"What right have I to read it?" asked

"You are in possession. Reuben is to

"I have no interest in it; it concerns me not," said Lucy very sharply; "I should not have mentioned it till I was prepared to leave the house, had you not

come in with your foolish story of a hasty wedding. Go to him, Sarah. I am busy with a holier task than yours."

but walked with her slowly toward the bay window at the end of the room, as

the paper in his hand, and looked out at the garden and the rising ground beyond

Tots stole away during the narration "Mary Holland may have received-

narrative: "she is not to blame. I trust

even if it comes at us in this fashion. It was to be kept back, at Simon Culwick's

request, a certain time, possibly, he being a secretive man. Miss Holland is not

You are not afraid of the contents?"

"There is nothing within the will

frighten me," he replied firmly, "or to make me glad, or cast me down. See

how steady the hand is that turns over

The winter set in sharply that year, like the sudden frost to the hopes of

Reuben Culwick and his second cousin.

Miss Holland had not been found, de

spite much pertinacious searching; the boxes remained unclaimed at Sedge Hill, and Sedge Hill was held in trust for her.

visions of his father's will carried out

in their entirety, and he showed no sense

had confidence in himself, and he was

despite the unjust character of a will

anxious to do justice to Mary Holland,

land's good fortune.

the pages of this book of fate,

when Sarah had completed her

rammed over his eyebrows. Sarah turned sgain to Reuben, her watchful protector, who would keep her for ever in his sight now, and as the door closed she linked her hands upon his arm.

"Mary Holland is not here to answer for herself," said Sarah; "and Mary who would keep her for ever in his sight now, and as the door closed she linked her hands upon his arm.

inds upon his arm.
"Take me in, please—I am tired out, euben. I have fought hard to get herself; there was a plot in it. Read the

"Tell me how it happened-how it was that you disappeared from all of us so suddenly," said Reuben impatiently.

He did not regard Lucy Jennings—he weak to weak to bear the shock. There may be drew his chair to his cousin's side, took her hand in his, and gazed engerly into first of all," she added, with a sudden her face. She might fade away again from his life, if he did not make sure of degrees."

"Yes, yes," said Sarah, in answer to his questions; "but grandmother—tell me, first, is she not very anxious about me?"
"Your grandmother is not anxious, Barsh," said Lucy in a low tone. Jennings pityingly.
"I don't think so meanly of him as you

"I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't believe he has fretted for an instant about his father's money, though thing back! Tell me, please," she said in great excitement, "where is she, She is not dead—oh! she has not died without a weed from me?"

"I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't think so meanly do." cried Sarah with sudden spirit; "I

a word from me?" She is in God's hands-and God keep you strong to bear the loss of her," said Lucy Jennings. Sarah Eastbell closed her eyes, and

sank back in the chair like a dead woman. Reuben, a man wholly uncharitable—as men will be in stages of excitoment which strike home to them, and rob
ment which strike home to them, and rob
attempt to break the seal of black wax,
attempt to break the seal of black wax, them of their self-possession—turned up-on the poor preacher, who had done her best at least.

"There, you have killed her! Are you satisfied now?" he shouted at Lucy Jen-

though his sight were weak, and more light were needed to assist it. "I am not satisfied with this world, or with him, and he put his arm rou with you," was the cold answer, as she bent over Sarah, and loosened the fast-enings at her throat. But Sarah East-bell had not fainted; she was only stunned by the truth, and she sat up the instant Sarah, and he lightly, but meaningly; ard, eager for the whole story, "now tell me where this sprang from." Sarah told him, while he listened, w

to the woman whom his impatience had

ounded.
"Tell her, Lucy. It is beyond me," he from my poor father with this will," said

The tragedy of Sedge Hill was over, and he could not dwell upon its details,

CHAPTER XXV. Lucy Jennings was writing busily in a secretive man. Miss Holland is not her room when Sarah came in softly. The woman-prencher had gone to her spartyou and I stand in a false position, with ment away from the society of two young this will lying like a bar upon the free-folks who thought of little save each othber. It was one month after the death Culwick's son."

"Oh, Lucy, what do you think he has she asked, remembering suddenly Lucy en saying?" Sarah cried in excitement. Jennings' criticism of Reuben's temper-"Who has been saying?" asked Lucy, without looking in her direction.

