His Harrowing Experience with a Safety Razor-An Interesting Conversation He Overheard in the Tonsorial Chair-The Heat and Hotels of Washington.

When I got off the Pennsylvania train yes terday I went to a barber shop before I did anything else. I have a thick, Venetian red, chinchilla beard, which grows very rapidly, and which gives me a funny appearance every twenty-four hours, unless I place myself frequently in the hands of the barber. At first I used to shave myself, but I cut myself to pieces in such a sickening manner without seeming to impede the growth of the rich and foxy beard, that until last summer I gave up being my own barber. At that time I was presented with a safety razor, which the manufacturer said would not cut my face, because it was impossible for it to anything except the beard. The safety razor resembles in appearance several other toilet articles, such as the spoke shave, the road scraper, the can opener, the lawn mower and the turbine water wheel, but it does not look like a razor. It also looks like a carpet sweeper some, and reminds me of a monkey wrench. It is said that you can shave yourself on a train if you will use this instrument. I tried it once last winter while going west. In fact, I took the trip largely to see if one could shave on board the train safely with this razor. I had no special trouble. At least I did not cut off any features that I cared anything about, but I was disappointed in the results and also in the length of time consumed in cleaning the razor after I got through. I was shaving myself only from Forty-second street to Albany, but it took me from Albany to Omaha to pull the razor apart and to dig out the coagulated lather and the dear, dead whiskers. I now employ a valet, whose name is Patria McGloria. He irons my trousers, shaves and dresses me and mows the lawn. I did not fall into a very gaudy barber

It was a plain structure, with beautiful sarsaparilla pictures here and there on the walls and a faint odor of rancid pomatum and overworked hair restoratives.

There were three chairs richly upholstered in two ply carpeting of some inflammatory hue, with large vines and the kind of flowers which grow on carpets but nowhere else. I have seen blossoms weven into ingrain car-pets, varying in color from a dead black to the color of a hepatized lung, but I have never seen one that reminded me of anything l ever saw in nature. The chair I sat in also had springs in it. They were made of selections from the Washington monument.

The barber who waited on me asked me if I wanted a shave. A great many barbers ask me this during the year. Sometimes they do it from habit and sometimes they do it to brighten up my life and bring a smile to my wan cheek. As I have no hair, the thinking mind naturally and by a direct course of ing arrives at the conclusion that when I go into a barber shop and climb into a chair, I do so for the purpose of getting shaved and not with the idea of having my fortune told or my deposition taken. Still barbers coninue to ask me this question and look at each ther with ill concealed mirth. I said yes I would like a shave unless be

preferred to take my temperature or amuse ne by making a death mask of himself. He then began to strap a large razor with a double shuffle movement and to size me up at the same time. He was a colored man, but he had lived in Washington a long time and knew a great deal more than he would if his lot had fallen elsowhere. He spoke with some feeling and fed me with about the most un-palatable lather I think I ever participated for the second time over my face. I never have noticed the custom outside of that shop. Most barbers, in making the second trip over a customer's face, mosten one side at a time with a sponge or the damp band as they go along, but in this case a large quantity was put in my ear, and, as he needed it he took out what he required from time to time, using his finger like a paint brush and spreading on the lather as he went along. So accurately has he learned to measure the quantity of lather which an ear will hold at when he got through with me and I went away there was not over a tablespoonful in

wither ear and possibly not that much.

While I sat in the chair I heard a man, who med to be in about the third chair from me, saying that a certain bill numbered so and so had been referred to a certain comttee and would undoubtedly be reported favorably. If so, it would in its regular order come up for discussion and reach a vote so and so. I was charmed with the man's knowledge of the condition of affairs in both bouses and the exact status of all threatened islation, because I always have to stop and think a good while before I can tell whether a bill originates on the floor of the house or

I could not see this man, but I judged that be was a sonator or sergeant-at-arms. He talked for some time about the condition of national affairs, and finally some one said comething about evolution. I was perfectly exapped up in what he was saying, and re-nembered distinctly how he referred to Herbert Spencer's definition of evolution as a change from indefinite, incoherent homoencity to definite, coherent heterogeneity brough continuous differentiations and in-

When I arose from my chair and looked over that way I saw that the gentleman who had been talking on the condition of congressional legislation was a colored hotel porter of Washington, who was getting shaved in the third chair, and the man who was disconsidered. cussing the merits of evolution was the colored man who was shaving him.

