

The Haggerty Man.

Oh, the Haggerty Man! He works for Pat... An' he's the mostest man ever you saw!

THAT FAMOUS GOOSE STORY.

As told by "Chad," in F. Hopkinson Smith's Story in Century Magazine.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid ole Marsa John was ober Henny. She come into de kitchen once, where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:

"Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?"

"Dat's a goose, I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality," says I, pointin' to de divin'-room do.

"Quality? she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook."

"Wid dat she grabs a carvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big open, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis' pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf."

"Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad, bring in de dinner. You see Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is here; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'."

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' I laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo de cook got back, put some drossin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' set de stove do'."

"Den I tuk de sweet potatoes, de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to get de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some 'mo' dishes an' Marsa says, lookin' in up:

"I tought dere was a roast goose, Chad?"

"Ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose," I says. "I'll ask de cook."

"Next minute I yerd ole Marsa a-bollerin'!"

"Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?"

"Lord-a-massy! yess, Marsa. Chad, you wa't less nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?"

SHAMED BY A PARROT.

A Brilliant Idea of a Wilkes-Barre, Dentist to Increase Business.

At the Albany dental rooms in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., they have a parrot which greatly assists in the work of extracting teeth. The parrot's name is "Cesar." He is a fine specimen of his species his intelligence being something marvelous.

A man comes to his tooth pulled. He gets into the chair and then his courage falls him. He tells the dentist that the pain has gone away and that he will postpone the operation until the next day.

"Ob, coward," rips the parrot. "You haven't the nerve of a chicken." The man looks around in consternation. The parrot is partly hidden in a big cage behind the screen.

"What remarks were those you just made?"

"Said nothing," replied the dentist; "it was the parrot who was speaking."

"Nice morning," says the parrot; "tooth pulled? No! You better; you catch cold when you go out; better have it out and be done with it; lots of people had teeth pulled this morning."

"The man with the toothache is so dumfounded over the parrot's talk that he hardly knows what way to turn for the time being. Then the parrot urges him on again, saying:

"Go on, it will only take a minute; the doctor is waiting for you."

"This is too much for the man. He goes back to the chair and has the tooth removed. Then the parrot jumps all around his cage and says:

"Ob, ain't I happy; I feel so happy with my big tooth out."

"That parrot," says the dentist, "can talk anybody into getting a tooth pulled. We had a farmer in the other day. He wanted all his teeth taken out and a new set made. We wanted him to take gas. The old man said:

"Well now, by gosh! I don't know about that. I often heard of people blowing out gas and then dying; I don't think I'll risk it."

"Good boy," shouted the parrot; "sensible man, don't you take gas; just sit down there and pulling your teeth will be just as easy as husking corn."

"When the farmer looked around and saw the parrot he said:

"Well, I declare; why, that bird talked like a man. I guess I'll take his advice and let you crack away at my ciewers."

"There was no trouble in pulling the old man's first two teeth, but when the third one came he jumped two feet in the air."

"That was a nerve clincher," said the parrot. "It won't happen again; just keep nice and quiet now and soon your teeth will be out."

This soothing advice had a calming effect on the farmer, and he sank back into the chair, perfectly satisfied with what had taken place and what was to come. When the job was through the parrot said:

"Well done; there isn't one man in a thousand who could go through such an ordeal; you must have a wonderful constitution?"

"The farmer smiled and said he guessed he had."

A Land of Queer Customs.

All things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, The Palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaus to escort them to the Kermiss, or fair, on festival-days. Timid citizens are scared in the dead of the night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make such a noise with their wooden clappers, one would suppose the town to be on fire.

You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bumping over the bare cobblestones, while the driver holds a dripping oil-rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction. You will see streets of water; and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts; and whole rows of square-peaked houses leaning over the street, as if they were getting ready to tumble.

Instead of solemn striking clocks, you will hear church chiming playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour, by way of marking the time. You will see looking-glasses hanging outside of the dwellings; and picnicians displayed on the street-doors. The first are called *spionnetjen* (or *spionnetjen*), and are so arranged outside of the windows, that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. They can learn, too, what visitor may be coming, and watch him rubbing his soles to a polish before entering. The picnicians means that a new baby has appeared in the household. If white or blue, the newcomer is a girl; if red, it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs; some are not ostentatious at all, but merely shingles trimmed with ribbon or lace; and, among the poorest class, it is not uncommon to see merely a white or red string tied to the door-latch—fit token of the meager life the poor little stranger is destined to lead.

