

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

It Spoke in a Dream and Told a Tale of Chastity Horror.

The Rev. Mr. Partridge was once the vicar of a parish in the suburbs of London. He had the misfortune to lose a favorite son, whose body was interred in a vault in the church. Two nights after the interment Mr. Partridge dreamed that he saw his son, habited in a shroud spotted with blood, the expression of his countenance being that of a person enduring some paroxysm of acute pain.

"Father, father," he cried, "come and defend me! They will not let me rest quiet in my coffin." The agitation was so vivid that the dreamer awoke, trembling from excitement. He argued with himself that it was the result of the grief he felt on account of his son's death, and after awhile managed to overcome his agitation and go to sleep again. But it seemed to him that he scarcely lost consciousness when the vision reappeared, beseeching more piteously than before that his father would come to his aid, as they were "mangling his body at that instant."

The tortured man slept no more that night, and at the break of day repaired to the clerk's house, where the keys of the vault were kept. Here he was informed that the key to the main door had been broken and the clerk's son had gone to the smith's to have a new one made. Impelled by the worst misgivings, the vicar procured a crowbar, by means of which the hinges of the door were wrenched off.

The sight that greeted him caused the father to fall fainting to the floor. His son's coffin had been lifted from the recess and placed on the brick pavement. The lid lay loose on the top. The body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several spots of blood below the chin, was exposed to view. The broad ribbon had been removed from below the jaw, which hung down with a most ghastly horror of expression, and every tooth in the head had been drawn. The youth while living had possessed a beautiful set of teeth. The clerk's son, who was both a barber and a dentist, had obtained possession of the vault keys for the purpose of extracting the teeth for use in his business.—New York Times.

The following are extracts from a diary kept by the Rev. Mr. Emerson of the town of Conway in 1799 and 1800:

Jan. 1, 1800—Had much company. In the evening married a couple. Fee, \$1.25. Had a cheese given me. Value about \$1. Deacon Ware a present of beef, value about 20 cents.

Jan. 4—Attended to study. Bottle rum, 50 cents. Jan. 23—Married three couple. Fee, \$6.25.

Feb. 4—Paid a woman tailor for one day 25 cents. July 5—Bot. rum at Bardwell's store, 50 cents.

Aug. 12—Two quarts rum Williams' store, \$1.50. Paid for killing hog, 17 cents.

Oct. 20—Put in the cellar for winter use 38 barrels of cider. Value, \$32. Dec. 29—Lord's day. Preached from Samuel i, 27, "Eow are the mighty fallen."—North Adams (Mass.) Democrat.

Pawnbrokers' Methods. "Have you ever noticed," said De Broke, "that pawnbrokers will never answer the question, 'What can I get on this?' They always make one tell what he wants to borrow, and then no matter how low one places the amount, the broker will always go him \$1 or \$2 lower. I knew of a fellow in an office who was pretty green for a pawnbroker, but who had learned this first principle.

"I had a beautiful solitary ring, and I needed just a fiver. So I thought, for fun, I would see if this fellow would actually try to go me one lower on the ring.

"I asked for \$6, and as he looked at the ring he smiled sarcastically and said curtly, '25.' But I was obstinate, and slipping the ring on my finger went out.

"I easily got 10 plunkers on it from another money lender."—Philadelphia Call.

Time and Riches. "What are you doing now?" asked Willie Wibble's father. "Killing time," replied the young man languidly.

"It seems to me that you spend a good deal of money at it." "Perhaps. You see, fathah, it's this way. Time flies, doesn't it?" "I've heard so."

"And riches have wings?" "I'm sure of that."

"Well, the only way I know of killing time is to chase it with money."—Washington Star.

Fourteen Nice Little Feet. The great importance of children being properly shod has been fully recognized by the German emperor and empress, who have been most particular that their children should only wear hygienic boots and shoes, sufficiently wide for the toes to have proper development, and in consequence the six young princes and their sister have perfectly normal feet and will therefore be spared the suffering from corns, bunions and faulty nails to which most of mankind are subject.—Lady's Pictorial.

