

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, March 27, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer why not? We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made.

The Kid Engineer

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WHEN the big strike came at Zanaville we had 180 engineers and firemen on the payroll. One hundred and seventy-nine of these men walked out.

"Yes," growled Dad, combating the protests of the strikers' committee. "I know it. I belong to your lodge. But I'll tell you now—I've told you before—I ain't goin' to strike on the company so long as Neighbor is master mechanic on this division; ain't a goin' to do it, an' you might as well quit."

And they didn't change it. Through the calm and through the storm, and it stormed hard for awhile, Dad Hamilton, wherever he could supply him with an engineer, fired religiously. No other man in the service could have done it without getting killed, but Dad was old enough to father any man among the strikers.

His master mechanic, Neighbor, was another big man, six feet an inch in his stockings, and strong as a drummer. Between Neighbor and the old fireman there existed some sort of a bond—a liking, an affinity. Dad Hamilton had fired on his division ten years. There was no promotion for Dad; he could never be an engineer, though only Neighbor knew why.

Hence there was no surprise when the superintendent offered him an engine, just after the strike, that Dad refused to take it.

"I'm a fireman and Neighbor knows it, ain't no engineers. I'll make steam for any man you put in the cab with me, but I won't touch a throttle for no man. I laid it down, and I'll never pick it again—no offense 't' you, Neighbor, neither."

Thus ended the negotiations with Dad on that subject; threats and entreaties were useless. Then, too, in spite of his professed willingness to throw coal for any man who put on his engine, he was continually rowing about the green runners we gave him. From the standpoint of a railroad man they were a tough assortment; for a fellow may be a good partner, or a handy man with the jack plane, or an expert machinist even and yet a failure as an engine runner.

After we got hold of Foley, Neighbor put him on awhile with Dad, and the grizzled fireman quickly declared that Foley was the only man on the payroll who knew how to move a train.

The little chap proved such a remarkable find that I tried hard to get some of his eastern chaps to come out and join him. After a good bit of hustling we did get half a dozen more Reading boys for our new corps of engine men, but the East End of Beldale kept all but one of them on their own divisions. That one we got because nobody on the East End wanted him.

"They've cramped the whole bunch, Foley," said I, answering his inquiries. "There's just one fellow reported here—he came in on 5 this morning. Neighbor's had a little talk with him, but he doesn't think much of him. I guess we're out the transportation on that fellow."

"What's his name?" asked Foley. "Is he the Reading?" "Claims he is; his name is McNeil," "McNeil?" echoed Foley, surprised. "Not George McNeil?" "I don't know what his first name is. He's nothing but a boy."

"Dark complexioned fellow?" "Perhaps you'd call him that; sort of soft spoken."

"George McNeil, sure you're born. If you've got him you've got a bird. He ran opposite me between New York and Philadelphia on the limited. I want to see him right off. If it's George, you're all right."

Foley's talk went a good way with me any time. When I told Neighbor about it he picked up his ears. While we were debating in rushed Foley with the kid, as he called him. As Jack would have it, Neighbor put the boy on the 244 with Dad Hamilton, and Dad proceeded at once to make what Foley termed "a great roar."

"It was a favorite of Neighbor's. Whenever the old fireman got to 'ducking' about his engine the master mechanic threatened to discharge the engineer. That settled it. Dad Hamilton wouldn't for the world be the cause of throwing another man out of a job, no matter how little he liked him. The old fellow went back to work mollified, but it was evident that he and McNeil didn't half get on together. The boy was not much of a talker. Yet he did his work well, and Neighbor said next to Foley he was the best man we had."

About a week later Foley came into the office one morning very much excited. "Did you hear about the boy's getting pounded last night—George McNeil?" It is a shame the way these fellows act. Three of the strikers piled on him while he was going into the postoffice and through the life out of him. The cowardly bounds, to jump on a man's back that way?"

"Foley," said I, "that's the first time they've tackled one of Dad Hamilton's engines."

"They'd never have done it if they thought there was any danger of Dad's getting after them. They know he doesn't like the boy."

