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Lv. Portland	8:30 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Ar. Eugene	2:05 p.m.	1:34 a.m.
Ar. Ashland	12:33 a.m.	11:20 a.m.
Ar. Medford	6:09 p.m.	4:5 a.m.
Ar. San Francisco	7:45 a.m.	8:15 a.m.

Ar. Oxnard	5:15 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
Ar. Denver	9:00 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7:55 a.m.	7:55 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	7:15 a.m.	9:30 a.m.

Ar. Los Angeles	1:20 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Ar. El Paso	6:40 p.m.	9:30 a.m.
Ar. Fort Worth	6:50 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
Ar. City of Mexico	9:55 a.m.	9:55 a.m.
Ar. Houston	4:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.
Ar. New Orleans	6:25 p.m.	6:25 p.m.
Ar. Washington	6:42 a.m.	6:42 a.m.
Ar. New York	12:43 p.m.	12:43 p.m.

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An Unusual Situation.

By Grace Duffee Boylan.

Guy Merton, gentleman farmer and bee culturist, looked forward to receiving Colonel Wyllie and his daughter with that nervousness natural to a man who must greet in his own house the woman who has once refused to become the mistress of it. Of course all that was but a part of a half forgotten dream, he told himself. Still it would be nice to have her really sitting in the bent wood rocker in his little parlor looking up at him with that remembered smile. He paced the rooms of his bachelor domain as he recalled the time of their last meeting. It was three years ago. The old colonel had been on sick leave, and Kathie was with him in New York to consult some specialist with newfangled notions about locating old bullies. He had seen much of the father and daughter when they were in town—it was before the farming days—and he had been such a fool! He had taken on it for granted that the girl must love him because he loved her. His face flushed now as he thought of his own conduct—more befitting a bride stealing Bedouin than a mild mannered young man with a taste for rural husbandry.

He wondered that she had consented to her father's plans to stop over with him for a day as they passed through his neighborhood.

"Also it was time the folks war a-gittin' long here?" Black Charity's face, which appeared at the door, bore an additional shade of anxiety. "De buttah's jes' a-sputtin' in de pan fo' dat chicken."

At that moment the guests drove up to the veranda. Colonel Wyllie descended with apologetic dignity from the carriage, and the girl sprang to the ground before the hand of either man could reach her own. The three had been good friends in the old days, and after awhile the new restraint wore away and left them as jolly as of yore. After dinner they walked over some of the land, and Guy proposed to show them his apiary.

"No, you don't!" said the old soldier laughingly. "I never get within range of the enemy's guile if I can help it. I'll go up and smoke on the piazza and leave you and Kathie to scout among the bees. I'd rather take my chance with a tribe of red Indians."

He went toward the house, and the young couple walked slowly on to the orchard, where, under blossoming trees, the hive was set.

"I have been expecting them to swarm," Guy said. "There is some uneasiness in the colony, and, of course, I have to provide them attractive new quarters when they get tired of the old." If they leave the hive and settle on some low plant, it is my first care to put an inviting and dainty habitation above where they have congregated."

"Do you stupefy them with smoke or chloroform?" she asked in an interested manner.

"Not usually. This covered bowl on the post is full of honey water. I sprinkle them with that if I can reach them. It is better to coax than to compel!" She looked at him with an unreadable smile.

"New methods for you, are they not?" she questioned as she tilted her chin and turned to walk away.

He started after her. He had always been a masterful man, and he wanted to catch her in his arms and hold her until he understood what she had meant to say. He started to follow the path her white gown swept over the greenward, when a whirling sound startled him, and in a moment he saw the queen bee, easily distinguishable by her short wings and slender length of body, issue from a hive, followed by a crowding, pressing, buzzing swarm which beatstated a moment, as if in confusion and then rose like a cloud toward a fragrant tree, only to wheel suddenly as at a sharp command and fly toward him. Guy saw the movement with alarm, but before he could leave the spot the queen had settled on his shoulder, and in an incredibly short space of time the entire swarm was hanging to his breast and limbs in dense clusters. A twitch of the muscles, an involuntary cry, would have meant death. He stood himself into steel. Only his eyes seemed alive when Kathie turned to look at him. For a moment she noted his attitude and the black clusters on his white coat without comprehending. Then the truth flashed upon her mind, and something awoke in her heart to lend her wisdom.

She crept to the bowl of honey water and then with it in her hand made her way to where Guy stood in his peculiar danger. His eyes signaled that she was doing well, but his hands trembled as she shook the sweetened water over him for fear the falling drops might anger the bees. Then, when to her joy she saw them slip it, she showed it generously over their backs and wings and watched a little drunkard now and then unloose his claws and tumble to the ground.

