MINDANAO'S OPERA-BOUFFE RULER

Carpenter Interviews the Sultan of the Great Southern Island of the Philippines and Photographs Him and His Dusky Harem.

(Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

PARANG-PARANG, April 12.—You will do well to remember the names of the distinguished characters described in this letter. They are liable to appear any day in the news dispatches from the Philippines, and that in letters of blood. I refer to the Sultan of Mindanao, Datto Piang of the Cottabato, and Datto Baqui. They are the rulers of some of the worst Mohammedans of the Far East, Mohammedans more barbarous and savage than the Moros of Sulu, of whom you have read. They have been noted throughout the centuries as pirates and cut-throats, and the Spaniards have for 300 years attempted to quell them in vain. For this purpose they had garrisons here and at Pollok, and although nominally at peace, a secret warfare went on, and within the past eight years, I am told, that 300 Spaniards were killed at this fort alone. The soldiers did not dare to go into the interior, and the Moros were not allowed to come into the fort. Still every now and then a Spanish soldier would be found dead. Often it would be a sentry who had been carved to pieces at his post with one of the terrible knives that the Moros use, and again it might be by a Juramentado, or Mohammedan fanatic, who had started out vowing to kill Christians until he should be killed himself. According to his religion every Christin he killed would advance him a step up toward the top platform of the Mohammedan Heaven and his victims would be compelled to serve him there as slaves.

The war cry of these people is "El Moro! El Moro!" A few days ago our soldiers heard this cry and saw the Moros drawing their knives and unsling their guns. Every one was ready to fight on the instant. There was a pushing and slashing and Datto Baqui and his son came near being killed by one of the fanatics. The story illustrates the savagery of the people.

Angry at His Wife.

The fanatic, who was justlike any one of 1000 men whom I have walked among today, became angry at his wife. He assaulted her with his barong, a knife as sharp as a razor, and as heavy as a butcher's cleaver, and literally chopped her to pieces. He then began on his second wife, cutting a deep gash in her shoulder, and sending her to the floor. He then left his house and ran down the main street, striking at every man he met. He attacked Datto Baqui, who was standing on a corner, and who only saved his life by ducking his head. As it was the knife went deep into the neck of one of the slaves, who was standing behind, and a second blow killed another of his attendants.

In the meantime, other Moros were shooting and throwing lances at the murderer. They failed to hit him and he turned and ran. He might, indeed, have escaped for a time, had he not met an old Moro in his path. He could not resist stopping to kill him. With one blow of his knife he cut the old man's head in two, cleaving it from crown to chin. Before he could withdraw his weapon the Datto's warriors were upon him. A dozen campilans, krises and barongs were chopping up his body, and he was actually cut into mince meat before he could utter a cry or a groan. The man in this case seems to have killed for the pure love of killing. Such cases are not uncommon, and I hear daily stories of men who have, as they call it here, "run amuck," and gone on killing all they could, expecting to be killed themselves.

Such things seem incredible, but they are a part of the civilization here, a civilization so curious that I can hardly hope to make you see it as it is. It has all the elements of an opera bouffe show and at the same time of the most terrible tragedies.

During my stay here I have had many queer experiences with the Moros, and have met both Datto Baqui and the Sultan of Mindanao. There are, it is estimated, more than 150,000 Moros on this island—more than are in the whole Sulu group—and the most of these are subjects in some way to this Sultan. The Datto Baqui is one of the most powerful of the Mohammedan Princes. He has several thousand warriors and has made himself noted as a fighter. There is considerable friction between him and Datto Piang, and at the time General Bates was here, the two came near having a fight on our man-of-war.

Ready to Fight.

Each had called with his retinue to pay his respects to the American General, and had, it is said, not known of the coming of the other till he met him there. There were fierce looks for a time. Krises were drawn half out of their sheaths and lances seized ready for hurling. General Bates, however, so well acted the part of peacemaker that the rival dattos shook hands before leaving. They are today as far apart as ever, and their forces may yet come to battle. At present Datto Baqui has his quarters in the Spanish fort, which, by the terms of the treaty, belongs to the United States. He lives with his wives in the second story of the largest building in it, and usually keeps himself surrounded with armed retainers.