"Reuben, to be sure."
"Always Reuben! I had forgotten there was no other man upon the earth but Reuben Culwick," she said bitterly. "He says I may ask your opinion if I His fingers broke the seal and took will—and you will think how right he tained therein. He looked at the paper tained therein.

"It will be about the first time in my for the first time. It was a brief will, life that I have thought him in the which a few lines made clear. It was right," she muttered, then she added in written by Simon Culwick himself, and her sharpest and jerkiest manner: "Well, witnessed by two servants who had left what is it?"

"I have been telling him of your going away to morrow—of the necessity of his whole of his property, free and indivisioning, too, as you suggested, and he says —oh, Lucy! what do you think he has not into his dear old head?" she cried, clapsite her hands together.

He refolded the will, and regarded attack the says hands together.

oing her hands together.
"I can't guess—what is the object of ed dumb with her hands together. g when it is easy for you to ex-was the ungracious rejoinder. "And Mary Holland I have turned out of her own house, so that she is not here Sarah Eastbell did not notice the chilliness of Miss Jennings' remarks. She dashed into her subject forthwith; she spoke of Reuben's wish for an early marage as a wise and natural solution to

ies in their way. "In all his life he has been in a hurry," Lucy said when Sarah had completed her It was a severe winter, that nipped recital, "so what is the use of my nd- things to the heart before the old year vice? It would be an ill-timed formality. was seven days dead. A few weeks had af no value to either of you. If he had gone by since the date of our last chapbeen less impetuous," said Lucy, betray-ing a sudden excitement herself, "it would or in whom we have endeavored to raise have been as well—it would have given an interest, had settled down to the pome time to think. Sarah, you must not sition born of the discovery of Miss Hol marry Reuben Culwick yet."
"You—you think that it is not right—

it is not respectful to the memory of her I have lost?" naked Sarah. "Respectfull cried but to the state of the s

"but," she continued at last, "something has happened in this room, that I
have been keeping to myself, and which
have been keeping to myself, and which
that have been keeping to be the something to her advantage.

Reuben Culwick accepted the position very cheerfully, although Lucy Jennings What has happened which may alter thought that he was too cheerful to be

life and mine? And why in natural. He was anxious to see the prothis room, where-Where a woman named Mary Holland lived for some years," said Lucy quick-ly—"a woman whom you learned to dis-which they infallibly reduced him. He trust at last?"

"You did not distrust her in vain, per haps," she added. "I will tell you, Sacah | which struck him out of affluence. Beastbell, what I thought of telling Reu-ben Culwick—but it may be your light work grew under his hand, debts became to hear this first of all, as it may affect less, more money fell to his share from you most of all—who knows? Read the great lottery-bag of letters, and if

that is written on that paper." there were no big prises, still be drew no Lucy Jennings opened her deak and blanks. Among the busy unknown crowd envelope, on which of clever "newspaper men," he was alwere written words in a large clear hand, ready known, and three weeks ago the to which she pointed with her finger—the promoters of the Trumpet had burst out finger of fate to the timid girl who fol-lowed every movement, and leaned for-higher terms for Reuben, who had been

prosperity.

He was happy in his courtship, too, for

he found many opportunitiest to see his Second Cousin Sarah, and she was glad -ah! very glad-to see him. Sarah was in London—in apartments in York road, Lambeth, with the woman who had striv-en hard not to have her for a companion or friend, and yet whom she had conquered by that sweet persistency which was an attribute of her character. Sarah Eastbell was very much alone in the world now, and when the signal of dis-tress had been raised, Lucy Jennings, with all her hardness, was at her best, and ready to be of assistance.

and collapsed at the eleventh hour. Sarah was neither dead nor a captive, and Tom was as far removed from prosperty as a bring of the particle of the proposed of the particle of the particle of the proposed of the particle On the envelope were written these words:

"Herein is contained the last Will and Testament of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester."

There was a date appended—the date They both spoke of the patience to wait the applicant and there applicant and Sarah would atroif in St. James Bobbles—What does mean by saying that They both spoke of the patience to wait "well-carved" features? "Herein is contained the last Will and

in the beginning of a new year, though the dream agures had scarcely vanished, and one presently crossed her path, and startled her.

