The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....MAY 31, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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Four-Colored ....Apples.

[Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells.]

Colonel Gresham, stockbroker, turned gentleman farmer to produce new varieties of fruits.

Nature grows some two-colored apples, but when you ask her to add two additional colors she wants time to think the matter over. Every experiment was a failure, but that only made the colonel and his gardener the more determined, especially the gardener.

It was his duty as an employee to give his master all his ideas, but he made an exception in this one case. He clung to it with dogged obstinacy, but he kept it as secret as the grave. He might have clung to it a year or so longer had not the colonel become impatient. He said something one June day about giving up the experiments, and the gardener replied that he would have some news for him next day. He asked the broker to come home an hour earlier than usual and to come directly to the large farm barn.

At the hour named the colonel was there. He had scarcely entered the barn when he received a crack on the head that made him unconscious for the next quarter of an hour. When he came to he had been stripped of coat, vest and tie and was bound hand and foot. He had not caught sight of his assailant before being struck, but now found the gardener hovering over him with a murderous look on his face.

"Will you tell me what this means, Henry?" asked the victim.

"Yes, sir. I have finally found how to grow four-colored apples. It has been a long time, but I have struck it at last. I hope to have fifty bushels on the market this fall."

"Well, let's hear about it."

"All the apple trees are now in blossom. The red ones are all right, and the yellow ones are all right, and I have found a way to make the blue and green ones all right. I have simply to sprinkle them with the blood of a man wearing side whiskers. A drop of blood to a blossom will do the trick, and once the apples start to growing that way they will continue."

Now, the colonel had a growth of side whiskers that were the envy of Wall street and a matter of joy to himself. Whenever you saw the colonel you saw his whiskers. He might forget his commutation ticket now and then, but never his whiskers. The two were one and inseparable. He didn't like the gardener's reference to those sacred objects. It smacked of familiarity, and there was a covert threat behind the words. He was at first inclined to bluster, but another look into the gardener's face satisfied him that the man had become crazy. He therefore changed his tactics and quietly said:

"All right, Henry. We will go up to the orchard and experiment. I am delighted to find that you have achieved success at last."

"But how can you go when I want your blood?" asked the man. "You see, you are the only man around here with side whiskers. If the coachman or the butler had 'em, that would do, but they haven't, you know. They are fine ones, colonel—fine ones."

And Chapman bent down and tenderly caressed the iron gray side whiskers that floated away from each cheek and were gently stirred now and then by the June breezes blowing into the open door. Never had another man on this earth except the barber dared to lay his sacrilegious hands on those reverenced objects of the money center of the world.

"But we will look up some one else," said the colonel as he felt a sinking of the heart. "I know of several men with side whiskers, and I will coax one of them home with me tomorrow."

"But I must have the blood today, colonel. Besides, for this first experiment we must have the nicest sort of whiskers. There is nothing in the state of New York to compare with yours. The papers have said so over and over again. How soft they are! How luxuriantly they grow! How the breeze toys with them! Your blood is all right, and the first bushel of four-colored apples shall be deposited on your grave."

"But I want to see the trees you have selected. I may decide to make some changes."

"The trees are all right, colonel. Here is a knife to open an artery, and here is a pan to catch the blood. What shall I do with your whiskers after you are dead? It seems a pity to bury 'em like so much horsehair."

"You blamed fool, this has gone far enough!" exclaimed the colonel, going to the other extreme. "Unbind me at once or I'll have you sent to prison for life!"

"It won't do," replied the gardener, with a shake of his head and taking up a knife he had made ready for the purpose. "You are as anxious for the four-colored apples as I am, and you mustn't bring all our labors to naught. Here goes for the blood."

The colonel began yelling for help, and fortunately the coachman was at hand to respond. He entered the barn on a run and narrowly escaped being stabbed, and the crazy gardener had to be knocked down with a club before he could be secured. He was found to be clean daffy and was sent to an asylum and is there yet, and should you ever visit the institution he will beckon you aside and whisper:

"Do you know that if it hadn't been for Colonel Gresham we'd be having four-colored apples in market today? He had the blood, and he had the side whiskers, but he backed out just when success was certain."

The colonel hated to part with them, but he has had all those whiskers shaved off. He doesn't want anything around him to attract lunatics.

