

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

I cannot but confess that the interest Miss Lacroix thus manifested in what touched me awoke in me sensations, I may even say vague hopes, of a very pleasant and dreamlike night, which hung about me during the next day, but in the evening they were dispelled somewhat rudely by a note from the bishop, requesting me to call upon him; and by the next morning the rector desiring me to call on him.

I went first to the bishop. My interview with him was more agreeable than I had anticipated and I went with a tolerably light heart to the rector. He was still in bed. My short interview with him was not pleasant. The words he exchanged were warm; but they do not concern this story except in their result. He wished, he urged, he almost ordered me to cease all recognition in any way of the existence of the man Freeman; I refused to give my pledge to that effect and so I was obliged to understand that I would not be wanted in the parish after the six months for which I had been at first engaged.

It was only then when my departure from Timperley seemed imminent (I had already been almost four months in the place) that I began to suspect how very much my hopes and affections had entangled themselves with the haunting shades, the unconscious grace and beauty of Miss Lacroix. What likelihood there would be if I had had any of a poor curate who had already done something to discount his chances of preferment—of my being more than an agreeable and tolerably sympathetic acquaintance of a month or two, of my hearing her say "good-bye" to me, of my seeing her go, of my going, and of thus finding the episode closed? No likelihood at all there seemed. And yet so much may happen in two short months. I have to admit that, even in the midst of serious work (of writing a sermon, for instance), my wild thoughts would arise in me of commending myself to the young lady by some great service—by, perchance, discovering her father, or at least finding out for certain what had become of him (although I had yet had no word from the friends of whom I had asked to make inquiries in London). But these foolish, fruitless longings were soon crowded aside by the excitement of events.

A strange thing happened which was a direct result of my hitherto luckless adventure with the curate. The fact that affair had commanded me to the favorable attention of all types of dissenters in the village; one mark of this favor I especially appreciated, as all clergymen would—the increased congregations I had at church, on Sunday evenings particularly.

"I almost regret, for my own sake, you know," Freeman said to me one day, with a laugh, "that I asked you to be my chairman at that diabolical lecture. I find you are taking many of my congregation from me—not all together, certainly, but many of the best. But they do their duty to me in the morning, and then seem to take their pleasure with you in the evening."

Of those who thus forsook Mr. Freeman I noticed a remarkable group of working folk, whom he had pointed out to me as the most closely cohering, and the most curiously inter-related congeries of families in the village (where there is an excess of cohesiveness). They were steady, solid, shrewd people, very considerably above the average of the village, and worked at the loom or the chemical vat. My attention was first attracted to them by their taking up a good seat well forward, and refusing to budge when the butcher's family, who paid for it, came in, and by their quietude in the most speedy departure from Timperley had somewhat got abroad. At the end of the week, however, (on Friday night, I think), a message came to me when I was in bed, requesting me to visit at once a man who was dying—one of the sons of this interesting family. I was dressed, and went.

I heard sounds of weeping and lamentation from the house before I entered. I passed into the kitchen, a clean, bright room, in which the men of the family sat smoking in various attitudes, oppressed with silence and sleep. One of the women stooped over a pan on the fire, while the old mother in a firm, clear voice, directed her operations. She turned to me, saying merely, "He's upstairs. He wants to see you, but at present he's not fit to see you" (light in the head).

Upstairs I found the dying man in the smaller of the two bedrooms—for a death room, as it were, and I had been told that he would not be forgotten. At that dead hour of the night, when "the very houses seemed asleep," and even the tall chimney of the chemical works had ceased to emit their tints of vapor, the gas flared in the little room, and six persons, men and women, were round the bed where the poor fellow lay in the last extremity of delirious helplessness, soaked in perspiration. Near him stood my friend Freeman. I learned in a few words from Freeman that the poor fellow had been employed for years at the chemical works, where he had contracted ulceration of the lungs; on Sunday night he had stood in the doorway of the crowded church, had caught cold and had come home to the bed from which he would never rise again.

