

NORMAN HOLT.

A Story of the Civil War

By General CHARLES KING.



Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Kentucky family, is recruited at West Point for drilling, and is withdrawn by his high-spirited father. His homecoming in the winter of 1860, is celebrated by an old-fashioned Kentucky Christmas. Among the guests are Daisy Lane, daughter of Dr. Holt's lawyer, and J. Burnett Malloy, both of Cincinnati. The latter brings letters of introduction from Lane's partner, Mr. McIntyre, and is courteously received, but arouses the jealousy of Norman Holt by his attentions to Daisy Lane. Malloy separates Miss Lane from the main party during a fox hunt, and at the Christmas ball the same evening affects an air of proprietorship distasteful to Daisy and odious to her rival, Holt. But all ill feeling is forgotten, when, at midnight, all around Dr. Holt to drink the Christmas punch, which ceremony is interrupted by a midnight messenger, who announces the dangerous illness of Judge McIntyre. Investigation reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle, and that the Holt fortune is dissipated. Henry and Norman Holt enter Lane's law office in Cincinnati. Norman Holt enters as a private in an Ohio Infantry Regiment. Malloy, through political influence, is made Lieutenant in the same company, and Henry Holt joins the Confederate army. Henry is ordered to conduct a skirmishing party, under Captain Wing, to Bellevue, in search of prominent rebels. The raid fails of its object. Wing is captured, and Holt is accused of treachery. Brain fever seizes him from trial, and he is taken to the hospital. Subsequently his charges against him are disproved, and Norman rejoins his regiment.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

(Copyright, 1900, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

"Sergeant," rang out the high tenor, as that noncommissioned officer came hurrying from his tent, thrusting both arms at once into the roomy blue blouse. "I want a guide. The Colonel says you have two or three men who know the country south and east. Who knows it best?"

"I know it best," answered the lieutenant, who was not in sight, but whose answer was prompt and with a salute: "Private Holt, sir."

And at the sound of his own name Holt dropped the Springfield and stepped forward through the muddy company street. "You the man?" snapped the Colonel. "Can you ride?"

Norman felt almost like smiling. "Yes, sir," said he, hand at cap and heels together. "Dis-mount one of your men, Captain. Come just as you are, Holt. We won't be gone an hour. Tell your Captain it's all right, Sergeant. It's the Colonel's order. I'm—my name's Sheridan." And evidently the speaker had not yet become accustomed to his new name, for two minutes the little cavalcade, a squadron in all, had disappeared in the woods to the southeast, and for 20 minutes nothing more was heard of them. The Emmets drifted back to the company street, and presently came scrambling again into the company street.

Somewhere out to the southeast, not more than a mile away by the sound, there burst upon the air a heavy, rattling air, the sputter and crackle of musketry. Colonel Sheridan had stirred up a hornet's nest.

And then it was a sight to see the short and excitement in which had been so short a time before a dawdling, listless camp. Cards and counters were thrown to the winds. Never waiting for orders, but with the instinct for battle that seems born in the American soldier, the men sprang to their tents, hastily donned and buttoned the coarse blue blouses, whirled from peg and ridge pole the broad leathern belts, with the cumbersome old round-cartridge box, ducked into the black loop till it settled on the left shoulder and clamped it to the waist line with one snap of the belt plate. A shift with the right hand swung the big box to the right buttock, another shift the little, round-lined cap pouch snug to the plate, another set the bayonet in its iron sheath, and then, with a final look at the belt, and a sneath well back of the left hip, and the grabbing the long, gleaming Springfield, 60 men to the company still, the Ohio boys gathered in the muddy, sloping streets of the camp awaiting orders and listening eagerly to the sounds from the front. Six months back and every drum in camp would have been banging the long roll, but all that nonsense had long been blasted out of the Army of the Ohio. "Fall in!" growled the First Sergeant of the right company, as he saw the Adjutant come out of the Colonel's tent on a run. "Fall in!" Few the order to the wings, and even before the Captains could reach their stations, the men were "at front" and "support." Young Burnett Malloy, Second Lieutenant of Company C, with his frayed crimson sash trailing, unlooped, in the mud, came leaping the puddles down to the line, looking anxiously about for his sector, but no Malloy was to be seen. "Went over to brigade headquarters," sang out the Major, as he stood bawling on his gauntlets and swearing at his black hestler's clumsy efforts to set the heavy saddle on a short-legged, plunging, excited beast. Away up aloft, opposite the right wing, the drums and fifes began rattling a call, and before it was half finished the powerful voice of big Bob McIntyre, Captain of the company, rang out the order: "Company, left, forward. Double quick! March!" It was Adjutant's call, and in another instant 16 stout companies, by the flank in sets of fours, were dancing

