NO OTHER WAY.

STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST, BASED ON THE WORKINGS OF THE ENGLISH PENAL SYSTEM AND DEBTOR PRISON

LAST WORK OF SIR WALTER BESANT

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtor's prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who for a paltry sum will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He proves to be a young lawyer, Macnamara, who through no fault of his own has fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets him free, and agrees to marry a negro condemned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life.

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

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One morning at this time she received a visit. It was from an attorney whom she had known in her childhood. He was her father's attorney, a prim and smug man in back cloth, on very good terms with himself; one of the small sect which met in the conventicle. He had often come to the house at Hackney either on business or by invitation. After dinner he would discuss points of abstruse doctrine with her father; no hypocrite, but a perfectly honorable and upright man, though of a narrow creed.

"Madam," he said, "I am the bearer of news which is both bad and good; bad because your father is dead."

"My father is—dead! my father is dead!" For this was a thing which she had not expected. It seems, indeed, to many children that their father will never die; so much accustomed are they to the uninterruption of an old age which begins at 50 and drags along to three score years and 10.

"He is dead, madam."

"O, sir—it is impossible that he should die without forgiving or bestowing his blessing upon me."

"He is dead, madam," the attorney repeated; "yet as regards his forgiveness and his blessing, I think you will find that you have received both. He is dead and buried. We knew not where you were living; your brother would have sent."

"O, my brother, my brother. Sir, I know my brother."

"He would have sent to you, but he could not find your lodging. Your father died after a short illness; he is buried in Bunhill Fields among his own people."

"Dead and buried! O, what can I say? What can I do?" She wrung her hands for herself, while the filial tear fell for her father.

The attorney did not understand her trouble. "Madam," he said, "to lose a parent is an affliction which must fall upon us sooner or later. It is now 10 years since I buried my greatnut. But you may take comfort when I inform you that, in spite of your father's disapproval of your marriage—'Be ye not,' he would say, 'yoked with unbelievers'—he made no change in his testamentary disposition. You left him and the connection in order to marry a butterfly of fashion. Yet he made no alteration in his will."

"He made no alteration! Dear sir, pray explain how this affects my position."

"It affects you, madam, to this extent, that your father, while he bequeathed to your brother, his only son, the business on Galley Quay, with all the future emoluments and profits therefrom—a great and noble bequest—divided the rest of his property, including his real and personal estate, his houses and lands, his money, his plate, his furniture, his horses and carriages, into two parts equal in all respects. One moiety will be given to your brother in addition to the business; the other to yourself."

"To myself? Why, truly—it seems as if my father relented at last; but pray, sir, what may this moiety mean? Is it a sufficiency?"

"A sufficiency! Indeed, madam, I know not what you have from your late husband, but he was, I have understood, though a sprig of quality, a younger son."

Isabel inclined her head, partly to hide a smile. Could she tell this man of the city, where there is contempt for poverty, that she was come to her last three guineas?

"Madam, I do not know, I say, the extent of your husband's estate. I may, however, inform you that even in the city your father was respected for his wealth as well as for his integrity. Your moiety, madam, cannot be less than £80,000, which at 6 per cent, is £3200 a year, and it may amount, should the lands and houses be valued as highly as is possible, to over £100,000."

Isabel breathed a sigh of relief. "Sir, I thank you for bringing me the news." He left her, begging to be allowed the management of her affairs, as he had had that of her father's.

Isabel took out her purse again—and shook it. The guineas jangled at the bottom of it—the three guineas—the three last—"Oh!" she laughed. "And he does not know how near I was to destitution. My poor father! He is dead—but in blessing me with this fortune he has blessed himself as one who could forgive."

Then another thought struck her, she colored crimson, she gasped. "Oh, heavens!" she said. "If it had happened only two months ago, what things I should have escaped!"

CHAPTER V.

Among those who repaired to St. James Park in the cool of the Summer evenings in the year of grace 1752, two years after the day in the King's Bench and Newgate, was the Honorable Isabel, widow of the late Ronald Weyland, some time Comptroller in the Hanaper office, and only brother of the Earl of Stratherrick. Mrs. Weyland, still quite a young woman and in the fullness of her beauty and her charms, occupied a house in St. James Square, where she lived in the style and the substantial comfort of a lady of considerable wealth, having her establishment of servant, her butler, hall-porter, lackeys, coachmen, chairmen and women. On this evening of which we speak, which was in early July, between 7 and 8 in the evening, she was escorted by her brother-in-law.

