59:

## HARD MOUNTAIN TRAMP

EXPLORING THE COUNTRY AROUND "BRIDGE OF THE GODS."

Plyusible Explanation of the Indian Stone-Mounds on the Columbia, Near Caseades.

"A piece of hard tack in the pocket and a smile on the face that's all one needs for mountain climbing," said a member of the Begulator exploring party, to his comrades, as he trudged gayly along the rough mountain road near the end of a 15-mile walk. This aptly expressed the splitt of last week's expedition. Footsore spirit of last week's expedition. Footsors and leg-weary they might be, with ragged soles and outstaring toes from unkind-contact with miles of shale and jagged rocks, much tumbling into thistle patches and unpremeditated exploration of ground. boies artfully hidden under a fair ex-terior, jungle of fern fronds or tangle of golden rod and blackberry vines. Crook-backed, they might be, under the load of blankets harnessed to their shoulders, from sunrise to sundown, or from the staggering weight of a 25-pound camera ouths. But these discomforts merely furnished a target for jokes which whizzed about one's ears thick and fast. Archer Mountain, a visit to which occu-pted the forepart of last week, is com-

paratively easy of access. The county road, with at this season of the year is lient condition, runs to its base, distance of about four miles from the Columbia. As one is put off from the boat at Butler's Landing, about 4 o'clock in the morning, the noisy swish of the steamer's wheels, the rumble of the ma-chinery, the jingle of the bells, the thump of the great logs of wood in the engine n below, the calls of the deck hands, suddenly exchanged for a slience as lonely as vast. The gleam of the moon-light dimly shows the outline of river bank and mountain-buttressed sky. The road takes one into the forest. Glimpses of glancing water are to be caught here of grancing water are to be caught here and there through the trees, together with new and unfamiliar views of Mulinomah, Horsetall Falls, and Oneonta Gorge, which are directly across the river from Archer Mountain. The mystery of night slowly gives way to daylight, and with thoughts turn in very practical fashion breakfast. This takes place near the base of the mountain, where a spring of pure water flashes forth from the hill-nide. Bacon held on a stick over a roaring campfire, even though there may be no other relish to go with it than plain bread and coffee, if eaten in the full splendor of the rising sun, makes a meal fit for a king.

The mountain takes its name from F.
R. Archer, whose land runs upon the
mountain side. He has as picturesque a
cettage as any artist could wish to see,
set in a tangle of honeysuckle, wild cherries, apple and plum trees, with trellised grape vines sending out long tendrils to-ward every passer-by. Here blankets, luncheon and other baggage may or au-londed and safely left behind. A short affid easy climb brings one to the Indian mounds, about half way up the southern slope to the summit. This is the dumping-ground of the mountain. A huge cliff, uncheon and other baggage may be unground of the mountain. A huge cliff, hare and bleak, towers up in a straight line several hundred feet toward the sky, Acres of loose, rolling rocks and pebbles lie at its base. Here the frowning mountain, in grim humor, throws stones at itself. But it is easy to see that the hand of man has also had a part in the wild play. The whole place looks like the ancient cometery of some forgotten race. The mounds face toward the river. They are arranged in set rows, trenches and winnows. Here and there, square and round hillocks of stones are thrown up without regard to the points of the compass. Altogether there are between 20 and 30 mounds, but farther on around a spur of the mountain are other groups of these mounds. The order and regularnd impression upon the obs and this is deepened when one is told that directly across the river a neighboring mountain has a similar collection of mounds, which also face toward the graveyard is hardly acceptable, owing to the fact that nothing has ever been found buried under any of these hillocks; bow and arrow neither human bones, nor bow and ar nor any other relics of a bygone age.

Another theory is that this was at one time a great battle ground of the Indians, the trenches and breastworks being thrown up as a cover behind which they could shoot poisoned arrows at their foes. Still another explanation is that the place was a bunting-ground, the mounds being used as places of concealment for shooting at the elk and bear that used to abound in that region.

