Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

The man who in his zeal had adventured into Potter's Court did not betray by any change of feature his sense of the danger which seemed hanging over him. It was not an enviable position, but his coolness did not desert him. Had it not been for the clanging of bolts below and for the careful locking up of the house he would have been disposed to regard the arrival of Thomas Eastbell and his companion in a friendly spirit, despite the scowls with which they favored him and the anxious faces of the women.

"Hanged if I didn't think so!" exclaimed Thomas Eastbell, alias Vizzobini, fo the crowned-head patronage department; "so this is why you have been creeping about the Saxe-Gotha, is it? Well, what have I done, that you come into my crib in this way? What have you got to say?" he roared forth in a louder key.

"That you keep too big a fire for the time of the year, and that it isn't good for your healths," said Reuben, in a quiet tone of voice. "I have come to see your sister."

"Well, that's uncommon kind of you."

"Tom," said Sarah, at this juncture, "this is Mr. Culwick—young Mr. Culwick—our second cousin. You have heard me speak of him. You must not attempt in any way to interfere with him."

"What business has he with you? Why can't he mind his own business and let you alone?" cried Tom. "What's this second-cousin chap to us? What good is he? What notice has he ever taken of us till now? Hang me! I don't believe he's a cousin at all, but a policeman trying to work up a case against people more honest than hisself."

"I came to help your sister."

"Oh, that's it! Eh?"

The interrogative was addressed to the man looking over his shoulder, who had touched his arm and whispered in his ear, keeping his eyes fixed upon Reuben meanwhile.

"My friend remarks," said Mr. Eastbell, with a grim smile, "that if you have come to help the family, perhaps you will be kind enough to prove your words by doing the handsome to us people out of luck."

"You mean give you money? Then, gentlemen, I am sorry that I can't help you."

"But you must," growled forth the man in the background, who had recently whispered to Tom Eastbell; "you've walked in without leave after the gal, and you'll pay your footing before you go."

"I think not," sad Reuben Culwck.

"Then you'll have to stop," cred the man. "The house s locked up for the nght, and we can't afford to part with you; can we, mate?"

"Am I to understand that I'm a prisoner?" inquired Reuben, sternly.

"There's men down stairs who say you're a spy on them," said Tom, in further explanation, "and they're Irish, and soon riled."

"I am not afraid of them."

"Ask my sister; p'raps you'll take her word. Sally," he said, "will the Petersons stand as much of this man as I have?"

"They will not come up here," cried Sarah.

"They're sitting on the stairs waiting," said Tom, "and they will know all about this fellow. They are as sure as I am that he is a detective. What now?" as cold air rushed in, and Mrs. Eastbell began to cough herself to pieces.

"There's mischief meant," cried Sarah; "I shan't leave this window while Mr. Culwick remains, and I will scream my heart out if you touch him. This is a dreadful house, sir," she said to Reuben, "with dreadful men in it. Be on your guard."

"Come back from that window," roared Tom.

"I will do nothing of the kind," cried Sarah, standing there erect and defiant; "till Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this place I'll not move away."

"Don't you see how you're making your sister-in-law cough, you brute?" said Thomas Eastbell. "If we were the Forty Thieves you couldn't make more fuss. Why——"

He was sidling step by step toward his sister as he spoke, when Reuben Culwick crossed the room in one stride, and thrust him forcibly away before his panther-like spring could fasten on her. It was a bold move, assuming the offensive in this fashion, but Reuben had grown angry at restraint, and it was the time to act or never. Reuben's thrust sent him staggering with violence against his friend, who, taken off his guard, received Tom's bullet-head between his eyes, and fell backward into the passage, with Tom on the top of him. The clear doorway suggested a temporary expedient, and Reuben closed the door quickly, locked it with the key and set his foot against the lower portion of the woodwork.

"There'll be murder done now," said Mrs. Eastbell, wringing her hands; "oh, you fool to come to this place! Call out you'll give 'em money or they can have your watch—say something. They're coming up the stairs."

"Who are they?" asked Reuben, sternly now.

"Coiners!"

He could hear the trampling rush of heavy feet up the stairs, and then the door creaked and shook with the heavy pressure of shoulders from without. Sarah Eastbell was as good as her word. Her watchful dark eyes had observed the door vibrating, and a scream of extraordinary shrillness and volume startled the echoes of Potter's Court.

