FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary returned home and a few days later was solicited to take charge of a small select school. But Mrs. Mason thought it best for her to return to Mount Holyoke and accordingly she declined Mr. Knight's offer, greatly to his disappointment, and that of many others.

One morning about a week after her return she announced her intention of visiting her mother's grave. "I am accustomed to so much exercise," said she, "that I can easily walk three miles, and perhaps on my way home I shall get a ride."

Mrs. Mason made no objection, and Mary was soon on her way. She was a rapid walker, and almost before she was aware of it reached the village. As she came near Mrs. Campbell's the wish naturally arose that Ella should accompany her. Looking up, she saw her sister in the garden and called to her.

"Wha-a-t?" was the very loud and uncivil answer which came back to her, and in a moment Ella appeared round the corner of the house, carelessly swinging her straw hat and humming a fashionable song. On seeing her sister she drew back the corners of her mouth into something which she intended for a smile, and said, "Why, I thought it was Bridget calling me, you looked so much like her in that gingham sunbonnet. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," returned Mary. "I was going to mother's grave, and thought perhaps you would like to accompany me."

"Oh, no," said Ella, in her usual drawling tone, "I don't know as I want to go. I was there last week, and saw the monument."

"What monument?" asked Mary, and Ella replied:

"Why, didn't you know that Mrs. Mason, or the town, or somebody, had bought a monument, with mother's and father's and Franky's and Allie's names on it?"

Mary, hurrying on, soon reached the graveyard, where, as Ella had said, there stood by her parents' graves a large, handsome monument. William Bender was the first person who came into her mind, and as she thought of all that had passed between them, and of this last proof of his affection, she seated herself among the tall grass and flowers which grew upon her mother's grave and burst into tears. She had not sat there long ere she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Looking up, she saw before her the young gentleman who the year previous had visited her school in Rice Corner. Seating himself respectfully by her side, he spoke of the three graves, and asked if they were her friends who slept there. There was something so kind and affectionate in his voice and manner that Mary could not repress her tears, and, snatching up her bonnet, which she had thrown aside, she hid her face in it and again wept.

For a time Mr. Stuart suffered her to weep, and then gently removed the gingham bonnet, and, holding her hand between his, he tried to divert her mind by talking upon other topics, asking her how she had been employed during the year, and appearing greatly pleased when told that she had been at Mount Holyoke. Observing at length that her eyes constantly rested upon the monument, he spoke of that, praising its beauty, and asking if it were her taste.

"No," said she. "I never saw it until to-day, and did not even know it was here."

"Someone wished to surprise you, I dare say," returned Mr. Stuart "It was manufactured in Boston, I see. Have you friends there?"

Mary replied that she had one, a Mr. Bender, to which Mr. Stuart quickly rejoined. "Is it William Bender? I have heard of him through our mutual friend, George Moreland, whom you perhaps have seen."

Mary felt the earnest gaze of the large, dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, and coloring deeply, she replied that they came from England in the same vessel.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Stuart. "When I return to the city shall I refresh his memory a little with regard to you?"

"I'd rather you would not," answered Mary. "Our paths in life are very different; and he, of course, would feel no interest in me."

"Am I to conclude that you, too, feel no interest in him?" returned Mr. Stuart, and again his large eyes rested on Mary's face with a curious expression.

But she made no reply, and, soon rising up said it was time for her to go home.

* * *

Vacation was over, and again in the halls of Mount Holyoke was heard the tread of many feet, and the sound of youthful voices as one by one the pupils came back to their accustomed places. For a time Mary was undecided whether to return or not, for much as she desired an education she could not help feeling delicate about receiving it from a stranger, but Mrs. Mason, to whom all her thoughts and feelings were confided, advised her to return, and accordingly the first day of the term found her again at Mount Holyoke, where she was warmly welcomed by her teachers and companions. Still, it did not seem like the olden time, for Ida was not there, and Jenny's merry laugh was gone.

Patiently and perseveringly through the year she studied, storing her mind with useful knowledge; and when at last the annual examination came, not one in the senior class stood higher, or was graduated with more honor than herself. Mrs. Mason, who was there, listened with all a parent's pride and fondness to her adopted child, as she promptly responded to every question. But it was not Mrs. Mason's presence alone which incited Mary to do so well. Among the crowd of spectators she caught a glimpse of a face which twice before she had seen—once in the school room at Rice Corner and once in the graveyard at Chicopee. Turn which way she would, she felt rather than saw how intently Mr. Stuart watched her, and when at last the exercises were over, and she with others arose to receive her diploma, she involuntarily glanced in the direction whence she knew he sat. For an instant their eyes met, and in the expression of his she read an approval warmer than words could have expressed.