Sometimes, instead of either pin-cushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends; and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim-looking man on the street dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and a high hat from which a long, black streamer is flying. This is the *Aanspreker*, going from house to house to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and bears invitations to all friends whose presence may be desired. A strange weird-looking figure he is; and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is anything but comely. —Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

New Use of Electricity.

By a new device pieces of metal may be shaped with great rapidity by being forced under dies while rendered soft or plastic by an electric current.

HAZING THE HAZERS.

A Vermonter and Another, Now a Senator, Who Were Equal to Emergencies.

"Talking of hazing," said the university club man the other evening in the hearing of a *Kansas City Star* reporter. "I'm here with some emphasis and accent to say it is not always a success. I was with a party of students once who, having set their academic hearts on hazing a rough and uncouth specimen from Vermont, repaired to the room about 11 o'clock one night to perform these rites. There were seven of the invaders, including myself, and we silently collected in the corridor outside the Freshman's door. In order to be impressive in our entrance, at a given signal we hurried ourselves against the portal and burst it in. I recall a feeling of pride as the door went in at the success of this first step, but nothing distinctly afterwards."

In the dim, religious light that sifted through the curtains from the swinging moon, we beheld a long, spare and meagre being who flew out of bed and fell upon us. He was silent as a bull-dog, but quick and ferocious as a cat. I never saw such a creature. The whole affair did not last ten minutes, and its close found myself and the other hazers battered and bruised and out in the hall.

"I thought only one man inhabited that room," said a sorrowful Sophomore as he felt of his various features in an effort to measure the disaster so far as he, personally, was affected. "There are at least ten, for I counted them, to say nothing of the large African gorilla which threw me out, and which I take it they maintain as a pet."

"There was no one in there, however, except that one Vermonter, and he did not even attempt to close the door after us, such was his contempt for our prowess."

"We did not go back into his room. We could have done so, of course, but we saw that it would consume a great deal of time and the hour was late."

"Say, you Vermont man! I said as we were about to leave, 'I trust you are not mean enough to report this to the Faculty?'"

"Not at all," he said. "I like it. Come again any time you please."

"Another time," continued the raconteur, "a party of us had been out on that sacred night garment of sackcloth and ashes underneath. —*Atchison Globe.*

An agnostic is a man who does not know anything, and glories in the fact. The atheist is a smart man who rejoices in making a fool of himself. —*Boston Traveller.*

The discontented Indians may go on the theory suggested by the ballet, that if it is customary for dancers to kick it is only natural for the kickers to dance. —*Washington Post.*

There are two things needed in these days: First, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and second, for poor men to know how rich men work. —*Edward Atkinson.*

Fred—They say Baker has a great deal more get-up about him than he used to have. Harry—Yes, he has to. They have twins at home. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Husband—The marks on my collars are getting so faint I can't read them. Wife—Then I wish you would get another bottle of that indelible ink. —*N. Y. Sun.*

"I would give anything if I but had a musical ear." "Why don't you take quinine?" "Quinine?" "Certainly; that will make your ears sing." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Sooley writes a good deal better than he talks." "O' immensely." "Then you have read some of his writings?" "No, but I have heard him talk." —*Boston Transcript.*

"So the old gentleman kicked you down the stoop when you called to see his daughter. Did he break anything?" "Yes he broke out engagement." —*Philadelphia Times.*

She—They have discovered some wood in Egypt which is said to be 4,200 years old. I wonder what kind it is? He (imperturbably)—"Chestnut, of course." —*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Bunting—Who was the violinist who played at your reception, Mrs. Larkin? Mrs. Larkin—"It wasn't a violinist at all. It was a virtuoso. Why, I had to pay him \$50." —*N. Y. Sun.*

"What a pretty girl Jimson's typewriter must be," mused Waita. "I never saw such an outrageous lot of misspelled words in a business letter before in all my days." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Fuller to Clarence (4 years old)—"Why, Clarence, how much you look like your father." Clarence (sagaciously)—"Yes, sir. Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it." —*N. Y. Sun.*

