

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Ken-tucky family, te reprimanded at West Point for duelling, and is withdrawn by his high-spirited father. His homeooming, in the Win-ter of 1890, is celebrated by an old-fashioned ter of 1890, is celebrated by an old-fashioned Kentucky Christmas gathering. Among the guests are Dalsy Lane, daughter of Dr. Holl's lawyer, and J. Burnett Malloy, both of Cincin-nati. The latter brings letters of introduction from Lane's pariner, Mr. McIntyre, and is courteously received, but arouses the jealousy of Norman Holt by his attentions to Dalsy Lane. Jame. Malloy separates Miss Lame from the main party during a fox hunt, and at the Christmas built the same evening affects an air of proprietorship distasteful to Daisy and obnoxious to his rival, Holt. But all ill feeling to the control of the ling is forgotten, when, at midnight, all feeling is forgotten, when, at midnight, all surround Dr. Holt to drink the Christmas punch, which ceremony is interrupted by a middlight messenger, who announces the dangerous filmers of Judge McIntyre. Investigation reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle, and that the Holt fortune is dissipated. Henry and Norman Holt enter Lances law office, in Cincinnati, Norman Holt entists as a private in an Ohio Infantry Regiment. Matloy, through political infuence, is made Matloy, through political infuence, is made Malioy, through political influence, is made Lieutenant in the same company, and Henry Holt Joins the Confederate forces. Norman is ordered to conduct a skirmishing party, under Caplain Wing, to Belleview, in search of proteinent rebels.

(Copyright, 1900, by G. W. Dillingham Co.) CHAPTER VIII, (Continued.)

The night was still, cold and sparkling. A light snow had apparently been sifting down during the day, for the fields now end out before them white and fleecy. All about the village was seemingly peaceful and wrapped in slumber. Up to the north, the way they came, watchdogs were still barking, for farms lay thick along the highway south of the range, but Asholt dogs were less alert or suspicious. Captain Wing seemed surprised, even uneasy. "I half expected to find cavalry videttes by this time," said he. "They surely would have them out if the town

"One would think so," was the noncommittal answer, and then one of the attendant troopers turned suddenly in saddle and held up a warning hand. From inder a clump of timber that stood by the roadside not more than a hundred yards ahead and close to the roadside there came the loud, challenging neigh of a tethered horse, and instantly Wing bent forward, gripped with gauntieted hand the nostrile of his charger, and signaled to his party to doj the same. One trooper, a trifle slow or clumsy, falled, for an answering neigh had suddenly begun and then was as suddenly choked. Then over among a bunch of farm buildings east of highway a mastiff lifted up a power-voice and bow-wowed loud and long. Then there were sounds as of stamping hoofs down closer to the edge of town, and next-all four plainly saw it—a tiny light filekered and flared a minute under the trees, revealing dimly the shapes of two saddled horses, then as suddenly blew out. Somebody, possibly to consult a watch, had struck a light. "That's a cav-alry picket, sure as death," whispered a

the clamor of the mastiff now scouting the field toward the fence. Norman, si-lent and stern, reined round behind the Captain as though to confront possible comers. He was right, The picket was aroused, and two shadowy forms of rid-ers were soon seen coming cautiously up the pike. Presently voices were faintly audible, and the waiting trio sat with buted breath, the Captain with his re

olver drawn. "I tell you I saw the spark and heard the hoofbeat," a low, yet excited voice was saying. "Some fella came down 'long hyuh to spy and see who we were." "Well, he's gone now, and we're not supposed to follow single spies all over

Kaintuck. I'm goln back," was the impatient answer in a whang Norman Holt could have recognized the world over. It was the voice of a hostler who had cared for his father's horses 100 times at the old Southern inn. The other voice was that of a stranger. "Go back if you want to," was the re

tort. "I don't go till I know more about what was out hyuh. You tell the boys to watch out 'n case I want 'em." But the stableman would not even ride

