

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter I—Continued.

"Cocks and hens," cried the little girl, gleefully, pointing at their ill-omened forms, and clapping her hands to make them rise. "Say, did God make this country?"

"In course he did," said her companion, rather startled by this unexpected question.

"He made the country down in Illinois, and He made the Missouri," the little girl continued. "I guess somebody else made the country in these parts. It's not nearly so well done. They forgot the water and the trees."

"What would you think of offering up prayer?" the man asked diffidently.

"It ain't right yet," she answered.

"It don't matter. It ain't quite regular, but He won't mind that, you bet! You say over them ones that you used to say every night in the wagon when we was on the plains."

"Why don't you say some yourself?" the child asked, with wondering eyes.

"I disremember them," he answered. "I hadn't said none since I was the height of that gun. I guess it's near too late. You say them out, and I'll stand by and come in on the choruses."

"Then you'll need to kneel down, and me, too," she said, laying the shawl out for that purpose. "You've got to put your hands up like this. It makes you feel kind of good."

It was a strange sight, had there been anything but the buzzards to see it. Side by side on the narrow shawl knelt the two wanderers—the little, prattling child and the reckless, hardened adventurer, and clear, the chubby face and his haggard, angular visage were both turned up to the cloudless heaven in heartfelt entreaty to that dread being with whom they were face to face, while the two voices—the one thin and clear, the other deep and harsh—united in the entreaty for mercy and forgiveness.

The prayer finished, they resumed their seat in the shadow of the bowler until the child fell asleep, nestling upon the broad breast of her protector.

He watched over her slumber for some time, but Nature proved to be too strong for him.

For three days and three nights he had allowed himself neither rest nor repose.

Slowly the eyelids drooped over the tired eyes, and the head sunk lower and lower upon the breast, until the man's grizzled beard was mixed with the golden tresses of his companion, and both slept the same deep and dreamless slumber.

Had the wanderer remained awake for another half hour a strange sight would have met his eyes.

Far away on the extreme verge of the alkali plain, there rose up a little spray of dust, very slight at first, and hardly to be distinguished from the mists of the distance, but gradually growing higher and broader until it formed a solid, well-defined cloud.

This cloud continued to increase in size until it became evident that it could only be raised by a great multitude of moving creatures.

In more fertile spots the observer would have come to the conclusion that one of those great herds of bisons which graze upon the prairie land was approaching him.

This was obviously impossible in these arid wilds. As the white dust drew nearer to the solitary bluff upon which the two castaways were reposing the canvas-covered tills of wagons and the figures of armed horsemen began to show up through the haze, and the apparition revealed itself as being a great caravan upon its journey for the West.

But what a caravan! When the head of it had reached the base of the mountains the rear was not yet visible on the horizon.

Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array, wagons and carts, men on horseback, and men on foot. Innumerable women who staggered under burdens, and children who toddled beside the wagons or peeped out from under the white coverings.

This was evidently no ordinary party of immigrants, but rather some nomad people who had been compelled through stress of circumstances to seek a new country.

There rose through the clear air a confused clattering and rumbling from this great mass of humanity, with the creaking of wheels and the neighing of horses.

Loud as it was, it was not sufficient to rouse the two tired wayfarers above them.

At the head of the column there rode a score or more of guns, iron-faced men clad in sombre homespun garments and armed with rifles.

On reaching the base of the bluff they halted and held a short council among themselves.

"The wells are to the right, my brothers," said one a hard-lipped, clean-shaven man with grizzly hair.

"To the right of the Sierra Blanco—so we shall reach the Rio Grande," said another.

"Fear not for water," cried a third. "If you could draw it from the rocks will not now abandon his own chosen people."

"Amen! Amen!" responded the whole party.

They were about to resume their journey when one of the youngest and keenest-eyed uttered an exclamation and pointed up at the rugged crag above them.

From its summit there fluttered a little wisp of pink, showing up hard and bright against the gray rocks behind.

At the sight there was a general reining up of horses and unalighting of guns, while fresh horsemen came galloping up to reinforce the vanguard. The word "Redskins" was on every lip.

"There can't be any number of Indians here," said the elderly man, who appeared to be in command. "We have passed the Patience, and there are no other tribes until we cross the great mountains."

"Shall I go forward and see, Brother Stanger?" asked one of the band.

"And I," and I cried a dozen voices.

"Leave your horses below and we will wait you here," the elder answered.

