The ISLE of the WINDS

By S. R. CROCKETT

Pictures by G. A. SHIPLEY

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Phillip, meets in an inn-house his son Phillip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel; Sir James goes home taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son, and Janet Mark. They take his body outside, and lay it upon an ice-floe, in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Phillip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Humphrey Spurway, and Spurway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported.

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So it came about that my father being in prison ready to meet his end, my uncle appeared at New Milns with a paper signed and sealed, bearing that Philip Stansfield the younger, being heir to all the properties and estates of his grandfather, his father, Philip Stansfield the elder, being under sentece of death, had appointed his brother and Saul Mark joint curators of all the aforesaid infant's goods till he should be of age. This to take effect only in case of the death of the said Philip Stansfield the elder, presently in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh."

My mother was much troubled at this, and grieved sore at it, as at first did my grandmother also, down by the Great House. But John soon reconciled her to it by accompanying her regularly to the kirk, and especially by speaking ever praisefully of Mr. John Bell and his sermons.

But all these projects and purposes, overt and secret, were in a moment blown upon by certain startling occurrents which, in a moment, put a new face upon all our lives. And these I will tell in order even as they happened, that the reader may follow their effect upon us, even as my mother and I felt them in the Yett house of New Milns.

CHAPTER X.

The Last Night in February.

The last night in February came upon us, a night ever memorable to all of us who had been affected by the sad death of Sir James Stansfield. It was the very day set for the execution of my father in Edinburgh, and we hoped for news in the morning.

I had been over all day at the mills of Umphray Spurway, where, finding he could not prevent my coming about him, the Englishman had set William Bowman to give me lessons, together with the little tangle-haired maiden, Anna Mark. It was work that William Bowman liked well enough. For not only was he a good scholar, but he was glad to be quit of the thankless task of superintending the workers in the mill for the best part of an afternoon.

Then when it began to grow dark, Umphray Spurway took me by the hand and we went gladsomely together over to the little house among the pines, where my mother dwelt. At first the Englishman talked easily and answered all my questions, of which, as is the wont of boys, I asked very many and of a very foolish sort. But as we neared the cottage of the Yett Umphray, he waxed silent, and when he replied at all his words were mostly spoken at random.

It had already all the promise of a wild night. Overhead the scud was riding eastward, flecked and sullen, yet going fast as spume on a raging tide race. Lower a thin, almost invisible, mist steamed along the land and combed itself through the trees like long blown maiden's hair. The reek of the lum rose from the hearthstone through the rafters up to the outer air, peeped once over the chimneys, and then with a sidelong dive sped eastward also down the wind. Spite of all this it was not yet dark, and sometimes in the bright blinks the sun himself looked slantwise through the forest aisles and ruled the shadows of the tall trunks black on last year's leaves, blue on the few half-melted wreaths of the winter snows. I did not notice all these things at the time, but they come back to me now as all the natural surroundings of my boyhood are wont to do, with vivid and even startling clearness.

For about this time I used to be haunted with a fear lest I should forget, or, as it were, grow out of myself, and as the years went past become some other person. Why I was so anxious to keep my personality I know not. But the case stood so in my mind. For instance I remember well a close fence of split pines which extended from the back of the great house of New Milns to the waterside of Esk. It was, perhaps, 400 or 500 feet in length, and the pales were set exceedingly close together. Yet I made it my business to know every several one of them by headmark, back and front, all the green mould on the split side, the bluish rotted places where the wet had seeped in, the clear yellow blobs of the resin running like tears down the bark. And know them I did, back and front, above and below. I could bind my own eyes and wander till I laid my hand on a paling, stop, cautiously uplift the corner of the handkerchief, take my marks, and then run over to myself on the next two or three on either side of me, there still unseen. In all this there was no apparent advantage to myself, nor, indeed, hope of any. But the experiment may be accepted as typical of the many trials I made of my memory at that time. A year or two afterwards, having other things to think about, I cared no jot for all the split-pine fences in the countryside.

Well, as I say, I went skipping home to my mother by Umphray Spurway's side, propounding innumerable questions, and not listening to one answer in 20. During the latter half of the walk, however, both question and answer were mostly blown away by the wind, which disconcerted me nothing. For I was in high glee at bringing my mother so desirable a visitor.