After leaving the mounds it is some-thing of a hard pull up the latter half of the mountain. Skirting the cliff one keeps well to the left, making the ascent by the middle ravine of the eastern slope. The dense brush, which was waist-high, happened to be very wet at the time the Regulator exploring party made the climb, which resulted in drenched cloth-In some places the only way one could get past a precipitous rock was to be pulled up strong leather straps. But these difficult spots may easily be avoid-

ed, by a little care in selecting the path of ascent. There is no real trail.

After the white buckberries, hazel and dog-wood, have been left behind the golden rod makes its appearance, acre after acre of yellow bloom flooding the entire mountain too with its glory. The entire mountain top with its glory. The summit was reached by 10 o'clock. It broadens out into far-reaching mendows which end abruptly on the south, in two dangerous cliffs overhanging the Indian hunting grounds, a dizzy distance below. These two cliffs are far removed, one from another, and give the mountain a savage and threatening aspect, wholly different from the gentle curves presented to the eye on the side toward the river. After enjoying the splendid pano-rama of mountain range and river gorge, stretched out before him the climber ma stake his thirst at a spring of sparkling water on the summit. Nor should he neg-lect on the way down to find the warm mineral spring discovered by C. J. Church, The outjutting rock that forms the apex of the mountain is pierced in very curious fashion by a circular hole that is said to be about 8 or 10 feet in diameter. It is in an inaccessible spat, but may be viewed from below.

There is probably no more familiar or cherished legend in the entire Northwest than that relating to the Bridge of the Gods. "Everywhere along the mid-Co-lumbia," says F. H. Baich, in the preface to his well-known book on this subject, "the Indians tell of a great bridge that once spanned the river where the Cas-cades now are, but where, at that time, the placid current flowed under an arch of stone; that this bridge was tomano-wes, built by the gods; that the great spirit shook the earth, and the bridge crashed down into the river, forming the present obstruction of the Cascades. All of the Columbian tribes tell this story, in different versions and in different dislects, but all agreeing upon its em features as one of the great facts of their

" 'Ancutta (long time back),' say the Tumwater Indians, 'the salmon he no pase Tumwater Falls. It too much big leap, Snake Indian he no catch um fish above falls. By and by great to-manowae bridge at Caccades he fall in, dam up water, make river higher all way up to Tumwater; then salmon he get over. Then Snake Indian all time

eatch um plenty. "My father talk one time," said an old Klickitar to a ploneer at White Sal-mon, Washington, 'long time ago liddle mon, Washington, 'long time ago liddle boy, him in canoe, his mother paddle, paddle up Columbia, then come to temanowee bridge. Squaw paddle canoe under, all dark under bridge. He look up, all like one big roof, shut out sky, no see um sun. Indian afraid, paddle quick, get past soon, no good. Liddle boy no forget how bridge look.'

"Local proof also is not wanting. In the Fall, when the freshets are over and she waters of the Columbia are clear, one.

she waters of the Columbia are clear, one

going out in a small boat just above the Cascades and looking down into the trans-Cascales and looking down into the trans-parent depths, can see submerged forest trees beneath him, still standing upright as they stood before the bridge fell in and the river was raised above them. It is a strange, weird sight, this forest beheath the river. The waters wash over the broken tree tops, fish swim among the leafless branches; it is desolate, specter-like beyond all words."

The dizzy cliffs on either side the river, which have given rise to the tradition, lie in what is practically unexplored territory. The only trails are those made by bears and other wild animals. Rumor says that one of these bear trails on the verge of the precipice is a foot and a half deep. The same bear hunter who tells this story testifies to seeing four bears at one time on this mountain. Into the very heart of this savage and inhospitable region, where the earth withholds even water from thirsty man, the Regulator explorers determined to go, bent upon wresting from Nature some proof either for or against the ancient tradition that there was once a natural bridge across

