



COSMOPOLITAN LOUISIANA.

The Remarkable Array of Races That Inhabit the Coast Country.

Of the 2,000 counted victims of the recent Louisiana coast floods only 53 were negroes. There are few colored people in the section visited by the storm. They are a mixed up people in that part of Louisiana. The predominant races are Acadians, Anstrians, croles, Isingues, Italians, Manillans, Chinese and Spaniards, the number of each ranging in the order named.

The Acadians are descendants of the people who have been immortalized in Longfellow's poem "Evangeline." These people have large families, frequently from 12 to 15 children each. The Manillans are full blooded Tagals from the Philippine Islands. These people had no women among them. They had only one stove in the whole colony, and they eat their fish raw. They fraternize well with the Chinese and are treated by the whites on equal terms. The people called Anstrians are genuine Slavs, generally Morlachs from Dalmatia. They speak Italian, a relic of the days when Venice ruled Dalmatia. They are all fishermen and are industrious, bold and hardy people. The Isingues are the descendants of a colony of Canary islanders who came over to Louisiana during the Spanish invasion. They have a dash of the Iberian blood of the Canary aborigines and are darker than the average Spaniard. Scattered among these various peoples are a few Americans and Germans and many creoles.

In spite of their propinquity these races generally live separate, and one can, in traveling a few miles, find settlements of pure blooded people of each nationality. This is a remarkable fact, as many families are natives who can count their American descent back for 10 or a dozen generations. They live in the swamps and lowlands, and this accounts for the terrible destruction of life by the storm. They control the entire fishing industry, but the packing houses for oysters and shrimps are owned by Americans. There were 1,800 fishermen lost in the floods. The others were sailors, traders, storekeepers and farmers. The absence of negroes is due to the fact that they have been driven out by the overwhelming numbers of these queer people.—Troy Times.

Nineteenth Century Tolerant.

It is an interesting manifestation that Catholic, Protestant, Jews and secularists work together for charity, and that priests, rabbis, ministers and ethical lecturers can unite peacefully at meetings to help the needy, whether believers or unbelievers. A thing of this kind could not have occurred a generation ago. On the platform of a large hall in which a charity meeting was lately held there was a group of men, few of whom knew each other. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Rabbi," said an amiable Catholic priest to a smiling Calvinist clergyman, and there were greetings all around as an agnostic joined the party. At the end of the nineteenth century there is a spirit abroad unlike that which was conspicuous at its beginning. Meetings like those which have been held in New York are held in hundreds of other cities throughout the country. Even Presbyterians can join hands with Methodists, and Baptists with Episcopalians, and Lutherans with Universalists, in works of charity. The manifestations are novel and remarkable.—New York Sun.

Landholder Alexander's Ambition.

The announcement of the death in San Jose, Cal., a few weeks ago of John Henderson Alexander recalls the singular history of a once wealthy citizen of southern Illinois. Alexander's ambition in accumulating wealth was to be able to own at the same time one section of the richest land in three of the leading states. He started out with a section of valuable land in Maryland. From there he went to New York and accumulated enough money to purchase another section of valuable land. He then turned toward the west, and in the fertile Shi-oh valley, three miles west of Mascoutah, he purchased a section of the finest producing land in Illinois. Years later Alexander met with business reverses and died in California in comparatively moderate circumstances.—Mascoutah (Ill.) Dispatch.

The Psalter of St. Louis.

A precious relic of the early French kings has found its way to the Duc d'Aumale's splendid collection at Chantilly, destined for the nation at his death. It is the so called "Psalter of St. Louis," a beautiful vellum manuscript most artistically illuminated in gold and colors. Originally the psalter belonged to the Danish wife of Philip Augustus, Ingeborg, her name and the date 1214 being embroidered in silver on the violet velvet cover, while various entries of family events are recorded inside, just as in our own family Bibles. For centuries the psalter was kept among the French crown jewels and then fell into private hands, whence it has passed to the present owner.—London Queen.

An Old Rubber Shoe.

Years ago, when about to set a young peach tree, I observed lying beside the hole a worn-out rubber shoe. The thought came to me at once, Why not utilize it? I wrapped it around the tree just above the roots. I set the tree, with the rubber tree around the body. I have set many trees since then, all of which have been infested by grubs. But the one with the rubber shoe is clean and healthy, bearing two crops of fine, luscious fruit. I give this to thoughtful persons for what it is worth. If there are properties in the composition of this shoe that are offensive to the fly, it is worth knowing, for there is no fruit quite so luscious as the peach.—Dutchess County (N. Y.) Correspondent.

Brushed by the "Flier."