In a moment the young fellows had dismounted, fastened their horses, and were ascending the precipitous slope which led up to the object which had excited their curiosity.

They advanced rapidly and noiselessly, with the confidence and dexterity of practiced scouts.

The watchers from the plain below could see them fit from rock to rock until their firm feet stood against the sky-line. The young man who had first given the alarm was leading

with the voice of Joseph Smith, which he the voice of God."

CHAPTER II.

This is not the place to commemorate the trials and privations endured by the immigrant Mormons before they came to their final haven.

From the shores of the Mississippi to the western slopes of the Rocky mountains they had struggled on with a constancy almost unparalleled in history.

The savage man and the savage beast, hunger, thirst, fatigue and disease—every impediment which Nature could place in the way had all been overcome with Anglo-Saxon tenacity.

Yet the long journey and the accumulated terrors had shaken the hearts of the stoutest among them.

There was not one who did not sink upon his knees in heartfelt prayer when they saw the broad valley of Utah bathed in the sunlight beneath them, and learned from the lips of their leader that this was the promised land, and that these virgin acres were to be theirs for evermore.

While they were thus, a skillful administrator as well as a resolute chief.

Maps were drawn and charts prepared, in which the future city was sketched out.

All around farms were apportioned and allotted in proportion to the standing of each individual.

The tradesman was put to his trade and the artisan to his calling. In the town streets and squares sprang up as if by magic.

In the country there was draining and hedging, planting and clearing, until the next Summer saw the whole country golden with the wheat crop. Everything prospered in the strange settlement.

Above all, the great temple which they had erected in the center of the city grew taller and larger.

From the first blush of dawn until the closing of the twilight, the clatter of a certain legal proceeding, which saw was never absent from the monument which the immigrants erected to Him who had led them safe through many dangers.

The two castaways, John Ferrier and the little girl who had shared his fortunes and had been adopted as his daughter, accompanied the Mormons to the end of their great pilgrimage.

Little Lucy Ferrier was borne along pleasantly enough in Elder Stanger's wagon, the death of which she shared with the Mormon's three wives and with his son, a headstrong, forward boy of twelve.

Having rallied, with the elasticity of childhood, from the shock caused by her mother's death, she soon became acquainted with the women, and reconciled herself to this new life in her moving canvas-covered home.

(To be Continued.)

CONTENDING FOR A PRINCIPLE.

Good Example of the Quibbles That Prevail in Legal Practice.

An English writer gives a good example of those quibbles in legal practice that have a sort of fascination for certain minds. Some years ago, while traveling on the continent, he met the principal lawyer for the government of a certain legal question. It had reference to a railway station at the boundary between two principalities.

Someone standing outside the window of the ticket office had put his hand through and robbed the till inside. The boundary line lay between where the thief stood and the till, so that he was actually in one territory while the crime was committed in another. Here was a nice nut for the gentlemen learned in the law to crack. Which of the principalities should undertake the prosecution of the criminal?

At it went in good earnest, and the arguments on either side were long and vehement, till the whole case was explained in many volumes. At last one side yielded so far as to say:

"We will permit you, as an act of courtesy, to prosecute, while at the same time reserving all our sovereign rights."

At this point of the recital I asked: "And how did the prosecution end?"

"Ah! That is quite another matter," said my friend. "We was no prosecutor, we were only arranging what we should do when we caught the robber; but we never caught him."—Youths' Companion.

Fearful Cold of Siberia.

There are still many drawbacks to travel on the great Siberian railway, but one of the greatest is the discomfort to which third-class passengers, especially native Chinese, are subjected. The past winter was unusually severe, yet the rolling stock is so inadequate that the Chinese ride in open freight cars. In January and February, when the thermometer registered from 30 to 40 degrees below the freezing point, the Chinese sat in crowds on the frozen trucks and frequently froze to death. On one terrible night in February 15 Chinese perished and about 150 others suffered terribly from frost bites and exposure.

The Trappists.

Many letters come to the monastery announcing the death of relatives of the monks; these are seen by the abbot only, and at chapter he may simply announce: "The mother of one of our number is dead; let us pray for her soul."

Never to his dying day does the bearded Trappist learn that he was praying for his own mother.

The Money of Babylon.

The great and ancient empires of Assyria and Babylonia adhered for ages to primitive blocks of copper and ingots of gold and silver and did not, therefore, have an imperial coinage. They possessed a system of banking, however, which was complete and well developed.

Dangerous Medicines.

