

Ten Years' Trial

By Gen. CHARLES KING

Continued from First Page.

But that wasn't all. It took hours to gather his forces and count the costs. Then he could have sworn that Melville had so ordered the distribution of troops as to purposely expose the Seattle's yards, whereas Melville had sent more troops to the south side than he had retained on the north. Little McConville, with four companies, having been detailed to cover the Seattle's lines, and "Mac" had saved their stock trains, though he couldn't be everywhere at once and so protect their sheds and shops. Barclay had only succeeded in getting his division superintendents, with improvised crews, at work and his cattle off their cars and into the corrals when nightfall came. He had found only a meager half dozen laborers for the necessary work, Channing having earlier gathered in every willing hand the town afforded, and when the morning of the morrow dawned the Big Horn shop whistle sounded as of yore, and its east bound train set forth on time, while there still only silence and unobscured ruin through the yards of the Seattle.

Late that afternoon, weary, hollow eyed, unsmiling, but feeling hopeful and well high content with his work, Eric Langdon was making the rounds of the Big Horn yards, visiting the countries where he had posted. With the full consent and co-operation of the little major and at the earnest request of Channing he had assumed the duties of "military adviser," had personally coached three or four companies besides his now devoted followers of Company G and was recognized as a sort of field officer of the day, respected and looked up to by the entire command. McConville, differing with Nathan as to the management of affairs, had withdrawn from the south side during the early hours of the night and was quartered in an old passenger car at the Big Horn yards. Captain Dannehl, the "doughboy" right bower of old Gray Fox, had reached town at midnight and supervised, if he did not actually superintend, Nathan, Channing, wearily, but triumphant, was still at his post at the passenger station and in full telegraphic communication with his entire line and with the president and board of directors. He was hungry and eager for dinner, but a "special" was coming full tilt from Gunnison Junction, and he could not go. The Missouri Pacific had rushed Mrs. Melville over its line posthaste to Omaha as the result of alarming dispatches concerning the major's condition, and with one of Gray Fox's staff officers as escort, she had spent the morning speeding up the line of the Missouri Valley and was expected every minute. Langdon had been duly informed of the injury inflicted on his honored chief and friend, but it was a time when his presence and services were sorely needed at the yards, and he had to be content with the tidings that Melville had been borne to the Brentwood House, given the best room and attention and was resting easily. Now he was planning for a nap of perhaps an hour, for the mob was scattered in silent, sullen groups all over town, and as planning he came and his heart gave a sudden leap. The next instant he, too, broke through the fringe of townfolk and, lifting his hat with his left hand, quietly possessed himself of a stylish traveling bag with the other.

"Why, Mr. Langdon!" was the astonished cry of the damsel thus greeted, and though further words she spoke not for the moment, the line that flashed in Ethel Graham's eyes and the color that sprang up in her cheeks told the intruder that it was a more than welcome meeting.

"Oh, you'd known 'em both before!" said Channing as the carriage whirled away. "Why, certainly! Hello, if here isn't Barclay! Now, what do you 'pose he wants? I want you to come to the Brentwood and dine with me. Mr. Langdon—soon as I get rid of these people."

They drove straight to the platform and unloading—first, Barclay, groomed scrupulously and dressed as usual, but pale and haggard; then two of his superintendents, both well known to Channing in earlier days. Forward they came until within close, friendly distance, and then, with a jaunty, half patronizing, half envious tone, the magnate of the Seattle accented his final from the ranks, and the throng closed in about them.

"Well, Channing, luck's been with you again, hasn't it? What'll you take for your rabbit's paw?"

"Luck!" laughed Channing, triumph in his twinkling eyes. "Twain's luck, but pluck, and here's our rabbit's paw. Mr. Barclay, shake hands with Captain Langdon."

"This? Why?"—was all Barclay could find to say as he looked and saw and turned a saffron red.

"Yes," said Langdon placidly as he shifted both his hands behind him. "I have met the manager before."

CHAPTER IX.

Eventful days in the life of Eric Langdon were those following the collapse of the great railway strike at Brentwood. It was not natural that the officials of the Big Horn should vaunt themselves over a victory that not only broke up a mob, but quite as effectually downed the Seattle. The chagrins of Messrs. Barclay and others representing that powerful and wealthy corporation could not be concealed despite all their brave show of satisfaction. The Big Horn had all trains

