TONGUE'S PENSION BILLS

LETTER FROM HIM IN EXPLANATION OF THEIR SCOPE.

"Not to Relieve Deserters, but to Remove False Charge From Brave and Patriotic Soldiers."

SALEM, Or., Jan. 19.—(To the Editor.)—As the inclosed letter from Hon. Thomas H. Tongue deals with a subject of considerable interest to the public, and especially to veterans of the civil war, and as it is but simple justice to Mr. Tongue that he should have an opportunity to explain to his constituents his course in regard to pension enactments, I have concluded to send it to you for publication, knowing that through the columns of The Oregonian it will reach every voter in the first district.

GEORGE W. DAVIS.

Mr. Tongue's Letter.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—George W. Davis, Esq., Salem, Or.—My Dear Sir: I am just in receipt of yours of the 5th inst., inclosing a portion of an editorial from The Morning Oregonian, in reference to the introduction of bills removing charges of desertion now standing against soldiers of the civil war. This editorial had entirely escaped my attention. A portion of it is as follows:

"A most conspicuous introducer of bills to rehabilitate deserters at the last session of congress was Thomas H. Tongue, of the first district of Oregon. A resolution denouncing the legal rehabilitation of Union army deserters was recently voted down in an Oregon G. A. R. post on the ground that, while they did not believe in rehabilitating deserters, they could not afford to reflect upon Congressman Tongue. So much the worse for Congressman Tongue, but far worse for the G. A. R."

You suggest that this matter requires some explanation at my hands. The editorial is written upon an entire misapprehension of the facts. The editor would not have used this language, had he possessed a thorough understanding of the nature of the bills introduced. For this misapprehension on the part of The Oregonian and the public, I may be to blame. Public servants should keep the public informed as to the manner in which they are discharging their public duties. Permit me to say emphatically that I have not introduced—knowingly, at least—any bill designed to relieve from any disability any soldier who actually deserted from either the army or navy in time of war. I have no desire to remove from the shoulders of such a man the brand of cowardice that the records of the government have placed upon him. No such bill would stand the slightest chance of passing either house of congress. A member of the senate or house who would introduce it and expect it to pass would be strangely blind to the sentiment of his associates.

On the other hand, there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of instances where as brave, patriotic and faithful soldiers as ever enlisted, served their country faithfully and courageously during the entire term of their enlistment, and now, years afterward, find that they are wrongfully carried upon the records of the government as deserters. Such mistakes were unavoidable. In the discharge of such an immense army of men, it was impossible that there should not be mistakes. If a soldier could not be accounted for, in many instances he was entered as a deserter. An instance to illustrate this: Edward Hughes, a resident of Washington county, Oregon, enlisted in the Union army August 17, 1861, almost at the beginning of the war, to serve for three years. During this service he was captured by the Confederate forces and made prisoner. He escaped from his captors, returned to the Union army, received an honorable discharge and full payment for the time he was held as prisoner. He re-enlisted in the Union army in the Fifth United States infantry, served until the close of the war, and received an honorable discharge October 11, 1866. He now finds that, notwithstanding the fact that he served in the armies of the United States over five years, received two honorable discharges, which are now in my possession, he is carried upon the military records of the United States as a deserter. Colonel Ainsworth, chief of records, in writing to me with reference to this case, states: "He was captured by the enemy in the Kenesaw mountains June 7, 1864, and taken to Andersonville prison, Georgia, and was held as a prisoner until the following November. The muster-roll, dated June 30, 1864, reports him 'missing in action June 22, 1864.' The company's muster-roll, dated March 20, 1866, shows him 'deserted June 21, 1864.'"

How the last entry came to be made passeth understanding. Hughes knew nothing of it. Years afterward, when ill health and old age compelled him to seek a pension, he is confronted with this record. I have introduced a bill to remove this unjust charge and to grant him the pension that he would otherwise be entitled to under the laws. The injustice of the charge is apparent. The military authorities admit it, but are powerless to remedy it. I shall do everything I can to secure the passage of this bill.