I have been traveling with Colonel Webb Hayes, who, as the second officer of the Thirty-first Infantry, has been making a tour of inspection of the posts of Mindanao, and it was with him and the soldiers that I marched up through the crowd of Moros to pay my respects to the Sultan, and to Datto Baqui. We met the Datto first. He was surrounded by fierce-looking fellows, some half-naked and some dressed in skin-tight jackets and drawers of all colors of the rainbow. All wore turbans. All had great knives in wooden shields fastened into the bright colored sashes they wore about their waists. Several carried long spears, and two were armed with Remington rifles. They were sober-looking heathen, and there were more scowls than smiles. All were chewing the betel and all had teeth as black as jet. The Datto also was chewing and the blood-red juice trickled down the corners of his mouth as he opened it and, showing his black teeth, bade us welcome to Parang-Parang.

The Datto was a better-looking man than the Sultan, whom I shall describe farther on. He is, I judge, about 40 years of age, of medium height and has strong Moro features. His complexion is dark brown, his eyes jet black and almost almond. He was dressed in a yellow jacket, fastened with silver buttons; black trousers, so tight that they must have been sewed on his legs, and foreign shoes, without stockings. He wore a blue velvet cap, which came well down over his forehead. He was unarmed, with the exception of a cane, which he held in his right hand. We had a few words with him through the interpreter, and later on he took part in the audience which we had with the Sultan.

Sultan of Mindanao Island.

Our conference with the Sultan was held in the open air. His majesty, who lives near Cottabato, happened to be visiting this part of his dominions and he was anxious to meet the Americans. He had his chief officials with him, a dozen black-faced cutthroats, who were dressed in all colors, wearing turbans of red, brown and yellow, and jackets and waistcloths of Dolly Varden hues. All carried weapons and all were armed with knives, as well as naked spears. At the audience the Sultan and the Datto sat upon chairs which had been brought forth from the stores of the town. The retainers in many cases squatted on their heels, or sat upon the ground, only a half dozen standing near the Sultan.

Behind the Sultan were two men holding silk umbrellas trimmed with silver thread, and beside his Sultanic—I was going to say satanic—majesty stood two slaves, one with a betel box, a sugar basin filled with what looked like red powder, but which really was the stuff which these people chew, and the other with a silver cup, which served as a spittoon. From time to time during the audience the slave took out a chunk of red betel in his fingers and handed it to the Sultan. The Sultan popped it into his mouth and chewed as he talked. Now and then he turned his head to expectorate into the silver cup which the slave held to his lips. As he opened his mouth in conversation I could see that his teeth were blackened and his gums apparently ran blood.

As I looked I could not realize that this was the famous Sultan of Mindanao, a man who, as far as religion is concerned, is the head of all the Moros of this great island, and one who is possessed of considerable power. He seemed like a pasteboard King and a poorer imitation of royalty than any I have ever seen on a stage of a second-class opera.

I would like to picture him to you as he looked as he was talking with Colonel Hayes. Imagine a slender, consumptive, yellow-skinned man of forty-odd years. Let his cheeks be hollow, his forehead low and his eyes small, black and twinkling. Make his nose straight and his black lips prominent and sensual. Let him have a whisp of a moustache and perhaps one hundred brown hairs two inches long on his chin. Clothe him in a jacket of woven silken thread fastened so loosely with gold buttons at the front that there is a crack down his chest and waist through which the skin shows, for he wears neither shirt nor undershirt. Let him have on tight yellow pantaloons, upheld by a wide belt, with a buckle of silver as big as the largest flatiron. Let his jacket have silver cuffs and a collar of silver, all more or less tarnished, and you have the Sultan as he appeared today.

An American Citizen.

The Sultan received us with dignity and appeared honored at meeting another distinguished embassy from the United States. He said he was an American citizen and told Colonel Hayes he was very glad to meet him. I am not sure whether it was he or the Datto Baqui who informed Hayes that the Moros of the next province had bad hearts, and that he would like to have the American soldiers unite with his forces and kill them. To this Colonel Hayes replied that we believed in peace rather than fighting, and that we wished to stop war and not to make it. The colonel told the Sultan that the Americans were his friends, and that we proposed to treat him and his subjects well, with the hope that in time we might make them American citizens. As Colonel Hayes went on, his heart warmed toward the savages about him, and in the generosity of the moment he asked the Sultan whether he could not go back with him to the transport and take a trip upon it to Davao, our next stopping place, which is about 200 miles away. Colonel Hayes told the Sultan that he would drop him at that port, as our ship was going on from there to the Sulu Islands and Zamboanga.