out the regimental line. "By the left flank, halt!" By the right flank, halt! Then, with a shout, the orders leaped from wing to wing, drowning for the time the sounds of the battle at the front. A keen regiment on drill was the Ohio, masters of the new light infantry tactics, evaded and mangled and snarled at by the brigade standard-bearer, because of it, but proud as 700 officers, of their snap, style and celebrity. The Colonel came galloping out full tilt to the front of the line. The color guard with the monarch of 8-segment standard-bearer, in their midst, came down the slope through camp on the run and squeezed into line, breathless, between the solid wings. "Guides posted!" squealed from the right, the shrill voice of the Adjutant, while the commander, impatient of further ceremony, whipped out his long blade in a sweeping circle that nearly sliced off the left ear of his steed, and bent his own to the aid, who had found a silence followed on the heels of a shower of mud at his stirrup, while 60 muskets quivered in the bare, brown hands, and the long line held its breath to listen. Then away shot the staff officer back to his brigade commander. Then down came the musket butts on each broad brow, rather than in the mud, in response to the Colonel's hoarse, "Order arms! Adjust your equipments now, men. In place, rest!" and a whole regiment turned and looked behind it at the column of cavalry squashing and splattering down the wood road and heading for the gap in the forest toward the sound of the shots dying away in the distance. What it was that Sheridan had struck, it was getting the worst of it, yet fighting savagely, sullenly in retreat. Little by little the sputter of rifle and carbine grew faint and far, and less and less rapid until silence followed on the heels of the fight, and the Emmets began to toot to get back to pokes. By this time Mr. Malloy, very trim and natty in garb, had reached his post and relieved Mr. Sheridan on the right of their front rank. "What a beautiful day!" he called to the chum, the Aide-de-Camp, as that young gentleman, riding back from the trail of the cavalry came trotting up the field.

Scouting party of rebels. Sheridan got word of a southerner, and went out to surprise 'em. Bagged some game, too. The brigade commander, with three of his staff, came leisurely riding out into the open field in their front. He shook his head in response to the Colonel's query whether he should dismount, but assented to the proposition that the regiment be moved to higher ground along the road where they could stack arms, with the exception of the gallant officer, commander swung his 600 into column, and presently, by division in mass, had it compactly grouped, with stacked arms, just as a little party emerged from the woods to the southeast and came slowly, painfully, up the muddy road.

"Prisoners—prisoners!" the word was passed from lip to lip, and with eager curiosity necks were craned and the men of the Ohio looked on the prisoners by orders. But the Emmets, with the 10th company, were close to the road and could see without stirring. First came three or four troopers of a Michigan cavalry regiment, a Sergeant in the lead. Then three dismounted troopers guarding a little squad of five mud-stained, weather-beaten, sallow, silent fellows in dirty gray, to whom little attention was paid, because, just behind them, mounted, but with his left arm slung and bleeding still, escorted by a Lieutenant of cavalry and guarded by a Sergeant, came a tall, dark-eyed, distinguished-looking young officer, bareheaded, pallid, dignified, dressed in the full uniform of a Major of the Confederate Army.

The General and his staff had ridden forward to the roadside. Many of the field and company officers of the regiment had clustered near him. Other few had accompanied the aide-de-camp to Malloy's tent, barely a dozen rods further up the field, and there presumably a consultation was going on. Whatever spirit of chaff or mischief might have prompted the rank and file to audible comment on the appearance of the party, was checked by the uplifted hands of the general officers, and, in the midst of almost impressive silence, the column passed along the rank, and the Lieutenant commanding, pressing forward, saluted the brigade commander.

"Colonel Sheridan sends in these prisoners, General. To whom shall I deliver them?"

"Let them rest here a moment, sir. That officer looks faint." Then, urging his horse toward the group, the commander personally addressed the wounded man.

"I see you are hit, sir. I trust not seriously." A faint flash rose just an instant in the officer's pale cheek, and a little consequence, sir," he briefly said. But the General and a surgeon were eying him closely. Up the slope behind them came another little mounted party. Certain officers and men of the Michigan regiment that had hastened out to the support of their chief. With them rode young Kentucky who had gone forward with Colonel Sheridan's aide-de-camp. Nearing the top of the hill he slipped from his saddle and restored his mount to the waiting trooper. It was the General who again spoke. "Who has some whiskey?" and a young officer dashed on a run to Malloy's tent, returning presently with a brimming flask, and followed by the rest of the party, some of them wiping their lips. The General took the flask, and returned at once to the officer's side.