As spring warms up the air about Washngton the heating apparatus about the Capitol building begins to relax its interest, and now you can visit most any part of the stately pile without being scrambled in your

I believe this unnatural heat to be the cause of much ill health among our law makers, and I freely admit that the unhealthy surroundings of Washington and the great contrast between the hot air of the capitol and the cold air outside have done a great deal towards keeping me out of the senate. The night air of Washington is also filled with malaria, and is much worse than

filled with malaria, and is much worse than any night air I have ever used before.

I am staying at the — house, which has been recently refitted and refurnished, has electric bells, a bath room, elevator and moderate rates. It is a splendid hotel. I leave the name blank, and the proofreader can insert the name of any hotel in Washington which he thinks the above glowing description would apply to.—Bill Nye's Washington Letter to New York World.

A Great Commercial Truth. hnny (whose father is an editor)-Say Btorekeeper, do you keep sugar, coffee, a, calico and things? Btorekeeper—Certainly, my boy. Johnny—Yes, and pa says you will keep m unless you advertise.—Tid Bita.

Saved. The other day a man was walking slowly op Miami avenue and encountered a man

ther, both drew off and apologized, and the con in a burry added; "I've been so mad all the morning I uldn't mo straight." "Nothing serious, I hope,"

Well, my wife had some photos taken and the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my y to punch his bead." 'Can I wes them?" They were exhibited, and after a careful

pection the gentleman said:
My friend, you are way off. The work is ell done, and you ought to be proud of your wife's looks."

"Do you mean A?" Certainly. There are not ten as hand me women in Detroit,"

"It's a fact, and the work is that of a eal artist. You should be more than satis-Well, I declare! I guess I've been too

hasty, and I'll drop the matter right here.

I didn't punch the photographer's 'Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as be went his way. It was the artist himself.-Detroit Free

Taste, Not Necessity.

Philanthropist (in the office of an old friend, a building contractor)-John, if I had live on blood money as you do I'd retire and start a pennut stand. Successful Builder-Blood money! What

lo you mean! Look at those house plans you're studying over now, miserable hovels, twenty in a row, moked so close together that not even a fly could get between them, horrible little dens with rooms not big enough to stretch out in, no chance for air, cleanliness or anything else. Is it any wonder people crowded together that way get steeped in vice and degradation, any wonder the unfortunate

'Poor! Great Casar, man, the plans are for rich men's cottages at summer resorts. "Oh!"-Omaha World,

The Point of It. Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful. One evening they were talking about their respective better halves, and B. remarked:

"I say, Jones, I think you and I married the two pret jest women in town. Jones looked at him in surprise a moment, but he saw he was serious.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old fellow.

Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife.-Washington Critic.

Deafness a Pleasure. "I am told, sir, that you are quite hard of

hearing. "Your information was correct, but what about it?"

"I can cure deafness in a month, and if I can't cure you I will charge nothing." "Why, I wouldn't be cured for a thousand dollars.

"You wouldn't! Why not?" "My daughter plays the piano."-Nebraska State Journal.

At Old Point Comfort.

Young Lady-(in hotel office, uneasily waiting for uniform and buttons to come over from the fort)-Why doesn't that man come! I don't want to sit around here all morning

holding my hands. Clerk—(blushing, but bold)—Um—er—I beg your pardon, Miss, but if it would be any accommodation I could hold your hands for you,-Washington Critic.

Another Superstition.

Ancient Dame-No, indeed, we'll not celebrate our diamond wedding, not with my consent; it's unlucky.

