

Entire State Attends Funeral of
THOMAS H. TONGUE.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week. Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting.

The senate is considering the Cuban reciprocity treaty.

Sir Thomas Lipton has offered a cup to Pacific coast yacht clubs.

Minister Bowen has arrived from Venezuela. He will find discord among the allies.

Editor Gonzalez died from blood poisoning as a result of the wound received from Tillman.

Abram C. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York and for many years representative in congress is dead. He was 81 years old.

The present legislature of New Mexico is the first in the history of the territory where every member speaks English fluently.

The Oregon joint house and senate committee on the Lewis and Clark fair has reported favorably on the bill appropriating \$500,000.

The Colorado legislature is the scene of much party conflict. Two senators have been forced. It is probable that no senator will be elected.

Senator Mitchell has introduced bills intended to carry into effect some of the recommendations of the senate committee which recently visited the Hawaiian islands.

The United States supreme court has affirmed the opinion of the Illinois state supreme court as to the constitutionality of the inheritance tax law, which was upheld.

Editor Gonzalez may recover from the wound inflicted by Tillman.

John Mitchell has delivered his final address to the coal strike commission.

The Chicago grand jury found indictments against 49 men engaged in the coal conspiracy.

The big 16-inch coast defense gun has passed a successful trial. It is the largest gun ever made in America.

Admiral Dewey has returned to Washington and praises the conduct of the fleet in maneuvers in the Caribbean sea.

A wealthy Oklahoma citizen committed suicide. Before dying he declared he was John Wilkes Booth and killed Lincoln.

Naval Constructor Hobson has been assigned to duty at Bremerton, to which post he must go or resign from the navy.

Colorado and Wyoming have both given assurance that the Lewis and Clark fair will receive their moral and financial support.

A charge of powder for an 8-inch gun exploded on the battle ship Massachusetts, killing six men and wounding three, two of whom may die.

The ship *Albatross* has arrived in New York. Her boilers were leaking badly and passengers adopted resolutions condemning the company for sending the vessel out in an unsafe condition.

Citizens of Newman, a small village in Indiana, held up a train and robbed it of coal.

The 1904 session of the national livestock convention will be held in Portland.

The French government has forbidden the use of the Breton dialect by priests of Brittany.

Lieutenant Governor Tillman says he will be able to show that he had ample provocation for shooting Editor Gonzalez.

Two of the public schools of Philadelphia have closed on account of lack of fuel. More will follow unless relief arrives soon.

The president is going over the list of candidates to become United States attorney for Alaska and will announce his decision soon.

Germany has denounced the most favored nation clause in the treaty between the United States and Cuba, saying it will shut out all other countries from trade.

A Denver Rio Grande passenger train was derailed in Colorado and 30 of the 60 passengers injured. Only four, however, are seriously hurt.

Each member of the isthmian canal commission is drawing a salary of \$1,000 a month and traveling expenses added. The salaries were fixed in 1899.

Senator Mitchell has been assured that the improvement of the mouth of the Columbia will begin soon and that the work will go forward without delay.

W. J. Lewis, the Seventh Day Adventist, who refused to work in the postoffice department Saturdays, will have that day off without pay.

At a party given by the students of St. Francis college, Brooklyn, 7,500 persons played euchre at one time at 1,375 tables, and 12 bands played in unison.

It is reported that Lord Rosebury will marry Mrs. Alice Carr Chaney, formerly of Louisville, Ky., but now of Cannes, France. Her younger sister is the wife of Lord Newborough.

Owing to a constant decline in silver, City of Mexico merchants refuse to give discounts on sales.

The dead body of an Italian with 17 cents on it was found in Jackson Park, Chicago. The man is supposed to have been murdered for revenge, as his money was not taken.

The body of a man killed in a fight with United States marshals at Spiro, Oklahoma, has been identified as that of Samuel Morley, murderer of three men in Texas. A reward of \$3,000 was offered for his arrest.

The Dominion iron and steel company, of Canada, threatens to become a serious competitor of Great Britain in foreign markets.