"Pardon me, Major, but you have bled heavily and must be very weak. Take a good pull at this." It was none too soon, for the stricken man was visibly drooping, swaying in his saddle. Yet he strove to put aside the flask until strong arms lowered him to the ground and seated him on the grassy bank. In respectful silence, even in sympathy, a little party gathered about him. Revived by the draught, the wounded officer bowed his thanks while a surgeon began to make hurried examination of the arm.

"Your name and station, sir?" said the General, presently. "I see you are a Major of the staff." The prisoner bowed. "I am, yes, sir. The name, I presume, doesn't matter."

"And yet is always demanded," replied the General, gravely. "Then put me down as—McIntyre." He was the hesitant reply, as the Adjutant General opened his notebook, whereat Lieutenant Malloy, who was on the outskirts of the party, and who plainly started at the sound of the voice, turned swiftly and signaled to a young soldier, unarmored and unequipped—the guide, in fact, who, having just dismounted, was standing talking in low tone with the First Sergeant of Company C. Instantly he stepped forward and stood at the salute.

Then the silence in and about the little knot of officers surrounding the seated man was broken, and Lieutenant Malloy's voice, clear and distinct, was heard: "General, this man will tell you the prisoner's name is not McIntyre." And as the General turned in surprise, and the little group opened out to right and left, the wounded soldier in the handsome girth of gray looked up into the quivering white face of the private soldier.

dier, in the coarse, ill-fitting suit of blue—his own brother.

CHAPTER XII.

June had come, after a rainy Spring. The air was heavy with heat and moisture, the roads, with mud, and every man of the gallant—his Ohio band—was a pound at least of the sacred soil of Mississippi on each broad-souled brogan when the regiment marched back to Pittsburg landing, there to take the steamer for parts unknown. Nobody, from the Colonel down, knew what was in the wind. There had been a shaking up in certain brigades, a redistribution, as it were, for the happiest results had not followed from the obliteration of the lines of the Ohio and Tennessee separate and intact. They had been drilled, disciplined, taught on somewhat different systems, and though they of the Ohio had kicked vigorously during the process, and had blundered their cold, serene, inflexible chief with Western vim and fluency, the campaign had opened their eyes to the fact that now they looked, moved, and fought more like regulars—far more than did dozens of regiments of the other army—many of which went to pieces in the first day's fight at Shiloh, and had to be licked into shape long after the Ohio had been in the fight, and prospectively, had been placed in supreme command in the West, and shouldering aside the conqueror of Donelson and the fighter of Shiloh, and "side-tracking" the soldier who had made the Army of the Ohio, the new commander took the Ohio and even divisions from the latter to graft into the former, and great was the grief thereat. Corinth was destined to fall before big odds, but meantime certain cavalry commanders of the Confederate side were having fun with our communications. An impudent Colonel by the name of Morgan, to begin with, had swooped down on our trains near Paducah—way back of the fighting line—and raised the devil generally, until rushed in turn by a column from Nashville, whereupon he charged two regiments of cavalry, mostly Unionists, both of whose Colonels were crippled in the headlong fight. Now, when a man is well whipped, as Morgan was said to be, he is expected to fall back on his supporters. There Morgan should have fled southward. But he didn't. He leaped the Cumberland—northward, into neutral ground—ripped up the railway and tore open trainroads, and officers supplies away up at Cave City. With the train of the Tennessee and Ohio afar to the south, this bold raider was carrying the war into Kentucky, taking prisoners in some places and releasing them in others. Then it was that the new Field Marshal shook loose several commands, "bored," as the boys had it, from the Army of the Ohio, and shifted them up and down stream to strengthen the force on the line of Tennessee. But Morgan rode blissfully back to rest at Chattanooga and repeat the performance, and our friends in the Ohio saw not so much as a switch of the tail of the column. They were to hear from him again, how-

Malloy limping back to the front about this time, or the boy's heart might have broken. He had begged permission to see his brother before the latter was sent North. It was the brother himself who refused. He had written a letter, which his Colonel had read and forwarded, asking only tidings of his father's health and whereabouts, and Henry's cold reply was that father would never forgive him should he hold communication with his traitor son. Gaffney, in his crude but hearty way, went sturdily to work to bring comfort to the lad. The brave Irishman had won the praise of a fighting division commander at Shiloh, and their "dandy" Colonel, who had hitherto seen little to like in the Emmets' leader, warmed to the fellow who could so splendidly handle his company in battle, even if he couldn't on battalion drill. In plain words Gaffney said it was time a "bye" had lost so much through his loyalty should gain something by way of reward. "Twice now," said Gaffney, "Holt's had to do duty the devil himself might dodge, with divil a thanks, but kicks from both sides. Ye wouldn't even make him a Sergeant back at the front?"