Husband-Never heard of that before. It's so. I remember half a dozen couples who celebrated diamond weddings and they didn't any of 'em live ten years."-Omaha World.

Who They Were For.



"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered." exclaimed the lady of the house, with extreme vexation; "this is a pair of \$10 French kids. I can't afford such shoes as these."

'Beg pardon, madam," said the messenger, respectfully; "but you've opened the wrong package. This \$5 pair is yours. The other was ordered by the hired girl."—Chicago

No Time to Lose.

Examiner (to graduating medical student) -If you should make a mistake and give a patient an overdose of tartar emetic what Student-Try to buy up the coroner.-Chi-

cago Tribune. A Family Man. "Are you a man of family, sir!" he said to

a timid little chap, who had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "my wife has a husband and four children."—New York

A Light Luncheon.

Customer (to waiter)-Here, John, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cu-numbers, mince pie-an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just 6 minutes. - Life,

A Bloody Tragedy at Every Clip. Sardou will have to look to his laurels as prolific producer of plays. There is a Park row barber who every time he shaves you brings out a new piece.-Judge.

A Homely Adage Illustrated. A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed them "enough" and "too spare." Burlington Free Press.

Appropriate.

Some tramp recently decorated, in the night, the great door of Stog Sing (N. Y.) prison with the legend, "Hair out while you wait."—Exchange

HE WAS ADMITTED.

The Puture Mayor Got In and the Show

Will J. Davis, of the Haymarket theater, tells of a night of minstrelsy in a California town in Petaluma valley. He was manager of the abow, which was given in a skating rink, opposite a corn field. The average Californian was not unlike the average Chicago theater goer between acts. He had the same thirst, the only difference being that the Californian had further to go for his elixir. Mr. Davis, knowing something of the character of the Californian carrying his point, had asked the city marshal of the town to occupy a seat with him in the box office. The rush out between acts had returned, and Mr. Davis was preparing to count up. A typical miner presented himself, whittling with a knife, the blade of which was six inches long. "You know me?" said the Californian.

Mr. Davis said he hadn't the honor, "I was in and went out," the Californian remarked, turning off another shaving. Mr. Davis asked him for his check,

"You didn't give me no check," said man with the knife.

"Beg your pardon," remarked the Chicago man, who began to feel that he was a long way from home. "I'm goin' in," said the Californian, "and if you try to stop me I'll take this here knife

and lay your liver out where the crows'll pick at it. D'ye understand, you hatched faced, long eared curiosity from the east?" Mr. Davis nudged the town marshal, who got up and looked out of the window,

that you, Bill?" he asked of the Californian. "Yes, it's me, and I ain't got no check." The town marshal turned to Mr. Davis and said: "Well, if Bill says you didn't give him no check you didn't. And I reckon it's best

for the show to let him go in." And Bill went in and put his feet on the back of a man who sat in front of him, but there was no disturbance. "It was the peacefulest show I ever gave," said Mr. Davis. was in that town some time after that and I heard that Bill had been elected mayor."-Chicago Times.



Patient-Do you think it is anything seri-

Physician-Nothing but a slight lesion in the muscles of your back. Take that medicine and you'll be all right to-morrow. Patient-What makes you walk so funny,

Physician-I've had a backache for three weeks.-Judge.

Being Neighborly.

"I'll bet I've got some of the meanest neighbors a fellow ever had," said a man yesterday to some half dozen loungers; "they're always on the borrow. One family in particular sends every day or two for a cup of browned coffee—of which we keep only the very best-and then returns, in place of it, a most inferior article. We're going to head 'em off on that, though; they owe us a cup now, and when they fetch it home, wife's going to set it away and loan it to 'em again!" and he chuckled with infinite satis

"Well, sir," continued another, after a pause, "my wife has a worse neighbor than that. She moved into our neighborhood rowed a cup of sugar. When she returned it, it wasn't nearly so full. After two or three such experiences, my wife set the cup away, and when she returned for another loan, sent back the same quantity. It was still lighter when it was returned, and after two weeks passing back and forth, my wife handed it out at last with less than a spoon-

"How much was in it when the woman sent it home?" queried a listener. "Not a single grain !- they had washed the cup!"-Detroit Fress Press.

