

# ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XIV.

After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton, Winifred was summoned home.

"I would gladly let you remain longer," wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember, my dear, that our original plan was to leave for London on the 28th, and Sir Clayton never likes his plans interfered with."

On the 25th of April Winifred returned to Endon Vale, very sorry to leave her friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the obnoxious society of Mr. Clayton. Everyone welcomed her with open arms; the house had not seemed the same without her—she lacked the sunshine, as the old French lady said.

On the day appointed Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Parquhar and Miss Eyre arrived at Eaton Square and were duly announced in the fashionable chronicles. A new life suddenly opened to the girl who had spent all her young years in such quiet, very to say monotonous. She found it very pleasant, although not altogether what it had been in her dreams two years before.

Her debut was to take place at the house of Miss Douglas. Lord Harold Erskine's aunt, a lady occupying a very decided position in the fashionable world, and the entire to whose entertainments was very generally desired. Lady Grace was anxious that her protegee should look her best.

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the night of the ball, Lady Grace had no reason to regret having allowed her to exercise her own taste. Her dress was of a marvelous whiteness and softness, almost like snow clouds, and here and there over it were the softest white feathers that might have been flakes of fallen snow.

Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the hall-room he caught sight of Winifred talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold in an interval of waiting. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night he had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; but as she looked and smiled now, he felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife now," he thought. "How I should have loved her—how proud I should have been of her! I wonder if she really cares for that fellow Erskine?"

At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had divined his thoughts:

"Will it be a match, do you think?"

He turned with an angry start, and met the mocking gaze of Flora Champlain.

"You mean Gray and Miss Wentworth? I think very probably," Mr. Hastings answered, curtly.

"Oh, no, that is beyond a doubt. I meant Lord Harold Erskine and—his partner."

"I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin," said he, spoke the word pointedly—"your cousin is very beautiful, and may even do better."

"Perhaps he is chosen by the descendant of all the Hastings?" she asked, with a scornful laugh.

"Your penetration seems unusually at fault to-night, Miss Champlain," he returned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over. I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see; and he moved off before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her program with that of a less eligible aspirant. She bit her lip angrily as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin stood, and bend to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bearing toward the country girl whom she despised, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a former's daughter. She turned to the quiet, middle-aged man on whose arm she leaned, and began to talk to him with some of her old brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in reply. Flora felt impressively bored.

"This man is a dolt," she said to herself, angrily; "the idea even of all his money scarcely reconciles me to the horrible tedium of spending so much time in his company."

Mr. Maxwell was an excessively uninteresting rich bachelor of two-and-forty. He gave one an impression of weakness and yielding that made it a matter of surprise he had been allowed to remain so long in the unbelieved estate of bachelorhood. He had met Flora Champlain several times and had admired her.

"He is rich," she said to herself; "he is as weak as water, and he is greedy—three admirable qualities for a husband whom you do not want to care about! Why should I not marry him?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hastings has crossed over to where Winifred was standing, engaged in laughing conversation with Lord Harold, a bright smile on her lips and apparently very happy. She did not see Errol until he came up to her, and then she stopped in a sentence and changed color. She felt a quick thrill of pleasure when she saw his handsome face bent on her with genuine admiration. Some sudden thought of forgetting her pride and yielding to her love came surging into her brain; and then her second, new, unnatural self rebelled, and she greeted him with a cold, indifferent smile.

"You will dance with me, Winifred?" he whispered, as Lord Harold turned to speak to someone behind him.

"I am engaged for every dance, thank you."

"May I come and call in Eaton Square?"

"I dare say Lady Grace will be pleased to see you."

"But you?"

"It is my duty to be pleased to see any and all of Lady Erskine's guests."

"You are not natural, Miss Eyre—you are strangely altered from the generous, large-hearted, true Winifred I knew two years ago."

"Is it worth for ignorant country girls to be truthful?" she asked, with a quick scorn. "If they are generous, do they always meet with like generosity from those whose minds are more enlarged, or should be, from their birth and station?"

"Is your enmity to be lifelong, then?"

"No doubt it will wear out in time, as every other feeling does," was the quick response.

As Mr. Hastings walked away, he asked himself how it was possible that a man whose inherent fault was intense pride could voluntarily expose himself to

the slights and indifference of a young girl.

"I wonder how it is that I still care for her! She seems to have lost all that made me love her when I first knew her. What a fool I am! I will not think any more of her!"

And he left the room and the house, a considerably greater degree of freedom reigned than at the mansion of stately Miss Douglas, and where he was sure of an enthusiastic welcome.

With the charming inconsistency of the sex, Winifred was terribly chagrined on discovering that he was really gone. "He is disgusted with me—he will not bear my unworthy treatment of him longer," she thought, bitterly. "I love him with all my heart, and I have lost him!"

CHAPTER XV.