(To be continued.) HOW THE CAMPANILE FELL.

The Score Is Graphically Described by The fall of the Campanile must have friends."—Washington Star. een an exciting thing to witness. The huge mass crumbling to dust was like to be many witnesses of the catastrophe, and one of them, a young Ameri-"Oh, you don't know him," said Miss family, has written a letter describing Bits. the event. It is printed in the Cen-

> tury Magazine: Yes, she writes, we are all safe. The ower did not fall on any of us, almuch nearer being buried alive than

we were this morning. It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the piazza officials had placed a few boards round it to keep people from going up to it. But the crack was so slight that we asked where it was. We walked to the other side, under

the clock tower, and as we stood there Some people thought that a corner

was no one there excepting a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We went
to Cook's, where we could see if any more in the ing warre.

Johnny—I wish my folks would Japan," by G. H. Ritter, illustrated but their tastes ran mostly to buggles.

An enterorising warren me all the time in a worry.

Townson. thing did happen.

Cook's men smiled at the Americans out any warning.

Suddenly, as we stood there, a huge Mistress (returning from holiday)ward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt my new 'at.-Judy.

square fled panic-stricken in every di- place he did down town, and he says be a solid wall of plaster and dirt rose if he didn't give up eatin' so fast."from the mass as high as the tower Chicago Record-Herald, had been, and spread in every direc-

or so, enough to see where we were, script. and all were safe. Not even one womtentively his second-cousin, who remain-

sight. All shops closed at once, and consecutive seconds silence reigned

every one waited. Thus He Got Rest. Anxious Wife-What do you think of my husband's case? Is, it serious? Physician-Oh, he'll pull through all prescribed an oplate.

Anxious Wife-How often shall I give it to him? . Physician-Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself .- Chicago News.

Prudence.
"I suppose you would like to-say or do something that will live in history?" "Well?" answered Senator Sorghum, there are so many things concerning which I should prefer to keep history down the atreet!" uninformed that I guess I'd better not take any chances trying to break in."-

Washington Star. Slow Boy. Ascum-And what profession is your

son to follow? Pater-I do not know yet, but that's about all he'll do, I guess. Ascum-What? How do you mean? Pater-He'll follow some profession: he never seems able to catch up to any-

thing.-Philadelphia Press. The River Platte is navigable for 2,000 miles and has a current of two tie brief authority. It's easy to size I'll go you heads or tails for two lickand one-half to three miles an hour. him up then.-Philadelphia Press.

THE TRAIL OF LEWIS AND CLARK

the child's reach!

didn't have time to call on any of our who as a child, saw Lewis and Clark.

mountain falling. There happened conductor make you get off the omnibus and walk? Second Boy-No, he only made me get off. I could have can girl who was in Venice with her sat in the road if I wanted to .- Tit-

"A tall bride is the best-looking, don't you think?" "Well," replied the titled Englishman who bad caught on to a little American slang, "so far as though I suppose we shall never be I am personally concerned, I certainly am not looking for one who is short." -Chicago Evening Post,

The army officer looked with displeasure at the solled sheet of paper on the side where the crack first apmeasly looking document," he ex- yards." claimed. "Yes, sir," said the subordinate, touching his hat. "It's the her new novel "The Flame Gatherers." sick list."-Chicago Tribune,

Edyth-Yes, you see she told the years of the thirteenth centurf. count that her father's partner had robbed him of nearly all his wealth, showing the heroine of "Abroad With just to test his love for her. Mayme- the Jimmies" as a "honeymooner," a bricks began to fall out of the crack, a letter of introduction to the daughter tess. And then? Edyth-He asked her for flat dweller, a housekeeper and a hosof her father's partner.-Chicago

to Cook's, where we could see if any. me all the time in a worry. Tommy-What have they been doing now? Johnny-Mother won't let me stand who thought that a tower which had on my head, and dad is all the time rest, after finishing a new novel, "The all at fancy prices. He also brought a seen a thousand years could fall with. fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast.

