

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)  
That was my sentence of banishment. She had only addressed me once during the conversation. It was curious to see how there was no resentment in her manner towards my father, who had systematically robbed her, whilst she treated me with profound wrath and bitterness.

The report of my father's illness had spread before I reached home, and sufficiently accounted for our visit to Jersey, and the temporary postponement of my last trip to England before our marriage. My mother, Joanna and I kept our own counsel, and answered the many questions asked us as vaguely as the Delphic oracle.

I wrote to Tardif, telling him I was going for an indefinite period to London, and that if any difficulty or danger threatened Olivia, I begged of him to communicate with my mother, who had promised me to befriend her as far as it lay in her power. My poor mother thought of her without bitterness, though in deep regret. To Olivia herself I wrote a line or two, finding myself too weak to resist temptation, I said:  
"My Dear Olivia—I told you I was about to be married to my cousin Julia Dobree; that engagement is at an end. I am obliged to leave Guernsey, and seek my fortune elsewhere. It will be a long time before I can see you again. If I ever have that great happiness. Whenever you feel the want of a true and tender friend, my mother is prepared to love you as if you were her own daughter. Think of me also as your friend."  
"MARTIN DOBREE."

CHAPTER XII.  
I left Guernsey the day before my father and Julia returned from Jersey. My immediate future was not as black as it might have been. I was going direct to the house of my friend Jack Senior, who had been my chum at college. He, like myself, had been hitherto a sort of partner in his father, the well-known physician, Dr. Senior, of Brook street. They lived together in a highly respectable but gloomy residence, kept bachelor fashion, for they had no woman-kind at all belonging to them. The father and son had a good deal apart, though they were deeply attached to one another. Jack had his own apartments, and his own guests, in the spacious house, and Dr. Senior had his.

The first night, as Jack and I sat up together in the long summer twilight, I told him everything—as one tells a friend a hundred things one cannot put into words to any person who dwells under the same roof, and is witness of every circumstance of one's career.

As I was talking to him, every emotion and perception of my brain, which had been in a wild state of confusion and conflict, appeared to fall into its proper rank. I was no longer doubtful as to whether I had been the fool my father called me. My love for Olivia acquired force and decision. My judgment that it would have been a folly and a crime to marry Julia became confirmed.

"Old fellow," said Jack, when I had finished, "you are in no end of a mess."  
"Well, I am," I admitted; "but what am I to do?"  
"First of all, how much money have you?" he asked.  
"I'd rather not say," I answered.  
"Come, old friend," he said, in his most persuasive tones, "have you fifty pounds in hand?"  
"No," I replied.  
"That's bad," he said; "but it might be worse. I've lots of tin, and we always went shares."  
"I must look out for something to do to-morrow," I remarked.  
"Ah, yes!" he answered dryly, "you might go as assistant to a parish doctor, or get a berth on board a merchant ship. There are lots of chances for a young fellow. I tell you what," he said, "I've a good mind to marry Julia myself. I've always liked her, and we want a woman in the house. That would put things straight, wouldn't it?"  
"She would never consent to leave Guernsey," I answered, laughing. "That was one reason why she was so glad to marry me."  
"Well, then," he said, "would you mind me having Olivia?"  
"Don't just about such a thing," I replied; "it is too serious a question with me."  
"You are really in love!" he answered. "I will not jest at it. But I am ready to do anything to help you, old boy."  
So it proved. He and Dr. Senior did their best during the next few weeks to find a suitable opening for me. I made their house my home, and was treated as a most welcome guest in it. Still the time was irksome. They were busy whilst I was unemployed.

My mother's letters did not tend to raise my spirits. The tone of them was uniformly sad. She told me the flood of sympathy for Julia had risen very high indeed; from which I concluded that the public indignation against myself must have risen to the same tide mark. Julia had resumed her old occupations, but her spirit was quite broken. Joanna Carey had offered to go abroad with her, but she had declined.

