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Wm. A. Ritcher

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EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

THE FIRSTBORN.

She was his latest bride, the joy of his heart as well as the flower of his smiling face. And as he swept proudly through the foaming sea, with her graceful form gliding smoothly by his side, at the height of the night school, in all the excitement of his splendid life and the bright air in the fullness of his glorious life and measureless delight of living it. After having in this way somewhat quieted his ebullient spirits, he swam sedately around by the side of his favorite again and resumed the conversation that had been having. He told her they would arrive at the island tomorrow, and she would then see what a sweet spot he had selected for the birthplace of their first-born.

There was deep water right up to the edge of the wide spreading reef. Shallow winding channels that only a scuba diver, or a diver with a long line, could find or thread amid the incessant rattling of the enormous breakers, led into a spacious lagoon behind, where there was no greater depth than six fathoms.

When she instinctively expressed her fear of the ever-vigilant sharks, who love nothing better than a tender young calf, he comforted her by an assurance that there was little need to fear them there. If a stray one should come prowling around, she was to attack him at once, as he would almost certainly be alone. Then his voice took a graver tone as his words reminded him of the greatest danger of all, and one of which she had no experience. He told her how some of the quiet haunts of their people came occasionally white things, with long thin legs, walking on the top of the water. They were not nearly as big as a whale, but there seemed to be smaller living things in them that were awful and dangerous. They bit with long, sharp teeth, they had arms hundreds of feet long, and they knew no pity even for languid mother and newborn calf. They had a great number of the whole folk, and the thought of his escape from them made him ache with fright, though it was so many years ago.

Even as he spoke the school swept into sight of a vast barrier of coral, and setting down many fathoms, they skirted its base rooted in the coral. The barrier of the world, grand and awful was the low, but they heeded it not, being on business bent, with no admiration to waste on the gorgeous scene or appreciation of the untellable marvels of the deep, matters of every day with them. Presently they rose near enough to the surface to hear the awful roar of the long line of resistless breakers overhead, and turning with them, followed their lord and leader into one of the channels he had spoken of. It wound its tortuous way for a couple of miles through the great reef, the silliness of the placid shallow strangely disturbed by the roaring return of the displaced water as the troop of Leviathans padded gently through its intricacies. At length they emerged into a wide lagoon bounded on one side by towering masses of black rock rising tier upon tier for over 2,000 feet. In every other direction the sea seemed never to subside for one moment or reveal even a remote chance of entry.

For the next two days they staid with her, then left to the unfailing ministrations of the good nurse nature, with a promise to return in about ten days.

On the second day of her loneliness a little son was born to her, a pretty, frolicsome creature about 8 feet long, his tender, shining, dark skin elegantly mottled with splashes of gray, while the tiny furrows of his belly were white as curl.

And the proud mother lapped in her content feeding her babe from her bounteous breast, feeling supremely happy. He was a very welcoming of joy to her, every move of his little young body, every puff from his tiny apron, giving a new pang of delight. Nor did anything harmful come near. But she never forgot to watch him, not the faint splash of a gannet after a fleeting flying fish but sent a shudder of apprehensive uneasiness through her mighty frame.

For one blissful week there was perfect peace. Then came a morning when the glorious blue sky grew in about ten days then black as soot. A deathlike silence fell. The harmless fish and other denizens of the reef crept into crevices of the coral, and all the birds fled wailing away. She was filled with an indefinable dread, a loneliness unlike before stirred every fiber of her soul. Moving unthinkingly to the restricted area of her shelter, her calf clutched closely under her fin, she saw spear after spear of crimson flame cleave the swart heavens, while immense bowlders of red hot rock fell in a howling hail around her. A seething torrent of molten lava and a dense fog of steam and ash, deafening his into the sea. Desperately she sought to descend, but forgetting the bottom so near, dealt herself a fearful blow. Then, in frantic fear for her youngling, she rushed, hugging him closer to her breast, around the barrier, seeking the passage through which they had escaped. Almost exhausted with her exertions, she found it, fled along its windings with the rock heaving and groaning around her, and at last plunged exultantly through the boiling breakers down, down into peace. But unsatisfied, still she toiled on to leave that accursed place far behind her. Almost exhausted with her exertions, she found it, fled along its windings with the rock heaving and groaning around her, and at last plunged exultantly through the boiling breakers down, down into peace. But unsatisfied, still she toiled on to leave that accursed place far behind her. Almost exhausted with her exertions, she found it, fled along its windings with the rock heaving and groaning around her, and at last plunged exultantly through the boiling breakers down, down into peace.