gap appeared from top to bottom, and Why, Bridget, whatever has become then the whole thing seemed to groan of the parrot? Bridget-Well, you see, and tremble, and, with apparently no mum, after you left it looked a bit Co. have in press, under the title, sound, sank in a heap where it stood, pining like and didn't talk much, so Only the top poised itself a minute in the cook and I put it out of its misery, midair, tipped, and fell crashing to- poor thing, and I had it stuffed for angel were picked up on the church "They say," said Mrs. Oldcastie,

steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of "that Mr. Fadd'ethwaite, who used bricks and mortar was to be seen. | to belong to our church, has become We all stood in the doorway, too an agnostic" "Is that so? Josiah stunned to move. The people in the used to take his lunch at the same rection. Instantly what appeared to he often warned him that he'd get it President, is published under the title

Hallit-What's the matter, Klay? You look all tired out? Klay-And no I thought, of course, we should be wonder. I've had a hard day of it. I consfield lies with Lord Rothschild. suffocated, and a rush followed for the don't know when I've worked so hard. and that he favors the appointment of back of Cook's office. Every one I looked at the men clean up the rail. Sir Herbert Maxwell, author of many screamed, "Shut the doors!" The dirt road station this morning, and after historical works, including a "Life of entered like a thick fog, and you could that I saw three safes raised into four. Wellington," editor of the recently not distinguish your best friend. For story windows, and four loads of coal published "Creevey Papers," and autunately it cleared away in a minute delivered in baskets.-Boston Tran- thor of the new volume of "Memories

They had been married only three an fainted where we were, although short weeks, and he was actually in- ident of the International Sunshine Sothe Italians were calling on heaven and terested in his paper at the dinner ciety, has just finished her compretable, "Barling," she began in a tone The dust was about two inches deep: meant to be reproachful, "do you love huge stones lay against Cook's build- me just as much as you ever did?" ing, and I picked up a piece of one of "Sure thing," he answered briefly. the bronze bells on the other side of She ought to have been satisfied to upon the experiences noted from thoulet it go at that, but she wasn't. Venice went wild, of course, and the "Why?" she asked. "Don't know," quare was soon crowded by hundreds he replied. "Just a fool habit I've got of mourning people. It was a very sad into, I suppose." Then for seventeen

ster is editing for A. S. Barnes & Co. supreme.-Chicago News. At the first performance on the new church organ no one in the audience "Ann Arbor Tales" by George W. Jawas better pleased than the maid em- cobs & Co. revealed the fact that oneployed in the organist's family. "So time students of the University of you liked the music, did you, Mary?" Michigan are distributed all over the right. What he needs is rest, so I have said the organist the next morning, globe. Recently the publishers rereports of her enthusiasm having ceived an order for the book from reached his ears. "Oh, it was just Dawson City. Many former students grand," replied Mary, "the grandest are in Japan, half a dozen in India and should not have accepted such an ex-I ever heard." "What did you like China, several in Sydney, Australia; pensive present from Mr. Gotrox. best?" asked the organist, moved by five in Tasmania, two are working on the glowing eulogy. "Oh, I don't know the great Nile dam in Egypt and a that," said Mary. "But there was one number are in the mining camps of that," said Mary. "But there was one number are in the mining camps of tell what the future may bring forth. place where you came down with the West. The book is founded on both hands and your feet at the same facts in undergraduate history betime; that was about the best. It tween 1875 and the present time. Mr. worry you, mamma, dear; Ill take care sounded like the steam roller coming Harriman's new book, "The Homebuilders," has just been published.

Pledge Might Have Saved Him.

"How foolish I was," he exclaimed. "I should have told them I swore off at New Year's.

sult .- New York Tribune. Then He Shows Himself.

Kwoter-You can never Judge a man by his clothes. Newitt-Unless he's clothed in a lit-

ent and future greatness, without some

Reuben came courting in the evening, the mistress. "Oh, I loike yer looks, her three months' old papoose) left St. for the purpose. The work is not made once or twice a week at first, when the mum," said the applicant, "n" I won't Louis, ascended the Missouri river to up of quotations from the Lewis and its headwaters, crossed the mountains Clark report with annotated comments, Bobbles—What does this author mean by saying that the hero had "well-carved" features? Dobbles— within less than two years and a half. ent extracts from Lewis and Clark and One winter they spent in North Dako- a host of other historical and narrative ta, near Bismark, and another in Ore- writers that connect the past with the