"Oh! don't, Sally—it's only their fun, perhaps," cried Mrs. Eastbell; but Sally screamed again with fifty horse-power, and then swept from the window sill a whole collection of flower pots, which descended with a tremendous crash on to the paved footway below. The pressure against the door ceased, as though the people in the house had stopped to listen; the windows of other houses in Potter's Court began opening rapidly; there were voices shouting out innumerable questions; there were three or four shrill whistles, and then the ominous crack of a rattle, followed by another in response, and at a little distance.

"You are safe," said Sarah; "the police are coming."

Presently the street door below was being unfastened in response to solemn knocks without, and then the ponderous, unmistakable boots of the metropolitan force were heard clamping up the stairs. Reuben unlocked the room door, and Thomas Eastbell, white as a ghost, crawled in on his hands and knees, took a harlequin's dive into bed, and drew the tattered coverlet to his chin. The burly figures of three policemen were in the room in an instant or two afterward.

"Now, then, what's the row?" said the principal spokesman; "who's been trying to throw the other out of the window?"

"Who's been melting lead?" inquired another, whom the peculiar nature of the atmosphere had impressed, as it had done Reuben at an earlier hour.

No one had been throwing another out of the window, whined forth Mrs. Eastbell, no one had been melting lead or anything. They had had a little wrangle as it got late, and just as their cousin was going home, and the flower pots somehow gave away and fell into the court, which frightened the gal at the window, who began to scream. The policeman who had first spoken listened to this explanation with a stolid stare upon his countenance; the second official, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened all the drawers and cupboards, and examined their contents; the third man inspected Mr. Thomas Eastbell, as he lay recumbent, and inconvenienced him by giving him the benefit of the glare from a bull's-eye lantern on his face.

"Come, that sham won't do, young feller," said he; "is there any complaint to make?"

No one had any complaint to make.

Reuben had crossed to Sarah.

"Here is your chance still. Will you leave this place?"

"Not yet," she answered; "not till Tom's safe."

"Good-by, then."

Reuben went out of the room, and the policemen followed him downstairs and into the court.

He somewhat ungratefully left the triumvirate who had arrived in good time to his rescue. But he could not explain, and it seemed the better policy to be silent for Second-cousin Sarah's sake. She wished it—and it was she who had saved him from danger. He had to think again of the way to save her, now that he had become more than ever resolved to get her away from Potter's Court.

CHAPTER X.

Reuben Culwick did not in any way attempt to account for his late hours to the inmates of Hope Lodge. He was the master of his own actions, which no one, he felt, had the right to criticise. Hence, with this impression on his mind, the deep reveries of Lucy Jennings, and the studious stares of her brother appeared to be taking him in far too intently, became a source of irritation to him.

"Is anything the matter, Lucy?" he asked at last, one morning.

Lucy Jennings sat down suddenly in the chair nearest to her lodger, and burst forth with her catalogue of wrongs, making amends for all past reserve in one breath.

"It has come to you. You're not the man you have been. You keep away from home too much—you have been seen at low places of amusement—you're going wrong—you—you—you never tell us anything!" cried Lucy, passionately.

"Yes, I have been seen at low places of amusement," said Reuben, quietly, "and my hours of return to Hope Lodge are somewhat irregular at present. And so I am going wrong, Lucy?"

"You are not doing what is right."

"You jump too rapidly at conclusions, after the habit of enthusiasts. I'm not a sinner—that is, no more of a miserable specimen than I was three weeks ago."

"Why did you ask John about the girl in the striped dress, at the Saxe-Gotha ——"

"Ah, the rascal has turned king's evidence, then!" cried our hero.

"Why did you ask him not to tell me?—why are you always at the gardens?—why had you the effrontery," she cried, with eyes ablaze now, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to call here for you?"

"What!" shouted Reuben, so forcibly that even Lucy was unprepared for his excitement, and jumped back in her chair some distance from him. "What do you mean?" he continued; "who has been here? Speak out—don't glare at me, you suspicious, heartless, disagreeable woman. What girl called here for me?"

Lucy was very pale, but she held her ground against his rage, though she had never been a witness to it before. He had been always a pleasant man till this day, but now he was full of passion and, perhaps, hate of her. She could understand more clearly now why his quarrel with his father had been a bitter one.

"It was a girl in a striped cotton dress," said Lucy, with emphasis. "She was a pert, insolent, miserably clad woman. She would not answer any of my questions, save that you had told her to call, and she grew impertinent at last."

