

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Trapper's Story.

"Tell us, Mr. Hammersley, about yourself," said Bertha, the night of the trapper's return after supper was over and the evening was before them. "Father," she continued, "has told me very much about you, but he only knows your late life. We are under no great interest in your early history, your childhood, your birthplace, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters—everything about you, Mr. Hammersley!"

"You ask something that I know but little about, myself," replied the trapper. "I have been on these plains so long that the past all seems like a dream. In fact, it is so much like a dream that I sometimes get it confused with my dreams and scarcely know which is real and which is a dream."

"I was born in New York City. At least, when I first recollect, we were living in Boston, and my mother told me that I was born in New York, and that we had lived in Chicago. My step-father was a big coarse fellow, a ship-carpenter, any one as big as I was large enough to be in the way he was very cruel to me. It seems that he and my mother were married when I was only two years old, and that my father had died when I was only one year old. I do not even know his name. It is unfortunate, but I was a kind young and knew not the importance of having my own name, so I took the name of my step-father, though I bear the given name of my father. This much I learned, but I do not remember how I learned it."

"Anyways, my mother died when I was still a mere child and then I was sent to a sort of orphanage or place for the poor, and as soon as I got old enough to leave the place I did so, and drifted into the streets—was a common street arab for several years—sold papers, shined shoes, and did such things that class of boys do until I was fifteen years old. In the meantime I had been reading cheap novels—I had picked up a smattering education at the orphanage, and kept up reading. My soul was fired to go west and kill Indians, and be a hunter and trapper and do such other things that a frontier life might lead to."

"Well, one day I met Leonard Liggett, an Englishman, who said he had known my mother and father, and took a great interest in me on that account. He said that he was going to join an immigrant train to cross the plains and asked me if I did not want to come. It was the thing I most desired, and I had no preparations to make, as I had all that I possessed in the world on my back."

"We joined the immigrant train early in the spring and I worked my way by driving stock, helping about camp and doing whatever fell to my lot. We had many adventures, were attacked by the Indians, some of the immigrants took sick and died, and the teams gave out, provisions ran short, in fact, we had the usual mishaps of a trip across this long stretch of uninhabited country."

"When we reached the Boise City military post my friend Liggett met Martin Lyle and after a few minutes conversation he got employment with him and came on to the desert. They seemed to know each other, or something of each other, and after they met they were never separated before they left for the plains. Liggett came and bade me good bye and said he was sorry he could not get me employment, too, but I did not care to come to the desert then, did not want to work on a ranch, and remained with the immigrant train under the protection of the military post."

"An old trapper by the name of Mike Hope came into Boise one day with a fine load of furs. He was dressed in furs and was scarred and rugged, and told of his adventures on the desert. I followed him about the post every day to hear him relate his adventures and when he had finally sold his furs at a good price and bought his supplies, among them being a number of large bear traps, I ventured to approach him and requested that he take me along. He sized me up and after learning from some of the immigrants with whom I had crossed the plains that I was what he considered a true blue, he consented."

"We left and came to this very place, and while he had prepared a great deal of the improvements here, I assisted him in making more. But he had found the secret chamber, and it was always guarded as such and kept prepared as a refuge in case we were ever attacked by the Indians, though he often treated them presents. On account of this course we were never attacked by them, though we often met them when they were on the war path."

"The second summer after I came poor old Mike left me in charge of the place and traps and he made an other trip to Boise. That is the last I ever saw of him. He got into a game of cards and then a fight and he was killed along with several others in the fight. When I finally became alarmed I made the trip to Boise and learned the facts of his death. I also learned that he hid his part in the fight."

"Left in this manner there was but one thing for me to do. I had learned the trapping business and liked it. There was money in it, and I returned and took charge of the place as my own. In a short time after my return I found my father under the circumstances doubting that he has already explained to you and since that time I have had no occasion to get lonesome or give up the plains, as I have made his cause my cause and long to see him revenged against the terrible deed of his brother and his companion, Dan Follett."