That night Mary sat alone in her room, listening almost nervously to the sound of every footstep, and half-starting up if it came near her door. But for certain reasons Mr. Stuart did not think proper to call, and while Mary was confidently expecting him he was several miles on his way home.

In a day or two Mary returned to Chicopee, but did not, like Ella, lay her books aside and consider her education finished. Two or three hours each morning were devoted to study, or reading of some kind. For several weeks nothing was allowed to interfere with this arrangement, but at the end of that time the quiet of Mrs. Mason's house was disturbed by the unexpected arrival of Aunt Martha and Ida, who came up to Chicopee for the purpose of inducing Mrs. Mason and Mary to spend the coming winter in Boston. At first Mrs. Mason hesitated, but every objection which either she or Mary raised was so easily put aside that she finally consented, saying she would be ready to go about the middle of November.

CHAPTER XV.

"Come this way, Mary. I'll show you your chamber. It's right here next to mine," said Ida Selden, as on the evening of her friend's arrival she led her up to a handsomely furnished apartment, which for many weeks had borne the title of "Mary's room."

"Oh, how pleasant!" was Mary's exclamation, as she surveyed the room in which everything was arranged with such perfect taste.

Mary was too happy to speak, and, dropping into the easy-chair, she burst into tears. In a moment Ida, too, was seated in the same chair, with her arm around Mary's neck. Then, as her own eyes chanced to fall upon some vases, she brought one of them to Mary, saying, "See, these are for you—a present from one who bade me present them with his compliments to the little girl who nursed him on board the Windermere, and who cried because he called her ugly!"

Mary's heart was almost audible in its beating, and her cheeks took on the hue of the cushions on which she reclined. Returning the vase to the mantelpiece, Ida came back to her side, and, bending close to her face, whispered: "Cousin George told me of you years ago, when he first came here, but I forgot all about it, and when we were at Mount Holyoke I never suspected that you were the little girl he used to talk so much about. But a few days before he went away he reminded me of it again, and then I understood why he was so much interested in you. I wonder you never told me you knew him, for, of course, you like him. You can't help it."

Mary only heard a part of what Ida said. "Just before he went away." Was he gone, and should she not see him after all? A cloud gathered upon her brow, and Ida, readily divining its cause, replied, "Yes, George is gone. Either he or father must go to New Orleans, and so George, of course, went. Isn't it too bad? I cried and fretted, but he only pulled my ears, and said he should think I'd be glad, for he knew we wouldn't want a six-footer domineering over us, and following us everywhere, as he would surely do were he at home."

Mary felt more disappointed than she was willing to acknowledge, and for a moment she half-wished herself back in Chicopee, but soon recovering her equanimity, she ventured to ask how long George was to be gone.

"Until April, I believe," said Ida; "but anyway you are to stay until he comes, for Aunt Martha promised to keep you. I don't know exactly what George said to her about you, but they talked together more than two hours, and she says you are to take music lessons and drawing lessons, and all that. George is very fond of music."

The next morning between 10 and 11 the doorbell rang, and in a moment Jenny Lincoln, whose father's house was just opposite, came tripping into the parlor. She had lost in a measure that rotundity of person so offensive to her mother, and it seemed to Mary that there was a thoughtful expression on her face never seen there before, but in all other respects she was the same affectionate, merry-hearted Jenny.

"I just this minute heard you were here, and came over just as I was," said she. After asking Mary if she wasn't sorry George had gone, and if she expected to find Mr. Stuart, she said, "I suppose you know Ella is here, and breaking everybody's heart, of course. She went to a concert with us last evening, and looked perfectly beautiful. Henry says she is the handsomest girl he ever saw, and I do hope she'll make something of him, but I'm afraid he is only trifling with her."

If there was a person in the world whom Mary thoroughly detested it was Henry Lincoln, and her eyes sparkled and flashed so indignantly that Ida noticed it, and secretly thought that Henry Lincoln would for once find his match. After a time Mary turned to Jenny, saying, "You haven't told me a word about—about William Bender. Is he well?"

