, and spent a dull fortnight. After that I went to Palermo, and enjoyed myself vastly, and then made up my mind to visit Greece and all the little islands round about. But I never got to Athens. We were cruising about the pretty little islands of the archipelago, Milo, Serpho, Siphanto—a day or two at one or another, according to the weather or the interest of the place—when one fine day we anchored at Nio, and there I met my fate."

"By which you mean my daughter-in-law, I presume," said Lady Kensingtower dryly, as her son paused in his narrative.

"Quite so; but you shall hear.

"Nio is a quaint, primitive place, one of the smallest of the islands, with a pretty bay and with what the inhabitants are pleased to call a town, behind which there is a barren, treeless country, which, however, produces oil, honey and plenty of cotton. I wanted to see a plantation of the latter, and as soon as I made my desires known I was pointed out a large, sprawling, barnlike building, standing in its own grounds, which apparently extended half across the island.

"Fancy my surprise when I found that the proprietor of this place was an American! I told him my name, and he received me most cordially. 'We don't often catch any of your countrymen here, Mr. Kensingtower,' he said, with what sounded like rather an offensive emphasis on the Mr. 'Lord Kensingtower,' I suggested. 'Well, that may be,' he replied, 'but we don't have no lords here nor yet in the country where I come from, so if you don't mind, Mr. Kensingtower, I'll just call you Mr. Kensingtower. It will make me feel more comfortable.'

"Of course I laughed, and he pointed out all the curiosities of the place. Men, women and children were busy picking the cotton and preparing it for transport, and a happier looking lot of mortals I never saw. My host—whose name, by the way, was Thaddeus Clugg—told me he had lived on the island for thirty-five years and seldom left his own grounds. 'I have everything I want,' he said, 'and perhaps some dollars put by somewhere in case of accidents. And as for society, now and then traders put in here, and we deal and exchange and what not besides. That is not a bad lot of humanity to pass your life with, is it?' he added, pointing with evident pride to his employees, who were here, there and everywhere all over the place.

"I was bound to admit that I thought him a very lucky man, and we went into dinner, which, though a curious combination of fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables, was most palatable; and he produced excellent champagne, claret, and what astonished me still more, capital cigars.

"After dinner a young girl, aged about fifteen, came in, and without saying a word, sat herself down in a corner and began making coffee. 'Your daughter?' I asked. 'Not a bit of it,' said he; 'same as the others.' 'Oh, an employee? Do you find labor plentiful in this country?' 'Devil a bit of it; my lot are all importations,' he replied.

"I grew quite interested: for it seemed so strange that this insignificant island, of which I had never heard, should have to employ foreigners to pluck its miserable productions, and I asked further questions. My host, warmed with his own wine, was inclined to be communicative.

"'You see,' he said, 'we get a lot of boats here one way and the other. Turkey ain't so very far off, nor Candia, nor Africa neither, for the matter of that, and there's a good deal of trading in a small way.'

"'Illicit trading?' I suggested.

"'Maybe it be and maybe it ben't; that all depends on the law of the country and we ain't troubled much with law here. Now that gal you speak about—Frangipanni we call her'—

"'What a curious name!' said I.

"'May be,' he replied. 'You see, I once swapped some merchandise, and among the things I got in exchange was a whole case of perfumes, which was never much good to me, so I named the youngsters after them. This is Frangipanni; that nigger,' he continued, pointing to a broad featured African who was passing in front of the window, carrying a heavy load, 'that is White Rose; the gal who served the dinner is Opopomax, and we've got Ess. Bouquet, Millefleurs and no end of fine names among them.'

"'But surely,' I remonstrated, 'these poor wretches have names of their own; their fathers and mothers'—

"'Lord bless you, Mr. Kensingtower, they've forgotten all about their fathers and mothers before I buy them.'

"'Buy them!' I exclaimed. 'Good heavens! you don't mean to tell me that they are slaves?'

"'That depends agin on what you call a slave. They are well fed, well clothed, well looked after, and in return for all these benefits they get in my cotton and oil and they keep my house in order. What more do they want?'

"'But you bought them!'

"'There, that agin depends on what you call buying. Some one comes here in a boat with two or three extra hands he can't make no use of. He takes a fancy to a few bales of cotton, maybe, or a cask of oil. Well, I happen to want a little help. He takes his merchandise and leaves the parties he has no use for. Now that gal, for instance. Come here, Frangipanni. The sailor—he was a Turk—who brought her was one of the most avaricious varmints I ever set eyes on—two casks of the best olive oil and half a cargo of provisions, various.'