"But did you ever meet your friend Lizeet, again?" inquired Bertha.

"No, not to talk with him. I only saw him once, but I do not think he recognized me. I stopped at the Stone House once for water and saw him there. I do not think he would know me now," said the trapper.

"But you say he seemed to know your uncle?" replied Bertha.

"No, I did not mean that," said the trapper. "They appeared to know something in common, or to understand one another in some way. But that is also like a dream and I may have been mistaken."

After a few moments of silence the trapper continued: "So that is my whole story, so far as I know it, and

there is nothing out of the ordinary about it. The novels I used to read led me to believe that there was romance about everything in the west but it is all alike to me. The daily attention to the traps, the curing of furs, the passing band of Indians, all—except the unfortunate events connected with yourself and your father are common-places to me."

Before the conversation was renewed there was a pounding on the outer door of the structure, for it was getting on toward midnight and the door had been closed.

The trapper rose and closing all evidence of a room behind him wended his way to the place of alarm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

News From the Stone House.

Oscar Metzger, one of the surviving cowboys, and the one who had been trusted with returning to the Stone House on forming the compact was found at the door when the trapper responded that night. He had ridden the journey in great haste and considered that the circumstances demanded it.

It was tumult at the Stone House. Old Egan and his warriors had surrounded the place and would accept no terms of peace. It was only through an occasional gift by the Lord of The Desert to the old chief that he had kept on peaceful terms with him so long for the old chief had always considered the "White Grizzly," as he called him, a menace to the Indian's welfare and an encroacher upon his rights; besides this, the horses and cattle of the Lord of The Desert had always been considered a valuable prize and the late improved guns and revolvers about the place had more than once almost gotten the better of the chief's good intentions; and now that he had caught Dan Follett, the Lord of The Desert's right hand man and henchman, in the act of making away with his horses, and then trailed him back to the Stone House, he took it for granted that it was a ruse on the part of the "White Grizzly" to rob him, and considered all obligations of amity between them closed.

It was the blow that he had long desired to strike and he had come fully prepared to strike it.

After the capture of Follett the chief had pursued the Warm Springs Indians until he had killed or captured a majority of them and retaken all of his horses and several more besides, and then returned to his camp at the foot of Ash Butte. In the meantime he had wrung from one of the Warm Springs warriors the confession that the Follett had come to the Warm Springs camp and persuaded them to embark in the enterprise against the Piutes. The old chief suspected this, but he wished to assure his warriors of the fact to make them the more sanguine in the attack upon the Stone House.

On the night of their arrival at Ash Butte a strong guard had been placed over Follett, but a stronger guard had been placed about the horses, which were also carefully guarded that night. Both guards were instructed to keep a vigilant watch, the one to see that their prisoner escaped and the other to see that he did not secure a horse.

Late in the night Follett's guard "faded" asleep and the wily Piute man crawled away as lightly as a cat. When once in the darkness and alone he looked about to secure a horse but he saw the forms of Egan's warriors silhouetted against the horizon whenever he discovered the dark outline of an animal. In making his last attempt to secure one of the animals, and when he thought he was about to be rewarded for his trouble, a warrior shouted the Indian word for "coyote" and a dozen arrows "whished" in close proximity to him. Then he saw them sneaking in his direction as if to surround him, and he made away through the sage brush, striking boldly out across the desert, guided by the north star.

To add to his discomfort the Indians had removed his hat and coat and boots that night and he was now a fugitive on the desert without a coat, hat or shoes.

Old Egan had arranged his plans, and history itself records the fact that this old chief always laid them well. Couriers had already been sent to other allies of his tribe, and while scouts were put on Dan Follett's trail to see that he went to the Stone House.