In many instances the discharge of the soldier was informal. It was made by an officer who was not legally authorized to make it. Soldiers went home believing themselves properly discharged, and now discover that they are carried upon the military records as deserters. A case in illustration is that of John Fox, who died at Albany, Or., a short time ago. A committee of both the senate and the house have reported in favor of his relief. The report of both committees shows that "Fox was a member of a band of musicians, and while on the march about the 12th of June, 1862, the band was notified that their services were no longer required, and the foreman was furnished with a paper by the colonel of his regiment, which enabled the members of the band to obtain free transportation to their homes. The preparations to leave were made with the knowledge of the officers and the members of the company to which they belonged, and they marched away openly and embarked on a boat for Cannelton, Ind. On their arrival they were publicly greeted by their friends and relatives."

The discharge seems to have been informal, and Fox was entered as a deserter. He knew nothing about this charge until July 1, 1894. During his lifetime he desired to have this false charge removed, and now that he is dead his family justly seek to have this stain upon the character of the husband and father wiped out. I have introduced a bill for that purpose, and shall secure its passage if possible.

The case of J. K. Parker, of Roseburg, is another instance of injustice. He conceived the idea that in some way or other he had a right to change from one company to another. He, therefore, left the company to which he belonged and immediately enlisted in another company and continued his services, and served during the war, and at the end of the war asked and obtained an honorable discharge. It now appears that he was entered upon the rolls of the first company as a deserter, notwithstanding all the time he was in actual service of the government.

Another case of injustice is that of John Cabler. He enlisted on July 15, 1861, for three years. He was wounded September 19, 1862. He was wounded again January 1, 1864. On April 8, 1864, when near the expiration of the three years, a furlough was granted him for 30 days. During his absence on this furlough he contracted, first, measles, and then smallpox. He was unable to return to his regiment, or to communicate with them the reason of his failure to return. By the time that he had recovered, the term of his enlistment had expired, and he deemed it unnecessary to return. The entry against his name is that of desertion.

These cases sufficiently illustrate the class of bills that have evoked criticism. In most of these cases there is practically no dispute as to the facts. The military department of the government has not the power to correct these false entries. It can be done only through congress and by the passage of special bills. The bills, therefore, which have been introduced by myself and others, and which have evoked the criticism of The Oregonian and of some of the members of the G. A. R., are not bills to relieve any deserters from the consequences of their cowardly crime. They are introduced to remove false charges against brave men, to prevent grave injustice, and to take the stain from the character of honest, patriotic soldiers. These men have been tried and condemned without a hearing. Had your post passed resolutions condemning the introduction of this class of bills, it would have unwittingly repeated the injustice under which these men have so long suffered, and would have again branded, as unworthy, some of the bravest and best of their own comrades.

I have no apology to make for introducing these bills or attempting to secure their passage. The public requires none. All that is needed is that the facts should be known.

THOMAS H. TONGUE.

LAWTON'S PLUCKY WIFE.

She Was His Best Helper and Once She Was Under Fire.

New York Tribune.

Lawton idolized his only son, Manley, his eldest child, now about 13 years of age. His wife and her three little girls had to go out to Manila in order that Manley could be with his father. The general insisted on making a soldier of the boy, and letters have frequently told that the general has had Manley out on the firing line or in the trenches with him. The boy is much like his father, strong, fearless and popular with the soldiers. Soon

Mrs. Lawton.

after reaching Manila his father insisted upon taking the boy with him on the Laguna de Bay campaign. His persistence resulted in Mrs. Lawton's also accompanying the expedition, and at one time she was actually under fire.

She is said to be a brave little woman, the typical officer's wife. Lawton had just become a captain and was stationed at Santa Fe, N. M., when Mary Craig came there from Louisville to visit friends in the service. Lawton fell desperately in love with her, and went to Louisville two years later and married her. After the Geronimo campaign, when he came to Washington, Lawton decided to settle down for a peaceful career in the staff. He bought about 30 acres and a little house near Falls Church, Va., and here his children were born. But the little farm had almost slipped through his fingers when he went West as General Shafter's inspector-general, and he exchanged it for a young orange grove near Los Angeles, which is now said to be highly productive, its successful manager being a retired soldier from the Fourth cavalry, who helped Lawton capture Geronimo.