Now, when this offer was made, the Colonel, I think, expected it to be politely refused. He supposed the Sultan would shudder at the idea of such a long journey and at being left so far away from home. He was mistaken. The Sultan jumped at the proposition. With profuse thanks he told the interpreter who informed his great brother that he would not only go with him to Davao, but that he would give him the honor of his company to Sulu, where he wished to see his brother Sultan, and that he would also go on from there to Zamboanga to have a conference with his good subject, Datto Mandi. He added that he would, of course, take his retinue with him, including the dozen ladies of his harem whom he had with him in his house on the seashore near by.

This was a proposition with a vengeance. The mule transport had no quarters for first-class passengers. As I have said before, we sleep upon the deck and are so crowded at the table that now and then one has to wait. The Captain of the steamer is a very crochety Englishman, who objects to having any passengers at all, much less a lot of dirty Moros. I had had considerable trouble to get him to take me, and laughed to myself as I saw the complication into which Colonel Hayes was drifting.

The Colonel Hedges.

The only thing that Hayes could do was to hedge, and he did it beautifully. Not telling the Sultan at once that he could not take him, he begged him to come out with him and look at the ship before he decided to go. This proposition broke up the audience and ourselves and the piratical gang took boats and went out to the steamer. There they were introduced to the Captain and the officers. The crusty steward was persuaded to bring out some crackers and port wine and the Sultan and his retainers were asked to eat. His majesty nibbled with his black teeth at a cracker, but he refused the wine, for as a Mohammedan it is against his religion to drink. Colonel Hayes then showed him over the ship, and at the close of the trip told him that upon consideration he did not think this boat was good enough for such a distinguished character as his majesty. He said that the Sultan might go to Davao if he wished, but that they feared they could not make him as comfortable as his station demanded, and that it would be much better if his majesty would wait for the next gunboat which came along. In this he could travel to Zamboanga and back. Whether the Sultan saw that he was not wanted or not, I do not know, but, at any rate, he concluded to wait.

Shortly after this the Sultan left for the shore with all his retinue. It was about two hours later that I was told his majesty and his harem were assembled on his royal barge, which lay at the dock, and that I might possible get a photograph of them. For this purpose, Colonel Hayes and myself took a dugout canoe and pulled back to the mainland. When we reached the pier we found the Sultan had left his boat and gone to his hut on the shore. He was about a mile away in a little thatched village, which was built upon piles down close to the water. We could see a rude tent which his retainers had put up, in order that himself and his ladies might enjoy the fresh breeze on the sand away from the rays of the sun. I proposed to the Colonel that we go over and hold a consultation with his majesty, and if possible get him to bring his harem with him back to the boat, and finally the Colonel consented.

It was indeed a ticklish matter to deal with. The wives of a Mohammedan are sacred. In Turkey no man is ever admitted to a harem, nor does a woman ever show her face to a stranger. Here the rules are more lax, but any man that touches a woman outside of those of his own family is liable to a fine, and if he assaults her, it generally means death. I thought, however, that we could withdraw if any ill-feeling was evident, and with this resolution we again took our dugout and were rowed across the bay to the village.

Harem Beauties.

His majesty met us as we landed, and the harem, consisting of perhaps a dozen women, came out of the huts and stood and gazed at us with wonder. I doubt if some of them had ever been so close to a white man before. At the same time the officers of the Sultan's staff and slaves stood about us with the krises and barongs at their waists. Most of the women were practically naked, with the exception of one strip of cloth which each had tied about her chest under the armpits and which fell to the knees or the ankles. This strip was in the form of a bag open at both ends, and when on was fastened by a twist at the breast. Some of the women merely held up the cloth with their hands. Now and then one would give her clothing a twitch, and I several times feared it would slip to the ground.

The chief wife was a fat old dame who weighed about 200 pounds. She was as broad as she was long, and she waddled as she walked. Her neck, face and bust were as yellow as saffron, her flat face was as round as the full moon, and under her thick nose was a pair of blood-stained, blue, protuding lips. She had black eyes and black hair, the latter combed straight back and tied up in a knot at the crown.

