LOCAL EVENTS

Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the briston pot
Nosed fast for stugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride,
Deep in the bam a worm, a sing.
The while my rose tree day.

Ah, me! the pity 'tis 'tis true. The fairest rose, the richest mol The richer mold the ranker grew Some lonely life within its fold From first to last. Wouldst breathe the rose Or break the pot and nose and nose? Nay, plend not I for self at last; The past, I have survived the pa My runed rose, my wrecked repose; But plead I for that coming song. The sweeter, fairer rose.

God is not far, man is not far From heaven's porch, where peans roll
And yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
You star strewn slies be but a town You star strewn sales or out a town
With angels passing up and down
"I leave my peace with you." Lo! these.
His seven wounds, the pleiades
Pierce beaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking chair
—Joaquin Miller in Overland.

A MISTAKE.

I had been trudging for 12 hours through the steaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for 24 hours, and, judging from the thick, colorless sky and the white cloud wreaths that bung about the lower slopes of the mountains, there seemed eyery probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain lashed gloaming toward the old Roman watering place on the southern side of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bormio. There, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it had been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry, and I longed for my Capua down in the pleasant valley. My portmanteau had gone on by post-the carry all, omniscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would I eat and sparkling Asti would I drink, and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my way. And so the pains and penalties of the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or remembered only as a foil to the comforts of the present.
I hurriedly pulled myself up at this

stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin. Only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I overtook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two belated wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain beat heavily on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggled though they were, I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one told me that they were countrywomen of my own. My interest and sympathy were at once

enlisted. "Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this won-

derful country!" The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a fair, ruddy complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough drenching, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her soaked gray felt hat was heavy with diamond drops of water Both girls wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they clung tightly to the slim outlines of their forms

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as Betty. She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The steady tramp of my steps probably caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was, despite her somewhat disheveled state.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort of salu-

"Oh, you're English!" The accent of pleasure was unmistakable and grati-

fying

The exclamation came from Betty. whose dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspection was favorable, for Betty smiled and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sun, but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned toward me.

'Yes, I am English," I said in a comfortable, elder brotherly tone, calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels errant, "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio."

"So are we, and we are so horribly wet, and the road seems as if it would

never end." 'It is a long tramp from Trafoi," I

remarked. 'Oh, we only came from Franzenhohe this morning. We had some lunch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormio by dinner time," said the other

be Kate, "for, to tell you the troth, we are both awfully hungry. What hotel are you bound for?" 1

girl, whose name I afterward knew to

"Nuovi Bagut."

"Ab. I am going there too. Will you allow me to waik with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair sized rucksack strapped to the supple back of Miss Betty.

After a little demur the rucksnek was unstrapped and attached to the baversack I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the slender figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more erect and

moved forward with greater ease. The two girls, tramping unprotected along that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain soaked clothing, boots beavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had.

"You see, when one is on a walking tour, one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist shrouded mountains, the rain lashed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the gray sky and patches of vivid green moss. "One must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this in spite of the

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbruck, through the Brenner pass to Botzen. There they had taken the train to Meran, and thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spondelak, Trafoi and Franzenhohe.

We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags. We quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know Bormio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance. "Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recommended the Nuovi Bagni tous. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.

"Kittie," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down here at that leaping water. That must be the Adda."

"Oh, our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate, her gray eyes beaming out from under ber dripping hat brim.

Then she looked down the valley and tried, I think, to realize that this rain

beaten scene really was Italy.
"Cheer up, Kittie; it will be fine tonorrow and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes?'

It was Betty who spoke. The manner of the girls toward each other amused me. They seemed to take the role of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had now in my care.

Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous one. I was soon dressed and out of doors. I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Ital ian volkslied.

The larklike joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. The singing voice floated nearer. I caught sight of a white straw sailor hat

and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short sighted, but in a very few moments I was aware that the early rising songstress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh. The mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pink blouse.

I wished her good morning and inquired for her absent friend.

'Oh. Betty is all right, thanks, only rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I inquired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard my chirruping, I suppose. One must sing when one feels so utterly happy Isn't the air exhilarat-ing? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet-so-and get just the view I want

Her busy pencil did its work with great rapidity, and when I asked permission to look at the sketch I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch and her knowledge of perspective.

She closed her sketchbook, and we walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kittie's name had told me her's-Blount

At breakfast I happened to mention ber by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and i was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow washed houses and curious loggias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kittie and gave much occupation to her pencil. But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although,

no doubt, she stored up impressions for forgot that I had a busband in London."

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I "You know my husband?" "Slightly. We meet pretty often in the two girls, for what reason I know hall," I answered dryly. lingered on, hugging my chains, and not, lingered too.

The place had a curious charm. had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconventionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice and made no objection whatever when I declared that I, too, intended to visit the Engadine and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty. We should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and 1 would work trebly hard and win success for myself and wealth for her before we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty!

As the girls were resolute to keep to their plan of walking from Bormio to Pontresina we set out in true bohemian fashion, like respectable gypsies. The roads were good, the weather perfect, and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and Tirano, staying a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It was at Tirano that the climax of my brief madness came and the denouement

of this adventure befell. We were housed in the Hotel San Michele, one of the quaintest hostelries surely wherein a man might take his ease, for the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloisterlike gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the piazza and the cathedral—a pilgrimage church— whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the sur-

rounding villages. Perhaps it was the sobering influences of the gray old building, or the conventual air of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from those cell-like bedrooms, but certainly on that third evening of our sojourn there the girls' manper had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gay-ety had vanished After dinner she pleaded a beadache and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent garden, whence came the click of the bowls, for that old world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over. The garden, being large, served as an open air club to the townspeople. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high walled pleasance—a quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball and the

distant sound of laughter and talk. The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig trees. In the grass the drone mur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes -talked as a man rarely talks save to the woman he loves and hopes to win for his wife.