The noble lord was a tall and well-proportioned man, not more than five and thirty, dressed, as became his position and his rank, in a very fine coat of blue silk, with a white velvet waistcoat. His star was on his breast, and he carried a goldheaded, clouded cane. His snuff-box was of gold, his hat was edged with gold lace, the buttons of his coat were of gold, his buckles were of gold, the lace of his ruffles and his necktie was of the finest valenciennes; his stockings were white silk; he presented the outward appearance of a man of wealth as well as rank. Who was to know unless they had been told—but the whole town had been told—that this nobleman, proud in his bearing, splendid in appearance, was nothing better than a pauper maintained by his sister-in-law, who gave him a small monthly allowance, coupled with the condition, which his pride readily accepted, that he would not part with any of the things which announced his rank—neither his gold-hilted sword, nor his star, nor his gold buttons and buckles, nor the gold snuff-box, nor his goldheaded cane, nor the fine lace at his neck and his wrists. If Isabel consented to maintain this impoverished lord—her brother-in-law—she would at least have some return for the money so expended in his appearance, which continued to be that of a man of wealth.

Many men lose their money by various forms of gambling. There are those who frequent the hazard table, and those who love faro best. There are those who attend races, and run horses against each other. There are those who spend their whole lives in betting. There are those who put their money upon prize-fighters and professors of fence. There are also those who frequent the cockpit and throw away whole fortunes on the courage and tenacity of favorite birds. One of these was the Earl of Stratherrick. He was not a rich man to begin with. At this time he had lost in the cockpit the whole of his fortune, including the contents of his castle in Scotland, with the ancient plate, pictures, books, furniture, armor, arms, and all the things which make the solid enjoyment of a long and noble line of ancestry. He still frequented the cockpit, but not where his equals in rank laid their bets, and won and lost large sums. He was seen at the Gray's Inn cockpit, haunted by young city merchants, by lawyers, by highwaymen, by farmers, drovers and the lesser sort, when he could lay odds in shillings and half-crowns, and so carry on his favorite pursuit, though in a small and mean way.

Lord Stratherrick carried himself bravely, and looked about him with an insolent air of contempt for the rest of the world which especially distinguished the British aristocracy of that period and made them the pride of their fellow-countrymen, who, for their part, took a pleasure in being thus trampled upon. Proper pride was expected of a nobleman; respect for rank of a private citizen. His Lordship, whose appearance was otherwise distinguished, presented also the habitual air of discontent; he could no longer be where he wished to be, in the company of his equals seated round the pit; his sister-in-law was the most obstinate, disobliging person in the world; she refused to pay any sporting debts for him; she refused to advance her allowance by so much as a single day; she showed herself, as he frequently lamented to his ex-valet, Mr. Pinder of the Grapes Tavern, Jermyn street, no better than one would expect of the daughter of a mere city merchant. These misfortunes had the effect of permanently thrusting out his lower lip, which gave him a peevish look.

He endeavored also to play the part of Cerberus, keeping those who came for the golden fleece. Isabel was now the greatest prize in the market; wherever she appeared, in the park, at the play, at the assembly, at the gardens, she had a small crowd of suitors buzzing around her a crowd which his Lordship could not keep from her save at the cost of insulting and fighting them one by one; for who would not be pushing, who would not be persistent, who would not dare to fight with so rich and so charming a woman as the prize of daring? She went to Bath, the roads were black with those who followed; to Tunbridge Wells, the lodgings of the spa were filled with those who thought to find a chance; she returned to London, they all came, too. Penelope herself had not a greater following. They were mostly hungry suitors; no penniless adventurer that came to town but hoped for a presentation to this young widow; no younger son but was ready to offer himself with his noble connections; many of the elder sons would have been rejoiced at taking her hand and her fortune; a woman, indeed, who has an income of £3500 a year or more, is indeed rare. They all offered themselves one after the other, as chance gave them an opening; some of these after a day's acquaintance, some after a month; some tried to carry the fortress by assault, some to undermine its walls; some, but those of the baser sort, endeavored to compromise this widow and to bring scandal to help them; some came laughing, some came sighing. Never did a woman receive to many offers. She knew when to expect the next offer, and by experience she knew the form it would take.