Beside this woman stood a younger wife, a 15-year-old girl, with a wealth of black hair and a face which would have been pretty had it not been for the betel juice at the corners of the lips and the black teeth. This girl wore a dress of red and gold stripe and the upper part of her body was clad in a jacket of blue silk. Then there were other wives, more or less, dressed in sheets of different colors and there were slave girls who stood about them ready, to obey their slightest command. Behind the old dame, who may be called the Sultana, was a slave holding a betel spittoon of solid silver, and I noticed that her majesty now and then stopped looking in order to expectorate. The women all had their lower lips painted a bright carmine and the nails of the hands were colored red.

I tried my poor Spanish on the Sultan, pointing to the camera, and then to his boat across the way at the wharves; then made a motion to the harem and himself, and went through the imitation of rowing to give him the idea that we wanted him to go there and be photographed on board. He caught the idea at once, and seemed pleased, although the Moros about him were scowling. He finally consented, but I asked him to wait until I could make a photograph of the harem as it stood, which he did, making the Moro lady look pleasant.

During this time Colonel Hayes devoted himself to making the ladies "look pleasant." We had brought a 10-cent magazine with us, in order to illustrate the work of the camera. In the back of this there were a number of advertising pictures and among others a villainous-looking cartoon of Mark Twain. Colonel Hayes showed the harem this picture and then pointed at your correspondent, saying it was I. I don't know that they saw the resemblance, but they laughed, showing their horrible black teeth as they did so. He then pointed out a gorgeously colored picture of Santa Claus, which must have looked very grand to the Sultan, and, bowing low, gave him to understand that that magnificent personage looked like him. The harem and the Sultan laughed again.

He next, with that modesty for which what instructive, experience the other evening," remarked a clubman of New Orleans to the Times-Democrat of that city. "A gentleman from Breslau, who had just arrived in New Orleans on a pleasure trip, was introduced to me by a friend, who had met him on the cars, and we strolled into the St. Charles cafe. Going in we encountered another friend, making a party of four altogether, and we sat down to chat.

"In a moment or two the stranger from Breslau beckoned a waiter and ordered a glass of Rhine wine. To my utter amazement, he said not a word about our joining him, and when the wine arrived he proceeded to sip it with perfect sang froid. In spite of all this, I saw that he was unquestionably a gentleman of breeding and refinement, and while I was strongly tempted to order something for the balance of the party, I refrained from doing so, lest he would observe me paying and feel mortified. The others looked bewildered and said nothing, but the friend who joined us at the door took early occasion to excuse himself and walk off. He is a fine type of the old-school, hospitable Southerner, and I am sure he felt extremely indignant at what he considered an exhibition of foreign boorishness.

"The fact is that our American custom of 'treating' is almost entirely unknown in many parts of Germany and elsewhere in Europe. There it would be considered very bad form to offer to pay for the refreshments of a chance acquaintance, and our friend from Breslau was simply deporting himself according to the custom of his country. When he becomes better acquainted with American idiosyncrasies I am sure he will be covered with chagrin. After all, however, treating is an idiotic usage, and I must confess a private sympathy with the foreign point of view."