Alma-Tadema's Early Efforts.

Mr. Alma-Tadema is ruthless in destroying results that do not seem to him to be satisfactory. I have often seen him wipe from his canvases a beautiful figure or a lovely object when he thought that by doing so the line of his composition would be improved or that greater simplicity would be gained by the sacrifice.

I have heard Mr. Alma-Tadema tell a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859. The subject, I believe, was of a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. His fellow students were asked into the studio of the rejected painter and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping head first, through the oily flames. The other story was of a large sized, square picture which came back, hopelessly, again and again, to the easel of its creator, until at last it was cut out of its frame and was given to an old woman to use it as a table cover, and who remarked that it "was much better than those common oilcloth things that always let the water through, for this one of Mr. Tadema's making was a good, thick one, with plenty of paint on it."—Mrs. E. Gosse in Century.

A Description. "Can you describe the man you saw hanging about the house the day before the robbery?" inquired the detective.

The Perkins Junction storekeeper, whose place of business had been broken into and robbed of a considerable quantity of plug tobacco, canned tomatoes and dried peaches, together with the entire contents of the cash drawer, amounting to \$1.56, reflected a moment and then asked, "D'you know Bill Quinn?"

"I don't think I do." "Lives down in the Wallick neighborhood."

"I don't know him." The merchant shifted his quid to the other cheek, chewed it thoughtfully awhile and said:

"Know Si Roberts?" "No." "Auctioneer. Hangs round Thompson's a good deal."

"Never heard of him. But as to this man you saw loafing about here before the robbery took place—I would like to have you describe him as well as you can."

Again the storekeeper reflected. "Well," he said at last, "he looks some like Bill Quinn and some like Si Roberts."—Chicago Tribune.

Composition Under Difficulties. A letter from the Archduke Joseph, the only member of the imperial family who resides permanently in Hungary, which has just been published, gives a pleasant picture of the relations between himself and Moritz Jokai. It incidentally mentions that it was on the suggestion of the great Hungarian author that the archduke published his own work on the gypsy language. While Moritz Jokai was staying at the archduke's country house the latter remarked that his guest was in the habit of constantly jotting down notes on separate slips of paper, whether at home, out walking, talking, watching the dancers, or in the vineyard—in short, everywhere.

This excited the curiosity of his host, who was not a little surprised to hear in reply to his inquiry that all these fragments were part of a novel he was then writing and were sent off direct to the press. Archduke Joseph says that he read the work with special interest, looking attentively for any indications of the manner in which it had been composed, but could not find the slightest trace of discontinuity.—Vienna Cor. London Times.

Unaired Beds. There is a story told of the eminent Dr. Abernethy, who was as blunt as he was learned. He was called to prescribe for an old lady in failing health, who prided herself upon being and who looked the very pink of neatness. Her dress was spotless and her cap immaculate, and her friends spoke of her as that "sweet old lady."

After much questioning, which was almost impertinent, and a careful diagnosis of the case the doctor said gruffly, "Madam, you are ill because of filth." Of course she was horrified, but he went on, "Your bed is not properly aired, and in consequence you are being slowly poisoned to death."—New York Examiner.

A Royal Compliment. Mgr. de Nesmond, archbishop of Toulouse, when preaching one day in the private chapel of Louis XIV lost the thread of his discourse, so that he had to remain silent for some time. The king came to his lordship's relief with this graceful remark:

"I am very glad, my lord, that you are giving me a little time to digest all the good things contained in the former part of your sermon."—Frusta.

An Insinuation. Two persons are quarreling. "Look here," said one of them, brandishing his cane, "you don't seem to be aware that I belong to the Society For the Protection of Animals."

"Excuse me, as a protector or as one of the protected!"—Moude Umoletico.

