

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon had shone upon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window. I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till morning.

When I awoke my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define.

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no answer."

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment.

"My dear Martin—I know all now. Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now, I am calm, and I can think it all over quite easily."

"It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna says so as well as I, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that a strange person, whose very name you do not know, a Dobree could not make an adventuress his wife. Then you have seen so little of her. Three times, since the week you were there in March. What is that compared to the years we have spent together? It is impossible that your heart of hearts should love her more than me."

"I cannot give up the thought of our home, just finished and so pretty. It was so pleasant this afternoon, before you came in with your dreadful thunder-bolt. It was during what a good wife I would be to you; and how, in my own house, I should never be tempted into those tiresome tempers you have seen in me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof against that person in Bark."

"I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make professions and demonstrations of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never selfish, and you can do noble things. But it would be a noble thing to conquer an ignoble love. How could Martin Dobree fall in love with an unknown adventuress?"

"I shall remain in the house all day tomorrow, and if you can come to see me, feeling that this has been a dream of folly from which you have awakened, I will not ask you to own it. That you come at all will be a sign to me that you wish it forgotten and blotted out between us, as if it had never been."

"With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still."

"Your affectionate,"

"JULIA."

I pondered over Julia's letter as I dressed. There was not a word of resentment in it. It was a letter of affectionate thought for me. But what reasoning! I had not known Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could not love her as truly!

which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm. "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could, "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best to be most true, most faithful to you. But my motive for coming now is to tell you some particulars about your property, which my father made known to me only last night."

"It was a miserable task for me; but I told her simply the painful discovery I had made. She sat listening with a dark and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of fortune was concerned."

"Yes, she said bitterly, when I had finished, 'robbed by the father and jilted by the son.'"

"I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said.

"It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner. "I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged. "It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I did not know my own heart till a word from Captain Carey revealed it to me; and I told you frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I believed it right to do so. If you demand it, I will even promise not to see Olivia again, or to hold direct communication with her. Surely that is all you ought to require from me."

"No," she replied vehemently, "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another woman better than me? You must have a very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsehood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal to hers.

"You had better leave me," she said, "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would say to me, and she looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door, but could not make good my escape without a counteracting Johanna.

"It is all wrong," I answered, "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her."

"All the world will think you have behaved very badly," she said.

I rode home again, Bark lying in full view before me, and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia.

Four days passed without any sign from Julia. My father had gone off on a visit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her fretful ways, we enjoyed considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold tempest. I met cold glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion—my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women servants flouted at me.

CHAPTER XI.

One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in London. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been sent for, but she reached the hotel in a separate car.

The landlady received us with a portentous air. Dr. Collas had spoken of my father in the course of his visit, and as for herself, she had not the smallest hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

Never worked from his birth to his death, invented a valuable device to save his own labor and finally bought an easy demise.

The laziest man in New England is dead.

Joseph A. Bingham was 50 years old and never in the memory of any acquaintance had he done a stroke of work. He was born, reared, lived and died in Andover, Conn. Bingham was so lazy, says the Boston Post, that the sight of a woodpile, saw-horse and saw made his head ache. The sight of men at work caused him to have fits. He usually took them under the shade of a big elm in front of the town tavern. He never washed his face, combed his hair, wore a collar nor laced his shoes. All these little minor things required some degree of animation, and Bingham abhorred animation.

Born of well-to-do parents, he was supported by their wealth as long as they lived, then a legacy was left him in trust, which the selectmen doled out to him. He hoarded at Andover inn for years, until his money was gone, then the scene shifted to a little house provided by the selectmen. Here it was charged that he was too lazy to cut the wood given him, too lazy to draw water from the nearby well, too lazy to tip his shoes. It was too much work to put on a collar, and as for cooking a meal, he would starve rather than do it.

Several years ago when he became a town charge, an effort was made to get work out of him, but it proved a flat failure. He was let out to a farmer to assist in threshing grain. Bingham was given the position of taking away the shucked straw after it has passed through the whirling threshing machine. He watched the machine work for a few minutes and then, with a hammer and nails and two or three pieces of board, rigged up a device which, when attached to a crank on the feeder, served to carry the discharged straw away to the dump. This single effort prospered Bingham and he took a nap forthwith.

