THE EVENING JOURNAL, 50 Cents a Month; contains all the news.

HUMOR

A SUMMER GIRL'S PLAN.

Some Advertisements That May Help Out a Summer Resort.

A particularly healthy and happy summer girl, who has gained several hundred extra freckles this season, suggests as the result of her summer's experience a new form of outdoor advertising.

Since people will decorate the landscape with advertisements, she proposes to replace the usual recommendations of soap powders and stove polish with something in this style:

Found—On the beach at Pasquisset, last August, by a delicate young lady: a fine appetite, sound, healthy and in good condition; alarmed at nothing, from pickles to baked clams. Will be kept until called for.

Lost—By an elderly gentleman, on the shore at 8 a. m. in the company of a dozen nephews and nieces occupied in constructing a sand fort: The opinion that children are nuisances, and that all the morning is good for is to read the newspaper. One cent reward.

Found—Lying in a hammock on the front piazza of the Sea View House, by a tired housewife: Perfect rest.

Lost—By a languid young woman, on the mountain path: A taste for tears and depressing poetry. Found—At the same time: Good health and an interest in nature.

Found—By a pale youth from the city, in a sailboat on the river: A fine color, shading from a faint tan about the ears to rich red brown on the cheeks and neck; very manly and becoming. Will be surrendered to no claimant whatsoever.

Lost—By an overburdened mother, on the rocks at sunset about the middle of the season: An irritable temper, and the habit of nagging. No reward offered.

Lost—By a fashionable girl: Any number of small affectations and an absorbing interest in dress. Found—Ten pounds additional weight and the ability to row, run and swim.

Found—By a family of fretful children, at the seaside: Plenty to do, fresh Air and amiable dispositions enough to go around. On communication with the parents of the aforesaid children, any price will be paid to secure the retention of these objects.

The summer girl is quite sure that such advertisements suitably posted upon bowlders, fences and trees would secure the fortune next year of the first resort to introduce them.—Youth's Companion.

Making It Easy for Him.

The time was approaching midnight.

The old gent was listening from a coign of vantage at the head of the stairs.

He had been there in his stocking feet for as long as thirty-two minutes.

The young man was lingering at the front door with the old gent's daughter.

As a lingerer he was a success, and he was aided and abetted by the girl.

This also the old gent knew, as well as several other interesting things.

That's why he became tired of listening at the head of the stairs.

He was not hearing any news.

At last he heard a shuffling of feet.

"It is so hard to say good night, darling," the young man said to the girl, who believed every word he uttered.

As they always do before matrimony gets in its baleful work.

"Don't say it, George," sung out the old man; "wait about five minutes and say 'good morning.'"

It was then the impediment in George's speech was removed, and with at least four and a half minutes to spare the girl closed the front door, and George trotted along home.—Detroit Free Press.

Unprepared.

"These apple dumplings of yours, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat with emphasis, as he turned the half eaten one on his plate over and inspected the other side. "are positively"——

"Go on, sir!" said Mrs. McSwat, with blazing eye, bracing herself to meet it.

"Are positively the best I ever"——

But she had fainted—Chicago Tribune.

Expecting Too Much.

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only 2 o'clock."

"No, you muttonhead," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch, "I am only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"—Boston Globe.

An Eye to Practice.

"Dear, dear, Tommy! Where on earth did you get that toy pistol?"

"The doctor next door gave it to me."—Life.

He Was All Right.

A New York gentleman returning home at a late hour is halted by a mendicant:

"What do you mean by begging on the streets at this hour of the night?"

"Don't worry about me. I always carry a latchkey."—Texas Siftings.

Unselfish.

Wife—Why, you haven't smoked more than one of those cigars I got for you!

Husband—My dear, I give you credit for being a very good judge of cigars. I am saving those for my friends.—Truth.

Called Back.

The man was unconscious, breathing heavily, and his half closed eyes had a glassy stare.

"Yes," said the physician who had been hastily called in, "he must have blown out the gas."

The man on the couch opened his eyes and looked with stern reproach at the doctor.