"You sent her away?"

"Yes. She said that she would never come again."

"Because of your hardness and harshness?"

"She carried effrontery and desperation in her face."

"It's a lie!" shouted Reuben Culwick; "you don't know what you are doing, what you have done, in your heartlessness. There was a soul to be saved, and you have wrecked it."

"No," said Lucy, growing paler still, "you don't mean——"

"I mean that that girl is my cousin, for whom you tried to obtain an honest place in life," he replied, "for whose salvation I have been struggling after my useless fashion. I found her in London, and tried to save her from the evil that was surrounding her. She saved my life, perhaps, then, and rendered me forever her debtor. When there was a chance for her, she was to come here. She came," he said, fiercely, "and you sent her away. How will you, with all your narrow views of charity, and God's mercy, and God's vengeance, answer for it, if you have cut from her the last thread which led her to a better life?"

Lucy Jennings was cowed by his reproaches, by his vehemence. Suspicious, awfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror of having cast back a stubborn, willful nature on itself rose before her even in more terrible colors than he had painted it.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped forth; "why didn't you trust me? I will find her," said Lucy, very meekly now. "I will bring her back."

"It is impossible."

"I will tell her that I was wrong in my judgment. I will ask her pardon. You must not charge the loss of this girl to me. Where did you see her last?"

"In Potter's Court."

"I know it—in the Walworth road," said Lucy; "it is part of my mission to go among the people there. What is the number of the house?"

"Two."

"Where the Petersons live—the Irish people. I will go at once; don't judge me too harshly, till I have made amends for my mistake," she pleaded.

"It is too late," said Reuben, gloomily; "the house was empty two days since. There were coiners in it, and the suspicion that I might betray them, or that the police were on the scent, led them to leave the premises."

"I will find them," said Lucy; "I am known. People trust me there, who know me better than you do," she added, almost disdainfully again.

Lucy Jennings walked out of the room with her hands rigidly clasped together; in a few minutes afterward she had passed out of the house.

It was late, and when John Jennings and Reuben had taken counsel together and had arrived at the conclusion that she would not return that night, Lucy, stiff-backed and grim, came up the front garden with a tall girl, who walked with difficulty, resting on her arm.

"Here's your Second-cousin Sarah," she said to Reuben, in her old jerky manner, as the two women came into the house.

Reuben Culwick rose to greet his second-cousin and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was filling in some Roman candle-cases for Mr. Splud's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Saxe-Gotha.

"I am glad that you have come," said Reuben, heartily. "John, this is my Second-cousin Sarah."

"How d'ye do, marm?" said Mr. Jennings, with a solemn bow.

Sarah Eastbell was very like Sarah Eastbell's ghost, as she looked from one to another, and tried hard to raise a smile, without success.

"Can't you find the girl a seat, instead of staring at her," said Lucy, sharply, to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair.

"You have been ill," said Reuben to his cousin, as she sat down wearily; "how's that?"

"Not ill exactly. A little weak, perhaps," answered Sarah; "I shall be better in a minute."

"I am very glad that you have found her, Lucy," said Reuben to Miss Jennings, who was untying her bonnet strings in rather a violent manner; "you will let me thank you for all the trouble that you have taken?"

"I never cared for people's thanks," she answered.

"She has been very good to me," Sarah Eastbell murmured; "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard—but my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I think."

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"I don't want rest—only a few hours, that is," said Sarah, correcting herself, "and then I hope to set off to Worcester. I have been thinking of what you said to me at Potter's Court, and when Tom and his wife left me in the lurch—they went away in the night while I was asleep, as if they had grown suddenly afraid of me—I came to this place. I wanted you to take me down to Worcester, to stand by me. Besides, I want you to have the five pounds."

"What five pounds?" asked Reuben; "that I gave your grandmother when—"

"Oh, no—not that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pounds reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through you I'm giving myself up. I shall say you have caught me, and——"

"Here—hold hard—that will do—no more of your highly colored fictions, Cousin Sarah; it's time you gave them up, at any rate," he cried; "and as for the blood money, upon my honor, you turn me to gooseflesh at the thought of it."

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as anybody else?" said Sarah reflectively.

"Suppose we argue the case in the morning?"

"As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah—"very well. This good woman who traced me to-day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way. And I may rest here to-night?" turning to Lucy Jennings.