M. QUAD.

Osana San's Adventure

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

It was a bright spring noon. Sunlight poured down over the quaint glistening roofs of the little town of Yacco. Mists rose and melted from the encircling rice fields. The perfume of cherry blossoms was upon the wind—an erratic wind that blew in breath snatching puffs and twirled the little fans in the black polished coiffure of Osana San as she toddled daintily along the street in her lacquered sandals. Her blue and gold kimono caught the sunlight with a gleam. Her huge red sash, tied in a butterfly bow, added a daring note of color, and her gayly flowered paper parasol made just the background for her delicate oval face. Her skin was the cream of ivory faintly tinted with rose. Her mouth was like a scarlet lily, and her slanting eyes were like dark jewels—very somber, but with a brilliant glint in their depths.

"She looked as if she had stepped straight out of the 'Mikado' or off a Satsuma vase," declared Mrs. Carrington, the wife of the American consul, glancing up from the luncheon table to watch the passing of Osana San. "She is the very essence of this beautiful Japan."

"She's delicious," agreed Mr. Carrington. "And the American words and phrases you have taught her make her doubly so. She gives a twist to them that is all her own. I tell you, Alice, she could teach our American women a good many things—she's so demure and quiet and contented."

Yet, had Mr. Carrington but known it, contented was precisely what Osana San was not. A perfect crater of unrest burned in her little soul. Her blood raced in time to the pulse of spring, and as she walked through the sleepy, half deserted streets of Yacco there was nothing in the world for which she longed so much as for an adventure, and she had her wish. As she passed the door of a teacup shop the wind gave a sudden gust, blowing her paper parasol inside out and wrenching it from her hand. A whirl of dust filled her eyes, and she shut

"OAI! OAI!" SHE CRIED IN JAPANESE. "STOP ME! STOP ME!"

them with a quick blink. When she opened them, she saw a tall man in blue serge standing in front of her. He was holding her parasol.

"I think this is yours," he said, smiling pleasantly.

"A thousand thank yous," murmured Osana San in her very best English. "I fear my humble parasol has given your illustrious self a great trouble."

"A great pleasure, believe me," he answered. Then, with a long look at Osana San, he raised his hat and went back into the teacup shop.

"Oh!" breathed Osana San, rubbing her smooth fingers up and down the bamboo handle where his hands had touched it. How tall and handsome he was and how broad shouldered! She had seen few American men save Mr. Carrington, for Yacco, though not far from Tokyo, was off the main line and so inaccessible that travelers seldom came there. Mr. Carrington, moreover, was old, with a wrinkled face and white hair, while this stranger was young—divinely young, with a way of looking. The rose deepened in her cheek as she remembered it. It was a day of marvels. And there were more to come, for, standing near by, so near that it was a wonder she had not noticed it, was a strange object such as Osana San had never seen before. She guessed it to be one of the horseless carriages of which Mrs. Carrington had told her. She gazed at it, fascinated. And then a wild idea took possession of her. She wondered how it would seem to sit on the cushioned leather seat. She gave a hurried glance up and down the street. There was no one in sight. In the teacup shop the young American was busily selecting china. His back was turned toward her. He would never know. Swiftly she made up her mind and stepped into the motor.

"Now I am like an American girl," she said to herself, intoxicated with the newness of the thing. She heard a heavy step in the shop behind her and started up guiltily. Her moment of stolen sweetness was over. But alas for Osana San! In her haste the wide sleeve of her kimono caught on the lever of the machine. She jerked it, and the mischief was done. Quietly the machine began rolling along the street. For awhile she was too dazed to scream, and when she found voice she was already on the outskirts of Yacco. The road stretched on miles ahead, as straight and white as a long ribbon. A laborer toiling in the rice fields raised his head to look at her.

"Oai! Oai!" she cried in Japanese. "Stop me! Stop me!" The man stared at her stupidly, too amazed to move, and she sped past him. Her hands fluttered about the nickel plated wonders of the motor like a pair of frightened birds. Perhaps if she pressed something it would stop! Very cautiously she tried. The result was a loud "Honk, honk!" ear piercing and terrible. Osana San crouched on the seat with a sob of utter despair and helplessness. On and on she went, past rice fields and low lying marshes where cranes flew, calling dismally to one another; past little thatched farmhouses sheltered from the midday glare by clumps of graceful bamboo. Osana San was becoming desperate. Something must be done. Gathering her courage together, she pushed and pulled at all the contrivances she could lay hands on, and luck favored her. In front of a lonely wayside temple the motor came to a sudden stop. With a great breath of relief, Osana San alighted. Tears were still glistening on her cheeks. "Here in the shadow of the temple I will be safe," she said, "and I will wait till the august and honorable stranger comes for his most terrifying machine."