These scouts had followed him, climbing among the rimrocks by day and observing him as he picked his way across the plain, and then followed by night. They had seen him when the trapper's abode and he followed him on until he entered the Stone House. In the meantime Old Egan had mustered his men and, two hundred strong, had started for the Stone House, while he expected as many more allies to join him there sooner or later. There were marauders among the Modocs and Klamaths that he could count on, and he had sent for these also.

The destruction of the power of the Lord of The Desert had long been contemplated and the time had now come.

Egan was not slow to look after his own interests. To arrive first upon the scene and select a few of the choicest of the "White Grizzly's" cattle and horses and make way with them before the arrival of his allies was his purpose, and then besiege the whites until his allies arrived and then crush the enemy and divide the remaining spoils.

And he was not slow in action. Dan Follett reached the Stone House just after dark one night, and the following morning found Old Egan's warriors around the entire premises at a safe distance from the loopholes of the outer walls, while a detachment of his men had driven away select bands of horses and cattle.

The first cowboy to go without the enclosure that morning received an unmistakable warning in the form of a feathered arrow which was battered against the wall near his head. Then he saw the war bonnets of the Piutes protruding above the rocks and boulders in every direction and rushed back into the enclosure, followed by a shower of arrows, and gave the alarm.

There were about 50 of the inmates all told and all owned revolvers, but there were not more than half that number of rifles. They were well prepared for defense against an ordinary Indian attack, but it was not thought safe to go into the open against the odds that appeared before them in ambush. They made a

sally just before night, but in the open the Indians had an advantage from behind the rocks and fences and the cowboys returned with some loss in wounded.

It was then that the Lord of The Desert decided to send for relief. General Crook had recently arrived at old Fort Warner and, expecting that the Indians would guard the trail toward this point, Martin Lyle knew but one man that he could trust to reach the Fort, and that was William Hammersley. He called for a volunteer to carry a message to the trapper and Metzger, anxious to return to the trapper's abode was quick to volunteer and was more quickly selected to carry the message. He had slipped through the enemy's lines without mishap and made his way to the trapper's quarters bringing the trapper a request from the Lord of The Desert to go to the government fort for aid at once and promising him a liberal reward for his trouble.

(To be continued.)

POLICEMAN'S LESSON.

One Tells How Reckless He Was with His Weapons at First.

"Experience is certainly a good teacher," observed a member of the Washington police force while discussing the order of Maj. Sylvester concerning the establishment of a school of instruction. "Some instruction to new appointees," he added, "is absolutely necessary, and with the proper start experience will do the rest."

"I remember my first tour of duty, which was many years ago, and I also remember that it not only came near being my last, but came near resulting disastrously for me. Having been sworn in and sent out to police duty without being instructed as to my rights, I started off the beat to which I was assigned armed with all the dangerous weapons usually carried by policemen."

"These weapons were not intended for mere playthings I thought and that I had a right to use them under any and all circumstances I did not doubt. Should I want to make an arrest for any violation of the law and was unable to overtake the offender I was satisfied that I had the right to stop him with a bullet."

"During the evening," the policeman continued, according to the Washington Star, "I came across a party of crap shooters on the commons, and that I thought was an opportunity to distinguish myself. Being unable to overtake those who had participated in the game I proceeded to send bullets toward them, and only gave up my efforts when I had emptied my pistol. So far as I was concerned the affair was fun for me, but I nearly dropped dead when a friend informed me that I might have been given a penitentiary sentence had one of the bullets from my pistol taken effect."

"During the succeeding twenty years or more I did not find it necessary to discharge my revolver. Experience proved a good teacher for me, although proper instruction at the time of my appointment would have avoided the possibility of my being sent to prison."

SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER AS SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

Prince Said Ali, who visited London as Zanzibar's representative to the coronation, has been proclaimed sultan, to succeed his father, who died recently.



MR. HIGHNESS SAID ALI.

The new sultan is not yet 20. He was accompanied to London by Gen. Raikes, the English officer who is in command of the army and police in Zanzibar. The crowded London streets and the rush of life there according to cable dispatches dated the prince, and he was exceedingly anxious to get back to his own country. The picture is from a photograph taken in London.