"But, Carl, how can you drink so much beer?" "I drink it as a reward of virtue, for you see, I drank milk for a whole year." "You did! And what year was that, pray?" "My first, of course." —*Fliegende Blatter.*

She—That was a funny story you told me yesterday about a donkey, Mr. Gregg. He—Do you think so? She—"Yes, indeed! After this whenever I see a donkey it will remind me of you." —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Why is it that it is so much easier for other people to say mean things about a man than it is to make a pleasant comment? You yourself, you know, never say anything but pleasant things about anybody. —*Sonnetville Journal.*

Bingo—"If I were rich for just one little hour!" Kingley—"I should like to know what good that would do you." Bingo—"Well, I'd spend just about fifty-five minutes in making my property over to my wife." —*Harper's Bazar.*

Husband—"How did you get along while I was away, my dear?" Wife—"Pretty well. Every night I got out some of your old clothes and strewed them around the floor, tracked mud all over the stairs, and swore at myself occasionally, and it seemed really like home." —*N. Y. Sun.*

The Piano.

The invention of the modern form of the piano dates back to about the year 1700. The spinet, or rectangular-shaped instrument, was called a virginal. It is frequently stated that this was done to compliment Elizabeth, the English "Virgin Queen," but this can not be true, as it is found mentioned among the instruments of Henry VIII. It is more likely that it was so named because intended as an instrument for young ladies.

If your heart is larger than your head you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart you injure your neighbor. —*Atchison Globe.*

Did Not Collect His Note.

A Sumner (Kan.) county man went into the country to collect a note which he held on a farm. The farmer was not at home, but his wife was, and she handed over the holder of the note and took it from him, and gave him a good drubbing into the bargain.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Even the sage likes his own nonsense. —*Dallas News.*

The man who never talks about his neighbors is usually a splendid listener. —*Elmira Gazette.*

Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church." —*Life.*

It takes two to gossip. The man who listens can throw no blame on the man who tells. —*Atchison Globe.*

The person who can the least spare it is often most willing to give others a piece of his mind. —*Roms Sentinel.*

The spectators may regard a ball-player as bad, but oftentimes he isn't half as bad as he fields. —*Binghamton Leader.*

It may be "Lo, the poor Indian" in poetry, but Indians come high to the United States Government. —*Washington Post.*

The trouble in lending our ears is that the borrowers take such liberties with them before returning them. —*Atchison Globe.*

Sanso—"I make it a point to learn something from everybody I meet." Rodd—"Ah! You must be a recluse." —*N. Y. Herald.*

A man no sooner gets old enough to know how to talk well than he also learns the value of not talking at all. —*Atchison Globe.*

He (at 11:55 p. m.)—"I declare, the lamp is going out!" She—"Yes, the lamp seems to have some idea of time." —*Harper's Bazar.*

Smiley—"Now, remember, I don't want a large picture." Photographer—"All right, sir. Then please close your mouth." —*Boston Traveller.*

Scrubber—"I have just lots of fun writing my jokes." Friend—"Then that explains it. I wondered where the fun came in." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"Drop me a line," yelled the drowning man. "What's the use?" said the humorist on the dock. "There's no postoffice where you are going." —*Life.*

A New York paper says that "Mrs. Shaw, the whistler, is still in Europe." We know some whistlers that we wish were still in America. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

There are lots of people in this world who wear silks and velvets on top, with a carefully covered garment of sackcloth and ashes underneath. —*Atchison Globe.*

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Martin's Virginia's Hand.

"There, on the left!" said the colonel the battle had slunk red and faded away. Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay. "Bite to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood, treacherous and grim from the wood. But for their bullets, I'll bet my batteries sent them scurrying as good as dead. Go and explore and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed. Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was fully fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the hill-field—scarred and furrowed, rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plumed it in its flight. Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow, Flung in broken pieces to the ground like ruined memorials of war:

There were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again would know. Ties to the risk, where roots outburst, and twisted branches of trees Clutched the hill like clawing lions, from their prey to seize.

"What's your report?"—and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last. Strangely the soldier paused; "Well, they were punished," and strangely his face looked ghastly.