Jenny blushed deeply, and, hastily replying that he was the last time she saw him, started up, whispering in Mary's ear, "Oh, I've got so much to tell you—but I must go now."

Ida accompanied her to the door, and asked why Rose, too, did not call. In her usual frank, open way Jenny answered, "You know why. Rose is so queer."

Ida understood her, and replied, "Very well; but tell her that if she doesn't see fit to notice my visitors I certainly shall not be polite to hers."

This message had the desired effect, for Rose, who was daily expecting a Miss King from Philadelphia, felt that nothing would mortify her more than to be neglected by Ida, who was rather a leader among the young fashionables. Accordingly, after a long consultation with her mother, she concluded it best to call upon Mary. In the course of the afternoon, chancing to be near the front window, she saw Mr. Selden's carriage drive away from his door with Ida and her visitor.

"Now is my time," thought she; and without a word to her mother or Jenny she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and in her thin French slippers stepped across the street and rang Mr. Selden's doorbell. Of course she was "so disappointed not to find the young ladies at home," and, leaving her card for them, tripped back highly pleased with her own cleverness.

Meantime Ida and Mary were enjoying their ride about the city, until, coming suddenly upon an organ grinder and monkey, the spirited horses became frightened and ran, upsetting the carriage and dragging it some distance. Fortunately Ida was only bruised, but Mary received a severe cut upon her head, which, with the fright, caused her to faint. A young man who was passing down the street, and saw the accident, immediately came to the rescue; and when Mary awoke to consciousness Billy Bender was supporting her and gently pushing back from her face the thick braids of her long hair.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the eager voices of the group around; but no one answered until a young gentleman, issuing from one of the fashionable saloons, came blustering up, demanding "what the row was."

Upon seeing Ida, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the crowd to "stand back," at the same time forcing his way forward until he caught a sight of Mary's face.

"Whew! Bill," said he, "your old flame, the pauper, isn't it?"

It was fortunate for Henry Lincoln that Billy Bender's arms were both in use, otherwise he might have measured his length upon the sidewalk. As it was, Billy frowned angrily upon him, and in a fierce whisper bade him beware how he used Miss Howard's name. By this time the horses were caught, another carriage procured, and Mary, still supported by Billy Bender, was carefully lifted into it and borne back to Mr. Selden's house.

Many of Ida's friends, hearing of the accident, flocked in to see and to inquire after the young lady who was injured. Among the first who called was Lizzie Upton from Chicopee. On her way home she stopped at Mrs. Campbell's, where she was immediately beset by Ella, to know "who the beautiful young lady was that Henry Lincoln had so heroically saved from a violent death—dragging her out from under the horses' heels!"

Lizzie looked at her a moment in surprise, and then replied, "Why, Miss Campbell, is it possible you don't know it was your own sister?"

It was Henry Lincoln himself who had given Ella her information, without, however, telling the lady's name; and now, when she learned that 'twas Mary, she was too much surprised to answer, and Lizzie continued: "I think you are laboring under a mistake. It was not Mr. Lincoln who saved your sister's life, but a young law student, whom you perhaps have seen walking with George Moreland."

Ella replied that she never saw George Moreland, as he left Boston before she came; and then as she did not seem at all anxious to know whether Mary was much injured or not, Lizzie soon took her leave. Long after she was gone Ella sat alone in the parlor, wondering why Henry should tell her such a falsehood, and if he really thought Mary beautiful. Poor, simple Ella! She was fast learning to live on Henry Lincoln's smile, to believe each word that he said; to watch nervously for his coming, and to weep if he stayed away.

(To be continued.)

MAKING GIRLS HAPPY ON FARMS

Mrs. Meredith Tells About the School for Farmers' Wives in Minnesota.

What the West is doing in the way of training girls to live happy lives on farms was very ably shown at Huntington hall, Boston, recently by Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, preceptress of the school of agriculture of Minnesota university.

Mrs. Meredith has herself conducted a successful stock farm for many years, and she believes thoroughly in the farm life for young people.

"The farm home," she said, "is to my mind the ideal home, and I am glad to say the thought in our school is always to educate the girl for the life she will have to live.

"At first we had only boys in the school, but when these, noticing that their sisters and sweethearts needed to learn just what they were learning, begged us to take girls, too, we did so, and now for four years we have been training farmers' daughters to make happy farm homes.