Somehow or other-made bold, 1 think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single handed-1 blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a

lesert without her love. Then in the gray twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large frightened eyes look at me almost in

"Mr. Aslehurst," she panted, "you are surely mad! It is not I you love. It

is"- she stopped and bit her lips. Good heavens! It was the old compli cation. I read her unspoken thought in flash. She believed it was Kittie I loved: that it was for Kittie's sake that I had dangled at their beels all this time.

I was about to protest that it was she -Betty, and she only that I lovedwhen she resumed, in a calm, self posessed tone:

'You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me-in that way -for I am married already. My husband is coming to join us at Pontresina.

I stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"But, Miss Blount"-"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now. Perhaps you know my husband. He is a barrister too. He could not get away sooner, because he had some important case to work up," she went on rapidly. "It is all Kittie Morison's fault-this-this dreadful mistake. Kittie was my greatest chum before I married last year. - She was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come abroad together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio, and when you called me Miss Blount Kittie was delighted and insisted on keeping up

the joke. 'That was a little rough on me," I said in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the

pangs of despised love. "We did not mean any harm," she murmured humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kittie and L. When I heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost

"Poor Field! He would not be flattered.

'Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you think of me? But I do love Edward, and I-I shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented, I-I thought that you admired Kittle Morison. She is such a dear, good girl. She has always been very independent and high spirited, but"- Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had no doubt been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain swept pass of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kittio Morison's little freak. Betty-I must call her by the name I have called her always in my thoughts-Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken hearted man-for fully 36 hours. But I could not in mere civility leave the two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially now that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I staid on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions, and really, Kittie Morison-she has another name now-was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance. -Strand Magazine.

Paul Jones and the Privateer. The French embassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones' reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man hated privateering and its "infernal prac-tices," as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him.

Some years afterward in a French port he had an amusing controversy on the subject with Captain Truxton, afterward the celebrated commodore. Truxton was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones without asking his permission and in defiance of the act of congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander. They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxton was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that there are in his letter "several words I do not understand and camfot find in the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him penuant. This being disregarded, another polite message and Lieutenant Richard Deal with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down.

-"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Are Thanks Unnecessary?

ing thanked for giving up their seats in the street cars to women," said a man in conversation with a friend. "Now, for my part, I don't want to be thanked for simply doing my duty."

"But is it your duty," asked the friend, "to give up a seat for which you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?"

'I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under

obligations to give her my place."
"That is gallantry," sneered his

friend. "It comes nearer to being reciprocity. Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so l try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some woman. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to have a woman repeat that set formula, 'Thank you, sir!'

"I guess you're not often embar retorted his friend cynically. and there the conversation ended .- De troit Free Press.

A Mother's Lament.

It was in the Black sea that he fell from the bridge, and the captain said, 'Is it Jack that is overboard?" For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped-but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas-his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary, for he was the first of 13, and I loved him the best. Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know it must be so, but when I sit on the rocks I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea, and when ! see the birds skimming on the water I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear .-Blackwood's Magazine.

Scotland was named from the Scoti, tribe which had its birth in porth Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels, Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted

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Fooling the Busy Bee, Mock bees and spiders! A writer shows that some flowers form a striking exception to the rule of cross fertilization. The bee and fly orchids, for exam-"a polite message" to haul down the ple, which would be much more combut for the ravages of greedy collectors, fertilize themselves and do not want to be bothered by buzzing bees and flies. So a cunning device has been resorted to. No bee will enter a flower in which another bee is already at work. Therefore to protect the entrance the lip is enlarged into a process exactly resembling the hind quarters of a bee (in the fly orchid it resembles a large fly). To the spider orchids, another British species, it seems to have occurred how a still more trying shock might be administered to the nerves of troublesome insects, so it displays in its orifice the

likeness of a large spider. - London

News.

A White Squall. "A white squall—did I ever see one? I should say I had," said an old sailor in the barge office. "We were between here and the West Indies, and it was as fair a day as you ever put eyes on. I was at the wheel, and we were bowling along under a pretty sailing breeze. There wasn't a cloud to be seen, unless a little white vapor far off could be called a cloud. All of a sudden the captain came up out of his cabin.

"'Get all the light sails off her as quick as you can,' he shouted to the mate. 'Clew up the royals and to'gallant sails and bear a hand lively, boys. "'What's the matter with the old mar now?" said the sailors as they looked around the horizon and saw nothing but

sunshine and the clear sky.
"Nevertheless all kands turned to getting in the light sails. The captain took the wheel and sent no to assist. Of course we all thought it was a piece of foolishness, but we worked with a will

because the captain told us to. Well, we had no sooner got those sails in than it struck. Right out of the clear sky came an awful gale. It tore our great mainsail and other sails to ribbons quicker than a flash. It came 'butt

end to,' as the sailors say. 'How did the captain know it was coming? Why, he was in his cabin and happened to see his glass go down suddenly. That meant something, and he hustled on deck. A good captain watches his barometer as a cat watches a mouse.' -Portland Press.

It is an indisputable fact that for more than fifty years, children, from the age of three months to ten years, have oeen benented by Steedman's Soothing Powders. These Powders are termed soothing pecause they correct, mitigate, and re-move, disorders of the system incident to

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