"No!" he said feebly. "I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not blow out the gas. I blew out the flame!"

And the homeless wanderer from Boston lapsed again into unconsciousness.—Chicago Tribune.

Again in the Swim.

Stebbins—Yes, old man, I'm off to the Pier; but I've kept myself away out in Walla Walla so long now that I expect to have a pretty dry time.

But Stebbins was mistaken, for the very first day at the Pier he fell in with an old friend.—Harper's Weekly.

Protection.

By many interesting experiments a lecturer in Dakota showed that feathers are a nonconductor of lightning, and he advised a person in a thunderstorm to cover himself with a feather bed.

A week later Mrs. Marshall's four-year-old boy came running into the house, exclaiming:

"It's going to rain, ain't it, ma?"

"No; why?"

"They are puttin lots of feathers an tar on Jim Budd, what stole them pigs."—Youth's Companion.

One He Had Not Got.

"You keep dictionaries, I suppose?" he said in response to the clerk's polite inquiry as to what he wished.

"Yes, sir. We have all of them. Is there any special dictionary you would like to look at?"

"You have all kinds, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may show me the bright lexicon of youth which has no such word as fail."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Excessive Frankness.

"I wasn't looking for this sudden change," remarked Rivers with a shiver, "or I would have put on some thicker underwear."

"This thing of wearing thinner underclothing in summer than you do in winter," said Parks, "is all nonsense. I'm wearing the same undershirt now I wore last January."—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Like the Game.

Leftbridge—Did you hear how Smith broke up his wife's progressive euchre party the other night?

Throckmorton—Why, no. What did he do?

Leftbridge—He drew four aces in the first hand, and they couldn't get him to play any more.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

A Regular Boor.

Jones—You have no politeness at all. My wife fell in the street the other day, and although you were quite near her you didn't offer to assist her.

Smith—Well, you see, I am too honest. I make it a point never to pick up anything that doesn't belong to me.—Texas Siftings.

He Knew When It Was Time to Go.

Johnny—Where are you goin?

Tommy—Home. Ma's calling me.

Johnny—She called you two or three times before.

Tommy—Yes, but she's brought out a cane now.—Exchange.

The Cost of Greatness.

"He's a great editor, isn't he?" said one reporter to another.

"I should say so. Why, he gets so used to saying 'we' that he often pays two fares on the horse car."—Boston Globe.

The Talkative Girl.

She talks about the weather and she archly wonders whether it will rain when to the theater she will go next week with me.

She says she's been painting—feels quite weak, almost to fainting, but her tongue keeps right on moving just as lively as can be.

She asks if I'm a dancer—never stops to get an answer, but she tells me, all excitement, what exquisite times she had.

Asks me what I know of dresses, and in confidence confesses that the one she wore last evening was a fright and made her sad.

With nods she fairly bubbles, tells me all her girlish troubles, and her tongue keeps on a-wagging with a never ceasing flow.

And thus for hours I'm sitting, with the golden minutes flitting, for she will not let me tell her that I think I'd better go.

—Life.

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

SELECTIONS

BUILT A PIER TO THE WRECK.

A Profitable Work of Recovering Cargo from the Bottom of the Sea.

Every reader is familiar with the wreck of the ship Abercorn, which went ashore on the weather beach near Gray's harbor, also the fact that A. M. Cannon, of Spokane, bought the wreck and its cargo of steel rails.

The ship lies just outside of the breakers, and a pier 1,750 feet long has been built from the beach out to the wreck. Altogether thirty-five men are at work. These include four professional divers, who are paid ten dollars a day for four hours' work and four dollars a day when not engaged. Suits are also provided for them at a cost of five dollars a day for each diver.

The wreck lies in twenty-four feet of water at high tide and twelve at low. The higher the tide the better the divers can work, as the sea is comparatively still below, the breakers rolling over the divers and not bothering them in their work. Four rails make a ton, and a ton is raised at a time. The divers adjust the chains around the ends of the rails and give the signal to hoist, and two engines do the rest. During this fine weather from fifty to 100 tons are lifted out daily. The ship carried 2,300 tons, and 500 tons have already been taken out.

