DAYTON HERALD.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dayton, Oregon.

DAYTON .....OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which is Most Likely to Interest Our Many Readers.

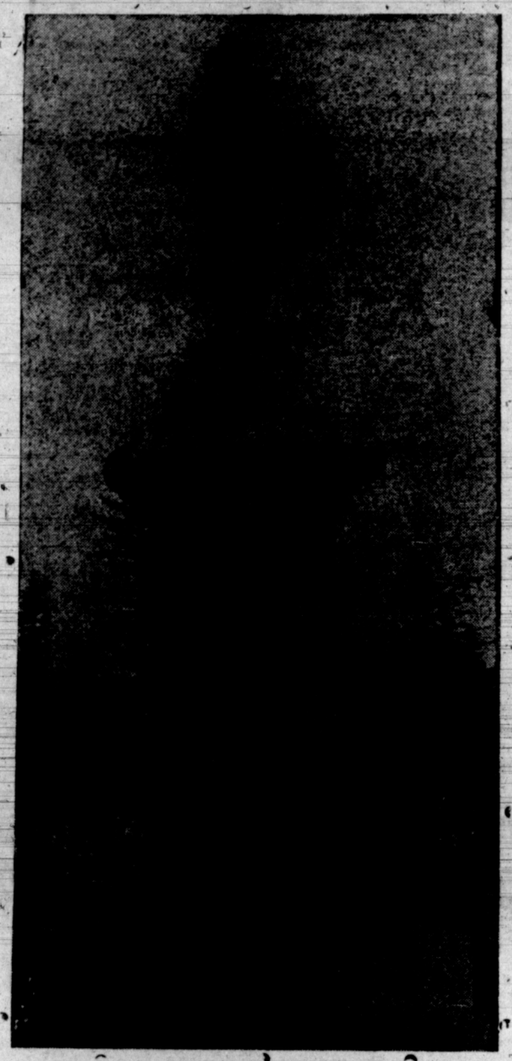
Prince Henry has landed on German soil.

The senate has passed the ship subsidy bill.

The house is working on the rivers and harbors bill.

In a collision at Milwaukee between a passenger train and street car 10 persons were injured.

A life saving crew and seven men it had rescued from a stranded vessel were drowned at Cape Cod.



SOLDIERS MONUMENT AT OLYMPIA, WASH.

Two children were burned to death in a fire at Galena, Kan.

Ten thousand people participated in a students' riot at St. Petersburg.

The blizzard in the Dakotas has spent its fury and the railroads are now opening their lines.

Fire damaged the Trinity Episcopal church at Portland to the extent of $12,000. Insurance, $16,000.

Pension Commissioner Evans is to be given a more important office. His successor has not yet been chosen.

The worst blizzard in years is raging in North Dakota.

Japan's foreign trade shows a substantial increase.

When Flour Was a Dollar a Pound.

Only a few years ago flour sold for $1 a pound in parts of Montana, and other provisions were higher. Butter reached $1.75 in Virginia City. When provisions were forced too high by speculators, there was a raid and living necessities, especially flour, were taken to a common depot and the "corner" busted. These stories, and many others that afford more pleasant reading, are found in Wonderland for 1902, published by the Northern Pacific Railway. This book carries hundreds of beautiful Western scenes in perfectly printed illustrations that the costly magazines might be proud of. Send to Charles S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., for the book. He sends it free, but 6 cents postage is necessary.

The United States Brewers' association will hold its annual meetng at Saratoga June 10, 11 and 12.

A three-cent street car fare franchise ordinance passed the Cleveland (O.) city council without opposition.

An equestrian club of nine New York girls has discarded the side saddle and adopted the divided skirt.

British naval estimates for the present year provide for an expenditure of $75,000,000 for new warships.

General Oates, of Alabama, predicts that before many years those aspiring to be editorial writers will be compelled to pass a severe examination as to their fitness.

A census report on domestic animals shows a total value of $3,200,000,000 for the country. Iowa leads the states in value of holdings and Texas is first in point of numbers.

Mrs. W. Tod Helmuth, president of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs, defining a true gentleman, says polish and repose will not suffice, but kindness is the real test.

TESTS NOT SATISFACTORY.