"This an outrage, but we can't do anything. You know that the boy's going to keep away from the postoffice. We'll get his mail for him."

"I told him that this morning. He's in bed and looks pretty hard, but he won't dodge those fellows. He claims it's a free country," grumbled Foley. "But I told him he'd get over that idea if he struck out this trouble."

It was three days before McNeil was able to report for work, though he received full time just the same. Even then he wasn't fit for duty, but he begged Neighbor for his run until he got it. The strikers were jubilant while the boy was laid up, but just as

what Dad thought no one could find out. I wanted to tell the old growler what I thought of him, but Foley said it wouldn't do any good and might do harm, so I held my peace.

"One might have thought that the injustice and brutality of the thing would have roused him, but men who have repressed themselves they are gray headed don't rise in a hurry to resent a wrong. Dad kept as mute as the sphinx. When McNeil was ready to go out the old fireman had the 244 shined, but if the pale face of his engineer had any effect on him he kept it to himself."

When the 244 reached the shops a Pullman special. It was 3 o'clock in the morning and raining hard. Under such circumstances an hour account all night. At last Dad himself broke the unupportable silence.

"He'd have waited a good bit longer if he had wanted for me to talk," said the boy, telling Foley afterward. "He'd have waited a good bit longer if he had wanted for me to talk."

"I didn't get licked," retorted George. "I got clucked. I never had a chance to fight."

"There was nothing to say to that, Dad kept still."

"You talk about men," continued the young fellow. "If I am not more of a man than a fellow reported here behind the way they slugged me, I'll get off this engine and stay off. If that's what you call men out here, I don't want to be a man. I'll go back to Pennsylvania."

"Why didn't you stay there?" growled Dad. "Why didn't you?"

"Without attempting to return the shot Dad pulled nervously at the chain. 'If I hadn't been fool enough to go out on a strike, I might have been running here yet,' continued George. 'Ought to have kept away from the postoffice,' grumbled Dad after a pause. 'I get a letter twice a week that I think more of than a do'c one whole road, and I propose to go to the post office and get it without asking anybody's permission.'"

"They'll pounce on you again." George looked out into the storm. "Well, why shouldn't they? I've got no friends."

gie, looking at his watch. "Give me steam now, Dad, and I'll get you home in time for a nap before breakfast." A minute later the special shot over the switch, and the young runner, crowding the pistons a bit, started off the siding. When Dad, looking back for the hind end brakeman to lock the switch and swing on, called all clear, George pulled her out another notch, and the long train slowly gathered headway up the slippery track.

As the speed increased the young man and the old relapsed into their usual silence. The 244 was always a free steamer, but George put her through her paces without any apology, and it took lots of coal to square the account.

Fast a few minutes they were pounding along up through the Narrows. The track there follows the high bench between the bluffs, which sheer up on one side, and the river bed, thirty feet below the grade, on the other. It is not an inviting stretch at any time with a big string of gondolas behind. But on a wet night it is the last place on the division where an engineer would wish to be, and it was wrong, and just there then George's rod went very wrong indeed.

Halfway between centers the big steel bar on his side, dipping then so fast you could have seen it even daylight, snapped like a stick of locust. The hind end ripped up into the air like the nose of a swordfish, tearing and smashing with appalling force and fury.

George McNeil's seat burst under him as if a stick of gopher wood had exploded. He was jammed against the cab roof like a tin pin and fell sprawling, while the monster steel fall thrashed and tore through the cab with every lightning revolution of the great driver from which it swung.

It was a frightful moment. Anything thought of or done must be thought and done at once. It was either to stop that train, or quitly, or to pound along until the 244 jumped the track and lit in the river, with thirty cars of coal to cover it.

Instantly so Dad Hamilton afterwards told us—instinctively the boy, scrambling to his feet, reached for his throttle—reached for it through a rain of iron blows, and staggered back with his right arm hanging like a broken wing from his shoulder. And back again after it—after the throttle with his left; slipping and creeping carefully this time up the throttle lever until, straining and twisting and dodging, he caught the latch and pushed it tight. Dad whistling vigorously while the whole for brakes.

