"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

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The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hompfiser, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus' Dance, **Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine** cured him. Mrs. J. H. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vistula, Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration, by one bottle. Daniel Myers, Brooklyn, Mich., says his daughter was cured of insanity of ten years' standing. Trial bottles and fine book of marvelous cures, FREE at druggists. This remedy contains no opiates.

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TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

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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.

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Hires' Root Beer.

So does every other member of the family. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious drink. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good" or "the same." No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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THE POWER OF MAN

The Chinese prize the Ginseng root, much more highly than Opium. They call it Ginseng, meaning the Power of Man. When scarce the finest quality has been sold for $600 per ounce. Now, why do they pay such a price? Because they believe it gives them the much desired nerve force. How many people suffer from weakness? What a distressing ailment! You lack vim, nerve force, energy, power. You feel all gone. You are always praying for strength, yet getting weaker and weaker. Listen to the voice of reason. Place your case before intelligent specialists capable of helping, yes, curing you. By the mere writing of a letter you can have your case diagnosed free, absolutely free of all charges. Write to-day.

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Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day.

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Send for Circular and Price List.

STORM BOUND.

For days and days the howling blast
About the farmhouse, quaint and old,
Heaped the white drifts, and swiftly massed
With snow the landscape, fold on fold.
We heard it sound its clarion calls
From crag to crag, and then, with strong,
Hoarse trumpet notes, the mountain walls
And glens and gorges sweep along.

And yet our time ne'er heavy hung.
As round the hearthstone, warm and bright
We gathered close, and laughed and sung.
And stories told, when fell the night.
How Maud, a merry girl, would sing
A fine old ballad, soft and sweet;
While Tom, attentive, rushed to bring
A cushion for her dainty feet.

Then 'round the grandsire, gray with age,
With eager ears, the party drew,
And listened to some thrilling page
Of his own life—historic, too—
When he had fought the Britishers,
And given the redskins blow for blow;
And wild life with the pioneers,
Whose axes laid the forests low.

Reading aloud, then music, then
News from the storm from some young elf
Who, to behold the snow again,
Had clambered to the window shelf.
And then, perhaps—a luxury rare—
A legend from our poet youth,
Full of bold knights and ladies fair,
And almost everything but truth.

And love was made and friendships formed,
And warmth was given to head and heart:
And when at last no more it stormed,
And the hour drew near when we must part,
The floundering snow we boldly met;
For from that farmhouse, quaint and old,
We took sweet memories—sweeter yet
Than any tale there sung or told.
—N. D. Turner in New York Ledger.

SHORTY LOCHINVAR.

I think it may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that at no period of a man's existence does Cupid's dart strike so deeply and cause so much sleeplessness as at the age of one score, or thereabout. I have known quite a number of young men of about that age to be deeply, passionately, desperately in love, and ultimately to recover and go through similar but less agonizing experiences several times thereafter.

But, as I said, they never in a single instance suffered half so much from subsequent attacks as from that first experience. Not that they love less, but their capacity for suffering has diminished—which is something to be thankful for, for a man who could suffer at each recurrence of the complaint as much as he did at the first would die of the second or third relapse.

The victim of this first attack is a pitiable creature, particularly when there are "obstacles," which is usually the case.

I always feel very sorry for a chap in this sort of a pickle, and I felt particularly sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I knew I ought not to encourage him, but he was such a good little beggar and so much in earnest that I would have defied a far more severe man than his brother Jack for his sake. Besides Shorty was not one of the chaps who get over anything easily, and I knew failure would go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not the only "obstacle." Sam Parker, Shorty's Nettie's papa, also objected. He was not a stern, unreasonable parent by any means, but his objections, even if presented good naturedly, were none the less formidable.

Parker was a shrewd Maine Yankee, with a total disbelief in the ability of womankind to use reason, and a record of some sixty years of devotion to an earnest hustle for the fascinating but elusive American dollar. Nettie was the only daughter and the youngest child in a family of seven, and the old man, close fisted as he was, had spared no expense in educating her liberally. It was only natural, therefore, for him to object, especially as Nettie was barely eighteen, and had only been out of school a few months.