The weeks rolled on, and the London season was at its height. Drawing rooms, concerts, balls, operas, fetes champetres, flower shows and garden parties went on as usual to make up the sum of the gay world's pleasures and disappointments.

Mrs. Clayton—one of many, perhaps—had been leading a life of staid, feverish hurry since the last month. She did not dare to think a pause of retrospection would either send her heading down the precipice that was yawning at her feet or make her fly from it altogether. And yet she was so unparadoxically weak that she hesitated and could not bring herself to break off all intercourse with Col. d'Agulair.

As if to draw the last plank of safety away from his wife, Mr. Clayton treated her daily worse. He left letters in her way that would not fail to mortify her. If they went out together he made a point of keeping her waiting. He never opened his lips to speak to her unless he was positively obliged, and then his words were sizers and taunts. He paid other women the most extravagant compliments and attention. In short, but for Col. d'Agulair's presence and sympathy, Mrs. Clayton's life would have been unendurable. They met constantly.

One of the entertainments that was intended to rank among the first of the season, was a garden party given by the honorable Mrs. Vivian Lyndes at her beautiful villa on the banks of the river. No expense was to be spared; amusement of every imaginable kind was to be provided; and the whole was to end in a display of such costly fireworks as were rarely seen, and a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were invited. At the last moment he declined to go, and his wife went without him. He did not attempt to prevent her. Col. d'Agulair was to be there. "I will not spoil the sport," he said to himself, with a smile that would have benevolent Mephistophiles.

All her friends were there, all but one, at least, and at first it was with a sense of relief that she missed him. But her after-thought was, and there was no sign of Col. d'Agulair. First she felt restless, then a little impatient, then angry, and then she could have cried for the bitterness of the disappointment. It was four days since she had seen him, and thus he told her distinctly that he intended to be there.

She sat down wearily on the edge of one of the seats. Suddenly she heard a voice pronounce her name, and a quick look of pleasure went to her heart. He had come at last! She forgot her anger, her impatience, and the weary hours she had spent waiting for him, and looked up with a glad smile.

"At last!" she said. "I had given you up long ago. I am so tired of all this, she said, in a whisper; "let us walk a little."

And then she perceived that he was slightly lame.

"Then it is true, what some one told me, that you have sprained your ankle?" she asked hastily. "That kept you away and it hurts you to walk."

"Not at all," he answered; "it is nothing. That did not keep me away."

"What, then?" she asked, quickly.

Col. d'Agulair was silent.

"What kept you away?" she repeated.

"I do not think I can tell you, Mrs. Clayton."

"Do tell me," she whispered, pressing his arm ever so slightly.

"I tried very hard to make a sacrifice," he answered slowly, "and I failed."

"What sacrifice?"

"The sacrifice of my heart's desire to your peace."

She trembled and was silent.

"See!" she said, "the fireworks are beginning, and at that moment a blaze of light shot forth into the skies and seemed to illumine the whole garden and river. There was a rustic garden bench standing in a niche of arbutus and laurel.

"Let us sit down," Mrs. Clayton said. "I know your foot pains you."

"I was so disappointed when you did not come," Fee said presently. "I had just made up my mind to seek for the carriage and go home. I came alone, you know."

"Alone? I thought Mr. Clayton was to be here?"

"He would not come. I think he would do anything rather than spend an hour in my company," she added bitterly. "I cannot go on living like this," she broke out presently. "My life is a torment to me. You told me once I should be miserable if I married him—I am you glad your words have come true?"

"Mrs. Clayton, what do you take me for?" he cried, moved to passion. "I glad—glad that you, whom I love with heart, soul and strength, are tied to a brute who makes your life a pandemonium upon earth—glad that you are persecuted helplessly from me, and that I cannot lawfully stir a finger to help you when I am ready to lay down my life for you?"

"Forgive me!" Fee said, quickly; "I did not mean it. I feel so bitter—so mad sometimes—I scarcely know what I say."

"Mrs. Clayton," he answered hoarsely, "you must not say these things to me. My blood is on fire at your wrongs and you are naturally altered from the generous, large-hearted, true Winifred I knew two years ago."

"I weighed your love in the balance with Mr. Clayton's money once," she said slowly. "And my choice has broken my heart. I am twenty, I have no hope in the world, and an agonized sigh broke from her. 'I know that after to-night I dare not see you any more. If I had been good or wise enough to remember my duty, and keep from speaking of my misery to you, we might have gone on meeting as we have done. To-night we shall part forever.'

"Do not say that, Mrs. Clayton. How can I leave you to that man's brutality?"

"How can you protect me from it?" she asked sadly.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

"I've refused George twice," she said, "but it's no use."

"No use?"

"Not a bit. He believes in predestination."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, he thinks I'm predestined to be his wife, and of course, if that is so, I'll simply have to give in, no matter what papa says. He can't expect me to defy fate."