"For the first time I looked particularly at the girl. Although she was only about fifteen she already gave signs of the most wonderful beauty. As she is my wife now I won't describe her more fully"——

"I think," interrupted Lady Kensingtower, "that you might leave me to form my own opinions when I see your slave. It is getting late now, and I cannot say your narrative pleases me very much."

"Wait, mother, till you know her ladyship; then you will be delighted."

Lady Kensingtower heaved a deep sigh and her son continued:

"To make a long story short, mother, I took a great liking for the girl. Somehow or other she interested me deeply, and she never lifted her great brown eyes off me for a moment. I lingered a good many days with my friend Clugg, and spent as much of my time as possible with poor little Frangipanni.

"You know I never was vicious, or a libertine, or fancied myself a Don Juan or anything of that sort; so when I made up my mind to be off and the girl with tears in her eyes begged me—for she had learned English from her master, though her native tongue was Arabic—to take her with me, I was in a devil of a mess. What on earth was I to do with a child of fifteen on board a yacht with twenty sailors. However, I had not the heart to refuse her, but I wanted to act honorably to my host, so I mooted the matter to him.

"He met me quite fairly. 'Everything I have is for sale,' he said. 'I'm a trader, and I don't care what I deal in so long as I don't get the worst of the bargain; and I'm kinder fond of that gal, but you seem to have taken a fancy to her and I won't deny you.' 'The price?' I asked. 'Wal, you see, that is mighty good champagne you've got aboard the yacht. Could you spare half a dozen cases—and a few bottles of that whisky—and I'm badly in want of a coil or two of 1-inch rope—and perhaps you might throw in that watch you wear? I've taken a kinder fancy to it, and we are short of good jewelers in these parts. But you must make me one promise,' he added solemnly—'that I insist on.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'That you won't flog her.'

"Needless to say, the bargain was concluded, and Frangipanni steamed away with me. When I had got her I did not in the least know what to do with her. We fitted up the after cabin as a sort of stateroom for her, and a more delightful companion you cannot imagine. She sang and played on a sort of primitive guitar, but of course she was hopelessly uneducated. I had thoughts of bringing her home to you and getting my sisters to look after her, but I grew so fond of her that I could not bear to part with her.

"At last my steward made a suggestion, and so we went to Havre, sent the yacht home and discharged the crew, and thence took the steamer to New York. I left Frangipanni there at a first class seminary for young ladies, while I went west and north and south and everywhere that I could get good shooting, returning occasionally to see my ward and growing more in love with her at every visit. She was about nineteen last October as nearly as she could reckon, too old to remain at school any longer, and so I married her, and there's an end of my story."

The proud old countess of Kensingtower covered her face with her hands. A sad struggle was going on within her mind, a conflict between her pride and her motherly love. Unnecessary to say that the latter won. After a long silence she said:

"Launcelot, bring your wife to see me as soon as you like; and," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper, "if I were you, I would not contradict the rumor about the Philadelphia heiress."—Edmund Yates' World.

Our Flexible Language.

A short time ago we called attention to the Boston manufacture of the word "printery," to take the place of printing office or printing house. Now we see that a Buffalo man has started a "wakery," not a cake bakery, but a cakery. Surely the English language is a thing of growth, and also of decay. New words are born daily and old words die as frequently.—Buffalo Courier.

New Washington, Penn., people are not slow about taking hold of a new thing, if the article has merit. A few months ago David Byers, of that place, bought his first stock of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has sold it all and ordered more. "It has given the best of satisfaction. I have warranted every bottle, and have not had one come back." 25 and 50 cent and $1.00 bottles for sale by G. E. Good, druggist.

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VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1892. One writer says: "Stands at head of all rival catalogues." Every person interested in Plants, Flowers or Vegetables, should have one. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

GERMAN BAPTIST.—Services in First Baptist church at 3 p. m. John Fechter, pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services in Unitarian hall at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Bible study Thursday evening.

SOUTH SALEM—M. E. church. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at at 3 p. m. J. H. Roork, pastor.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.—Services 1st and 3d Sunday of month at Central Presbyterian church. Singing school Thursdays at 7:30. G. F. Meyer, pastor.

GERMAN REFORMED.—Capital and Marion. Sunday service 11 a. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. Muellhaupt, pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—High and Center. Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. Young people's society 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. R. Williams, pastor.

FREE METHODIST.—B. F. Smalley, pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Friday night. Church opposite North Salem school.

EVANGELICAL.—Liberty and Center. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. E. S. Bollinger, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Corner Center and High. Services Sunday at 10:30 and 7 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15. Prayer-meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. C. L. Corwin, pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST.—Liberty and Marion. Services 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Young people's meeting at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday. Root, Whitaker, pastor.