While he spoke he was seized with a fit of violent delirium, in which he had to be restrained from getting out of bed. Some one calmed down again into a more lucid interval. While he lay speechless, and a neighbor by the bed kept moistening his dry, cracked lips with a rag soaked in brandy and water, he gazed around him, and at last fixed his eyes on me, and essayed to speak—but no words came. This prostration and silence continued for some time. Now and again the head of the family would second from the kitchen (in his stockings, lest he should make a noise), and stand in solemn silence with inquiring eyes on his son; he would stand so still and retired that his presence was forgotten till the gulp of a big bowl was heard, and the loom back of his large waistcoat was seen disappearing round the door. At length the son

smells seem to agree with most folk pretty well."

"But the work is very dangerous, is it not? Don't accidents often happen?"

"Yes; it is risky. When they work over the vats, and the retorts, and things, they must tie up their mouths and noses with a cloth, and even with an overcoat drawn up about their necks, and they're a goner."

"Accidents often happen, then?"

"Weel, mon, they do, and they don't. Mate, you see, are aye at hand. The lads often get an eye burnt, but they don't reckon much on that. See, there's a lad over there by the beer shop door."

I looked and saw a sturdy fellow red, with a white handkerchief tied round his head under his cap.

"He's been two or three times like that—with his eye burnt. Oh, yea; it's risky; but we don't often have a grit accident. The worst I remember was a lad on the night shift that fell in and was smothered; he was found in things next morning. That was a bad business, and 'th' hair was off, an' 'th' skin and flesh was—but it mak's you feel queer; yea, can see it do. It was a bad business."

"Very horrid," said I, while my heart thumped almost audibly. "How long was that ago?"

"Let me see. It's a matter, I do believe, of 15 year ago."

"I hope," said I, "a death of that sort don't often occur."

"Nay, or often, quiet as they are moontime, might pull the whole menagerie down."

I was surprised to see the vindictive glitter that passed from the little man's eyes.

"Has there really," I asked with some constraint, "been any other death like that since the one you mention?"

"Nay; I canna remember one."

## THE LOST NOTHING.

Omission in the Wedding Service that Didn't Count.

A distinguished naval officer was telling this story to himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends. At the time of his marriage he had been through the Civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. At the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the real naval wedding, the officer was all but stamped, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was all over and all was serene again, including the officiant's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I do endow' several times and, despite my efforts, you would not let it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "I didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Washington Star.

## HALF-DONE WORK IS WASTED.

Great Extravagance and Loss Resulting from Carelessness.

The extravagance and waste of doing work badly are most lamentable. We can never overestimate the value, in an early stage of an early formed habit of doing everything to a finish and thus relieving ourselves of the necessity of doing things more than once. Oh, the waste in half-done, careless, patched work!

The extravagance and loss resulting from a slight education is almost beyond computation. To be under the necessity, all through one's life, of patching up, of having to do over again half-done and botched work, is not only a source of terrible waste, but the subsequent loss of self-respect and life is also very great.

There is great economy in putting the highest possible personal investment in everything we do. Any thoroughness of effort which raises personal power to a higher value is a judicious expense. It may indeed, justly be said to be the roots of beard and eyebrows. As I looked, I wondered whether the constant wearing of this engrained was paint were not of itself enough to keep ever alive in those men, peevish as they looked, fierce passions, which in other men usually slumbered. An outbreak of savage nature among them in the pathetic way in which they worked might be no very unusual thing; was it not so, when, ending in a fearful death for one of them, of which the dead man's blinding drawn, had been a terror-stricken witness? Or had his confusion been merely the ravings of delirium?

Having one day occasion to send a letter to a place at some distance, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance.

"It'll be a shilling," said the man.

"Twice too much!" said Patrick. Let it be sixpence."

"Nay, sir," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd never go it under a shilling."

"'Loonly, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head with a fretful baby.