the Columbia,
Leaving Turner Levens' place, between 6 and 7 o'clock, the six men—Captain Frank J. Smith, W. L. Miller, of the Columbian Fleid Museum, Chicago; George M. Weister, photographer; C. F. Sutton, C. J. Church and C. H. Winnett turned in to the county road which they traveled a short distance eastward, then struck a trall which brought them to a cabin in the woods, four miles from their starting place. Taking the trail again, they walked half a mile farther, up to their ankies in water, over marsh and soggy ground, till they came to a hunting lodge. A few minutes' walk brought them to a steep hill of loose dirt, a 203-foot climb. A blazed trail on the top of this foothill extended for about a quarter of a mile along a hogsback, then abruptly ended, leaving the explorers only about five miles on their way, each one an entire stranger to the region, without gun, compass or guide. From this time on they were compelled

to blaze their own trail. One peak after another was climbed, which slowly brought them higher and higher. Broken ridges, from 100 to 200 feet, had to be crossed. To the east the mountain became a sheer precipice of a thousand feet or more. Progress was slow, owing to the numerous pinnacles that had to be ascended and descended. Walking. moreover, was difficult because of the loose stone. When one stone was touched it would start thousands of other stones rolling. The brush soon became so dense that the only possible way to get through it was to get down on all fours and force their way through like bears. Underbrush three feet high, mingling with vine maple, hazel and trees, from 200 to feet high, made an impenetrable

thicket. It was at this point that the first mutiny curred. Thoroughly exhausted with th terrible strain of pushing their way through what appeared to be an endiess jungle leading nowhere, weakened by the cruel pangs of hunger and thirst, one man declared that unless they found water a team of oxen could not drag him any farther. "And even at that moment." he concluded as he told the story 24 hours later, "we were only 500 feet

"But they were perpendicular feet." in-terposed Mr. Miller with a dry laugh. Everyone agreed that no burro could made to go over this trail, because of the danger from rolling stones. "At one place you have to hold on with your teeth," said Captain Smith, laughing. At 4:15 the summit was reached, and 45 min-utes' rost was enjoyed. Some idea of the height of the precipice, which is about one and one-half miles long on the river side of the mountain, may be gained from the fact that a stone let fall from the summit, being timed by a watch, took eight seconds to fall. Even when allow-ance is made for the time required for the sound to reach the ear, this would indicate a great height. If the exact weight of the stone was known an accurate estimate might be made of the discurate estimate might be made of the dis-tance. The entire ridge was likened to a ball cut in two perpendicularly on one side and sloping on the other. The square flat summit of the mountain was judged by George M. Weister to be between 6000 and 7000 feet in height, about equal to the timber line of Mount Hood. All agreed that the mountain stands about four and one-half miles from the river. Between is a stretch of low land, dotted with lakes The Cascades Locks are almost directly below. Off to the southeast, across the Columbia, could be seen Mount Hood. looking from that distance almost on a level with the observers. Mount Adams was northeast. A little south of east was Moffatt Springs, four miles away in a straight line. Bunchgrass grew on the summit and southern slope. It was so slippery that in climbing one went up one foot and down three feet. This served the men to good purpose, however, in the descent as they were able to coast down descent, as they were able to coast down a distance of 700 or 800 feet, and if they had not been both hungry and thirsty.

would have found it great sport.
At 15 minutes to 6 water was found, the headwaters of Cedar Creek, which, further to the south, flows into Hamilton Creek. Up to this time they had eaten nothing, for fear lest is should increase suffering from thirst. A hot hunt for the trail they had blazed that morning then ensued. Darkness was coming on rapidly, the air was chill, and without blankets the night was sure to be cold and cheerless. Just as daylight vanished the trail was found, but it was then too dark to see a foot in front of one. Every step had to be jealously watched, for fear they would go astray. Match after match was lit, each man hugging a tree and feeling around in the darkness to find out which way the trail went. When the hunting lodge was at last reached, itw as christened Camp Salvation. A fire was made and lots were drawn as to who should sleep inside. Luckily it fell to Captan Smith who, lamed in one knee, was rather in more need of comfort than the rest, who, blanketless and for-lorn, shivered around the blazing embers, with empty pudding pans for pillows, one eye shut and the other eye open. The wind blew, and the grass was porous, so no one caught more than a five-minute nap

With daylight they started homeward, arriving at Turner Levens' in time for breakfast, just 24 hours from the time they left. Not one of them returned with they left. Not one of them returned with a whole pair of shoes. A photograph of these, ragged and torn, with flapping soles, might have told the whole story of their tramp. C. J. Church, who had started out the day before with a new pair of canvas shoes, was forced to walk the last few miles in his stocking feet, carrying the sad-looking relies in his hand.