**Pay Day in Sight.**

Miles—Shorty married an heiress last week and he declares she is all the world to him.

Giles—So he's getting ready to collect the debt, eh?

Miles—What debt?

Giles—Why, the one his wife owes him. I heard him say one time that the world owed him a living.

**Passing Amusements.**

Growler—Hi! Hi! Can't yer look out wher' yer a-comin'!

Quintus—Care! Shut up, Jack-in-the-Box!—Punch.

**Most of the Stories True.**

A story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a charity in which he is interested. At the close of one meeting at which he had spoken with great effect and the direct result a little old woman approached the minister. "Oh," she said earnestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true, aren't they?"

**A Paying Investment.**

"Was it worth while to send your four daughters to that fashionable school?"

"Sure. One eloped while she was there and the others came home engaged."—New York Times.

**Must Take His Turn.**

Enraged Reader—I have come in to borrow the editor.

Office Boy—You'll have to wait, sir; there are two others ahead of you—Life.

**How She Cared Him.**

Mother—You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club? Daughter—I soon broke him of that. "How did you manage?"

"Before going to bed I put two easy chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke?"—New York Weekly.

**As to the Squallops.**

"It's a shame the way those Squallop children are growing up, without any parental restraint whatever."

"Yes; when their mother joined the women's literary society and began attending all the meetings Mr. Squallop got sort of reckless and joined a don't worry club."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Human Cried.**

Teas—Some men are awfully slow, aren't they?

Jess—Yes, and they're so aggravating. There was one sat alongside of me coming down in the car this morning.

Teas—You weren't trying to flirt with him?

Jess—Gracious! no; but he was reading a novel, and he was never ready to turn the page when I was.—Philadelphia Press.

**Wan's Superstitions.**

Giles—Robinson Crusoe must have been a queer sort of chap.

Miles—Because why?

Giles—Because it was Friday every day in the week with him.

**Something Wrong.**

Meeker—There's a crape on the door over the way. Old man Jones must be dead.

Mrs. Meeker—I haven't seen the doctor there for over a week.

**Defined.**

"A souvenir," said the thoughtful man, thoughtfully, "is something that we consider to be worth a whole lot more than its value."—Chicago Evening Post.

**Neither Spinster Nor Old Maid.**

"She's a spinster, isn't she?"

"Certainly not. Why, she'd have a fit if you called her a spinster."

"When was she married, then?"

"She isn't married."

"Oh, no, perhaps?"

"Oh, no."

"Then she must be a spinster."

"Not at all. She keeps house with two other girls in a cozy little flat."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, of course, it's possible for a girl to be a bachelor maid without that, but it's that that makes it absolutely certain. You never heard of spinsters doing anything like that."

"Then a bachelor maid isn't a spinster?"

"Oh, at the present time she may be one technically, for there's been hardly time to change the dictionary; but she doesn't admit it."

"Suppose the public refused to accept her chosen designation and insisted upon calling her spinster and later old maid—what then?"

"Why, why, then, I suppose she would marry almost the first man who came along. Bachelor maid is so delightfully up-to-date and spinster is so frightfully old-fashioned."

**Miscellaneous Notion of Strategem.**

An officer once asked an Irishman if he knew what a strategem was. "Yes, of course I do," "Then," said the officer, "please explain one to me." "Fat (after five minutes' pause): "Suppose you were firing at the enemy and you run short of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know, why all you have to do is to keep on firing."

**Correcting Misapprehension.**

"And this," exclaimed the traveler from the old world, emerging from his state room and gazing dreamily at the shore line ahead of him, "is free America!"

"No," said the bored looking passenger in the steamer chair. "That is New York City."

**Made a Mistake.**

"You don't mean to say, doctor, that you can tell people's ages by their teeth, the same as if they were horses, do you?"

"Certainly, madam."

Which explains why this particular patient never went again to that particular dentist.

**Neatness.**

"I say," said the man who has to board out, "I've found the ideal place at last."

"What is the advantage?" asked the man who has married.

"The neatness of the place. The landlady keeps all the left-over crumbs separate and labeled, so that each man gets his own bread back in the bread pudding."—London Tit-Bits.

**She Was a Treasure.**

Towne—That was a brave act of Urban's—rushing into the water to save a woman from drowning.

Suburb—Brave fiddleness! It was merely an act of selfishness on his part.

Towne—Why, how can you say that? Suburb—The woman he rescued was a cook that had been with him for six months.—Chicago News.

**How He Proposed.**

Miss Chamer—How did Fred propose?

Miss Milyun—He said he didn't know what he would do unless he got some money right away.—Baltimore American.

**A Slight Difference.**

Haggard Looking Room Hunter—Little girl, does your mamma keep boarders?