But when the stranger, whose name was Douglass Morton, arrived in a jinrikisha some hours later he found Osana San cuddled up on the temple steps, fast asleep.

"Poor little frightened butterfly!" he murmured. "Thank heaven she's safe! It's a pity to waken her."

Osana San opened her eyes and saw him bending over her.

"Most august," she faltered, "my name is Osana San, and my unworthy curiosity"—

"That's all right," Morton said heartily. "I understood how it happened and all you're going to tell me, except how in thunder you had wit enough to stop the machine. Since you're safe, nothing else matters, and I bless all the gods of Japan that this road is as straight as a string. Otherwise—well, we won't think of that. Besides, there is much else to talk of. Do you believe in love at first sight, Osana San?"

Osana San shook her glossy head.

"My poor intelligence does not comprehend your illustrious words," she answered.

Morton laughed.

"I haven't time to pick it out of the phrase book now," he said, "but I'll explain it later if it takes me all the rest of my life to do it, or perhaps Mr. Carrington, the American consul, will explain it for me. He knows my family, and he ought to do me a good turn. You won't be afraid to ride back with me, will you, Osana San? The auto can't run away with you now, you know."

So back they went to Yacco, while the shadows of night deepened among the bamboo, and the moon rose, looking as large and red as a paper lantern. And a week later, in the Carringtons' pretty drawing room, Douglass Morton urged his impetuous suit. When Osana San finally understood his meaning she grew as pink as a cherry blossom.

"I be most afraid to live in your honorable and illustrious country, where everything go so fast—the motor carriages and the lovemaking."

"Osana San, do you mean that you will not marry me?" demanded Douglass Morton.

A dimple glimmered in the rose and ivory of Osana's cheek.

"Most august," she answered, "how could I be so rude?"

"It is 'Yes' then?" cried Morton joyfully.

"It is 'Yes,'" whispered little Osana San.

Genuine Eloquence.

Appeals from the organized charities are coming in from all directions. And there are sources of appeal which are not organized, yet quite worthy. One of the raggedest, dirtiest, most dejected of mendicants, sitting on the curbstone, appealed to me by his appearance. I had passed him in disgust, then conscience drove me back to him to see if he really suffered. "If in want, why don't you beg?" I demanded in anger. "Why don't you say something?" "Sure it's begging I am," he replied. "But you don't utter a word, man!" "I don't? Look at this"—picking up his nasty remnant of a coat—"and can't you see the skin speaking through my trousers? And ain't the bones cryin' out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks! See the famine that's starin' in my eyes! Man alive, ain't it beggin' I'm doin' with a hundred tongues?"—New York Press.

Just What It Is and What It Has Made Possible.

Most persons are unaware of the revolution created in industrial circles by the introduction of the bessemer process of making steel. This process belongs in the same category with the invention of the printing press and the introduction of the steam engine in its relation to human progress.

Steel is a compound of iron with a small percentage of carbon, which is rendered malleable by being cast while in a state of fusion. Cast iron is iron with a much larger percentage of carbon and other impurities. Bessemer's process converts cast iron into steel by blowing a blast of cold air through melted cast iron. The oxygen of the air burns out the carbon, silicon and other unwelcome elements until the right proportion is reached, and then the steel is cast.

The effect of the process was at once to cheapen steel and to increase its use enormously. In 1855, when Bessemer took out his first patent, steel sold in England for five times its present price.

Sir Henry Bessemer shared the common lot of inventors in encountering incredulity when his discovery was first announced, but he was more fortunate than most inventors. He lived to enjoy the rewards of fame and fortune and to witness the worldwide adoption of his process.

The first bessemer steel rail ever laid down was at Derby, England, in 1857. It was placed at a point where it had been necessary to renew the iron rails once in three months because of incessant wear. It was not taken up for sixteen years, during which time 1,250,000 trains passed over it.

It is to the bessemer process that we owe the rapid development of our great railway systems. The giant locomotives that draw long trains across the continent and the steel rails upon which they run are due to its discovery. It is estimated that the bessemer process has reduced the cost of land transportation two-thirds, and it has also greatly cheapened transportation by water. It has opened great tracts of fertile country which could not have been reached otherwise and has given the farmer good markets. In the development of electric railways it is all the time bringing together scattered villages and giving new opportunities for intercourse.