When we came to the door of the lodge Yett I knocked, and heard old Caleb Clinkaberry withdraw the bolts, clearing the rust from the holdfasts of the iron rods, and his own throat of the roopy weather at the same time.

"Come thy ways, Master Phil; thy mother hath been in a rare takin' about thee. Eh, Measter Spurway; an' she will be glad to see thysen."

And so hobbling forward with eager politeness, mixed with an under grumbling of complaint concerning his standing for that ancient "loom-bagus in the back," our old English servant led the way to where my mother was sitting, looking younger and prettier than ever I had seen her, in the room that looks to the west through a kind of long alley cut out among the pines. The sunshine (or something else) was [illegible] on her cheek as she jumped up at sight of her guest, and, letting all her embroidery stuff fall in a fluttering cloud, she gave Umphray Spurway her hand, never looking at him nor saying a word save to scold me for being such a trouble in bringing the gentleman all the way hither on so cold a night.

"Oh, he does not think that," I said; "he was as anxious to come as a cat is to see her kittens."

And after that I had all the talk to myself for some time.

Umphray Spurway sat down on a chair by the fire at my mother's invitation, and in turn he asked her not to make a stranger of him, but to go on with her embroidery work as before. And this, after a little blushing demur, she did. I can see her now. Her roseleaf skin was bright as I had not seen it for long years. The flush of her youth seemed hardly yet lost. When she threded her needle she would lift her soft, sad eyes of blue a moment and nod at something I was saying, or, as it might be, smile at Umphray Spurway in a manner which besought him to forgive the youthful folly of my speeches. For I mind on that occasion, as indeed mostly when Mr. Spurway came with me to see my mother about this time, I took the conversation in my own hands and conducted in person at least nine-tenths of it.

"Philip used to be a silent child," said my mother once, when a lull gave her a chance. "I used to call him in jest 'the Graven Image,' for he would sit smiling in his little cot all day without a sound or a cry. Indeed he never spoke a word till he was more than two years old. Then one day all suddenly he began to speak, and, except when asleep, he was never rightly stopped once."

"He and little Anna Mark are a fine pair," said Umphray Spurway. "He is properly matched there. I can hear them half across the mill, and I cannot tell which is talking the faster, or which cares least what the other is saying."

"You have that child in the house with you?" said my mother. And I knew by her voice that she was less pleased than usual. The name seemed somehow to grate upon her.

As indeed was small wonder.

"Yes," said Umphray Spurway, bending forward a little eagerly and replying more to my mother's tone than her words; "yes; she is a pretty bairn, and when she grows as biddable 'as she is clever, I mistake much but she will prove a credit to me."

My mother seemed to be deep in thought—pulling absent-mindedly at the thread and biting it off repeatedly without answering.

"It may be," she said at last, musing upon his words, "it may be! God grant you' are not deceived in her! The evil in the blood is hard to exorcise!"

"She is a rare good runner," I said, interrupting them. "She can catch William Bowman with a hundred yards start."

It was curious that when my mother and Umphray Spurway were together they gave much more earnest consideration to my foolish boyish speeches than either of them did when apart. So now Umphray Spurway smiled with a grave attention he never vouchsafed me at the mill—where, indeed, as like as not he would have cuffed me well for the interruption.

"Can she outrun you?" he asked. And my mother also seemed to hang on my words.

"Only uphill," I said. "I can match her on the level fields, and beat her hollow at running down hill."

I did not add that this last was owing to my legs being each half a foot longer. For why should a boy confess that a girl can beat him at anything?

So we sat and talked, and, as I think, forgot the time and place and all else. Meanwhile the wind grew wilder and wilder without, as it were, rushing up the open alley of the pines, collecting itself in the little open courtyard and then flinging itself in fury upon the small panes of the window, with the sudden impetuousness of a tiger's leap.

Suddenly the night dropped like a curtain. But the fire only blazed brighter on the hearth.

"Will you be pleased to draw in your chair, sir," said my mother, as a fiercer gust than before shook the window, rattled the door, hooted in the chimney and then fled, laughing fiendishly down the darkening aisles of the wood.