Relieved of the tremendous head on the cylinder, the old engine calmed down enough to let the two men collect themselves. Rapidly as the brakes would do it, the long train stopped on standing, and George, helped by his fireman, dropped out of the cab, and they set about disconnecting—the engineer with his one arm—the formidable ends of the broken rod.

It was a slow, difficult piece of work to do. In spite of their most active efforts the rain chilled them to the marrow. The train crew gave them as much help as they could, but they, scrambling to his feet, reached for his throttle—reached for it through a rain of iron blows, and staggered back with his right arm hanging like a broken wing from his shoulder. And back again after it—after the throttle with his left; slipping and creeping carefully this time up the throttle lever until, straining and twisting and dodging, he caught the latch and pushed it tight. Dad whistling vigorously while the whole for brakes.

That a to the death compact exists between its members there is every reason to believe.

For the origin of this terrible organization we must look to the war between the planters of the "black patch" of Kentucky and Tennessee, the "dark tobacco district," and the American Tobacco company, the so-called tobacco trust. The trust had succeeded in so dominating the dark tobacco district that it was able to get all the product at its own prices.

On Sept. 24, in the year 1904, a thousand men formed the Dark Tobacco Planters' Protective association and pledged themselves to hold their staple for living prices. The more we organized, and other similar organizations sprang into existence until their total membership controlled 90 per cent of all the tobacco raised. Fair prices were demanded and for awhile apparently willingly given, but such a rich plum was not to be snatched by the action of a "handful of ignorant planters" without a stubborn fight. Prices which otherwise would have been considered enormous were offered to individual farmers who had pledged themselves to sell as a body in the endeavor to render sunder the solid and determined phalanx of illegitimate planters. The offers were at first refused, but later some planters yielded to the blandishments and the money of the trust.

It was to prevent secessions from the planters' pool that the Night Riders were organized, though the Dark Tobacco Planters' Protective Association is not openly charged with responsibility for the Night Riders' acts. Any planter who sells his product below the price set by the planters' pool becomes an immediate object of the Night Riders' vengeance, and newspapers and individuals who dare to criticize Night Riders are not more severely dealt with. Recently the Night Riders have grown bolder and more desperate than ever and, from attacks on isolated tobacco farms have turned to concerted assaults on large towns which have incurred their enmity. Not long ago a band of dread Night Riders in numbers of between two and three hundred swooped down on the flourishing little city of Hopkinsville, in Christian county, Ky., captured the police department, stopped traffic on two great railway systems and applied the torch to three enormous warehouses filled with tobacco, among which was one belonging to John C. Latham, a New York banker and owner of the largest tobacco warehouse in western Kentucky. The invaders then completely riddled with bullets the offices of a newspaper belonging to the mayor of the town, who through his paper had condemned their acts of lawlessness. The loss in the raid was estimated at in round numbers \$200,000. State Fire Marshal Ayres hurried to the scene and made one arrest, the accused man having little trouble in establishing an indispensible alibi and being released.

Close on the Hopkinsville invasion came the destruction of the telephone office, and while the court was still lawlessly degrading 300 of the marauders descended on Russellville, another Kentucky town, about thirty miles from Hopkinsville as the crow flies. Pursuing their regular methods, the riders completely surrounded the place, located guards at points of vantage and proceeded to carry out their intention of destroying two large "trust" factories. The electric lights were turned off, the telephone office, two in number, were seized, the raiders courteously and politely but firmly telling the young women in charge that no harm would come to them so long as they did not touch the switch-boards. Members of the fire department were intercepted on their way to extinguish the burning warehouses ignited by riders and turned back. People who left their residences to ascertain the cause of the excitement received orders to return. A passenger train about to enter the place was flagged just outside the city limits and its engine driver commanded to make no use of his whistle while passing through the town and no harm would come to him, his crew or passengers. No personal violence was offered the citizens who respected instructions to remain in their homes while the work of destruction was being carried out, but three men who came out into the streets were shot. Three buildings adjacent to the warehouses were also consumed by flames, the entire loss totaling something over \$100,000 in buildings and tobacco.