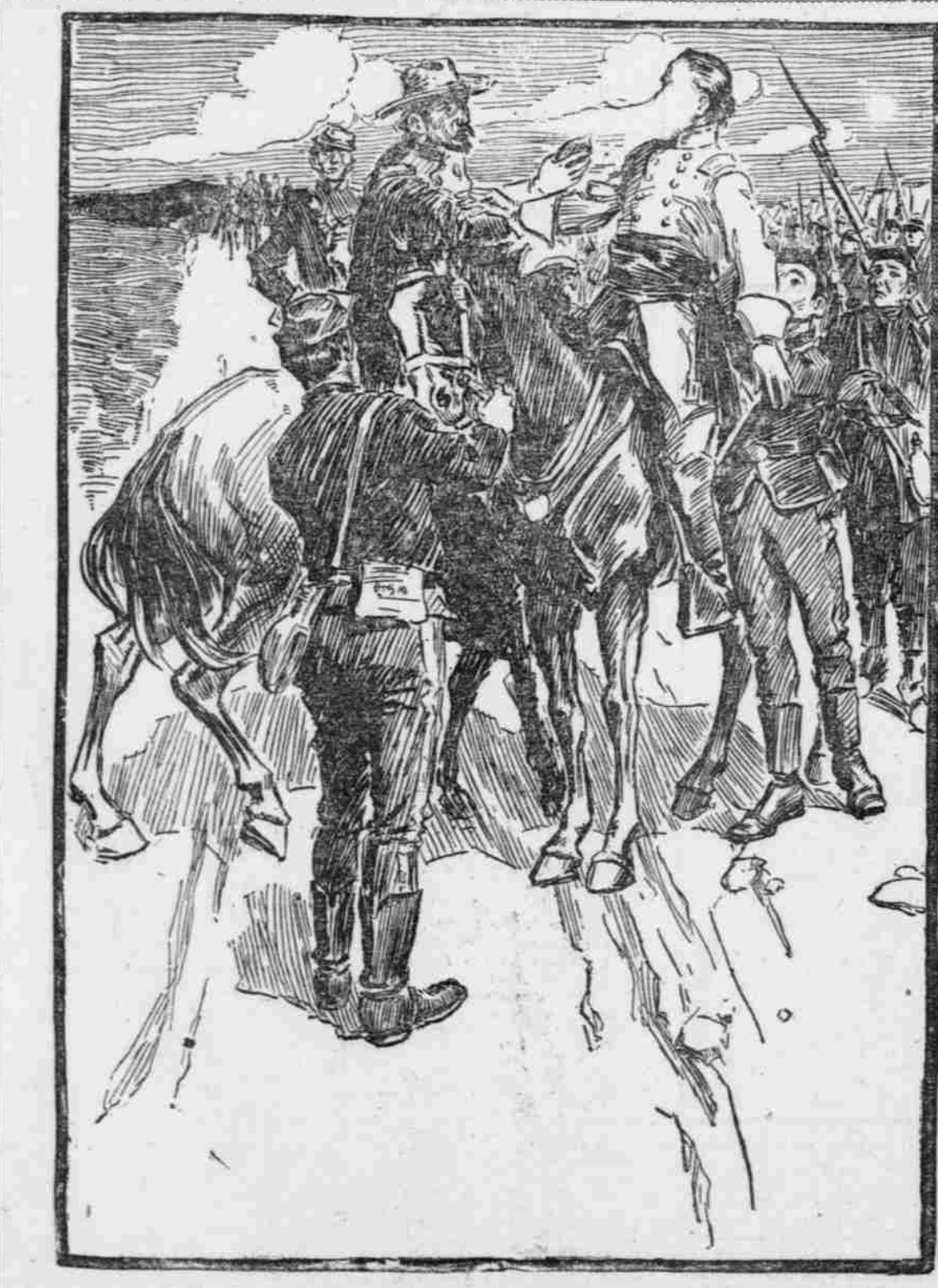
"I couldn't," said the Colonel, "against the recommendation of the company commander."