I saw my mother shiver and glance out of the window. The creaking and straining beeches and pines could be both seen and heard in the pauses of the furious gusts. Their stiff arms stood out like tall, gaunt gallows trees outside the windows. She rose and moved to the cupboard.

"It is almost time to take our four hours," she said. "It seems to come early tonight, and to be more welcome than usual. It darkens apace. Will you be pleased to stay and dring a cup of tea? My brother, the Guineaman, brought me some after his last voyage. He got it for having rendered some service on his homecoming to a China ship."

"I thank you, madam," said Umphray Spurway, making my mother a courteous little bow. "I ought to be stirring, but I must needs wait for that great pleasure."

Then my mother sent me upstairs for the West Indian sugar, which (just in case of accidents), she kept locked in the great mahogany chest of drawers in her dressing-room. I went gladly, for such a chance came not often, and certainly was not to be missed. And as I stood by the curtain of the bedroom, cleansing the stickiness from my fingers and wiping my mouth with the silken lining, I saw a dark figure pass from side to side of the wide, west-looking alley, in which a certain reddish light yet lingered, reluctantly to depart altogether. But I though nothing of this. For a servitor going to the great house or one of Mr. Spurway's weavers in search of a hare to boil the pot was no unusual sight at the Lodge Yett.

"TRAITOR AND TRAITRESS, I HAVE YOU BOTH! AND NOW I WILL SEND YOU TO HELL TOGETHER," HE CRIED.

I went down, and as I came near the door of the little parlor in which I had left Umphray Spurway and my mother, I paused—for no reason at all connected with them, nor (God wot) with any idea of spying upon their converse. For espionage at least (whatever my other faults), was never any part of my nature.

I heard my mother say: "It is useless, Mr. Spurway. It is, indeed, most useless—I will not listen—no; I can never listen. Before all I have my duty to the boy, and this of all days is not the time to speak of such things. Think of him that was my husband, and is so no more."

I could not hear what was said in reply by Umphray Spurway, though I am sure my mother was weeping. For at that moment I felt a hand close on the lobe of my right ear, and old Caleb Clinkaberry bore me triumphantly to the door of the parlor, with a great piece of West India sugar in my mouth, which I could neither swallow nor yet rid myself of, so high did he hold my head. He opened the door, crying: "See, madam, what I caught this fine young gentlemen at."

But that which we saw turned us to stone in the very doorway. My mother had dropped her broidery work and stood erect. Umphray Spurway was just letting go her hand, which he had been holding. But that was not the surprise and terror for me.

My eyes were drawn irresistibly to the window. It was one of the narrow and high French sort, opening in the middle, for the house had been built in King Charles' time, that it might be a summer pavilion for a former lady of New Milns. Now the lattice stood open, and the wind rushed howling triumphantly through the house, shutting every door with dreadful clanging of iron and the clatter and clink of falling glass and breaking crockery.

Framed in the blank blackness of the opening appeared a head, wild, disheveled, hardly human, the throat bare and the ragged collar of a coat far too wide appearing beneath. It was my father, the man we had thought already hanged by the neck in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh! Philip Stansfield, the parricide. His eye glanced along the level tube of a pistol barrel.

"Traitor and traitress, I have you both! And now I will send you to hell together!" he cried, and so, without another word, with shattering distinctness, fired.

With a little shrill cry my mother tottered, swayed, checked herself, and then softly sunk back into Umphray Spurway's arms. Then quick as though the face vanished from the window. The leaves clashed to. The Englishman gave my mother into the arms of Caleb Clinkaberry, and without waiting to find his hat, he pulled a pistol from his pocket, looked at the priming and rushed through the front door of my mother's house into the black night in pursuit of the double murderer.

CHAPTER XI.

Caleb Clinkaberry the Quaker.

Though to myself the remainder of the night on which Philip Stansfield shot my poor mother remains more or less a blotted and misty dream, yet I have heard so often what happened then told over by others, notably Umphray Spurway and our old Caleb Clinkaberry, that I know the order of events, as it were, by heart.