Mrs. Lawton's accomplishments have always been most helpful to her husband, particularly in writing his reports. He

Manley Lawton.

was a hater of books, an indifferent writer, and he was always joked about his spelling. Mrs. Lawton learned the typewriter, transcribed important documents from his rough notes, and in the old days kept his accounts straight, until his rank gave him clerks for that purpose. In recent years he was about the only inspector-general who was invariably accompanied on his tours by a clerk.

A Mormon Proposal of Marriage.

Mrs. J. K. Hudson in New Lippincott.

Three men were ushered into the room. One was tall and of strong, well-marked features and dignified presence. The other two were stout and florid and rather nervous in manner, brothers apparently.

Without waiting for a formal introduction, one of these motioned inconsequently toward me and said, "Is she one of the Lord's people?"

The woman offered them chairs with a slight inclination of the head, that might have been taken either for answer or for an invitation to be seated.

Was she afraid? I could not tell. The men paid no attention to the invitation for the moment and ignored my presence. They had come upon urgent and important business, they announced, and would state it at once. It was their duty to bear a message to her, one that specially concerned her.

"Yes," said the tall and solemn elder, "it is indeed nothing less than a revelation received by the head of the church last night. It concerns both you and your daughter."

"My daughter," gasped the woman, in scarcely audible tones, and I saw one hand grasp the back of a chair convulsively.

"Your daughter, who has now grown to womanhood," continued the elder, "and owes her allegiance to the church."

"What is the revelation?" the woman forced her drawn lips to ask.

"Through the grace of the All-Wise Father it has been revealed to his disciple, Brigham Young, that your daughter Clarisse should become the third wife of Elder W——, here present with us."

An awful silence ensued, and then a convulsive movement in the woman's throat, as if her voice refused to utter a sound, attracted the attention of all, and the men bowed their heads that they might not see.

It is asserted that the wine cellars of France contain alleged champagne enough to supply the world's demand for three years—nearly 150,000,000 bottles.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR

AS A RULE HE FEELS HIMSELF UNDERPAID.

Not Enough Money to Rid Himself of Economies Common to Toilers of the World.

The American college is certainly one of the most distinctive of cisatlantic contributions to education, and has developed with its growth a type of professor whose counterpart one would fail to find in England or Germany or anywhere else, writes Joseph Jastroy in The Outlook. It is rather strange that this representative of a system that at one point or another crosses the highway of most intellectual interests has been so rarely portrayed in fiction or discussed in fact. That we have in our midst a class of men considerable by weight, if not by count, with a status peculiar in some measure to themselves, laboring under conditions favorable and unfavorable; that, in brief, we may have, along with so many other fin de siecle questions, a professorial question, seems to have been singularly ignored. It is gratifying to find in the pages of Scribner's Monthly some public discussion of this problem, even though it but sketches in outline the lights and shadows of the academic landscape.

The writer of the first article, Professor Bliss Perry, is generally optimistic in his delineations, but is supplemented, though hardly offset, in a second article by a professor who very properly withholds his name. The secure, even if inadequate living; the long vacations; the devotion to research, and the zest of discovery; the fondly cherished magnus opus; the familiar intercourse with a picked set of cultivated men; the privilege of influencing a "perpetually renewed stream of youthful and more or less ardent minds"; the occasional honors and the pleasing small tributes with which the path of a successful professor is strewed, are sketched in pleasing outlines, and with a touch that charms even where it fails to convince. We enjoy the flavor and the tone of the portraiture; we smile as we read the characterization of one or another of the professorial types—"the martinets and the pedants and the piously insane," and the man who taught one "to think or helped him to feel and thrilled him with a new horizon;" the ardent investigator, the natural-born teacher, and the man who abandons both his ambitions and settles down as a fly fisherman or an amateur photographer or novel reader—"a very charming dead beat," and "the most interesting type of all." The wranglings of a faculty meeting and the foibles of college administration strike a sympathetic cord in the minds of those who have been in and of these things.

Tastes Beyond Income.