"Now, man, I'll tell you what we'll do: make it sixpence, and I'll go with you to your company!"

## MR. CROKER'S WANTAGE.

The Sort of Place It Is and Why He Went There.

In these days of Winchester festivities and national millenniums, it has been somewhat too widely forgotten that the town where King Alfred was born celebrated his anniversary in his birth more than fifty years ago, not only by a statue, which stands in the Wantage market place, but by the organization of an ancient grammar school, where most of the hardy reaper farmers in that district received their education. Few more appropriate memorials to the founder of English education could have been conceived, and Miss Gibbons has been well advised to take advantage of the present interest in all that pertains to the great West Saxon leader by issuing his authoritative history of the town which gave him birth.

The quiet town of Wantage has suddenly found itself placarded with a strange notoriety in the last year or two. No doubt it was chiefly its almost unequalled opportunities for training race horses that first attracted the attention of Mr. Croker to this district, which he had visited in the honor of the birth of King Alfred, against all the assertions of the inhabitants of Windsor Great Park or the Isle of Dogs; and sportsmen who follow the doings of thoroughbreds in training are now well accustomed to the reputation of the news of Wantage for a report of what Mr. Morton, or Mr. Hornby, or Mr. Robson has been doing with his 2-year-olds.

But by such passing phrases of publicity the town is very little disturbed. It was content for a long time with the reputation of King Alfred. Then Bishop Butler of the "Analogy" conferred a more modern lustre upon the town where he was born and educated, and in these latter days it was the energy and organization of another Butler ("Butler of Wantage," as the headmaster of Lincoln was called, to the end of his strenuous career, which finally raised the little Berkshire town out of its old rut and placed it in the forefront of model educational centers.

The name is associated, too, with that of the peer, only lately dead, who took with a device for Wantage, and did much for the place in which he was so largely interested, and among the most picturesque records of his generosity will ever be that Gallery of the Victoria Cross, where the first heroes of that splendid decoration are commemorated by the art of Chevalier and headmaster of Lincoln was called, to the end of his strenuous career, which finally raised the little Berkshire town out of its old rut and placed it in the forefront of model educational centers.

## Science and Invention.

An acre of grass land, according to experiments gives off not less than 6,400 quarts of water in twenty-four hours, and an acre of sunflowers would give a relatively greater quantity. In fact, swamps have been reclaimed and malarial marshes rendered innocuous by planting sunflowers or sunflower trees, which are great pumps of water, and also exert other influences counteracting beneficial conditions of air, earth and water.

Mount St. Elias is 5,520 meters in height, Mount Fairweather is 4,940 and Mount Logan is 5,947. There is a higher peak still that lies in 63 1/2 degrees of north latitude and in 125 degrees of west longitude and has been called Mount McKinley. Its altitude is 6,129 meters or 20,226 feet, and will probably remain unclimbed for many years owing to its remoteness and to the inherent difficulties of the ascent.

In view of the foregoing, no clouds are worthy of such attention as the cirrus clouds, which attain a greater elevation than any others, averaging in summer a height of five or six miles above the earth. Their sudden appearance in a clear sky is generally a signal of foul weather, especially when they are accompanied by a westward tendency, for this indicates that the clouds are falling. After heavy rains, on the other hand, the formation of these clouds is often a sign of improvement.

In a recent bulletin issued by the Lick Observatory, C. D. Perrine, after describing the continued expansion of the great nebula in Perseus around the star, the new star in Perseus, adds the interesting remark: "If this nebula is expanding in all directions, it should continue to expand at its present rate, some of it should reach the solar system in 250 years." It may be added that long before it could attain such an extension the nebula would become so rarefied as to be invisible, and probably insensible to any present means of observation.

The recurrent alarm about the approaching exhaustion of the coal supply in Great Britain has been fanned a little by the recent appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the matter. About thirty years ago a similar commission investigated the British coal supply, but since then, it is said, unexpected changes in the coal trade have taken place which affect the question. At present Great Britain produces about 35 million tons of coal annually, and the world's entire supply of coal. No immediate danger of exhaustion is feared, but among the duties of the new commission is to inquire into the possible substitution of other fuel, or the employment of kinds of power not depending upon the use of coal.