He called on Jack one afternoon, not casually, as he usually called, on his way to or from town, but with a direct purpose. Jack was under the weather, and lay on the sofa. I was reading to him when Parker walked in.

"Howdy, Flemin; laid up, air ye? Howdy, Faber; purty warm, ain't it? Thanks, I will set a spell." And he sat down on the edge of a chair and began tracing figures on the floor with his big spur. He seemed nervous and I rose to leave the room, but he waved his hand and said: "Set daown, Faber. Set still. Guess I ain't got nothin t' say but what ye mout ez well hear."

Here the old man stiffened up in his seat and stated the object of his mission in a good natured but thoroughly decided way, closing with:

"Naow, Flemin, I ain't no 'bjection t' th' leetl feller—not one mite; he's a tiptop good boy, an all that. But 'tain't in reason th't I'm goin' t' spend more'n three thousan dollars eddicatin a young 'un, an then let 'er go an marry 'nother young 'un 'thout ary red. An that's what it'll come tew, fust thing we know."

Now, Parker's remarks were in the nature of a revelation to us. Of course we knew Shorty had put in a good many evenings at the Parker ranch, but we had never guessed that his visits there had any significance. A courtship, too, with six big brothers loafing around is a difficult matter.

It is easy enough to fall—just fall—in love with a girl if there is no one to hinder. But with six young men, with whom one is on good terms, sitting around and occupying a large portion of one's attention, it is a matter of getting in love, which accomplished, is rather more serious than a mere fall into the same.

Fleming sat up and ran his fingers through his hair gravely. Then: "I quite agree with you, Mr. Parker. I don't know what to say to Percy, but I will try a little strategy and see if he can be kept at home more. If that won't do I can talk to him."

And here began my connection with Shorty's love affair. That evening I was writing busily when some one opened the door of my den and walked in. It was Shorty. He sat down quietly and took up a paper, which he looked at for several minutes while I scratched away at my work. Then he threw the paper down suddenly, and turned to me with, "Faber, what was old Parker here for today?"

I tried to dissemble, but Shorty is nobody's fool, and interrupted. "Oh, rot!" said he: "I reckon you think I'm a sucker. Now, honestly, what was he here for?"

Finally I told him about the conversation between his brother and Parker. He sat silent for several minutes. I could see his face twitch. Then he turned his eyes to my face and said slowly: "Faber, I know I'm young and all that, but—I know my own mind. Jack's a good brother and feels in duty bound to take care of me, but I guess I can 'tend to that myself. I—I've made up my mind to marry that girl if she'll have me, and all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the world can't stop me." And Mr. Percival Fleming set his mouth hard and walked out. He called at Parker's the next evening, despite Jack's "strategy."

There was another caller at Parker's that evening in the person of Morris Cottrell, a wealthy rancher from up the "Five Mile." Shorty, when he got home, mentioned this fact to me, with some feeling in his tones. Cottrell was no old duffer. He was a man of thirty, well read and a gentleman, and the prospect of having him for a rival would have sent despair to the heart of any penniless young man less determined than Shorty Fleming.

For two or three months Shorty continued his calls at Parker's, growing more and more gloomy and savage as the days went by, for old Sam Parker was something of a strategist, and managed to keep the poor lad from getting a single private interview with Nettie, thereby giving Cottrell a clear field, which was evidently satisfactory to the latter, although he did not seem to make much progress.

One evening Shorty came to my room in a state of mind. He had seen Sam Parker that day, and the latter had told him, as gently as possible, some galling truths about his age and his penniless condition, concluding with the cheerful information that he "reckoned Net hed 'bout d'cided t' take up with Cottrell, anyheow."

Of course Shorty was despondent, but he was none the less determined. "Faber, I'm going to see her tomorrow afternoon, and—and ask her."

The time and the hour favored Shorty, but I hardly think Nettie knew her own mind. The boy who came riding slowly home through the shadows next evening was a very much downcast boy indeed.