M. L. Miller, whose opinion on the scientific side of the question carries weight, feels satisfied that the expedition accomplished what it aimed to accom-plish, viz., an answer to the old conundrum, "Was there ever a natural bridge across the Columbia at the Cascades?" He is convinced that the Cascades were not made by debris from the faller bridge, but owe their existence to the

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rest of its course. A strong argument in support of his view is that the mountain they visited, supposed to be the abutmen of the bridge on the Washington side, is so far away from the visamiguou sale, is so far away from the river, viz., four and one-half miles. This brings the two abutments fully five miles apart. "It would be hardly possible for a flat bridge to extend across so great a distance. It would have to be an arch. It is con-ceivable that at one time when the Co-lumbia cut through the Cascades, there may have been a small bridge, but this, may have been a small bridge, but this, if true, must have been thousands and thousands of years ago, so long ago that there would be no tradition of it. The burden of finding proof lies with the side that maintains there was such a bridge, not with those who deny it.

A Portland man, Clyde Jenkins, who

has just returned from an outing in the low river land that lies between the Washington abutment and the river, says that there are 23 lakes there. One of these, Big Lake, which is two miles square, with steep banks like a reservoir. he maintains, has trout one and a half feet in length. There are also stone mounds there similar to those found on Archer Mountain. A man 70 years of age. who has lived in that region 50 years and has a squaw wife, furnishes the most feasible explanation that has yet been given to account for these mounds. Long ago, he says, when a young Indian arrived at manhood, he was expected to give evidence of his strength and power of endurance. According to custom he went to some high mountain, or other lonely spot, and without food, drink, or sleep, he was to gather the loose rocks into a pile as high and large as he could make it. On the fifth night he was to sleep, and whatever animal, bird or fish he dreamed of, was to be his "tomano-wos," that would bring luck to him. This he was fever to pursue, nor was he to eat it when it had been killed by others. Probably no more reasonable or likely ex-planation can be found of the strange mounds that until now have proved so inexplicable a mystery to the white man.

## AT THE HOTELS.

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A friend who came for a piazza visit took from her workbag haif a dozen neatly-hemmed dish towels, on which she embroidered in hasty outline stitch, with a dark-blue thread, the outlines of varimemories was which dish towel was to be used for certain dishes. They wiped my cut-glass with the heavy crash towels and the frying pan with a glass towel. One day my little girl brought home from

LETTER FOUND AMONG EFFECTS OF DEAD SAN FRANCISCAN.

Gives Interesting Picture of Life and Conditions in Oregon Metropolis Twenty Years Ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10 .- (To the Editor.)-Among the papers of my father, who died a short time ago, I found the aclosed uncompleted letter, evidently writ ten during a visit be made to Portland 13 years ago. He had formerly lived in Portland, and always took an interest in the town, and the letter was evidently in-tended for publication in The Oregonian, but was overlooked or laid aside and

Perhaps you may consider it worthy of publication at this time as a reminiscense of days gone by, and to give an idea of the changes which have taken place in Portland since it was written. MINNIE HILDRED.

