M'LOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

CONTINUATION OF MRS. EVA EMERY DYE'S CHRONICLE

XXXVII. "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." (1845-46.)

HREE years had passed since Dr. McLoughlin wrote that letter for protection, and now word arrived the Hudson's Bay house in London: the present state of affairs the commy cannot obtain protection from the ent. You must protect yourselves the best way you can."

difficulties preplexed Dr. Mcighlin as well as provisional govern-Outlaws from the States found way to Oregon. One, Chapman, ted, "I came all the way from the tee for the purpose of burning Fort

uch a step would precipitate war in gon," said the settlers. Applegate was t privately to Dr. McLoughlin.

We are troubled," said Applegate to "We want to protect you, we cannot unless the company agrees the articles of compact. To do that must pay taxes and comply with the of the provisional government, which er protection only to its adher-Otherwise you will stand alone. stless spirits from the States will coner you lawful prey. You need to join It is for your own interest." But how can If" insisted the doctor.

am a British subject, and this is Britproperty." We have altered the form of oath to et that very point," said Applegate. fow the compact reads to support the visional government so far as is con-tent with our duties as citizens of the died States or subjects of Great Brit. That lets you in you see without That lets you in, you see, without

rfering with your allegiance."
he doctor gat with his head on his
d, thinking. Now and then he tossed
k the white locks that fell around his

polegate went on: "You see Dr. Mcsecure the property of company. And it will conduce to the tenance of peace and order to have known to the American people that two nationalities are united in Oregon-ere will be a large immigration again is Fail, and you may depend upon it is Fail, and you may depend upon it is will be many to annoy you." I realize that, I realize that," said the ctor, despairingly. "Let me call in jugiam. He has a level head."

boughas came in, tall, dark and formal.

If the doctor did, and especially these pericans he held at arm's length. But he unbent to anybody it was to the cul-red Applegate, the "Sage of Yoncalla." rain the whole subject was canvassed. 'Our taxes, if amessed at their real would outweigh all your colony,

d Douglas. Of course you would tax only our sale your settlers?" suggested the doctor.
That is fair," said Applegate.
Very well, then, we will join you,"
d the doctor and Douglas after some

fr. Applegate returned to Oregon City put the measure through with a rush. McLoughlin and James Douglan ed the articles and became members

Oregon's provisional government. I don't see that we could do anything e," said the doctor, snuffbox in hand, lew days later. "I am glad the suspense er, James. If we must live with these ricans we must live in peace." es," agreed Douglas. "The property ite new. The fact that England paid attention to your appeal for protect justifies the step we have taken."

T am glad they elected you Judge of Vancouver district," added the doctor, hat was handsomely done." ast then the gatekeeper stuck his head at the door. the door.
h, what, Bruce?" said the doctor, ris"Ogden back from England, and
ugers, did you say?"
McLoughlin turned and met face face the scarlet coats and gold lace of

Lieutenant William Peel, son of Sir-bert Peel, Prime Minister of England," id Peter Skeen Ogden, advancing and cing the taller one, a fine young llow, well bronzed, who advanced to set the doctor. With quite colorless face Dr. McLough-

shook hands with the Premier's proxy suddenly set down on the Columbia. 'Captain Parke of the Royal Marines," rning to the other. Captain Parke handed Dr. McLoughlin ick of credentials.

The doctor's color rose as be broke the yal scal and read. "What! What! What! Brother of the arl of Aberdeen here with a fleet to

gave an involuntary start. "Gentlemen, where are your shipe?" "Anchored in Puget Sound. There are deen warships on the coast, carrying ur hundred guns," answered Lieuten-

r. McLoughlin's face was a study.
Where is your ship? How did you here?"

deste' is entering the Columbia with enty guns. Do you think that will sufficient? She will soon be here." Sufficient? I should think so!" ejacued the doctor. With the intuitive grasp of situation

"With the intuitive grasp of situation r which he was noted, Dr. McLoughprovided for his distinguished guests,
inking mightly all the time.
"The devil's to pay now," he whispered
the to Douglas. "What have they come
r? If they had only arrived six weeks
oner I shouldn't have signed the conact. Now we have recognized the Prodonal Government the ships are not
seded. Indeed, they are likely to stir
a d—I of a row by rousing the suspions of the Americans."