AN UP-COUNTRY SOLOMON.

He Rendered a Very Wise and Equitable Decision.

In a small town in one of the central counties of New York State lives an old German, who, because of the high esteem in which he is held in the community, was elected justice of the peace. The old gentleman was once called upon, says the New York Times, to decide a most perplexing question.

One of his fellow citizens owned a dog which, although not very vicious, had a bad habit of barking at passers-by. A neighbor vowed vengeance. His chance came when he was returning from a shooting trip, gun in hand. The dog ran out and barked savagely at him, and he fired at the animal. As his aim was bad, the dog escaped, yelping, with nothing more serious than a wounded tail.

The owner of the dog had his neighbor brought before the old justice on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the court-room was crowded with the partisans of both men. The justice heard the charge, and then the defense that the dog was a dangerous animal and a menace to the neighborhood. The old German cleared his throat and delivered the dictum:

"Der man—be has been guilty of cruelty to animals." And one side of the court-room applauded the justice of the decision.

"But der tog—he was a vicious tog." And the other side voiced its approval.

"I will fine der man five tollars." Another murmur in the court-room.

"But I will give him another shot at Gen. Raikes."

REED'S PLACE UNIQUE

His Career Shaped by Self Reliant and Uncompromising Nature and Absence of the Qualities of the Politician.



THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED at the time of his death was only 63 years old. He had a powerful constitution. He was unusually temperate in his habits; he was abstemious in regard to food and drink; slept eight or nine hours every night, and was in the habit of taking a noon-day nap. He never worked too hard and took abundant exercise, walking several miles a day. Few men have ever taken better care of themselves or observed the rules of health so carefully as he, and he was seldom ill. Mr. Reed was always a frugal man, leaning more to economy than to extravagance, and not only saved a good part of his salary, but made an extra \$4,000 or \$5,000 annually by legal and literary work. He would never deliver a lecture or contribute an article for publication without pay, charging \$500 for a lecture; \$300 was his lowest price for a literary production, no matter how short.

Mr. Reed was unique in character, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. There was never any one like him in public life and he has no imitators. He was so original, his individuality was so pronounced, and his traits so peculiar that it would be impossible to imitate him. His failure to receive what may be termed a respectable support for the Presidential nomination at St. Louis embittered his life and intensified those qualities which caused his unpopularity. He had none of the arts of the politician. He was imperious and intolerant, autocratic and uncompromising, and given to the most cruel satire. Men feared him more than they respected or loved him, although he had many warm friends and devoted admirers and an affectionate disposition toward a few persons of whom he was fond.

Reed and McKinley never got along well together. His jealous disposition seemed to detect rivalry in the early days of their acquaintance, and when both became candidates for the Presidential nomination, Reed's comments upon McKinley were always severe and often unkind. He did not enter the White House but three times while McKinley was President—once at the beginning of the first Congressional session after the inauguration, when McKinley invited him to a conference over the message, and the Republican legislative program; again when he was invited to a state dinner, and a third time when he went voluntarily at the outbreak of the Spanish war to assure McKinley of his cordial support.

Reed's relations with Harrison were similar, and he did not enter the White House during the last three years that Harrison was President, because the latter refused to recognize him as entitled to equal consideration with the Senators from Maine in the distribution of patronage. Nor was he ever friendly with Mr. Blaine and fell out entirely with him while he was Secretary of State because of an article that appeared in the North American Review criticizing Reed's parliamentary tactics as Speaker of the House. The article was anonymous, but Mr. Reed could not be convinced that Mr. Blaine did not write it, although the latter positively denied the authorship. Reed was a great admirer of Roosevelt, although the latter did not escape his shafts of satire.