"His name was first on the list," said Gaffney, "an' that—alick wane, Malloy, cut it off and sticks in Throat. Is it me or Malloy commands the Emmets now?" "You, when you're here, Captain," answered the chief, with all patience and toleration, for he respected the man's bravery, and, despite his innuendoes and warnings, was beginning to believe his protege an injured, deeply injured man. Still it wouldn't do to fly in the face of Providence and the Governor and Adjutant-General and Senator Malloy, all of whom would have it, apparently, that young Holt was little better than a spy. There was no vacancy now among the noncommissioned officers of Co. "C," and even Gaffney couldn't expect him to revoke the warrants given in his absence. "Remember," said the Colonel, "we feared it might be months before you could rejoin, and meantime the law made Mr. Malloy the commander. I'm sorry, but I don't see what can be done. Colonel Sheridan is the man to help him now. Full of worldly wisdom was the Colonel. He knew that an indignation he might offer the lad would injure his own prospects with the powers behind the throne, but not a whit did he object to some one else's burning his fingers in the attempt, especially Sheridan. Sheridan was a buckeye boy himself. Sheridan had begged for an Ohio regiment and couldn't get one. The young regular had no influence whatever in his own state. Ohio's regiments were given as a rule to Ohio's famous names, and there were scores of them. It was Michigan that saw soldier stuff in that keen-eyed, short-legged little quartermaster, and set him in saddle at the head of her new cavalry regiment, where, within a week, he was carrying dismay, not only to the enemy, but to comrade Colonels on the lookout for stars. Now if Sheridan saw fit to take up the cudgels for Holt, and thereby rub wrong way the fur of Ohio's politician clique, so much the worse for Sheridan's chances and the better for his own. Small wonder the Colonel so suggested to Gaffney, and 'Cap.' full of his subject and half full of potene (the honest Irishman had brought a crusken—a 'rag' as he called it, back to the front), with the aid of a brother Celt on the commissioned list, now composed a letter to the smart little cavalry, Colonel, and sent it, just as the regiment got back from the route for the Tennessee and the Colonel the news that his plans were all in vain. Corinth was abandoned by Beauregard. The Michigan troopers got back from a dashing raid to the enemy's rear. The star would probably light on Sheridan's shoulder, and away he would go to the

He felt the Captain's broad hand on his shoulder.

my mother's name, and that I am Major Holt."

There were gentlemen in the group who were quick to note the significant pause before, and the deliberate choice of the word "officer." There were men high and low in regimental rank who thought it inappropriate to say the least, that Lieutenant Malloy should be selected to conduct the prisoners to corps headquarters, five miles away. There were rough fellows who clustered about Corporal Connelly's little tent when the Emmets, and in low tones to him and Brennan, who stood guard at the closed flaps that Norman might hide and think—alone. Poor lad! He lay there, head buried in his arms, and God alone knew the depth of his trouble. It was good and great to be loyal to the old flag in those stern days. It called for the best and bravest of every state and the wide Northland. It involved leaving home and loved ones to take up arms and pledge one's life to



IT WAS NONE TOO SOON, FOR THE STRICKEN MAN WAS VISIBLY DROOPING.

ever, and in no sportive way—and that right soon.

But the left of the line, as it fronted the southern guns about Corinth had had something to talk of for nearly a week, and that was Sheridan's capture and the dramatic scene that followed. Little they looked that day like brothers, those two tall, dark-eyed, slender Kentuckians, the senior garbed in so handsome and trim-styled uniform, the younger in a ragged, old-fashioned and untarnished, his gauntlets, sack, belt, all of the finest make and material, his handsome face pale from the loss of blood and excess of emotion, clean-shaven as to cheek and chin, his gaze, one long, steadfast look of mingled reproach, pity almost contempt. There was no symptom of surprise in the

cause. But home and loved ones were left in safe hands. Prayers and blessings followed the soldier on his way. Honor and favor rewarded his deeds of valor and devotion, or tears and laurels sprinkled and decked his grave. But it was all different in the border-land. It might well be that he who stood fast by the Stars and Stripes must needs abandon all else, for here lay a soldier scorned of his kin and kin and shut out from hearth and home forever.

Raid on Bellevue had rent the last vestige of a tie, stricken his name from the family Bible, and the father's will. Not once, but twice now, had he been called upon to guide the column that aimed at the life or liberty of his very own. It was God's mercy that brought old

head of a brigade. Ohio's neglect had proved a blessing in disguise.