Now the people along the line begin to look for us. Every one seems to expect us except two Italian women who are walking near the wall. They hear the whistle, look back and see the great engine bearing down upon them at a fearful rate. I glance at the engineer, whose grim face wears a frown and whose left hand moves nervously to the air valve, then back to the throttle.

Panic-stricken, the women start to run, but in a moment we dash by them. The wind of the train twists their clothes about them, pulls their bonnets off, while their frightened faces are whipped by their loosened hair. A step on one of the sleepers strikes the basket on the arm of one of the women, and a stream of red apples rolls along the gutter, drawn by the draft of the train. Now the smoke clears from the stack; the engine begins to swing and sway as the speed increases to 45 or 50 miles an hour. Here and there an east bound train brushes by us, and now the local which left New York 10 minutes ahead of us is forced to take our smoke. The men in the signal towers, which succeed one another at every mile on the road, look for the "flier," and each, I fancy, breathes easier when he has seen the swift train sweep by beneath him.—McClure's Magazine.

A Diamond Wedding.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage is a silver wedding, the fiftieth is a golden wedding, the seventy-fifth is a diamond wedding, but what is the one hundredth? An impossible thing, says the learned editor, when the question is referred to him. Yet such a wedding is actually reported as celebrated not long ago in the town of Zomboly, Hungary, where the venerable couple have long been allowed a pension in recognition of their great age and their fidelity to each other. The marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1768, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of 20 and a bride that of 15, the pair must now be at least 129 and 115 years old.—Prague Correspondent.

Generations of Dwarfs.

Colonel A. T. Fraser has sent us an interesting note from Bellary with regard to two Hindoo dwarfs which he photographed in the Kurnool district of the Madras presidency, not far south of the river Kistna. In speech and intelligence the dwarfs were indistinguishable from ordinary natives of India. From an interrogation of one of them it appeared that he belonged to a family all the male members of which have been dwarfs for several generations. They marry ordinary native girls, and the female children grow up like those of other people. The males, however, though they develop at the normal rate until they reach the age of 6, then cease to grow and become dwarfs. These stunted specimens of humanity are almost helpless and are unable to walk more than a few yards.—Nature.

Bold Wooers in Arabia.

Bashful lovers are almost an unknown curiosity in Arabia, for Arab "courtship" is unceremonious, to say the least of it. A young man sees a girl whom he would like to marry in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds out where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on his horse and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught, he is shot; if he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays them a visit in a few days. A priest of the tribe joins the hands of the young man and girl, and both tribes join in the festivities. Most of the brave men steal their wives, but there are some few peace loving youths who do not.—Philadelphia Times.

The Only Marble Bridge.

"The only marble bridge in the world, I believe," said Henry E. Caulkins, "is on the Marietta and North Georgia railroad in Whitfield county, Ga. At the time it was built southern marble, which now ranks the market for building and furniture work, was supposed to be of no value, as it was thought too hard. The railroad ran through a mountain country with hills of solid marble. It was the only stone to be had, and all the piers were constructed of it. For some time broken marble was also used as ballast along the line of the railroad, but it has been replaced with a little less valuable material now. The bridge has five piers and is a great curiosity to those who know its history."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Natural Endowment.

The training of men for work which requires the highest possible nicety of hand is not really training. It is far more the selection by experiment of men born with the true touch. For example, we doubt whether the very greatest surgeons—the men whose success depends upon their ability to make sharp steel as sensitive as a finger tip—perform their hundredth operation better than their first. They have more confidence no doubt, but the slight of hand is inherent. Nobody can train a medical student into a great oculist. It is only the ordinary man of whom it can be said that practice makes perfect. The man with the special gift is born perfect.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

Casimir-Perier.

Casimir-Perier, the French premier, is credited with the possession of a determined will. He has a calm manner and soldierly air and distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian war as a captain of Mobiles. An anecdote that is said to be characteristic of the man relates that, having observed the accurate marksmanship of one of the soldiers, he promised him the military medal and added, "Where did you learn to shoot so well?" "Mon capitaine," replied the soldier, "it was while practicing on the pheasants in your park." The conversation ended there, but the soldier got his medal in time.—Kansas City Times.

An Impromptu Dance.

It has no doubt often occurred to you while walking on the street that you have met a pedestrian going in the opposite direction and in the attempt to pass you bob from one side to the other, both being imbued with the same idea. The result is a dodging two or three times from one side to the other before either gets by.

The other day a reporter met with that experience, and a gay young colored girl was the pedestrian coming in the opposite direction. After two or three maneuvers the colored woman exclaimed: "For de Lawd's sake, man, what is this a-gwan to be a waits or a scotchish?"—Philadelphia Call.