running and its live stock in Chicago before the Seattle could succeed in firing a freight engine. The Big Horn behaved magnanimously to its misguided employees, for Channing was a man ever in touch with the great army of operatives and knew how best to win their sympathies and willing service. Every engineer, fireman and trainhand who had not taken active part in the destruction of property was back at his post inside of 24 hours, whereas the anger, envy and disgust rankling in Mr. Barclay's bosom against the Big Horn could only find vent in malicious newspaper items at the expense of the rival management and heroic measures at that of his men. It was a day of disaster to the Seattle and triumph for the Big Horn, and the breach, already broader than the gorge of the Red Water, now widened between the roads. Channing couldn't help bragging and chattering, and it was bad policy. The Seattle was much the richer company of the two. Its stock was mainly held in England and the eastern states, whereas the Big Horn was western in ownership and management. Barclay gave a big dinner at the Brentwood House three days after the break of the strike, to which all local journalists and magnates were bidden, the cigars and champagne for which were expressed from Chicago, and in the post-prandial eloquence on that flowery occasion much stress was laid on the fact that the Seattle would rather suffer double its loss than that it should go down to history as having won its victory by means of shotted guns in the hands of hireling soldiery leveled at the breast of Brentwood's manhood. Captain Nathan made an effective speech in response to the toast to the army. "It would have been an easy matter," said he, "for my brave men to shoot their speedier way to the scene of action, but that from his great and merciful heart the general manager of the Seattle declared that he would rather the earnings of a thousand years went up in smoke than that the blood of one honest toiler should lie at their doors."

Tremendous and long continued applause ensued, through which Sandley and Woodrow sat in grim silence and in which even Torrance only half heartily joined, for well they remembered Barclay's almost frenzied appeals to Nathan to get ahead, for God's sake, and do something, if he had to dam the Red Water with the dead. Melville, his eyes covered, his head still bandaged, lay upon a low couch in an upper room, attended by his devoted wife and niece. The sound of revelry by night came from below with explosive force, and the manager of the Brentwood twice tapped at the door to express his regret and anxiety and the hope that the major wasn't being disturbed. "It's the Seattle blow-out," he explained, "and the road's setting 'em up for all comers apparently."

"When does the Big Horn set 'em up?" asked Melville, with a smile of amusement.

"The B. H. doesn't have to," answered Boniface. "By the way, sir, Mr. Channing goes east again tomorrow, and he hopes that you will feel able to see him. Of course he isn't at the banquet," he added, with a grin. "We've had a queer time with the rival factions in the house."

It had indeed been a queer time. Barclay, as he came to the managing head of a great road, had taken a suit of rooms on the parlor floor, with his secretary, typewriters and assistants, while Channing and his one aide-camp, Mr. Langdon, occupied modest rooms on the floor above and attended to business over at the station. Barclay nodded patronizingly when he met or passed Channing and once so far unheeded as to take one hand out of his trousers pocket and extend a finger to his rival. But he never seemed to see Langdon, and Langdon had an aggravating way of looking straight into the other's face in a calmly speculative manner, as though he considered him some curious specimen of the "freak" family, a subject for leisurely contemplation, but in no wise a thing to be accosted.

The regular officers and many of those of the state troops took their rations at the Brentwood the few days they were there on duty, and it was curious to note the effect on the two occasions that Langdon entered the dining room while the military was there. The guardians to a man either arose to shake his hand or else whirled around in their seats and waved him joyous greeting. Woodrow, of the artillery, too, sprang to his feet and occasionally went half across the dining room to clasp him on the shoulders or slap him between them on the broad of the back. Once, finding a vacant seat by Langdon's side, the rash subaltern trotted the table of his commanding officer and finished his dinner at Channing's, and Nathan and Torrance, who never saw Langdon at all, took prompt note of the desertion and held it up against the youngster as an affront to be expiated through many a slight and snub and semi-official annoyance when they larked back to Brentwood. It was plain that Langdon was a marked man in the eyes of the populace—voted, respected and esteemed by one element and feared and hated by another.

"It's just as well you are going with Mr. Channing," said mine host of the Brentwood to him the night of the banquet. "There's a bad undercurrent here that will never forgive your spoiling their plans, and those fellows of the Seattle, who would have thanked God for your services at the time, are now doing the best they know how to stir up sentiment against you."

"But I'm not going with Mr. Channing," said Langdon promptly. "They have offered me a good position here."

The landlord was leaning against a column of the rotunda at the moment, smoking one of Barclay's best. A roar of applause and alternating currents of "Be's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne" issued from the swinging portals of the hall, and Boniface had been listening with a comical grin on his face. But at Langdon's words the expression of amusement gave way to one of deep concern. Instantly he stood erect and placed a hand on Langdon's shoulder.

"My dear sir," said he, "I mustn't be quoted in this matter, I like you, and I want to see you come out all right, but—don't think of staying here. I'll say as much to Mr. Channing."

And he did. But Channing was flushed with victory.