FRIENDS.—At Highland Park on car line. Services Sunday 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 12 m. Christian Endeavor 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. M. George, paster.

AFRICAN METHODIST.—Services Sunday, at 3 p. m. in German M. E. church, corner Union and Church streets. Rev. G. W. White, pastor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Chemeketa and Cottage. Sunday services: Low mass 7:30 a. m. High mass 10:30. Sunday school 3 p. m. Vespers 7:00 p. m. Week days, low mass, 7 a. m. Rev. J. S. White, pastor.

ST. PAUL EPISCOAL CHURCH.—Corner of Church and Chemeketa streets. services in the morning at 10:30 a. m.; in the evening at 7 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Service on Monday morning at 10:30 a. m.; on Thursday evening at 11:30 p. m. W. Lund, Rector.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY.—New church northwest corner Chemeketa and Cottage. Services Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Ladies' society, Friday 2 p. m. Social science class at 6:30 p. m. H. H. Brown, minister.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Church St. bet. Chemeketa and Center. Preaching morning and evening. Sabbath school at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. H. Gwynne, D. D., pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Sunday services at 10:30 and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12. Epworth League at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Rev. C. R. Kelleman, pastor.

Temperance gospel meeting at 4 o'clock, Sunday, at W. C. T. U. hall.

Neuralgia Cured in 15 Minutes.

Mr. J. S. Sturtevant, editor of the Waupaca, (Wis.) Post, says: "Last night Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured my wife of neuralgia of the face and tooth in fifteen minutes. We would not be with out it." 50 cent bottles for sale by G. E. Good, druggist.

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Bids will be received until 4 p. m. Saturday, March 5, for the erection of a store building for F. H. D'Arcy, Esq Owner reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Plans may be seen at my office. Burgraff, architect. 3-1-4t

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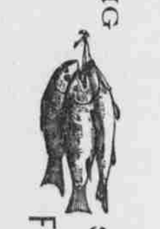

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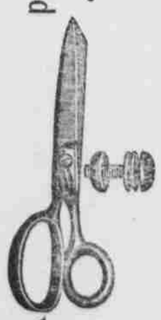

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A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

A LUMBERMAN'S RENDEZVOUS.

This term might be applied to Stevens Point, located on the Wisconsin Central Lines, at the gateway to the vast forest region which extends North to Lake Superior, a distance of 200 miles without a break, on account of its vast lumber interests. The Wisconsin River to which the lumbermen have given the familiar and somewhat affectionate title of "Old Wisconsin," not alone acts as a lumber feeder to the city by furnishing through its numerous tributaries an outlet for thousands of acres of pine in the uppur country, but it furnishes a water power that is second only to that of Neenah and Menasha, which cities are also located on the "Central." Millions of feet of lumber are cut every year, giving employment to hundreds of men. In addition to the lumber trade, it has numerous other manufactories; it is here where the large car shops of the Wisconsin Central Lines are located. For tickets, maps, pamphlets and full information apply to G. F. McNeill, C. P. and T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., and to Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. 1-16 1y

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WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.—Gives superior advantages to students of music. Five teachers. Latest methods. Vocal and instrumental music taught to the highest proficiency. No use going east to study music. Expenses moderate. Diplomas given on completion of course Next term begins Feb. 1, 1892.

Z. M. PARVIN, Musical Director.

NEW DAILY MAIL STAGE

Between Aurora, Butteville, Champoeg, St. Paul and Fairfield.

Leaves Aurora daily at 10:30 a. m. Arrives at Fairfield 3 p. m. Returning—leave Fairfield at 4 p. m. Arrives at Champoeg 6 p. m. Leaves Champoeg 6 a. m. Arrives at Aurora via Butterville, at 8 a. m. Connects with morning S. P. Co. trains going north and south. Passengers, baggage and freight carried at regular rates.

Service begins Monday, May 7, 1892.

U. S. HOFFER, Propr.

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.

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ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHments in the State. Lower rates than Portland. Largest stock Legal Blanks in the State, and biggest discount. Send for price list of job printing, and catalogue of legal blanks. E. M. WAITE, Steam Printer 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,

8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:50 p. m.
11:17 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	salem	Lv.	7:35 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

Second Class Sleeping Cars.

For accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets 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.	12:55 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.
7:25 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

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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 are 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 sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through 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, Nc. 121 First street, cor. Washington; Portland, Oregon

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

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 ..... " 5
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., Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

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