"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.

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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 never using the Nervine I had at least 75 convulsions, and now after three months' use have no more attacks.—JOHN R. COLLINS, Romeo, Mich." "I have been using DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for about four months. It has brought me relief and cure. I have taken it for epilepsy, and after using it for one week have had no attack.—Hurd C. Brastus, Heathville, Pa." Fine book of great cures and trial bottles FREE at Drug.ists Everywhere, or address

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The Chinese prize, the Ginseng root, French more highly than Opium. They call it Ginseng, meaning the Power of Man. When scarce the finest quality has been sold for $400 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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MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

No double or false explosions, so frequent with the unreliable spark.

For Simplicity it Beats the World.

It Oils itself Automatically,

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It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

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Send for Circular and Price List.

A CALIFORNIA WINTER.

This landed sky fulfills its lover's boast
By its perpetual mimicry of spring;
But while it marshals all the meadow host
In one unbroken march of blossoming,
Something we miss who other where have found
The treasure of the year's first violet,
Or even the sudden greening of the ground
With swift wrought broidery of cowslips set.
Here is no music like the earliest song
Caroled from vibrant boughs of budded elm:
Here joy, that doth its day too much prolong,
Even with itself itself doth overwhelm.

We pace these level paths with lagging feet;
Rough ways o'ertrodden make smooth ways more sweet:
And spring is cheerless save it catch a last
Keen charm from memories of winter past.

Our window opens toward the song famed land
Of rose rich gardens and unshadowed skies.
Oh, weary prospect! Yes, I understand,
Dear heart, the meaning of your wistful eyes.
They see where our own winter fields outspread
Their long white slopes thin set with frost browned stalks;
Or where snow weighted branches overhead
Transfigure with new grace our winter walks;
Or down the long road, braving the thick storm,
They see the flake flecked pool of ruddy light
That from the dear home ingle, waiting warm,
Flows through black panes into the deep of night.

If heaven were indeed the land they say
Of chilless summer and undarkened day,
How from its fields would we yearn back to thee,
Oh, winter world! oh, days of stress and strife!
Oh, ebbing, flowing, sometimes stormy sea
Of circumstances, of change, of zestful life?

—Katherine Van Harlingen in Harper's.

STRANGE DELUSION.

"Prisoner, rise and look upon the jury. Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?" It was the clerk of the court who spoke.

"We have."

"And what say you? Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—of murder in the first degree."

So said the foreman of the jury, and the hush of death overspread the court as the panel was polled, man by man.

The prisoner, a tall, blonde girl, had shot her affianced husband on the street. Her father, a respected merchant of a neighboring city, had engaged Henry North, the most famous criminal lawyer of his day, to defend her. The address to the jury by North had been one of the most sympathetic appeals ever made to a jury. It had touched every tender chord in the human heart. It had appealed to the jurymen as fathers, as brothers and as husbands. Everybody said that Henry North never had been so brilliant, never so magnetic.

And yet he had failed!

The keenest chagrin was written on every line of his face, but as he gathered up his papers he commented solely to himself:

"I knew it would be so!"

Knew what? How could he have foreseen the verdict when every other person in the courtroom had confidently expected an acquittal? What could he have meant?

The great criminal lawyer regained his composure in a moment. He made the usual motion for a new trial, stepped to the side of the convicted murderess, assured her that hope still remained, then shook the long, slender hand of the staring, statuesque woman as she was remanded for sentence. The next instant he was seen rushing hurriedly toward the stairway.

The oyer and terminer courtroom, as everybody knows, is at the head of the long, marble staircase leading toward Broadway.

Hardly a minute later, before the room had cleared, a cry was heard in the outer hall. It was a shriek of agony and horror!

At the foot of the marble steps, gasping for breath, lay the famous advocate, Henry North, the idol of his profession. At the top of the landing North had been seen to reel, and before anybody could reach him he had plunged headlong to the bottom of the flight. Blood rose to his lips, his eyes were wide open, but appeared to be staring at an invisible object. The clammy moisture of death was upon his brow.

The dying man was raised in the arms of a young clerk, as a gaping crowd quickly gathered. He lived only long enough to say:

"He has killed me at last. He was crouching at the head of the stairs and tripped me." Then had come the shriek and the agonizing words: "Keep him off! Go 'way!"

Henry North ceased to breathe.

The death was the sensation of a week. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New York. But the mystery surrounding his last words remained. Many theories were advanced to explain them, none of which, to the shame of our common humanity, were creditable to the deceased, though there never had been a shadow upon his name.