Hillsboro, Jan. 19.—Thomas H. Tongue went to his grave yesterday with all the honor that his state could give him. Nearly all Oregon attended his funeral at Hillsboro, and at the last impressive services, the preacher said fittingly: "It is Oregon that is mourning today, for it is Oregon that has lost a son."

A committee from congress, made up of men who represented every part of the state, was present, but the funeral ceremony was Oregon's own tribute to the dead.

Hillsboro was not big enough to hold in comfort all who wanted to attend Mr. Tongue's obsequies. A special train from Portland carried down a multitude, and hundreds poured into the town from all parts of the state.

Nearly all the state officials were present, and so was a majority of the legislature. And from others who could not attend, came a wealth of floral offerings that were piled mountain high over the altar of the little Hillsboro Methodist church.

The coffin was laid out in state, and was buried in flowers, and they, too, came from all parts of Oregon.

Committees representing the various societies to which Mr. Tongue belonged, were at the depot to meet the party, and they acted as an escort when the remains were taken to the court house at Hillsboro.

At the court house, which had been draped in mourning from tower to basement, the coffin was placed in the main corridor, and all yesterday morning a line of people with uncovered heads passed by it.

The special train from Portland reached Hillsboro at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It brought the committee of congressmen appointed by Speaker Henderson to attend the funeral. Six cars were needed to contain the others who went down from Portland on the same mission.

The guests were received by 50 members of the Knights of Pythias in full uniform. The Knights formed a line with drawn swords, through which the visitors passed from the street into the court house, and acted as ushers during the ceremonies there. They were in charge of Mr. Tongue's body while it lay in state, and they mounted a strict military guard which contributed much to the impressiveness of the day's services.

They surrendered the body to the Odd Fellows, who took it to the church, where Mr. Tongue and his family have worshipped for years.

The distinguished assemblage simply packed the church auditorium until it was impossible for anybody in the audience to listen to the eulogies in comfort. The secret of Knights kept the aisles open until the Odd Fellows carried the coffin in, but after that every man struggled for the best place he could get.

But the most interesting feature of the funeral was the opening prayer, and there were many damp eyes in the audience when Dr. Kline concluded. He was for a great many years the pastor of the Tongue beloved, and his prayer took a wider range than is usual for this reason. His eloquent appeal was, perhaps, the best verbal tribute paid to Mr. Tongue during the day. Then a passage of scripture was read by Rev. R. H. Kennedy, of the Hillsboro Congregational church, and Rev. Dr. E. E. Rockwell, presiding elder of the Methodist church in Northern Oregon, then preached the funeral sermon.

During the services the Portland quartet sang a number of hymns, and were heard to special advantage in the beautiful "Lead, Kindly Light."

When the church ceremonies were concluded the body was turned over to the Hillsboro Masonic body, which escorted it to the cemetery and interred it with their own picturesque ritual. Worshipful Grand Master W. F. Butcher conducting the services. Over the grave Mr. Butcher paid one last eloquent tribute to Mr. Tongue's memory, and the whole ceremony was filled with those who listened to him.

The congressional delegation will return to Washington at once, and Mr. Moody left last evening, to resume his work there. For the present he will be Oregon's sole member of the national house of representatives.

Castro Must Pay First.

Berlin, Jan. 20.—In the negotiations which are about to begin at Washington Great Britain and Germany, as the result of further correspondence, age quite determined that the irreducible condition of arbitration is that President Carr should pay or give collateral security for the sums already specified. The powers will not consent to raising the blockade until Venezuela complies with this unalterable condition. The allies place the responsibility for further delay upon Venezuela.

Mob Appropriates Coal.

Toledo, O., Jan. 20.—A mob, including over 200 men, women, boys and girls, today seized five cars of soft coal which had just arrived in the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad yards, consigned to the National Malleable Casting company and local oil men. There was no attempt to stop the mob, and the police, who were not the officials of the railroad or casting company taking a hand in the affair. The fuel was carried off in wagons, sleighs, soap boxes, buckets and baskets, leaving nothing but slacks.