Some one recognized the value of the new device, and the idea was patented in Bingham's name as a joke. A short time later an agent for a threshing machine company came to Andover and woke Bingham up. The agent found him under his favorite tree asleep, as usual. The agent talked; Bingham looked disturbed. The agent wanted the name of the patent; Bingham wanted to be left alone. Finally the exasperated agent, getting no replies from the lazy man, raised his bids by degrees from \$50 to \$500. Bingham turned over and settled himself to take a well-earned rest. Then the agent gave him a paper to sign, but Bingham was sleeping the sleep of the weary. The agent gave up and left town. Bingham slept on. His sleep was never disturbed by the thought of the fortune that knocked at his door.

For the first time in 25 years he looked into a mirror. What he saw there was his own reflection. He walked out and deliberately began a nap in front of an approaching train. It ended his life easily. No exertion on his part was needed, as there would have been if he had used a pistol, rope or poison.

NEW SEEDS' WATERMELONS.

Secret of Raising them Said to Have Been Discovered in Colorado.

Former State Senator Swink has been working on the seedless melon proposition many years. During the long winter nights he sat up and wrestled with the great problem, "How can we do it?" Often daylight found him examining minutely and microscopically the seeds he had cut and hacked and desiccated, in his efforts to determine how to get along without them. And early one morning about five months ago, so it is related, Mr. Swink came bounding into breakfast after one of his all-night sessions and startled his wife and children by shouting in a perfect spasm of glee: "I've got it! I can do it!"

Then, it is said, he rushed away without explaining to his astonished family what on earth he meant.

But Mrs. Swink is reputed to have said: "Never mind; father knows." And as "father" stands quite well in the estimation of his family, the mere knowledge that he knew was quite sufficient for all. Swink selected certain kinds of seeds, planted them at certain unusual distances apart and began to wait for the first signs of their germination. After spying on the plants as they grew, it became known that he had really put some momentous enterprise on foot.

Later Mr. Swink brought and laid before his family and friends a huge, long green melon, and, dividing it clearly by one stroke of his big knife, displayed to them the pink interior of a splendid melon sphere without a single seed. This was but the small beginning of a great end. Of course, Mr. Swink will not reveal the secret process by which he cut off a melon's hope of posterity and at the same time renders its seedling presence here most beneficent and beloved.—Denver Post.

HE JOINED THE SHOW.

But Twenty-four Hours' Work Without Sleep Was Too Much.

"I haven't been to a circus for forty years," declared the well-known business man with a chuckle, according to the Detroit Free Press. "The fact is that I always feel like leaving town whenever I hear that one is coming, for fear that I might meet the man to whom I lured out as a circus hand in the days when I was young."

"I suppose there is a period in every boy's life when his only ambition is to belong to a circus. I know there was in mine, and I had it satisfied in the shortest time on record. A small show had pitched its tents on the village green in the little town where I lived, and I desired to adopt the profession right then and there. I applied to the boss for a job and was accepted on the spot as a razzback. What is a razzback? Well, he is a member of the leading gang. You unloved in the

morning and raise her back at sight. I was simply appalled by the amount of work that came my way, followed by such profanity that I never hope to hear again. I was kept on the jump till midnight, when we had the outfit all loaded up, and I breathed a sigh of relief, which quickly gave way to one of despair when the boss told me to drive the wagon that had the tents loaded on it. In those days the only means of traveling was by wagon.

"Say, mister," said I, timidly, "when do we sleep?"

"Sleep?" he roared; "we don't sleep here!"

"I felt that was a fact, as I knew we had an all-night ride ahead of us, with the weary work of unloading as soon as we did arrive. But, as far as I was concerned, tired nature gave out and I was sound asleep before we had gone a mile. I awoke just as day was breaking and found myself on a lonely country road and without the slightest idea where I was. From a country boy who chanced to come along I learned that the town I was supposed to be headed for was thirty miles away, and that I was getting farther away from it every minute. When I realized my position my teeth commenced to chatter. But suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"Say, I said to the boy, 'do you want a pass to the show?'

"You bet," said he.

"Well, said I, 'drive this wagon to the town where the show is and I will see that you get in. One of our elephants has escaped and I have got to capture him.'

"Then I made for home. I never heard what they did to that country boy when he arrived. I hope they didn't kill him."

Science and Invention

The period of five seconds between a flash of lightning and thunder means that the flash was a mile distant from the observer. Thunder has never been heard over 14 miles from the flash, though artillery has been heard at 120 miles.

It is said to be only a question of time before the Bermuda Islands will sink under the ocean. The geological theory is that the islands are merely the remnant of one large island. The subsidence within a comparatively recent period has been from 80 to 100 feet.