I was the clerk who received the last confidences of Henry North. He was my father, and the secret of his life and tragic death had been the mystery of our family. Among his papers was found the following narrative, addressed to me, which after careful consideration I have decided to publish, to refute the calumny cast upon father's name as a lawyer and as a man. The first date is of six months ago, though the final page was undoubtedly written the last morning of his life. It is entitled "The Black Dog:"

"March 15, 1885—Something mysterious came into my life ten years ago today. Its influence upon my career has been such that I feel I must make some record of it, not knowing what may be its future developments. I also feel that I owe it to my dear son to leave some explanation of things that may have appeared strange to him and that may require investigation or—defense. Indeed, I have suspected that he has noticed my strange conduct. Of late I observe that he finds an excuse for accompanying me to court and seeks my companionship more than formerly.

"My misfortune arose in this way: When a young lawyer, I was elected to the New York assembly during the reform revolt of 1874 that swept Tilden into the governorship. The session of 1874-5 was an eventful one. Everybody will recall the great struggle with the canal ring, in which I bore a prominent part. Near the close of the session I was asked to introduce a bill. It came from one of my constituents and was framed in the interests of the wool growing farmers in the center of the state. It authorized the killing of all vagrant dogs in counties north of the Harlem river. I presented it without proper consideration, and when the bill came up for final passage I found myself committed in its favor.

"Horace Bunning, of a Hudson river district, rose when the bill was called up, and in order to secure the floor moved to strike out the enacting clause. Then he made one of the most attractive speeches I ever listened to, though every word was a reproach and a humiliation to me. Every sentence of it was so burned into my heart that I am able to reproduce it now. He spoke with deep feeling:

"'Gentlemen—This bill must not pass. I rise here in my place to oppose it—seriously, stubbornly to the last limit of my parliamentary rights—because I have left a friend at home who is vitally interested. In my absence he is the guardian of my family, the companion of my wife and children. He is sleepless in my interests. I trust him and he is worthy of any man's supreme confidence. As a comrade, he never has faltered in his devotion to me. Now that I am honored with a seat in your distinguished body he is no prouder of me than when I was a struggling lawyer seeking my first case. He'd give his life for mine at any moment. Though a devoted slave to me he's a peer of the realm. He's a dog, a noble specimen of his race.

"'I love him. And I say he must not die by the hand of man!

"'Recall the dogs of history. Have you forgotten Llewellen's grand Gelert! Is gone from us all memory of the immortal Barry, of the great St. Bernard, for whom a stately monument is reared at Bern? Are we not told that Ketmir, faithful guardian of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus was admitted into Paradise by Mohammed! Can we, as lawmakers, overlook the glorious judicial combat to the death between the devoted dog of Aubrey and the murderer of his master? Do we forget that Byron, the prince royal of our English tongue, made for himself a grave at Newstead abbey by the side of his beloved mastiff, Boatswain? And Maera, too, descended from the noblest dogs of all antiquity, was translated to the heavens to become a dog star of the northern sky!

"'Oh, men among you, hang your heads in shame!

"'The dog has shone in song and story since the world began—no living creature so nearly allied to man. Indeed, 'tis said he learned to bark by hearkening to human speech. His dream of life is to serve mankind. His master's heart is the only heaven he knows.

"'No temptation can corrupt him. Friends prove false, but his fidelity endures through life. And if misfortune dire o'ertakes the master the dog alone does not desert. Ah! when comes the end—that last sad scene of all—friends, family, home, all gone, this faithful comrade follows the body to an unmarked grave in potter's field, where prone upon the soft, dark mound he wails a requiem and dies.'

"This speech had a magical effect. It put me in a false position. I loved the dog as well as he, but my unfortunate attitude as sponsor for the bill compelled me to defend it. But I was sorry when it passed by a small majority.

"A few nights after when I came home to my apartments, I found a great, black dog stretched upon the white bearskin before my fire.

"He raised his head and his great, brown eyes stared me full in the face. His was a sympathetic look, but to my imagination, distorted by long brooding on the subject, he had come to reproach me for my act. The animal was sorry for me.

"Naturally, I resented this and ordered him to leave; he lay quite motionless and his great, brown eyes continued to follow me about. I became infuriated and kicked at him viciously. The dog, unmoved still lay unhurt before me.

"I had kicked a spectral dog!

"As I rose upright I saw the glossy, black and clearly outlined form of the crouching animal slowly vanishing. Like smoke it arose before my eyes, enveloping me.

"Next day I saw that dog again! And I have seen him every day during the ten years that have intervened.

"I am sure that other people do not see him; but this animal has become an integral part of my existence. He accompanies me on the street, into the assembly chamber, into the committee room and back to my lodgings.