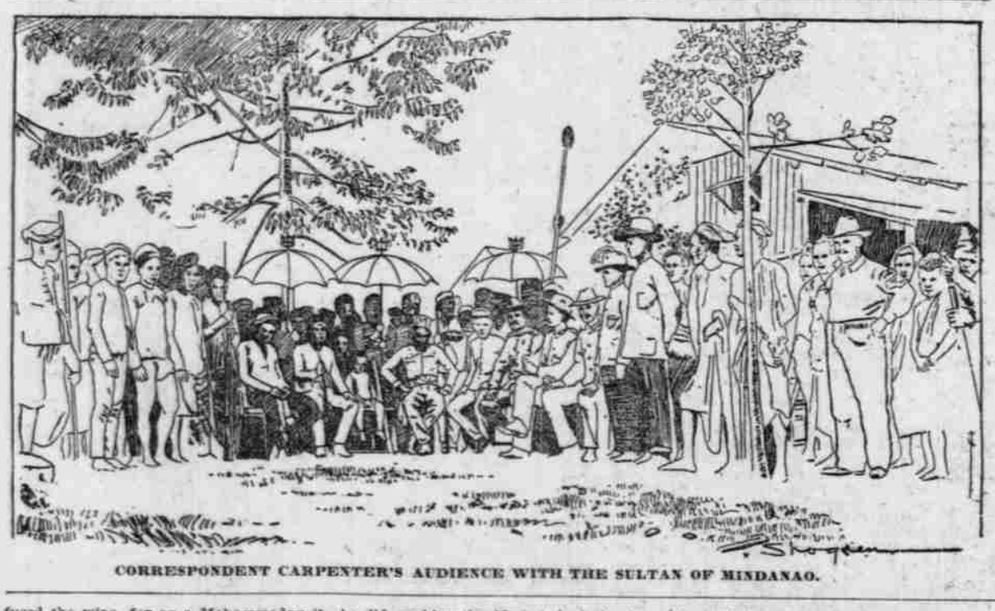
"That reminds me of a whimsical little incident which I witnessed in '95 in a cafe in Antwerp," said one of the listeners to the foregoing. "I was spending a few weeks in the city, and used to drop in at a place to which I refer to read my paper over a glass and cigar. The public room was equipped with a number of little tables on a sanded floor, and, ranged along one of the walls were several cabinets or lockers where residents kept their private bottles. The house supplied the liquor, and they strolled in whenever they felt like it and helped themselves to a nip.

"One day while I was sitting in my favorite corner a stout gentleman, who was evidently an old citizen, came in with an American whom he seemed to be showing the sights. The American was erect and slender, with a dignified carriage and an iron gray, semi-military mustache. They took the adjoining table and presently the portly native waddled over to the cabinets and returned with a long-necked wine bottle and one glass. He poured out a drink very deliberately and then recorked the bottle, the American looking on with an expression of amazement. 'Your health, Captain,' said the native in French, and raised the glass to his lips. The American's eyes blazed. 'Perdition!' he roared, springing to his feet; 'do you mean to insult me?' And he swept the bottle off the table with a blow of his cane. Of course, there was a frightful row; everybody talked at once and the gendarmes rushed in and took several reams of memoranda.

"The funny part of it was that the portly gentleman couldn't understand how he had possibly given offence. I heard him discuss it several times afterward, and when I left it was still a profound mystery, only to be explained by the well-known eccentricity of all Americans."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GROUP OF MORO CHIEFS.



CORRESPONDENT CARPENTER'S AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN OF MINDANAO.

SOME "DUTCH TREATS."

Misapprehensions That Led to Disagreeable Results.

"I had a rather embarrassing, but some-

FOOD VALUE OF BANANAS.

Nutritive Qualities of the Fruit in Various Forms.

The banana is said to have 34 times the nutritive value of the potato, and 25 times that of bread. In the West Indies the natives cut the fruit into strips called "pegs," dry these in the sun, and grind them into flour, out of which many excellent dishes are made. No cheaper food grows in the tropics. The plant begins bearing 14 months after being planted. It requires no cultivation, and produces harvests uninterruptedly for 11 years. A few feet of ground nourishes a plant, and the space of a dooryard will grow plants enough to maintain a large family.

Ever since the trouble between Spain and the United States red bananas have ceased to be a factor in this country. For two or three years we have received only the yellow fruit from Jamaica and Central America. Several years ago the tables were turned and the red fruit predominated, and the yellow fruit was as much of a curiosity as the red fruit is now. In another year it is expected that large quantities of the red frut will come here from Cuba. The plantations there were destroyed during the war, but are now well under cultivation again.

Dessicated bananas are to be a new delicacy in the markets of the United States. Arthur F. Spawn, of Baltimore, is said to be the originator of the idea, and after a trip to Jamaica has sent representatives there to build a plant for carrying out the plan. As yet the evaporation idea is in its infancy, but there seems to be no doubt that it will be perfected, and bananas that now cannot be shipped from Jamaica in the natural state will reach the markets of the United States in another form. Whatever may be the state of the weather, the prepared bananas can reach the market in an attractive condition, without being affected by the Summer heat or Winter chill, as is the case with fruit when forwarded on its original bunch from the plant.

In a small way the evaporated fruit has been tried in Europe, to which country it is impossible to send it in quantities in the natural state. Confectioners like evaporated bananas as a base for canned fruits, and bakers can use them in a variety of ways.