Another New Trust Bill.

Washington, Jan. 20.—A bill has been introduced by Representative Bell, of Colorado, providing that any producer, dealer, transporter, agent or other person in any territory of the United States who shall join with any other person or persons for the purpose of raising the price of any article of food or fuel, or its carriage or handling, shall be guilty of extortion. A maximum penalty of a \$5,000 fine or imprisonment for one year is provided.

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL & LANEY.

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CHAPTER XXIV.
"Dunder and Blixen."

It was after midnight before the troops arrived. It was also this hour before the Indians had quieted down to sleep. The afternoon's war dance over their captive victims, the wild excitement of the torture and the arrival of the Follett party with the two captives had aroused the blood of the savages and many tales of former acts of bravery, and deeds of daring were told beneath the willows and the tepees in Helli's Trap, that night.

Hammersley had decided to go on his mission of rescue alone. It was decided first to station the troops at every point at which the Indians could possibly escape and then for the trapper to attempt to locate the fugitives. Should he fail or fall in the attempt it was the purpose to force the best terms possible with the savages, but should he succeed in locating the fugitives, then the determination to wreak that merciless revenge upon the Indians that the occasion seemed to justify.

The men had all been informed of the tactics of the rescue, and the arrival of the two new captives, and this stirred the soldiers to a revengeful spirit that caused them to forget their tired and hungry condition and longed for the day when they had at last encompassed the enemy and they were eager to strike the blow.

Ten well armed and equipped soldiers accompanied by five cowboys were placed in each gap in the rimrocks and 100 men, including cowboys and soldiers under General Crook, guarded the neck of the peninsula.

It was half way between midnight and dawn when the trapper started on his perilous mission. Armed suitably for the occasion, he brought the channel of the stream and burst the banks with the silence of a beaver, always keeping in the shadows of the willows and never risking his weight upon his feet until he knew they were firmly placed.

While his task did not prove a difficult one, it was a tedious one. His bearings had been so well taken that he could find his way through the bushes in which Bertha's tepee clung, pushed without trouble. Farther away from the stream he saw the distant thicket to which Oscar Metzger, the other captive, had been taken, and from which the four cowboys on the previous evening had been taken for their last walk.

Like a snake he crawled up the embankment, his head down, his fingers moving inch by inch until he reached the rear of Bertha's tepee, and while the guards dozed near the front he ripped a hole in the rear wall of the tepee and gave Bertha an assuring touch that told her a friend was with her.

In a few moments time they had retraced the trapper's steps to the bed of the stream, and the same and he had approached, and Bertha's hiding in a dark nook under the willows which hung over the embankment. Hammersley went to attempt the release of the other prisoner.

But even the soldier who secured the escape of Bertha and foot and stretched full length between two saplings, his body barely touching the ground, he was enduring a torture that would have killed an ordinary man. But his was one of those iron constitutions of the desert.

The trapper was a welcome visitor and his knife furnished immediate relief. When released from his cramped position the cowboy stood erect and exclaiming his limbs no longer for a moment he indicated that he was ready to go. The trapper handed him a revolver and a knife and the man walked silently away ready to defend himself, even unto death.

When they reached the place where Bertha was concealed the trapper was struck with awe. He saw two willows and tops of sage brush and chunks of wood floating down the stream. These increasing at every moment. Seeing the Indian he drew after him and Metzger followed at a rapid pace.

It was two hundred yards to a shallow place in the stream and when this was reached the river was already rising at a rapid rate. The two men seized Bertha in his arms as if she were a mere child and plunged into the rushing rapids, followed by the cowboy. Against the current they almost swept their feet from under them, they made the farther shore, and as they ascended the bank, they exclaimed: "Great luck!"

"Great luck!" Hammersley and his companions ran across the open meadow for the nearest opening in the rimrocks. The light of breakers the clouds made them recognizable to their friends who were in the rimrocks who could scarcely restrain applause. But the drilling of a soldiers life prevented this outburst.