He told me all about it later; how Nettie had wavered, and finally told him that she could give him no answer. She cared a great deal for him, she said, but she was not sure she cared enough for him. Besides, her father objected to him, and she could never cross her father's wishes, when he had done so much for her.

Sam Parker must have heard of this interview, and made up his mind to something. Although he was usually so good natured, he was as determined as a bull dog, and I think he used some influence in deciding matters, for two weeks later he "dropped in" to tell Jack that Nettie and Cottrell would be married on Thanksgiving day, two months later.

Shorty must have seen the news in my face, for after supper he drew me aside and asked what I knew. I hated to tell him, but did so the best way I could. The poor lad stood still as stone for several seconds. Then, with a shuddering sob, he turned away. In the morning he was gone, with his horse and clothes, leaving no word.

Jack and Joe, the other brother, were much worried; but, as Jack now for the first time acknowledged, "the boy could take care of himself."

Jack and I talked it over during the day, and he expressed a good deal of regret, thinking, however, that Nettie had decided for herself, and that Shorty had no one to blame for his failure. "If it had been different," he went on, "and Percy had persevered and won, I would have given in, and I think Parker would too, for next year Percy will come into about fifteen thousand. You see, I've never told him of it, because I wanted him to grow up on his merits and be self reliant. I think it has been for the best. Joe never knew until he was of age that he had anything, and we didn't tell Percy of it then, because he was only seventeen. Joe put his money into the ranch here and kept quiet about it."

He sat silent for a minute, then continued: "Of course, this is between ourselves. But—do you know, I wish the boy had won. He's a good deal of a man, and, now I come to think of it, the affair has hit him hard. They could have waited a couple of years, you know." And Jack walked off slowly, taking long whiffs at his pipe.

Several weeks passed, during which I saw Nettie Parker several times. She seemed different. Her laugh was not the jolly laugh I had been accustomed to hear, and she seemed pensive at times. Was it her approaching wedding or Shorty? I hoped it was Shorty. But somehow when people pine they seem to lose color and get thin, and Nettie Parker did neither. And still no word from Shorty, and the day for the wedding only a week away.

It was Wednesday of Thanksgiving week, and there had been great preparations at Parker's. The people for miles around were invited to the wedding, which, old Sam "'lowed," would be "th' banguppest thing they ever hed in th' kentry." I rode into town to buy on behalf of Jack and myself something to present to the bride elect. In the postoffice some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned. It was Shorty Fleming—Shorty, with a handsome mustache and smiling quite happily.

"How long before you're going out?" he asked.

"Right now."

"Bully! Faber, go and borrow a horse until tomorrow; tell 'em yours is lame and you'll have to lead him. Nobody has recognized me back of this overcoat collar and the hirsute adornment, and I don't want 'em to. I'll walk out and head up the road. Hurry up with the horses."

In about twenty minutes I was following him, riding a horse I had borrowed and leading my own. I soon caught up with Shorty, and we hurried on. Shorty showed me a letter signed "Nettie," and proceeded to unfold a plan he had in mind, which, for the quality of pure "nerve," I had never heard surpassed.

There was nobody at the house but Manuel, the cook, and Shorty soon had him sworn to silence, after which he proceeded to camp in the cold little up stairs storeroom off my den, where nobody could find him. Jack was not to know of his presence, he said, "because Jack is so thundering honest and persnickety, and would squeal or spoil the job."

* * * * * *

The half hundred guests at Parker's had been enjoying Thanksgiving day to the full. All of Mrs. Parker's good things had been stowed away where they would do the most good. The minister from town was getting ready for the ceremony, and the guests were bustling about, amid some confusion, trying to find the best points for observation. Nettie Parker, pale for once, stood near the front door pulling her fingers nervously, waiting, supposedly, for her father.