"'Tis well to have them here till we
y the temper of the next innuigration,"
id Douglas, to soothe the spirit of his
lef.

lef.

Don't you think we can bring troops erland from Canada?" inquired one of a officers, as Dr. McLoughlin re-entered a room. "If it comes to blows we would these Americans a good deal harder an we would other people."

Oh, Captain Parks! Oh, Captain rike!" ejaculated the distressed doctor.

country is not worth a war." en what are the Americans comit Just speak the word and we'll

them a hint that'll take the carts all the wheels from bere to the Rocky That would be savage!" said the doc-

cel set his lips. "The United States is

t going to cuchro us out of Oregon. My ther has said in Parliament, 'England lows her rights and dares maintain em,' and she will." claim of the United States to this

The claim of the United States to this sat is abourd," said Lieutenant Peel aptain Gray was only a private speculing trailer, dodging along this coast retring for furs. He only want 12 miles the river, he did not explore it; and as a taking possession—the poor coaster wer thought of such a thing. Vancouver plored a hundred miles. We have as plored a hundred miles. We have as

where or the Humber." Why, of course, "Insuffice Parke, "The Humbla has always belonged to us. This merican talk is more bravade, like the called "Patriot War" of Canada—some e and a good deal of smoke." slp of wine had warmed the guests,

That Patriot War of Canada (1828) sed a tender spot in McLoughlin's

free themselves is not a proper subject for merriment," he said. "Whatever comes to pass," remarked

Douglas, "these whittling Yankees talk-ing polities are here, and more are coming. I hear that one of them is in Wash-ington now, trying to get a steamboat route by the way of Panama."
"So? Next they'll be talking of a rati-road right over the top of the Rocky

At this another "hal hal" went round "Enemics need bayonets," said Captain Parks, as they rose from their wins cups. "But, my dear fellow, these are not enemies," insisted Dr. McLoughlin. "They are simply settlers, quiet, peaceable, in-

"And like their fellow-countrymen al-ways smoking and chewing and spitting, ch. doctor? Fd rather meet a grizzly than a settler.

That night Dr. McLoughlin wrote a letter to some one high in British authority, pleading against war. Somewhere, still, that letter may lie in English archives.

At the instance of the officers additional guns were mounted. The night watch was doubled. The hourly "All is well sounded like a cry of danger.

For eighteen months Her Majesty's warship Modeste lay like a policeman in the river. Five hundred men, sailors and marines, performed their daily evolutions on the green engineers in front of the on the green espianade in front of the fort. A barrel of silver deliars dealt out for their pay was the first money ever seen in Oregon. Before that, barter ruled in skins and wheat.

The redcoats, running over the country

The redcoats, running over the country with their gilttering arms, might have made trouble had not Dr. McLoughlin kept up a constant counsel of peace.

"Whatever we do here will make no difference with the final outcome of the question," he kept saying. "It is better for us to keep on good terms with the settlers. These inoffensive, peaceable people

tiers. These inoffensive, peaceable people are not the ones to fight." Nevertheless the colonists had their

yet. I've seen their blacksmiths working all Winter. They say they're making axes for the trappers. No such thing; they're tomahawks, and you'll seb 'em they re tomanawas, and you's see em arming Indians, as they did in 1812. Down at Astoria, Birnie digs day after day—don't tell me it's a garden. I know better. There's cannon buried down there at Tongue Point, and one of these days you'll hear 'em booming."

Douglas went over to Nisqually and

found the warships burnishing their guns in Puget Sound. "Ah." said the officers as Douglas dined on shipboard. "If we could only be sent to the Columbia we'd take the whole country in 24 hours." on shipboard.

That Oregon question has become the That Oregon question has become the battlerry of a Presidential contest.

"Fifty-four forty or fight."

"All of Oregon up to Alaska or war."

America listened for the drum-beat.

"A 'small meal' will be made of the troops of the 'free and enlightened." said

in editor on the St. Lawrence. "The crows will soon be picking out their eyes," said an Indian chief on the

northern border. With clear vision Dr. McLoughlin saw he inflamed public of both countries. More than once he was discovered on his knees, praying that he might keep the people quiet in the disputed territory. "I saw blood flow in 1812," he said to

the son of England's premier, "I stanched the wounds of comrades at Sault Ste Marie. As one born on the continent of America I feel that no foreign power has the right to fling her peoples into con-flict. Suppose you take a ride up the valley and get acquainted with the peo-

Well mounted on the best Vancouver horses. Parke and Peel went dashing up the Willamette.