"Who's to harm him? And what's to prevent?" said he. "Our men are all



"My dear sir, don't think of staying here," with us now, and they swear by him and will stand by him and will see to it that he isn't molested," was Channing's answer. "He's just the fearless, reliable man we need for a certain kind of work, and here's the place for him."

But the landlord shook his head. "Mr. Channing," said he earnestly, "I see and hear things you cannot see and hear because men look and talk sweet when you come around. It's their bread and butter. You manage your business in the interest of your stockholders, and I must do the same for mine. I must attract custom, not antagonize it and lose my job. I mustn't offend those fellows of the other road, for some of them are stockholders of this very shop, and they are not fond of you, much less of Mr. Langdon. If you want to reward and help him, take him to Chicago. Don't attempt to set him here."

But the mere idea that one of his chosen should be molested by the enemy was enough to set Channing solidly against a change of plan. He went to Melville's room in the morning to say good-bye and found that Boniface had been there before him, for Melville, too, was anxious. Mrs. Melville had gone out to do some shopping; Miss Graham sat in silence, an absorbed listener. That evening Langdon knocked, as usual, at Melville's door to inquire what name of day his friend had had and whether he could be of service. Miss Graham was just coming forth, dressed for the street.

"The troops go back to Pawnee tonight," she said, "and some of the officers are coming up in a moment to say good-bye. I thought I should like a brisk walk."

He hesitated a moment. He well knew to whom she referred by "some of the officers" and why she referred to them at all. It would be unwise to go around for him to meet them there. It was significant of her own desire to avoid Nathan and his set that she should be going out just as they were expected. Langdon's first impulse was to offer to escort her, for night was falling, and the electric globes were already sparkling on the snowy streets, and with all her independence and fearlessness Miss Graham might be wiser not to go forth unattended. But he faltered. The weather had set in sharp, colder, and he had no civilian overcoat and would not wear the "frogged" and braided garment of his late rank and profession now that he no longer held the commission. He could have spared himself any scruples as to that, since descent of civilians cast and vest, and that army overcoat because it strikes them as handsome, because it gives them an air of distinction and because there is no law to hinder. It was not on account of lack of warm clothing he hesitated, but one glance at his worn, old business suit, made three years before and much too snug for him now, banished all thought of tendering his services.

"I may go in, may I not?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, yes," was the answer as she threw open the door to admit him and then as he entered stood there, thinking. Twice her fine, thoughtful eyes followed him into the room; twice she caught herself listening for the sound of their voices and trying to catch the words. Then, with heightened color, turned sharply and stood within the room. A little party of artillery officers was issuing from the elevator. Another moment, and they were knocking at the door.

"Good evening, Captain Nathan. Good evening, gentlemen," was her placid salutation. "Yes, the major will be glad to see you. And, one after another, she welcomed the quartet into the dimly lighted apartment where Mrs. Melville came forward to greet them. "You'll come up again tomorrow, Langdon," she heard Melville say as Santley bent over her to express his disappointment that she should be going out just as they were coming in. Couldn't she wait a moment? He would so like—No, evidently she couldn't. Moreover, she made it impossible for Santley to complete his sentence by saying, "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you are quite ready," and thereby giving Santley to understand her escort was already chosen. Santley glanced at Langdon, turned red and looked as though he really wanted to speak. Langdon, passing Nathan without a sign, looked straight into the eyes of his adjutant and plainly indicated that he had no desire whatever to converse with him. Two minutes later, in the keen, frosty air of the wide western street, he found himself swiftly pacing the broad, wooden sidewalk, crackling with cold under their light footfalls.

Ethel Graham, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks and quick, elastic steps, springing along by his side, her hand within his arm. Had any one told him the day he so sadly left Pawnee that this would be a possibility in the near future Eric Langdon could hardly have believed.

The air was crisp, keen and sharply cold, but there was no wind, and he never seemed to feel the lack of an overcoat. His old overcoat was a handsome, stylish garment when first it came to him three years ago, but buttons and buttonholes were straining now as he filled his lungs with the ozone and oxygen of that rare, exhilarating atmosphere. The shops at the street corners at first were brilliantly lighted, and the bridge over the Red Water was lively with sleighs, street cars and pedestrians hurrying homeward. It was she who had turned southward as they left the hotel at the

ladies' door, and it made no difference to him. His habitat was the north side—the yards of the Big Horn—but he had chosen the opposite direction, away from what might be called the residence side of the city.

"It is a fair of mine," she said. "I like to see as much as I can of every place I visit, and I've never been on the other side."

"Nor I," he answered. "Being a Big Horn man, my work keeps me at our yards all day."

"Do you like it?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"It is interesting and exciting," he replied, gliding her carefully over a broken cross walk. The streets seemed neglected hereabout. There was a saloon on every corner and a hint of tawdry at almost every saloon.