Bananas have been evaporated to some extent in Nicaragua, and, according to authentic information, if the plan proves successful, the industry will be introduced into the banana-producing districts throughout Central America, the West Indies, and probably all other tropical and semi-tropical regions where the banana is grown.

The general method of evaporation is that pursued with juicy fruits. The thoroughly ripe banana is placed in an oven and subjected to heat from 24 to 48 hours, as may be required. The sugar crystallizes on the outside. The evaporated product is then packed in boxes for the wholesale trade. It takes six pounds of fresh fruit to make one pound of the evaporated product; hence the economy in space in transporting is important, to say nothing of the saving in preventing decay in transit.

Banana flour is being introduced in the American market, where it may take the place of wheat flour in the making of alimentary pastes. However, it is used only in a few districts as yet, on account of its high price.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

When the little family circle is broken and we sit sadly looking upon the vacant chair, we think of the things that perhaps we might have done to keep the loved one with us. Why not think of these things now before it is too late? Is it a kind, loving and hard-working mother who is giving all her strength and efforts for the family well-being and happiness? Is it a delicate, fragile sister; or a weak and ailing wife? Try to give her the tender care she needs. Do not let her fade away for want of earnest effort to preserve and restore her.

An Ohio lady, Mrs. Shopshire, living in Ballou, Shelby Co., in a thoughtful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "My mother had an ovarian tumor which we thought would result in her death, but we commenced using your 'Favorite Prescription,' and before she had taken three bottles she began to improve; she is living to-day and we have given your medicine the credit. My mother was sixty-six years old when the tumor commenced to grow; she is seventy-six now and the tumor is all gone. She had gotten awful large, and her limbs began to swell before she began to use your medicine. I value it so much that I am hardly ever out of it in my house."

This is but one of many thousands of instances in which this matchless "Prescription" has restored such complete health and purification to the distinctly feminine organism as to dispel every possible trace of abnormal or dangerous conditions without resort to surgery or similar obnoxious methods. For every form of female weakness and disease it is the supreme specific designed for this one purpose and no other by an educated skillful physician of extraordinary experience in this particular field of practice.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. At all medicine stores.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O.R.&N.

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Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 9:15 A. M.; arrives, 4 P. M.

SPOKANE FLYER.

For Spokane, Eastern Washington, and Great Northern points, leaves at 6 P. M.; arrives at 7 A. M.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS.

Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 9 P. M.; arrives at 8:40 A. M.

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 8:00 P. M. Leave Portland—Columbia, Wednesday, May 2; Saturday, May 12; Tuesday, May 22; Friday, June 1; Monday, June 11. State of California, Monday, May 7; Thursday, May 17; Sunday, May 27; Wednesday, June 6.

From San Francisco—State of California, Thursday, May 3; Sunday, May 13; Wednesday, May 23; Saturday, June 2; Tuesday, June 12. Columbia, Tuesday, May 8; Friday, May 18; Monday, May 28; Thursday, June 7.

COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA.

Steamer Hassalo leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 8:00 P. M.; on Saturday at 10:00 P. M. Returning, leaves Astoria daily, except Sunday, at 5:00 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 6:00 A. M. Returning, leaves Corvallis Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:00 A. M.

Steamer Modoc, for Salem, Independence and way points, leaves Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:00 A. M. Returning, leaves Independence Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 A. M.

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE.

PORTLAND AND DAYTON, OR.

Steamer Elmore, for Dayton and way points, leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 A. M. Returning, leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 A. M.

SNAKE RIVER ROUTE.

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Steamer Spokane or Steamer Lewiston leaves Riparia daily at 3:30 A. M., arriving at Lewiston at 3 P. M. Returning, the Spokane or Lewiston leaves Lewiston daily at 9 A. M., arriving at Riparia same evening.

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"MONMOUTHSHIRE"	June 27
"BRAEMAR"	July 18

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

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6:55 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily.	9:40 P. M.

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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.
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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

EAST VIA SOUTH

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Leave	Depot Fifth and I Streets	Arrive
*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East	*7:45 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.		*6:30 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.	
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger	*10:10 A. M.
‡7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger	‡5:00 P. M.
‡4:50 P. M.	Sheridan passenger	‡9:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

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Leave for Dallas daily, except Sunday, at 5:05 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M.

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