We owe to Sir Henry Bessemer the improvements in our modern steamships, the strength and lightness of the bridges which cross our rivers, countless modern forms of machinery and their cheapened products and the skyscrapers, which could not have been built save by the use of steel.—New York Herald.

A GUIDE TO ITALY.

Eh? You are sail for Estaly?
Oh, my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!
I show you all da place to see
An' all da besta peopla, too,
An' evratheeng you want, my frand.
So you could know w'en you are through
All theengs een dat so granda land—
Oh, my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!

Eh? Sure! I know da lan' so wal
I geeve advice bayfore you go;
I tal you all you want me tal.
W'at ees eet you weesh like for know?
Da churcha? No; not Rome, my frand.
I tal you eef you want for see
Da fines' wans een all da land
You musta go for Napoli.
Da music? You are fond of eet?
Wal, den, bayllieve me eef I say
Ees no wan play so gran', so sweet,
Like Banda Napoli ees play.
W'at kinda wine? Chianti! Oh,
My frand, you must have taste of dat!
Da best ees mak' from grapes dat grow
By Napoli, so beeg, so fat!
Eh? Where da besta peopla leeve?
Wal, now, I want you com' to me
Bayfore you sail, an' I weell geeve
You names som' frands een Napoli!
Eh? Where da pritta ladies ees?
Ah, my! Ravenna ees da place,
Not Napoli for findin' dees.
Ravenna girls ees gotta face
So sweet and teeth so white as snow.
So brighta eyes, so black da hair—
Ravenna ees my town! Oh, no!
My Rosa she ees com' from dere.
You know, I com' from Napoli.
Dat's how I know so mooch to tal
About da besta theengs to see;
You see, I know dem vera wal.

Eh? Wal, good day, my frand. Oh no!
I glad for tal you w'at to do
Een Estaly bayfore you go—
Oh, my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Stolen Stage Names.

The peerage has its troubles, like all of us. A writer in a paper written by marchionesses for marchionesses is rather plaintive. "I love," she says, "that all those with influence will do all they can to encourage the present tendency of young women on the lyric stage to use their own names instead of borrowing artificial ones from the peerage. One young person took a fancy to the name of [illegible] and were to write to her [illegible] son or two. [illegible] and a [illegible] is certainly became [illegible] complain. It [illegible] to have one's name worn by [illegible] people, especially with the [illegible] separable from the stage. It was a curious custom, this of borrowing names for theatrical purposes, and it is perhaps as well that it is dying out. There was seldom any reason for it. Of course if a man wished to play Romeo and his name was prosaic or repulsive we can understand his wishing to call himself 'Percy Montgomery' or 'Frank de Vere.' But for the ordinary person there is no such need. One of our humorists, who in his youth spent some time on the provincial stage, has put it on record that he adopted what he considered a suitable stage name and liked it until he came across a man of that name who had adopted his (the humorist's) name for stage purposes. — London Globe.

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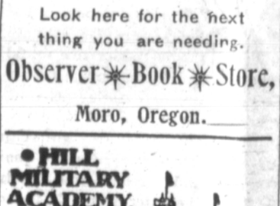

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Banquo and His Son.

Sir Walter Scott says "early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance." Even the very names seem to be fictitious, as they were not Gaelic and are not to be found in any of the ancient chronicles or Irish annals. Neither is a thane of Lochaber known in Scotch history, though Sir Bernard Burke makes Banquo a descendant of Kenneth II, and thane of Lochabyr. Malone says that after Banquo's assassination Fleance fled to Wales, where he married a Welsh princess, by whom he had a son, Walter, who became lord high steward of Scotland. He assumed the name Walter Steward and was, it is said, the direct ancestor of the house of Stewart. Shakespeare, we know, based "Macbeth" on Hollinshed's "History"—a good deal of which was borrowed from a circumstantial romance composed by Boece. Mr. Boswell-Stone, in his "Shakespeare's Holinshed," after balancing the pros and cons, says, "In my opinion, Banquo and Fleance are probably creatures of Boece's imagination."

Work of the Heart.