But amidst the humor and the charm, the interest of life and character that pervades the academic milieu, the feeling of the seriousness of the underlying issues, the things that make or mar the professor as a man and an influence come to the foreground and cannot for long be ignored. The fundamental question is this: Does the environment of the American professor give to his services a maximum of intellectual and moral value? Does it tend to develop most easily and successfully his own resources and urge him to the fulfillment of that function in the community for which his talents and training qualify him? Does it make him at once happy and useful? Of course, this can be asked only in a relative sense, and with reference to the status of other professional and intellectual careers. No one can hope to escape the influences of the forces among which his life is lived. These social forces sweep on as heedless of our speculation and desires as the flow of Niagara, and the best we can do is patiently to try to understand them and direct them, to derive from their contemplation a source of inspiration, or harness them to our mills and engines. None the less, there is much truth in the Socratic notion that right knowing is the requisite to right doing; and the reformer will ever have a useful, though rarely a grateful, place in the progress of civilization. It may, therefore, be a useful task to draw attention to some of the undesirable factors in the professor's environment, which obstruct his public usefulness equally with his private happiness.

Amidst the general contentment of college teachers even Professor Perry's optimistic gaze has discerned some who are not cheated by the reflection that by entering another profession they might have quadrupled their earnings; even he cannot fail to note that the professor's tastes are cultivated beyond his income, and that his position forces him to accept a standard of living which is a severe strain upon his financial resources. It is, of course, not a serious calamity that when a professor has paid his bills he finds no margin left for "champagne and terrapin"; but it is a very serious condition that confronts him when he finds that he cannot pay his bills. And it is an equally serious matter when Professor Anonymous confesses that he must refuse the offered transfer of his services to a position of higher rank, of wider influence and greater opportunities, mainly because "to live within my salary and at the same time retain influence and standing were both out of the question," and this in spite of the fact that the proffered promotion from college to university was to bring with it an increase of income from $2000 to $4000. It is quite true that "it were a pity that in the colleges, of all high places, high thinking and plain living should be quite divorced;" but it is a greater pity that the living should perforce be so arduous as severely to tax the energies that make for higher thinking. That such is the case in a large majority of our collegiate communities can readily be verified by any observer who has the opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface.

Friction Disturbs His Serenity.

A professor is a type of the great underpaid; and this lack of a proper income is, for various reasons, to be regarded as a calamity. First, because it tends to make the individual discontented, and to develop a frame of mind which, except in persons of a peculiarly fortunate temperament, is a serious obstacle to enthusiastic and successful endeavor. The reflections as to what might have been, and the constant friction against the desirable but nonaffordable, disturbs the serenity and good temper of even academic and philosophic mortals. But, secondly, this financial hampering of a scholar and a teacher checks his own development, and defeats in some measure the successful performance of the professor's function. The energy—and the best of us has but a limited amount of it—that should go to the highest work of which he is capable, is dissipated in a hundred different directions, because they promise some little relief from pressing cares. Nine times out of ten the "pitiful or tragic stories of professors who have broken down," and who "are usually the men whom the college could least afford to lose," if they were fully revealed, would show that a prominent cause of the breakdown was the necessity of eking out an insufficient income by writing, or lecturing, or other remunerative occupations.

The road is blocked to him who cannot pay; the professor who cannot afford a secretary must do his own intellectual drudgery. If his meditations are "interrupted by an insulting cook striking for another dollar that he can ill spare," these dollars are deducted from the next order for books, and he has one more opportunity of practicing the art of doing without. In "The Confessions of a College Professor," matters that pertain to the expense account, to ingenious economies and philosophic consolations, are painfully conspicuous. The professor whose income enables him to attend the sessions of learned societies, to keep well in touch with the literature of his specialty, to indulge in invigorating and broadening luxuries of European travel, not to mention the necessities of restorative summer outings, is rapidly differentiated from his unfortunate colleague whose resources are cut short just below this margin, and who must practice all the economy he can command to make both ends meet. The best of us need some stimulus to keep us going; the man who must stay at home loses the stimulus of the contact with his fellow professors; the man who cannot buy books does not read them; he begins to lag and lag further and further behind, until he finally loses the ambition to do otherwise. Such, perhaps, is the evolution of the delightful, if you will, but certainly not enviable, "dead beat."

Abler Young Men Will Quit.