The water came with a rush down the mountain stream. The sound changed from a murmur over the pebbles to a ripple over the rocks; and then to roar over the boulders and against the angular banks. So loud followed the growing roar that the savages were awakened. Dan Follett rushed to the tepee of his fair captive and finding she was gone he kicked the drowsy guards in his sides and gave the alarm.

The whole camp was astir instantly. Discovering the fleeing fugitives, Follett plunged into the stream, followed by some of the most daring warriors, and gave pursuit. But when within 50 yards of the opening in the rimrocks the fugitives had passed safely through, a cloud of smoke rose, a report of a dozen rifles rang upon the morning air and a half dozen Indians sank down in the meadow, another volley and the ranks were thinned to a remnant.

Follette remained untouched. He turned and tried to rally the men who were now panic stricken. At least one-fourth of the entire war party had rushed across the stream unarmed in pursuit of the fugitives. When they returned they found the river in these few minutes a seething foam, made black by the earth gathered by the flood as it came. To cross the stream was a task no warrior would attempt. They turned for other openings in the rimrocks. But here they met with disappointment. When approaching these points, and safety seemed just in sight, they were met with volleys from the soldiers' rifles.

But the story is better told in the history of the country and the Indian wars. There you will find that only a few escaped, and the battle ground was made famous in history. It was made so by a German soldier in General Crook's command, whose diary gave it the name it still bears. After the battle was over, as the German wiped the perspiration and powder staining from his face, he said: "They call this 'Hell's Trap,' but I call it 'Dunder and Blixen.'" Since that time the battle ground and the river have borne the name the German soldier gave it.

Among the few who escaped were Bertha and Dan Follett. At the last moment they were taken to the raging stream and swam with the current for a long distance, reached the distant shore and then ascended the steep rimrocks, and as they passed out of the summit they waved their hands in defiance at their pursuers.

CHAPTER XXV.
Wages of Sin and Alcohol.

It is several days after the battle of "Dunder and Blixen." General Crook has sent all of his men except his staff, to the fort and he has stopped at the Stone House to straighten out the matters reported by the trapper.

Bertha and Hammersley are at the Stone House. James Lyle is there. Al Beach has returned. All of the cowboys who escaped the Indian army are here. There are many reminiscences to relate. Bertha is long ago told the story of how she and Metzger fell into the hands of the Indians. He had come to the trapper's abode late in the afternoon and left a message to the effect that the trapper desired their presence at the Stone House, and that the half-breed return of Follett, and while they were suspicious of him, it seemed so probable that his story was true, that they were a match for the Canadian.

Follett came at the appointed time, bringing two horses with him, and accompanied by a brave, who had been his father, and Metzger started out with the Canadian toward the Stone House. They had not gone far, however, until they were surrounded by the Indians. The brave, however, until they were surrounded by the Indians. The brave, however, until they were surrounded by the Indians.

It is early in the afternoon. General Crook is seated at the bedside of very sick man in the main room of the Stone House. He is delirious from long periods and conscious for short ones. His conscious moments are moments of agony.

It is the Lord of the Desert. He remained so during the siege of the Stone House and had taken an oath at the time that he would never drink intoxicants again. As soon as the human wreck was made and the soldiers and cowboys had gone and the excitement died out, he had collapsed. For more than a week he had neither eaten nor slept. The collapse of his human wreck was rapidly assuming its natural state. He was but a sponge, a dry decaying sponge with a touch of the substance gone. He was a human wreck made so by and for alcohol. His was a mad and a foolish story. It was the same old story. Written and unwritten history abound with such stories.

"It is too late, general. It is too late," said the unfortunate man in a moment of consciousness. "I have taken the oath. I will never drink again, but it was taken too late. It might stimulate me for a few hours, but it would make death the more agonizing."

"It is true, Mr. Lyle," replied the general, "it is always a temporary relief, except the injury it gives. This is permanent. A man may feel good for a moment; his life may even be prolonged by it for a brief spell, but he must suffer the consequences in the end."

After a more exhausting delirium, the dying man spoke again.

"I am here," he said, placing his hand over his heart. "If you knew what lies there, general, you would pity me though I'm the most wicked man living."