"Th' ai'nt anybody out this way." said "'cept some of our fellas scoutin' me back I tell yuh!" And Asholt's unstable soldier was obviously demoralized

by the mystic terrors of the dark.
"By heaven!" muttered Wing, between
his set teeth, half turning to his silent guide. "If we could only nab these two, without noise, we could find out everything I need to know-and then you

wouldn't have to guide." But Hoit neither spoke nor moved. He was listening with painful interest to the tones that even though unmusical, clown ish-spoke to him of old and happy days, of the loved and joyous home. He and of the loved and joyous home. He and the captain were lurking in the shadows of a thick clump of timber on the west side of the road. Fuller, their other trooper, was somewhere, invisible, on the The two Southern horsemen were by this time within 50 paces. Being out on the highway the forms could be seen in the faint moonlight. Again the

"lake as not it's jus' some fells o the Colonel's escort been to see his folks an' come around the long way from Belle-view." And Norman saw the Capitaln's pistol hand slowly rising, heard the muffied click of the lock, and his heart be gan to throb and bound, but, as slowly the hand was lowered, The Captain shook his head. It would only arouse the whote detachment, wherever they might be, only alarm the whole neighborhood, and spoil the scheme that brought him and his

minute, for all on a sudden a revolver was poked in his face, and stern voice muttered: "One sound, and you're a dead man!" A practiced hand lashed his wrists together on the cantle, a shadowy figure took his bridle rein, another, pistol in hand, rode on his left. A third trotted away northward, let down a bar or two, and signaled the trio to follow. Another minute and they were fox - trotting through the fields to the northwest, away the pike, and in 10 minutes had incepted the squadron on the crossroads

"Now, Mr. Holt," said the captain, "guide on around town to Belleview, while I pump this bucolical party. If he isn't scared out of his wits he can re-

Heve you."

Another 19 minutes, with 4:30 close at hand, the squadron was jogging in column of twos southward through a country half a try lane. Away to the eastward, half a mile, two twinkling lights had popped out from the windows of the sleeping town, but not a sound had reached them. Tho furious racket of the dogs had died away. Norman, with a Sergeant and three men, formed the far advance. No guard now at his bridle rein. Behind them a few yards came Wing with his trembling

prisoner, closely watched. Even though his hands were tied, his tengue was loose. He was ready to tell anything. What Wing wanted to know was who was at Belleview, and he bade the prisoner lower his voice that others might not hear the reply. Only to Wing's listening car it was audible, Colonel Carrington, of General Johnston's staff; Captain Harrod Sum-mers, of General Buckner's, and another whose name he didn't know. Was Dr. Holt at home? Certainly—saw him yesterday! Could be guide them by the shortest way to the manor? Certainly, this was the shortest way. They'd be

there in less than 10 minutes. there in less than 10 minutes.

Anybody there beyond the doctor and his three guests? Nobody but the escort—bout a dozen cavalry. Look! There were lights at Belleview now, and, nodding across the field, the prisoner indicated the direction, and there southeastward lay the famous old homestead. What troops were these in Asholt, and how many? was the next question. how many? was the next question. O, there might be a right smart crowd, a hundred, he reckoned, and now, giving orders that the man should be carefully

orders that the man should be carefully watched, Wing spurred to the front.

"Is it the first road to the left we are to take? Does that bring us straight to Belleview?" he demanded of the silent guide. Without other answer Norman howed. "Bide back orderly," said Wing. a strange excitement in his voice. "Tell Mr. Fanning to close at once on the head of column?" "My God!" he muttered to himself, "a hundred cavalry in the town, and nothing said about it! What's got to be done must be done quickly." Bitterly now he wished he had nabbed and silenced that daring single seout who had

Woods says they're rousing up back there in town. He heard a bugle, and we could see more lights. He thinks they've got wind of us somehow."