There was a secret in Reed's life of which he was very sensitive. When he was a young man he was an earnest worker in religious affairs, an active member of the First Congregational Church of Portland, a teacher in the Sunday school and participated in the prayer meetings and other religious exercises. At that time he was preparing for college and intended to enter the ministry. He entered Bowdoin College in 1858, and during his first two years accepted money from the ladies' society of the congregation to pay his board and college expenses. In his junior year he changed his plans, and decided to study law, whereupon the women of the First Congregational Church of Portland who had sent him the money were disappointed, accused him of duplicity and provoked him into writing an intemperate and foolish letter, which gave such offense that he was declared an apostate and his name was stricken from the rolls of that church. He never joined another. He taught school and did copying in a lawyer's office to aid in the payment of his college expenses, and after his graduation secured an appointment as paymaster in the navy, and returned to the pastor of the church, dollar for dollar with interest, all the money that had been contributed to aid in his education. His wife and daughter were regular attendants at the Congregational Church in Washington, but he never entered its doors. This sensitiveness to criticism remained with him throughout his entire life and caused him great unhappiness.

He seldom made a set speech, but had no equal in his generation in rough and tumble debate. His stinging retorts, his quick wit, keen power of analysis and merciless force in attack made him feared on the floor, and we owe unto the man who attempted to interrupt or answer him. It was his moral courage that enabled him to crush filibustering in the House of Representatives.

Those were exciting times. Under the rules of the House, as interpreted by his predecessors, business could be indefinitely suspended and the principle of representative government violated if a sufficient number of members refused to answer to their names when the roll was called to break a quorum. That became the favorite way of preventing the majority of the House from enacting laws. The minority was thus enabled to control legislation, which Mr. Reed and every one else realized was wrong, but this trick was resorted to and the House was left without a quorum whenever the minority objected to the passage of a bill. Mr. Reed decided to stop the practice, and whenever a roll call showed the lack of a quorum, counted a sufficient number of silent members upon the floor to make one.

The minority made violent protest against Reed's rulings and on more than one occasion a personal assault on the Speaker was prevented only by the timely interference of cool heads from both sides of the House. On these occasions Mr. Reed was always the coolest man in the House, and the familiar Yankee drawl, "The gentleman will be kind enough to take his seat," often relieved a tense situation.

Reed's rules were sustained and vindicated by the Supreme Court, and all of his successors in the House of Representatives have followed his example. He was a czar and a tyrant, however. He would not permit the House to consider legislation that he did not approve, and could pass almost any bill he liked, because members who opposed him knew what to expect. No man ever exercised such an arbitrary influence upon legislation.

Colored to Suit.

A process has been invented by which eyes may be colored to suit the taste of their owner. This is accomplished by the injection of some liquid into the eye behind the pupil. The experiment has been tried in Paris, and pale blue eyes were transformed to deep violet orbs in a second, with no apparent injury to the patient.

When fortune begins to smile on some men they think it is up to them to sit down and bask in the smile.

Displeasure and disappointment in love produce similar outward effects.

ESCAPE OF SCOUT BURNHAM.

Real Adventure in South Africa that Reads Like Fiction.

Burnham, the American scout, who was Lord Robert's chief of scouts, was one of the most interesting figures in the South African War. Some of his adventures are as thrilling as the wildest inventions of the writers of dime novels, differing only in the important respect that they are true. Frederick Unger, the American war correspondent, relates one of them in his book, "With 'Bobs' and Kruger."

Burnham once allowed himself to be captured and led into DeWet's camp, hoping to get information and then escape. He concealed his identity, but was betrayed by another prisoner, a British officer, who, in spite of Burnham's signs, stupidly called him by name. A special guard was immediately placed over him, and on the march he was put into a trek wagon, closely covered except in front. An armed driver sat on the seat, a guard rode at each side and one behind. Learning from the conversation of his guards that when they reached the railway he would be sent on to Pretoria by train, he knew he must escape then or never.