She had many friends. A woman so rich is quite certain to have many friends. They loved her naturally; women always love another who is richer than themselves. They also whispered things about her, but sadly, as those who whisper scandals are generally wont. She had been seen with this gallant on the banks of Rosamund pond by moonlight and with another beside the fountain in St. James' Square at midnight; some of them remembered her, in the early days of her widowhood, she had been constantly seen at the card table—the fact reduced her to their own level, which is a great consolation to the envious and the poorer sort; some of them knew that she was nothing better by birth than the daughter of a mere city merchant from whom she inherited most of her money; the fortune, it was reported, was made in a dirty warehouse by the river, out of figs and raisins—but this statement was contradicted; and one report made it tallow; and still another made it candles, but they knew nothing for certain. However, it was now quite certain that the lady gambled no more; she had frequent card parties in her own house, but she did not sit down to play; she invited her friends to festivities and water parties; she was generous, as the rector of St. James' Church well knew, to the poor, and to those who wanted help; she was good natured and kindly to all; she took no part in the scandals which make up most of the discourse of fine ladies; and whether as regards her dress, which was always costly, or her manner, which was gracious, but could be proud; or her suite and establishment, she was a great lady.

There was a certain brief period when Isabel had looked upon marriage as a means of livelihood. During that time she was perhaps willing to contract a marriage which she would afterward, when she became rich, have regretted. She was preserved, however, as we have seen, from this misfortune. The natural effect of her escape was a distaste to any second marriage at all. Her purpose, now she was rich and independent, was to preserve her independence—no legal skill in settlements she possessed would secure for her the complete independence which she now enjoyed—and the more she considered the men who flocked around her, the more she despised their empty and wasted lives.

At the entrance to the park by Spring Gardens, the footmen stood in a group, exchanging scandals and inventing anecdotes of their mistresses—they waited till the latter should come out, and they beguiled the time as best they could by the circulation of old lies and the fabrication of new. Had we been able to listen to these gentry, whose discourse is happily long since forgotten, we should now have been recording the deplorable fact that in this year of grace there was no kind of honor left among the men nor virtue among the women; that both men and women cheated habitually at cards; that the men got drunk, outwitted each other and were afraid to fight, and that the women could not pay for their finery; that posts of honor in the households of men of rank were openly sold. Many other pleasant things spoken of as generally true were discussed by the gentlemen of the worsted epaulettes. In so much as I said above, it is a happiness for the credit and character of the house that they have been forgotten.

LORD STRATHERICK.

The evening grew later, the sun had set, but it was still quite light as Isabel approached the gates on her way out; the following of beaux had dwindled down. There was then no one with her but her brother-in-law. At the gates Isabel turned to him. "Good night," she said. "I see my two rascals. Now, my lord, let me advise you. Go home; tempt not fortune." His lordship bowed low and turned away, but his lip went out another half-inch or so, and it was with a more peevish look than before that he walked away alone. Isabel looked after him for a moment. His discontent was not new to her any more than his passion for one form of sport. She knew that his thoughts every evening, if not his presence, were at the cockpit. He had not yet, in imagination, pledged his last acre, sold his last coppice and lost his last guinea, and, like all other gamesters, if his life had to be acted all over again, he would return to the same place and listen to the same music of the birds and their backers. Isabel looked after him, but the time when she might have sighed over the waste of a life was gone; she only wondered if his money for the month was as yet all spent or lost and if she would have to endure his company, which was cold and aristocratic, for dinner until his next allowance became due.