A friend of Julia's, said my mother in another letter, had come to stay with her, and endeavor to rouse her. It was evident she did not like this Kate Daltry, herself, for the dislike crept out unawares through all the gentleness of her phrases. "She says she is the same age as Julia," she wrote, "but she is probably some years older; for as she does not belong to Guernsey we have no opportunity of knowing." I laughed when I read that. "Your father admires her very much," she added.

There was a word about Olivia. Sark itself was never mentioned, and it might have sunk into the sea. My eye ran over every letter first with the hope of catching that name, but I could not find it. This persistent silence on my mother's part was very trying.

gent wish, to see your Olivia. I did not then know why. She had a great longing to see the unfortunate girl who had been the cause of so much sorrow to us all, but especially to her, for she has plied sorely after you. We did not find her in Tardif's house, but Suzanne directed us to the little graveyard and had a mile away. We followed her there, and recognized her, of course, at the first glance. She is a charming creature, that I allow, though I wish none of us had ever seen her. Your mother told her who she was, and the sweetest flush and smile came across her face! They sat down side by side on one of the graves, and I strolled away, so I do not know what they said to one another. Olivia walked down with us to the Havre Gosselin, and my mother held her in her arms and kissed her tenderly. Even I could not help kissing her.

"Now I understand why your mother longed to see Olivia. She knew then—she has known for months that her days are numbered. When she was in London last November she saw the most skillful physicians, and they all agreed that her disease was incurable and fatal. Why did she conceal it from you? Ah, Martin, you must know a woman's heart, a mother's heart, before you can comprehend that. Your father knew, but no one else."  
"Do not come before you have answered this letter, that we may prepare her for your return. Write by the next boat, and come by the one after. Julia will have to move down to the new house, and that will be exciting enough for one day. Your faithful, loving cousin,  
"JOHANNA CAREY."

I read this letter twice, with a shivering in my ears and a whirling in my brain, before I could realize the meaning. Then I refused to believe it. No one knows better than a doctor how the most clever head among us may be at fault. My mother dying of an incurable disease! Impossible! I would go over at once and save her. She ought to have told me first. Who could have attended her so skillfully and devotedly as her only son? My mother had consulted Dr. Senior himself when she had been in London.

"I hope not, Simmons," answered Jack; "but your tongue hangs too loose, my man. Look out for a squall on the Olivia coast, Martin," he added.

My anxiety would have been very great if I had not been returning immediately to Guernsey. But once there, and in communication with Tardif, I could not believe any danger would threaten Olivia from which I could not protect or rescue her. She was of age, and had a right to act for herself. With two such friends as Tardif and me, no one could force her away from her chosen home.

"I had been in my mind all along to do so, but the listless procrastination of illness had caused me to put it off from time to time. Besides, whilst I was absent from the Channel Islands my curiosity appeared to sleep. It was enough to picture Olivia in her lowly home in Sark. Now that I was returning to Guernsey, and the opportunity was about to slip by, I felt more anxious to see it. I would learn all I could about Olivia's family and friends, without betraying any part of her secret.

"Of course there was not the smallest difficulty in finding the office of Messrs. Scott and Brown. There did not seem much business going on, and our appearance was hailed with undisguised astonishment. The solicitors were two inferior, common-looking men, but sharp enough to be a match for either of us. We both felt it, as if we had detected a snake in the grass by its rattle. I grew wary by instinct, though I did not come with any intention to tell them what I knew of Olivia. My sole idea had been to learn something myself, not to impart any information. But when I was face to face with these men my business, and the management of it, did not seem quite so simple as it had done until then.

"Do you wish to consult my partner or me?" asked the keenest looking man. "I am Mr. Scott."  
"Either will do," I answered. "My business will be soon dispatched. Some months ago you inserted an advertisement in the Times."  
"To what purpose?" inquired Mr. Scott. "You offered fifty pounds reward," I replied, "for information concerning a young lady."  
A gleam of intelligence and gratification flickered upon both their faces, but quickly faded away into a sober and blank gravity. Mr. Scott waited for me to speak again, and bowed silently, as if to intimate he was all attention.