TUNES OF THE BAGPIPES.

Highland Martial Music That Inspires Valor in Stormy Hearts.

It is not assuming too much to claim for highland music that it has produced tunes more eminently fit for marching than the music of any other nation. Most of us at some time or other have come across a highland regiment on the march. Who does not know the roll of the distant drums, and mingling with it that prolonged drone which gradually resolves itself into some old, familiar tune, composed long ago to celebrate some bloody clan raid, such, for instance, as the pibroch of Donal Dhu?

To the Scotsman there is never any mistaking that sound, and although we may be nineteenth century individuals with tall hats and black coats we can't help going just a little way, and keeping step also. The pulse beats just a little quicker, and despite all cheap sneers the memory of a thousand years is a little more real than might have been expected. If an impartial observer should take such an occasion as this, he will notice that there is a swing and a go about a highland regiment quite peculiar to itself, and due in great measure to the music of the pipes.

The swing of the sporrans and the waving of the kilts may add to the effect, and indeed such a sight would be difficult to beat. But watch the same body of men in tartan trews and white shell jackets, and you will see the same swing. It is not the easy gait of the jack tar when under arms, nor the quick, sharp, precise step of an ordinary line regiment. It is a something born of the music, hard to account for, but nevertheless very apparent.—Chambers' Journal.

Said He Was Dr. Brooks. When Rev. Dr. William Henry Brooks, secretary of the Episcopal convention of Massachusetts, had his office at St. Andrew's House, Chambers street, two ladies who had made an engagement with Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, at that time rector of Trinity, came there just before the appointed time and went up into the guildroom, where Dr. Brooks, the secretary, was writing. He courteously rose and bade the ladies "good morning."

They said to him, "We wish to see Dr. Brooks." He replied, "I am Dr. Brooks." Then they said, "We wish to see Rev. Dr. Brooks."

Dr. Brooks replied again, "I am Rev. Dr. Brooks." Not knowing that there was a Rev. Dr. William Henry Brooks and seeing that the secretary was totally unlike Phillips Brooks—at least in outward form—they thought that the man was not in his right mind. Accordingly they went down stairs without delay and said to some one there:

"There is a crazy man writing in the guildroom who says he is Dr. Brooks." Dr. Brooks enjoyed the joke on himself.—Boston Herald.

Why He Ran. The grim humor of the camp waged eternal warfare on the general dependency, said General Gordon. On one occasion a prayer meeting was held in camp, and one of the soldiers was called on to pray.

"O Lord," he said, "we are in the midst of a terrible battle and in an awful lot of trouble. We hope you will take a proper view of the matter and give us the victory."

In the midst of a battle the general saw a man running from a very close situation. "What are you running for?" demanded the disgusted general in a stern voice.

"Golly, general," said the fleeing man, "I'm running because I can't fly."

General Gordon also told an interesting story of how it happened that a Federal soldier bore the last order that he ever sent to his men. "But," he added humorously, "I had to send a private Confederate along to vouch for his veracity."

The Scorpion. "The principal pest of Mexico," said E. P. Brewer of Central America, "is the scorpion. In damp or wet weather he is omnipotent, and in hotels can be seen to run up and down the walls. He is only about 4 to 6 inches in length and is not particularly repulsive in appearance, but his sting generally results fatally. I was in a hotel at one time where two other salesmen stopped in the same room, and as we went to bed I saw the scorpions chasing each other up and down the wall. I called my fellow travelers' attention to them, but they thought that they could protect themselves, and we all went to bed. I put up a shield, as my friends were not used to this protection, and in the morning the man who thought he was safe was dead. I never go to bed in Mexico without thoroughly protecting every exposed portion of my body."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Alligators. When first hatched, alligators are about three to four inches long. In a day or two, however, they double their size, and don't need any food to do it on either. They just seem to grow fat on wind. If some naturalist could find out the secret of their living, he would have a regular bonanza.—Florida Times-Union.