It was harvest-time. Men drassed in buckskin trousers, "hickory" shirts and moccasins were cutting wheat with the reap-hook. Settlers logged along in rude carts ironed with rawhide, hauling their deerskin sacks full of grain to the river, where it was heaped on great bateaux, big as the hull of a steamer, and paddled down to Fort Vancouver, to exchange for "black strap" molasses, dirty Hawaiian sugar and ready-made clothing. That clothing was all of one size, made in England. land; said to have been cut to the meas-ure of Dr. McLoughlin. The thrifty im-migrant wives clipped off the hickory shirts that came down to the feet and over the hands and were thankful for the patches. There were no old chests from which to resurrect cloaks and iresses; the American stock was soon ex-hausted, and the Hudson's Bay store, not contemplating such expansion, had none to sell. Old coats were threadbare old tent covers worn out. Members of the contemplating such expansion, had none to sell. Old coats were threadbare old tent covers worn out. Members of the Legislature canvassed their brethren for a coat to wear in public. The singing-master met his classes in a suit of buck-

"You must get looms," said Dr. Me-

Loughlin. Two immigrants set out for the states for flocks of sheep. Everywhere Parks and Peel were met with rude but unstinted hospitality. Men who had marked the trail to Oregon with their blood, slaughtered for them the fatted bullock and sat down to dine in their shirt-sleeves. Women ground the grain for cakes in the coffee-mill and saked it in a Dutch oven set among the coals. Brisk housewives brushed up their hearths with hazel brooms, set the table with tin cups and plates, and seated the guests in the best old-fashioned cane-bottomed hickory rocker that had banged

its way across the plains.

Every picturesque feature of New England. Ohlo, Missouri pioneering was repeated here. To Parke and Peel it was a revelation. Never before had they seen a people whose handbook of history was the migrations of their recentors. was the migrations of their ancestors whose ideal statesman was George Wasn-ington, whose model parent was Unce Sam, Daniel Boone the chief hero, and the American eagle the favorite bird. With great good humor they heard the tales fround the fires and slept at night in the

cabin lofts. "Tell me how you crossed the plains," said Peel at the house of Applegate. He told the story of 1842.

"Such men would make the finest sol-diers in the world," said Peel and Parke as they went riding on.

"How do you like the country?" asked horny-handed ploneer.
"It is certainly the most beautiful country in the natural state that I ever saw,"

Will England try to hold it?" "Not against the wishes of its people," answered the nobleman.

Before Parke and Peel returned from

their trip up the valley the Autumn immigration came pouring in with "54-40 or fight" blazed on their wagon covers. To eager inquiries, "Yes, that is the party cry, and Polk is elected."
Parks and Peel looked on amazed as
5000 dust-begrimed pligrims came toiling in to stake out their claims on the In-dian lands. Never before had they seen the building of a state. "Hopelessly Americanized! hopelessly Americanized!"
was their frequent comment as the long
line of occupation took up the country. Ploughs are better than traps to hold i country, and farms are better than forts." The story of 1845 has never been told.

never can be told. In the face of Parke and Peel and all the British warships for McLoughiln sent succor to the famishing immigrants. Far up Des Chutes they met his messengers of mercy with shouts and hallelujahs. The settlers bestered the merchant of property and hurried forward. stirred themselves, and hurried forward uched a tender spot in McLoughlin's pack-trains of food and horses to rescue and take care of the consequences. The art.

The affort of an oppressed people to were not boats enough in the country to feed him; if he be maked, clothe him.'

when at Christman all were in, the population of Oregon had been doubled.

But Rufus Choate made that clarion answer: "In my judgment this notion of a National empity of feeling towards Great Britain belongs to a past age of our his-tory. We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we do on France. We look on them from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still, and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stiffed with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep, but there is no haired at all, no hatred; all for heart of the still of the state honor, nothing for hate. If you will answer for the politicians I think I will venture to answer for the people."

Webster, too, made a great peace speech that was heard on two continents.