After the rails are taken out they are loaded on wagons and hauled along the beach five miles. They are then placed upon a railway built by the wreckers and carried a mile across the peninsula to a point on Gray's harbor, where they can be loaded either on the railroad or on a vessel and carried to market. They are worth from fifty dollars to sixty dollars per ton in Portland, and as they can be gotten there for two dollars a ton, or less than five dollars from the wreck itself, it is seen that Mr. Cannon has hold of a $100,000 proposition, and that all between that figure and the cost of the undertaking will be profit. The profits will be somewhere between $50,000 and $60,000. The rails are not injured in the least. They were covered with coal tar before being placed in the vessel, and when this is scraped off the red sand of the blast is still found attached to the steel.—Hoquiam Washingtonian.

Fishing for Sharks.

Captain and Mrs. W. A. Roberts were fishing recently when three sharks bobbed up near the wharf—two shovel noses and one man eater. Captain Roberts sent for a sharp hook and began fishing for the most dangerous of all fishes. The hook was about six inches long, attached to a foot of chain, and this was on to 100 feet of strong cotton rope. About three feet up the line was tied a shingle for a float and onto the hook was placed a small whiting. After about thirty minutes' patience the man eater came to the top and swallowed the fish, hook and all. He then made a dash for the marsh across the bay, and about eighty feet of line was played out. The shark made several wild jumps—he would go to the bottom and then come to the top and circle about. There were twelve men holding onto the line, and several of their hands were blistered while mastering the dangerous fish.

Captain Roberts, who was farthest down on the line, received the largest number of blisters.

After fifteen minutes' hard pulling and plunging the shark gave up, and he was pulled out on the wharf. After a few flirts in the air he gave up and died.

The fish was measured and was eight feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail fins. He was weighed and pulled the scales at 151 pounds.

The shark was a dangerous looking one, his mouth measuring fourteen inches across, and he had eighty-six teeth, varying in length from one-fourth of an inch to an inch. His fins were cut off for curiosities, and many of the teeth were taken out. The shark was cut open, and besides several bushels of fresh fish it contained two small stockings, a pair of little shoes and a few other things.—Brunswick Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Keeping Accounts with Strings.

Knotted strings were employed by the ancient people of Peru for messages. They had no written characters to express single sounds, and so they put words together for the purposes of communication and also for records by the dexterous tying of knots on cords. To one thick cord they attached several thinner ones, and on the latter knots were tied.

A single knot meant ten, a double knot signified 100 and a triple knot 1,000. The little strings were of different colors, so as to represent various kinds of things. On one such "quipu" all the accounts of the army were kept. A red string gave the number of soldiers with strings, a white string the soldiers with spears and a black string the soldiers with clubs, etc. Similarly all the books of the nation were posted.

In every town were persons known as "officers of the knots," whose business it was to tie the strings and to explain them. They became so perfect in this art that they could with ease make known the laws by the same means and set down every important event of the kingdom.

To this day a like method is followed by the farmers in that country, who use it for keeping tally of their flocks and crops.—Yankee Blade.

A Point to Critics.

The most celebrated Grecian painter is said to have been Apelles. He sought to obtain accuracy, and once left a picture in a public place and stood where he could hear the criticism upon it. A cobbler made some remark about a shoe he had painted and Apelles at once corrected it, but when the cobbler began to make remarks upon a leg the master bade him hold his peace and criticise only shoes.—Harper's Young People.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and co'ds. If you have never used this great cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Dan'l. J. Fry's drugstore, 225 Com'l. St.

THE "HOUSE AND COO."

Maggie Tells Why It Was She Was Persuaded to Marry Dinny O'Sullivan.

The girl who marries for money is popularly supposed to marry for plenty of it. But mercenary matches are unfortunately quite as common in poor and humble society as in more conspicuous circles. An Irish woman, still young and on the eve of a second marriage, thus related her first experience, which happily proved more of comedy than tragedy.

