

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

While the family were making arrangements to move from Glenwood to Chicopee, Henry for the first time in his life began to see how little use he was to himself or any one else. Nothing was expected of him, consequently nothing was asked of him, he began to wonder how he himself was henceforth to exist. His father would be in California, and he had too much pride to lounge around the old homestead, which had come to them through George Moreland's generosity.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he, too, would go with his father—he would help him repair their fortunes—he would be a man, and when he returned home, he would paint a joyful meeting with his mother and Jenny, who should be proud to acknowledge him as a son and brother. Mr. Lincoln warmly acceded his resolution, which possibly would have never been carried out had not Henry heard of Miss Perkins's engagement with a rich old bachelor, whom he had often heard her ridicule. Cursing the fickleness of the fair lady, and half-wishing that he had not broken with Ella, whose fortune, though not what he had expected, was considerable, he bade adieu to his native sky, and two weeks after the family removed to Chicopee, he sailed with his father for the land of gold.

But alas! The tempter was there before him, and in an unguarded moment he fell. The newly made grave, the new rose coffin, the pale, dead sister and the solemn vow were all forgotten and a debauch of three weeks was followed by a violent fever, which in a few days cut short his mortal career. He died alone, with none but his father to witness his wild ravings, in which he called out to Ella, the pale, dead sister and the solemn vow were all forgotten and a debauch of three weeks was followed by a violent fever, which in a few days cut short his mortal career.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Great was the excitement in Rice Corner when it was known that on the evening of the 10th of September a grand wedding would take place in the parlour of Mrs. Mason. Mary was to be married to the "richest man in Boston," so the story ran, and what was better yet, the many of the neighbors were to be invited. Almost every day, whether pleasant or not, Jenny Lincoln came over to discuss the matter, and to ask if it were not time to send for William, who was to be one of the groomsmen, while she, together with Ida, were to officiate as bridesmaids. In this last capacity Ella had been requested to act, but the tears came quickly to her large mournful eyes and turning away, she wondered how Mary could thus mock her grief!

From one fashionable watering place to another Mrs. Campbell had taken her and finding that nothing there had power to rouse her drooping energies, she had toward the close of the summer, brought her back to Chicopee, hoping that old scenes and familiar faces would effect what novelty and excitement had failed to do. All unworship as Henry Lincoln had been, his sad death had cast a dark shadow across Ella's path—she, who after hour would see her in a letter from her father, who told her of the closing scene, when Henry called for her to cool the heat of his fevered brow. Every word and look of tenderness was treasured up, and the belief fondly cherished that he had always loved her thus, else why in the last fearful struggle was she alone remembered of all the dear ones in his distant home?

The bridal day was bright, beautiful and balmy, as the first days of September often are, and when the sun went down the full silvery moon came softly up, as if to shower her blessings upon the nuptials about to be celebrated. Many and brilliant lights were flashed, many the windows of Mrs. Mason's cottage. And now guest after guest flitted down the narrow staircase and entered the parlor, which with the bedroom adjoining, was soon filled. Ever long Mr. Seldon seemed to be the master of ceremonies, appearing. Immediately the crowd fell back, leaving a vacant space in front of the mirror. The busy hum of voices died away, and only a few suppressed whispers of, "There! Look!—See!—Oh, my!" were heard, as the bridal party took their places.

Among the first to congratulate "Mrs. Moreland" was Sally Furber, followed by Mrs. Perkins, who whispered to George that "she kinder had a notion how 'twould end when she first saw him in the school house; but I'm glad you've got him," turning to Mary, "for it must be easier livin' in the city than keepin' school. You'll have a hired girl, I s'pose?" When supper was announced the widow made herself very useful in waiting upon the table and asking some of the Boston ladies "if they'd be helped to anything in them dishes," pointing to the finger glasses, which now for the first time appeared in Rice Corner! The half-suppressed mirth of the ladies convinced the widow that she'd made a blunder, and perfectly disgusted with "new-fangled fashions," she retreated into the kitchen, where she found things more to her taste, and "thanked her stars she could, if she liked, eat with her fingers, and wipe them on her pocket handkerchief."

Soon after her engagement Mary had asked that Sally should go with her to her city home. To this George willingly assented, and it was decided that she should remain with Mrs. Mason until the bridal party returned from the western tour they were intending to take. Sally knew nothing of this arrangement until the morning of the wedding, when she was told that she was not to return to the poorhouse again.