"You will share my bed," said Lucy.

(To be continued.)

DEVELOPING THE BODY.

Mistakes Made Through Uneven Care of the Physical System.

In all efforts to strengthen the general system—to produce a "strong constitution," as the saying goes—the fact must be borne in mind that the body is no stronger than its weakest part. As an enemy would attack a broken gate in a fortified town, so will the germs of disease attack the feeblest outposts of the system.

This mistake of uneven care of the body is one often made by well-meaning people with regard to the skin. Perhaps there is no one thing so often to blame for bronchitis, for instance, as an overcoddled, unventilated skin. The amount of work the skin will do is largely a matter of practice. In animals and savages the skin reacts quickly to changes of temperature, and one reason why countrymen are more robust than townsmen is that the countryman's skin is exercised from early youth, is hardened gradually and naturally, and needs no artificial methods. The town man, on the other hand, lives too much in the even temperature of rooms, and is always more or less protected by built-up streets, and so his skin is never called upon to do its share of work in regulating the heat of the body.

For these reasons the skin from the earliest years should not be too anxiously protected. It should be accustomed to the shock of cold water, unless there happen to be reasons forbidding this, and the clothing should be porous and not too much in quantity. Most adults use far too much bedding, and most babies are kept entirely too warm, as physicians well know. It is needless to add that the old-fashioned feather bed is an abomination for either young or old.

A most important part of the cold water treatment is the subsequent rubbing. The cold water produces a powerful contraction of the skin vessels, and when afterward the skin is well rubbed and the body exercised, these vessels dilate; they breathe, and a feeling of warmth and well-being follows. All this keeps the skin up to its normal duties, and it then reacts quickly to the changes to which it is exposed.

One word more: small children are usually bathed in water much too hot. A bath thermometer should be an invariable adjunct of the nursery, and the temperature should not be tested by the mother's or nurse's elbow, as is often the case. The water should never be above 95 degrees, and after the first months should be reduced gradually to 90 degrees and lower.—Youth's Companion.

To Be Consistent.

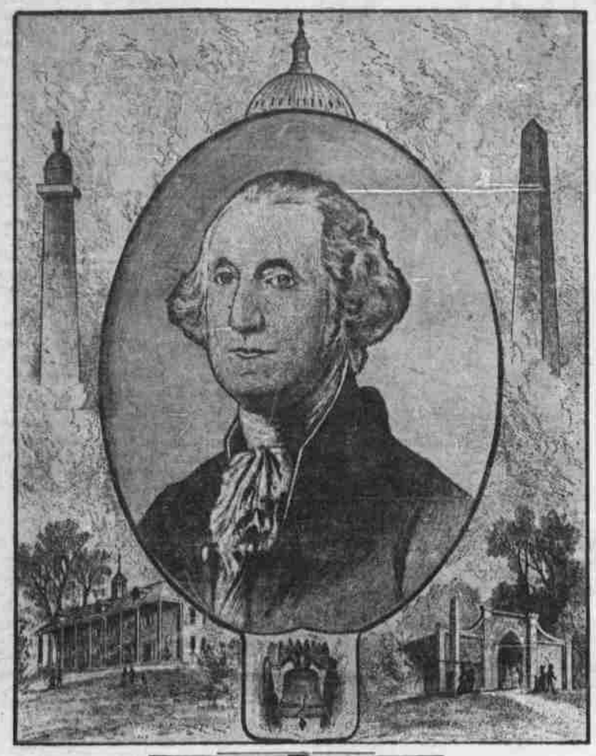
Deacon Snow—Do I un'erstan', parson, dat yo' opinionate dat Adam wuz a colored man?

Parson Johnsing—Yo' diagnose mah views c'reckly, suh.

Deacon Snow—Den I s'pose yo' 'low dat dat apple wuz in real'ty a watahmillion.—Philadelphia Press.

There are altogether thirty miles of bridges on the Siberian Railway, the longest being at Krashnoyarsk being over half a mile in length.

WASHINGTON.