After the work of destruction had been completed the riders met in one of the principal streets, counted their number, fired a parting volley into the air and, as usual, vanished into the folds of the darkness of night.

On the night of Jan. 23 a band of fifty masked Night Riders took possession of the Arcadia hotel at Dawson Springs, Ky., and after terrifying the guests by "shoots" at the place took John Heath, an independent tobacco buyer, who was a guest, to a river near by and upon threats of a "ducking" made him promise not to sell any more tobacco.

Heath finally found his way back to the hotel, and the masked raiders disappeared. Governor Augustus E. Willson, the new chief of the commonwealth of Kentucky, has not only offered large rewards for the apprehension of the riders, but a large bonus for information which will lead to the arrest of any one of the clan, promising at the same time the protection of the militia of the state to the informant. Governor Willson has sent troops into the towns touched by the riders' ruthless hands to prevent a recurrence of the offense. Governor Malcolm E. Patterson of Tennessee has been equally active to prevent these outbreaks which have been in the main successful. Tennessee has been free from activity on their part for many months and bids fair to continue so.

New Kuklux In Kentucky.

Night Riders of the "Black Patch," Bound by Awful Oath, Devastate Thirty-two Counties of Two States in Ruthless War Against Tobacco Trust.

The Night Riders of Kentucky and Tennessee is the name of a secret and desperate and daring clan that has struck awe to the hearts of the people of thirty counties in the favored portion of the fair southland, furnishing a thrilling topic of conversation for southerners everywhere and drawn the attention of the nation.

In open defiance of the commands of governors, the orders of judges, the warnings of newspapers, the admonition of the society to which its members are alleged to belong and the adverse public sentiment in the section where it flourishes this clan has continued its depredations and work of destruction un molested, undaunted and practically unmolested. Coming whence no one knows, doing its work with martial precision and dispatch, it leaves no clew, open or veiled, for the most vigilant and valorous officers to find whither it went, when it will strike again or where.

Not since the days of the reconstruction period has such an organization existed, rivaling in every feature, of



BURNING OF THE RUSSELLVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSES.

ten surpassing, the terrible work of the Kuklux Klan, with its membership a hundredfold more desperate. An unexpected, mysterious, mythical force strikes swiftly under the cover of darkness and is away, leaving only the presence of a burned and charred ruin or one proud tobacco factory and warehouse to attest to its presence. Human life is not worth a feather's weight where reckless persons venture from their residences during a raid and refuse to immediately obey a command of unquestionable meaning to return.

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The Taking Cold Habit

The old cold goes; a new one quickly comes. It's the story of a weak throat, weak lungs, a tendency to consumption. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up the taking-cold habit. It strengthens, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about it.

The best kind of a testimonial—'Held for over sixty years.' Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SERRAVALLE'S HILLS, BARK VIGOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.

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Express and Freight Delivered to any Part of the City Piano and Furniture Moving. Trunks and Grips Delivered To and From all Trains.

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idle days by telling your neighbors of the good qualities of The Observer. If you can't get their subscriptions, send us their addresses and we will send them sample copies. We pay for all soliciting you do

NOTICE TO BREEDERS

The Monkland Percheron Horse Association

Announce to the Farmers of Sherman county that their Percheron stallion

Colanthe

Will make season of 1908 the following places and days

Mondays at Brock Bros., Tuesdays at Chris. Anderson, Wednesdays at L. L. Pertz, Thursdays at W. A. Woods, Fridays at T. W. Brannon, Saturdays at O. C. Mortensen

Certificate of Pedigree. Colanthe is recorded by the American Percheron Horse Breeders and Importers Association, his recorded number being 40930. Color and description, brown, star, small eye. Pedigree, foaled April 11th, 1903. Bred and owned by H. G. McMillan of Rock Rapids, Iowa. Got by Calypso 25017 [44577], by Theudis 25015 [40871], by Besigue [19602], by Brilliant III-11116 [2919], by Fenelon 2682 [38], by Brilliant 1271 [755], by Brilliant 1899 [756], by Coco II [714], by Vieux Chaslin [713], by Coco [712], by Mignon [715], by Jean Le Blanc [739].