My mother lay on the bed to which Caleb had carried her, with her eyes closed, and I stood beside with white rags and liniments in my hands, gasping and swallowing in my throat at the sight of blood, while Caleb, with a pair of little scissors cut open my mother's bodice, so that in a little he found the wound in her right shoulder. Then I can recall hearing him murmur to himself (for all the world like a mother over a bairn), "Mary Digby, my little Mary, that I brought up by the hand ever since Sir Epbule did give you into my care—at Theobald's inn it was, the hour before he died! An ill chance—an evil star, a heathenish country—and the devil for an husband. Ah! my little Mary, that I who wert thy nurse should live to see thy blood flow."

But, nevertheless, he staunched the wound, and having done that which he could, he found my mother with her senses restored trying to sit up in her bed and asking in God's name what was the matter. And a great mercy it was that she minded nothing of the dreadful fact itself, nor yet of the face of her husband at the window.

And in this fashion we sat all night. I quaking with fear lest the curtains that hid the barred lattice should again be parted or the door below burst open with a clank, and the murderer rush upon us with a horrid cry. But Caleb had all safely barred and a musket loaded, toward which he looked often as he went about, muttering and shaking his head.

"For this will I yet stay his career. The bloody and evil man shall not live half his days!"

I must not forget to say that Caleb was a follower of George Fox, being one of the folk called Quakers—only he said but little about it. For they were a people of little esteem in Scotland. Yet now when Caleb's "darling maid," as he colled my mother, was touched, lo, he who had preached peace so long, turned out as great a man of war as the best of them.

So we sat and for my part I quaked every time that a rat ran rumbling from garret to cellar, which they did all night, or even a mouse scratched in the wainscot. Then my mother, growing heated and feverish with her green wound, rambled on about Clieveden and Marlow, with many names and places, pleasant sounding, but to me unknown. And Caleb as he bent over and put a paste of water mixed with elderflower wine to her lips murmured: "Yes, my pretty, and so thou shalt! To Marlow thou shalt go with old Caleb and gather water lilies yellow and water lilies white!"

"I love the white best!" she said, smiling a little and looking so young like out of her eyes, for that moment she seemed scarce older than I. Nor was she, for my mother had again become Mary Digby, the squire's little maid, of Great Marlow, and was pulling flowers in the fair woods of Clieveden as she had done more than 20 years agone.

But of Umphray Spurway no word or sign or remembrance. I doubt if either of the others ever thought of him all that night, though he had gone out into the dark to face the terrible man who was our bane. But I could see him lying in a forest glade and my father bending over him with the knife I had see wiped clean on the leaf of Baxter, his Saint's Rest, and that terrible smile on his face. I shuddered as I thought of it.

Yet in spite of all, the house of the lodge with a thousand creaking noises, the moan and whimper of the wind in the chimneys and the brushing sound it made out among the tossing trees, I dozed, waking by starts to find the lamplight falling on Caleb, his unsleeping eyes watching my mother in shadow, turning rapidly to and fro on her bed and muttering to herself of old days and people of whom I had never heard.

Scraps would come to me as from another world.

"Good Gaffer Noddycap, let me go in here out of the rain. Goody will give me a seat by the hearth till it overpass. And here, I declare, is young Will Lucy! What can bring him hither at this time of day? How do you do, sir. I am surprised to see you, sir!"

Then would old Caleb throw out his hand and uplift his eyes to the ceiling.

"God help us," he muttered, "she is again agog on Squire Lucy's Master Will! Dead—dead, these 16 year. He died fighting the Dutch the year his father sent him to sea, because he was growing overfond of our little Mary!"

Again I would doze off and when I waked it would go something like this: "I will not marry him. I hate him. Be not cruel! If I must, I must. Mother, do not send me away alone with that man!"

And then for the first time in life there came across me with a jarred and impotent grating pain the gust of a woman's unrestrained weeping. "I will go—yes, mother, I will go—but, Oh, I cannot forget him. God in heaven help me!"

And then would Caleb bend over and touch her cheek gently with his fingertips, murmuring tenderness in her ear, presently turning away with gloomy countenance to mutter great anathemas. "Accursed—three times accursed shall be he that hath spoiled our fair vine—our dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the rock. This day is the pride of Caleb Clinkaberry brought low. Ah, the mourning of Rachael, the weeping of Jazer, and the lamentation of Sibmah, clad with vines!"