The Place to Trade.

Stranger (to tailor)—You've got a nice stock of goods here. Tailor (rubbing his hands)-There's nothing like it this side of the Atlantic ocean, sir. Stranger-I've been told that your prices are about right, too.

Tailor-Yes, sir; the price I put on a suit of clothes is a great injustice to my wife and family. Now, there is a line of spring and summer goods of my own importation, and I paid cabin passage rates to get 'em here. That diagonal, the manufacturer assures me, was made exclusively for the Prince of Wales, and only got into my lot by mistake. He offered me big money to get the goods back for fear of international complications.

Stranger-You don't say so! Tailor—Yes, sir. But I laughed at him. When I get hold of a good thing it goes to a customer every time if I lose money on it. I s'pose you will want a nice, stylish spring suit, and then something for warm weather? Stranger-N-no. I guess not this morning. I was trying to get out of the way of a milk wagon too suddenly a few moments ago, and I want to get a suspender button sewed on. - New York Sun.

Wasn't Used to It.

A traveler was eating supper in the stuffy saloon of a Chesapeake bay steamboat, and when he had finished the meal, the waiter brought a finger bowl, with that extra touch of colored politeness which preceded the expected fee. The guest moistened his fingers and lips from the bowl, and then a look of surprise overspread his face, "What is that?" he asked. "Water, sah." "It's kero-sene." "Water, sah." "I tell you it's kerosene," said the guest angrily, as the fumes of coal oil arose from his mustache and fingers. "What do you take me for? Do you think my mustache is a lamp wick? Maybe you think I want to be a torch light procession?" "Sahf" "Take this stuff away, I tell you," thundered the oil covered tourist. The terrifled waiter obeyed, and a moment later reappeared with another bowl, said tremblingly: "I reckon you was right, sah. I done gave you the bowl what the lamps drip in, sah."—The Argonaut.

Something for Him to Ponder Over. Miss Blunt-I'm told that you have made up your mind to remain a bachelor all your life, Mr. Knobchewer.

Mr. K.-I-aw-beg your pawdon, Mith Blunt; I nevah awthowised such a state-Miss B .- Then I must have been misin

Mr. K - Who-aw-told you tho! Miss B.-I wasn't told in exactly those words, but I was told that you had expressed a determination never to marry any girl who knew more than yourself .- Boston Courier. Wanted Another Pair.

The senior senator from Delaware, Mr. Saulsbury, is a gay bachelor of 74, for whose attentions half the widows in Washington nina. He is very tall and very thin. He is also very charitable. He sent the other day a box of his castoff clothing to a committee formed for the relief of the sufferers by the western floods. Yesterday-so, at least, the story as told by one of his wicked colleagues goes-he received the following communica-

"The committy man giv me, amongst other things, wat he called a pare of pants, and twould make me pant some to wear 'em. I found your name and where you live in one of the pockets. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her that I tho't she would have a conipshun fit. She wants to know if there lives and breathes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was be orter be taken up for vagrinsy, for having no visible means of support. I couldn't get 'em on my eldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you hev another pare to spare my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fire place to keep the tongs in."-New York Tribune.

"Next."

He marched into an insurance office on Griswold street, pointed to his empty sleeve

and said: "Lost it at Antietam."

"Your arm?" queried the clerk.
"Certainly. I was at what is now known as Burnside bridge. McClellan rode up to me and asked me to hold that bridge at all bazards. I told him I'd do it or perish. Lee sent down a whole brigade against me." "But you held it?"

"No. sir. I was wounded and forced back." "You were! You didn't perish after promising McClellan you would!"