"I have been carrying a cane, but I have had to leave the stick at home because the dog was constantly crowding between it and my leg; and when friends were walking with me they were unable to understand my involuntary exclamations of annoyance.

"Yet, strange as it may appear, I began to grow fond of my spectral associate. Companionship is natural to man; and we know in the light of history and experience it is life itself to the canine race. Our days passed very happily together. We led the same regular lives. I generally walked to my office; but when the weather was bad I always selected the best route out of consideration for my devoted companion. At times I even took a carriage on his account. His care became my enthusiasm.

"Resuming my law practice with renewed energy, I was gratified to find that the dog accompanied me into court and curled himself up under my table while I was trying a case. After a few experiences I observed a very curious fact, namely, that the animal always left the room before the jury returned, if the verdict were to be adverse to my client. At first this act suggested to me a tender regard for my feelings—a desire not to witness my chagrin at defeat. As the thought developed in my mind, I frequently detected myself making a speech to the dog instead of to the jury. I watched his face with more care than I did that of any man in the courtroom. I hoped to read there a sure indication of the verdict. But he always maintained the same attentive attitude, and gave no sign until he left the room. Then he always awaited me outside the door, lovingly licked my hand and accompanied me home.

"As my criminal practice rapidly grew I daily studied his conduct more closely. I had already decided that his judgment was infallible. He never erred. He appeared to understand law—the technicalities, rather than the equities of a case. Ah! what a judge he'd make—my dog!

"Yet, the appalling thing about this delusion is that it has changed my whole life. I was married before the misfortune overtook me, but I have become estranged in my home. I lead a solitary life. I have given up my clubs, my friends and all my social habits. I have been and am in constant fear that somebody else will discover that I am followed by a black dog; that I am cursed by a delusion; that I am not a single entity, but have a demon—gentle, if you please, but an old Greek demon—bound to me. That would be horrible! I'd have to kill myself, and I'm afraid of death.

"How is it all going to end?"

Note by the Son—I do not omit any quotation from my father's diary during the six months that followed the extract just given, though there are pages of the most agonizing and pitiful narrative, in which he lays bare his daily life so fully—his hopes, his sufferings, with rare gleams of joy—that it seems profanation to the dead to make them public. There are constant references to the dog, generally in a friendly spirit, but less frequently is he spoken of with enthusiasm. On the last page, evidently written before he left for the courtroom on the fatal morning, I find this:

"Sept. 18, 1885—Since the Katie King murder case has been on trial I have noticed a change in the dog's demeanor. He has become tricky, where before he was sympathetic. He has grown vicious. There is a treacherous leer in his great brown eyes. I have detected him twice in the act of tripping me! Slipping stealthily before me, he will crouch in my path. Twice have I escaped terrible falls, almost by a miracle. His temper has wholly changed. He sulks and snaps at times. He hasn't injured me yet, but I am beginning to fear him. It is more than fear, it is mortal terror! But I hope for a verdict today. Then I'll rest. A trip to Europe may clear my brain of the clouds that darken it. I'll go where the cursed beast cannot follow me."

I, his son and private secretary, add my dear father's last words, as I held him in my arms, to make his narrative complete:

"He has killed me at last. He was crouching at the head of the stairs—tripped me." To which should be added his agonizing appeal, not heard by other ears than mine: "Take him away! Keep him off! He has me by the throat! And I had forgiven him."—Julius Chambers in Once a Week.

Oil from Salmon Heads.

Within the last few years the manufacture of oil from salmon heads has been undertaken with profit. The heads are bought from the canneries at the rate of 1,000 for one dollar. One factory produces as much as 18,000 gallons a year, worth twenty-four cents a gallon. The heads are cooked by steam and the oil is run off the tops of the vats. One thousand heads make from thirty to thirty-five gallons of oil. It is not disposed of by itself as a commercial article, but is mixed as an adulterant with other and more costly oils.—Washington Star.

Absolutely the Best.

"I never hesitate to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as absolutely the best," says Mr. F. B. Kemp, assistant business manager of the Youngstown, Ohio, Daily Telegram one of the most influential and valuable newspapers in the Buckeye state. Mr. Kemp also says: "I have found it a certain cure for the cough usually following an attack of the grippe, and always keep a bottle of it in the house." 50 cent bottles for sale by G. E. Good, Druggist.

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where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED. Liberty Street.

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Is crowded with customers every day in the week, and doubly crowded on Saturday. There must be some good reason for it. They buy their goods direct from New York for cash and sell them for cash at the lowest living profit, giving the customer full value for every cent invested. This week we have received two new invoices of goods consisting of Ladies', Black and Striped Satteen Waists and Ladies' and Gents' Underwear of all kinds. Gents' Black Satteen and other dress Shirts, Linen Table Clothes, Turkey Red Damask Towels, Bed Spreads, Curtains, Veiling, Window Shades, Hosiery, Ribbons and a full line of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes of all kinds. Step in and examine the stock.