Pacific Coast Lumbermen Do Not Agree With Hibbs' Report.

Washington, March 19.—Senator Foster has been notified by the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association that the tests of fir conducted on a very extensive scale at the Puget Sound navy yard during the past summer are not satisfactory. Secretary Victor H. Beckman states that at a meeting of the association held at Tacoma, February 15, the report of Naval Constructor Hibbs at the Puget Sound navy yard on the timber tests, particularly in Douglas fir, was taken up. The association directed the secretary to notify Senator Foster that the report was not satisfactory and did not do entire justice to fir.

Experience, it is stated, has proved that Mr. Hibbs' statements with reference to the lasting qualities of fir are misleading. The association calls attention to railroad timbers on the Northern Pacific railway which have been in use 14 years and show little or no signs of rot. Also that it is a well known fact that consumers of lumber purchase fir for porches and outdoor work at a very high price in preference to yellow pine, which, it is claimed, rots very quickly.

In order to secure a complete and authoritative test, the association urges Senator Foster to introduce a bill appropriating a sufficient sum of money to conduct the work in a thorough manner at some point in the Pacific Northwest, where exhaustive tests may be made under government supervision.

Senator Foster states that while a number of very important timber tests have been conducted from time to time by both the war and navy departments, these reports are contained in volumes that are not accessible to the general public. He is in favor of a condensed report drawn from authorized government tests and under government supervision which will serve to show not only the merits of fir, but of American woods generally, and such reports to be available for distribution or sale, as is the case with other government documents of a like nature. As a rule, the consumer is not well posted with reference to the lasting qualities of American woods, particularly so with reference to the relative strength and durability of one class as compared with another.

Americans' Indemnity Claim.

Pekin, March 19.—The United States minister, Mr. Conger, has commissioned Mr. Bainbridge and Mr. Ragsdale (the latter the United States consul at Tien Tsin) to adjust the indemnity claims of Americans, approximating $2,000,000 in gold.

Record-Breaking Order for Horses.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 19.—One of the largest single orders for horses ever given in the country has been closed with a buyer at the South St. Joseph horse and mule market. The contract calls for 12,000 horses, to be delivered at the rate of 500 per month for 24 months. While the contract includes many varieties of animals, it is believed that the greater part of them are for the use of the British army in South Africa.

Russia Dictates Terms.

London, March 19.—As a condition of restoring the valuable salt heaps at Tang Ku, which were seized last August, cables the Pekin correspondent of the Times, Russia has extracted from Prince Ching, president of the foreign office, a written engagement to employ no foreigners. The Chinese navy and Kuan Shi Kai, governor of Chi Li province and general director of the Pekin-Shanghai-Kwan railroad, will refuse to be bound by Prince Ching's undertaking.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

The 1900 potato crop in Coos county has been nearly all cleaned out.

The Lane county Democrats will hold their county convention April 5.

The Baker City gas plant is to be enlarged and improved to meet the demand for gas, which is steadily increasing.

Primaries for Multnomah county were held March 15. Very few Democrats voted, as there was no fight among their forces. In the Republican ranks the anti-Simon forces carried the day.

The Polk county Republican convention was held at Dallas March 15 and delegates to the state and congressional conventions named and county officers nominated. No action was taken in regard to the senatorship.

The Republicans of Morrow county held their convention at Heppner March 15 and elected delegates to the state and congressional convention. Resolutions were adopted indorsing Williamson as United States representative and pledging its delegates to vote against the return of Senator Simon.

Construction of a creamery has begun near Myrtle Point.

The town of Haines, Union county, has been incorporated.

A crusade against gambling has been inaugurated at Oregon City.

The Woodmen of the World are building a hall at Dusty, Benton county.

Several men in Salem have been found to have registered in more than one precinct.

The regular election of officers for the city of Florence for the ensuing year will be held April 1.

Nearly 13 inches of rain fell at Grants Pass during February, which breaks the record for any one month.

The town council of Prairie City has passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of tobacco in all public meeting places.

From March 1, 1901, to March 2, 1902, there were 19,600 acres patented from the government to Wasco county.

Representative Tongue condemns the move to hamper improvement of Lower Columbia by pitting it against the upper river.