"I think that you have saved my Kathie," Guy dared to whisper at last. "Find a feather, if you can, and brush them off."

She ran to the border of the yard and returned with a large brown turkey quill, with which she deftly brushed the bees down into a bacchanalian heap.

"I have not been stung once, Kathie, save by remorse," said Guy softly when the last had fallen. "Can you forgive my blunder—after all these years? I will woo very humbly, dear."

And if Kathie's smile was unreadable, then perhaps her tears said more.—Detroit News.

HIS LIKENESS.

The bride, expectant, looked the door and crossed the room to her writing desk. For a moment her fingers hovered in a half hesitating, half doubtful way over one of the heavily carved drawers, then she pulled the drawer slowly open and drew from its plush lined recess a small photograph.

It was the picture of a man, but a man neither handsome nor striking in appearance.

For a moment the girl looked down at the plain face before her, with the dear, true eyes returning her earnest gaze so really, without emotion; then, with a half suppressed little exclamation of infinite awe, she pressed the picture to her sweet young lips again and again.

Up the wide stairway and along the hall came the subdued strains of the orchestra humming softly to itself behind the palms in the balcony, and the rippling melodies mingled reluctantly with the sound of the wheels of the late comers' carriages as they rolled hurriedly up to the door.

The girl's beautiful eyes, still upon the photograph, seemed to grow dreamy with recollections, and she forgot the waiting men and women of her set below. Two years ago—two short years! Yet in that time what a century of love a woman may live, and what an eternity of happiness or pain!

Two years ago and life held only happiness and hopes, and now— But she would not permit herself to think of now. The present is to be lived, not thought of. Whatever happened in the past meant little difference. The past was hers, secure and not to be disturbed. And to that past she crept back for one long, last look ere it was put away, forever perhaps. She knew it must be. She had been told so time and time again, but not until the very night when she was to give her hand to her brother's best friend had she fully realized it all.

With her heart throbbing as it had never throbbed before, though she had listened to the halting story from other men's lips, she heard but dimly what this plain, earnest man whispered, and when at last she raised her happy face to his and he kissed her passionately heaven indeed seemed not so far away.

For a long time they sat there—longer than the girl had the patience to wait, for it finally flew away—and when they went back at last, walking slowly along the beach to the little inn, her heart seemed to sing to itself the love song he had sung the night before, with a new meaning in the tender words. And she felt and realized that love had crowned her life.

And now? She wondered dimly if he remembered all this, or had he forgotten as men will forget such things? Could he do that, could he? She looked again at the picture held in her warm, trembling hand, and the deep gray eyes looking straight up into her own seemed to say, "No!" while the firm lips might have been whispering over again those sweet promises which even now rang in her ears.

The sharp click of a closing carriage door sounded below, and a moment after the hurried tread of feet upon the stair told of the arrival of groom and best man, but she did not hear them. Again the picture was pressed to the girl's lips, and the blue eyes grew brighter still with unshed tears. Gone though it was, it was irrevocably past, it was still her privilege in these last few minutes to bring it back if she chose and to live for a moment in the shadowy long ago. Only a few short moments more and the girl would be the wife, and then—

A gentle knock upon the door, and the little mother's soft, anxious voice called: "Are you ready, dear? He is here."

The girl started to her feet, clutching the picture in her nervous fingers until it almost bent. The orchestra was throbbing in musical rhythms below, the chatter of the guests came up to her as if they were far away and she but an idle listener, and the dreamy look in her sweet eyes deepened for a moment. Then it passed quickly, and a pretty air of determination and resolve came over her. With one last yearning look at the face between her white fingers she hesitated a single second, and then, with eyes alight and cheeks burning, she slipped the picture into the bosom of her gown, and the lace fell gently over it.

"Yes, mother," she answered quietly, forcing back with a great effort the little sob that rose to her lips, and walking steadily across the room again she unlocked the door and stood before the nervous, chattering bridesmaids with a calm, sweet face and quiet dignity which hushed their words and set them to silently admiring her.

"I am ready," she said.

As the carriage bowed away from the door amid a shower of roses and good wishes and a worn little slipper or two the girl leaned forward, and drawing the picture from its hiding place slowly she looked at it and then up to the face of her husband, who sat watching her with quiet happiness. Then, with a happy, girlish laugh, she answered his implied question:

"Yes, I carried it there all during the service, right next my heart. But, Frank, dear, you are much handsomer than you were two years ago."—Exchange.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at W. L. DeLano's drug store.

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No. 4 Returning—
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Arrives Albany.....5:15 P. M.

No. 5
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