"'Twas to the sthore I'd bin for molasses that marnin, an bein foine weather an me frinds hangin over a fince here an there as I wint along, I jist stopped to spake wid thim, an tuk a good hour for me arrint. Whin I come home wid me jug an come in, there sat me mother an me father an Norah, me married sisther, an me brother Teddy, an Pater an Mike that I hadn't seen for three months, an they all as excited an solimn as if 'twas a funeril.

"'Arrah, thin,' says I, puttin down me jug, 'an what's brung the lot of ye togither?' says I. 'What's happened?'

"'It's not happened yit,' says me mother, 'but it's goin to.'

"'An what, sure?' says I.

"'A weddin,' says she. 'It's you that's to be married.'

"'Me, is it?' says I; 'not a bit of it. An who's to marry me?'

"Thin Mike, he sthruck in, an says he: 'Maggie,' says he, 'it's the truth we're tellin ye. I've come back from Boston this day to bring ye a husband; an a grand one he is. He's a frind of mine, an a mighty good lad he is; six foot high an sthrong as a derrick, wid niver a fault to him, barrin he likes a bit of a dhrink on holidays, as who wuddent?

"'An what do ye think?' says he. 'He's near a hundred dollars in the bank an his mother, bless her providin soul! has jist died convanient an left him a foine house wid a shed to it, an a hinhouse an hins, an a pig an a coo.

"'Faith,' says he, 'ye may thank hivin I thought of ye whin he towld me he was thinkin of takin a wife. It's the lucky one ye are of the family, for ye'll be marryin a house an a coo!'

"'But I don't wan't to marry,' says I; but they set up a howl an all began talkin at me at once, an at last I said, 'What's his name?' says I. 'Ye've not towld me his name.'

"'Dinny O'Sullivan's his name,' says Mike, 'an a proud girrul ye may be whin ye're Mrs. O'Sullivan, wid foine clo'es an a house an a coo an a husband to your back!'

"'Ah, be aisy wid your husband,' says I; 'tis me that don't want him.'

"But I married him the nixt month; an a good sowl he was, barrin the dhrink, an a grand wake did I give him, as ye know the man! Arrah well, I tuk Dinny for the house an the coo, an now I've the house an the coo an no Dinny. 'Tis a lone life I'd be livin indade the rest of me days if it wasn't for Larry Shane, as says he's a widdy man as lone as mesilf, an we'd betther jine company. Sure he's a bye of sinse, is Larry, an so I towld him."—Youth's Companion.

Several Kinds of Sausages.

The Germans, in most instances, altogether discard breadcrumbs for their sausages, and when they do use it moisten it with milk or water; but the Italians refuse to put any bread into their sausages, and they claim that their famous "Bolognese Mortadella" is at once a more nourishing and a more economical sausage than the very best German Wurst, inasmuch as the "Mortadella" must be boiled three times before it is properly cooked, and the water in which it has been boiled constitutes a strong clear soup. The Romans make likewise a highly ambitious sausage, in which no kind of bread is allowed to enter. They call it "zampino," which is the foot and leg of young pork, the best of which is obtained from Modena.

A leg freshly salted is chosen and carefully skinned, the trotter being preserved; then the meat is finely minced, and, after being seasoned, is replaced in the "zampino," which is tied with string and simmered in an oval pan for two hours. Wholly innocent of breadcrumb are also the renowned "cervelas" of Strasburg.—London Telegraph.

Sly Georgie.

George went with his father to bring home a sleigh. The distance was not great and Mr. S. decided to draw the vehicle home. The little boy took his sled with him, but was to push and render all the assistance he could in that way. Now, the temptation to slip the rope of his sled through the runner of the sleigh and so catch a ride occasionally was too great to be resisted.

At such times his father (who was very nearsighted), finding the sleigh drawing a little heavily, would say, "Georgie, Georgie, are you pushing?" As often as the question came the little fellow was on his feet in an instant, and renewing his exertions would answer, "Yeth thir, yeth thir; you pullin!"—New York Tribune.