Papers throughout the state report that taxpayers are taking advantage of the 3 per cent rebate for prompt payment, and the new law is meeting general approval.

The market for Oregon prunes in the East is improving. Every pound shipped this past year has been disposed of, and dealers say they could have sold more had they had them.

H. V. Gates, promoter of the proposed telegraph and telephone line from Ashland to Lakeview and other points has filed an application with the Lake county court for a right of way along the public highway.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 65@65½c; bluestem, 66@66½c; Valley, 65@65½c.

Barley—Feed, $20@21.; brewing, $21@21.50 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $1.15@1.25; gray, $1.10@1.20.

Flour—Best grades, $2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, $2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, $19 per ton; middlings, $21; shorts, $21.50; chop, $17.50.

Hay—Timothy, $12@13; clover, $7.50@8; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, $1.10@1.25 per cental; ordinary, 70@80c per cental, growers' prices; sweets, $2@2.25 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25@30c; dairy, 18@22½c; store, 13@15c.

Eggs—14c for Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c; factory prices, 1@1½c less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $4.00@5.00; hens, $5.00@6.00 per dozen, 11@12½c per pound; springs, 11@12c per pound $3@4½ per dozen; ducks, $5@6 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12@13c, dressed, 14@16c per pound; geese, $6½@7 per dozen.

Mutton—Gross, 4c per pound; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5¾c; dressed, 6½@7c per pound.

Veal—8@8½ for small; 7@7½ for large.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¾@4c; steers, 4@4½c; dressed, 6½@7½c per pound.

Hops—12@13c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 13@15c; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

Miss Shaw, of St. Louis, is to paint the portrait of Queen Alexandra this summer.

St. Louis fair managers are informed that King Menelik of Abyssinia may accept an invitation to visit the exposition.

Joseph Devlin, now touring the United States in the interest of the United Irish League, has been elected to the British parliament from North Kilkenny.

The Lackawanna railroad will pension old employes.

Senator Stephen A. Elkins' son sold a tract of coal land to his father and made $12,000 by the deal.

Minister Wu violently denounced James D. Phelan, former mayor of San Francisco, in a New York hotel for the latter's opposition to Chinese immigration.

Thirteen young men have been convicted of the murder of Jack Osborne in Russell county, Va., last Christmas and sentenced to the penitentiary for 18 years each.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of that night's fatal work the countryside remains in complete ignorance. Of Mr. Dysart's sudden death it bears the following morning with a feeling of strong curiosity, but with none of regret. The funeral that takes place on the third day is small, certainly, yet, considering all things—the dead man's open hostility to his neighbors, and the dearth of hospitality that characterized his sojourn among them—larger than might have been expected, and at all events select. Among others Lord Riversdale attended—out of compiment, it was supposed, to Seaton, as he and the old man had never so much as seen each other's features.

But it was found impossible to conceal the existence of Sedley from the two girls. Peyton had undertaken to give them a rather careful account of what had happened; and in truth, when all was told, he was almost as much at sea about it as they were, as the stranger remained a stranger to him. Sedley had determined to reveal the secret hold he had had on Mr. Dysart to Seaton, thinking the latter would make good his father's promises.

It is in the old man's private den that he does this. Going up to the old-fashioned bureau he, by a subtle touch, unlocks the secret spring.

The door falls back, the hidden shelves and their contents lie all unconcealed. Seizing upon a fast yellowing parchment, Sedley draws it out, and overcome by fatigue and excitement, drops upon his knees. Eagerly he opens and scans it, and then holds it out to Dysart.

"Compare that," says he, in a high tone of triumph, "with the will of your grandfather, that left all to Gregory Dysart, cutting out the elder son. Compare it, I say, and you will see that this was executed three years later than that other—that other which is now in force, and has been these twenty years."

Mechanically Dysart takes it. No word escapes him. Speech, indeed, is impossible to him, so busy is his mind trying to take in all the miserable dishonor of the story that as yet has but the bald outlines laid before him.