The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the day was 22 hours; millions of years before that it was 21 hours. As we look backward into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology began, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

The Russian people are fond of tea, and efforts are being made to develop important tea plantations in the Caucasus. Nearly half a century ago it was found that the tea-plant could be grown in gardens on the shores of the Black Sea, but at first it was cultivated only as a curiosity or for ornament. Since 1890 plantations of considerable extent have been formed, and while the cultivators have not succeeded in imitating the fine flavor of Chinese, Ceylonese or Indian teas, yet the demand among the peasants for tea of some kind is so great that even the Caucasian variety finds a market. The Russian government is trying to encourage the cultivation.

The city of Paris is being rapidly supplied with a system of public clocks worked by compressed air under electrical control. The entire area of the city is divided into sections about a mile and three-quarters in radius, and in the center of each section is a sub-station provided with a reservoir of compressed air, from which air-pipes extend to all the clocks included in the section. By means of electro-magnets, energized every minute with currents from a commutator controlled by a master-clock at the central station, the air-pipes are intermittently connected with the reservoirs, and thus the compressed air, once every minute, drives forward the hands of the clocks.

It is generally known that some species of birds are able to imitate the songs of other birds, but a more surprising fact is related by a French naturalist, Monsieur Coupin, concerning a sparrow which learned the shrill chant of grasshoppers. The insects happened to be confined in a cage hung beside the sparrow's cage, but it was not until a year afterward, when again the bird and the grasshoppers were neighbors, that the sparrow was heard imitating the notes of the insects. All the rest of its life, and long after the grasshoppers from whom it had taken its lessons were dead, the sparrow continued to intermingle with its own songs the peculiar music of its lost friends.

"Plus" Man Ever in Demand.

The "plus" man is one who is more than appears on the surface, bigger than he looks, stronger than he seems, abler than he shows in ordinary affairs, better than the world judges him, constantly rising to great occasions and accomplishing more than is expected of him, writes Victor Smith in the New York Press. There are many such men to whom great occasions never come. There are a few whose "plusness" has a chance to illuminate the earthy every day.

Perhaps the finest type of "plus" man was President Lincoln. Grant, too, was plus. It might be confessed that plus, in the sense used, is nearly synonymous with successful. In commercial life Mr. Morgan is heavily plus. In railroad building William K. Vanderbilt and Edward H. Harriman have loomed up rather suddenly as plus. Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould were plus. Croker is plus. Odell is plus.

In the contracting line John B. McDonald is heavily plus. It is not every man of affairs who can take hold of a \$25,000,000 job and carry it along successfully without losing a pound of flesh from worry. Plus men seldom worry. They have great nerve but few nerves.

She (threatening breach of promise suit)—Do you intend to deny, sir, that you proposed to me?—He—No; I intend to plead insanity.—Fun.

"Aren't you the beggar that I gave a pie to last week?" "I guess I am, mum, but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. It ain't in my heart to bear no malice."

Borem—Scribbler, they tell me, is now quite a literary light. I must call on him. Wigwag—Even a literary light may be out when you call.—Philadelphia Record.

The Don—And what part did you take in this disgraceful proceeding of holding Mr. Waters under the pump? Undergrad (modestly)—His left leg, sir.—Tit-Bits.

"John, how dare you come home one o'clock in the morning?" "W-w-w-b-y, Mary, you can't 'spect me to stay out all night on dollar'n forty cents."—Denver Times.

"Twas Ever Thus: "Oh, yes, he adores me. I've known it for a fortnight." "Then what's bothering you?" "What's bothering me? Why, I've got to wait for him to find it out!"—Brooklyn Life.

Billpot—You must be doing mighty well, old man, to be able to charter a yacht. Capton—Not at all; I'm doing it to save money. "How's that?" "I'm going to keep my wife at sea for a whole month."

Daley—What do you think? Clarice went out and sang at an entertainment in a private insane asylum. Edie—Did she say whether they showed their insanity much? Daley—Oh, yes; they encored her three times.

Snobbins—I should think you'd be afraid of having that big dog around you all the time. If I had him, I should be afraid all the time he would go mad. Snobbins—But he doesn't have to live with you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Patience—Isn't basket-ball a very rough game? Patrice—Very. "Well, why do girls learn to play it, then?" "Why, it fits a girl for society functions, when she has to fight her way to the refreshment table."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress—Nurse, you really ought to use a thermometer in baby's bath to get the right warmth! Nurse (alrily)—'O, that's all right. If the water's too 'ot he turns red; if it's too cold he turns blue. That's all you want to know, mum!—English Humor.