"No, sir." "Then I can do nothing for you. Very sorry for the loss of your arm, but when a man makes a square promise he should keep it. You might call next door. They always give thirty days' credit there."—Detroit Free

Pherdinand's Phervent Phancy Phloored. "Phairest Phlora," wrote an amorous youth who is smitten with the phonetic craze, 'phorever dismiss your phears, and phly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends—phamily—phather—phorget them, and think only of the phelicity of the phuture. Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand; so pheign not phondness if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh, Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair

Phlora's curt reply.—Galveston News.

An Afflicted Family



"I wonder what's wrong at the Fahleries' mansion! The bells are all muffled, the side walk's covered with matting and the doctor

"Why, haven't you heard? Their pug has mia."-Life.

Had Not Helped Him.

Two men sat beside each other on a rail-way train. One of them, putting down a magazine, remarked: 'That series of articles, 'Books That Have

Helped Me,' has engaged the attention of some of the leading literary men of the country "So I've heard," the other man replied

"Have you read any of the articles?"

"But you have often thought of books that have belped you, I dare say?" "No, I don't read books, and am therefore not helped by them. I read the titles of books, but never turn the leaves,"

"You must be a busy man." "I am," said the man who only glanced at the titles. "I am the book reviewer for Tho Boston Literary World."-Arkansaw Trav-

Chinese Logic.

A gentleman who is visiting town for a few days carried to a "heathen Chinee" of laundry proclivities a bundle of linen which he wished to have washed within a short time. The washerman took the package and promised that it should be ready for Tuesday evening. The stranger was unable to call on Tuesday, but on Wednesday he presented himself and asked for his linen, only to be told that it was not ready.

"Not ready," he returned, impatiently. "Why, you promised to have it ready last night."
"Yes," the Chinaman answered, with a

smile as child like and bland as his language was unreproducable in print, "but you didn't come after it last night."—Boston Courier

Very Sympathetic. Jiggers-I am informed that poor Faker is Jaggers-Shouldn't wonder. He was sink-

ng rapidly when I saw him. Jiggers-What was the trouble with him? Jaggers-Trying to learn to swim in six feet of water.-Idea.

Good Exense.

"Jones used to be one of the quietest men going," said Smith the other day, "mild and inoffensive, but now I hear that he is constantly in hot water with his neighbors." "Well, you know," said Brown, "Jones bought a dog a short time ago."-Boston

She Missed All That. Eve was spared one affliction that casts a gloom over the lives of many of her daughters: Adam never bored her with stories of the jolly times he used to have when he was a boy. - Boston Courier.

A Good Subject. Young Mr. Fresh (complacently)-Did you see that little article in last Sunday's paper about me, Miss Saline! Miss Saline-Why, no, Mr. Fresh; what was it, a humorous article!-The Epoch.

An Undomesticated Tongue in Boston First Bostonian-Do you speak any foreign language? Second Bostonian—Yes; one.

First Bostonian-What is it? cond Bostonian-English.-Tid Bits. Nervous Health of Ministers.

Among ministers we find the "clergyman's throat," which is generally supposed to be the consequence of the exhaustion of nervous energy Another cause for this trouble has lately been suggested: That of speaking with the head low on the chest, the position which preachers naturally assume when addressing their congregations below them. Members of this profession are, as a rule, tong lived. Some of them suffer more or less from mental strain, and there is a certain monotony in their lives which must be somewhat depressing. Time has wrought some changes in that fraternity which must have had a salutary effect. The strict and rigid rules of action which society once wove around them, and which must have been, to a certain extent t detrimental to nervous health, have been relaxed somewhat, and the preacher of today has greater freedom.

As a result, it is safe to say that he escapes some of the dangers to which those who have gone before him were subjected. It is well known that they were quite prone to become melancholic. Still the labors of ministers are the tax upon the nervous system, and we occasionally hear of one breaking down. The evil effects are, however, as a rule, combatted by temperate living, good habits, and a complacency which characterizes many of them. It has been accepted that the affec-tions which specially disable the clergymen are diabetis, nervous heart trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, insomnia and melancholia. -Herald of Health.