"No one knew of it but me," says Sedley, feverishly, yet with an undercurrent of delicious excitement in the recital. "But me and Grunch. What she made out of it no one can tell, as the old chap's gone, but she's as knowing a file in my opinion as you'd meet in a day's walk. You can see our two signatures. Eh, can't you read 'em? We witnessed it. We alone knew, and he bought us over. Well, 'twas worth a quid or two; 'tis a fine old place."

Dysart makes no answer. He has supported himself against a table near him, and is gazing blankly, hopelessly, through the window at the dull landscape outside. He sees nothing, heeds nothing, save the voice of the man who is speaking.

"'Twas felony, mind you, besides the fact of having to give up the money, and property, and all, so I knew I could turn on the screw as tight as I liked. But," he laughs, "you see, I counted without my host. I never dreamed the old man would show fight like that. He took it hardly, my return—guess he believed me dead, and resented the breath in me—and I shouldn't wonder if, after all these years, he had got to believe the place, money and everything, was legally his own."

Still Dysart says nothing. He has indeed withdrawn his dull eyes from the scene without, and is now staring with unseeing eyes at the parchment that tells him how the property was never his father's, but was left to his uncle, and how his father suppressed the will, and kept the property in spite of law and honor, and all things that go to give a sweet savor to man's life on earth. It had never been his father's, all this huge property, it never would be his. And if not, whose? Vera's? He starts as if shot.

"Is that all?" he asks.

"Well, no. Not quite. Your face says very politely that you'd be glad to see my back, but business first, pleasure afterward." He grins. "It is as good for us to come to terms now as later."

"Terms?" repeats Dysart, gazing at him darkly.

"Ay, why not? D'ye think you'll get out of it scot free?"

Dysart stares at him as if scarcely comprehending.

"Want time to think it over like your respected parent?" with a sneer. "Not for me, my lad. We'll settle now or never. You see you're in my power, and I'm not the one to——"

"Sir, I am in no man's power," says Dysart, calmly. "I trust I never shall be. This will," striking it with his hand, "through which my uncle and his daughter have been—been fraudulently"—he says the word with difficulty—"kept out of their property for so many years, shall be at once restored to its proper owner."

A yellow tint overspreads Sedley's face. As if entirely overcome, he sinks upon a chair.

"You'll surrender?" he says with a gasp. "And your father's memory? How will you like to hear him branded as a common swindler, whom death alone saved from the law's grip?"

Dysart blanches. Involuntarily he puts out his hand and seizes the chair next him and clings to it as if for support. No, no, that he could not endure.

"I will give you £500 the day I see you on board a steamer sailing for Australia," says Dysart with dry lips and a heart that seems dead within him. "I am now, comparatively speaking, a poor man," his words coming from him slowly, mechanically, in a dull, expressionless way. "I can offer you no more."

"Double it," says Sedley, "and I'll leave the country to-morrow."

"I haven't it at this moment, but I dare say I shall be able to manage it," says Dysart, in the same wornout, indifferent manner. "In the meantime, while I try to get it, I shall require of you that you stay within this house and hold speech with no one save Grunch."

"Well, I guess I'll chance it," says Sedley after a long glance at the young man's pale, earnest face.

CHAPTER XX.

With the fatal will clasped in his hand, Dysart goes straight to the small morning room, where he knows he will be sure to find Vera. Twilight is beginning to fall, and already the swift herald of night is proclaiming the approach of his king. She starts slightly as he comes in.

"I am sorry to disturb you," says Dysart, with an effort at calmness, "but it was so necessary that I should come, that——"

"I am glad you have come. I, too, was anxious to see you," says Vera, a touch of nervousness in her tone. "I—you must know it is impossible that we should stay here any longer. Our uncle, who was our guardian, is gone and"—she has risen to her feet and is looking at him in sore distress—"I have wanted to speak to you about it for a long time; I thought, perhaps, you would help us to find another home." He can see that she suffers terribly in having to throw herself upon his good nature, to openly demand his assistance. "We must leave this, and at once," says she, stammering a little, and with a slight miserable break in her voice.

"You will not have to look for another home," says he; "this is your own house."

"Oh, no!" drawing back with a haughty gesture; "I have told you it is impossible. I shall certainly not stay here."

"As you will," quite as haughtily. "It will be in your power for the future to reside exactly where you please, but if the fear of seeing me here is deciding you against this place, pray be satisfied on that point; I have no longer the smallest claim to consider myself master here."