have kicked at a stone wall, and what made matters worse, carbines were now blazing at every window. From some point within the besieged were able to point within the besieged were able to hand a few shots among the heaving, swarming dozen at the Captain's back, and two more poor fellows went down, pale and groaning. "Try the rear door! Come on!" yelled Wing, and led the dash round to the back of the big Kentucky house. There they met with what at first seemed better success. With a beam for a battering ram they burst in the filmsy door and found themselves groping in a pitch-dark hallway, a verttable cul de sac, and Wing, raging, ordered his men back until they could get a light. Meanwhile the shouts and shots without redoubled, but with no appreciable effect on the bebut with no appreciable effect on the be-sleged. Three or four of the guard, caught with the horses at the stable, had dered to superior force, but most them were already inside the mansion, and the troopers who strove to force foor or casement did it at their peril. All this while, as though in a daze, hardly knowing what he did, hardly rediting the evidence of his senses. man Holt, flinging himself from saddle, was crouching in a fittle clump of shrubbery within the encircling drive-way. He listened to the wild shouts, the rapid shots of the besiegers, and noted the cool, steady response on part of the besieged. He heard Wing's voice shouting imprecations and orders at the rear of the house. A soldler with a car-bine rushed pass him, knelt and took aim at the second window from the main doorway, pulled trigger and fired. and Norman saw him begin to reload the ill-balanced, almost obselete weap-on, then suddenly drop it, clap his hands over the abdomen, stagger blind-ly into the little patch of trees and sink down in misery almost at his feet. Then in a freity of grief and rage Norman heard his own name shouted from lip to lip. "Holt wanted! Holt wanted! Where's Holt? Captain wants Holt at the back of the house! Quick!" but he stood rooted to the spot. Even for the love of flag he could not lift hand against his father in that father's house. Up went the shout again, and a sergeant came running in search of the shrinking guide, but halted short and stood with hand lifted to his ear, listen-

ing. Only for a second or two, for he rushed into the open with a yell that was heard all over the front of the "Mount! Mount! Lively! A hull regi-"Mount! Mount! Lively! A hull regi-ment's coming! Get the Captain's horse to him, quick!" he shouted to the or-derly left in charge as he sprang into saddle. Here, there, everywhere now, darting through the shrubbery, men were rushing for their startled, snort-ing chargers. Up the road toward town rose the tantarara of the trumpets. "Mount, you, or you're a goner!" yelled an officer in Norman's ear. Then, rec-omized him, and, with still a louder he done must be the had nabbed and stands when wished he had nabbed and stands are lenced that during single scout who had gone northward along the pike.

A trooper came galloping up from the rear. "Captain," said he, "Lieutenant a hot muzzle well nigh burned the soldier's akin, for Fanning had laid his resolver on Norman's thribbing temple. ognized him, and with still a louder shout, cried out, 'Here's the guide, men! Here's the guide! Now, you! You led us

watch, had struck at light. "That's a cavality picket, sure as death," whispered a trooper, carteddy, but Wing turned on the soundron," for somehows, who who they are or from where?" by you know who they are or from where? "Back to the saguadron," ordered Wing. "Back to the saguadron," ordered Wing. about Hise willow, prompt answer. "Back to the saguadron," ordered Wing. "The where wings, and not utill you agis, now," he added the part of the par



"D-N IT!" HE FEEBLY WHINED, "LET ME OUT OF THIS HELL HOLE!"

whirled into the circular drive. One min-

creted himself in the shrubbery when the the scheme that brought him and his ready squadron so far forward into hostile territory. If only something might happen to tempt the two haif a mile farther out: By this time the squadron should be in the saddle and filing off the other than the squadron of the other than the squadron should be in the saddle and filing off the other than the squadron of the squad should be in the saddle and filing off the pike into the crossroads. Surely for now the barks of half a dozen dogs but the stranger of the two approaching borsemen impatiently shook his rein, and touched spur to his mount. "I must see what's going on to make all that row," said he and fearless of the hostier, who, reiring to a halt, gazed after him in dismay—gazed only a

clear rang out the Captain's spirited orders. "Move right on, lads Gircie the house-surround it on every side. Mr. Wood, gallop to the stable and nab the guard before they can be out?"