Then as the sobbing grew slower he would turn to the bed and, speaking in a gentle voice, would say: "Sweet Mary, hush thee. The Lord is good. All will yet be well. He will not always chide neither will he keep his anger for ever!"

And then again would he fall to the cursing of Philip Stansfield, so soon as she had fallen into a soughing doze. Caleb spoke in a hoarse, repressed whisper, but I heard him well enough from the great chair by the dead fire when I sat and nodded, now asleep and now awake.

The very last memory I have of this terrible night of February 29 (being leap year) is that of waking to see Caleb Clinkaberry, the palms of his hands pressed together and his eyes lifted up, saying softly: "Desolation and destruction and famine and sword! The fury of the Lord is upon us, the rebuke of our God!"

When I awoke the new day had come, and I was conscious of a ghastly feeling of discomfort and a horror of myself almost like that which comes with fever. I did not know that this arrives to all who sleep in their clothes for the first time. It was light and I saw a man by my mother's bedside. A woman was on the other, both busied with matters that I could not see.

They had not observed me shrunk up in the corner of the black oaken settle. But at a slight groan from the bed I sprang up and cried: "Let my mother alone! I will kill you if you lay hand on my mother!"

The man who was stooping over the bed half turned and saw me ready to fly like a bantam cock at him. He did not remove his hands, or disengage himself from what he was doing. But instead he lifted his voice over his shoulder and said in a quick, rasping tone: "Umphray Spurway, take this boy away and keep him away."

Then I knew that he was the surgeon from Abercairn who had come to the Miln house when the plague broke out among the weavers—a skillful but an arrogant man. Then came Umphray Spurway in, looking bleached and gray, the light failed out of his eyes, and the color faded from his hair and beard—or so, at least, it seemed to me!

But though I was glad to see him, he pulled me roughly out and railed upon me for crying out at such a moment, being jangled in his speech and ever with an ear on the door of the room where my mother was.

Then in a little, being come to myself and the feeling that my clothes were made of hay having a little died away, I would have asked him concerning his night adventures, but he, having, as it were, his whole reasonable soul in the further room, bade me hush and presently gave me a cuff, whereat I sulked. Also he kept tight hold on my collar, as if I were intent to run back again, of which I had no intention.

Then, after a great while, the surgeon came out with a changed and smiling countenance and said: "It is out, and all is well," holding up at the same time a little round bullet, at sight of which the great, red Englishman turned very white and faint, and cried: "Take it away, man, God's sake, take it away!"

This I thought strange, in a man so brave and strong, whom I had seen adventure upon such a desperate chance that very night.

It was the best part of an hour before they would let me go in to see my mother. The nurse, one Margit Furgus, a wise woman, stood at the bed's head with some liquid in a dish, with which she continually moistened my poor mother's lips. The surgeon was gone, of which I was glad. Then I took Umphray Spurway's hand and would have made him come with me, but he would not, shaking me off harshly and striding out of the house with his brows bent and such a look of sadness as I had never till then seen on any man's countenance.

My dear mother smiled up at me with so sweet and peaceful a countenance that I fell to weeping, not knowing that that is the face which in women denotes the overcoming of suffering.

Margit Fergus would not permit me to bide long, nor to ask any question, but I kissed my mother's brow, which was chill and damp. So I was glad to go out, and at the door there was waiting for me Umphray Spurway, with little Anna Mark in his hand.

"How looked she?" he asked gruffly, without so much as lifting his brows or glancing at me.

"She did very well," I replied, "and smiled when I kissed her. She is asleep now."

He had a paper in his hand and he read it softly over to himself. "For a green wound a plaister compounded of frankincense, literge, roots of lilies, rose leaves with the bran of bans ground fine."

Then he turned to me.

"Boy," he said, "hath your mother an herb cupboard or such like?"

"Nay," I answered readily, "but my grandmother hath one at the Great house."

At this he began to wax uneasy and kept pulling out his great round silver watch, and looking toward the Miln house.

"If William Bowman comes not soon, I will tan his hide for him, great hulking good-for-nothing that he is!"

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when his prentice and familiar came up with some 20 of the trained band of weavers. These Umphray Spurway placed about the Lodge house, bidding so many rest in the little coach-house at the back where the hens laid in nests of soft twisted bent grass, and the others to stand sentry at equal distances through the wood.