"Our girls study side by side with the boys the different breeds of live stock and the various developments of plant life. A farmer's wife needs to know how to tell a shorthorn from a longhorn, and what season is best for planting corn.

"We have been hearing in the past much about the man's desire to get away from the farm. The reason for his restlessness lies in the dissatisfaction of his women folk with farm life. They needed to be taught that it was interesting to make a farm home.

"We give our girls special work adapted to women in the home, such as cookery, which extends through the three years, dairy chemistry, and plant life. Butter-making is not drudgery to the girl who understands the why of it, and sewing is rapidly ceasing to become a lost art now that girls see that patterns are comprehensible things and not Chinese puzzles.

"The girl is taught, too, about textiles, a most interesting subject from the farmer's standpoint; and she attends lectures on household art in which suitability is shown to be the desideratum of a purchase of furniture.

"The application made in our school of mechanical drawing—that of designing model farmhouses—will have a great influence on the coming farm home of Minnesota. When the present generation build houses they will be convenient ones."

An Amusing Trick.

An ingenious trick has turned up which can be played with either matches or tooth-picks—the latter preferably. You simply take up a bunch of matches or tooth-picks, anywhere from one to two dozen, and, holding them tightly in both hands break them in the centre. Then throw them on the table and say,—

"The man who gets the last one pays for the cigars."

At the same time you take out one piece. That makes it absolutely certain—as there must then necessarily be an odd number in the pile—that your companion will get the last piece. It is curious to see how often this trick may be played before the victim can begin to understand the principle upon which it is worked.

Photographing Jewelry.

Photographing jewelry is an excellent way of protecting it, though comparatively few American women take that precaution. In England the custom of wearing jewelry in photographs is much more prevalent than it is in New York. Pictures of English women of wealth and position usually display the entire contents of their jewelry boxes, and their tiaras, stomachers and necklaces are frequently conspicuous enough to be serviceable as a means of identification were they stolen, although thieves rarely dare to keep such things intact for even the briefest time. American women owning valuable jewelry are not likely to possess any photographs of it, unless they were especially taken. And that precaution has so far been observed in few cases.

Chinese Funerals.

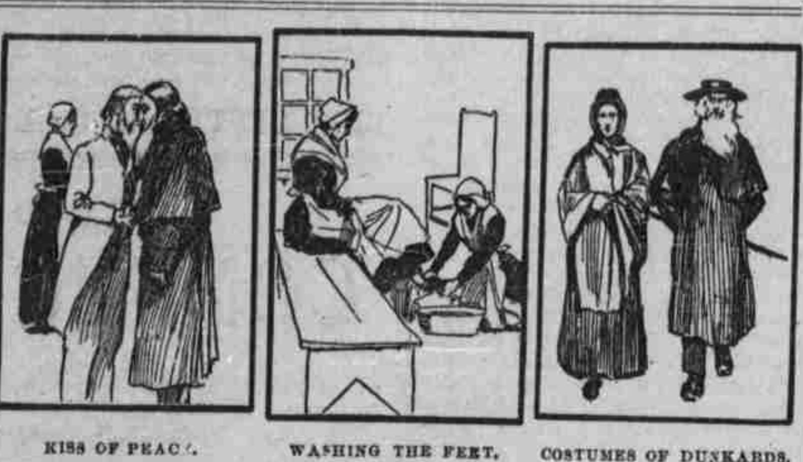
In China funeral processions have the right of way in the streets and all traffic must make way for them.

Among the Dunkards

The Dunkards originated in Germany, out of which country they were driven by persecution early in the eighteenth century. They came to Pennsylvania on the invitation of William Penn, and in that State they throve and grew numerous. Until recently Pennsylvania has been the head center of the Dunkards, but so many of them have emigrated to the farm lands of the far West that the center has now shifted.

It was from one of the Pennsylvania communities that sprang an even more curious and interesting development—that of the monastic Town of Ephreta, Pa., once a manufacturing and commercial metropolis, now a mere village.