An Architectural Age of Steel.

The Eiffel tower, built wholly of metal, is an example and a good example of a step in the direction which architects will be driven to follow in future.

The great railway stations, exhibition buildings and other structures of steel, concrete, paper and glass which the needs and inventions of our day have called into existence show which way flows the stream of tendency. The new building material has come to stay. In another century houses may not merely be built with steel girders. They may be made of metal frames bolted together and gripping walls of papier mache. Then the age of the tent will return. A man will buy his house from a manufacturer and will hire a site to set it upon. When he moves from one place to another, he will take his home with him. Building leases will die a natural death. Towns will wander about, and a great many curious results will arise.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How Long Can We Remember Voices? The following is told of the late esteemed minister of Congleton church, Rev. Joseph Moore: As is generally known, Mr. Moore was a friend of Livingstone. On the return to London of the great traveler after an absence of nearly 30 years in Africa, he was visited by Mr. Moore. Having found the address of his old friend, Mr. Moore knocked at the door and inquired of the servant if Mr. Livingstone was at home and was much surprised to hear a voice call out from an upper landing:

"Halloo, Moore! Is that you?" It was indeed remarkable that a voice should be recognized in that way after not being heard for about 30 years.—Congleton (England) Chronicle.

'Twould Look Perfectly Awful. "It would never do for women to be at the head of the government," said Mr. Snaggs.

"Why not, pray?" asked his wife. "Suppose an unmarried woman were secretary of the treasury when bonds were to be issued."

"Well, suppose that were the case. What of it?" "How would it look for her to issue a circular headed, 'Proposals invited for the purchase of bonds?'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Knew the Brother. Struggling Pastor—Brother Skinfitt intends to give our new chapel a beautiful memorial window.

Wife—He probably wants something to look at when the contribution box goes around.—New York Weekly.

Fred Grant on Diplomacy. Colonel Fred D. Grant, in his address at the dinner in the Brooklyn Union League club, spoke of diplomacy and concluded by giving his ideas of the qualifications a diplomat should possess.

"First," he said, "a diplomat should be absolutely loyal to his own government, trust a man who has not always been loyal to the country he represents. He must be sufficiently educated in his profession to be able to intelligently discuss the intercourse between nations and propose honorable and fair dealings for the future, and he should be able to do this in the French, which is the diplomatic language, in the language of the country to which he is accredited, as well as in his own tongue. Second, a diplomat should, upon every possible occasion, show most cordial feelings for the government, customs and institutions of the nation to which he is accredited and make every one with whom he comes in contact feel that he is their friend. Without these qualifications a diplomat can be of little use to his country, and his record will be either inglorious or utterly devoid of importance."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why "Annie Laurie" Was Played. The following was one of the most striking incidents of the day on which all that was mortal of the late mayor of Chicago was laid to rest:

One of the bands that had marched in the funeral procession when passing the Auditorium building south on Michigan avenue on its homeward march in the evening struck up the tune of "Annie Laurie." The music was cheerful and stirring. A large crowd naturally gathered in front of the hotel to see and hear the band and view the regiment of soldiers that followed in its wake. Those who at first failed to recognize the familiar air, and even many of those who did, wondered at the lively strains from a band which had but a few hours previously been playing solemn funeral dirges in the procession from which they were returning.

Gradually the meaning of it all dawned upon the minds of the people, and the words, "For my bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me down and dee," doubtless were silently spoken by those who recalled the last word that fell from the dying lips of Carter H. Harrison—"Annie."—Chicago Correspondent.

"So you think you will not go to Mrs. Flatbed's at home?" "No, I prefer to call when I'm not sure of finding her in."—Brooklyn Life.

Travelers "make a note on t." This Great Railway System Connects ST. PAUL and OMAHA

With all transcontinental lines, giving direct and swift communication to all EASTERN and SOUTHERN POINTS. AND IS THE ONLY LINE

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated. Ventilated trains of elegant Sleeping, Parlor, Dining and Buffet Cars, with Free Reclining Chairs, Making its service second to none in the world.