The night they got to Pittsburg Landing was dark, wet and dreary. The Colonel was crumpled; the Captain was sore. Even the Emmets were still. Tied up alongshore were a number of stern-wheeled packets, some laden with sick and wounded, some with convalescents, some with stores, some with troops, bound like themselves, they knew not whether. Fine knot torches glowed at the gang plank of each transport, and staff officers were bustling about. "Got one or two men who can act as clerks to make out some papers, Gaffney?" asked a soldier in a military uniform, now acceding to a quartermaster's request of Berlin. Nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse

said honest Terence. "Go you, Holt and Brennan. I'll get you out of the wet, anyhow." And the two soldiers were shown where to stow their belongings aboard the packet and quickly set to work in the improved cabin. Presently the measure, frame of the men was heard, as the foremost company came filing aboard, and soon the brightly lighted cabin began to fill with officers—some of the Ohio, several of the Army of the Tennessee. These latter the young Aide-de-Camp well known to the regiment during the dreary weeks they held down the left flank of the line. He was talking excitedly, had been reading from Louisville paper, and every now and then, strive though he might to confine his attention to the columns of candles, soap, salt and pepper dancing before his tired eyes, Norman Holt could not but catch a word or two.

"Lord! yes. Whiskied off the whole carload! Paroled a dozen at Lebanon! Yes, both Colonels wounded—Wolford and Green Clay Smith! Norman's heart sank. How familiar sounded the old Kentucky names! Then came something more startling. "Hello, Malloy! Ain't you glad your prisoners were taken off your hands at the front?"

"Why?" growled Malloy, for he wasn't at all. He had secretly hoped to be sent on to Nashville in charge of them.

"Why, Lord, man! haven't you heard? Regular jail delivery on the Louisville & Nashville. Whole carload got away, and Major Holt among them. They say Morgan ran him off to Chattanooga. But it will cost Bate's his command. He was officer of the guard, and Buell's ordered him court-martialed and the three sentries shot."

"Sentries shot!" cried Gaffney, aghast. "Ye don't mean it, man! Shure that's—that's barbarious!"

"Can't help it," was the curt answer. "Buell's giving warning twice already. There have been too many cases of sleeping on post in presence of the enemy. The articles of war are explicit: the soldier found guilty must suffer death. These fellows were regularly tried, convicted, sentenced, and Buell has ordered the sentence executed."

For a moment there was silence. Sentences as severe had been deservedly awarded, both in the Army of the Potomac and in the West, but some power had interposed to save the victim. The time had come, however, when the soldiers had to learn that harsh, stern, merciless as such sentences might seem, it was just, it was necessary. The safety of an army, the lives of thousands of sleeping men all depended upon the vigilance of the sentry. Should he fail in his duty, the result would be disastrous for him who slept at the post of duty. Even the plea that drugged liquor had been given the two soldiers in this case availed them nothing. Liquor was the last thing they should have taken when on guard.

A harsh voice at Holt's elbow roused him from the half stupor in which he listened to the announcement of his comrade's escape and the terrible consequences, should he now fall asleep, or sleep, or six companies will go to bed suppers!" And pulling himself together with an effort, Norman again applied his

eyes to the figures before him. Henry Holt, the brother, was there, looking as if he might be lost. Deaf was the punishment for him who slept at the post of duty. Even the plea that drugged liquor had been given the two soldiers in this case availed them nothing. Liquor was the last thing they should have taken when on guard.

A harsh voice at Holt's elbow roused him from the half stupor in which he listened to the announcement of his comrade's escape and the terrible consequences, should he now fall asleep, or sleep, or six companies will go to bed suppers!" And pulling himself together with an effort, Norman again applied his eyes to the figures before him. Henry Holt, the brother, was there, looking as if he might be lost. Deaf was the punishment for him who slept at the post of duty. Even the plea that drugged liquor had been given the two soldiers in this case availed them nothing. Liquor was the last thing they should have taken when on guard.

(To be continued.)

ARTIFICIAL THUNDERSTORMS

Remarkable Electrical Invention of New York Electrician.

Artificial thunder and lightning can now be produced and combined so realistically as to give a vivid imitation of the electrical accompaniments of a thunderstorm. There have long been conventional imitations on the stage, but never with an element of realism, for electricity has not been used.

P. M. Lincoln, chief engineer of the Niagara Falls Power Company, N. Y., has invented appliances whereby he can imitate the intermittent flashes of lightning by electrical discharges, which in turn produce the detonations of thunder. He has combined his appliances with the construction of a beautiful sign, bearing the word "Niagara," and the Scientific American thus explains his method of producing the attractive novelty:

The sign consists of a large glass condenser charged with alternating electric currents of high potential. An electrical display around the letters and over the surface of the glass sign is produced by discharges of the condenser, some partial and others complete. At low potentials each letter is surrounded by a beautiful violet fringe of brush discharge. As the voltage is raised, the complete discharge of light begins to shoot out from the sharp corners of the letters. At first they may not be more than an inch long, but the length of the brilliant lines increases as the voltage is raised, and the flashes become sliding and shifting halo, spreading out a distance of 12 inches or more from the letters.