Something New.

He—Going into the surf this morning, Miss Mary?

She—Yes, I think so. Are you?

He—No, I think not. Fact is, I'm afraid of the sea puss.

She—Why, are there catfish about here?—Harper's Bazar.

Keep off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in mabush is a more dangerous antagonist than the one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

A Chinese Vegetable Worm.

There is perhaps but one botanical oddity that will compare in wonder exciting points with Cordyceps Chinensis, the famous "Chinese vegetable worm," and that is the "vegetable fly" of the West Indies.

In winter Cordyceps Chinensis is a nine segmented caterpillar spending the principal part of his time in the loose earth just under the surface. As spring approaches he burrows deeper, and finally stretches out or curls up in a comatose state at a depth of about four inches beneath the sod. While in this enforced sleep he is attacked by a species of parasitic fungus, the aforesaid parasitic fungus fastening itself upon the helpless worm's head. From this vantage ground the fungus shoots in two directions—a long, pulpy stem starts for sunlight, and a thick, hard and woody substance proceeds to fill the skin of the sleepy worm. None escape; it is simply a clear case of the transformation of animal into vegetable tissue.

When the proper season arrives the Chinese herb hunters repair to favorable localities with sharp sticks and other instruments for removing the vegetable worm from his last resting place. It is highly esteemed as a medicine, and at one time was thought to have even more potent effects in certain sicknesses than ginseng, which is well known as a Mongolian panacea. In the market cordyceps is sold in small bundles which consist of two distinct portions, the larger part—the worm itself—being of a yellowish brown color and about an inch in length. The upper portion is the spur of the fungus, a rough filament of a grayish color, very flexile and more or less twisted and distorted.

The "root," or that portion of this fungus medicine which is composed wholly of the poor worm's body, is the exact counterpart of what the insect was when endowed with animal life, the "root" plainly showing the segments, bands, rings, legs, breathing holes, etc. It is a curiosity well worth seeing.—St. Louis Republic.

TURF TOPICS.

Apoplexy is said to have caused the death of Sultan, 2:24.

Wardwell, whose pacing record is 2:16¼, is doing fast work as a trotter.

Nancy Hanks, 2:05¼, is now queen of the trotters, and Hal Pointer, 2:05¼, king of the pacers.

The skeleton of Palo Alto, 2:08¾, is to be placed by the side of his sire's in the Leland Stanford university.

Allerton's recent lameness was caused by wrenching the muscles of the right hind leg on the inside above the hock.

Delmarch, Nancy Hanks and Martha Wilkes have each trotted a mile in a race in 2:12, which is the world's record.

The Friendship (N. Y.) stallion Egthorne, 2:12½, by Egbert, is being prepared to take a shy at the stallion record.

The trotter Pedro L, 2:20½, by Bassett M, has been shifted to pacing Pedro L wore hopples to make him trot.

"There are as many faint hearted drivers as there are faint hearted horses," remarked a prominent trainer recently.

Crit Davis, with Bonnie Wilmore, on the Harrodsburg (Ky.) track on July 31, 1889, won the only heat that Nancy Hanks ever lost.

The smallest Pill in the World!

Tutt's Tiny Pills

are very small, yet possess all the virtues of the larger Tutt's Pills which have been so popular for thirty years. Their size and sugar-coating commend them for the use of children and persons with weak stomachs. For

Sick Headache

they are invaluable as they cause the food to assimilate, nourish the body and pass off naturally without nausea or griping. Both sizes of Tutt's Pills are sold by all druggists. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 to 44 Wash'n St., N. Y.

