THE BELL OF CANADA.

Continued from First Page

about himself sometimes, and you've helped old Shadbelly considerably on the way toward salvation. But he was right about one thing, Miss Trixit. The house is in the hands of the law. I'm representing it as deputy sheriff—mebbe you might remember me—Jake Poole—when your father was address in the last citizens' meetin, sittin next to him on the platform. I'm in possession. It isn't a job I'm bankerin much arter. I'd as lief rather hunt hoss thieves or track down road agents than this kind of fancy, underhand work. So you'll excuse me, miss, if I ain't got the style."

outside the back door. There ain't no inventory taken or scalin up of anything done just yet, though I have to see there ain't anything disturbed. But I kick claim to walk out on that veranda fer a spell and look at the landscape." He paused again and said, with a sigh of satisfaction: "It's a mighty pooty view out thar. It just takes me every time."

As he turned and walked out through the French window Cissy did not for a moment comprehend him; then, strangely enough, his act of rude courtesy for the first time awakened her to the full sense of the situation. This house—her father's house—was no longer hers! If her father should never return, she wanted nothing from it—nothing! She gripped her beating heart with the little hand she had clinched so valiantly a moment ago. Suddenly her hand dropped. Some one had glided noiselessly into the back room, a figure in a blue blouse—a Chinaman, their house servant, Ah Fe. He cast a furtive glance at the stranger on the veranda and then beckoned to her stealthily. She came toward him wonderingly, when he suddenly whipped a note from his sleeve and with a dexterous movement slipped it into her fingers. She tore it open. A single glance showed her a small key inclosed in a line of her father's handwriting. Drawing quickly back into the corner, she read as follows: "If this reaches you in time, take from the second drawer of my desk an envelope marked 'Private Contracts' and give it to the bearer." There was neither signature nor address.

Putting her finger to her lip, she cast a quick glance at the absorbed figure on the veranda and stepped before the desk. She fitted the key to the drawer and opened it rapidly, but noiselessly. There lay the envelope and, among other ticketed papers, a small roll of greenbacks, such as her father often kept there. It was his money. She did not scruple to take it with the envelope. Handing the latter to the Chinaman, who made it instantly disappear up his sleeve like a conjurer's act, she signed him to follow her into the hall.

"Who gave you that note, Ah Fe?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Chinaman."

"Who gave it to him?"

"Chinaman."

"And to him?"

"Nollee Chinaman."

"Another Chinaman?"

"Yes, heap Chinaman. Allee same as gang."

"You mean it passed from one Chinaman's hand to another?"

"Allee same."

"Why didn't the first Chinaman who got it bring it here?"

"S'pose Melikan man want to catchee lettel. He spotty Chinaman. He follee Chinaman. Chinaman passee lettel next Chinaman. He no get. Melikan man nothab got. Sabe?"

"Then this package will go back the same way?"

"Allee same."

"And who will you give it to now?"

"Allee same man blingee me lettel. Hop Li, who makee washee."

An idea here struck Cissy, which made her heart jump and her cheeks flame. Ah Fe gazed at her with an infantile smile of admiration.

"How far did that letter come?" she asked with eager, questioning eyes.

"Lettee me see him," said Ah Fe.

Cissy handed him the missive. He examined closely some half a dozen Chinese characters that were scrawled along the length of the outer fold and which she had innocently supposed were a part of the markings of the rice paper on which the note was written.

"Heap Chinaman velly much walkee—longee way! S'pose you look." He pointed through the open front door to the prospect beyond. It was a familiar one to Cissy—the long canada, the crest on crest of serried pines and beyond the dim snow line. Ah Fe's brown finger seemed to linger there.

"In the snow," she whispered, her cheek whitening like that dim line, but her eyes sparkling like the sunshine over it.

"Allee same, John," said Ah Fe plaintively.

"Ah Fe," whispered Cissy, "take me with you to Hop Li."

"No good," said Ah Fe stolidly. "Hop Li, he givee this"—he indicated the envelope in his sleeve—"to next Chinaman. He no go. S'pose you go with me, Hop Li. You no makee nothing. 'Allee same heap foolee!'"

"I know, but you just take me there. Do!"

The young girl was irresistible. Ah Fe's face relaxed. "All litee!" he said, with a resigned smile.

"You wait here a moment," said Cissy, brightening. She flew up the staircase. In a few minutes she was back again. She had exchanged her smart rose sprigged chintz for a pathetic little blue check frock of her school days. The fateful hat had given way to a brown straw "flat," bent like a frame around her charming face. All the girlishness, and, indeed, a certain honest boyishness of her nature, seemed to have come out in her glowing, freckled cheek, brilliant, audacious eyes and the quick stride which brought her to Ah Fe's side.