The New Leaf.



Bishop Gullem—My dear young lady, have you started in this year to do unto others as you would have them do unto you?

Dear Young Lady—Yes, I've quit speaking to those Grigisy girls.—Life.

Not Divisible by Four.

Side by side they sat upon the sofa in the dim lighted parlor. The new year was only a few days old. Wild thoughts were surging through her brain, her lips were pressed tightly together, and a look of set determination flashed from her lovely eyes.

As for him, he simply sat there, playing with his watch chain and wondering whether to speak next about the weather or—but that was all he could think of. He had no sense.

The determined look upon her face grew stronger, her little hands pulled at her dainty lace handkerchief, and it was evident that something was going to happen. But he never seemed to notice anything.

Finally she could stand it no longer. She turned toward him, and if he had been half as bright as you or I would be in such a case, he would have known that those black eyes flashed love, love, love, in every ray that darted from their lustrous depths.

"Albert," she panted, laying her hand upon his arm. "Albert, I—I want to ask you a question—a deep, momentous question."

"Belinda!"

"Yes, Albert, we have known each other a long time, and now—"

She paused. She turned quickly away from him. Overcome with surprise at what was transpiring, he cried, "Belinda, tell me what is the matter?"

"No, no," she answered in anxious tones, "wait a moment! Four into 18 is 4 and 2 to carry; 4 into 29 is 7; 4 into 14 is—4 into 14 is 3 and 2 carry. Goodness! What have I done? Did I commit myself?" And she fell fainting on the carpet.

She thought it was leap year and was going to propose!—Truth.

The Intelligent Composer.

The demon composer who delights in devising ingenious "printer's errors" was the subject of some of Max Adler's best fun. In dedicating his book to "the intelligent composer," he writes: "It was he who put into type an article of mine which contained the remark, 'Flirtation is sometimes accomplished with the assistance of albumen,' and transformed it into 'Flirtation is sometimes accomplished with the resistance of albumen.' It was he who caused me to misquote the poet's inquiry, so that I propounded to the world the appalling conundrum, 'Where are the dead, the vanished dead?' And it was his glorious tendency to make the sublime convulsively ridiculous that rejected the line in a poem of mine which declared that a 'comet swept o'er the heavens with its trailing skirt,' and substituted the idea that a 'comet slept in the haymow in a traveling shirt.'—London Telegraph.

Deceit.

She turned away and shivered. "Deceit," he repeated in consternation. "Where is the deceit, prithee?" "Right in your face," she answered. "I see it."

In horror he shrank from her. "Curse him!" he hissed. "Curse the man who guaranteed that no one could tell the glass eye he sold me from the genuine!"

With livid lips and haggard cheeks he staggered from the place.—Truth.

A Necessary Adjuster.

Fangle—Young Barlow has selected his vocation. Cuzoo—What is his choice? Fangle—He has decided to become a poet. Cuzoo—Nonsense! What qualifications has he? Fangle—He has one very important qualification. Cuzoo—Name it. Fangle—An assured income.—Harper's Bazar.

An Addition to the Language.

"Would you call Dexter a poet?" "No, sir. He is a riminal." "A what?" "Riminal. That's a word of my own. If a man who commits crimes is a criminal, I don't see why a man who commits rhymes shouldn't be a riminal."—Life.

Not That Sort.

Miss Flirtie—No, it cannot be. I am already engaged. Adorer—Eh! If you were already engaged, why didn't you tell me so? Miss Flirtie (indignantly)—I am not the sort of a girl to boast of my conquests.—New York Weekly.

THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS.

1849—General insurrection in Venice against the Austrian government.

1851—Coup d'etat in France; legislative assembly dissolved and Louis Napoleon made president for 10 years.

1851—The great Taiping rebellion began in China by the preaching of Tienteh; suppressed in 1864 by the assistance of the French and English forces.

1852—The French republic abolished and the empire restored by popular vote; 7,824,169 for, 233,145 against.

1854—A Spanish revolution, headed by Espartero, completely successful.

1859—Revolution in Florence, Parma, Modena and other Italian cities; the petty princes expelled and provisional governments set up, which declared for a united Italy.

1859—Projected revolution in Hungary discovered and averted by a promise made by the Austrian emperor of liberal reforms.

1860—Revolt of the slaveholding states in America; the civil war began.

1860—Consolidation of the Italian states and annexation to Sardinia.

1861—General insurrection in Russian Poland; suppressed with merciless severity by the military.