The brother of the Earl of Aberdeen fretted on his warship in Puget Sound: "McLoughlin is right. "Tis a beastly country, not worth a war. Nisqually plains are a bed of gravel. Curse the deer! They will not wait for me to shoot them. Curse the salmon! They will not them. Curse the salmon! They will not them. Curse the salmon! They will not bite with the very best files and a patent English angling rod. I wouldn't give tup-pence for the whole country;" and he satied away.

Lieutenant Peel took the shortest cut to London. What he poured into the ears of his father, Sir Robert, has never been known. Lieutenant Cushing also reported to

his father in the United States Senate. All at once Congress adopted concili-atory resolutions. Said Lord Aberdeen, "I did not delay

a moment, but putting aside all ideas of diplomatic etiquette I made a propo-sition of settlement that was immedi-ately accepted by Congress." With joyful countenance Sir Robert Peel announced to the House of Commons,
"the governments of two great nations
have by moderation, by mutual compromise, averted the dreadful calamity of

Word reached Vancouver in the Autum of 1846 by way of the Sandwich Islands.
Douglas immediately sent the news to
Governor Abernethy. The settlers fired
their anylis, the bluffs flung back the
jubilee. Canadians and Americans rejoiced together. "Now Congress will take us under her wing," was the joyful cry. "Now we shall have territorial rights. Now they will recognize the acts of our provisional government. Until then how can we be sure that we own a farm or that any transaction that we have made will stand in law?"

Then for the first time the United States began to look out of her western window to the sea. But no one thought of the Indian. With news of the boundary settlement came news of the Mexican War and the occupation of Cali-fornia. The front of the world had

But when the Oregonians learned that the line was 49 degrees instead of 54 degrees 40 minutes there was an outcry—"A third of Oregon gone? Polk has betrayed us. Oregon reached Alaska."

And the Hudson's Bay barque salled as usual, with a million dollars, worth of

colonial treasurer Ermatinger As gained so good an insight into the strength or weakness of the little colony -for no one knows on which side Ermatinger was working—that just after the departure of Parke and Peel he suddenly handed in his resignation and left with the March express for England, committing his young wife to the care of Dr. McLoughiln. There may have been a political motive for the flight at that time. If you it failed for before he could a political motive for the night at that time. If so, it falled, for before he could sight the hills of Cornwall the treaty had been proclaimed, June 15, 1846. Ermatinger visited the scenes of his English 'youth. Of his old friends few

were left, some were dead, some were gone, and all were changed. Homesick, he set out for his old post on the Columbia. At Montreal he met Sir George Simpson-"You will hereafter be stationed at Athabasca," said the autocrat of the fur trade. ... "Athabasca!" gasped Ermstinger, "Good

Ermatinger, the jolly Ermatinger, staggered from the door, white as a man in ague. Too well he understood "the terms of our service, sir." He felt it was a cold-blooded act to separate him from his wife because of some pique at McLoughlin. Too

well he knew the military system that bound any man that accepted a commis-sion to hold himself in readiness to starve in Labrador or freeze at the North Pole. But this-"Curse it! Why did I not take Catharine with me and dig like a dog in England? There, at least, the laborer has his home." Well he knew the heart-break of that disappointed wife, well he knew the weary

distance and the danger should she try to reach him. She could not even learn of the change until the November mail packet. Then the waiting till the next origade in March, the mountains, the rapids, and a babe in arms—in anguish as never before Ermatinger felt the iron of the great munopoly, "Perhaps Sir George has no personal

feeling in the matter," though Ermatinger: "It is the factor's duty to obey, but"—like a sheath-cut came the conclusion—"neither I nor any one at Vancouver can ever believe it is anything less than prewere believe it is anything less than pre-meditated cussedness."

Some of his comrades tried to rally him.
"Don't give up the beaver so, Erma."
"Now you can amuse yourself talking Chinook with the Chippeways."

"Or joking with the Assinniboins."
But none of these sallies could rouse
the sad spirit of the prostrate Erma-

"Men!" exclaimed Ermatinger, bitterly "Men are of trifling value provided he gets furs. Wives are encumbrances; men are not expected to have them; they gets furs. interfere with the company's interests, no arrangement can be made for them. The employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, gentlemen, are tools, mere implements, aschines, under Sir George."

XXXVIII. Dr. McLoughlin Resigns.

its SPIES' report of Dr. McLoughlin irritated the London Board. "What right box a chief of 1546. right has a chief factor in our employ to meet those immigrants with boatoads of supplies, to nurse their sick in ur hospital, and to loan them seed and agricultural implements to open up farms on the Willamette?" Across the sea there came a call to halt, and an account was demanded of Dr. McLoughlin.