"I came," I added, "to ask you for the name and address of that young lady's friends, as I should prefer communicating directly with them, with a view to co-operation in the discovery of her hiding place. I need scarcely say I have no wish to receive any reward. I entirely waive any claim to that, if you will oblige me by putting me into connection with the family."  
"Have you no information you can impart to us?" asked Mr. Scott.  
"None," I answered decisively. "It is some months since I saw the advertisement, and it must be nine months since you put it into the Times. I believe it is nine months since the young lady was missing."

"About that time," he said.  
"Her friends must have suffered great anxiety," I remarked.  
"Very great indeed," he admitted.  
"If I could render them any service it would be a great pleasure to me," I continued; "cannot you tell me where to find them?"  
"We are authorized to receive any information," he replied. "You must allow me to ask if you know anything about the young lady in question?"  
"My object is to combine with her friends in seeking her," I said eagerly. "I really cannot give you any information; but if you will put me into communication with them, I may be useful to them."  
"Well," he said, with an air of candor, "of course the young lady's friends are anxious to keep in the background. It is not a pleasant circumstance to occur in a family. Of course, if you could give us any definite information it would be quite another thing. The young lady's family is highly connected. Have you seen any one answering to the description?"  
"It is a very common one," I answered. "I have seen scores of young ladies who might answer to it. I am surprised that you should not trace her. Did you apply to the police?"  
"The police are blockheads," replied Mr. Scott. "Will you be so good as to see if there is any one in the outer office. Mr. Brown, or on the stairs? I believe I heard a noise outside."  
Mr. Brown disappeared for a few minutes, but his absence did not interrupt the conversation. There was not much to be made out of it on either side, for we were only fencing with one another. I learned nothing about Olivia's friends, and I was satisfied he had learned nothing about her.

At last we parted with mutual dissatisfaction; and I went moodily downstairs, followed by Jack. We drove back to Brook street, to spend the few hours that remained before the train started for Southampton.

"Doctor," said Simmons, as Jack paid him his fare, with a small coin added to it. "I'm half-afraid I've done some mischief. I've been turning it over and over in my head, and can't exactly see the rights of it. A gent, with a pen behind his ear, comes down at that office in Gray's Inn Road, and takes my number. But after that he says a civil thing or two. 'Fine young gent,' he says, pointing up the staircase. 'Very much so,' says I. 'Young doctors?' he says. 'You're right,' I says. 'I guessed so,' he says; and pretty well up the tree, ah? 'Ay,' I says; 'the light-haired gent is son to Dr. Senior, the dark phreeseed; and the other he comes from Guernsey, which is an island in the sea.' 'Just so,' he says; 'I've heard as much.' I hope I've done no mischief, doctor?"

California Fruits in Europe.  
The latest American invasion of Europe in the carrying of fresh California fruits to London and Paris is the face of the competition of the Spanish and Italian fruit growers. A Valencia, Spain, paper says: "California oranges, peaches and pears reach Paris, after traversing six thousand miles, in a more appetizing condition than ours," and adds that her fruit growers can only compete with America by employing America's improved methods of cultivation.

Where They Do Things.  
During 1900 several young men from Eastern states and some from the fatherland, settled upon land in Lincoln and Adams counties, Wash. Some had only a few cents left after paying the government filing fee, \$22, but by exchanging work with neighbors, and by working for others, managed to get their land all broke, and some to wheat last fall, and on these same claims the threshers are turning out thirty to forty-five bushels per acre.

University of Southern California.  
The University of Southern California has been opened under favorable auspices. The \$100,000 endowment fund, to which Mrs. Anna Hough, a sister of the late Jay Gould, subscribed \$25,000, subject to the condition that the university raise the remainder by November 1, is now complete. Mrs. Hough has now announced that she will give \$40,000 toward a second \$100,000, subject to the same condition as the first.