"And verily, I have this day met with a great deliverance," said she, and tears, the first shed in many a year, mingled with the old creature's thanks for this unexpected happiness. As Mary was leaving she whispered in her ear, "If your travels lead you near my Willie's grave drop a tear on it for my sake. You'll find it under the bare trees, where the tall grass and wild flowers grow."

George had relatives in Chicago, and after spending a short time in that city Mary, remembering Sally's request, expressed a desire to visit the spot renowned as the burial place of "Willie and

IT WAS GEN. CROOK'S JOKE.

He Paid the Bill and Therefore Had a Right to Laugh.

"To most people the late General George Crook, the Indian fighter, was a solemn man, but he loved a practical joke," said Colonel "Joe" Iler to a New York Tribune man. "Back in the '70s, soon after he was made a Brigadier General and stationed at Omaha, General Crook organized a wildcat hunting party among a lot of us, and one moonlight night we started across the prairie from Omaha for the fort. The plan was to sleep at the fort and at daylight start for the wildcats. After we were all fast asleep General Crook came downstairs without any shoes on and took from our rifles the ball cartridges, replacing them with blanks. On the way to the woods the General indicated the order in which he wished us to fire on the first wildcat in case we should see the beast. We had hardly reached the woods before General Crook rose in his saddle and said:

"By thunder, boys, here's a cat right in the crotch of that fir! Drop off your wagon and bag him!"

"We were on the ground in a twinkling, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were blazing away at a monstrous big wildcat which was lugging the hind of the tree. The cat never stirred. And the successive shots were fired, and the hunters looked at one another with open-mouthed astonishment. We looked around for General Crook, and found him behind a stump laughing away to beat the band. At once it flashed on us that we had been hoaxed. The General had just straightened up and was beginning to explain the joke when the driver, a hired man at the fort, pulled from under a blanket in the wagon a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot. The General didn't see him fire, but he turned around just in time to see tufts of fur and hair fly from the wildcat as it dropped from the tree.

"Off went the General into another fit of laughter. But this time the laugh was on himself, for the hired man had poured both charges of buckshot into a beautifully stuffed wildcat, completely ruining it. The General subsequently paid the saloonkeeper from whom he had borrowed it about \$15. All that Crook said was:

"Boys, it was worth a hundred dollars apiece to see five good marksmen miss a wildcat in broad daylight at thirty paces!"

Calling the Doctor.

A good story is told of Dr. X., who is the physician in charge of the female wards of one of our best known charitable institutions. One evening about 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant girl, knocked at the door, saying: "Doctor, the head nurse wants you to come down to supper."

The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl away with a curt message. Half an hour later the head nurse came to his room looking very serious.

"Doctor," she said, "number 8 is very bad indeed. I think you ought to see her at once."

"Why did you not let me know before?" was the reply.

"Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I sent you word by Mary half an hour ago."

"The fool!" said the doctor. "She told me to come down to supper!"

"Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to supper!"

An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say, "Come down to supper" than to say, "Come down to eat."

SMART BOYS IN WALL STREET.

Messenger Boys Who Devise Means for Beating the Bucket Shops.

Wall street sharpens the wits of boys and frequently tempts them to dishonesty. In one case, says the New York Sun, a boy who carried orders from the office partner of the firm to the board found that a certain bucket shop seemed to know of his orders even before they were placed. Individual orders do not always affect the market, but this particular firm represented interests that did frequently control the rise and fall of certain stocks. The messenger was carefully watched, but at first nothing out of the way could be discovered about him. He went straight to the exchange and hurried as though his life depended on it. In his haste he often collided with other boys. Finally it was noticed that whenever he had an order of any importance he invariably whispered to him the order which he had on a slip of paper, disentangled himself from the mix-up, and sped along to the exchange. The second boy ran to a bucket shop in the neighborhood, turned in the tip, and his friends there acted on the firm's order even before it had reached the floor.

Another scheme which stirred up the whole exchange was worked by four boys. Three of them were messengers. The fourth was an expert telegrapher. None of the four was more than 15 years old.

The young telegrapher was in the telegraph room of the stock exchange, and, although he wasn't one of the operators, he could read by ear everything that came over the wire. When anything important turned up he gave information at once to a boy outside. It was never found out exactly how he did it, but the boy outside the door had a baseball whose cover was slit. He tucked the slip of paper under the cover, addressed her as "Miss," and then he threw a hot ball to another boy half a block down the street. This third boy drove the ball to a fourth boy, at the door of a well-known bucket shop.