Few stop to consider the amount of labor performed daily by the human heart. The inexhaustible supply of energy displayed by this overworked organ is marvelous. Calculation has shown that the work of the heart of an average person is equal to the feat of lifting over five tons at the rate of a foot an hour or 125 tons in twenty-four hours. A certain Dr. Richardson once made a curious calculation in regard to the work performed by the heart in mileage. He presumed that the blood was forced out of the heart at each palpitation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes a minute and at the assumed distance of nine feet. At this rate the flow of the blood through the body would be 207 yards a minute, or seven miles an hour. This would make 170 miles a day, or 61,000 miles a year. Thus in a lifetime of eighty-four years the blood in the human body would travel over 5,000,000 miles. The number of beats of the heart required to send the blood that far would be over 3,000,000,000.

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SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

W H Moore and H A Moore, Plaintiffs, vs. J L Smith, Willie L Smith, and George Meader, Defendants

To J L Smith and Willie L Smith the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 7 h day of June, A. D 1907, which date is the last day named for the publication of this Summons, and for failure to do so the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in their complaint, to-wit: For judgment against you for the sum of $3,635 50, with interest thereon from October 25th, 1905, at the rate of 8 per cent p r annum and for the further sum of $750 attorneys fees and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and for a decree of court foreclosing said mortgaged premises subject to the mortgages of the Oregon Mortgage Company, and the Alliance Trust Company, and directing that the proceeds arising from said sale be applied to the payment of said judgment and the costs and expenses of making said sale, so far as the same will apply, and that the defendants J L Smith and Willie L Smith and George Meader, and all persons claiming by, through, or under them, be forever barred and foreclosed of any right, title or equity of redemption, and that the plaintiffs be allowed to become purchasers at said sale and that the officer making such sale be authorized, empowered and directed to place the purchaser thereof in the immediate possession of said premises on the day of sale and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable in the premises.

This summons is published by order of Hon. George B Bourcult, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, under date of April 24th, 1907, the first publication thereof being on April 26th, 1907, and the last publication June 7th, 1907.

E. V. LITTLEFIELD,
7t-26je7—261 Attorney for Plaintiffs

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A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, "all gone" or "rising" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or effectually than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

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Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Stockton, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. Leaves Portland Union Depot, 8.45 p. m. Arrives 7.25 a. m., daily.

Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8.30 a.m. arrives 5.55 p. m.

Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4.15 p. m., returns 10.35 a.m., daily.

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4.50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.45 p.m., arrives 1.50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and Intermediate points daily, 4.15 p.m. Arrive Portland, 10.15 a.m.

The Independence-Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, $20; berth, $5. Second-class fair, $15; second class berth, $2.50.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, Corner Third and Washington. Phone Main 721. Portland, Or.

C. W. STINGER, Wm. McMURRAY
City Ticket Agent. Gen-Pass. Agt

O. R. & N.

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to The East Daily

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City. Reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	9.30 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	1.15 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	6.15 p.m. flag—	8.00 a.m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	10.12p.m.	3.57 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Grand Forks and Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8.15 p.m. no stop.	7.15 a.m. flag.
Passes Biggs	12.00 p.m.	3.00 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8.15 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrives at Biggs	11.50 a.m.	Lv. 12.15 p.m.

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Hwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10.00 p. m. Arrives 5.00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Leaves 7.00 a. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No. 4 daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.

For full information call on or address

Wm. McMURRAY
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon

W. R. CROCAN, AGENT,
Moro, Oregon

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passenger daily	Distance in Miles	Time table No 11 May 20, 1906 STATIONS	North-bnd passenger daily
1.20 pm	0	Biggs	11.50 arve
1.40	5.4	Gibsons	11.19
1.44	7.0	Sinks	11.10
2.04	9.8	Wasco	11.00
2.17	14.1	Klondyke	10.45
2.23	16.1	Summit	10.40
2.40	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	10.24
2.41	19.9	McDonalds	10.22
2.53	23.9	DeMoss	10.05
3.04	27.0	Moro	9.55
3.13	30.4	Erskinville	9.37
3.44	38.5	Grass Valley	9.20
4.00	45.8	Bourbon	8.58
4.16	52.5	Kent	8.40
4.26	57.3	Wilcox	8.30
5.00 arv	70.0	Shanike	8.00 a m

For rates and information apply to

W. R. Crogan, Agent
Moro, Or.

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.

Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

Steamers leave Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. arriving at about 5 p. m., connecting at Lyle with the

Columbia River & NorthernRyCo

For Goldendale and Klickitat valley points. Train leaves Goldendale at 5:30 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Lyle at 7:30 a. m., connecting with down river boat for Portland and intermediate points.

Leaves Lyle for Goldendale on the arrival of the up river steamer.

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For any further information write or call on the nearest Agent, or the General Office at Portland.

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