Tickets are on sale at all prominent railroad ticket offices. For further information ask the nearest railroad agent, or address C. J. EDDY, General Agt. J. W. CASEY, Trav. Pass Agt. PORTLAND, Ore.

Hair Death Instantly removes and forever destroys objectionable hair, whether upon the hands, face, arms or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin. It is a scientific dermatologist and hair specialist's remedy. It is the secret formula of Dr. J. C. Wilson, acknowledged by physical and chemical analysis to be the most effective and safe ever lived. During his private practice of a life-time among the nobility and aristocracy of Europe he prescribed this unique formula. It is sold securely packed, in a small, elegant, and confidential. Sole Agent for America. Address THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 27 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Value of Drawing.

Mr. Thomas Woolner, R. A., tells how Mr. Nasmyth was traveling in Norway, and one day in a wild, out of the way place reached an inn, very hungry, but unable to make the hostess understand his wants by anything he could say.

He was considerably perplexed till he happily thought of his pencil. He then carefully drew a dish in perspective, with steam rising from it. Beside this he drew a plate, with a knife and fork, and on the other side of the dish a bottle and a wineglass.

When he had completed this diagram of his wants, the face of the hostess brightened, and she at once left him to execute his design. He then went for a stroll and on returning found the picture complete. There was the bottle, with wineglass beside it; the plate, knife and fork, and the dish covered. So as soon as he sat down mine hostess lifted the cover, displaying a fine hot fowl that sent forth a cloud of steam.—London Tit-Bits.

Studying Our Architecture. Tatsuzo Sowe of Tokio, a Japanese architect, is in Boston studying the architecture of notable buildings—the new public library, Trinity church, the state house and others. He told me: "I came to the United States rather than Europe because the United States has the latest and newest designs. Europe still clings to the old styles."

A Singular Cornstalk. A peculiar growth from a stalk of corn was grown recently on the farm of Joseph T. Robinson, near Ringgold, Ga. About the center of the stalk, where the shoot first appeared, there matured a peculiar bushy ending about 2 feet long, on which there were nearly 100 little ears the size of a man's finger.—Exchange.

VIGOR OF MEN. Essentially, Quickly, Permanently Restored. WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, and all the train of evils from early excess or later overwork, such as nervousness, dizziness, headache, depression, and loss of energy, are cured by the use of this medicine. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy, and its effects are permanent. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Write for full particulars to ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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, and Pullman baggage coaches of latest equipment.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars. Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both first and second-class tickets, and ELEGANT DAY COACHES. A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service. Pullman sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road. Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company. Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First Street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon. SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

The CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY. Travelers "make a note on t." This Great Railway System Connects ST. PAUL and OMAHA

With all transcontinental lines, giving direct and swift communication to all EASTERN and SOUTHERN POINTS. AND IS THE ONLY LINE

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated. Ventilated trains of elegant Sleeping, Parlor, Dining and Buffet Cars, with Free Reclining Chairs, Making its service second to none in the world.

Tickets are on sale at all prominent railroad ticket offices. For further information ask the nearest railroad agent, or address C. J. EDDY, General Agt. J. W. CASEY, Trav. Pass Agt. PORTLAND, Ore.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES (Northern Pacific R. Co., Lessee) LATEST TIME CARD. Daily Through Trains.

12:40pm (6:20pm) Minn. 8:00am 4:30pm 12:40pm 7:10pm St. Paul 8:45am 5:00pm 4:00pm 1:10pm Duluth 8:10am 4:30pm 7:10pm 1:10pm Ashland 8:10am 4:30pm 7:10pm 1:10pm Chicago 1:30pm 10:40pm

The Wisconsin Central Lines run two fast trains daily between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago. Milwaukee and all points in Wisconsin making connection in Chicago with all lines running east and south. Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points in the United States and Canada. Close connection made in Chicago with all trains going East and South. For full information apply to your nearest ticket agent or Gen. Pass. and Trk. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis.