Strong in the consciousness of his own integrity the doctor answered: "Gentlemen, as a man of common humanity I sould not do otherwise than to give those naked and starving people to eat and to wear of our stores. I foresaw clearly that it sided in the American settlement of the country, but this I cannot help. It is not for me, but for God to look after

meet the needs of transportation, and | These settlers are not even enemies. If the directors find fault with me they quarrel with heaven. I have simply done and yet the boundary was not settled. A rumor was current at Havana that the whole British armament was sailing for the Columbia. Commodores Sloat and Stockton off the Coast of California cast many a longing eye toward Oregon, but the Mexican War demanded their presence South. The provisional government sent the Applegates to cut a road for United States troops to enter Southern Oregon.

Senator Benton said in Congress, "Let the emigrants go on and carry their rifles."

And yet the boundary was not settled. What any one truly worthy the name of a man could not hesitate to do. I ask you not to bear these debts; let them be my own. Let me retain the profits upon these supplies and advances made to settlers, and I will cheerfully assume all payments to the company. All that I can do henorably for my company shall be done. Beyond that I have no pledges. Shall I leave these Americans to starve, or drive them from the country? Gentleman, if such be your orders, I can serve you no longer."

And so, on account of assisting the im-

And so, on account of assisting the im-migrants Dr. McLoughlin resigned his po-sition at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, and thereby sacrificed a personal income

of \$12,000 per annum.

As sad-faced Eloise sailed home into the Columbia she saw a great concourse at Fort Vancouver. A beautiful young lady, escorted by British officers, was christening a new sloop for the infant Prince of Wales.

Wales.

'Can that be little Cecelia?" said Eloise.

'How quickly she has grown! How quickly I bave aged!"

In widow's weeds, with an infant in herarms, the Lady of the Pacific Coast had returned to Port Vancouver, to find her father dethroned and Douglas reigning in his steady.

father dethroned and Douglas reigning in his stead.

Dr. McLoughlin brought to Oregon City the same spirit of enterprise that had made Fort Vancouver the metropolis of the fur-forts. He gave employment to immigrants, built the best house, built saw and grist mills, and his loud voice might be heard in the streets digesting his Indian servants as they grubbed up the stumps. Many yet living remember the whits-headed man in swallow-tailed coat and hrass buttons waving his cane like a trunches n at the head of the Falls—"A canal can be cut from this basin to the guich beyond the bluff, and this whole canyon can smoke with factories."

A certain element, however, could never forget that Dr. McLougtlin had been at the head of a foreign monopoly, and pointed the finger with the whispered, "Aristocrat!"

He applied for a ferry right across the Willamette, but was denied. He applied

Willamette, but was denied. He applied for a canal right; this great public im-provement would cest the public nothing the petition was granted, and McLoughlin's men cut the first race-way in the gray rock around the Falls. He wanted to build locks at his own expense-and again was checked. "Give him too much ower," they said. Late one Autumn evening an immigran

unyoked his oxen under the bluff heside the Falls. As they were getting supper a venerable old gentleman came to their campfire. Seated in the only chair they had, he made some friendly inquiries.
"Doctor," said the immigrant, "I heard before I left the states that you were intending to put locks at the Falls, but I see nothing has been done,"

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the doctor, "to much jealousy of me, too much rivalry; cannot do anything." cannot do anything."

The doctor further endeavored to push development by giving more than 300 lots for public and private uses, lots for squares and parks, lots for churches and parsonages, to Methodists and Baptists, to Presbyterians and Catholics and Congregationalists, eight lots for a Catholic school, and eight for a Protestant female seminary, now used by the Oregon City High School.

In a certain sense Dr. McLoughlin was a genius, with the irritabilities of genius. He saw clearly what should be done and could brook no delay in execution. A busy man himself, he wanted all busy about him.

away with his lantern and a new pair of fancing-pumps under his arm.

"He used to wear a long blue cloak thrown around him. To see him walking to church Sunday morning, it was really a sight." said ex-Governor Chadwick twenty-five years after, so out of keeping seemed the patriarchial figure with the modern world that was pushing in.