This boy took out the slip, read it, and made bucket shop deals accordingly. The boys had only a few hundred dollars to start the game with, but they always won; and, in times of great excitement and fluctuation they made big sums, for they had their information before news of the big movement could reach the bucket shop through the ordinary channels. The bucket shop brought about the exposure.

A scheme very similar was worked on the consolidated stock and petroleum exchange by three boys, only in this case the boys passed it up along by a sign language and the third boy, posted at the door of the exchange, ordered his broker to act upon the news.

THE WORST.

"I went into town yesterday," said the Longwell man, who thinks he has all the fashionable diseases except housemaid's knee, "and I told my doctor that I insisted upon knowing the worst."

"Yes," said his friend, with a world of sympathy in his voice, "and what did he tell you?"

"He said his bill came to \$79,"—Montreal Star.

MILD FORM OF INSANITY.

"Crunker pays as he goes," "Has plenty of money, eh?" "No; merely eccentric."—Smart Set.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

As usual he was monopolizing the newspaper.

"Please let me have the woman's page," she said.

He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full-page advertisement of a millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own joke.—Chicago Evening Post.

It Would seem So.

Ruberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Ruberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's failed at it.

Little Would Have His Ways.

Little Freddie—Mamma, doesn't Uncle Bob like plum pudding?

Mamma—Yes, but the doctor won't let him eat it.

Little Freddie—Well, if was as big as him there wouldn't be any doctor big enough to stop me.—Boston Herald.

Not Up to the Mark.

Magazine Editor—Haven't you got a poem to go on this page?

Assistant—Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it.

Magazine Editor—That won't do. I want something that will puzzle everybody.—Judge.

Wanted.

"But how do you pass your time?" asked the lady from the city of the retired business man who had settled on a farm.

"Well," said the retired business man, "I spend a good deal of it in explaining to inquirers how I got along out here."—Somerville Journal.

An Exhibition Street.

Mamma—The whippings you got yesterday doesn't seem to have improved you. Your conduct has been even worse to-day.

Willie—That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was bad as I possibly could be yesterday, an' I knew you was wrong.—Philadelphia Record.

Gen'tle Reminder.

Borem (consulting his watch)—Isn't your clock a little slow, Miss Cutting?

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—No, I think not; but there are times when it does seem so.

Best She Could Do.

Guest—Waitress, there's a blonde hair in my soup.

Blonde Waitress—Shall I dye my hair black to please you?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Then She Brought the Pie.

Mrs. Strongminded—Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid 'th' same wages as men.—New York Weekly.

Tried Moral Fusion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Don't do any whipping here, eh?

Eastern Pedagogue—No; we use moral fusion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Moral fusion, eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.—New York Weekly.

Chasing the Fox.

She—Is your friend going to marry the widow?

He—I think not. He told me he had a better offer.—The Smart Set.

Those Loving Girls.

Maudie—Do you think my new hat is becoming dear?

Clara—Yes, indeed. Why, it actually makes you look ten years younger.

A Cheaper Way.

Doctor—To take the rest cure will cost you \$100 a week.

Henpeck—Why, doctor, I can send my wife away to the country for half that.—Judge.

Very Queer.

"It's mighty queer that Frank Tickleton should turn out to be a defaulter," remarked Tenspot.

"That's what it is," added Bunting. "Nobody ever heard him alluded to as Honest Frank Tickleton."—Knack.

Her Dear Friend's Knock.

Nell—Does Miss Antique come of an old family?

Belle—Both her parents are over 90, and still living.—Philadelphia Record.

United States' Ingratitude.

Robert Morris rendered inestimable service to his adopted country by putting his private fortune into the breach in those early days when the infant nation was in the closest of financial straits, says a writer in the July Lippincott.

The \$1,500,000 which made it possible for Washington to carry on the campaign against Lord Cornwallis was raised entirely upon his own personal security. For the most trying eight years of our history this noble man stood at the monetary helm of our government and guided it through many perils. Years after, in his old age, unfortunate land speculation ruined him. His creditors demanded immediate payment. His country could have saved Morris by paying back a tithe of what he had freely given to it in its time of need. This was not done.

To our lasting disgrace he was thrown into a debtor's prison and died there, an old man of 72.

Some music is given out by the choir, but the drummer dispenses it by the pound.

A PROTEST.

"Why am I going to thrash you, Ferdinand?"