Warned by a change in his manner, Vera looks at him.

"Something has happened?" she says, abruptly.

"Yes; something I find it difficult to explain to you."

Still he manages to tell her all and to show her her grandfather's will—the will which his father had suppressed all these years.

"But this is horrible!" she says, faintly, when he had finished. "I won't have it!" She throws out her hands as though in renunciation. "Why should I deprive you of your home? Give me enough to live on elsewhere with Griselda, but——"

"You are quick to fall into errory" says he, grimly. "I have begged you already to try to grasp the situation. It is I, it appears, I who"—he hesitates, and after finding it impossible to speak of his father, goes on—"who have deprived you of your home. You must see that. I beg," slowly, "that you will not permit yourself any further foolish discussion on this subject."

He turns away abruptly. There is something so solitary, so utterly alone in his whole air, that without giving herself time for thought she springs to her feet and calls to him.

"Where are you going? To sit alone? To brood over all this? Oh, do not. Why," going swiftly to him and standing before him with downcast lips and trembling fingers and quickened breath, "why not stay here with me for a little while and let us discuss all this together and try to see a way out of it?"

"My way is plain before me; it wants no discussion," says Dysart, resolutely, refusing to look at her.

"You mean," tremulously, "that you will not stay?" One white hand hanging at her side closes upon a fold of her soft black gown and crushes it convulsively.

"I mean," in an uncompromising tone, "that I fully understand your mistaken kindness—the sacrifice of your inclinations you would make—and decline to profit by it."

"You are disingenuous. What you really mean is," in a low tone, "that you will not forgive."

"There is nothing to forgive, save my presumption."

He opens the door deliberately and closes it with a firm hand behind him. Vera, left standing thus cavalierly in the middle of the room, with the knowledge full upon her that she has been slighted, spurned, her kind intentions ruthlessly flung back upon her, lets the quick, passionate blood rise upward, until it dyes cheek and brow. She presses her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then all at once it comes to her that she is no longer poor, forlorn, but rich, one of the richest commoners in England. And with this comes, too, a sense of deeper desolation than she has as yet known. Dropping into a chair, she covers her face with her hands and cries as if her heart is broken.

CHAPTER XXI.

Three months have come and gone.

Great changes have these three months brought. They have unhoused Seaton Dysart and given his inheritance into the hands, the most unwilling hands, of his cousin. Hands too small to wield so large a scepter.

But Mr. Peyton has nobly come to her rescue. It is to him that most of the innovations owe their birth. The handsome landau, the pony trap, the single brougham, all have been bought by him. He has perfectly reveled in the choosing of them, and has perforce dragged the reluctant Vera up and down to town, aided manfully by Griselda, now his wife, who has also been reveling, to view the several carriages, and give her verdict thereon.

To-day is rich in storm and rain. The heavens seem to have opened. Down from their watery home come the heavy drops, deluging the gaunt shrubberies, and beating into the sodden earth such presumptuous anemones and daffodils as have dared to show their faces. Vera has just ensconced herself cozily before the leaping fire, book in hand, having resigned all hope of seeing visitors today, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel outside the window, the echo of a resounding knock, startle her out of her contemplated repose.

And now there is a little quick rush through the hall, a springing step up the staircase, the rustle of silken skirts in the ante-room beyond, a voice that makes Vera start eagerly to her feet, and presently Mrs. Peyton, looking supremely happy, and, therefore, charming, flings herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh, I am too glad to be surprised," says Vera, fondly.

"You're an improvident person," says Mrs. Peyton, beaming on her from out the masses of furs that clothe her dainty form. "Grace telegraphed for us, to help her with a dinner party that is to come off to-night; so come we did. And, being so close to you, I felt I should see you or die."

"It's selfish, I know, but I'm so glad to have you. Let me take off your furs. What a delicious coat! You hadn't that when I was down with you, eh?"

"No. It's a new one. Tom gave it to me. He's absurder than ever. But I haven't braved the elements to talk about him. It is about Seaton I want to tell you."

"Seaton? To come out such a day as this to talk of Seaton! But why? It must be something very serious," says Vera, changing color perceptibly.

