DAYTON HERALD.

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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.

Former President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, is reported to be in very bad health. He has gone to The Hague to meet President Kruger.

An explanatory note issued by the Russian minister of finance states that Russia will regard as a violation of treaty the proposed American countervailing sugar duties.

At Helena, Mont., a lone highwayman held up Samuel Trevis and James Randall, and after he had robbed them, compelled Trevis to stop a street car, tie a handkerchief over his face and go through the car.

Whitelaw Reid, special ambassador to great Britain, has returned.

The Shenandoah collieries may start up under the protection of troops

A Chicago woman has been arrested for starving nine infants to death.

Striking anthracite coal miners say incompetent men are being sent into the mines.

The Santa Fe railroad has issued a circular granting an increase of wages to the carmen.

There is good reason to believe that the United States will secure a coaling station on the west coast of Africa.

Press censorship in Russia has been vigilant and exacting since the assassination of the minister of the interor.

In a collision between a passenger train and street car at Terre Haute, Ind., three persons were fatally, six seriously and two slightly injured.

There is strong talk in Jamaica of annexation to the United States.

Robbers at Astoria bound and gagged a man on a fishing scow and secured $400.

The vatican proposes a gradual withdrawal of the friars from the Philippines.

A Salt Lake mining man shot and fatally wounded two persons and then killed himself.

The Seattle steamer Jessie Benning has been sold to the Colombian government for $68,000.

Troops will remain in Shenandoah, Pa., where the recent riots occurred, until the strike is ended.

A secret organization in Tayabas province, Philippine islands, has been uprooted by the constabulary.

The cruiser Brooklyn, which conveyed the remains of the late Lord Pauncefote to England, has returned.

An explosion in a colliery in New South Wales resulted in the death of at least 100 persons.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition company has secured an additional 50 acres of land for use in the St. Louis fair.

A tidal wave in Costa Rica, following severe earthquakes, frightened hundreds of residents and caused considerable damage.

Cholera is spreading with terrible rapidity throughout Manchuria. The epidemic now claims hundreds of victims a day, mostly Chinese.

Outlaw Harry Tracy appeared at a Wenatchee, Wash., ranch, and after obtaining food and fresh horses, continued his journey in a southerly direction.

The navy department has extended the time for the completion of the seven submarine boats authorized by the naval appropriation act of 1899, from two to seven months.

Fire at Pittsburg destroyed property valued at $318,500.

King Edward is able to walk about the deck of his yacht.

The German gunboat Panther has been ordered to Caribbean waters.

A policeman at Shenandoah, Pa., was attacked by strikers and severely beaten.

Natives of Portugese West Africa are causing the authorities much trouble and a general uprising is feared.

Rioting and demonstrations in France are subsiding, and a peaceful solution of the religious question is looked for.

$400 Gift for Children at Portland Carnival

Children's Day at the Portland Elks' Carnival will be Sept. 12, the last day but one of the great street fair. On that occasion a pretty Shetland pony with an up-to-date cart and harness will be given to some lucky boy or girl who is present. The pony has been given by Dr. W. A. Wise and the cart is from Studebaker's. Besides this equipment, it is probable that a saddle, together with a handsomely embroidered saddle cloth will be given with the pony. Prize baby day will be Sept. 5.

Capt. M. I. Smith, the first man who stretched wires across the state of Wisconsin, is still living in Topeka, Kan.

Chicago chemists have invented a process for making wall paper stronger that promises to revolutionize the industry.

The largest stockholder in the United States Steel Company, "Mr. Cutler," is John D. Rockefeller, not Andrew Carnegie; his dividend is $1,060,000 annually

There are now but 12 survivors of the Maryland Society of the California Pioneers.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn, the venerable blind chaplain of the senate, is nearly 80 years old.

The largest cotton mill in the world is to be built at Kansas City at a cost of $10,000,000.

The statement that the Roman Catholic church is losing ground in the United States caused a meeting to plan a church census; membership is said to have dropped 2,675,290 in 12 years

OUTLAW TRACY DEAD

Spokane, Aug 6.—Harry Tracy is dead The notorious criminal, convict, outlaw, deseprado and multi-murderer committed suicide last evening, after being shot twice by his pursuers. His body was found at an early hour this morning, cold and dead, lying face upward, and the hands still caressing the famous 30-30 rifle and 45-calibre Colt's revolver. The resting place was in a wheat field near the Eddy home, where Tracy spent the last few days, and whither he had been tracked by his hunters.