But now came a most unlocked for welcome. All on a sudden from four lover windows rang out the report of carbines, and one poor lad, with a yell of agony, clapped hand to his side and plunged headlong out of the saddle. A snorting, riderless horse went tearing round the lawn. From other windows poured other shots, some of revolvers. Raging with disappointment, the Captain leaped from his saddle, shouled for a dozen men to follow him and rushed for the massive door of the mansion. They might as well have kicked at a stone wall, and what made matters worse, carbines were now blazing at every window. From some

It was a rough ride for Wing's squad-was almost unwillingly trudging along ron, but just as Wing had forefold, it with the column and cursing the luck was going hard with Norman Holt, held that postponed the trial of Private Holt. to be responsible for the entire failure.

He had been turned over, a prisoner by Lieutenant Fanning to the commanding officer of the Union camp, had been arraigned before that high official the following the commanding of the Union camp, had been arraigned before that high official the following the commanding that postpones the that of Friedland In the Judge-Advocate of the department he would be present with high range had been overanxious to come within range. lowing morning, by which time a dozen of hostile bullets, and no time had he more of the squadron had come riding or footing it leisurely in, saying disdainful things of the comrades who had run away and left them to fight the whole gang, but there were no officers walls, brought hither, too, only a with these stragglers, and while what days later, the girl on whose account they said as to being left was entirely hatred of Holt had been so deadly.

true, the weight of testimony went against them, as it did against Holt, kind of camp fever while at the front, who had no friend at court, who had not had managed to clude the vigilance of a soul to aid him when accused of de-attendants, break out of bounds and



That was a black night in the career Cincinnati, and Lane was very ill, too of Norman Holt but no blacker than the much so to be moved, and the doctors Christmas Day just gone by. In bitterness of heart unspeakable he found himself again and again recalling the warmth, the gladness, the hospitality of the Christmas of a year agone, his father's words of welcome, his genial toast to one and all—"Pence on earth and good will toward men, and may we meet again, one and all within these walls another year." Good God! What had that meeteen! What had not loyalty cost And to what end-to what good?

Only his own abasement. On a rude platform car, surrounded by armed men, who had heard only the ruel stories at his cost, Norman was joited back to the function, and thence northward to Louisville. The dawn of another day was upon them as the party climbed stiffly to the ground in the crowded station yard. He had spent party climbed stiffly to the ground in the crowded station yard. He had spent nearly 86 hours without sleep, was broken in heart, health and hope. He felt that fate had arrayed all her forces against him: that now he had killed forever the possibility of being restored to his father's love and regard. He felt that henceforth he would be considered only as a son who had purposely, stealthly led these invaders to his father's hearthstone in the hope of capturing and carrying off a prisoner. Who could have falled to hear the shouts for Holt-Holt to come and show the way into the rear of the loved old mansion? He had done his duty to love the first to last to last of that long, trying war. And when news came to long, trying war. And when news came that Buckner had let go at Bowling Green and was falling back to the Cumberland, great was the rejoicing among the Union camps and great were the accessions at the hospitals, for Buckner cared not to be burdened with wounded, and so those too severely hit to be able to hobble were left behind for the pursuing Yank. Among those brought in her two men of Wing's squadron who had been badly shot in the assault on Bellevue, were captured by the enemy, and after a time trundled over to Bowling. old mansion? He had done his duty to the flag he had sworn to follow and de-tend against every impulse and at any to the care of the division surgeon at cost, and now the protection of that flag the main hospital, and one day soon after cost, and now the protection of that flag was denied him. He was treated as a felion and a criminal by those whom he had striven to serve. He had come now to the very point of asking himself whether it were not, after all, a just reward for having decided against kith and kin, whether it were not wiser at last to re-nounce the service of the United States and at first opportunity to make his way to his father's feet, and in tears and con-trition to beg again his love and trust to proclaim his repentance, and to seek only to die in the ranks of the South. He was sitting drearily, his head on his hands, when roughly bidden to arise and follow. He was cold, stiff and sore, but a numbness seemed to be overcoming it all. In apathy he suffered himself to be led away to the quarters of the Provost Marshal, once a homestead where a bilthe young voice and lightsome step had been welcomed time and again, yet he took no heed. He never seemed to recognize it. They hade him sit and warm himself before a blazing fire in a big, square, trooplittered room, and mechanically he obeyed, failing almost immediately into the same attitude of utter dejection from which they had aroused him on the car-But when an hour later they sought to stir him again, some merciful soul hav-ing suggested coffee before taking the prisoner into the presence of the Pro-