## TO WHOM DOES BABY BELONG?

Three Women Claim It and Naturally the Chief Magistrate in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, has been called upon to give judgment in a most complicated case, which suggests the problem submitted to King Solomon about twenty-nine centuries ago, says the London Mail.

A tailor named Meier, who married a Swiss girl three years ago, threatened to divorce her because they had no family. At the end of last year he went to Germany on business. A few months afterward he received a letter from his wife with the good tidings of the birth of a child.

The father was overjoyed, and prepared to return to Berne. The child, however, died soon after its birth, and the poor wife was afraid to tell her husband. So she determined to advertise for a newly born child. Forty-eight hours afterward a woman called on Mme. Meier with a baby and a barrow which she offered to transfer to the child, which was registered as Mme. Meier's child.

The husband paid his wife a flying visit, saw the new-born babe and returned to Germany a happy man. A little while ago the real mother of the child appeared, and, having repaid the money which she had received, demanded her child. In this dilemma Mme. Meier again advertised, this time for a little girl 6 months old, of whom a detailed description was given. To her great joy a woman appeared with an infant so like her own that any observer would have taken the two children for twins. Again a bargain was struck, and Mme. Meier had arranged everything to return her first adopted child to its mother when this child caught cold and died.

The real mother (No. 1) then turned up and refused to let her child go. After a long and bitter struggle the matter was shown her, and she claimed baby No. 2, which she swore was her own. To make matters still more complicated, the mother of No. 2 baby now came upon the scene and claimed her child. Neither promises nor threats would induce her to give up the baby. In despair Mme. Meier wrote to her husband in Germany, making a clean breast of the matter, and telling him what a terrible predicament she was in.

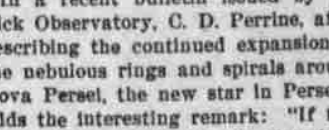
The husband arrived home on the following day and refused to believe his wife's story, had everything packed up and took his wife and child off to Germany with him.

At the instigation of her husband, Mme. Meier has now put in a claim for the child also, and the magistrate, therefore, has to decide to which of the three "mothers" the child belongs.

## BRACE ON THE STEAMER.

Many a serious accident on the water might be avoided if vessels were fitted with a device for bringing them to a stop as quickly as possible when the danger appears. Louis Lacoste of Montreal, Que., has designed an apparatus for this special purpose, which is illustrated herewith. The picture shows the central part of a steamer with the brake mechanism attached in operating position.

The brake proper consists of a hinged gate of considerable width, attached to the side of the ship to extend vertically downward from the water line.



RETARDER PASSENGER THROUGH WATER.

Normally this gate lies close against the side of the vessel and offers no resistance to the progress through the water, but when the proper signal is given from the pilot house the release starts the mechanism which raises the gate. They offer no hindrance to the course of the ship, where it is sustained by the braces at the rear.

The brakes are arranged in pairs and two or more sets may be applied to one ship. They offer no hindrance to the movement of the ship through the water as long as they remain closed, but afford a valuable addition to the reversed propeller in bringing the ship to a quick stop in times of danger.

A FEARFUL JOY.

Chief Justice of England a Difficult Man to Talk With.

Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, was very brusque in manner, and to call upon him was sometimes a fearful joy. A visitor, a Mr. Wilkins, once appeared in Lord Russell's office to ask a favor. The conversation which ensued would be regarded anywhere as sufficient evidence of Lord Russell's eccentricity. "You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on."

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—"

"That is hereditary, I am afraid," said the visitor, not a little disconcerted by the criticisms of Sir Charles. "My father was very fat."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to get a legible note. No; you are careless. Go on."

"Well, a vacancy has occurred in—"

"You are very untidy in your appearance," broke in Sir Charles.