The body was taken to Davenport, udner care of Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county. Its disposition will be decided later by the officials in charge

FIGHT OVER JAPS.

British Columbia and Dominion Governments In Serious Controversy.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 6.—British Columbia has started on a battle for provincial rights against the Dominion government. The Japanese have caused the conflict. For many sessions past private members of the legislature have introduced bills to prevent the employment of Chinese and Japanese on public works granted franchises by the Assembly. As fast as the bills became acts, the federal government disallowed them.

Last session the provincial government took a hand in the game. It passed an act based on the Natal act and perhaps going one better than any measure of a private member. The Ottawa authorities have answered this defiance in the same way as the others. But this is more serious. The Dunsmuir government will not, it is thought, consent to be sat upon in this manner; at all events Joseph Martin, the leader of the liberal party, will not. Mr. Martin is demanding that a special session of the legislature be called, to re-enact the anti-Japanese legislation, and he urges that as fast as it is disallowed the members meet again and pass the bill until the federal government is brought to time as it was in Manitoba some years ago. It is very probable that the Dunsmuir government will pay attention to the requests of Mr. Martin, because he holds the balance of power in the local house and can turn Mr. Dunsmuir out of office if he does not do as Mr. Martin wishes. The attitude that the Dominion government takes on this matter is that the British Columbia legislation is unpopular in Great Britain, which country is desirous of keeping on the best of terms with its new ally, Japan, with whom it has so recently made a treaty. The fight, therefore, which British Columbia has started is likley to become famous. How it will end it is not possible to forecast, but Manitoba won its fight for provincial rights against the federal government, and Joseph Martin was the leader.

THREE DECISIONS.

State Supreme Court Makes Some Rulings of Importance.

Salem, Aug. 6.—The state supreme court, in opinions just handed down:

When a lessee continues in possession and pays rent after the expiration of a 10-year lease, it is held that this is a continuance of the relationship of landlord and tenant from year to year under the original agreement.

Sharing profits and losses is not alone evidence of partnership, but there must be community of interest and control of the property.

The listing of land of the state as swamp land does not convey title, and the secretary of the interior may cancel the list any time before patent issues. The state's grantee must contest the question whether the land was, in fact, swamp land in the land departmet.

BEET TRUST FIGHT.

Attorneys for the Barons Have Prepared a Demurrer Against Injunction.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—The attorneys representing the alleged beef trust have prepared for filing a demurrer to the bill by virtue of which the federal court issued an injunction to prevent the packing houses from conspiring to manipulate the market. The insufficiency and unconstitutionality of the anti-trust law and the denial of the right of the courts to compel packers to produce their books for inspection are alleged, in addition to a general denial of the truth of charges made in the bill. The demurrer will be filed as soon as it can be verified by the different defendants.

Great Catch of Salmon.

Astoria, Aug. 6.—The greatest individual catch of salmon made on the Columbia river in many years was reported Saturday at the Elmore cannery, when Julius Erickson, of West Astoria, brought in 3,548 pounds of fish, the result of about an hour's work. Erickson's net was in the water less than 20 minutes, and his haul netted him $141.92.

Timber Deal Closed.

Portland, Aug. 6.—Chief Engineer Kinney of the Great Central Railroad company announces that an important deal has just been closed. Several weeks ago M. J. Kinney took an option on 97,000 acres of timber land in the Coos Bay district, and in the deal is included the major portion of the platted town of Empire City. The land was owned by the Southern Oregon company, represented by Prosper Smith of Boston.

Cuban Loan Authorized.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The state department has been notified by Minister Squiers, of Havana, that the Cuban house has passed the bill authorizing a loan of $30,000,000. The minimum rate of issue is 90 per cent; the maximum interest is 5 per cent, redeemable in 40 years.

Use Coal Oil as Fuel.

Portland, Aug. 6.—The Columbia Southern Railway is the first one in the state to permanently adopt oil burners on its engines. Coal as fuel will be dispensed with.

TO REDUCE RATES

CONFERENCE OF FARMERS AND RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.

Meeting Held at Davenport Very Satisfactory to the Farmers of the Big Bend Country. Important Link of Road Eighteen Miles Long, Which Will Save a Haul of Over a Hundred Miles—Reduction in Rates.

Spokane, Aug. 6.—Graian rates will be reduced from all points in Eastern Washington, and the reduction will take place in time to benefit the farmers on this year's crop. The amount of the reduction is yet to be determined, but conjecture ranges from 1 to 2 cents per bushel.