"I dunno. Ain't it had enough to have a whackin' without havin' to answer conundrums as well?"—Ally Sloper.

His Preference.

Oldham—Are you going to the lecture to-night on "The Girl of To-day"?

Younger—Guess not. The girl of to-night is more attractive.

Professional Humourist.

Diggs—Your friend, the doctor, is a funny fellow, isn't he?

Biggs—In what way is he funny?

Diggs—Why, he's always taking somebody off.

Real vs. Ideal.

Rural Visitor—Doesn't it cost an awful lot to live in the city?

Native—No, it doesn't cost much to live; trying to keep up appearances is what paralyzes a man's bank account.

He Thought the Ring.

He (cautiously)—Would you—or—ob—ob—ob if I were to call you by your first name?

She—No, indeed. I don't like my surname, anyway.

He—If you could change it what name would you choose?

She—Yours.

Just Like a Man.

"You lived on a Texas ranch for a number of years, I believe," said the man.

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Like it?" queried the man.

"No; it was too lonesome; no neighbors to talk to," answered the woman.

"You mean there were no neighbors to talk about," said the man.

It All Depends.

Young Mother—After all, nothing is so perfect as a baby.

Bachelor Brother—That's right—especially as a nuisance.

Why Didn't He Pull the Teeth?

Carpenter—Well, boy, have you ground all the tools, as I told you, while I've been out?

Boy (newly apprised)—Yes, master, all but this 'ere 'andsaw. An' I can't quite get the gaps out of it.—Punch.

His Little Joke.

Finlagan—Of heat hev you a girrl baby at your house, McManus. Phwat is it yet or after callin' 'th' infant?"

McManus—Shure an' it do be Caroline 'th' owid woman tells me, but Oi call her Carrie for short, Oi dunno.

Finlagan—Carrie, is it, McManus? Faith, an' that's a good name for a faye-made missin' boy, Oi'm thinkin'.

Just to Be Pleasant.

Nell—You surely don't think Jenkins' wife pretty.

Belle—Certainly not.

"But you told Mary Sowers she was just lovely."

"That was because Mary was an old flame of Jenkins'."—Philadelphia Record.

An Inquiry.

Suburbanite—Pulsington was one of the most successful men we ever had in our place.

City Friend—Yes? Succeeded in selling out at his?—Puck.

A Sharp-Tongued Woman.

Mrs. Wicks—When my husband says anything I have to take it with a grain of salt.

Mr. Hicks—When my wife says anything I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.—Somerville Journal.

No Harm Would Result.

"Do you mean to say a man might smoke cigarettes constantly for a week without any particular harm resulting?"

"Certainly."

"Why, it would kill him."

"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously affect any one else."—Philadelphia Press.

Real Selfish.

Mrs. Seldom Home—Do you know anything about that family that is moving into the flat in the next block.

Mrs. Nextdoor—No, but I think they are rather selfish, disagreeable people. They took all their household furniture there in these big, covered vans, so nobody could tell what it looked like.—Chicago Tribune.

These Husbands of Husbands.

"Did your husband go with you to your picnic, Mrs. Jones?"

"No; his employer is so mean he wouldn't let poor Henry off, but Henry gave him a good talking to about it, and I guess he got ashamed of himself, for he said Henry could have a two days' fishing trip."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Up to the Mark.

Magazine Editor—Haven't you got a poem to go on this page?

Assistant—Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it.

Magazine Editor—That won't do. I want something that will puzzle everybody.—Judge.

Little Would Have His Ways.

Little Freddie—Mamma, doesn't Uncle Bob like plum pudding?

Mamma—Yes, but the doctor won't let him eat it.

Little Freddie—Well, if was as big as him there wouldn't be any doctor big enough to stop me.—Boston Herald.

Wanted.

"But how do you pass your time?" asked the lady from the city of the retired business man who had settled on a farm.

"Well," said the retired business man, "I spend a good deal of it in explaining to inquirers how I got along out here."—Somerville Journal.

An Exhibition Street.

Mamma—The whippings you got yesterday doesn't seem to have improved you. Your conduct has been even worse to-day.

Willie—That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was bad as I possibly could be yesterday, an' I knew you was wrong.—Philadelphia Record.

Gen'tle Reminder.

Borem (consulting his watch)—Isn't your clock a little slow, Miss Cutting?

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—No, I think not; but there are times when it does seem so.

Best She Could Do.

Guest—Waitress, there's a blonde hair in my soup.