The fame of Washington is so immense and the popular conception of his character so exalted, that some skeptical and fault-finding critics are disposed to question the universal estimate, and especially in the matter of his ability as a soldier and military commander. However much we may wish it otherwise, there is in human nature a mean spirit of envy and detraction which instinctively feels the honors bestowed upon a great man to be an indirect reflection and rebuke to its own littleness and baseness. This spirit cropped out conspicuously in the case of Columbus, in the efforts to belittle his great exploit and to blacken his character. I do not say that criticisms upon Washington's generalship all proceed from base motives, but they doubtless do mostly come from the spirit and innate tendency which I have indicated. This unworthy spirit is as old as history, as old as humanity. It showed itself in a memorable fashion when the old Athenians wrote their sentence of banishment against Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "the just."

Great soldiers are to be judged not alone by success, by battles fought and victories won—though this, of course, is the great popular test—but by all the circumstances and difficulties in which they

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

are placed. There are great commanders in history who have won fame by avoiding battles, like the Roman Fabius, and even by great retreats like Xenophon with his ten thousand Greeks. If Washington is to be compared, to his disadvantage, with Napoleon, then the popular question is, would Napoleon, under the same circumstances, have done any better? It is enough for any commander that he fills the great measure of his requirement. This, of course, is not saying that Washington would have filled the place of Napoleon in the vastly different field and circumstances in which that great soldier won his fame. Nor should it be forgotten, all the while, that ultimately Washington succeeded and founded a nation, while Napoleon failed and lost an empire.

Washington's Difficult Task.

The difficulties which encountered Washington when he took up his great trust as commander-in-chief of the continental army were most complicated and immense. The theater of the struggle was a vast one, geographically, stretching along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to South Carolina, while the whole population was only three millions—not very much greater than that of the State of Michigan, and not so great into a million as that of Illinois. Out of this small, scattering and peaceful population an army was to be raised, organized and equipped capable of contending with the chief military and maritime power of the globe. And it was not to be a struggle between government and government, between one nation and another. It was a rebellion, and there was really no central authority, no arms or warlike stores, no navy, no treasury or financial system or responsibility. It was only a brave anod patriotic people, small in numbers, without discipline or military experience, without arms and without money, rushing thus bare-handed into a conflict with the mother country, their own government; a powerful nation, which had recently been raised by the genius of the elder Pitt to the front rank among the great warlike nations of the world—a nation whose military posts and possessions already dotted the globe, whose victorious navies covered every ocean and sea, whose morning drum beat, as Webster said, was heard round the world. It was against such a power as this that this handful of patriots had thrown down the gage of rebellion and defiance.

Washington is known in history as a providential man; that is, a man raised up by Providence to fill a great place and perform a great mission. However this may be, he certainly had great parts and great and peculiar fitness for the most difficult and trying place which he filled in history. He had had experience in the previous Indian and French wars, and had proven himself a wise, competent and heroic officer. He had great personal advantages for command. He was of fine physique and imposing presence, a splendid horseman, carrying with him ever the port and air of authority and native majesty—an ideal commander.

So when this noble Virginian appeared before that northern army and drew his sword as their commander under those Cambridge elms his fame had preceded him and he was received with shouts of welcome and of confidence. Then all men knew it was to be a struggle to the death.

Hardly a better instance does history afford of patience under provocation, of dogged determination under difficulties, of unconquerable will and courage, holding on so long and coming out triumphant at last over such mighty opposition. These great qualities, as we have already seen, belonged to the man more than to the soldier. It was indeed the great man behind the soldier, the man with the great patriotic heart, with the wise head, and the lofty, unshaken soul, that brought us through that long and tremendous struggle and gave us our glorious place and opportunity among the nations. No other man on this continent but he could have done it. Greene, among the generals of the revolution, would have come nearest to it, but he would have failed.

But in looking over the whole field and record, in the light of all the facts and history, it will be seen that Washington made no military mistakes, that he improved all his opportunities, that his generalship will stand the test of criticism. He struck whenever he had the chance, his plans were good, and when compelled, his retreats were masterly.

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

Critics.

Soubrette—The leading lady's face is a study.

Comedian—Yes; a railroad study.

Soubrette—How so?

Comedian—There are so many different lines.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UP TO DATE.

That cherry tree episode with a few modern variations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BITING NAILS IS A DISEASE.

Habit Grows with Indulgence and It Soon Becomes Chronic.

The head school teacher, who sat at the end of a row of six girls at a matinee, saw one of them take off her gloves as soon as the lights went down and the curtain went up. She watched. When the girl thought her teacher's attention was concentrated on the stage one of her hands went to her lips.