"I was traveling all night. I only—"

"Nonsense," again interrupted Lord Russell. "You had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on."

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"And you are very fat!" interrupted the Chief Justice, irritably.

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## THE AMERICAN FATHER.

Average Man of Family Gives Too Little Time to His Children.

Is it right to the child that he sees and knows so little of his father? Is all this commercial strife worth the price of a child being almost a stranger to his own father? Men are sometimes surprised that their children go instinctively to their mothers, and so little to them. But aside from the natural instinct which draws every child to his mother, why should the fact fall of meteoric dust tends to increase the mass of the earth, and thus to change the length of the day, but the effect due to this cause is not above one-two-hundredth of a percent of the average one gramme each, fall on the earth daily, but in 1,000,000 of millions of years the length of day will not be increased a quarter of a second on this account. Taking everything together, the day will shorten, not lengthen, but the process will go on with extreme slowness.

SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Washington Dealer.

The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through of its streets the reigning society queen of that day—the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the salesroom of Thomas E. Young's carriage house in this city.

The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two tiered footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a horse of the present day.

The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy blue satin, while the handles and door levers are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the salesroom, never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year.

Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofts the Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

## FRIENDS THOUGH FOES.

During Lord Methuen's stay in the Boer camp Gen. Delarey was permitting in his courtesy, and personally expressed his great sympathy with his distinguished prisoner.

BRACE ON THE STEAMER.

Many a serious accident on the water might be avoided if vessels were fitted with a device for bringing them to a stop as quickly as possible when the danger appears. Louis Lacoste of Montreal, Que., has designed an apparatus for this special purpose, which is illustrated herewith. The picture shows the central part of a steamer with the brake mechanism attached in operating position.

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## THE DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE.

STEAMERS  
"TAHOMA" and "METLAKO"  
Daily trips except Sunday.

Leave Dalles ..... 7 A. M.  
Arrive Portland ..... 4 P. M.  
Leave Portland ..... 7 A. M.  
Arrive Dalles ..... 5 P. M.

Leave Hood River (down) at 8:30 A. M.  
Arrive Hood River (up) at 3:30 P. M.

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Daily round trips except Sunday.

Leave Portland, Mon., Tues., Sat. .... 7:00 A. M.  
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## THE DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE.

STEAMERS  
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Daily trips except Sunday.

Leave Portland, Mon., Wed., Fri. .... 7:00 A. M.  
Leave Dalles, Tues., Thurs., Sat. .... 7:00 A. M.

Str. "METLAKO."  
Leave Portland, Tues., Thurs., Sat. .... 7:00 A. M.  
Leave Dalles, Mon., Wed., Fri. .... 7:00 A. M.

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## UNION PACIFIC OREGON SHORT LINE.

DEPART TIME SCHEDULES FROM HOOD RIVER ARRIVE

Chicago Special	11:25 a. m.	Belt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Portland Special	5:05 p. m.
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Sophone Flyer	6:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Kelso, Rainier, Portland, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Portland Flyer	6:30 p. m.
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Mail and Express	11:25 p. m.	Belt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express	5:45 a. m.
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## OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p. m. All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco Sail every 5 days.

Daily Ex-Sunday	8:30 a. m.	Columbia River Steamers.	4:00 p. m.	Ex-Sunday
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4:45 a. m.	Ex-Sunday	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Kelso, Rainier, Portland, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.	Ex-Sunday
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7:00 a. m.	Tues. and Thurs.	Walla Walla and Vancouver City.	5:30 p. m.	Mon. and Wed.
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4:45 a. m.	Tues. and Thurs.	Oregon City, Dayton, and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m.	Mon. and Wed.
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4:45 a. m.	Tues. and Thurs.	Walla Walla.	4:30 p. m.	Mon. and Wed.
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Ex-Sunday	8:30 a. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Kelso, Rainier, Portland, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Ex-Sunday	5:05 p. m.
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For low rates and other information write to A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

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