"I'm almost sorry you chose this route, Miss Graham," he continued, noting the curious looks that were bent upon him and his companion; noting, too, an occasional elbow nudge among the loiterers.

"The Seattle side doesn't seem to be the better side, does it?" she asked, half laughing. "But, then, I've never been to your station and the scene of your exploit. I thought I should like to see what was left of the Seattle. Oh, Mr. Langdon, I'm afraid there's trouble!"

To be continued

White Collar Line.

PORTLAND-ASTORIA Route.

Sir. "BAILEY GATZERT"

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD

Leave Portland..... 7 a. m.

Leave Astoria..... 7 p. m.

THE DALLES PORT-

LAND ROUTE.

STR "TAHOMA"

AND

"METLAKO"

Between Portland, The Dalles and

Way Points.

Daily Trips Except Sunday.

TIME CARD

Sir. "Tahoma"

Lv. Portland Mon. Wed. Fri. 7 a. m.

Lv. Dalles Tues. Thurs. Sat. 7 a. m.

Sir. "Bonita"

Lv. Portland Tues. Thurs. Sat. 7 a. m.

Lv. Dalles Mon. Wed. Fri. 7 a. m.

This Route has the Grandest

Scenic Attractions on Earth.

MEALS THE VERY BEST

Landing and Office: Foot Alder Street.

Both Phones, Main 351

PORTLAND, OREGON.

JOHN M. FILLION, agt The Dalles

A. J. TAYLOR, agt Astoria.

J. C. WYATT, agt Vancouver.

WOLFORD & WYKES, agt White

PRATHER & HENMAN, agt Hood

JOHN M. TOTTEN, Stevenson,

Wash.

HENRY OLNSTEAD, Carson, Wash.

E. W. CRITCHTON, agt Portland.

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

Go to McCormick's for wall paper

100 Drops

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness, and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Approved Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fitch** NEW YORK.

AT 100 DROPS OLD 35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

ARE YOU DEAF?

ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

...being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. I will now give you about five years ago my right ear began to tingle, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for earache, for three months, with no result. I consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist in Baltimore, and he told me that only an operation could help me, and even that, only temporarily. The operation was performed, but the hearing of the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement, and I was cured. I bought your treatment, and after five weeks, my hearing in the deafened ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain, Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 720 R. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.

Examination and **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal price.

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 595 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

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 request to do so. Charges reasonable.

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 Vills Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good result from it. I was a slave, chained with painful 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 overpromised 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. Bnai Israel, New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Dr. Tait Bros., Medicine Co., 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 Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AYON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Dr. Tait 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 every skill as well as many others, I changed to see your advertisement in 13th 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, G. D. Phelps, M. D.

Dr. Tait Bros., Medicine Co. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 23 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but have failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I have 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 testimonial you can make such use of as you see fit. S. R. RAFAEL, Home address, 235 Livingston Street.

White Collar Line.

PORTLAND-ASTORIA Route.

Sir. "BAILEY GATZERT"

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD

Leave Portland..... 7 a. m.

Leave Astoria..... 7 p. m.

White Collar Line.

PORTLAND-ASTORIA Route.

Sir. "BAILEY GATZERT"

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD

Leave Portland..... 7 a. m.

Leave Astoria..... 7 p. m.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fitch**

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ARE YOU DEAF?

ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

...being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. I will now give you about five years ago my right ear began to tingle, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for earache, for three months, with no result. I consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist in Baltimore, and he told me that only an operation could help me, and even that, only temporarily. The operation was performed, but the hearing of the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement, and I was cured. I bought your treatment, and after five weeks, my hearing in the deafened ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain, Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 720 R. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.

Examination and **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal price.

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 595 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

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 request to do so. Charges reasonable.

A Bureau of Information.

The Burlington route offers in Portland just veritable Bureaus of Information for the traveler, a place where they can learn what it takes to reach ANY point in America or Europe. Look for the top with tabs, and what there is to see on the route.

If you are planning a western trip drop in and get full information, or if you please, write me about it. Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, City, St. Louis—and EVERYWHERE beyond.

A. C. STELLER, General Agent, Cor. Third and Sixth Sts., Portland, Ore.

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 pensions very low. Board and rooms at 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

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 operate the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connections 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 St. Paul, and for all Eastern points.

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

JAS. C. POND, or JAS. A. CLOUG, Gen. Pass. Agt., General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 240 State

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 and East. Arrives 4:30 p. m.

At the Express via Huntington, departs 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, Kelso, Kane, Walla, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, 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, Newberg, Salem, Independence and way landings. Arrives Mon, Wed and Fri at 4:30 p. m.

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

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