"March first, on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line parade. Bravo fellows, Colonel, to stay as his did! But one I met with lady's maid. Morally wounded, he'd turn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed. Egan, by the looks that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held. This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A blue ink-stain, which were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned. Four short sages of writing. "What's this, about Martin's Virginia's hand?" Swift from his horse, now he the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife.

Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life. Born in the daughter's hand, he still clung to her as his wife. Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, "If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread. "March first, on them; for her part, she the words on the little palm said. Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the dead soldier's words were fulfilled. Never again woke the old battle-field when the bullets their death-note stirred. Long ago ended the command, in union of brotherhood happily still. Yet from the field of Antietam, in warning the hand of a baby—Marthy Virginia's hand. —George Parsons Lathrop in The Century.

MARRYING FOR A TITLE.

How Count Peter Wins the American Girl and Her Mother.

There are probably ten thousand young American girls at this moment who are trying to marry a titled man, such as young Count Peter, whom one of these met last year at Baden, who made every minute of her life delightful. And to her mother, who had passed her life in some very dull town, where she had never by any chance found a man who cared to amuse her, and no one of her own family who had either time or intention of making her life a particle less dull, this pleasant young Count Peter is a very remarkable revelation. He has absolutely devoted himself to her; to her shopping, to her delight in seeing pictures and hearing music, he has gone on, like the second calender wanting an eye, opening doors for her. To her daughter and herself all over Europe he has been their good genius. He has got them tickets which no one else could do to see palaces, to enter the sacred spots usually closed. For the first time in her life mamma has felt herself an object of supreme interest to somebody. Her husband was a good man and true, and she loved him, but he had no *petite sois*. He did not tell her that she was looking very well; that she was more attractive in gray velvet than in brown merino; he never kissed her hand, or pushed out a footstool, or took her to the opera, making a little dinner before it for her and her party. Although he would have died for her, he did not amuse her. So it becomes the difference between rich brocade and brown linen. Her life is to her an entirely new thing, and with that native love of refinement which belongs to a woman's nature, she is delighted with this refined luxury which shows her that "heavy feeds" and merrymaking of money (as they did at home) were a very small part of the luxury which life contains.

Count Peter opens for her a new world. One must eat, and well-ordered dinner at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs with a party of which all the men are scrupulously dressed; the women costumed by Worth; must dine in the Bois de la fleur summer night, and hear a distracting band playing Hungarian airs; must go next day to the races with somebody who can tell the name and history of every fine lady who sits in the seats reserved for the wives of the Jockey Club; must enjoy the delicious art of a Parisian spring; must inhale the fragrance of heliotrope and lilac with this pleasant follow on the back seat of the well-appointed landau, this agreeable and well-guarded, modest, almost boy, who knows so much about dead kings and queens, and who is on speaking terms with most live ones—to know how thoroughly mamma was won before the young lady is even asked for.

Then Count Peter receives from landladies, servants, coachmen, even the great Worth, a kind of attention which seems to these unsophisticated women to be the guinea stamp. It affirms all that they have read and believed of a different blood, is ranging born of a different blood, is ranging himself and his rare accomplishments entirely for their benefit. Perhaps he prompts it to look out that an archduchess is waiting for him. He may say to mamma in great confidence that there is nothing so sad as the way marriages are managed abroad, and the sons and daughters of a lofty house married for their titles and not for themselves. How miserable are such marriages (here he looks at the pretty daughter) compared with one where the heart alone is consulted! And so on. He wins them both; he offers and heart, and after he is accepted, and then, when it is too late, comes the news that Count Peter is an impostor, that even his title is a doubtful one, and that he only wants money. The intimate acquaintance of six months perhaps, the kind interest, the real gratitude for real services, cannot be effaced by even such a revelation, and in nine cases out of ten the marriage takes place.

And then the disappointment. The glamour disappears, the mysterious doors no longer open, the guide, the explainer of dynasties, the man of picture-galleries, the dinner-giver, is no more. He may, when he chooses, still be the well-tired man, but he forgets his manners very soon, and then, after a few years of neglect and cruelty, the dulled wife and the more deluded mother come home several thousand dollars out of pocket, and wonder that they could have been so foolish. Or they continue to live in Paris or some other foreign city, Count Peter saying to all his friends: "She wanted title, and I wanted money. She has got the title, but they have not paid me the money; and ten to one the sympathy is with him."

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