thought the case most serious. The la-dies were come to take him home, but stayed to nurse him." That was what Lieutenant Malloy, it might be shrewdly suspected, would be glad to do. He was anything but fond of hard marching over frosty roads. January was gone when Norman Holt began to feel strength returning to him. He had lost interest in a campaign that had brought nothing but misery and misunderstanding, but the sight of her face revived all, or at least much of all the old longing, and love brings life and kindles ambition and will and determination.

New cases were coming every day from the front. Other buildings were filling with the sick, though the army entering Kentucky was hardy as any ever sent to the field from first to last of that Holt was able to sit up an hour or so, he saw them brought in and noted the queer look on the steward's face as, answering his languid question, that official re-

"Two of-that squadron that got cut up trying to capture a batch of reb officers visiting at—well, you know more about it than I do. unless everybody ileg."

So, even here, thought Norman, the belief was general that he had deliber-ately led that luckless column into am-buscade. It made him shrink the more from his fellows, yet invested wounded troopers with keen and pathetic interest. To the young and pure-hearted it is a source of bitter sorrow to be mis-judged. With advancing years one gains philosophy, or enforced endurance, with the discovery that life is made up of mis-understandings. Recovery might have understandings Recovery might have been even more remote in Norman's case, however, but for the presence within the same walls, though now in different wards, of these two men whom he longed to meet and assure of his utter innocence, and the occasional coming of this one girl whom he had learned in happier days so fondig to love. At both en-trances to his ward, however, night and day, there stood sentries with gleaming bayonets. There was only one steward or attendant who seemed kindly disposed toward the lonely patient. Even his fel ow-convalescents looked upon him with but thinly veiled aversion, which in his pride he never sought to palliate. The overworked surgeons barely noticed him on their hurried rounds, but this steward took special charge of his case and was apparently bent on getting him to talk, "to come out of yourself" as he ex-pressed it, and, though too sad and worm to feel like chatting, Norman was grate-

opposite room. The momentary glimpse thus obtained of her was almost the only sunshine that came into his life. Then some ten days after their first

appearance, fortune favored him in the unexpected way in which fortune's favors generally come. Among the patients is the opposite ward were a few whose feve had resulted in delirium. One night, al on a sudden, with a howl of terror, a poor fellow came bounding into the corridor, and the sentry over Norman's door ac-tually dropped his gun and ran, yelling, downstnirs, frightened out of his wits by the apparition. Two attendants pursu the fleeing patient, leaving the sick their own devices, and Norman, sittle up in bed, wide awake, was suddenly aware of a haggard young face peering cautiously into the corridor from the opposite door. Away out along the gallery, with much outery and excitement, the fugitive was run down and was being overpowered by the rush of attendants. For the moment no one in authority was left in either ward, and it was patent to Norman Holt's keen eyes that here was a patient attempting to escape. What was more, even in the changed, haggard face he recognised Theodore Lane.

By this time, too, strength had measurably returned, and excitement lent him more. It was the work of but a minute to allp into the loose hospital shoes and trousers with which he had been providtrousers with which he had been provid-ed, to hasten to the doorway, and there, under the light of the swinging lamp at the head of the stairs, just in time to confront the younger and weaker man. Norman Holt looked squarely into the eyes of Daisy's brother, with only the quiet question, "Where are you going, Theodore?"

It was the voice, not the face, the rattle-brained youngster knew at once, and realized us he had done time and again, that here was his master.
"Damu it" he feebly whined, "let me out of this helihole! I will go, Holt!

You've no right to stop me! You—"
"But I do stop you! Sergeant of the guard!" he called, in low, controlled voice, yet in the old authoritative tone, for he heard the clank of rifle butts and the sound of excited talk below. "A fever patient is loose. Come up here with two or three men."