Just as she passed through the gates she was met by a young lawyer. She was alone; he was about to take the evening air in the park, after a long day's work in a hot and stifling court, surrounded by rapacious suitors and reluctant witnesses with a point of law to enforce upon a deaf old Judge and a difficult jury. He was a tall and handsome man; his face sharp and thin, his eyes bright, his features regular. Beneath his lawyer's wig he carried his head erect with something of the air noble; his gown, as yet only of stuff, swelled out behind him in the breeze like the foresail of a gallant ship. He walked with the easy assurance which one commonly finds in lawyers who are always before the world, on their feet, playing their part openly in the eyes of all addressing Judges and juries, examining, comparing and convicting of perjury, or muddleheadedness the most positive witnesses, advancing objections and assuming a confidence which they are sometimes far from feeling in the future of their cause and the equity of their client's claims. Suddenly this young lawyer, who had been sauntering leisurely past the King's Mews into Spring Gardens, looking about him without curiosity, for the fashionable world had no interest for him, stopped; he started; the face of Isabel at the park gates struck him; he hesitated; he changed color; he showed every sign of surprise, of confusion, of doubt. What should he do? Could he venture to address this lady, or would it be better to pretend not to recognize her, to pass her as a stranger?

The sight of this lady recalled a passage in his life which was painful and shameful for him to remember, and, for this lady, would be assuredly quite as painful, and perhaps quite as shameful.

Now, after two years, he met face to face the woman to whom he owed everything.

Should he venture to speak to her? Would she pretend not to know him, and not even, perhaps, to acknowledge that she had ever seen so much as the outside of the prison?

This hesitation lasted a few moments only, but in so short a time one may get through a large quantity of reasoning. Thus he hesitated no longer; he advanced and stood before her, bowing low—but all the assurance was gone out of his face; he blushed like any girl, he stammer and boggled just as if he were not a lawyer. "Madam," he said, "I entreat your pardon." The lady stopped wondering, then she looked round and saw her footman waiting. "Madam," he advanced, "I am most presumptuous—surely, however, madam—if I recall a day two years ago and more—a day which I ought to forget—but associated with the most noble—the most generous—the most unaffected—madam—what can I say? Can it be possible that I am wrong? Yet the day is burned into my heart, and cannot be forgotten. How could I ever forget the day, the face, the kindness, the pity—even though the conversation lasted no more than a few minutes, and though I saw that face but once—for a moment. How could I forget that face?

Isabel stared at him. Slowly the remembrance of the man came back to her. In this prosperous, handsome, well-dressed gentleman she saw the poor, ragged wretch upon whose release, in a fit of generosity, she had expended nearly all she had in the world.

"Madam," he repeated, watching her change of color and her troubled eyes, "you cannot but remember. Forgive me for reminding you of my existence."

She raised her fan to her face to hide the agitation into which this recognition had thrown her. He waited humbly, saying no more.

She turned her face. Her eyes were hard. The tear of pity was no more in them, making them soft. "Mr. Oliver Macnamara," she said, "you see that I remember both your face and your name. What would you have?"

"Nothing, madam, believe me."

"Sir, you recall a memory which is hateful and shameful—"

"To me it is humiliating—but still it is the memory of a day most fortunate."

"Perhaps, sir, since you have said so much, you have said enough. You have met me by accident. Let us part."

"You have done so many charitable and generous things since then that you can afford to forget them. Madam, I respect your wish. Henceforth if I meet you I will make no sign that I have ever before so much as spoken with you. I am always your most humble and most faithful servant, believe me I will do exactly what you wish and please."

"Very well, then, Mr. Macnamara, we part as we met. Stop, sir; you look prosperous. May I ask if you have succeeded in your profession since you—since you returned to it?"

"Thanks to you, madam, I was enabled to return to it. Fortune has smiled upon me. When I am Judge, or Attorney-General, or Lord Chancellor himself, I shall say, 'This you owe to the lady who relieved you from starvation and drew gently out of the pit.' Believe me, madam, even if we never meet again, that there is one heart which always beats in gratitude for you—one servant whom you can command." The man's face inspired confidence. It was a face which could be trusted. "Sir," she said, "If you would know more about me, come with me to my house. It is but a little way, my footmen are waiting for me."

Oliver Macnamara bowed with humility and took his place beside her; they walked away. Two varlets in a green and gold livery, bearing long sticks with round balls at the end, walked after them.

"My house," she said, "is in St. James Square. There are in the lives of most persons, I believe, some things which are best forgotten. Let us forget certain things."

"Madam, all shall be buried in silence, not forgotten."