HIS ENEMY.

"Oh, do let me attend!" cried several ladies with one voice.

M. Bernhardt smiled gravely, as became a judge, and began:

I was preliminary judge of a case, and my chief duties were, of course, in connection with affairs of vendetta.

One day I learned that a little villa at the end of the quai had been taken by an Englishman for several years. Every one was soon speculating about this singular person who speculated with a single immigrant, never leaving the house except to hunt or fish. He never spoke to any one, and every morning he used to practice pistol shooting.

Rumor said he was some great personage who had left his country for political reasons. Then he was reported to be hiding, after having committed some terrible crime. I could learn nothing about him except that his name was Sir John Rowell. I had him sketched, but nothing suspicious was ever reported to me. One evening, in passing, I observed him smoking in his garden and saluted him. He invited me to enter and drink a glass of beer. I did so, and he seemed pleased to see me on any pretext. In reply to my questions on his mode of life, he told me that he had been a great traveler in Africa, the Indies and America. I again spoke of hunting, and he related some of his adventures, the tiger, the elephant and even the gorilla.

"These are all most dangerous brutes, are they not?" said I.

"By no means," he replied. "The worst of all is man. And he laughed a good humored English laugh.

"I have hunted man, too, a great deal," he added. He then invited me to see his collection of firearms. The station was hung with black silk, embroidered with gold. "It is Japanese cloth," he said.

But a strange object in the center of a large pane I caught my eye. It was black and stood out clearly on a square of red velvet. I approached. It was a hand—a man's hand, but a skeleton hand, white and clean, but a black charivred hand, with yellow nails and muscles laid bare. The bones, which had been cut clean near the joints of the fingers as if by a hatchet, showed dark stains as if of old blood. An enormous iron chain was welded round the wrist of this horrible member, fastening it to the wall by a ring strong enough to hold an elephant.

"Why," I exclaimed, "what is that?"

"It is my greatest enemy," the Englishman answered quietly. "It came from America. It was killed by a sailor, skinned with a sharp flint and dried in the sun for eight days."

I touched the human relic. It must have belonged to some king. The fingers were excessively long and were held by enormous tendons, to which pieces of skin still adhered in some places. Skinned, thus, the thing was frightful to see.

"This man must have been very strong," I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I was stronger. I have had this chain made to hold it."

"This chain is useless now," I said, thinking he was joking; "the hand can't run away."

"It always wants to get away, though," Sir John Rowell answered gravely. "The chain is necessary."

I thought he must be either a madman or a humbug, but his face remained as placid and impenetrable as an ivory before my searching look. I changed the subject and began to admire his weapons. I observed that John Rowell was lying at hand in the room as if the man lived in constant fear of an attack. I returned to see him several times, and then my visit ceased. All had now become accustomed to his presence.

A year passed. One morning my servant awakened me and announced that Sir John Rowell was lying at hand during the night. Half an hour later I was in the Englishman's house along with the chief police authorities. The valet was standing distractedly before the door. At first I suspected this man, but he was entirely innocent. The body of Sir John was in his back in the middle of the saloon. Everything showed that a terrible struggle had taken place. The victim had been strangled, his face was swollen and discolored and bore a look of deadly fear. He held something between his clenched teeth, and a black, covered with blood, was pinned by five holes, which seemed to have been made with some sharp iron points. A doctor arrived. After carefully examining the five strange impressions in the flesh he said:

"Why, it looks as if the man had been strangled by a scorpion."

I shuddered and glanced at the spot where I had formerly seen the horrible dried hand. It was no longer there. The chain was hanging in its place, broken.

I knelt over the body and found between the clenched teeth a finger of the missing hand, cut, or rather gnawed, off at the second joint. It was no longer there. We then made an investigation, but nothing was discovered. Neither doors nor windows nor furniture had been tampered with. The two watchdogs had not even been aroused. The servant said that for a month past his master had appeared pale and thin, and he had received many letters, which he had at once burned. Often in a fit of anger, that looked like madness he took a riding whip and furiously lashed the hand chained to the wall. He always had arms in his locked room, and during the night he used to speak loudly, as if conversing with some one. That night, however, he made no sound. It was only on coming to open the windows that he found his master dead. He suspected no one. Although a minute search was instituted throughout the whole island, nothing was ever discovered.