He kept awake at night and watched his chance. It came when the driver got down to give some directions to the native boy leading the oxen. Burnham crept up on the seat, from which he slipped down to the cart-tongue, and from there he slid quietly to the ground, prostrate under the cart, which passed over him. The guards on the sides could not see, but those behind might. He lay still, preparing to endure even the tread of a horse and not give a sign.

The night was dark. The horses of the following cart stopped carefully over him, and their riders just happened not to look down. The next cart, drawn by oxen, was some distance behind, and before it came up Burnham rolled swiftly to the side of the road, where he lay until the cart passed. Then, before another came up, he had time to roll several hundred yards into the night, and was for the moment safe.

But now his escape was discovered. The column halted and lights appeared. Horsemen rode up and down the line, shouting and firing shots. Other horsemen rode over the field, and several came close to where Burnham was lying. In the darkness he looked so like a lump of grass that he escaped notice. Had his pursuers waited till daylight he would have been taken.

After a while the column moved on, and Burnham rose to his feet and struck off southward for Bloemfontein. He spent two days and nights on the veld, hidden by day on the summits of kopjes, from which he could see Boer scouts, evidently on the lookout for him. At last he succeeded in reaching Bloemfontein, after forty-eight hours without food. He had gained important information from the careless conversation of his guards, and had accomplished his purpose.



In view of the announced determination to make feathers "take an extraordinary part in the coming season's millinery," the official organ of the Audubon societies, sounds a rally call and urges a more strenuous warfare against the destroyers of birds.

"The Pleasures of the Table," by George H. Ellwanger, is an elaborate volume printed by De Vinne and just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. The author has made a book of real interest and literary distinction, full of good stories, unusual recipes, quaint oddities and suggestive facts.

George Kennan's account of his experiences and observations in Martinique in the three weeks immediately following the second eruption of Mount Pelee, which completed the devastation of St. Pierre, have been published by the Outlook Company under the title, "The Tragedy of Pelee."

Mary Cholmondeley considers three years little enough time for the writing of a novel. After the phenomenal vogue of "Ret Potage" she was besieged by publishers, but went serenely on her way, and she has not until now had another novel ready for the press. She is the daughter of a retired clergyman and comes of a line of clerical folk.

Joel Chandler Harris has never published a novel. His Uncle Remus made him famous; and since then he has given his time to juvenile books, short stories and verses. He has, however, succumbed to the novel business, epidemic in literary ranks this year, and will soon publish "Gabriel Tolliver," a story of the reconstruction period in Georgia.

Longfellow is the universal poet. He has been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanscrit, Marathi and Judeo-German. "There is no evidence," says Col. T. W. Higginson, "that any other English-speaking poet of the last century has been so widely appreciated."

The novelists are at great pains to invent odd titles nowadays. For one book with a title as unpretentious as "Adam Bede," for instance, we have a dozen with whimsical names cleverly contrived to set people talking about their oddity. Presumably Julian Ralph's use of the almost superfluous word, "millionaires," as the title of his new story will cause some profitable comment. Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's forthcoming book, "The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker," has a title which is deliciously American.

When it is known at a funeral that the deceased picked out the hymns and arranged the program in advance, the women present find the occasion so sweetly sad as to be almost enjoyable.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

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

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At Antio Express 8:00 p. m. Huntington	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Tonopah, Minnetonka, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Paul	8:10 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 a. m. Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Pt. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul	7:00 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

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5:50 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	5:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 a. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers To Astoria and Way Landings	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
4:45 a. m. Mon. and Wed.	Willamette River, Mt. Hood, Oregon City, New- berg, Astoria, Indus- tendale, Corvallis and Way Land- ings	About 5:00 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:50 a. m. Wed. and Sat.	Willamette and Yam- hill Rivers, Water permitting, Oregon City, Indus- tendale, Corvallis and Way Land- ings	8:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Ly. Riparian 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snoke River, Riparian to Lewiston	Ly. Lewiston 5:00 a. m. Daily except Friday

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