"If you wish to nourish the emotion of gratitude, sir—it is rare—let me not stand in the way. But before the rest of the world it must be concealed. We are acquaintances only."

"Truth, madam."

"There, this is my house. Mr. Macnamara. I am rejoiced to welcome you within my doors. It is, as you said, a long time since we met. Will you come in with me?"

The houses in St. James Square are large, roomy and solid. Isabel's was on the east side, her windows facing the west and the sunset and looking down upon the garden of the square, with its fountain in the middle, its grass lawns and its beds of flowers. In the hall two more footmen stood up to receive them. Isabel led the way upstairs to her drawing-room. It was lit up in readiness for her return with wax candles in candelabra hanging from the ceiling and in silver sconces against the wall. The room was large, lofty, and it was filled with fine furniture, pictures, vases, mirrors and chairs—all with prepossessing gilt, after the fashion of the day. One of the men stood at the door waiting for orders.

"This evening," said Isabel, "I am not at home to any one. Mr. Macnamara, you will, I am sure, take a little supper with me."

When the door was closed, the young man fell upon one knee, and took her hand. "My benefactress!" he murmured.

"Mr. Macnamara, remember what I said. Once for all I rejoice that you have justified your words of ambition. So, if you please, not one word more."

He kissed her hand and rose.

"My name," Isabel continued, "is Weyland—Isabel, widow of the late Honorable Ronald Weyland, one of His Majesty's commissioners for the Hanaper office. Now you know who I am. For the rest, I am wealthy as women go, and I live here, in my own house."

They took their supper of cold chicken and a bottle of wine together. They talked after supper, sitting at the open window while the water of the fountain plashed pleasantly in their ears and the fragrance of the Summer flowers was wafted up to the windows. A pleasant talk between a sympathetic woman and a clever man. It was nearly 12 when her guest rose to take his leave.

"I am very glad we met, Mr. Macnamara. Come to see me again. Come often. Tell me of your work at the bar and your success in court. I must go to hear you plead. I have nothing to do except to look on. My life is perfectly dull and quiet; one day is like another. I envy you men who have ambition more than I can tell you. I am a butterfly, and about as useful in the world."

Isabel went into her own room reflecting on many things.

"He will come again," she thought. "He was pleased to meet me. He was pleased with the house. He is sure to come again. A man likes the sympathy of a woman to whom he can tell things." As a widow she understood the desire of a man for sympathy, that is to say, for some one to whom he can confide the whole of his troubles and ambitions and successes.

Her own husband, Isabel remembered, had counted upon her sympathy in the same way without expecting or asking for a corresponding return. In fact, he never offered any sympathy of any kind. "They call it love," she thought, "but this man is not of my world. He will not make love. It will be pleasant to receive a man from whom there will be no word of love. We shall conceal the past, and we shall forget it, but it will remain an invisible bond between us."

The clock struck 1. Isabel fell asleep. Had she possessed the spirit of prophecy she might have remembered that there were several things in the past which she desired to conceal and that this was the first that had happened and the least agreeable. The worse and worst was still to follow.

(To be continued.)

"THEY TOOK THEIR SUPPER TOGETHER."

Automobile Club to Support the Speed Laws.

(New York Herald.)

Through its president, Mr. A. R. Shattuck, the Automobile Club of America has pledged its moral support in the enforcement of the speed laws on Long Island. Because of the support of the automobilists the leaders in the movement against excessive speed on the Island roads will not agitate any drastic legislation to accomplish their ends.

The property-owners at the committee meeting declared that because of the indiscriminate speeding of automobiles in the principal highways of Queens, Nassau and Suffolk Counties it had become a matter of considerable risk for residents along those thoroughfares to venture out with horses. Many owners of horses, it was asserted, kept them idle in their stables rather than place their lives and those of their families in jeopardy.

It was held that the present laws were not severe enough to influence some of the wealthy young chauffeurs, who drive their automobiles to and from their Long Island estates.

They recommended that the present speed laws be strictly enforced. If this were done they promised that the supervisors of the various counties would have the support of a majority of automobilists who travel over the island roads. It was agreed that a closer watch be kept for those who exceed the speed limit.