East and South THE SHASTA ROUTE VIA Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F. South: 6:45 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. S. F. 11:15 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. San Fran. 7:00 p. m. 10:45 a. m. Ar. San Fran. Lv. 7:00 p. m. North: 12:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. S. F. 4:30 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. San Fran. 7:00 p. m.

Above train stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive, also at Tangent, Blythe, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive. DOWNTOWN MAIL DAILY. 5:45 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:00 p. m. 11:17 a. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 1:40 p. m. 5:30 p. m. Ar. Roseburg Lv. 7:00 p. m.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS AND Second Class Sleeping Cars. Attached to all through trains. West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis: DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

12:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 5:05 p. m. 12:15 p. m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. 1:50 p. m. At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad. EX-TRA TRAIN—DAILY EXCEPT THURSDAY. 5:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:05 p. m. 7:20 p. m. Ar. McMinnville Lv. 5:50 a. m.

THROUGH TICKETS To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. HILKIN, Gen. Agt., 27 South 5th St., Portland, Ore. K. ROEHLER, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Agt. K. ROEHLER, Manager.

HOUSE PAINTING, DECORATING, HARD WOOD FINISHING. Can give good references. Estimates furnished. Address: Geo. B. HILKIN, Station, Room 200 on Salem Motor Railway, North Street. Leave orders at Steiner & Blewett, 11-42.

BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower. In what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the disease of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mercury nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops itching hair, dandruff and prevents hair from falling out. Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Hair Grower. It destroys parasitic insects, washes and destroys the hair. If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.50 per bottle; 5 for \$7.00. Soap, 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50. THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 27 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Forest Grove Poultry Yards. Established in 1877. EGGS FOR HATCHING FROM THE VERY BEST VARIETIES. Stock Finer than Ever, but Prices Same as Usual. Get the Best and then you will be satisfied. Send for Catalogue. Address J. M. GARRISON, Forest Grove, Or. Lock Box 335.

Ed. C. Cross, Choice Meats. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats of all kinds. 95 Court and 110 State Streets.

THE NEW WILLAMETTE STABLES. Completed and ready to wait on customers. Horses boarded by day or week at reasonable prices. We keep a full line of Trucks, Drays and Express to meet all demands. Also keep the finest Stallions in this county, for service. Barn and residence 2 block south of postoffice. RYAN & CO.

S. W. THOMPSON & Co., Always Keep on hand a large stock of loose and unmounted Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires and imported Opals. 221 Commercial Street.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES (Northern Pacific R. Co., Lessee) LATEST TIME CARD. Daily Through Trains. 12:40pm (6:20pm) Minn. 8:00am 4:30pm 12:40pm 7:10pm St. Paul 8:45am 5:00pm 4:00pm 1:10pm Duluth 8:10am 4:30pm 7:10pm 1:10pm Ashland 8:10am 4:30pm 7:10pm 1:10pm Chicago 1:30pm 10:40pm

Through Tickets TO SALT LAKE DENVER. OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND ALL EASTERN CITIES. 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East. Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

WANTED AGENTS (to sell) BROWN'S NEW FOUNTAIN WASHER. Best Steam Washer known. Sample Washer with full instructions sent to Agent, express charges prepaid on receipt of \$2.50. Address J. B. Brown, Box 238, Salem, Or. 1-30-07.

Steamer Altona FOR PORTLAND. Leaves Boise's dock Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 7:45 a. m. RETURNING, leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m. Fast time for passenger service; no way sailing freight handled. ROUND TRIP (unlimited) \$2.00. One way, \$1.25. MEALS 50 CENTS. For freight rates and tickets apply to F. A. SLEIGHT, Agent, at the dock, foot of Main Street.