Nearly 200 years ago Conrad Beissel, of Dunkard parentage, was baptized into the German Baptist Church. He was a man of great study and pious zeal, and he became convinced that the seventh, instead of the first, day of the week should be observed as the Sabbath day. He wrote tracts in support of this view and urged it so strongly that, to avoid trouble, he was finally compelled to withdraw from membership in the society. He retired into what was then a wilderness and made his home in an old cave on the bank of a river, where he lived the life of a hermit. Gradually some of his friends and others who were convinced that he had the right way of thinking gathered about his cavern, and in 1732 a communistic life was entered upon by those who followed him. The men of the society wore long white flannel gowns and cowls, with shirts, trousers, and vests of the same material. The women were attired in the same way, with the exception that a short petticoat was substituted for the trousers. There were no vows of celibacy taken nor required, though the idea was taught by Beissel. Both the brothers and sisters were known by monastic names. About these two monastic communities gathered a good sized community of people who believed in the doctrines taught by Beissel and wanted to follow him. All property was held in common, and in a few years the farm lands held by the community and worked by the brothers and sisters became extremely productive and valuable. Gradually also flouring mills, paper and saw mills, and woolen mills were erected on the banks of the river by the community, and at one time they were the largest mills of their kind in the United States. The income from all these enterprises was large, and it all went into the common fund and was used for the common support. The community was also active in proselyting, and set up one of the first printing presses in the country to turn out its own books and tracts.



KISS OF PEACE. WASHING THE FEET. COSTUMES OF DUNKARDS.

Now the mills are almost all in ruins. The great estate of the old community has practically passed out of the hands of the few surviving members of the society, and the last of the brothers in white gowns has long since passed away.

The old cloisters, where the brothers and sisters lived until a few years ago, are now leased to a number of families and are fast crumbling into decay. Within their walls one will first be struck with the strange fact that all the doors are extremely small and of the same size, measuring exactly five feet in height and twenty inches in width. This, it is explained by the old Dunkards who still live about Ephreta, was intended to be a constant reminder to the faithful, as they stooped and twisted to get through the doors, that the way which leadeth to eternal life is narrow and steep.

These Dunkards are inclined to live together in communities, though this is less pronounced than formerly. They are cut off from the rest of the world not only by their peculiar dress but by many of the religious beliefs and observances. Altogether they now number more than 100,000 members, though there is not much if any growth in their numbers of recent years. The young people who grow up in the denomination seem to be more and more inclined to leave it in recent years for some faith which will give them more liberty of thought and action.

Every congregation of the Dunkards is entirely independent of the rest and elects its own deacons, ministers, and Bishops. None of the clergy is paid a regular salary, but if he is poor the church members will contribute to his support. When there are questions which involve more than one congregation district and general conferences are held, and the Dunkards meet by the thousands in the open air to settle them.

At every conference, as well as at the love-feasts which are held in every congregation twice a year, the first ceremony is that of the washing of feet. All the men of the congregation sit on one side of the meeting-house and all the women on the other side. Then, as the candles are lit, the members on the front benches remove their shoes and stockings. Men and women come in, carrying tubs of lukewarm water, and a man on the man's side and a woman on the woman's side then wash the feet, one by one, shaking the right hand of each individual as the washing is completed and giving the kiss of peace. Closely following the person who does the washing comes another person, girded about the waist with a long towel, who wipes the feet and bestows the kiss of peace and the right hand of fellowship in his or her turn. As one benchful has the ceremony performed another takes its place until all the congregation has taken part. While the feet washing is in progress the minister makes a brief speech or reads from the Bible some passages alluding to the ceremony.

In the meeting-houses the back of every third bench is so arranged that it can be turned on a pivot and transformed into a table, about which the faithful gather for the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The pew back is covered with a white cloth, upon which are placed large bowls of soup. Three or four people help themselves from each of these bowls. After this the communion itself is administered, and the services conclude with the singing of hymns and preaching.

In case of sickness among the members of the church the orthodox members cling to the ancient ceremonies of anointing the patient with oil and praying over him. Word of each case of illness is sent to the elders of the church and at an appointed time they appear, pour oil upon the head of the sick man, lay their hands upon his head, and offer prayers in his behalf. Baptism is administered in running water and by threefold immersion.

Almost all of the Dunkards are engaged in farming. They will suffer a wrong rather than go to law about it, and are not accustomed to take any part in politics, though more and more of the young men of the church are to be found among those who vote regularly and take an intelligent interest in matters of public policy. The old-fashioned Dunkards pride themselves on the peculiarities which separate them from other people, and are accustomed to refer to the members of thir church as "God's peculiar people." But it is the disinclination of the young people of their church to cut themselves off from others of their own age that has proved to be the greatest weakness of the church. It is said to be barely holding its own at the present time.