Portland, Or., Sept. 24, 1882.-(Editor Oregonian.)-The first thing to attract my attention on landing here a week ago from the Queen of the Pacific after an absence of several years was the inade-quacy of hotel accommodations. Owing to delay caused by our steamer having to wait for the tide to enable her to cross over a sand-bar in the river, it was nearly midnight before she reached her dock, and it was only after driving to dock, and it was only after driving to three hotels that I was enabled to ob-tain lodging. I retired mentally vowing that I would take "mine ease in mine inn," and not rise till a late hour on the following day. My intentions in this re-spect were, however, frustrated, for at 5 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a chorus from the whisties of the steamboats lying at the docks near by steamboats lying at the docks near by, which was kept up with vigor and re-newed with such frequency as to preclude the possibility of any one except a deaf man remaining oblivious to their noise The intervals between the blowing of the steam whiaties were filled in by still more discordant sounds which I was at a loss to understand. In my dreamy half-awake state I imagined I was once more camping in the gum forests of Australia in-stead of occupying a room at one of Portland's best hotels. Finally, finding that I must abandon all hope of repose I arose, dressed and started out to ascertain whence all this unearthly and un-

timely noise proceeded. Imagine my surprise at finding on the corner of the street, a block distant from the hotel, a menageric consisting of two bears, a coyote, raceoon, porcupine and several other animals, and about 100 par-rots, cocatoos and mataws. This collec-tion of birds and beasts which had produced the din which murdered my repose lined the sidewalk and gutter in front of a low-grade saloon, the owner of which has evidently little fear of the city authorities, and less care for the peace and quietness of his fellow citizens.

## First-Class Hotel Needed.

The growth of Portlaand has been very rapid of late, and the increase in the value of real estate correspondingly great, Evidences of prosperity are seen on every hand in great number of handsome and substantial blocks of buildings in course of erection. The last of the row of old wooden shantles which a few years since disfigured the business part of the city front has disappeared, and been replaced by spacious and handsome structures of brick and iron stores, and in many places additional stories are being added to buildings, showing that the business men are trying to keep page with the men are trying to keep pace with the progress of the times. But for some rea-son there has been no improvement in the line of hotels. There are here four hotels, each of which was first-class in its time, but all of which, though comparatively well kept and furnished, fall far short of what is demanded by a city of the size and importance of Portland at the present time. A hotel suited to the wants and requirements of the city, and placed at a distance from the annoyances incident to a location in the vicinity of the wharves, will prove a good invest-

The subject, I am informed, has been talked over by capitalists here and a site selected on Fifth street somewhere near the postoffice, but no active steps have been taken in the matter as yet.
Of cheaper hotels the city has quite a large number, but not enough to accommodate the constantly increasing number of mechanics, laborers and emigrants who patronize them. Cheap restaurants and coffee-houses are numerous, but outside of the best hotels, the greater part of which are conducted on the European plan, nothing approaching in any respect a first-class restaurant is to be found in the city. The market, judging from the fare at the hotels, appears to be supplied with fairly good beef, mutton, etc., but the supply of fish, fowl and game is not at all what one might expect to find in

Oregon. I accepted an invitation from a friend to take a drive around the city and view the improvements which had been made since my last visit. I find the stories I have heard of the increase in extent have not been overdrawn. Nearly the entire space from the river west to the hills is now built over, and even the hill-sides, which, a few years since, it was not sup-posed would ever be utilized for building purposes, are now dotted with dwellings, while the summits are held at fancy figures, and are expected to shortly be covered with stately mansions. My friend, during our drive, pointed out with excusable pride and six public school buildings of the city which are all spa-cious and handsome, and cannot probably be equaled in any city of the same popu-

be built at a cost of \$1,500,000. The O. R. & N. Co.'s road from here to the junction with the Northern Pacific Railroad at Wallula is now completed, the last spike having been driven on Tuesday last, but there is no sign of work being comto the Sound the company's offices will be moved there, and that all the wheat of Oregon will be shipped from the Sound, where will spring up the great metropolis of the Northwest. But a visit to the great improvements the company is making on the Fast Side a short distance.