"It is not too late to repent and do justice," suggested the warrior.

"Not too late to repent, I know, for I am doing that as fast as a guilty soul can confess itself, but it is too late to do justice—they are dead, general, they are dead—my brother and his child are dead!"

This confession seemed to ease the man for a moment. Then he continued: "If I could give them back their lives, general, and this mockery called wealth—the half-breed I only took a small portion of what I possessed—death would lose many of its terrors. I do not fear it, general, but to meet my God with this load here, General, for many years I have kept my heart in my hand, and my soul, beamed with strong drink, now, general, it all falls upon me like a mountain. Oh, that it would crush me, dissolve me like vapor, exterminate me! I should not have to meet my Maker."

"I am able to give you some relief," said the veteran soldier, "you are not as guilty as you think."

"No power on earth can give me relief now—it is too late. I will tell you how it happened," continued Lyle, gasping. "I hired Follett to kill one of the cowboys who had been my enemy. I know you think it happened," replied General Crook, "but it is not that bad. Suppose I should tell you that you were a villain?"

"You would mock me, general, you would mock me."

"No, I speak truthfully, when I tell you that they still live, and are here at this moment," said the general.

"Do not torture me, general, but if they are here let me see them. Let them tell me that they still live."

Jim Lyle was brought in in a chair and seated by the bedside, and Bertha came and stood by her father's side.

"This is Jim, Brother Jim," said the dying man, "Speak Jim, and tell me that you live and that this is your child by your own hand, the child of the cradle of the spirit of revenge had left him. With tears in his eyes he hurriedly related the circumstances with which the Lord of the Desert was not familiar, and then called Hammersley to his side.

"This, brother," said the cripple, "is the rightful heir to all of the property. He is the only child of the deceased brother, William. Here is a certified copy of father's will, and Al Beach, whom you long since thought was dead, brings the instrument to show that William Hammersley, the trapper, is no more, no less than William Lyle, sole heir to all of the wealth of the House of Lyle."

"Justice has been done," said the dying man. "Thanks to the failure of Dan Follett in carrying out our murderous plans. Thanks to the treachery of old Egan in not slaying the trapper. Thanks to the fact that I must now acknowledge, guided by Death is not near so bitter, now, I believe there is hope, even for me."

And the Lord of the Desert passed into a slumber to waken again in the mortal body.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Conclusion.

Pressing as was the military duties of General Crook he decided to remain at the Stone House another day and night. A cowboy was sent to the fort with a message to announce this fact.

The following morning was decided upon for the burial of all that remained.

The Lord of the Desert" may be had in book form for 25 cents from the publisher of this paper, or by addressing the Metropolitan Printing Co., 162 Second street, Portland, Oregon.)

ELIZABETH, MOTHER OF KINGS.

Princess of Bohemia Known as the Queen of Hearts.

On Aug. 10, in 1506, was born a little princess, Elizabeth, whom Fate destined to be the foundress of our reigning dynasty, as her younger brother, the ill-starred Charles I., was to be the ancestor of the elder branch of Stuart, writes the London Daily News.

From either the brother or the sister every living member of every reigning family is descended. It is a little remarkable that James I., the only child of an only child of an only child, is the ancestor of every princely personage in Europe, as well as of many others.

Elizabeth, who was named after on queen of "spacious times," was deeply attached to Henry, the eldest son of James I., who died in his father's lifetime. She married in 1613 the Palgrave of the Rhine, who afterward became the winter king of Bohemia, and after much suffering, died in 1632, just trying to obtain it wrongfully. It is not meet, and proper to speak reproachfully of the dead, and it is well that we should profit by the lesson.

"This life is now familiar to you all. It does no good to repeat it here. But there is yet one lesson to draw from it."

"The Lord of the Desert" and wide as this. This comes from the shorcness in classes in the European countries where lords and ladies are created by kings and monarchs and by heredity. There is no such custom here. Every man here may be a lord according to the American idea. If he wishes. An honorable, well spent life makes a man a lord sovereign, a king here better than the highest sounding names of the old world. It is not the title, it is the man.