Big Sawmill Starts.  
The Simpson Lumber Company's new mill at South Bend, Wash., which has been for several months in course of construction, began operation Sept. 28. This is a first-class modern mill and one of the best on the Pacific coast, having a capacity of 125,000 feet per day.

A Juvenile Bunko Man.  
Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.  
"Papa!" he said.  
"Well?"  
"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"  
"Yes, my son."  
"And it's the pulkly right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"  
"Yes, indeed."  
Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity.  
"Eat it, papa!" he said.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Shrewd.  
"I insist that my daughter shall play nothing but classical music," said Mr. Sirus Barker.  
"For what reason?"  
"None of the neighbors know a thing about it, and she can murder a piece all she wants to without their daring to say a word."—Washington Star.

A cabinetmaker is one of the circumstances that alter cases.  
A woman may love flattery and yet despise an awkward flatterer.  
Different Sorts of Baldness.  
He—You don't mean to tell me you are going to marry that c'd bald-headed professor?  
She—He is rather bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads.—Stray Stories.

As a rule the more a man wants the less he gets—and the rule isn't too stuck up to work rear end forward.  
His Misfortune.  
"What is the matter, Tommy?" asked the mother of the small boy in tears.  
"I'm lonesome. The other boys wouldn't play fair."  
"What was the game?"  
"We were playing United States Senate. I resigned, and the other boys forgot to coax me back."—Washington Star.

## ACTIVITY IN THE COAST STATES.

### Industrial Development That Indicates Steady Forward Progress in Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California.

Pacific Cable Assured.  
The Pacific coast was agreeably startled last month by the announcement from Albany, N. Y., that a company had been incorporated there for laying a cable across the Pacific ocean.  
The route will be from San Francisco to Honolulu, thence to the Midway Islands, to Guam and to the east coast of Luzon. The cable will be 5,912 miles long, completing the globe and making a total of 164,586 miles, all of which, excepting 16,171 miles, is controlled by private individuals.

The estimate of cost by Rear-Admiral Bradford, of the Naval Bureau of equipment, is \$10,000,000.  
The special demands will be government on the cable will be re-estimated rates and absolute control over the line in time of war.

Washington Coal at Honolulu.  
The purchase of the Sandwich Islands has opened up the coal trade in Honolulu. Large shipments are made there each week from Puget Sound ports. The trade is increasing and the demand may be doubled the next twelve months. New interest is being infused into coal mining and many new locations are being made. Several hundred acres have recently been covered by coal land applications in Stevens county, Washington, and the Washington owners of fine deposits in British Columbia near the boundary line are getting in readiness for the extensive development of their large holdings.

Connects North and South Idaho.  
The commissioners representing the state in the construction of the Little Salmon wagon road, in Idaho, have accepted it from the contractors. The legislature last winter appropriated \$12,000 for the construction of this road and this appropriation was supplemented by donations of \$3000 by the Oregon Short Line and an equal amount by the Pacific and Idaho Northern railroads. The total amount of \$18,000 was expended upon the 27 miles of road between Goff and Round valley.

Articles of Incorporation of the Tacoma Southern Railway & Navigation Company were filed last week, with a capital stock of \$4,000,000. The new company announces as its object the construction of lines of railway from Tacoma to The Dalles, Oregon, on the Columbia river.

Harney Coming to the Front.  
Harney county, Oregon, is steadily gaining in wealth and population. The cattle sales from that county will amount to \$1,000,000 this year, as against \$800,000 last year, and the agricultural products are about double what they were last season.

To Build a Big Refinery.  
The Standard Oil Company will erect the third largest refinery in the United States at Point Richmond, Cal., near Frisco. Over three million dollars will be spent on the new plant.