Honest Little Girl—No, sir; she takes boarders, but she don't keep 'em.—New York Herald.

**Opportunity.**

She—Yes, papa is suffering terribly from gout—he can hardly move his foot.

He—Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, something seems to tell me to speak to him about our engagement to-day—Bah Jove.

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**Cause and Effect.**

"Women evidently have no sense of humor," remarked the bald-headed philosopher.

"Why do you think thusly?" asked the youth with the ingrowing mustache.

"If they had," replied the philosophy dispenser, "they would never get past the love, honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without an audible giggle."



H. L. Wilson's novel, "The Spend-ers," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston, has been dramatized by Edward Rose for William H. Crane.

Appropos the present absorbing Carlyle discussion "The Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister," contain many revelations of the great writer's domestic life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of the authorized American edition of Professor Delitzsch's famous lectures, "Babel and Bible," which explain the relation between the Hebrew scriptures and recent eunetiform research.

Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian" and "Philosophy Four," is still at work upon his long essay or series of chapters upon the "Sheep and Goat Family," which will form part of the next volume in the American Sportsman's Library.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just published the first three volumes of their new and complete Centenary edition of the "Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson," edited with "Notes and Biographical Introduction" by Edward Waldo Emerson. Nine more volumes will follow within the present year.

At the urgent request of Myrtle Reed G. P. Putnam's Sons, who will bring out her novel, will place upon the title page thereof the colored emblem of the City of Chicago, where in the days of Fort Dearborn the scene of her story is laid. The title has been changed to "The Shadow of Victory."

Following W. B. Yeats' play, "Where There is Nothing," the Macmillan Company will soon issue two more dramas by the same hand. They are entitled "The Pot of Broth" and "Cathleen-in-Hollman," and were recently performed at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York by the Irish Literary society.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter, is the title of the latest volume of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's voice. There are verses in negro dialect and some in the vernacular, in about equal proportion, and it is but natural that the most attractive are those cast in the form that this writer has before employed with such conspicuous success.

The Chain of White Agates, is the title of a new book by Amelia E. Barr, the well-known author of The Bow of Orange Ribbon, The Maid of Maiden Lane, A Song of a Single Note, and so on. It is a story of Boston towns, opening in Lincolnshire, but soon passing into Boston. It is of the time of the Mathers and about the period of the witchcraft delusions. The book will probably appear in the fall with the imprint of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's account of her ways while watching birds out of doors suggests the reason for her success. She says: "I always wear a plain dark gown and try to become, as you might say, a part of the landscape as much as possible." And she might have added that she carries the same policy into her writings, and that it accounts for this superiority to her work by certain ladies who have no idea of following Jenny Wren's example, actually or figuratively.

**Telling Trees' Ages.**

"The only accurate way to estimate a tree's age is by the measurement of its girth," said a botanist. "The counting of the rings of exogenous trees can only be applied to such as are cut down in their prime, for these trees, when they begin to die, cease to add their yearly rings. Girth measurement is the only safe guide to the age of trees."

"Hence, all over the world, botanists have now for some years been measuring trees of known and unknown age, compiling thus, a volume of statistics that will become more and more valuable as it increases in size."

"The yew is the longest-lived of trees. Three feet a century, our statistics show, is its normal growth. According to this rule, the Fortingally yew, of Scotland, which was 56 feet in girth in 1793, must have lived over 1,800 years. The Tisbury yew, in Dorsetshire, is 37 feet in girth, and should be, therefore, 1,200 years old.

"There is a table of the age of oaks that differs from this. It is not a very satisfactory table, but it was compiled from trees of known age, and, therefore, it is, statistically, very valuable. According to it, a 40-year-old oak had a circumference of eight feet; 83 years, 12 feet; 100 years, 18 feet; 200 years, 20 feet; 250 years, 27 feet; 300 years, 33 feet."—Philadelphia Record.

**France Behind in the Race.**

Fifty years ago France was the most populous country in Europe, next to Russia. Now she is placed last but one on the list of the great powers, with Italy, which is still behind, rapidly gaining upon her. In the past half century, while France has hardly moved, Germany has added 21,000,000 to her population, Great Britain 14,000,000, Austria-Hungary about as many.

The excess of births over deaths annually is well over three-quarters of a million in Germany, over half a million in Austria, and 422,000 in Great Britain. In France it is only 31,000. The new lives added to the nation barely make up for those that pass away.

**Mother's Boy.**

"Now then, young man," said Willie's mother, "I won't let you play baseball again in a hurry, and you'll get no supper to-night."

"Why, is supper all over?"

"You know very well it is. You saw me at the back gate and heard me calling an hour ago."

"Why—er—I thought yeh was just playin' de two-bagger I made."—Philadelphia Press.

You can't tell by a man's hand shake how much he thinks of you.

## GEO. P. CROWELL,

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