Some one knocked at the door, Nettie pulled it open, gave a little cry, grabbed a man's hat from the back of a chair and an overcoat from a peg near by, and rushed out, slamming the door. Everybody who saw the performance stood still, dazed. Then, as we heard horses' hoofs clattering up the road, there was a rush for the outside. Up the road, disappearing fast, were two horses, whose riders were evidently in a hurry. There was another rush—this time for the stables—led by old Sam Parker. But somehow the doors would not open. They had been nailed up, very securely, by a person who was at that moment making hypocritical efforts to get one of them open.

When they finally succeeded in mounting two or three men for pursuit the runaways had three or four miles start. At this juncture Cottrell, as cool as if he had never thought of attending his own wedding, came up and spoke quietly to old Parker, who was so dazed that he had not opened his mouth so far.

The old man started. "By gorry, Morris, mebbe thet's c'rect. No use yowlin over spilt milk. Come on, boys." And they rode off, but not very rapidly.

"I told the old gentleman," remarked Cottrell to me as we turned toward the house, "that it was no use trying to head them off. They'll be married inside of an hour." Then, in a tone that contained no trace of bitterness, he continued:

"It is far better to have happened now than—than later. And—as it is—I think maybe there will be only one unhappy person, instead of three." That was Morris Cottrell—philosopher and man.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Fleming were met at the justice's office by old Sam Parker, who remarked: "Wa-al, I swow! Yew air a nervy boy! Ain't ye both ashamed on't?"

No, they were not; and after Nettie had had a good cry in her father's arms the runaways were escorted back to the Parker ranch to receive the congratulations of their friends, foremost among whom was Morris Cottrell.—R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Cost of Street Cleaning.

The average annual expenditure for street cleaning varies from five cents in Buffalo and eight cents in Chicago, to seventy-one cents in New York and sixty-two cents in Cincinnati; but, as the census officials remark, there is probably no definite relation between the cost per head of street cleaning, as shown by the figures and the actual condition of the streets as to cleanliness. Ordinary observation teaches us that in many cities where the cost is greatest the streets are in the filthiest condition. —Carroll D. Wright in Popular Science Monthly.

To Slay or to be Slain. Which?

To attract the dragon of disease and annihilate him before his deadly talons grow, or to allow him to attain danger ous maturity and destroy us—that is the question of paramount importance to all afflicted with organic ailments. Among those disorders of the kidneys and bladder are of the fatal order if unrestrained at the outset. Their growth is rapid, their culmination death. Bright's disease, ordinary nephritis diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, suppression of the secretion, cannot be tampered with or disregarded safely. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a superb deparative tonic, giving the due impulse, without excitation to the renal organs, besides strengthening and regulating them in common with the rest of the system. It imbues, too, vigor and regularity into the stomach, bowels and liver, successfully counteracts malaria and rheumatism, and is a preeminently fine tonic for the aged, the enfeebled and the convalescent.

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.
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THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE

Receives goods every week from headquarters. This week a lot of Flouncings, White and Black; Ladies Long Sleeve and Sleeveless Vests, Veilings, Window Shades, Men's and Boy's Outing Cloth, and Black Sateen Shirts, Prints, Ginghams, Drills, Cambrics, Heavy Ticking, Muslin Bleached and Brown, Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, and Shoes of all kinds, Hats of all kinds, all to be sold at Racket Prices. All that examine find them low.

E. T. BARNES, 333 Commercial Street, Cottle Block.

THE CUP USED BY JESUS.

It Is Said to Be Made of Green Glass and Was Pawned Once for $1,000,000.

The sacred cup, the traditional "Sacro Catino," belonging to the cathedral at Genoa, which for centuries has been supposed to have been carved from a perfect emerald, has lately been thoroughly inspected by a jeweler, who pronounces it simply green glass. The cup, which is more pan than cup shaped, is fourteen inches wide and five inches deep, and is by many believed to be the identical cup used by Jesus at the institution of the Lord's supper. After the crucifixion it is said to have fallen into the hands of King Herod, who used it in a triumphant way at many wild banquets.

According to tradition, it came into the hands of the officers of the Genoese republic in the year 1101, having been given as an equivalent for money due from the crusaders, who had captured the relic during their famous expeditions to the east. At the beginning of the Fourteenth century the Genoese government pawned the cup for the magnificent sum of £200,000 and afterward redeemed it, more on account of its supposed value as a gem than for its historical worth.