Certain medicines—including cinchona salts, salicylic acid, mercury, tobacco, alcohol, carbonic oxide, lead, chloroform and ether—have been reported especially dangerous to hearing and liable to cause deafness.

Pineapple Juice.

The best lubricant for the organs of the throat is pineapple juice. It is said that people living in countries where the cone-shaped fruit is grown never suffer from bronchial affections.

Lettuce.

The mineral salts contained in lettuce, its refreshing, cooling properties and its easy digestion make it a most wholesome addition to the more solid foods.

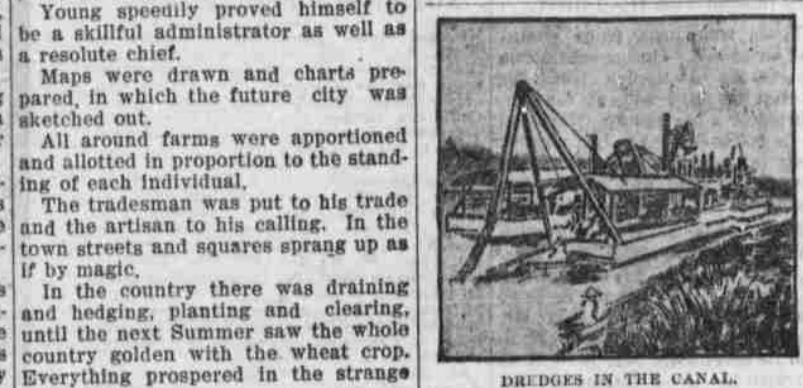
WATERY BOULEVARD

SUCH WILL BE UNCLE SAM'S INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

Highway for Ships Across Panama Will Be Lighted by Electricity from One End to the Other of Its Forty-three Miles of Length.

The Panama canal, when it is finished and its ultimate completion is at last an assured fact, will be much like a great street or boulevard, 150 feet wide and brilliantly lighted from one end to the other by electricity from a single power source. The waterway will be perfectly straight throughout for more than half of its entire length and will extend over a distance of about forty-three miles, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean.

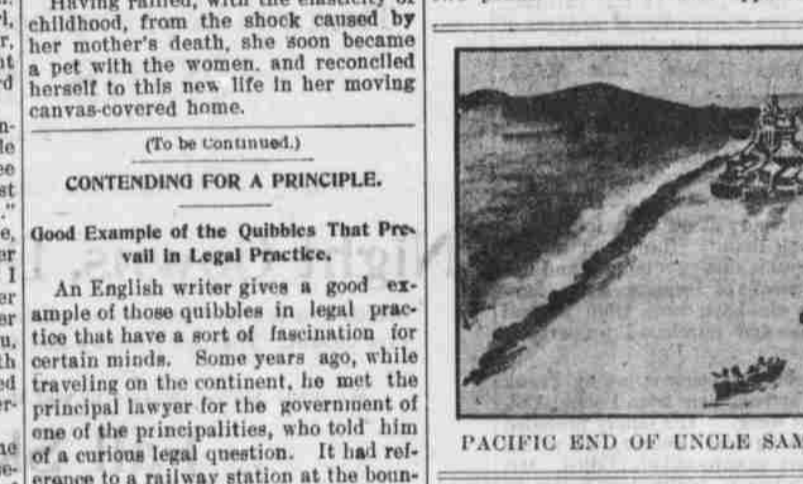
Already the canal is two-fifths dug.



DREDGES IN THE CANAL.

To complete it will require fifteen years and an expenditure of \$145,000,000 in money. An army of at least 15,000 laborers will be employed on the job, most of them being fetched for the purpose from Jamaica, under contract. When the ditch is completed, however, it will become a large source of revenue to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as he will charge \$1 for every ton of shipping that goes through from ocean to ocean. It will not be an excessive price, inasmuch as the regular toll for passing the Suez canal is \$2 a ton.