"It is said to see this mercenary spirit so flagrantly manifested in politics," said the earnest citizen. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have fought against it all I could, but it's no use. I can't get 'em to vote my way without payin' 'em."—Washington Star.

Mistress (to cook)—But why do you want to leave, Mary? Cook—I don't like the cookery, mum. Mistress—Why, you cook the things yourself! Cook—Yes, I know, mum, but I'm only a plain cook; and I thought when I came here that you would make some tasty dishes now and again, mum.

Magistrate—I am told that you have already been convicted fourteen times on this same charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge to that? Prisoner—No, your worship. I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions. Magistrate—Two months, without the option of a fine.—Pick-Me-Up.

"It's a little annoying to have to get up in the middle of the night and look for burglars," said Mr. Meekton, "but Henrietta seems to enjoy having me do so." "What would you do if you really found a burglar?" "Well, I'm so kind-hearted that I'm afraid that I would be too lenient. I think I'd open the door and tell him that if he didn't get out quietly Henrietta would come down and attend to his case."

He was thoroughly happy when he entered the front door with a package in his hand and exclaimed: "I've got something here for the woman I love better than all the world." "John," she said sadly, "I don't object to extravagance ordinarily, but I do object to you buying expensive presents for the cook." But then, you see, she judged him by his appetite, not his heart.—Dover Times.

A Georgia singer complains that the printer murdered his verses in a current publication. He says that he wrote:

A little wife to wait,  
In the rosy twilight late,  
With the bloom's-thick at the gate,  
But the stanza appeared in print as follows:

A little wife to wait,  
In the rosy twilight late,  
With the broomstick at the gate.  
—Atlanta Constitution.

Pat had secured lodgings in the town and gone to bed early. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, and as the house did not stand very securely, the landlord was rather anxious about its safety. He sent a servant to arouse Pat, who was sleeping soundly. When at last the sleeper awakened he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you hear the wind?" asked the servant. "We're afraid the house will blow down." Turning over and drawing the clothes more tightly around him, Pat replied: "Go and tell your master the house doesn't belong to me."

Long Oil Pipe Line in Russia.

The Russian government has sanctioned the laying of a pipe line for oil from Baku to Batum, on the Black Sea, a distance of 561 miles. The project has been discussed by successive ministers for fifteen years. The government, however, insists that the piping and hydraulic machinery shall all be manufactured in Russia, which will delay the work until 1903 or 1904.

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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 up to 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  
Hood 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.  
Daily Except Sunday.  
STEAMERS  
Regulator, Dalles City, Reliance.

WHITE COLLAR LINE.  
Str. "Tahoma,"  
Daily Round Trips, except Sunday.  
TIME CARD.  
Leave Portland, 7 a.m. Leave Astoria, 7 a.m.

The Dalles-Portland Route  
Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"  
Daily Round Trips, except Monday.  
VANCOUVER, CASCADE LOCKS, ST. MARTIN'S SPRINGS, HOOD RIVER, WHITE SALMON, TILLY and THE DALLES.  
TIME CARD.  
Leave Portland, 7 a.m. Leave Dalles 3:30 p.m.  
Arrive The Dalles 9 p.m. Arrive Portland 10 p.m.

Meals the Very Best.  
This route has the greatest scenic attractions on earth. Sunday trips a leading feature. Landing and office, foot of Alder street. Both phones, Main 53, Portland, Or.  
J. W. ORCHISON, Agent, Portland.  
JOHN M. FILLION, Agent, The Dalles.  
A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria.  
J. C. WYATT, Agent, Vancouver.  
WOLFORD & WEYERS, Agents, White Salmon.  
PRATHER & BARNES,  
Agents at Hood River

O.P.&N.  
UNION PACIFIC  
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 8:07 p.m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Napa, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Portland Flyer 4:30 a.m.
Mail and Express 11:45 p.m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 6:45 a.m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

DEPART	ALL SAILING DATES SUBJECT TO CHANGE	ARRIVE
8:00 p.m.	For San Francisco—Sails every 5 days	4:00 p.m.

DEPART	ARRIVE
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	Willetts River, Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings 4:30 p.m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a.m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	Willetts River and Tam- Hill Rivers. Mon. Wed. and Fri. 3:30 p.m.
6:45 a.m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.	Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings. 4:30 p.m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Ex. Riparia 6:35 a.m. daily	FRANK RIVER. Riparia to Lewiston 4:30 p.m. daily

For low rates and other information write to  
A. L. CRAIG,  
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.  
8 N. B. ST. ST., Agent, Hood River.