"With all of the high-sounding name of 'Lord of the Desert,' he was not nearly so great as his humble successor, the honest trapper, who has made himself a lord in deed by his honest and battling for the right. The assumed lord died a death of agony from a remorseful conscience."

The real lord—the true American lord—came to his inheritance honestly and through merit. Let us hope that the dead lord has made peace with his maker and that the American lord will never disgrace the honorable title which he has won."

With a song by those present and a prayer by the chaplain the ceremony over the remains of the "Lord of the Desert" was closed.

General Crook was now ready to take his departure. His friends had assembled about him in the Stone House to render him thanks for his services.

"I will send that money to you by an escort upon my arrival at the fort, friend Hammersley-Lyle," said the general.

"No, send it to some safe bank in the east and deposit it to Miss Lyle's credit, so that she may draw upon it for the use of herself and her father," replied the trapper.

"Not one cent," spoke the father and daughter together.

"Only convey us to civilization," said Bertha, "and I will support father. Mr. Hammersley is the rightful owner of the money and the property and I would not consent to accept one cent of it."

"You shall have the money and property, too," replied the trapper. "I will return to my traps, your father may manage the ranch and you may travel, or do as you like."

"What a pity you are cousins," said General Crook, "you should be lovers—you should be husband and wife."

"It makes no difference in Scotland," said the cripple.

"But it is against the law here," replied the general.

"He has never asked me, anyway," said Bertha embarrassed.

"Do not they are dead, general," replied the trapper with a husky voice. General Crook at once detected the real sentiment of the two for each other.

"It's a bad law," he said, "but it is best."

"I think I can relieve all of this embarrassment," said Al Beach, coming forward. "Read the will more carefully."

The will was handed to General Crook, who read:

"In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath to my adopted son, William Lyle all—"

"Adopted son," repeated General Crook. "So this William Lyle was not the real son of the testator."

"That is true," said Leondias Liggett, the former cook of the Lord of the Desert, who had stood by in silence. "I have long known the whole story. I learned it from William Lyle's wife in Boston, after his death. I have kept silent all of these years because I did not think an adopted son ought to inherit over the real ones."

A further examination of the papers which Al Beach had secured discovered a written acknowledgment of William Lyle that he was an adopted son and that this had been kept a secret from the other children who were all born after his adoption.

"I see nothing in the way now," said General Crook, glancing at Bertha and Hammersley.

"Bertha is in any use to ask?" inquired the trapper.

"There is nothing lost by trying," replied the girl as she took him by the hand.

"Glad you remained, chaplain," said General Crook. "You have buried one lord and now you may bind another for life before we go."

Within ten days old Egan came in with his fragment of warriors and the squaws and children of his tribe and surrendered to General Crook.

Fort Warner was abandoned and the great Indian fighter was sent to other fields. Dan Follett was never heard of again.

Bertha Lyle preferred to change her name and she and the trapper agreed that Hammersley was good enough. They lived at the Stone House and gave the trapper a home the remainder of his days.

They retained in their employ all of the former employes at the Stone House who desired to remain, and the name of the Hammersleys, the Beaches, the Byrds, the Hopes, the Metzgers and the Liggetts are still familiar and honored ones in the great inland Empire belt of Oregon.

THE END.

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St. Paul, Portland, 8:00 a.m. via Spokane.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 a.m.
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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

4:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change.	6:00 p.m.
Daily Ex-Sunday 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.	Columbia River Steamer.	6:00 p.m. Ex-Sunday

6:45 a.m. Mon. and Wed.	Willamette River Water permitting, Oregon City, La Grange, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Wayland.	4:30 p.m. Ex-Sunday
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7:00 a.m. Tues. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers, Water permitting, Oregon City, La Grange, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Wayland.	8:30 p.m. Mon. and Wed. and Fri.
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Ly. Riparian, 10:00 a.m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River, Riparian to Lewiston.	7:00 a.m. Daily except Monday.
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A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

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