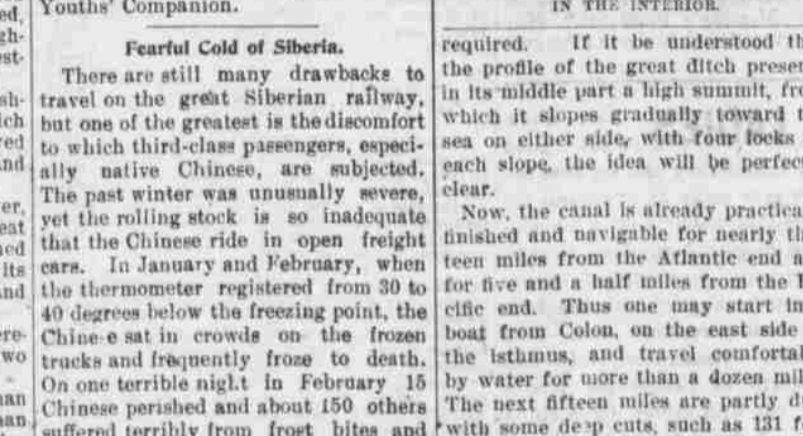
The first idea of the great French engineer, De Lesseps, was to dig a sea level canal across the isthmus, just as a small bay might cut a ditch between two ponds. But it became apparent



PACIFIC END OF UNCLE SAM'S GREAT WATERY BOULEVARD.

later on that such a plan would not be feasible, for two reasons. A mountain chain, which is a continuation of the great Cordilleran system, runs along the middle of the isthmus, and to cut through it down to the level of the ocean would be a most laborious and costly task. Also, the Chagres River, which is addicted to periodic floods, would cause no end of trouble.

Accordingly the canal was carried over the mountain range, through a convenient pass, and arrangements were made for locks, in which, by filling them with water, vessels passing through will be lifted to the necessary elevation. It was a simple matter enough, only eight locks in all being



IN THE INTERIOR.

required. If it be understood that the profile of the great ditch presents in its higher part a high summit, from sea on either side, with four locks on each slope, the idea will be perfectly clear.

Now, the canal is already practically finished and navigable for nearly thirteen miles from the Atlantic end to the Pacific end. Thus one may start in a boat from Colon, on the east side of the isthmus, and travel comfortably by water for more than a dozen miles. The next fifteen miles are partly dug, with some deep cuts, such as 121 feet at Bohio, 82 feet at San Pablo and 98 feet at Motaehin. At the twenty-eighth mile rises the mountain range, which is the most serious obstacle to the undertaking.

Advantage is taken, however, of a convenient pass, as above explained, and much of the remaining difficulty has already been removed by cuts, one of which has taken out a long slice of rock 164 feet in depth. At the thirty-third mile the slope toward the Pacific begins, and for the rest of the way the canal is not very far from completion. It extends out into the Pacific ocean for a little over three miles, because the water was not deep enough near shore and a channel had to be dredged.

Half of the entire length of the canal—fifteen miles on the Atlantic side and seven and a half miles on the Pacific side—will be at sea level. The rest of the trip will be by slopes up which and down which it will be necessary to use locks. Each lock will be twenty-four feet deep and will be equipped with a pair of basins of concrete masonry for holding the vessels while the water level is raised or lowered to give them the step required up or down. Thanks to the help of the engineers, the highest bottom level of the canal will be only 68 feet above the ocean.

For a considerable part of its length the canal runs through the valley of the Chagres River—a stream which, though small in the dry season, is subject to sudden and tremendous freshets. Hence means must be provided to prevent it from causing destruction, and a great dam will be built accordingly at Bohio for storing the food

WATERS. THIS DAM WILL TRANSFORM THE CHAGRES INTO A VAST LAKE, THE BOUNDARIES OF WHICH HAVE BEEN ACCURATELY ESTABLISHED AND WHICH WILL EXTEND THIRTEEN MILES TO OBIPO, WHERE THE CANAL LEAVES THE RIVER, COVERING AN AREA OF MORE THAN TWENTY-ONE SQUARE MILES. THE CAPACITY OF THE DAM WILL BE SOMETHING LIKE 200,000,000 CUBIC YARDS.

Another dam will be built at Alhajuela, on the upper Chagres, nine miles from the canal, of concrete masonry, forming a reservoir with a surface area of ten square miles and a capacity of 150,000,000 cubic yards. It will not only help to store the flood waters of the Chagres in the wet season, but will do some very useful work. Acting as a feeder to the summit level of the canal, it will supply the great ditch with water in the dry season, through the medium of an aqueduct, and will furnish hydraulic power for operating the huge locks. The locks will be worked by electricity obtained from this water power, and by the same means the canal will be illuminated throughout its entire length with electric lights.