"Now, let's go," she said, "out the back way and down the side streets." She paused, cast a glance through the drawing room at the contemplative figure of the sheriff's deputy on the veranda and then passed out of the house forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE excitement over the failure of Montagu Trixit's bank did not burn itself out until midnight. By that time, however, it was pretty well known that the amount of the defalcations had been exaggerated; that it had been preceded by the suspension of the Excelsior bank of San Francisco, of which Trixit was also a managing director, occasioned by the discovery of the withdrawal of securities for use in the branch bank at Canada City; that he had fled the state eastward across the Sierras, yet that, owing to the vigilance of the police on the frontier, he had failed to escape and was in hiding. But there were adverse reports of a more sinister nature. It was said that others were implicated; that they dare not bring him to justice. It was pointed out that there was more concern among many who were not openly connected with the bank than among its unfortunate depositors. Besides the inevitable downfall of those who had invested their fortunes in it, there was distrust or suspicion everywhere. Even Trixit's enemies were forced to admit the saying that "Canada City was the bank, and the bank was Trixit."

Perhaps this had something to do with an excited meeting of the directors of the new mill, to whose discussions Dick Masterton, the engineer, had been hurriedly summoned. When the president told him that he had been selected to undertake the difficult and delicate mission of discovering the whereabouts of Montagu Trixit and, if possible, procuring an interview with him, he was amazed. What had the new mill, which had always kept itself aloof from the bank and its methods, to do with the disgraced manager? He was still more astonished when the president added bluntly:

"Trixit holds securities of ours for money advanced to the mill by himself privately. They do not appear on the books, but if he chooses to declare them as assets of the bank it's a bad thing for us. If he is bold enough to keep them, he may be willing to make some arrangement with us to carry them on. If he has got away or committed suicide, as some say, it's for you to find the whereabouts of the securities and get them. He is said to have been last seen near the summit. You understand our position?"

Masterton did, with suppressed disgust. But he was young, and there was the thrill of adventure in this. "I will go," he said quietly.

"We thought you would. You must take the up stage tonight. Come again and get your final instructions. By the way, you might get some information at Trixit's house. You—er—er—are acquainted with his daughter, I think."

"Which makes it quite impossible for me to seek her for such a purpose," said Masterton coldly.

A few hours later he was on the coach. As they cleared the outskirts of the town they passed two Chinamen plodding sturdily along in the dust of the highway.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Masterton started from a slight doze in the heavy, lumbering "mountain wagon" which had taken the place of the smart Concord coach that he had left at the last station. The scenery, too, had changed. The four horses threaded their way through rocky defiles of stunted larches and hardy brush, with here and there open patches of shrunken snow. Yet at the edge of declivities he could still see through the rolled up leather curtains the valley below bathed in autumn, the glistening rivers half spent with the long summer drought and the green slopes rolling upward into crest after crest of ascending pines. At times a drifting haze, always imperceptible from below, veiled the view. A chill wind blew through the vehicle and made the steel sledge runners that hung beneath the wagon ready to be shipped under the useless wheels an ominous provision. A few rude "stations," half blacksmith shop, half grocery, marked the deserted but well worn road. A long, narrow "packer's wagon" or a tortuous file of Chinamen carrying mysterious bundles depending from bamboo poles was their rare and only company. The rough sheepskin jackets which these men wore over their characteristic blue blouses and their heavy leggings were a new revelation to Masterton, accustomed to the thinly clad cooly of the mines. They seemed a distinct race.

"I never knew those chaps get so high up, but they seem to understand the cold," he remarked.

The driver looked up and ejaculated his disgust and his tobacco juice at the same moment.

"I reckon they're everywhar in Californy, whar ye want 'em and whar ye don't; ye take my word for it, afore long Californy will hev to reckon that she ginerally don't want 'em of a white man has to live here. With a race tied up together in a language ye can't understand, ways that no feller knows—from their prayin to devils, swappin their wives and havin their bones sent back to Chiny—wot are ye goin to do, and where are ye? What are ye goin to make outer men that look so much alike ye can't tell 'em apart; that think alike and act alike, and never in ways that ye kin catch on to! Fellers knotted together in some underhand secret way of communicatin with each other, so that of ye kick a Chinaman up here on the summit, another Chinaman will squeal in the valley. And the way they do it just gets me! Look yer! I'll tell ye somethin that happened that's gospel truth. Some of the boys that reckoned to hev some fun with the Chinee gang over at Cedar Camp started out one afternoon to raid 'em. They groped along through the woods whar nobody could see 'em, kalkilatin to come down with a rush on the camp over two miles away. And nobody did see 'em, only one Chinaman wot they met a mile from the camp, burnin punk to his joss or devil, and he scooted away just to the contrary direction. Well, sir, when they waltzed into that camp, darn my skin if there was a Chinaman there, or as much as a grain of rice to grab! Somebody had warned 'em. Well, this sort of got the boys, and they set about discoverin how it was done. One of 'em noticed that there was some bits of tissue paper slips that they toss around as funerals lyin along the road near the camp, and another remembered that the Chinaman they met on the hill tossed a lot of that paper in the air afore he scooted. Well, sir, the wind carried just enough of that paper straight down the hill into that camp ten minutes afore they could get there to give them Chinamen warnin—whatever it was. Fact! Why, I've seen 'em stringin along the road just like them fellers we passed just now and then stop all of a sudden, like hounds off the scent, jabber among themselves and start off in a different direction."