"Miss Blank," said the chaperon, leaning over and speaking so that everybody seated around her could hear, "I must ask you to stop biting your nails and put your gloves on immediately."

The other girls tittered, and the particular one who had offended did as she was told, looking very much humiliated.

"Poor child," said a sympathetic woman sitting in the row behind.

"I frequently find it necessary to administer a rebuke of this sort to girls with the nail-biting habit," said the chaperon to a friend who asked about it. 'All teachers do. A lesson of that sort is worth ten admonitions in private. There is no better way to break a pupil of a bad habit like biting the nails than to shame her out of it. I warned Miss Blank before we started for the theater that I should rebuke her if I caught her biting her nails, and she promised not to do it. When I saw her stealthily drawing off her gloves I knew what was coming. We have to watch girls with the nail-biting habit in church, in the theater, and everywhere they go in public. It is almost impossible to make them keep their gloves on.'

A fashionable manicure uptown advertises to cure nail-biting. He says he has many patrons among girls and women.

"It is an exceptional thing to find a man who bites his nails," he said to a reporter for the Sunday Press, "but I have known of some cases. Nail-biting is a disease, the same as itching scalp or anything else. To a certain extent it is a habit, but the habit develops the disease, which is callled onychopagie.

"When I was in Paris four years ago I first learned about the treatment for it, and at once introduced it in my business here. Far from being a harmless habit, resulting only in unsightly hands, nail-biting is a prolific cause of nervous disorders in girls and women. It requires various forms of treatment, according to the condition and surroundings of the victim. The best time to stop it is in childhood. Parents and school teachers who find children biting their nails should not only severely reprimand them, but punish them in a way that will be remembered. In my opinion the teacher you tell about gave the young woman a wholesome lesson."—New York Press.

FOOTBALL VERSUS PUGILISM.

Statistics Show Gridiron Is More Deadly Than the Prize Ring.

Which is the more destructive to life and limb—foot-ball or pugilism? Statistics gathered by the New York World show 124 deaths from prize fighting since Tom Falkner was knocked out in England in 1758, the list ending with five in this country during the past year. In 1902 the prize ring had 7 victims; in 1901 the number was 8, and it was 10 in 1900. For some of these deaths men have gone to prison, but the great majority of the men who gave the death blow were not even arrested. The figures show conclusively that the "sport" of the prize ring is brutal and deserves repression. It is happily not a popular sport in this country, thanks to unfriendly laws, and does not attract the unfavorable attention that is given to foot-ball. The latter sport seems, however, even more objectionable, if account be taken of the number and character of the victims. The World notes that the foot-ball season is barely six weeks in length, and the number of players is fully 20 per cent greater than that of the pugilists. "These two facts," the World says, "in consideration of results, indicate that the percentage is against the foot-ball player." He is in more danger than the pugilist.

Facts collected by Professor E. E. Dexter of the University of Illinois from sixty American colleges show that in the last ten years out of 210,334 students 22,766 played foot-ball, and of this number 654 were seriously injured and 114 were killed. In 1902 the seriously injured numbered 143, and 12 were killed. In some years one player is killed or maimed for each day of the playing season. In view of Professor Dexter's figures it is impossible to assert that the game is maintained in the interest of the athletic development of students, since it is shown that but 10.8 per cent of the students play foot-ball. A form of exercise in which only about one student out of ten engages cannot conduce greatly to the physical development of the student body as a whole. The tenth student's field practice does not affect the muscles, heart and lungs of the other nine. The foot-ball game is, in fact, for nine-tenths of the boys only a spectacle, and for the rest largely an occasion of idleness, dissipation and demoralization. This is, unfortunately, too much the character of all college sports. Athletic exercise in the gymnasium is one thing, games are usually in character and effect something very different. They do not always injure seriously the participants, and this is the most that can be said for them.—Baltimore Sun.

Warning to Would-Be Suicides.

A favorite method of suicide in Japan lately has been to leap over certain waterfalls. So frequent have such occurrences become that police are now constantly stationed in their neighborhood and large notice boards are erected bearing inscriptions in large letters, of which the following translation is an example: "Do not drown yourself here! Intended suicides are warned that heaven disapproves of the utilization of Kegon waterfall for the purpose. This is certified to on the best priestly authority and serious consequences in the hereafter are guaranteed. To drown here is also forbidden by the prefectural authorities."

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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.	5:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Salem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	8:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

A. N. ROAR, Agent, Hood River.