Dam, Corona 23356, by Sandow 21144, by Clampln 13999 [29892], by Phenix 8849 [6983], by Fenelon 2682 [38], by Brilliant 1271 [755], by Brilliant 1899 [756], by Coco II [714], by Vieux Chaslin [713], by Coco [712], by Mignon [715], by Jean Le Blanc [739].

2d Dam, Babe 21146, by Pluton 10113 [19321], by Vaillant [404], by Prosper [893], by Decide [892], by Vieux Pierre [894], by Coco [712], by Mignon [715], by Jean Le Blanc [739].

3d Dam, Dimmitt 4450 imported from France in 1882 by Dillon Bros., of Normal, Illinois.

Terms of Service. Single leap \$15, payable at time of service. The season \$20, payable at the end of the season. To insure \$25, payable when mare is known to be with foal. Mare and colt to stand good for services. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will be responsible for none. Trading, selling, or removing the mare from the neighborhood forfeits the insurance and money becomes due.

Andy Shearer, Manager

OREGON'S OPPORTUNITY

COLONIST RATES from all parts of the United States and Canada to all parts of Oregon and the Northwest will be again put into effect by The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon)

March 1, 1908 and will continue daily throughout March and April. From the principal cities of the middle west the rates will be as follows:

Table with columns FROM and TO, listing rates for various cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, etc.

Fares can be prepaid Here at home if desired. Any agent is authorized to accept the required deposit and telegraph ticket to any point. Call on or address O. M. CADDY, Agt. O. R. & N. W. M. McMURRAY, Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Oregon.

UNCLE SAM



USES THE UNION

g engine service Uncle Sam uses the UNION ENGINE for his field outfit in the arduous and wireless telegraph service. This rough treatment is a true product of efficiency and durability. The UNION ENGINE is constructed in such a superior manner and of such fine material that it starts easy, works easy and runs easy under ordinary, everyday, rough farm usage. Before you invest a cent in a gas engine write for our free literature.

Union Gas Engine Co. 62-66 First St., Portland, Oregon F. F. Kendall, Sales Agent

The Secret of a Beautiful Face lies in the use of the skin-protecting and skin-cleansing, just what is not enough—that only leaves the skin more exposed to the irritation of dust and germs; to mercurials, which cause eruptions and weather. After washing, apply Robentine and experience its delightful refreshment. You will admire the lineless softness it imparts to face, neck and arms. It not only removes the skin from becoming coarse. Prevents burning, tan and freckles.

ROBERTINE

UNION PACIFIC OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to The East Daily

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping cars to Chicago, Spokane, tourist sleeping cars daily to Kansas City. Reclining chairs (seats free) to the East daily.

PORTLAND DEPT. Lv. Daily. Ar. Daily. CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East

via Huntington 8:30 a.m. - 4:20 p.m. Passes Biggs (stops) 12:15 p.m. 4:20 p.m. SPOKANE FLYER 7:00 a.m. 8:00 a.m. Passes Biggs 11:30 a.m. 8:00 a.m. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Chicago 7:40 p.m. 9:45 a.m. 11:30 p.m. 4:51 a.m. Passes Biggs

PORTLAND-BIGGS Local for all local points bet. Biggs and Portland. Arrives at Biggs 8:00 a.m. 6:00 p.m. 12:15 a.m. 12:15 a.m. 12:15 a.m.

Columbia and Willamette River. For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Ilwaco, Ash street dock. Leaves 5:00 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 Sunday. Arrives Riparia 4 p.m. daily except Friday.

For full information call on or address Wm. McMURRAY, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route

EAST via SOUTH

Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Astoria, 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, Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8:30 a.m. arrives 5:45 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'S WESGEO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND VAMHILL DIVISION Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4:15 p.m. Arrives Portland 10:15 a.m. The Independence Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airline, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, \$30; 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 Portland, Phone Main 731. Portland, Or. C. W. STINGER, Wm. McMURRAY City Ticket Agent, Gen-Pass. Agt.