HEART DISEASE In all forms, Palpitation, Pain in Side, Shoulder and Arm, Short Breath, Oppression, Asthma, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Smothering Spells, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. A new discovery by the eminent Indiana Specialist. A. F. Davis, Silver Creek, Neb., after taking four bottles of HEART CURE felt better than he had for twelve years. "For thirty years troubled with Heart Disease; two bottles of DR. MILES' HEART CURE cured me.—Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich." B. B. Stutson, Ways Station, Ga., has taken DR. MILES' HEART CURE for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Le Bar, Fitchburg, Mich., was ill for 15 years with Heart Disease, had to hire house help, lived on liquid food; used Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and all pains left her; constant use cured her. Fine illustrated book 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 *specially cure* biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

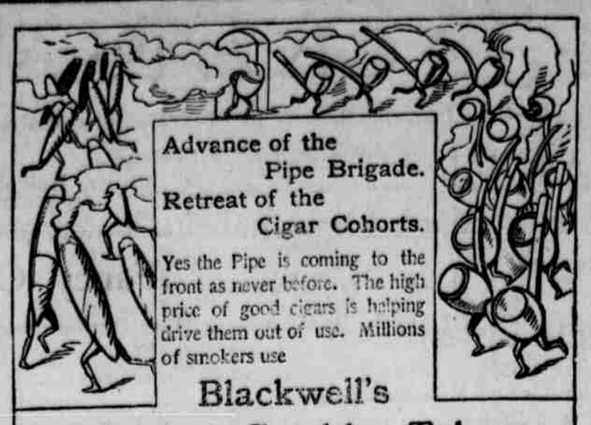
Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

ANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overwork, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, lumbago, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder troubles, impotency, lost manhood, premature old age, etc. This electric belt contains wonderful improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the weakest of us to pass through the body, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this and various inventions after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state. Our powerful IMPROVED ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men, FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and vigorous strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 days. Send for illustrated Pamphlet, sealed, with proofs, free. Address

ANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 178 First St., PORTLAND, ORE.



Advance of the Pipe Brigade.
Retreat of the Cigar Cohorts.

Yes the Pipe is coming to the front as never before. The high price of good cigars is helping drive them out of use. Millions of smokers use

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

It is the most popular Brand in the market. Smoked for over twenty-five years its fame is still growing—Quality always the same.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C.

Choice Early Strawberry Plants.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT THEM.

	Dozen.	Per 100.
Bubach No. 5 and Crawford, fertilize each other, and best combination for large, early berries for home market.	25cts	$2 00
Matteson, only a few hundred left; earliest berry in Salem market for several years	50 "	3 00
Warfield, early, a great bearer and most beautiful fruit	25 "	2 50
Pearl, early and "a pearl."	25 "	2 50
Oregon everbearing	25 "	3 00

Have many other varieties. Can recommend any of above as especially early varieties. Should be put out in next few weeks on well prepared soil to get crop next year. Buy early stock.

Why grow late berries that only glut the market at low prices? Plants are carefully trimmed and well put up for mail or express. Must be sold in next few weeks.

☞Call next door to P. O. or at residence, North Salem. E. HOFER, Salem.

The Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

—IN THEIR NEW—

—CONTINUOUS OPTION POLICY,—

Offer the greatest protection and safety to those seeking Life Insurance. Every Policy in the Massachusetts Mutual guarantees Cash Paid up Values every year. Send for SAMPLE POLICY.

J. L. MITCHELL, Salem, Or. H. G. COLTON, Gen'l Agt., 233 Stark St., Portland.

Notice to Tin Roofing Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received at the governor's office, in the State Capitol Building, Salem, Or., until 2 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, October 18th, 1892, for putting a new tin roof on the Capitol Building.

Specifications of said work can be seen at the State house, and at the office of Delos D. Neer, Architect, 189½ First street, Portland, Oregon.

All bids must be made as required by the specifications; any bid not so drawn will not be considered by the board.

By order of the Board State Capitol Building Commissioners.

SYLVESTER PENNOYER, Governor,
GEO. W. McBRIDE, Sec. of State,
PHIL METSCHAN, State Treasurer.

Attest:—
W. A. MUNLY, Clerk of the Board.
d.10-7-td.

THE WILLAMETTE,

SALEM, OREGON.

Rates, $2.50 to $5.00 per Day

The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with the *Choicest Fruits* Grown in the Willamette Valley.

A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

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

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

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 220 and 222 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE Ac't Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or

O. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 201 Montgomery st.