Up to this point the electrical discharges are only partial, but as the voltage continues to rise, the complete discharge is produced. Each of these is accompanied by a loud report, and the long, crooked lines of light dart out across the surface of the glass like the flashes of real lightning. When the voltage is sufficiently high, each illumination is accompanied by one of the complete discharges, and when the frequency of 125 periods per second is reached the discharge is extraordinarily brilliant. The flashes of lightning and the thunder claps of a midsummer storm are imitated with surprising fidelity, and the novel sign makes a magnificent electrical display.

Apples as Brain Food.

After special recommendations of all sorts of fish, flesh and fowl—particularly the fish—now comes sage medical advice to eat apples, and plenty of them, not only for brain material, but for the sake of the well-being of the entire system. It is reported that the nervous system is crying for phosphorus, and that apples fill the want, to the quieting of the nerves and the feeding of the brain. Then, to its credit, it is said that a good, ripe, raw apple is completely digested in 25 minutes. This is a saving of power that favors longevity.

Besides being recommended as a valuable and convenient food, and one that should be placed in the reach of children—particularly the first thing in the morning—apples are credited with power to relieve the nausea of seasickness and to be an antidote for the tobacco habit.

Green Not Restful to the Eye.

People have for many years supposed that the color green was restful to human eyes, and have been referred to the green grass and green foliage that Nature has been so prodigal with for the benefit of wearied vision. Now, according to a German professor of Berlin, Nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse

verdant display, and her color scheme was carried out absolutely regardless of the visual needs of humanity. The professor says that green does not protect the eye, and he denies that it has any beneficial effect whatever.

He declares that green paper, green shades, green glasses, green decorations and green umbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light they are simply provoking a nervous disturbance.

He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision, and therefore, looking at one particular color over and over again tires the eye as another. The best method, he says, is to dim all of the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all of the optic nerves.

THE PALATIAL OREGONIAN BUILDING



Not a dark office in the building! absolutely fireproof, electric lights and artesian water; perfect sanitation and thorough ventilation. Elevators run day and night.