One of the most beautiful characteristics of the now famous doctor was his life-long devotion to Margaret, his wife of the old fur-hunting days. "He treated her like a Princesa." says a missionary of that day.

Princesa." says a missionary of that day.
"In public and in private he was as loyal
to her as if she had been a daughter of
Victoria. His gallantry to her knew no bounds." It was well understood that a slight to

the Madame was a slight to the doctor. When the "Modeste" was at Vancouver the people of the fort gave the officers a picnic. On their return the doctor per-ceived his wife walking alone, carrying a heavy basket. Turning to an officer,— Tut, tut, tut! What do you mean by etting a lady walk alone and carry a ourden like that? he cried, as he hast-ened to her assistance. If a servant entered her presence with his hat on-"Your manners, sir, your manners, before ladies!" was the punctillous reprimand. Old Oregonians remember the two, sitting in their porch like the Dutch burghers of Amsterdam, greeting the passers-by. The Madame took the livellest interest in the doctor's benevolences, going about hunting up sick immigrants and putting herself to no end of trouble to help them. Many a time she sent petitioners home with a great Indian basket full of provisions. and out of her own stores supplied needed clothing. "It is a duty put upon us by our Heavenly Father," the Madame was

Across the hall from the Madame's room was the reception-room. "Two sofas were there," says a lady of 1846, "and I seldom found them empty. Always the newcomer in want and in trouble was

they sat one day in his office, "Doctor, they say that when you were Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver those who approached you were expected to do so with their heads uncovered. How is that?"

is that?"
Reddening and running his fipgers
through his hair the doctor stammered,
"The French! the French! A very polite
people, a very polite people!"
"Of course, Doctor," said the Judge,

"but—"
"The French! very polite, very polite," said the still confused doctor. Then, casting aside his embarrassment,—"Well, I will tell you. I was at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company in this country, When I came there were many Indians here. The success of the company depended on the way the Indians were treated and controlled. The lives of all the servants and employes, and the property of the company were in my keeping. I knew enough of Indian character to know that, if those around me respected and that, if those around me respected and deferred to me, the Indians would do the

Whenever the doctor, lively, impulsive, sympathetic, heard of a wrong his eye would flash; he was likely to blurt out a sudden oath, then blush—"The Lord for-give me, the Lord forgive me," crossing timeelf with tears. The play of pain and cleasure on the handsome, fair, flushed ace that seemed to never grow old was a constant study to his friends. The transparent, baby-like skin revealed every heart-throb as the hot blood ran up to the roots of his anowy hair. Like all generous natures, the doctor was quick-tempered-none regretted it more than he. "No, no, no," might be the irritable answer to some unitacky petitioner. Then, in a moment unlucky petitioner. Then, in a moment the doctor would turn and becken, "Here, here; what do you want?" and grant the

He could not hear a tale of woe without lending assistance; the multitude of stories would fill a volume. "He was, indeed, the Father of Oregon,"

says on aged American. "He came into our colony and led the procession the next Pourth of July. Every New Year's day he routh of July. Every New Year's day he used to go up one street and down anyother and call at every house. If any one was in trouble he saw that necessary aid was despatched at once-he did not trust it to others, he saw to it himself. We would have died when we came had it not been for Dr. McLoughlin. He gave us seed and clothing and the very bread we ate."

Such was the doctor's humility that although weighed down with the respon-sibility of the unpaid debts of the immigrants, he never alluded to any particular not of charity, neither would he accept interest on any debt when it was paid.



Combined with cow's milk it duplicates the essential properties of mother's milk DELICIOUS NUTRITIOUS etgles California Food Company:-We have been ening etgles Food for our baby since he was als weeks old, at 48:30 P. M. weight enday, at me questio in thiery-& *8:30 A. M.



the schief crowd made friends with all the newcomes of the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along with the streets in mything to pether black ozen, and along with the streets in mything to pether black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything the streets in mything the streets in mything the streets in mything to the streets in mything to the streets in mything to their black ozen, and along the streets in mything to the streets in my



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newcomer in want and in trouble was directed to the house of Dr. McLoughlin. Always the front door of McLoughlin's house stood open. We must never leave the house alone, mother, he would say. Some immigrant might come that needed our help."

Dr. McLoughlin had a fondness for lawyers. "Doctor," said the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon, as Bros., Gen. Agenta, Chicago, Ill.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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