The Great Northern and the Central Washington branch of the Northern Pacific will be connected by a cross road, to run from the terminus of the Central Washington, in the Grand Coulee, to Adrian, on the Great Northern. It will be 18 miles in length, will cost in the neighborhood of $350,000, and will be built as soon as the surveys can be completed, contracts let, and the work done under pressure. It may be completed before January 1.

As a result of this arrangement, the Northern Pacific will cease hauling garin eastward to Spokane and thence westward to the coast, and will move its share of the tonnage to the terminus of the Central Washington Branch. There it will be taken by the Great Northern and carried to Seattle, instead of to Tacoma, as heretofore.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 6.—The greatset aggregation of railroad talent that ever came into the west on one train pulled into Davenport at 9 o'clock a. m. on a special of six cars, and before the magnates took the back track to Spokane in the afternoon they substantially agreed to make a lower rate on grain to tide-water points. It was a great day for Davenport and the Big Bend, but the effect of the assurances made by the railroad presidents will reach beyond the confines of Big Bend and beyond the Snake river, for, in the language of President Mellen, "the transportation interests of the entire Northwest are so closely interwoven that, like a card house, when rates tumble in one part of the country they must come down all along the line."

As a reason for making the reduction, Mr. Mellen announced that his company would at once extend the Washington Central from its present terminus, at Coulee City, to Adrian, on the Great Northern, thus saving a haul of 150 miles. This announcement created wild enthusiasm among the large audience of farmers which had previously listened to a very interesting speech by President James J. Hill, in which the reduction had been hinted at only in the faintest possible manner.

The big Bend is exclusively Hill and Mellen territory, and for that reason President Mellen of the O. R. & N., when called on, very aptly announced that he was a railorad man without a railroad, so far as this section was concerned. The meeting was very enthusiatsic, and the speeches of the three railroad presidents were gems of the first water.

The amount of reduction and the time of its taking effect will not be decided until after the meeting at Colfax.

At the conclusion of the mass meeting, a conference was held between a committee of farmers and the railroad men. At this conference, both sides submitted arguments in support of their respective claims regarding the amount of the reduction, and the matter is under advisement until the rest of the territory affected shall be heard from.

In his speech to the farmers President Hill vigorously attacked legislation on railway rates, saying: "As well try to set a broken limb by statute, as to adjust rates. You can legislate until the barn doors rot off. The best thing to do is to act as you have here with the officials. We will try to act in such a way that you will realize that we are doing something fair and in good faith.

"What you want is the highest price from any store. You want a new market. You must make a market. You must make more people use your stuff. Statesmen tell us how to do this; but they get a consideration for doing so. I cannot find in public acts one intelligent thing that you have done to get new markets. I don't know any place where you have not been left to shift for yourselves as farmers. You have crops that keep you busy four months in the year. You want to do something the rest of the time besides whittling and holding down a nail keg. What you should do is to raise stock, roots, forage. There is nothing better than raising stock."

President Mellen of the Northern Pacific followed Mr. Hill. He acknowledged that he was not a farmer, and that he was also handicapped slightly from an oratorical standpoint when compared with Mr. Hill, but he had the goods the people were after, and he passed out the welcome news of a probable reduction in rates without any unnecessary flourishes or side-stepping. Mr. Mellen stated that his company had inherited a system of roads which was the longest way to market, involving a haul of 150 miles on which there was no return whatever, and to avoid this expense it had decided to extend the Washington Central road from its present terminus at Coulee City to Adrian, on the Great Northern, and to give the farmers the benefit of the reduction in the cost of operation. He said that it was impossible to announce the extent of the reduction until other sections interested should be visited, as there could be no reduction in this section without a corresponding reduction in other portions of the state, and it could not be determined until the matter had been gone into thoroughly with the farmers of other sectons.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the science of deduction and analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any one mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspect of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Peurile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger nails, by his coat sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser knees, by the callosities of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table, "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounger who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all of his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"You!"

"Yes; I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives, and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand—and first, Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And these other people?"

"They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel some knot which other men can make nothing of, although they have seen every detail for themselves?"

"Quite so. I have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problems, and which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that article which aroused your scorn are invaluable to me in practical work. Observation, with me, is second nature. You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan."

"You were told, no doubt."

"Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thought ran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor seen much hardship and got his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."

"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allen Poe's Dupin. I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories."

Sherlock Holmes rose and lighted his pipe.

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friend's thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

"Have you read Gaboriau's works?" I asked. "Does Lecoq come up to your idea of a detective?"

Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically.

"Lecoq was a miserable blunderer," he said in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill."

"The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecoq took six months or so. It might be made a text book for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style.

I walked over to the window and stood looking out into the busy street. "This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited."

"There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villany with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.

"Brag and bounce!" thought I to myself. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."

The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door and ran rapidly across the roadway.

We heard a loud knock, a deep voice below and heavy steps ascending the stair.

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, stepping into the room and handing my friend the letter.

Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot.

"May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trade may be?"

"Commissionaire, sir," he said, gruffly. "Uniform away for repairs."

"And you were," I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my companion.

"A sergeant, sir: Royal Marine Light Infantry, sir. No answer? Right sir."

He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories.

My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension.

When I looked at him he had finished reading the note, and his eyes assumed the vacant, lack luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he replied brusquely; then, with a smile, "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is just as well. So you actually were not able to see that the man was a sergeant of marines."

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of that fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes—There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about 2 in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected something was amiss. He found the door open and in the front room, which is bare of furture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzler. If you can come round to the house any time before 12 you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion. Yours faithfully,

TOBIAS GREGSON."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked. "He and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shockingly so. They have their knives into each other, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on.

"Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Suppose I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do."

A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection of the mud colored streets beneath.

My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati.

As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last interrupting Holmes' musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger, "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!"

We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

(To be continued.)

A POSER IN ARITHMETIC.

Easy Question that Will Puzzle Some of the Knowing Ones.

If you ask a man in the street the simple question, "What is 1 divided by a half?" he will either reply that the operation is an impossible one or that the answer is a half. When you point out that 1 divided by 2 is a half, he will see that there is something wrong somewhere, but will still be quite unable to give the right answer. When you tell him that the answer is 2, he will either accept the assertion without understanding it, or will dispute it tooth and nail. If you attempt to convince him of his error, you will find it is not at all an easy task.

His mistake arises through the confounding of two distinct ideas—namely, 1 divided into 2, and 1 divided by 2. One divided into 2 is 1 divided into two parts, each containing a half. One divided by 2 is the ratio of 1 to 2, or the number of times 2 is contained in one. To anyone who has thought the matter out this seems clear enough, but to the man in the street it is sheer nonsense, and he will tell you so.

A Crushing Reply.

Referring to the "Pulpit and Pew" question raised by Dr. Horton's interesting experiment, a North London minister writes:

"I think we ministers rather relish criticism, but we get too little of it."

One reallg in this connection the story of the young minister walking home with one of the elders after the deliverance of his first sermon. After some moments' silence the latter observed:

"You were not long."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," replied the youthful cleric; "I was afraid I was tedious."

"Oh," was the crushing reply, "you were tedious."—Westminster Gazette.

An Anarchist Candidate.

For the first time in the parliamentary history of Italy an avowed anarchist, Pietro Calcagno, is a candidate for a seat in the chamber of deputies. He lives on a small island in the Mediterranean and must not leave there without government consent. Signor Calcagno has been imprisoned several times because of his anarchistic utterances, was released only a short time ago on account of ill health and has fled to this country and to England more than once to escape the police.

Unification.

"Sectional lines are vanishing. Soon there will be no north, no south, no east, no west!"

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."—Puck.

What He Could Do.

Tommy—Ma, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?

Mrs. Foggs—No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.

The Largest Dome.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

On the Move.

"They have two servants."

"Huh! That's nothing. We usually have two in our house—one going and one coming."—Philadelphia Press.

Leather from Cow's Hide.

A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

A Substitute.

Friend—Got any defense?

Criminal—No; but I've got a first-class lawyer.—Puck.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Shasta Route

Trains leave West Scio for Portland and way stations at 10:45 a. m. Leave for Albany at 3:05 p. m.

Leaves Portland 8:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
" Albany 12:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12:05 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 9:55 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.

Connecting at San Francisco with several lines for Honolulu, Japan, China, Philippines, Central and South America.

W. E. COMAN, G. F. and P. A.
Portland, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

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

South bound	South Bound	STATIONS.	North Bound	North Bound
Daily Freight	Daily Pass.		Daily Pass.	Daily Freight
Arrive	Arrive		Leave	Leave
7:30 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	Klo'dyke	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	2:43 p.m	Hay C Je	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDo'ld's	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
10:50 a.m	3:41 p.m	G's V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:06 p.m	Bourbou	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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UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

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 8:00 p.m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	8:10 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.	5:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:00 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.

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