A further reason why this lack of a proper income is a menace to the value of the professorial profession is to be found in its inevitable tendency to attract the abler young men into more remunerative fields. It cannot be overlooked that ours is an intensely mercantile community, and that the painful contrast between the position of the professor and the other intellectual occupations, as judged by the accepted standards of success, must tend to repel many a brilliant but ambitious young man. However strong his devotion to learning, however attractive the charms of an academic career, he cannot but question in moments of doubt and misgiving, and ask, with the circumspect maiden,

> Will the love that we are rich in
> Build a fire in the kitchen?

It is true that the path of love, if it leads him "where money is," may be his salvation; but the reservation of the academic career to those who can inherit wealth or marry wealth—a condition rapidly being established in Germany—is totally out of place in a democracy that boasts of a ladder from the gutter to the college. In brief, look at it optimistically as you will, recall all the cases of great endeavor that have been nurtured in garrets, and of high achievements with humble means, and yet the contemplation of the ideal and the exceptional must give way to the realization of the importance of the average. We are dealing with a considerable class of picked and yet thoroughly human men; men who will do their best under stimulating influences, but will backslide and do an average and respectable measure of service if the conditions are only passably fair. As a rule it takes abundance of rich food and favorable conditions to breed the queen bee. Some years ago, President Harper investigated the financial status of the professors, and found that he is on a par financially with conductors, foremen of works, etc., with an average income of about $1600. He concluded that as a mere matter of justice his salary should on the average be raised by one-half. This is a conservative estimate; but certainly not below this line lies the region where, under moderate conditions, a professor can find the ease and security from worry to which the needs and the value of his services entitle him. If we venture to pass from the desirable to the practical, and ask how the improvement in the professor's status is to be brought about, we must proceed slowly and tentatively.

It would be necessary, on the one hand, to inquire into the underlying reasons for this insufficient remuneration; to discover, perhaps, that it is connected with an imperfect realization of the needs and nature of the modern collegiate teacher; and such prevalent misconceptions would have first to be removed. And, on the other hand, it would be necessary to examine the administrative methods of our educational institutions, to observe how salaries are fixed and varied, and the motives that guide such actions. Neither of these tasks is an easy one. Here, however, is the right knowing that is indispensable to the right doing, and here is the reformer's opportunity. Unless philanthropists and administrators of educational trusts, unless the professional and cultivated classes, can be convinced of the necessity for earnest thought and action regarding the improvement of the professor's status, the future, if not the present, generation will be discovering and bemoaning the decadence of the American professor.

A FLAX INDUSTRY.

There Is One, and Its Possibilities Are Stupendous.

SCIO, Or., Jan. 17.—(To the Editor.)—The writer has read with a very great deal of interest your editorial on "Direct Trade in Hemp," in the issue of even date, and begs to state that, for economic reasons alone (sufficient, also, by the way), you have sounded the keynote of the proposition of cheaper and better grainbags.

I say "cheaper," for if manufactured from raw material grown at home they can be made cheaper. I say "better," because if manufactured from this same raw material which our farmers are growing, they will be better.

I do not refer to a jute or hemp bag, but to a grainbag made from flax straw. You say:

> The jute industries are one of the greatest wealth producers of the Philippines, and it would seem a wise move on the part of those interested in working up a trade with our new possessions to secure means for diverting this business into easier channels than those through which it is now flowing.
>
> As grain bags are very high in this country, and with a great crop of wheat coming on, are in a fair way to be much higher, it would seem a good move on the part of the government, etc., etc.

You will pardon me for taking issue with you, but I will only say that the real solution of the grainbag proposition lies in the proper encouragement of the growing of one of Oregon's best crops (flax), and the establishment of mills, such as ours at Scio, to use every part of that crop.

The making of a cheaper and better grainbag from flax straw is by no means an experiment. It has been done, and, by the introduction of proper methods in encouraging its growth, they can be made still cheaper. A grainbag made from flax straw will outlast one of jute or hemp five to one.