Then he set off by himself at a good round pace for the Great house—as I presumed, to get the herbs for my mother's plaister. I ran alongside and asked him if he had killed my father, hoping that he had.

"No," he said, "I pursued after him for two hours, and saw nothing. But once I heard him laugh very near me in the darkness."

"Were you not afraid?" said I, with a certain dogged and perverted pride in so formidable a father.

"Yes," he growled, "I was naturally afraid that I would not find him."

Then he ordered me back to the Yett house as he would have ordered a dog. For never was a man more changed than Umphray Spurway about this time. He cared nothing for his looms or his work. Half his men were constantly at our house in the woods, and as for the others, they did only what work they willed to do.

And every night till they removed my mother to the Great house, Umphray Spurway would take a sword and pistol a little before the hour of dusk and go out into the darkening woods like a hunter who goes on a long hunt.

CHAPTER XII.

The Great English Droving.

But of Philip Stansfield, the murderer of his father, the almost assassin of his wife, nor hilt nor hair was seen in all the countryside. Bands of men went, 20 together, scouring the wild places, beating the woods, quartering the muirs with bloodhounds and scent dogs. All was in vain. Not a footprint, not a shred of clothing on a thorn. Only some few of the searchers would come back whispering under their breath of a mocking laugh which they had heard (or thought they heard). It seemed to hang about the skirts of the party as the night came on, and they turned wearily homeward. But it might have been no more than a blinking cue-owl searching for field mice in the early twilight.

Only those who have known what it is to have a red-hand murderer at large in their very neighborhood can conceive the agony of fear that seized on the whole countryside. Umphray Spurway was the one man who kept his head, and even he shrank into himself, his fine robust body waxing thin and his rosy cheeks falling slack and wrinkled.

It was curious that, though the cause of all this panic was the man who gave me being, I felt no interest in the affair save that I hoped they would soon catch and hang him. But I enjoyed the mounting of the guards, the passwords, the glancing musket barrels of the brave weavers, the red coats of the soldiers whom the government sent from Edinburgh to seize the murderer.

Every morning a new tale ran from lip to lip. Every evening a fresh alarm circulated from gable window to gable window. Women shrieked and fainted. Several children appeared untimeously in the world. A carrier was found clubbed, his cart and pockets rifled on the Edinburgh high road, within a mile of the city lights. Every family in the country put up fresh bolts and bars. Poor folk barricaded their door with heavy furniture, and filled up their windows at nightfall with slabs of whinstone from the nearest rock face.

At last they took my mother away in a litter, borne on the shoulders of men, all the 15 miles of the plain road to the town of Abercairn, where there was a hospital equipped with physicians of great skill. I was not permitted to go with the party, which, in the first instance, consisted of Umphray Spurway's weavers, with himself walking on one side of the litter, and Caleb Clinkaberry on the other. The old Quaker refused to be separated from his "little maid," even for a moment, and so fierce were his denunciations of woe and desolation upon all who withstood him that he gained his point.

So I was left at the mill house with little Anna Mark, under the goverance of William Bowman, which was just as good as none at all.

. . . .

And then it was that I first knew how much nicer it is to be friends with a girl than with a boy. Never before had I known any save of my own sex. I loved my mother in the way in which all boys love their mothers—that is, I made her a very poor and perfunctory return for all the wealth of love she had weared on me during my years of infancy. Nevertheless, I loved her.

Besides her I had never seen any good in womankind. I was fond of Umphray Spurway, and on this point I shared his prejudices. For save my mother (who, of course, did not count, being my mother), the Yorkshire man would never consent to have one of the breed within the Miln house. He had perforce to employ them in the fine work of the mill, but ever under protest. They were his bane, the ill drop in his cup, the fly in his ointment—with other things that I mind not now. He had a full stock of odious comparatives for them.

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THROUGH PULLMAN AND TOURIST SLEEPERS.

Water lines schedule, subject to change without notice:

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

OCEAN DIVISION—Steamships sail from Ainsworth dock at 8 P. M. Leave Portland—Columbia sails Tues., Jan. 2; Fri., Jan. 12; Mon., Jan. 22; Thurs., Feb. 1. State of California sails Sun. Jan. 7; Wed., Jan. 17; Sat., Jan 27; Tues., Feb. 6.