A large drydock is nearly completed, having a capacity to accommodate the largest ships, an immense wharf, over half a mile in length, is being constructed, and on it are spacious coal bunkers, and will be a huge elevator capa dark-blue thread, the outlines of various utensils, such as tumblers and a cup and saucer; one had a small frying pan on it. "Isn't it waste of work to embroider dish towels?" I suggested midly. "Not at all. It is an economy of time. I have gone through the trial year after year of trying to make Swede, German or French girls understand me. One of the things I could not impress on their memories was which dish towel was to be research and on it are spacious coal bunkers, and will be a huge elevator capable of containing thousands of bushels of wheat. To these and other improvements of the company, to the favorable location of the city, and to the flush times always attendant in the construction of great railroad and other enterprises requiring the expenditure of vast sums of money, does the City of Portland owe her present prosperity, and not to any her present prosperity, and not to any enterprise or foresight of her citizens. They, however, are not slow to take ad-cantage of the tide in their affairs which is leading many of them on to fortune. kindergarten a card on which a cup and saucer, were sewed prettilly. I trans-ferred the pattern to some new dish towels I was hemming and Johanna took country for miles around has been laid to it at once. Now I've put embiems on two dozen, my new supply, and it works tike magic. She does not know a tumbler prices which are calculated to prove prof-

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lation in the Union.

At the north end of the city are a number of handsome dwellings surrounded by spacious grounds. In this part of the city is also the site secured for the great Union Rallroad Depot, which is to menced on the depot. One of the large wharf boats used in the upper river be-fore the railroad was built is to be made into a ferry to transfer trains across the river, and the huge Ainsworth dock will be used as a temporary depot. This leads some who have not implicit faith in Portland's future to say that the depot will never be built, but that upon the com-pletion of the Northern Pacific Railroad ing on the East Side a short distance down the river is calculated to give an-

other idea. Itable to those selling-but to pers .-

# fact that the bed of the river is formed of harder rock at this point than in the rest of its course. A strong argument in

ESTABLISHED 1893.

Chamber of Commerce

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the city, whose special address may be unknown, should be marked in the left-hand corner, "Transient." This will prevent their being delivered to persons of the same or simi-

the rate of I cent each

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Tibbits, Mrs J H
Tripp, Miss Bertha
Tim, Mrs S L
Underwood, Mrs Sam
Vaughan, Mrs Mary
Vannee, Miss Georgia
Van Beek, Madam
Ward, Mrs
Webb, Mrs Pannie C
White, Lilly B
White, Lilly B

Kendall, G H

Mitchel, Wm
Montgomers, WH
Monsman, Mr
Munson Chester
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Munson Chester
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Meyer, Oscar R
Meyer, Oscar R
Magel, C. F
Naunton, Fred
Nagel, D
Neville, John
Nebergell, Phil
Nelson, Henry P
Nelson, Dr Aug
Newlen, Oscar
Nowman, Lert
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Ospenbeimer, Sol Pappa, Henry Palmer, Warren Pattersen, D D Penegure, Jerry Pendleton, R E Peterson, Gust Plek, Dr Henry Pierce, J Rowland Pierce Dr Edw Portland Mnfg Co Potter, Thomas W-2 Powell, R H

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ton Rosa M V Rosch, J W

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Ciark, George Clark, George Clifford, A Condon, W J Crabb, O H Condon, W. J.
Crabb, O. H.
Cumminss, Ralph E.
Curiburt, W. H.
Dante, C. J.
Darrah, James
Darrah, F. A.
Davis, Charles W.
Dean, John A.
DeYoung, Dr. David
Deshner, Theo
Delore, John
DeLano, A. J.
DeRoy, F. Rafaela
Ditmore, V. G.
Doyle, J.
Domorat, Ggnaczi
Drake, R. J.-2
Drew, George
Dressler, Andrew

Dressler, Amerew Dull, C M Eastham, Melville Edwards, W Efers, Sam Elhach, P Ellmaker, A Everett, Burt Ewalt, F C Everett, Dr E Fieger, Louis Fine, Sam R Fisher, Albert Fisher, Frad Fisher, Frank Fleck, Prof Ernst Forde, Will French, A J-2 Prench, Dr Aug Fritz, Walter Furgerson, W E Gay, C Gay, C Garback, George Gehring, F W Giacorno, Liquor Ba-Giacorno, Liquor puzzi Gilbert & Co Good, Dr J W Graham, David-2 Greene, F J Greene, Henry Groomes, Tom Hadley, W B Hazel, Johnic Hammond, E G Handley, A C