Well, but it is said "we have no flax industry." Let us see. This past year about 35,000 acres were sown to flax in the Pacific Northwest, the straw from which was an absolute loss, entailing an immense amount of money in its wasting. We figure one ton of straw to the acre. This would give us 35,000 tons of straw, about one-quarter of which is spinning fiber, so we would have 8750 tons of fiber. This means 17,500,000 pounds, or 17,500,000 grainbags, left to be burned in the straw stack or rotted on the ground. Figure these grainbags at an average price of 5c each, and you see the handsome sum of $875,000 was wasted to the farmers of the Pacific Northwest alone for lack of proper encouragement. The last clause of your article is especially to the point: "There is no more reason for importing our grainbags or jute," etc. I hope I have at least succeeded in showing one good reason for not doing so, and would close by asking a question: Why would it not be a wise move on the part of the state of Oregon to take hold of this enterprise in the place of losing money in the manfacture of stoves?

E. E. LARIMORE,
Manager Northwestern Flax & Fiber Manufacturing Company.

Game in Gippsland.

The National Review.

The kangaroo, wallaroo and wallaby are to be found in every district. Bears are in all cool regions. The wild boar is common on the Murray, and on most of the other large rivers of New South Wales. Deer are plentiful in South Gippsland, in Birregurra and Cook's River. The opossum is as ubiquitous as he is funny, and the dingo, pure or mongrel, which is found on the confines of all settled districts, will repay the hunter for any pains endured while chasing him. In the steppe country of South and West Australia, wild horses afford some fast work to the sportsman who drives them into snares, while the slow-coach can take his fill of pleasant musings waiting at some drinking-hole for his big game to come in. Buffalo are now to be met with in large numbers in West Australia. Wombats give excellent night sport; and flying foxes, squirrels and bats of immense size afford interest to those who are able to bring them down by the light of the moon. Paddymelons, kangaroo-rats, bandicoots, tiger-cats, rabbits and hares abound in all the Southern colonies, and stalking them affords easy, pleasant sport for those who do not care for the rough labor which bigger game entails.

Wild fowl abound in splendid variety. Pelicans, spoonbills, herons, cranes, ducks and black swans are scattered over well-nigh every sheet of water or river. In New South Wales, South Australia and Queensland, "native companions" and emus afford splendid rides. Cassowaries are found in Queensland and on the islands near the mainland. The lowan is interesting to the sportsman who has a taste for subtleties in nest-building and doesn't mind being fooled occasionally by a bird smarter than himself. The lyre-bird is another pretty rascal—given to tricks which cannot fail to exasperate.

Love is the corner-stone of a woman's life. She builds all her hopes upon and around those tender affections which she cherishes toward the ones who are dear to her, and which she looks to receive from them in return.

This is woman's nature; it is the God-given instinct that makes her a fond and tender sweetheart; a comforting, helpful wife; an ever-loving, solicitous, care-taking mother.

When a woman feels that the responsibilities and duties of wifehood and motherhood have become irksome to her—a burden and trouble rather than a source of uplifting and inspiration—it shows that there is some deficiency in her physical make-up; some abnormal and unhealthy condition of the delicate and important special structure of womanhood.

Many thousands of women annually write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the eminent specialist in women's diseases requesting professional advice—which he is always glad to send without charge—and telling him of the marvelous benefits they have received from his wonderful "Favorite Prescription" in building up their special health and physical energy.

"I would like to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn. "During the first month of pregnancy I could not keep anything on my stomach. I was so sick that I had to go to bed and stay for weeks.

"I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medicine so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take 'Favorite Prescription' in November and I had a nice little baby girl in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in hard labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day.

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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.

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MONMOUTHSHIRE	Jan. 25
	about Feb. 15
ABERGELDIE	Mar. 4

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

EAST via SOUTH

Leave	Depot Fifth and I Streets	Arrive
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	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.	Sheridan passenger..	‖8:25 A. M

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

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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 Dallas daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M.

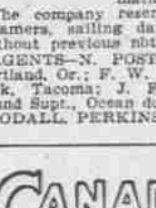
Leave for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8:35 A. M. Arrive at Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:32 P. M.

*Except Sunday.

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

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

FOR ALASKA



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

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8:00 A. M.	Astoria and Seashore Express, Daily.	11:15 A. M.
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Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

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STEAMSHIP RIOJUN MARU

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