In this way the Chagres will be transformed from an element of danger into a useful friend and helper. No trouble is feared from volcanoes, inasmuch as there are none within 200 miles. The harbors at Colon and Panama are excellent, and need no further excavation or protection, though basins will be built at each end of the canal for the convenient ingress and egress of ships. Each of these basins will be 150 yards wide and 1,000 yards long, and will be provided with mooring facilities and wharves connected with the terminal stations of the Panama Railroad. The railroad runs alongside of the ditch clear across the isthmus, greatly facilitating the work. For much of its length the banks of the canal will be faced with masonry.

The canal when finished will accommodate merchantmen and war vessels of the largest size, and the time of transit from ocean to ocean will be less than a day. The benefits it will bring to the commerce of the world will be, of course, incalculable.

COMRADESHIP IN THE SENATE.

Reported that Serves the Purpose of a Cross-Examination.

It may be heretical to say it, but the debates both in the Senate and House seem to partake of the nature of cross-examination—of effort to trip a speaker while he is courageously trying to furnish material for the Congressional Record. The taunting repartee may seem rather rude, even insulting, but it serves a good purpose in bringing out, in a face to face contrast, all phases of the question under consideration.

For instance, Senator Allison is speaking, and Senator Tillman raises a point. A colleague of the speaker, says Senator Aldrich, quietly goes over to the South Carolinian's desk, and points out a reference or whisper a supplemental explanation, which may or may not be satisfactory, according to the nod of Tillman's head. Senator Quay sits with his hands folded, quietly watching the proceedings, with his inevitable motion to adjourn. It may be that Senator Penrose, with one hand in his pocket, is trying to push a matter through, and if so, Quay assists him with the whispered explanation.

There is something charming in this spirit of comradery between Senators interested jointly in a measure. When Senator Frye talks on the shipping bill, Senator Hanna is one of the interested auditors and assists in clearing up points as the speech progresses. It is easy to observe from the faces of the Senators or members whether or not they are connected with the matter under discussion, and the friendly courtesy of attention, and hand grasp and the initiation of an encouraging ripple of applause, when the speech is concluded, are bits of human fellowship that save the sting of wounds inflicted in partisan struggle.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National.

ABNORMAL DEVELOPMENT.

Recently a Paris psychologist announced that he had conclusively proved that malformation of the brain produces intellectual brilliancy. The theory is that deformity, disease or accident causes the abnormal development of some part of the brain, and the result is genius. In support of this several cases are mentioned. It is pointed out that Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost" while he was blind, and it is said that the blindness confined his mind to a certain scope in a manner that made it possible for him to evolve the great epic.

Cases of a somewhat different nature are shown in the elegant writings of Thomas de Quincey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, both of whom had brains in which the excessive use of opium had made havoc. De Quincey describes his horrible experience with opium, taken in the form of laudanum in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Byron's club foot is seriously advanced as the cause of his lyric power, and the point is made that Sir Walter Scott's most brilliant work was dictated from a sick bed. Mozart and Wagner both had deformed brains, said to have been due to disease and bumps while they were children.—Answers.

AMERICAN FLOUR IN FAR EAST.

American flour is increasing in popularity in Manchuria.

When a farmer comes to town on circuit day, and the parade doesn't suit him, he hitchhikes up and goes home.

How little an unmarried man knows about dressmakers! The lucky dog!



LASHES OF FUN

In Chicago—"Will you marry me?" "What! again!"—Judge.

The Trust Principle.—It is easier to rob a million of men of a dollar each than to rob one man of a million.—Life.

Mrs. Jones—"I always think twice before I speak once, sir!" Mr. Jones (sighing)—"Exactly, Maria—but you're such a quick thinker!"—Puck.

Mistress (to newly-engaged cook)—"And now, what shall we call you?" Cook—"Well, mum, my name is Bertha, but my friends all call me Birdie."

Swapping confidences: May—"I hear Belle had a great talk with Harry out on the beach." Clara—"I should say she did. Why, even her tongue is sunburned."—Ex.

"I am necessary: Assistant (in menagerie)—"Sir, it rains!" "Keeper—"Good heavens! Don't waste a minute, but take in that zebra. His color runs!"—Tid-Bits.

If the people who can't write had the brains of those who can, and those who can had the skill of those who can't, what a glorious literature we would soon have.—Ex.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—"What made you leave your last place?" The Cook Lady—"Tis insulter' ye are, ma'am. Nothin' could ever make me lave, ma'am. O! go whin O! places."—Philadelphia Press.

Lieutenant—"Don't you know enough to salute your superior officer?" New Sentry—"I did, sir." Lieutenant—"I failed to see you." Sentry—"I said, 'Hello, there!' but I guess you didn't hear me."