Rosa M V
Rosenthal, R
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Shafer, De M E
Shielda, Alvin .
Smithers, Henry
Smith, Dr Sidney
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Sturgis, Mr and Mra
Eugene
Stanley, L W
Stephena, Clifton H
Snodgrass, Mr
Syder, E
Swenson, John
Tawney, T W
Thomas, S F
Thompson, Bob
Tiler, Peter
Tiller Vaughan, L N
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Walker, A T
Warden, C
Ward, Irving
Warters, S & Co
Waterman, H A
Wasterlea, George
Waterman, H A
Wasterlea, G
Western Savings Assi
Wendfer, John
Wendfer, John earshel, H L enshaw, John erverck, John Humes, Charles Hurtig, Henery Idaho, Nevada & Call-fornia Stage Co Igleheart, Mr Verna

Wertz, H G
Western Savings Azan
Wenoffer, John
Whitwell, W
Wirtz, Jean
Willard, Williard
Williams Blank
Wills, Carl
Withrow, R B
Wood, Guzz
Yancey, E H
Yabe, M
Yardwood, Daniel
Young, Esgert PACKAGES. Anderson, Mrs M E Fisher, W I Carithers, Mrs W W Tillman, John N

A. B. CROASMAN, P. M. New York Theaters Will Close, NEW YORK, Sept. 15,-On the an-

nouncement of President McKinley's death, James K. Hackett, who is playing a very successful engagement Wallack's Theater, closed the house. He declares that he will not resume unt after the funeral services at Canton. A a meeting of the theatrical managers to-night it was decided to close all the houses on the day of the funeral at Canton

Gang Talked Into a Hidden 'Phone

Baltimore Sun.

Washington—"The nearest approach to that story about the man with the relephone in his hat which ever came under my notice," said Chief Wikie, of the United States Secret Service, "was the method by which a city 'ring' was broken

"The good residents of the city were nvinced the city was ring ridden, but were unable to obtain evidence to establish the fact. Several professional detectives were employed, but secured nothing. Finally the case was put in the hands of an amateur investigator, who soon reached the conclusion that the meetings of the 'ring' were held in the office of a lawyer who stood close to the gang. He hired an office nearby, and one night when the building was deserted ob-tained entrance to the lawyer's office.
"In the center of the office he found a large table, and on it 4 combination pen-holder and inkstand of elaborate design. Through the center of the table directly under the inkstand he drilled a fine hole

and passed through it a small wire; under the inkstand he placed a minute relephone transmitter, well set in to avoid observation. Then he ran his wire under the copet and out the decor to the next room. "The text day, as the office was about closing, the amateur detective entered it and managed to till the lukstand on edge so the transmitter could receive the sound That night the ring met and the men nok their sents around the table. In the other room were four members of the cil-izens' committee, each with his ear glued to a receiver. That was the end of that particular ring."

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.



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Genchart Fk., Seachie,
Astoria and Seashore
Express,
Daily,
Tool P. M. Astoria Express, 0:40 F. M.

7:00 P. M. Astoria Express, 0:40 P. M. Ticket office 255 Morrison at and Union Depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt. Astoria, Or.



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ington. OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

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FOR SALEM and way 0:45 A. M. 3:00 P. M. Water permitting. Fet. points, str. Elimare Ash-street Dack FOR DAYTON, Ores 7 mt A. M 200 P. M. Mone, River points, sir Mar Thurse, Ger. Waster permitting.

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III PARKET,
I \*S:00 A. M

(lbany passenger ... \*10:10 A. M. invalle passenger 45:50 P. M \*7:30 A. M. 04:50 P. M. beridae passenger. [Sc25 A. M.

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