Had the officials known what now seems to be the fact, that the cup was simply an extraordinary specimen of the glass worker's art, the £200,000 would no doubt have been slow in forthcoming. When the French captured Genoa the "Sacro Catino" was a part of the spoils. Their chemists, jewelers, glass workers and others tested the sacred cup, the majority of the experimenters concurring in the belief that it had been fashioned from a genuine emerald of great size and extraordinary fineness.

Among the dissenters was Chervi, who contended that the sacred relic was made of glass. Since that time the genuineness of the cup has been doubted. The testimony of the American jeweler mentioned adds weight to the supposition. Many believe, be it glass or gem, that it is really what the church claims—a relic of our Saviour.—St. Louis Republic.

Brave at Times.

Once when I was in San Francisco I heard the rattle and rush of a fire engine coming bounding down a hill. When it struck a corner, where it turned, the driver, with the reins still in his hands, was hurled like a shot far ahead, falling between his horses' necks. He caught at the tongue as he went swiftly down, got it, drew himself up, crawled like a monkey, with the horses at a full run, back into his seat and I saw him a second later driving furiously up Market street. I followed that engine to the fire and found the reckless and daring driver unconcernedly attending to his duties.

"There is the coolest and nerviest man I ever saw," I said to a fireman, and I told him what I had seen.

"Yes," he said, "he's the best driver in the department and he's a henpecked husband!"—Interview in New York Tribune.

Actor Crane's Rule of Life.

"If people would only observe one rule of action," said Mr. Crane gently, "this world would have no need of reforms, laws or prisons. It is an old rule—so old, indeed, that it is quite out of date and forgotten by many men and women. When I was a boy it was called the golden rule, and its spirit was embodied in the teachings of the greatest reformer and lawgiver this world has ever seen." And even as the signal for the rising of the curtain was given, Mr. Crane repeated with tender earnestness, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—New York World.

Only Two Armenian Churches.

Only two congregations of the Armenian church are in this country—one at Worcester, Mass., and the other at Hoboken. That at Worcester grew out of what was perhaps the earliest immigration of Armenians to America. In time the Armenian patriarch sent over a priest, and a church was established. In the course of time Hoboken began to retain some of the Armenians who arrived there, and then the congregation at Worcester helped the brethren in Hoboken to a church and a priest. —New York Sun.

Had His Eye on Something.

"My daughter," said the loving father, with perhaps a shade of harshness in his voice, "what does that young man who calls on you every evening in a dress suit do for a living?"

"He hasn't determined yet, father," replied the fair girl, with a glad look in her eyes, "but he is thinking something of getting a position as life companion to a young lady."—Cloak Review.

Daisy versus Dandelion.

"I tell you," said the tiger, "I'm a daisy."

"Ah, but look at me," said the lion, "I'm a dandy."

"Yes; but daisies are more popular than dandelions," retorted the tiger.—Harper's Bazar.

Smoke Cures Burns.

Smoke an inflamed wound by holding it over the fumes of burning cloth, wool or sugar for a quarter of an hour and the pain will be taken out.—New York Journal.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Dan'l J. Fry's Drugstore, 255 Com'l St.

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BULL DURHAM

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Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Lumps and contracted Cords, Stiffness of the Limbs, and eradicates all disease from the system whether caused by indiscretion or abuse of Mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. **Price $5 00 per Bottle.**
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Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Gleet, Strictures, etc. **Price $1 50 per Bottle.**
Le Richau's Golden Ointment for the effective healing of Syphilitic Sores and eruptions. **Price $1 00 per Box.**
Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. **Price $2 00 per Box.**
Tonic and Nervine,
Sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.

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Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.

Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in this establishment.
A good substantial meal cooked in first-class style.
Twenty-five cents per meal.
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Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

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.

8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 4:30 p. m.
12:17 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. 7:30 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

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

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(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 through any agent of the road.
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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	6:30 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:50 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.
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, Ass'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.