Kitty—"D'y'e r'ally love me, Dinny? Denny—"Do O! love ye? Faith, Kitty, O!d do anything to live wid ye the rist av me-loife, aven if O! knowed 'twould kill me this minute."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Benham—"It's hard on the people of Greenland to have nights six months long." Benham—"Yes. Just think of the sufferings of the poor man whose wife's mother drops in to spend the evening."—Bazar.

Casey—"Did ye go ov'er t' see Kelly lasht night?" Costigan—"O! did not. Aft'er O!d walked two-thrills av th' way O! was too tired t' go a thirt' further, so O! turned round an' walked back home ag'in."—Judge.

"Brother, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?" "Yes, pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."—Philadelphia Record.

"Yes, count, in all the park there is no place I like so well as under this old, old tree. (Sighing sentimentally.) 'There are tender associations, you see.' 'Aha! I comprehend, mam'selle. You have yourself planted the tree?'—Punch.

His choice jury: Lawyer Brief—"I see that case of yours is on. Jury drawn yet?" Lawyer Skinner—"Yes, and it's a splendid one." Lawyer Brief—"Above the average in intelligence, eh?" Lawyer Skinner—"No; way below it."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Doolan—"Only think, Mrs. Grogan, that great Pianopounder has practiced so hard on the piano for the last six months that he has paralyzed two fingers." Mrs. Grogan—"Begorra, that's nothing, Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter, Mary Ann, has practiced so hard for the last six months that she's paralyzed two pianos!"

Excited Fisherman (to country hotel keeper)—"There isn't a bit of fishing about here! Every brook has a sign warning anglers here with the promise of fine fishing." Hotel Keeper—"I didn't say anything about the fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully, you will see that what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

"Archibald, dear," his wife said, arousing him "In the dead of night, 'I wish you would walk baby a little while. He's going to wake up.' 'How can I do that, Lucinda?' expostulated the sleepy husband. You know I've got the ping-pong ankle." "Then put him in his cradle and rock him a while." "I can't do that, either. I've got the golf shoulder."—Boston Courier.

The blood of the soldier: "I suppose, colonel," said the beautiful grass widow, "that there often are moments when you wish you were again on the battle-field, thrilled by the roar and fired by the excitement of war." "Yes," he answered, looking around eagerly for an avenue of escape, and seeing none, "even now the old feeling comes back to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An appreciation: A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his life's partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"—Tit-Bits.

Floor-walking: Head floor-walker (severely)—"I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left." New floor-walker—"That's where they are." Head floor-walker—"Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain-counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain-counter, then three counters to the right past the shirt-waist margin counter, and so on. You'll never make a floor-walker."—Judge.

A Peculiar Name.

"What makes you call your mink Ping Pong?" "It reminds me of de happy days when I was workin' for some o' dem select gemen at de club," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "When I's drivin' dat mule I has to talk to him jes' about de same as dem gemen was play de game."—Washington Star.

Pleasant Thoughts.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts. It is the highest wisdom to have as many of them as possible.

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 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.

Lumber Wood, Posts, Etc.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

Regulator Line

Between The Dalles and Portland Daily 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.

W. C. ALLAWAY,
General Agent.

White Collar Line

Portland-Astoria Route
Str. "BAILEY GATZERT."
Daily round trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD.

Leave Dalles 7:00 A. M.
Leave Astoria 7:00 P. M.
Through Dalles, Hood River, Astoria, Nahoia to Ilwaco and Long Beach points.
White Collar Line tickets interchangeable with O. R. & N. Co. and V. T. Co. tickets.

The Dalles-Portland Route

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

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

Sr. "METLAKO."
Leave Portland, Tues., Thu., Sat., 7:00 A. M.
Leave The Dalles, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7:00 A. M.
Landings and office: Post-Alder Street. Both phones Main 351. Portland, Oregon.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Astoria Spokane via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, East.	4:30 p. m.
At 8:00 p. m. via Huntington.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Astoria, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, East.	8:10 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, East.	7:00 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
4:30 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco— Sail every 3 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 7:30 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:00 a. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.	Willamette River, Hill River, Waterbury, Oregon City, Astoria and Way Land- ings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yam- hill Rivers, Waterbury, Oregon City, Astoria and Way Land- ings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.
7:00 a. m.	Snake River.	7:00 a. m.
7:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Riparia to Lewiston	Daily except Monday.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
A. N. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.