A Complimentary Indorsement.

A farmer was traveling to London in quest of legal advice, and during the journey became impressed with the belief that he had left behind certain important papers. As he made a hurried investigation of his bag he said:

"If I did leave those papers I'm a fool."

He continued the search, and a moment later exclaimed:

"I'll bet it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

For the third time he rummaged through the bag, and as he reached the last bundle he repeated:

"Yes, sir, I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

Now the traveling British public greatly resents any disturbance of its solemn silence, and a man on the other side of the compartment, who had listened frowningly to the farmer's definition of his own status, looked over his newspaper and said, with sarcastic interest:

"Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."

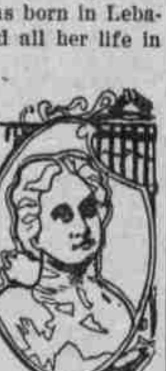
The proposition was not accepted, partly because betting is immoral, and partly because the farmer felt that his companion would have a sure thing.

His Shining Future.

A cab driver of the nighthawk species, who begins to look for his prey even before the sun goes down, patronizes a little Italian bootblack named Tony. Every evening about 6 o'clock he pulls up in front of Tony's stand, climbs from his perch, seats himself in the chair and demands a shine. Tony always responds with great alacrity, but never gets any pay. Still he seems satisfied. "How is it you shine his shoes for nothing?" asked another customer last evening, as the Jehu climbed up to his seat and drove off. "Dat's a Jeem," replied Tony, smiling until his white teeth fairly gleamed. "Jeem is-a ma frien'." "Yes, he seems to be your friend," said the man in the chair. "You give him a shine every night, don't you? What has he ever done for you?" "Oh, Jeem, he's-a all right," replied Tony. "He's a good-a fel. He say to me once: 'Tony, you give-a me a shine evra day, an' some-a time I tak-a you out an' give-a you a ride.'" "How long ago was that?" asked the customer. "T'ree year ago," said Tony, still smiling. "Some-a time, Jeem, he tak-a me out. Jeem, he's a good-a fel."—Philadelphia Record.

A Kentucky Author.

Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy, the author of "Juletty," was born in Lebanon, Ky., and has lived all her life in that State. As a girl Mrs. McElroy joined in all her father's sports and lived an out-of-doors-life. This manner of living she kept up after her marriage, and it was while riding to hounds with her husband that she was thrown from her horse and made an invalid for life. She wrote "Juletty" under the most trying circumstances. While the author lay on her back or when scarce able to hold a pen, she picked out the words with one hand on a typewriter. Yet she writes with a fullness of life and joyousness that any lover of field sports might envy.



MRS. M'ELROY.

Origin of "Grass Widow."

Society in India, it appears from the Bengal papers, is being disturbed just now over the origin of the term "grass widow," and a considerable amount of research has been directed to the subject. So far the inquiries made have succeeded in tracing the word back to the year 1844, when it was used in the Calcutta Review. In the opinion of qualified philologists the term is a corruption of the much older one "grace widow." This is derived from "vidua de gratia," which may be interpreted literally as "widow by favor."—London News.

Great Men's Playfellows.

Thomas Jefferson's happiest hours were spent in working and playing with his children and grandchildren. Charles Dickens found his best recreation in the same way. Abraham Lincoln soothed the anxieties of war days by romping with his boys in the White House. And New England's grand old man, Everett Hale, has kept young in spite of a long life of hard public labor by cultivating the society of his children and their children.—Indianapolis News.

The Biggest Clock in America.

The biggest clock in America is in the tower of a public building in Philadelphia. It is 351 feet from the pavement. Its bell weighs over 20,000 pounds. The dial is 25 feet in diameter, the minute hand 12 feet long, and the hour hand 9 feet, the numerals on the face being 2 feet 8 inches in length. A three-horse-power engine winds the clock.

Some Distinction in That.