Blonde Waitress—Shall I dye my hair black to please you?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Then She Brought the Pie.

Mrs. Strongminded—Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid 'th' same wages as men.—New York Weekly.

Tried Moral Fusion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Don't do any whipping here, eh?

Eastern Pedagogue—No; we use moral fusion.

Hoosier Schoolmaster—Moral fusion, eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.—New York Weekly.

Chasing the Fox.

She—Is your friend going to marry the widow?

He—I think not. He told me he had a better offer.—The Smart Set.

Those Loving Girls.

Maudie—Do you think my new hat is becoming dear?

Clara—Yes, indeed. Why, it actually makes you look ten years younger.

A Cheaper Way.

Doctor—To take the rest cure will cost you \$100 a week.

Henpeck—Why, doctor, I can send my wife away to the country for half that.—Judge.

Very Queer.

"It's mighty queer that Frank Tickleton should turn out to be a defaulter," remarked Tenspot.

"That's what it is," added Bunting. "Nobody ever heard him alluded to as Honest Frank Tickleton."—Knack.

Her Dear Friend's Knock.

Nell—Does Miss Antique come of an old family?

Belle—Both her parents are over 90, and still living.—Philadelphia Record.

United States' Ingratitude.

Robert Morris rendered inestimable service to his adopted country by putting his private fortune into the breach in those early days when the infant nation was in the closest of financial straits, says a writer in the July Lippincott.

The \$1,500,000 which made it possible for Washington to carry on the campaign against Lord Cornwallis was raised entirely upon his own personal security. For the most trying eight years of our history this noble man stood at the monetary helm of our government and guided it through many perils. Years after, in his old age, unfortunate land speculation ruined him. His creditors demanded immediate payment. His country could have saved Morris by paying back a tithe of what he had freely given to it in its time of need. This was not done.

To our lasting disgrace he was thrown into a debtor's prison and died there, an old man of 72.

Some music is given out by the choir, but the drummer dispenses it by the pound.

GEO. P. CROWELL,
(Successor to E. L. Smith,
Oldest Established House in the Valley.)

DEALER IN

**Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware,
Flour and Feed, etc.**

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods, it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Davenport Bros.

Are running their two mills, planer and box factory, and can fill orders for

LUMBER

Boxes, Wood and Posts

ON SHORT NOTICE.

DAVIDSON FRUIT CO.
SHIPPERS OF
HOOD RIVER'S FAMOUS FRUITS.
PACKERS OF THE
Wood River Brand of Canned Fruits.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Boxes and Fruit Packages
DEALERS IN
Fertilizers & Agricultural Implements.

THE REGULATOR LINE.

Dalles, Portland & Astoria
Navigation Co.

DALLES BOAT

Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland,
7 A. M. and 11 P. M.

PORTLAND BOAT

Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.
Dally Except Sunday.

STEAMERS

Regulator, Dalles City, Reliance.

WHITE COLLAR LINE.

Str. "Tahoma,"

Daily Round Trip, except Sunday.
TIME CARD
Leave Portland 7 A.M. Leave Astoria, 7 A.M.

The Dalles-Portland Route

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Daily Round Trip, except Monday.
VAN-OVERIER, CASABE, LUCKS, STEARNS, SPRINGS, HOOD RIVER, WHITE SALMON, LYLE and THE DALLES.
TIME CARD
Leave Portland 7 A.M. Leave Dalles 10 A.M. Arrive The Dalles 10 P.M.

Meals the Very Best.

This route has the grandest scenic attraction on earth. Sunday trips a leading feature. Landing and office, foot of Alder street, both phones, Main 52, Portland, Or.

E. W. CRICHTON, Agent, Portland.
JOHN M. FILLMORE, Agent, The Dalles.
A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria.
ETHEL MOULTON, Agent, Vancouver.

PRATHER & BARNES,
Agents at Hood River

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

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM HOOD RIVER	ARRIVE
Chicago Special 11:20 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, etc.	Portland Special 2:50 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Missoula, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, etc.	Portland Flyer 4:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:57 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, etc.	Mail and Express 4:42 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:50 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—call every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
SUNDAY 10:00 p. m.	To Astoria and Way Landings	
6:40 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River, Oregon City, Newberg, Main, Independence & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
4:45 a. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat.	Willamette River, Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
1:15 p. m. Wed. & Sat.	Snake River, Riparia to Lewiston	1:15 p. m. daily

For low rates and other information write to
A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
J. BAILEY, Agent, Hood River.