Musical Hath Strange Charms.  
"It requires tact and diplomacy to collect little outstanding accounts these days, especially when dealing with city employes," said a Manayunk business man the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record. "It's no use making a bluff or pleading poverty when dealing with policemen. Their hearts are like adamant. You must go gently—kind of size them up, as it were. Strike them about pay day before their wives get at the wallet; for, of course, if their better halves get it first they are left, and the poor cooper has hardly enough left to buy his tobacco until the next month."  
"You see, I have an advantage because I am a sort of musician. When the officer gets his money he will return to the sitting room of the station, take an account of stock and confer with the other fellows about how to make the pile reach out until the next pay day."  
"Good evening, gentlemen," inquired into their various healths, talk quietly of the weather, and then sit down at the organ and sing that beautiful song, 'Then You'll Remember Me.' By-and-by they pony up and I hurry off to the next station and play the same old tune."

Iron and Steel Export.  
America last year exported \$120,000,000 worth of iron and steel, an amount greater in value than her entire exports of all kinds in 1890.  
When a boy begins to wash his face without being told he is passing through the ordeal of his first love affair.  
Almost every girl of sixteen has her mind made up that some day she will have a son named De Mounville, or a daughter named  
Oom Paul a Temperance Man.  
Mr. Kruger, as every one knows, is a constant smoker; it is not, perhaps, so well understood that he has only once tasted alcohol in his life. That was at Bloemfontein, after the signing of the alliance with the Free State. Kruger is said to have taken off a bumper of champagne, and put down the glass with a face of disgust.  
"Didn't you hear about it?" "No."  
"Why, the thing happened right down in your own neighborhood." "I know; but my wife's away for the summer."—Philadelphia Press.

## CORDIALITY OVERDONE.

### Lady's Poor Memory Led Her into a Peculiar Position.

Whoever has a short memory for names and faces will be able to appreciate the experience of a resident of Detroit, whose story is told by the Free Press of that city. The lady's friends, who recognize her inability to fit names and faces together, say that she usually makes up in tact what she lacks in memory.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the veranda when a rather nice-looking young man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably—perhaps a relative of my husband—and I must not fail in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands, and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad. I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family was quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:  
"I'm afraid you don't know who I am."  
"Oh, yes, I do," I responded. "Of course I know perfectly."  
"No, I am sure you don't even know my name."  
"Well," I admitted, "your name has escaped me for the moment; but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time."  
"Do not try," responded the young man, pleasantly. "I am only the sewing machine man. I came to repair your machine."  
"Take Out Jocko's Brain."  
No convincing proof has yet been given that any particular portion of the brain is exclusively concerned in intellectual operations. Goltz, the most prominent representative of the dwindling band who still refuse to believe in the localization even of the motor functions, has lately published an interesting paper containing the results of observations on a monkey, which was carefully watched for eleven years after the removal of the greater part of the gray matter of the middle and interior portions of the left hemisphere of the brain. The character of the animal, whose little tricks and peculiarities had been studied for months before the operation, was entirely unaffected. All its traits remained unaltered. On the other hand, disturbances of movement on the right side were very noticeable up to the time of its death. It learned again to use the right limbs, but there was always a certain clumsiness in their movements. In actions requiring only one hand the right was never willingly employed, and it evidently cost the animal a great effort to use it. Before the operation it would give either the right or left hand when asked for it. After the operation it always gave the left till by a long course of training, in which fruit or lumps of sugar served as the rewards of virtue, it learned again to give the right.—Popular Science Monthly.