Well, one night, three months after the crime, I had a frightful nightmare. I saw that horrible hand running like a scorpion or a spider up and down my curtains and walls. The hideous member galloped round my room, using its fingers like claws. Next day the vile thing was actually brought to me. It had been found in the cemetery at Sir John Rowell's grave. The finder was missing.

"This, ladies," said the judge, as he concluded, "is my story. I know nothing more."

"But that is neither denouncement nor explanation," cried one of the terror-stricken ladies. "We shall not sleep tonight unless you tell us at least how you think it occurred."

"Oh, I think," said he, with a judicial smile, "judging that the legitimate owner of the hand was not dead, but that he came to the fact with his victim's own teeth brought to me. It had been found in the cemetery at Sir John Rowell's grave. The finder was missing."

"I could not have been that!"

"Ah!" said the judge smilingly. "I thought my friends would not easily give up the ghost."

AN ANSWER.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of Chamberlain's Pain Balm or Infant's Colic Balm. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1904.—Walter Shipman J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Ostrom & DeLano.

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Chicago Milwaukee and St Paul.

Also operates steam heated vestibule trains, carrying the latest private compartment cars, drawing buffet smoking cars, and library room sleepers. Parlor cars, free reclining chair car and the very best dining car service. For the lowest rates to any point in the United States or Canada, apply to ticket agent, or address

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South	North
6:00 p.m. Lv Portland Ar 7:30 a.m. Eugene	11:28 p.m. Lv Eugene Ar 1:19 a.m. Portland
8:15 a.m. Lv Portland Ar 9:45 a.m. Eugene	8:45 a.m. Lv Eugene Ar 10:15 a.m. Portland

Above trains stop at East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shasta, Harbinger, Junction, City Eugene, Coquille, Cottage Grove, Drain.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates, \$17 first-class and \$11 second-class, including sleeper.

ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.

South	North
8:30 a.m. Lv Portland Ar 1:30 p.m. Eugene	2:04 p.m. Lv Eugene Ar 7:04 p.m. Roseburg
5:20 p.m. Lv Portland Ar 9:20 p.m. Eugene	5:20 p.m. Lv Eugene Ar 10:20 p.m. Roseburg

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South	North
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At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of Oregon Central & Eastern Railway.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

South	North
4:50 p.m. Lv Portland Ar 8:25 a.m. McMinnville	7:30 p.m. Lv McMinnville Ar 5:30 a.m. Portland
8:30 p.m. Lv Portland Ar 1:20 a.m. Corvallis	1:20 a.m. Lv Corvallis Ar 4:50 a.m. Portland

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The Southern Pacific Co.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily

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Depart For	Time Schedule From Portland	Arrive From
Fast Mail 8 p.m.	Salt Lake, Omaha, Salt Lake, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Fast Mail 7:30 a.m.
Spokane Flyer 2 p.m.	Walla Walla, Spoilane, Dalhart, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 10:15 a.m.
8 p.m.	OCEAN STEAMERS All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco Sail June 21, 24, 27 and 30 and every 3 days thereafter.	4 p.m.
7 p.m.	To Alaska—Sail June 21, 24, 27 and 30 and every 3 days thereafter.	5 p.m.
8 p.m.	COLUMBIA RIVER STEAMERS To Astoria and Way Landings.	4 p.m.
8:15 p.m.	VICTORIA RIVER STEAMERS To Victoria, Newburg, Salinas, and Way Landings.	Ex Sunday
7 a.m.	WILLAMETTE AND YAMHILL RIVERS Oregon City, Dayburg, and Way Landings.	4:30 p.m.
7 a.m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	WILLAMETTE RIVER Oregon City, Dayburg, and Way Landings.	4:30 p.m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6 a.m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.	WILLAMETTE RIVER Portland to Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p.m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6 a.m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.	SNARE RIVER Riparian to Lewiston	5:15 a.m. Sun. Tues. and Thur.

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35 Morrison Street, corner Third
PORTLAND, OREGON.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice of Louis H. Hanchett deceased. Notice is hereby given that D. E. Lovridge and B. J. Hawthorne executors of said estate have filed their final account. For settlement of said estate by order of the court to hear objections to the same. D. E. LOVRIDGE, B. J. HAWTHORNE, Executors.

Geo. F. FORBES, Atty for Estate.

YACQUINA BAY ROUTE

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Cabin.....	\$10 00
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Round Trip Good for 60 days,	\$17 00

To Coos Bay:

Cabin.....	\$ 8 00
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Cabin.....	\$10 00
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