"Just what they're doing now! By thunder!" interrupted another passenger who was looking through the rolled up curtain at his side.

All the passengers turned with one accord and looked out. The file of China-

The passengers hurried out into the road to assist the driver.

men had indeed turned and was moving rapidly away at right angles from the road.

"Got some signal, you bet," said the driver—"some yeller paper or piece of joss stick in the road! What?"

The remark was addressed to the passenger who had just placed his finger on his lip and indicated a stolid looking Chinaman overlooked before, who was sitting in the back, or "steerage," seat.

"Oh, he be darned!" said the driver impatiently. "He is no account. He's only the laundryman from Rocky Canyon. I'm talkin of the cooly gang."

But here the conversation flagged, and, the air growing keener, the flaps of the leather side curtains were battened down. Masterton gave himself up to conflicting reflections. The information that he had gathered was meager and unsatisfactory, and he could only trust to luck and circumstance to fulfill his mission. The first glow of adventure having passed, he was uneasily conscious that the mission was not to his taste. The pretty, flushed but defiant face of Cissy that afternoon haunted him. He had not known the immediate cause of it, but made no doubt that she had already heard the news of her father's disgrace when he met her. He regretted now that he hadn't spoken to her, if only a few formal words of sympathy. He had always been half tenderly amused at her frank conceit and her "airs"—the innocent, undisguised pride of the country belle, so different from the hard aplomb of the city girl! And now the foolish little moth, dancing in the sunshine of prosperity, had felt the chill of winter in its pretty wings.

The contempt he had for the father had hitherto showed itself in tolerant pity for the daughter, so proud of her father's position and what it brought her. In the revelation that his own directors had availed themselves of that father's methods and the ignoble character of his present mission, he felt a stirring of self reproach. What would become of her? Of course, frivolous as she was, she would not feel the keenness of this misfortune like another nor yet rise superior to it. She would succumb for the present, to revive another season in a dimmer glory elsewhere. His critical, cynical observation of her had determined that any filial affection she might have would be merged and lost in the greater deprivation of her position.

[CONTINUED.]

"For three days and nights I suffered agony untold from an attack of cholera morbus brought on by eating cumcumbers," says M. E. Lowther, clerk of the district court, Centerville, Iowa. "I thought I should surely die and tried a dozen different medicines but all to no purpose. I sent for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and three doses relieved me entirely." This remedy is for sale by the Delta drug store.

NERVE WASTE.

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and reputable physician is in agreeable contrast to the vast sum of false teaching which prevails on this interesting subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice and has the two great merits of wisdom and sincerity.

It is indorsed by both the religious and secular press. The Chicago Advance say: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart into thousands of lives that are now suffering through nervous impairment."

The book is $1.00, by mail postpaid. One of the most interesting chapters—chapter xx, on Nervines and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publishers The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2658, San Francisco.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that drunkenness is a disease and not a weakness. A body filled with poison and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "Home Gold Cure" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

Wives cure your husbands!! Children cure your fathers!! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "Cure" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge, in tea or coffee and believe today that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. Do not wait. Do not delude by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "Home Gold Cure" is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody, a treatment more effectual than others costig $25 to $50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of one dollar. Address Dept. E. 750 Edwin B. Giles & Company, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

A new remedy for biliousness is now on sale the Delta drug store. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. It gives quick relief and will prevent the attack if given as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. Price, 25 cts. per box. Samples free.

Portland Business College

COR. 3RD AND WASHINGTON STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON

A. P. Armstrong, LL. B., Principal

A practical, progressive school, conspicuous for thorough work, with hundreds of graduates in positions as bookkeepers and stenographers. Already proof of a high standing wherever known, it steadily grows better and better. Open all the year. Students admitted any time. Private or class instruction. Learn what and how we teach, and what it costs. Catalogue free.