Walker Gave the Horse Away.  
"J. Brisbane Walker has one of the most adventurous natures of any man of importance I know," said Harvey Wells, of Denver, who is at the Savoy. "When Walker was renaking a mile or so of river front in Denver that he later turned into a fine park a sudden rise of the Platte washed away a lot of things, including the ground from under a stable on the Improvement Walk. Walker was making. When Walker came on the scene to look over the damage done a horse that had been in the stable was half submerged and in danger of being smothered in the quicksand and rolling mud that the angry waters made of the half-prepared new ground. Walker asked several men to go and help the horse. When they refused he started laying planks along the treacherous ground, just as he was to get drowning persons from out an icy river. In a short time he was in a position where a false step meant an even chance for life or death. He got both the horse and himself out of the scrape. Then he turned around and discharged every man on the job, and wound up by giving the horse away."—New York Times.

Gets Huge Moose Horns.  
Hunters of the Moose have encountered old fellows with enormous spread of horns, and some of these have been preserved as trophies of the chase. An Indian hunter of the Hudson Bay Company has slain the monarch of all moose. Its massive antlers, having a spread of six feet two inches, large enough to fit in the figure of an outstretched man, now adorn the dining hall of the country house of Mr. Olcott, a New Yorker, at Bernardsville. The moose was shot last season at the head of the Copper River region in Alaska, some 300 miles above Cooks inlet, whence it was afterward brought on a dog sledge. It was then shipped to a Chicago furrier, who had the head mounted.

The Scholar and His Mattress.  
A famous scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding to the continent in quest of the origin of the term "Juggins." During his researches in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: "Sir: We have the honor to inform you that the mattress you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expose the goods of other clients to injury we have caused your mattress to be destroyed." The scholar replied: "Dear Sir: My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident that it had an 'e' in it also."

Juvenile Financier.  
"Father," said Jack, "would you like me to give you a birthday present?"  
"Yes, indeed."  
"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—London Tit-Bits.

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.  
The Dalles-Portland Route  
"Str." "Bailey Gatzert"  
Between Portland, The Dalles and Way Points  
TIME CARD  
Leaves Portland, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays at 7 a. m. Arrives The Dalles, 8 a. m. day, 5 p. m.  
Leaves The Dalles Sunday, Wednesday and Fridays at 7 a. m. Arrives Portland, same day, 4 p. m.  
This route has the grandest scenic attractions on earth.  
"Str." "Tahoma,"  
Daily Round Trip, except Sunday.  
TIME CARD  
Leave Portland, 7 a. m.; Leave Astoria, 7 a. m. Landing and office, foot of Alder street. Both phones, Main 301, Portland, Or.  
E. W. CRITCHTON, Agent, Portland.  
JOHN M. FILLION, Agent, The Dalles.  
A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria.  
J. C. WYATT, Agent, Hood River.  
WOLFORD & WYERIS, Agents, White Salmon.  
PRATHER & BARNES,  
Agents at Hood River

## 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  
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.

### The Dalles-Portland Route

"Str." "Bailey Gatzert"  
Between Portland, The Dalles and Way Points  
TIME CARD  
Leaves Portland, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays at 7 a. m. Arrives The Dalles, 8 a. m. day, 5 p. m.  
Leaves The Dalles Sunday, Wednesday and Fridays at 7 a. m. Arrives Portland, same day, 4 p. m.  
This route has the grandest scenic attractions on earth.  
"Str." "Tahoma,"  
Daily Round Trip, except Sunday.  
TIME CARD  
Leave Portland, 7 a. m.; Leave Astoria, 7 a. m. Landing and office, foot of Alder street. Both phones, Main 301, Portland, Or.  
E. W. CRITCHTON, Agent, Portland.  
JOHN M. FILLION, Agent, The Dalles.  
A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria.  
J. C. WYATT, Agent, Hood River.  
WOLFORD & WYERIS, Agents, White Salmon.  
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 2:50 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:17 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minwaskie, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Portland Flyer 6:30 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 9:45 a. m.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
8:50 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—call every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex-Sunday 8:50 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers.	4:00 p. m. Ex-Sunday
8:45 a. m. Ex-Sunday	To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex-Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Winnemuccia River, Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Ind. & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:45 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
4:30 a. m. Daily	Snake River, Riparian to 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.