And the Sergeant came, just as the attendants, with their fighting lunatic, struggled back to the corridor. Lane miserably burst into tears and meekly succumbed, being led back without protest or resistance. Then the Srgeant stood facing Holt.

"This is a queer streak," said he "You're no private soldier. You're the only man we are ordered to guard, and here you are acting as guard of the ward when your own was scared off his post. We've got to put on another man, for that fellow's completely demoralized. I'l tell the officer of the day about this tomorrow."

It seems he did, and that others told Mrs. Lane, and that Mrs. Lane and her daughter begged to be permitted to see and thank the brave young soldier who had so befriended their poor, half-delirious boy. And at 10 o'clock next morn-the room were swimming round as he slowly found his feet and faced them. There was a faint, barely articulate cry from the daughter's lips. It was the mother's words that roused the entire

brand. Norman-Norman Holt! You here? Oh, my poor- We thought-we were told Er you were-in prison."
(To be continued.)

DYSPEPTIC WORS.

Facts About Things to Eat Upsetting

Preconceived Theories. "I am inclined to be a little dyspentic. said one of a party of gentlemen who had just taken seats in the restaurant, "and I used to be very careful about my diet; but since moving to my present place, down the river. I have had all my preconceived ideas in that regard knocked highe

than a kite.
"There is a big cauning factory on the Gulf Coast, not far from my plautation," he continued, "and among other things they put up immense quantities of shrimps. All the light work is done by young women, and their favorite lunch consists women, and their favorite lunch consists of shrimps and buttermirk."

"Shrimps and buttermik! What a mur-derous combination!" exclaimed one of the

party, shuddering.
"That's what I thought myself, at first," said the gentleman from down the river "It seemed like Sudden Death, but it isn't. On the contrary, the girls are all the per-sonification of health. I never saw such rosy cheeks, bright eyes and dimpled arms! Why, the packing-room is a regular bower of beauty! And they eat a great deal, too! A quart of shrimps and METT, HENRY E., Attorney-at-Law. half a gallon of buttermilk is considered

a mere snack. "But that wasn't the only thing that shook my faith in dieting rules," the planter west on. "The luggermen down there are the hardlest fellows in the

Symbols of Success

A vacant chair and a portrait on the wall—strange symbols of success! Yet, in many a home these are the symbols of the success of the man who did not find time to care for his health, or neglected the increasing warnings of disease which Nature gave him. When the



tal power and must be kept in health if sickness is to be avoided. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrion. It increases the supply of pure, rich blood, and gives the body strength to with-stand the strain put upon it by the struggle for suc-

from what the doctors called indigestion, but after trying several eminent physicians failed to get a cure," writes Mr. Frank Mericle, of Independence, Jackson Co., Mo., Box 473. "Some of my symptoms were soreness in pit of stomach, failness, tired feeling, constipation; sometimes soreness would extend to bowels. Some one recommended me to take Dr. Pieroe's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, and after taking only a few bottles of Discovery and your Pienant Pellets' can say I derived more benefit from them than any other medicine I ever tried. I began to gain flesh from the start. Have recommended it to others and will continue to do so."

The sluggish liver made active by Dr.

The sluggish liver made active by Dr. Pierce's Pleasunt Pellets.

ful for the kindliness and interest, grateful that there was one friend of whom he could seek information, it was through this humble soldier he heard from day to day of the gradual betterment in the condition of the wounded troopers, and could also learn the hour at which the ladies were expected to arrive. They spent no more nights by young Lane's hedside now, but generally came in the morning about 9, and, passing through the broad corridor close to the open door of Norman's ward, were ushered into the opposite room. The momentary glimpse thus obtained of her was almost the only sunshine that came into his life. with the flush of health on their cheeks d devour more fat bacon,"
"Good Lord!" said a sailow man at the

other side of the table. "That's preudles talking," retorted the planter; "those excellent people have dis-covered the secret of long life, which it to eat what you please. Ignore dyspensia and it grovels before you. Walter, please bring me some pickled pigs' feet and strawberry ice cream."-New Orleans

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