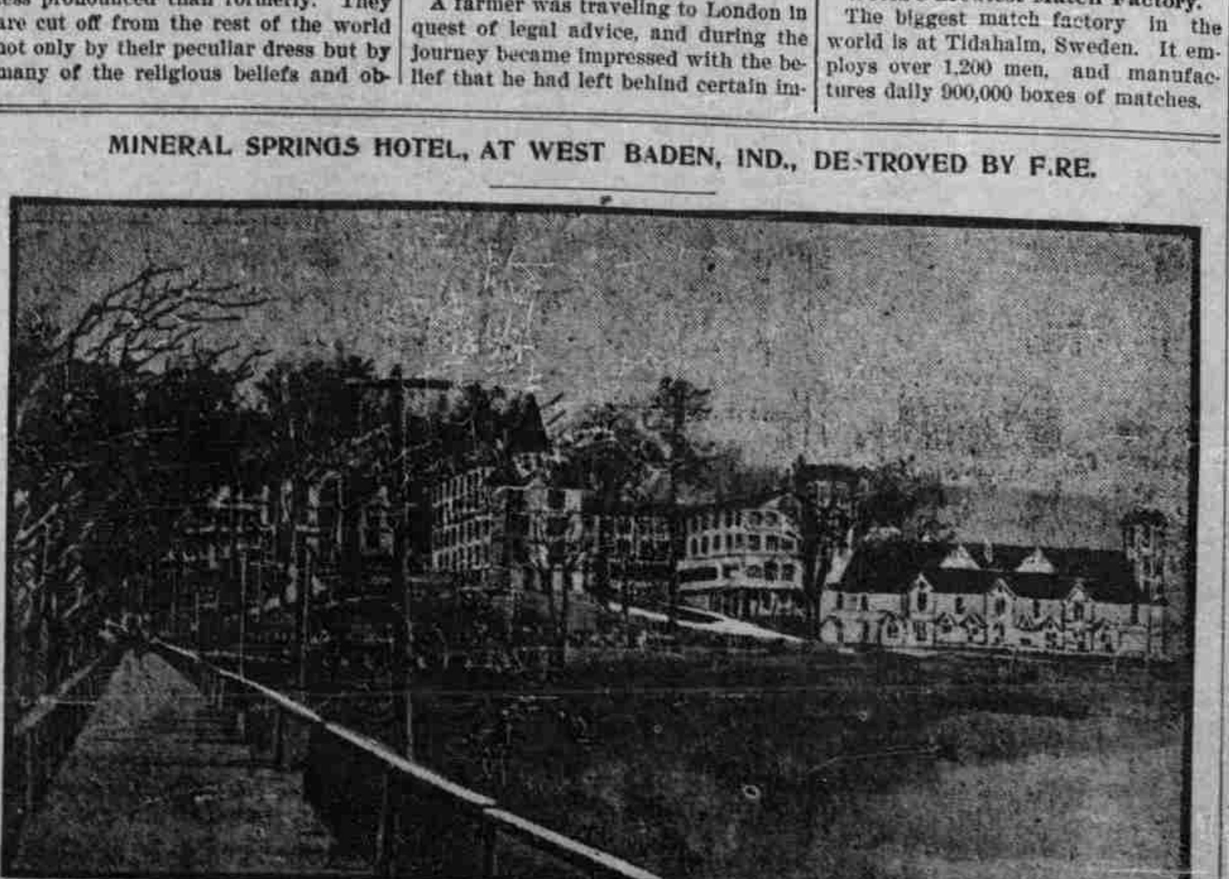
She—Don't let my refusal of your proposal embitter you, Mr. Simpkins.

He—Oh, no; after all, it is something to have been rejected by a girl who owns a $500 dog.

World's Greatest Match Factory.

The biggest match factory in the world is at Tidahalm, Sweden. It employs over 1,200 men, and manufactures daily 900,000 boxes of matches.

MINERAL SPRINGS HOTEL, AT WEST BADEN, IND., DESTROYED BY FIRE.



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Arrive The Dalles 3 p.m. | Arrive Portland 11 p.m.

Meals the Very Best.

This route has the grandest scenic attractions on earth. Sunday trips a leading feature.

Landing and office, foot of Alder street. Both 'phones, Main 351, Portland, Or.

E. W. CRICHTON, Agent, Portland.
JOHN M. FILLOON, Agent, The Dalles.
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PRATHER & BARNES,
Agents at Hood River

O.R.&N.
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES From Hood River.	ARRIVE
Chicago Special 11:25 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Portland Special 2:05 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p.m.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Portland Flyer 4:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 5:42 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:45 a. m. Tues., Thur and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 3:35 a. m. daily	SNAKE RIVER. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 9 a. m. daily

For low rates and other information write to

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
J. BAGLEY, Agent, Hood River.