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THE DRAWBRIDGE KEEPER.

Drecker, the drawbridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate, to let the vessel through,
His little son was standing by his side
Above Passaic river, deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back—
The gatelike bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate.
Which should he do? Were you, as he was tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark waters sank from view.
Then from his father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge in safety passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind;
And is inborn and common in our kind

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, true hearts alone.

—Henry Abby.

Men with Several Offices.

A good many business men of this city have two, three and some four different offices. Sometimes these are four or five miles apart. There are well known lawyers here who have two offices and handle a wholly different class of business at each. Interested in big corporations, a live business man often necessarily has office hours at the corporation offices of the respective concerns. This not only enables him to discharge his mind of all other branches of his business while attending to one, but it enables those who have business with him to transact it without interfering with those who are bent on something else.

The mental strain thus put upon an active business man soon sends him to Florida or some more permanent resting place, so that it is doubtful if anything is gained by doubling up in this way. The matter is interesting, however, as illustrating the peculiar qualities of brain power and training.—New York Herald.

The Origin of Humbug.

Edward Nathaniel Lewer, who was all his life connected with the London Stock exchange, and died on May 7, 1876, aged eighty, once said in all seriousness that during the Napoleonic wars so much false news of politics and army movements came through Hamburg that anything that smacked of the incredible was received with the derisive phrase, "That's Hamburg," whence is derived by corruption the word "humbug." If the word does not date back beyond the period referred to, it seems a more reasonable derivation than the very labored one we get in Webster's Dictionary.—Notes and Queries.

Jerked Beef.

A remarkable instance of the tendency to change and even mutilate a word in order to give it a familiar and suggestive appearance is found in the expression "jerked beef," which is a ready English substitute for "charqui," the Peruvian word for meat cooked in smoke, or "jerked." Such a liberty taken with a foreign word may readily be pardoned when so happy in result, but the necessity for changing "lustrine," a French word for silk, into "lutestring" may be questioned, seeing we have many words, such as "luster" and "lustrous," from the same root. But there is no accounting for fancies.—Chambers' Journal.

When Nails Came High.

An ancient Eastport account book shows that tobacco was sold by the yard in that ancient settlement in 1797. A somewhat extreme illustration of the limited purchasing power of a day's wages at that time is shown in the price of nails which were then made by hand (cut nails not having been invented), and sold at 1s. 2½d. (twenty cents) per pound; an ordinary days wages would pay for four or five pounds.—Lewiston Journal.

A Place for a Bigger Man.

Rev. Dr. Boyd tells a delightful story against himself in his reminiscences. It is of the senior wrangler, who, when the parson told him of his intention to leave Edinburgh for the highly desirable incumbency of St. Andrew's, naively said: "Bless me! are you going there? Why, that's a place for one of the first men in the church!"

A Horrifying Discovery.

Little Girl—Oh, mamma, you'll have to send dat new nurse off. She's awful wicked!

Mamma—Horrors! What does she do?

Little Girl—She tells us Bible stories on week days.—Good News.

An Effaced Personality.

"Was your name ever in print?"

"No, I've been an editorial writer on one of the big New York dailies for forty years."—Kate Field's Washington.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be effected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at Danl. J. Fry's Druggist.

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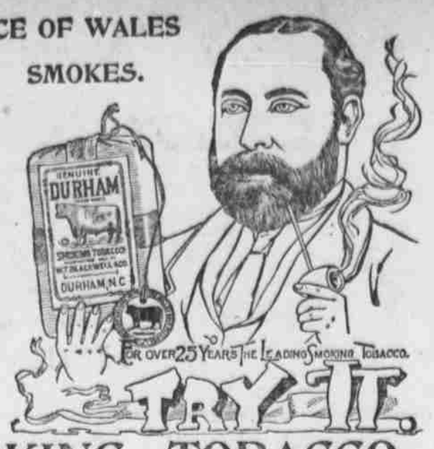

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Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. **Price $3 00 per Box.**

Tonic and Nervine, Sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.

THE RICHARDS DRUG CO., Agents

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CIRCULARS SENT FREE

Capital City Restaurant

Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.

Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in this establishment.

A good substantial meal served 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.	5:20 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.
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)

4:30 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	9:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	6:40 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

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 sleeper 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.

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A. D. CHARLTON,

Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 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, 36 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	6:00 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:20 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.

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C. E. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.