From San Francisco—State of California sails Wed., Jan. 3; Sat., Jan. 13; Tues., Jan. 23; Fri., Feb. 2. Columbia sails, Mon., Jan. 8; Thurs., Jan. 18; Sun., Jan. 28.

COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION.
PORTLAND AND ASTORIA.

Steamer Hassalo leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 8 P. M.; on Saturday at 10 P. M. Returning, leaves Astoria daily, except Sunday, at 7 A. M.

WILLAMETTE RIVER DIVISION.
PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS, OR.

Steamer Ruth, for Salem, Albany, Corvallis and way points, leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M. Returning, leaves Corvallis Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

Steamer Modoc, for Salem and way points, leaves Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M. Returning, leaves Salem Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M.

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE.
PORTLAND AND DAYTON, OR.

Steamer Elmore, for Dayton and way points, leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays at 7 A. M. Returning, leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

SNAKE RIVER ROUTE.
RIPARIA, WASH., AND LEWISTON, IDAHO.

Steamer Spokane or steamer Lewiston leaves Riparia daily at 1:20 A. M., arriving at Lewiston at 12 o'clock noon. Returning, the Spokane or Lewiston leaves Lewiston daily at 8:30 A. M., arriving at Riparia same evening.

W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent.
V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent.
Telephone Main 712.

New Steamship Line to the Orient

CHINA AND JAPAN, FROM PORTLAND. In connection with THE OREGON RAILROAD & NAVIGATION CO. Schedule, 1899 (subject to change:

Steamer—	Leave Portland.
QUEEN ADELAIDE	Oct. 3
MONMOUTHSHIRE	Nov. 12
ABERGELDIE	Dec. 17

For rates, accommodations, etc., apply to DODWELL & COMPANY, Limited, General Agents, Portland, Or.
To principal points in Japan and China.

EAST VIA SOUTH
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leave	Depot Fifth and I Streets	Arrive
*7:00 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS, for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*9:15 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.		*7:00 P. M.
	At Woodburn (daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron, and evening train for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	
‖7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger.	‖5:50 P. M.
‖4:50 P. M.	Independence pas'gr	‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates $17 first class and $11 second class, including sleeper.

Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA. Can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 134 Third st.

YAMHILL DIVISION.
Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson Street.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, *9:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 5:15, 6:25, 8:05, 11:30 P. M.; and 9:00 A. M. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at *6:35, 8:30, *10:50 A. M.; 1:35, 3:15, 4:30, 6:20, 7:40, 10:00 P. M.; 12:40 A. M. daily, except Monday; 8:30 and 10:05 A. M. on Sundays only.

Leave for Sheridan daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M.

Leave for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8:35 A. M. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:33 P. M.

*Except Sunday.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. — C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.

GO EAST VIA
OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD

THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY, DENVER OMAHA, OR KANSAS CITY, WITH CHOICE OF TWO ROUTES.

Via the fast mail line or the scenic line through Colorado.

NO CHANGE OF CARS TO DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO and the ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

LEAVING PORTLAND UNION DEPOT, DAILY, AT 8:00 P. M.

For railroad and sleeping-car tickets and all other information apply to

CITY TICKET OFFICE
124 Third Street, Portland, Oregon
W. E. COMAN, General Agent. — J. R. NAGEL, City Ticket Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
FOR ALASKA

THE COMPANY'S elegant steamers Cottage City, City of Topeka and Al-Ki leave TACOMA A. M., SEATTLE 9 A. M., Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30; Feb. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, Mar. 1, and every fifth day thereafter. For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing without previous notice.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 249 Washington st., Portland, Or.; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. R. R. dock, Tacoma; J. F. TROWBRIDGE, Puget Sound Supt., Ocean dock, Seattle.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts., S. F.

WASHINGTON & ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamship "CITY OF SEATTLE" will leave Seattle December 15, and every 10 days thereafter, for Vancouver, Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, Skagway, making trip from Seattle to Skagway in 72 hours.

For freight and passage inquire of DODWELL & CO., LIMITED, AGENTS, 252 Oak Street.