Board of Directors

D. P. THOMPSON, PRESIDENT
D. SOLIS COHEN - - DAVID M. DUNNE

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by the Delta drug store.

Are You Going East?

Perhaps I can be of service to you.

I can ticket you over any railroad running trains out of Portland; tell you when to leave home; where to change cars; when you will reach your destination, and what there is to be seen on the way.

Call or write—I'll take pleasure in answering your questions.

Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis—and EVERYWHERE beyond.

Burlington Route

A. C. Sheldon, General Agent,
Cor. Third and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

Asthma Cured Free

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write your Name and Address plainly.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial worked like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,
Rabbi of the Cong. Beal. Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Drs. Taft. Bros'. Medicine Co.,
Gentlemen:—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.
Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th Street in New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the 1st of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma had disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully,
O. D. Phelps, M. D.

Feb. 5, 1801.

Dr. Taft Bros'. Medicine Co.
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I haue tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
S. RAPHAEL,
Home address, 235 Rivington street, 67 East 129th st., City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS., MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first class service ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points. . . .

For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write . . . . . .

Jas. C. Pond, Gen. Pas. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis. or Jas. A. Clock, General Agent, 246 Stark

Go EAST Over

Scenic Line of the World.

VIA

Salt Lak City & Denver.

The most interesting and enjoyable trip on this continent is over this railroad

Choice of two routes through the Rocky Mountains of four routes east of Denver Pueblo

top over allowed Salt Lake City or anywhere between Ogden and Denver

THROUGH CAR SERVICE.
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.
PERFECT DINING CAR SERVICE.
MEALS A LA CARTE.

Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, Scenic Line of the World.

Descriptive matter mailed upon application.

E. B. DUFFY, Traveling Agent. R. C. NICHOL, General Agent. 124 Third St., Portland, Ore.

B. P. CORNELIUS,

Auctioneer, Hillsboro Oregon

I offer my services to citizens of this county to sell goods, merchandise and chattels at public vendue.

I will attend all sales at times and places specified upon receiving requeruest to do so. Charges reasonable.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and as a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

Address, F.J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASH for acceptable ideas. State if patented. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscription price per annum the Patent Record $1.00 samples free.

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND

Chicago-Portland Special, via Huntington leaves 9 a m for Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago & East. Arrives 4:30 p m.

Atlantic Express via Huntington, depart at 9 p m for Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Arrives 8:40 a. m.

St. Paul fast mail via Spokane leaves 6 p m for Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Millwaukee, Chicago and East. Arrives 7 a m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
From Portland

Leaves 8 p m for San Francisco every 5 days. Arrives 4 p m.

Leaves 8 p m daily except Sunday, on Saturday 10 p m for Astoria and way-landings Arrives 4 p m except Sunday

Leaves daily except Sunday at 6 a m for Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence and way-landings. Arrives at 4:30 p m except Sunday.

Leaves Tues, Thurs, and Sat at 6 a m for Corvallis and way-landings. Arrives Mon, Wed and Fri at 4:30 p m.

Leaves Tues, Thurs and Sat at 7 a m for Oregon City, Dayton and way-landings. Arrives Mon, Wed and Fri at 3:30 p m.

Leaves Riparia at 3:40 a m for Lewiston. Leaves Lewiston 8:30 a m for Riparia.

Address, A. L. CRAIG, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
Portland, - - Oregon.

EAST SOUTH

THE SHASTA ROUTE
—OF THE—
SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily

6.00 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:30 a m
8:15 a m	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	8.00 p m

Above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene Cottage Grove, Drain, Oakland, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 p m
5:20 p m	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:30 a m

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS
AND
Second-Class Sleeping Cars
Attached to All Through Trains.

West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.
Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7:30 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar	5:50 p m
8:44 a m	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4:29 p m
11:55 a m	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:20 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

4:50 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 a m
6:01 p m	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:16 a m
7:30 p m	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 a m
8:30 p m		Independence		4:50 a m

Through tickets

To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. Beckwith, agent or A R KHAM

R. KOEHLER, Manager. P. Ag't, Portland n4-1

THREE COLLEGE COURSES

CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC, LITERARY

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY - - -

The Academy prepares for College and gives a thorough English Education, the best preparation for teaching or business. All expenses very low. Board and rooms a the Ladies' Hall $3 to $4 per week, including electric light and heat.

THE COLLEGE DORMITORY

Under experienced management, will furnish rooms and board at cost on the club plan, not to exceed $1.50

For full particulars, address

PRESIDENT McCLELLAND,
Forest Grove, Oregon