- ANSLEE, DR. GEORGE, Physician.....Rooms.
ANDERSON, GUSTAV, Attorney-at-Law.....512
ANDERSON, PRES. E. L. Powell, Mgr.....509
AUSTIN, F. C., Manager for Oregon and Washington Bankers' Life Association.....512
BANKERS' LIFE ASSOCIATION, OF DES MOINES, IOWA, C. A. Smith, Pres.....509-505
BARNETT, ORO, E. Manager for Chas. Scribner's Sons.....513
BEALS, EDWARD A., Foreman Office U. S. Weather Bureau.....510
BENJAMIN, R. W., Dentist.....514
BENJAMIN, DR. O. S., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
BROOKER, DR. J. M., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
BROWN, MYRA, M. E., Surgeon.....512-513
BRUNER, DR. G. E., Physician.....512-513-514
CANNING, M. J., District Agent Travelers' Insurance Co.....513
CARROLL, DR. J. R., Physician.....509
CHURCHILL, MRS. E. J., Physician.....510-511
COFFEY, DR. H. C., Phys. & Surgeon.....510
COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY.....509-510
CONNELLEY, C. W., Phys. and Surgeon.....509
COOPER, F. C., Cashier Equitable Life.....509
COLLIER, R. E., Publisher, S. M. McClure & Co., Inc.....512-513
DAY, J. G. & I. N., President Columbia Telephone Co.....509-510
DICKSON, DR. J. F., Physician.....513-514
DRAKE, DR. H. B., Physician.....512-513-514
DUNN, DR. J. H., Physician.....509-510
EDITORIAL ROOMS.....509
EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.....509
L. Samuel, Mgr. F. C. Cover, Cashier.....509
EVANS, FRANK S., Attorney-at-Law.....510
FENTON, J. D., Physician and Surgeon.....509-510
FENTON, DR. HICKS C., Eye and Ear.....511
FENTON, MATTHEW F., Dentist.....512
GALYAN, W. E., Secy. Columbia Telephone Co.....509-510
GAVIN, A., President Oregon Camera Club.....510
GRANT, DR. J. H., Physician.....512-513
GIBBIE PUB. CO., Ltd., Fine Art Publishers.....512
GIBBY, M. C., Secretary.....512
GIBBY, A. J., Physician and Surgeon.....510-511
GILLESPIE, SHERWOOD, General Agent Mutual Life Ins. Co.....504-505-506
GODDARD, E. C., Ground floor, 129 Fifth Street.....509
GOLDMAN, WILLIAM, Manager Manhattan Life Insurance Co., of New York.....509-510
GRANT, FRANK S., Attorney-at-Law.....510
HAMMAN BATHS, TURKISH AND RUSSIAN; J. D. McKinnon, Prop.....509-510
HAMMOND, A. B., Physician.....510
HOLLISTER, DR. O. O., Phys. & Surg.....510
IDLEMAN, C. M., Attorney-at-Law.....509-510
JOHNSON, W. C., Superintendent of Agents Columbia Telephone Co.....509-510
KADY, MARK T., Supervisor of Agents Mutual Life Ins. Co.....504-505
LAMONT, JOHN, Vice-President and General Manager Columbia Telephone Co.....504-505
LITTLEFIELD, H. R., Phys. and Surgeon.....509
MACK, F. R., Sack, Dist. Agent.....510
MARTIN, J. L. & CO., Timber Land.....509
MAXWELL, DR. W. E., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
MCCOY, NEWTON, Attorney-at-Law.....512
MCCOY, NEWTON, Attorney-at-Law.....512
MCGINN, HENRY E., Attorney-at-Law.....512-513
METT, HENRY.....512
MILLER, DR. HERBERT C., Dentist and Surgeon.....512
MORRIS, DR. E. P., Dentist.....512-513-514
MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., of New York.....509-510
MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSN.; Mark T. Kady, Supervisor of Agents.....504-505
McELROY, DR. J. G., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
McFARLAND, F. R., Secy. Columbia Telephone Co.....509-510
McGUIRE, S. P., Manager P. F. Collier, Publisher.....512-513
McKENNA, K. O. T. M., Dist. Agent.....510
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. of New York; Sherwood Gillespie, Gen. Agent.....504-505
NICHOLAS, HORACE H., Atty-at-Law.....512
NILES, M. W., Cashier Manhattan Life Insurance Co., of New York.....509
OREGON INFIRMARY OF OSTEOPATHY; Dr. L. B. Smith, Osteopath.....509-510
OREGONIAN CAMERA CLUB; Phys. & Surg.....509-510
PACIFIC CHRISTIAN PUB. CO.; J. P. Gholmer, Mgr.....509
PORTLAND EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY; WARDEN, THOMAS H., Executive.....509
PORTLAND MINING & TRUST CO.; J. H. Marshall, Manager.....510
QUIMBY, L. F., W. Game and Forestry Warden.....512-513
ROSENDALE, O. M., Metallurgist and Mining Engineer.....512-513
REED & MALCOLM, Opticians.....512-513
REED, W. H., Commissioner.....509
RYAN, J. B., Attorney-at-Law.....512
SAMUEL, L., Manager Equitable Life.....509
SECURITY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.; H. F. Bushong, Gen. Agent for Ore. and Washington.....509
SHERWOOD, J. W., Deputy Supreme Court Clerk.....512
SILKMAN, SAMUEL C., Phys. and Surgeon.....509
SMITH, DR. L. B., Osteopath.....509-510
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.....509
STURGEON, DR. CHARLES E., Atty-at-Law.....512
STOLTE, DR. CHAR. E., Dentist.....504-505
SUBURBAN OF THE S. P. RY. AND N. P. TERMINAL CO.....509
STURGEON, THOMAS H., Executive Special Atty. Mutual Life of New York.....509
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.....509
TUCKER, DR. GEO., Dentist.....510-511
U. S. WEATHER BUREAU.....509-510
U. S. LIGHTHOUSE ENGINEERS, 13TH DIST.; Captain W. C. Langhitt, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.....509
U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, RIVER AND HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS; Captain W. C. Langhitt, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.....510
WATERMAN, C. H., Cashier Mutual Life of New York.....509
WILSON, DR. EDWARD N., Physician and Surgeon.....504-505
WILSON, DR. GEO. F., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
WILSON, DR. W. L., Phys. & Surg.....509-510
WILLAMETTE VALLEY TELEPH. CO.....512

A few more elegant offices may be had by applying to Portland Trust Company of Oregon, 100 Third St., or to the rent clerk in the building.