The limit in country districts in Long Island, as elsewhere in New York State, is 15 miles an hour. In populous districts it is eight miles an hour.

ECZEMA'S ITCH IS TORTURE.

Eczema is caused by an acid humor in the blood coming in contact with the skin and producing great redness and inflammation; little pustular eruptions form and discharge a thin, sticky fluid, which dries and scales off; sometimes the skin is hard, dry and fissured. Eczema in any form is a tormenting, stubborn disease, and the itching and burning at times are almost unbearable; the acid burning humor seems to ooze out and set the skin on fire. Salves, washes nor other external applications do any real good, for as long as the poison remains in the blood it will keep the skin irritated.

BAD FORM OF TETTER.

"For three years I had Tetter on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of running sores, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. Four doctors said the Tetter had progressed too far to be cured, and they could do nothing for me. I took only three bottles of S. S. S. and was completely cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never since seen any sign of my old trouble."—MRS. L. B. JACKSON, 1414 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

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Steamships COTTAGE CITY, CITY OF SEATTLE or CITY OF TOPEKA, Sept. 3, 5, 8, 12, 17, 20, 22, 27; Oct. 2, 5, 7, 12, 17, 20, 22, 27; Nov. 1.

For further information obtain company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

AGENTS—N. DOSTON, 249 Washington st., Portland, Or.; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. R. R. Dock, Tacoma; Ticket Office, 618 First ave., Seattle, M. TALBOT, Comm'l Agt., C. W. MILLER, Asst. Gen'l Agt., Ocean Dock, Seattle; GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agents, San Francisco.

DOMINION LINE

Special Announcement!

New Service to Mediterranean.

The new gigantic twin-screw steamer "Commonwealth," 13,000 tons, 600 feet long, from BOSTON TO GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA AND ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Jan. 4 and Feb. 12, 1902. S. S. "Cambroman" from BOSTON TO GIBRALTAR, GENOA AND NAPLES, Jan. 18, and Feb. 22, 1902.

Thos. Cook & Son, P. C. Gen'l Agts. 621 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

STR. TAHOMA, DALLES ROUTE.

Winter schedule—Leaves foot Alder street every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, 7 A. M. Leaves The Dalles every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday morning, 7 A. M.

Stops at all way landings for both freight and passengers.

ASTORIA ROUTE.

STR. BAILEY GATZERT (Alder-St. Dock). Leaves Portland daily every morning at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Returning, leaves Astoria every night at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Oregon phone Main 351. Columbia phone 351.

The Best Way TO Chicago

THE NORTH WESTERN LINE

All through trains from North Pacific Coast connect with trains of this line in Union Depot, St. Paul.

The North-Western Limited

IS FINEST TRAIN ENTERING CHICAGO.

Call or write for information to W. H. MEAD, Gen'l Agt., 248 Alder St., Portland, Or.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

PORTLAND

	Leaves.	Arrives.
"North Coast Limited"..	2:00 P. M.	7:00 A. M.
Twin City, St. Louis & Kan. City Special.....	11:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
Puget Sound Limited, for South Bend, Gray's Harbor, Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle.....	8:35 A. M.	5:20 P. M.

Two trains daily to Spokane, Butte, Helena, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East.

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. General Pass. Agt., 255 Morrison street. Portland, Or.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 630

LEAVE No. 4 6:00 P. M.	The Flyer, daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East.	ARRIVE No. 3 7:00 A. M.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE

STEAMSHIP KINSHIU MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic points will leave Seattle

About December 3d.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

LEAVES	Depot Fifth and I Streets.	ARRIVES
8:00 A. M.	For Mayger, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Pk., Seaside, Astoria and Seashore Express, Daily.	11:10 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily.	3:40 P. M.

Ticket office 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

Salem, Albany, Corvallis, Oregon City and Dayton.

Steamer Pomona, for Corvallis, leaves 6:45 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamer Altona, for Dayton, leaves 7 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Steamer Leona, for Oregon City, daily (ex. Sunday), 9 A. M., 12:30, 4 P. M. Leaves Oregon City 7:30 A. M., 11 A. M., 2:30 P. M. Round trip, 25c.

OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO., Office and dock, foot Taylor st. Phone 40.