"Vera, I cannot help regarding us—you and me—as in part criminals. Poor, dear fellow, it must have been a blow to lose everything in one fell swoop. And yet what more could we have done than what we did do? To the half of our kingdom we offered him, but, as you know, he would none of us!"

"I know all that. We have discussed it a thousand times."

"The face is, Seaton is leaving Eng and forever, and he has a desire, a longing he cannot subdue, and, I'm sure, a most natural one, to see his old home before he goes."

"Well?" says Vera, coldly.

"Well," in exactly the same tone, with a little mockery thrown in, "that's the whole of it. He wants to get a last look at the old place before leaving it forever. At least, that is how he puts it. Can he come? that is the question. I really think it would be only decent if you were to drop him a line and ask him. It would be the most graceful thing, at all events."

An hour later Griselda drives back to the Friars with the coveted note from Vera to Seaton in her hand.

(To be continued.)

BREAD 1,800 YEARS OLD.

Loaves that Were Being Baked When Pompeii Was Destroyed.

Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread; the staler the better, they are told. There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79 A. D., in one of the curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii.

More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth in places of fifteen and even twenty feet.

Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax, nor the honey, honey.

A piece of the comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompeiian having helped himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece—whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

How a Filipino Dies.

The general, in a white hat, was marching in advance of the firing line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of the house next to the road, says Harper's Weekly. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge, where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about thirty yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterward turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground and a second after was dead.

I got a good sight of the whole incident and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is this difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.

Made It Herself.

"Did you dream on Amy's wedding cake?"

"Mm—yes; I thought it was safer to put it under my pillow and dream on it than to eat it and have the nightmare."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No High Prices.

"They say every man has his price."

"Yes; and how cheap one always feels when he gets sold."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence; else who could bear it.—Rowe.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES Portland, Or.	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 9:00 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:50 p.m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	6:10 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Water permitting. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:05 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 7:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent.
Third and Washington Streets.

EAST AND SOUTH

VIA

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:33 a. m., 11:30 a. m.
" Sacramento 5 p. m., 4:35 a. m.
" San Francisco 7:45 p. m., 8:15 a. m.
" Ogden 5:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m.
" Denver 9 a. m., 9 a. m.
" Kansas City 7:25 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Chicago 7:45 a. m., 9:30 a. m.
" Los Angeles 1:20 p. m., 7 a. m.
" El Paso 6 p. m., 6 p. m.
" Fort Worth 6:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
" City of Mexico 9:35 a. m., 9:55 a. m.
" Houston 4 a. m., 4 a. m.
" New Orleans 6:25 p. m., 6:25 a. m.
" Washington 6:42 a. m., 6:42 a. m.
" New York 12:43 p. m., 12:43 p. m.

Pullman and Tourist cars on both trains. Chair cars Sacramento to Ogden and El Paso, and tourist cars to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Washington.

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R. B. MILLER, G. P. A.,
Portland, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

Effective 12:01 A. M., September 9, 1900.

South bound Daily Freight Arrive	South Bound Daily Pass. Arrive	STATIONS.	North Bound Daily Pass. Leave	North Bound Daily Freight Leave
7:20 a.m	1:34 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:00 a.m	1:59 p.m	Gibsons	11:00 a.m	3:12 p.m
8:30 a.m	2:14 p.m	Wasco	10:45 a.m	2:56 p.m
8:45 a.m	2:27 p.m	Klondyke	10:30 a.m	2:40 p.m
8:55 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:08 a.m	2:45 p.m	Hay C Jc	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDo'lds	10:12 a.m	2:08 p.m
9:28 a.m	3:00 p.m	DeMoss	10:00 a.m	1:52 p.m
9:50 a.m	3:09 p.m	Moro	9:50 a.m	1:40 p.m
.....	3:19 p.m	Erskinvl	9:39 a.m	.....
10:50 a.m	3:44 p.m	G's V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	.....
.....	4:26 p.m	Kent	8:40 a.m	.....
.....	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	.....
.....	5:20 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	.....

GEO. H. MOHLER, Gen. Manager.
D. J. HARRIS, Superintendent.

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