Tea Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observations on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men who offered themselves. It became a cause of reflection of itself in great numbers. As far as inquiries went I was led to trace it to the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and this went on all through the day, whether with food or not, In fact, instead of 5 o'clock tea being the invention of the upper classes, it was found to exist to an injurious extent in the working classes long before that time. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause hypermmia in the tooth sacs, leading to inflammation, and eventually, abscess of the fang, with, of course, dentralgia at every stage. Whether this special tendency was due to theine or tannin having an elective affinity for dentine, it is not possible for me to say. It would be curious to know if medical men, practicing in such manufacturing districts and observed the deterioration of teeth to be coincident with tea drinking.—British Medical Journal.

A Corps of Volunteer Seamen.

Last winter one of our yacht clubs, to all appearances appreciating the serious condi-tion of trifling into which the sport had fallen, organized a series of lectures on marine topics by officers of the navy, and formed out of its own and other yacht clubs body of men who desired to acquire a more intimate acquaintanceship than the clubs themselves afforded. The general idea was to form a corps of experienced volunteer seamen, who could, if an emergency demanded it, serve the country afloat to a similar purpose to that of the militia ashore. The participators in this movement propose, if possible, to go off on a cruise in a real ship, under command of a naval officer, and to learn by experience what the life and duties of a real sailor are, so that they may be qualified for posts of command should the necessity arise. The idea is a good one, and will, it is to be hoped, be diligently and successfully carried out.-Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Sparrow Pest in Michigan.

No state has exercised more good sense con cerning the sparrow pest than Michigan. That state offers one cent bounty for each sparrow killed. These birds attack every crop, whether fruit or cereal-everything above gent berries of the black thorn, which no other bird was ever known to consume. They are multiplying and spreading, and are as pernicious to civilization as an army of Huns. They must be destroyed, and some inducement must be held out to the boys to take hold of the matter. One cent a head will probably do it. In towns there should be clubs of those who will offer the bounty requisite. The dead birds are excellent eating. There is no waste in killing them.—

He Avoids Harsh Language.

Francis Murphy, the temperance revivalist, attributes much of his success to the fact that while speaking he never permits himself to say a harsh or unkind word about the drunkard or about the saloon keeper. A quotation from the Talmud seems to fit in here: "Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet. New York World.

Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame, has established foundling hospital in New Mexico. It is to be conducted on vegetarian principles and will hold forty infants. The doctor expects to make good tempered children and long lived ones by feeding them on a vegetable diet and only once a day .- Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Tanner's Foundling Hospital.

Grant's First American Ancestor

A deed for a piece of land in Windsor, Conn., has recently come to light, which is made valuable and interesting by the fact that it bears the name of Matthew Grant, the first American ancestor of Gen. Grant. Its date is April 9, 1661 .- New York World.

Novelties in China.

Special china sets, for use in country houses, are novelties. Each piece takes the shape of a natural object, so that one finds potatoes in a big cabbage head and strawberries in a delicately turned up oak leaf .-Chicago Herald.

Counterfeit Nickels.

Counterfeit five cent pieces are being circulated in towns along the Hudson river. They are reported to be clumsily executed, and some of them are so brittle that they can be broken by the pressure of the a.and. - New

A Young Novelist. Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth," recently issued, is not yet 30. He

is a graduate of Columbia college, is well read in many branches of literature, and has a pronounced fondness for athletics.-New An Oriental Railroad. European capitalists propose to build a

railroad from Bagdad to Constantinople The distance is 1,4000 miles, and it is estimated that the cost of the road would be £15,000,-000.-Foreign Letter.

of states in the mileage of electrical railways her quota being twenty-one miles as compare to the Empire state's sixteen miles. Gen. Hancock's grave is in a secluded and

Pennsylvania stands at the head of the list

isolated corner of the cemetery at Norris-town, Pa., and is entirely unmarked by slab



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