1862—Greek revolution; flight of Otho and election of William of Denmark in his stead.

1862—Revolution in Servia; the country made practically independent of Turkey; all Turkish garrisons withdrawn.

1863—French invasion of Mexico; the capital occupied and an empire proclaimed, with Maximilian as emperor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RAILROAD TIES.

One of the new Garstang type of passenger engines recently hauled eight cars from Cincinnati to Columbus, O., over the Big Four, 135 miles, in 156 minutes.

The Illinois Central is running its trains between Kankakee and Chicago under the strict block signal system, there being but one train on any block at once.

The Denver and Rio Grande has opened its Ruby branch for traffic. The branch extends from Crested Butte, Cal., west to the Ruby anthracite mines, a distance of 11 miles.

The Chesapeake and Ohio will have a valuable western feeder when the Kanawha and Michigan, now under construction, has been completed. The road lies within West Virginia territory.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has built a large shed at Hoboken, N. J., for the exclusive reception of poultry from the west. The building is slated, and partition coops are constructed to hold the fowls while awaiting delivery. The cars run directly into the shed for transfer.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is estimated that about 1,000,000 people still speak Welsh.

About 600,000 acres of land change hands in England every year.

London letter carriers find a good many empty purses in letter boxes. Pickpockets think it safer to drop them there than on the pavements.

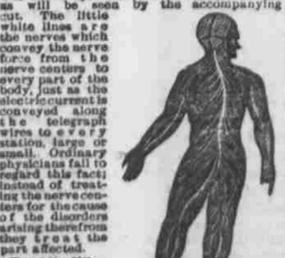
Criminality has an especially favored name in France. In the past 87 years there have been 15,000 sentences against men called Lefevre, of whom 2,000 had Louis for a Christian name, 700 had Napoleon and 400 Joseph.

Literary fame is a curious thing when it brings a letter addressed to "Dr. Olive W. Holmes," and addressed inside as "Dear Madam," to the famous "Anacret of the Breakfast Table," and yet this is what actually occurred in the mail of the Boston poet only a short time since.

SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, vertigo in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system as will be seen by the accompanying cut. The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the brain to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact; instead of treating the nerve centers of the disorders arising therefrom they try to cure the part affected.



Franklin Miles, M. D., L. L. B., the highly celebrated specialist and student of nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since made the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nervine is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the Restorative Nervine testify.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is a reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration, epileptic disease, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.

Restorative Nervine positively contains no opiates or dangerous drugs. Sold by D. J. Fry, Salem, Oregon.

No Fun About Bucking Bronchos.

"Many people have an idea that to ride a bucking broncho is the cowboy's delight, but they're badly mistaken. There's no fun in it. When a thoroughbred rears and prances there's no jar in it, and I rather like to have one do it if I am riding. But when a broncho bucks and jumps into the air and comes down stiff legged, with his feet planted together, that jars every bone in the rider's body, especially his backbone, and is apt to make him feel pretty sick in short order.

"My first experience with a bucking broncho cured me of the idea that there was fun in it. I had read that the cowboy always locks his spurs under the broncho's belly at such times, and so I did it the same. Well, the spurs went through the horse's chair, and the broncho kept bucking so long as they staid there. I couldn't get them out till two men came to help me.

"The proper thing to do when a broncho bucks is to keep your spurs away from him, balance yourself forward or backward in the saddle, according to the way he jumps, and grip him well between your knees. You have to let him buck till he gets tired of it or finds he can't get you off."—San Francisco Bulletin.

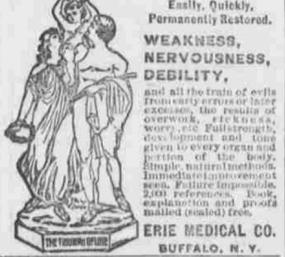
The Final Salute at Appomattox.

There occurred a curious incident of which no mention is made in the books which have treated of the closing scenes of Appomattox. The muskets of the Confederates were allowed to remain stacked on the field. The grass caught fire in some way, and was allowed to burn. So suddenly had the fighting ceased on the morning of the 9th that thousands of the pieces were left loaded.

As the flames of the grass crept along the line of stacked muskets the guns were heated to the firing heat, and soon there was incessant popping. The balls went up into the air almost straight until the force of the discharge was spent and then dropped down. To this day the field of surrender is strewn with these bullets, and so little has Appomattox been visited that the balls are easily found.

This firing of the muskets by the burning grass was the only salute that accompanied the surrender. When Lee had received Grant's terms and accepted them, the firing of 100 guns in token of victory was begun, but Grant quickly stopped it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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