> The results of the exploration, the aluable discoveries made, the manifold Lewis and Clark were studied by the ventures met with, not only stamp the author. Extracts and photographic Little Willie-Say, pa, how does an exploration as the greatest of modern reproductionss, in half tone, of their

by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, a book called "The Trail of Lewis and another to the history of each man of though there had come never again a her much when he died? Belle-He Clark, 1804-1904," in two volumes. the expedition so far as known, includment of Hope Lodge. His landlord's left enough to make her comfortable. The author, Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, writes ing a detailed discussion of the causes but not enough to get her a second the popular Wonderland series of the and circumstances of the death of Cap-Northern Pacific railway, in connection tain Lewis.

> lieve she has got your hair. She camped out, and climbed mountains, (springing up)—Good gracious! I in following the old Indian trails that thought I had put that switch out of the explorers followed and in visiting remote points made memorable by "Did you ever see the Dardanelles them. He has sojourned among In- of past and present condition of the old while you were in Europe?" "No," dian tribes, some of them now almost trail and country. answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, we extinct, that Lewis and Clark visited,

The title of "John Oliver Hobbs'"

Margaret Horton Potter has named

It is a tale of India during the early

Miss Lillian Bell has written a story

Herbert Quick, at one time Mayor

of Sloux City, has written a romance

"The Complete Annals of Thomas Jef-

It is said that the choice of the au-

thoritative biographer of Lord Bea-

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, Pres

hensive book upon ways in which wo-

based upon actual personal experience

in a variety of occupations, and also

sands of letters and personal inter-

Ways of Earning Money," will be the

first volume in the Woman's Home Li-

brary, which Mrs. Margaret E. Sang-

Willing to Take a Chance.

A plous citizen has a 15-year-old son

lidn't have any agreeable impression

pear serially.

"Aladdin & Co."

of the Months."

by Josephine Daskam.

forthcoming novel will be "The Vine-

O STUDY of the Northwest is Kooskooske, or Clearwater river, in complete, nor can one under-stand as one should, the im-solved problem full of uncertainties

knowledge of the wonderful exploration illustrated in color and half tone from Mamie—What is biology? Gladys—
I suppose it's the science of shopping.
"How about references?" inquired the mistress. "Ob. I loike yer looks. The three months' old papoose) left St.

of Lewis and Clark in 1804s.

That historic expedition consisting of under Mr. Wheeler's direction, and irom photographs taken by professional photographers who accompanied him her three months' old papoose) left St.

> pages and drawings are given. A chapter is devoted to the Louisiana Purchase, another to the preparatory

There is gathered within the covers of these volumes, and made available a vast amount of history, narrative and incident of the last century that is of present generation and, practically, is Davenport Bros.

"The Trail of Lewis and Clark" is written by the only person who, from actual travel over, and investigation of, the Lewis and Clark route, can write from the standpoint of actual knowledge

The book should be found in ever were so busy sightseeing that we and he has talked with one old squaw, public and private library in the land, not only for the purposes of reference The explorers' route across the Bit- for students, but for use of the general ter Root mountains, from the head- reader, who will find in reading through First Boy—And because you couldn't waters of the Missouri river to the its pages of large, clear type that truth find a penny to pay the fare, did the sources of the Snake river thence to the is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

> WEALTH OF OSAGE INDIANS. Every Man, Woman and Child Has About \$10,000 in Trust.

.The eighteen Osage Indians who went on a toot in Washington, recently, thereby delaying the signing of the agreement about their lands the Interior Department had ready, are, with their tribesmen and women, the richest people per capita in the United States and probably in the world.

The government holds in trust for each one of them, brave, squaw, young buck or papoose, about \$10,000, and pays them 5 per cent interest on it. When the first payment on this plan

was made more cash was released among the Osages than they ever heard of before. Most of the families are prolific of children and it was M. E. WELCH, not uncommon for a brave, his squaw and six to eleven children to have \$4,-James Pott & Co. are about to bring 000 or \$5,000 in cash. The Indians Chicago brought a lot of buggies and THE NEW FEED STORE, Mrs. George Madden Martin, author wagons to one of the settlements on of "Emmy Lou," has gone south to the Osage reservation and sold them House of Fulfillment," which will ap- hearse along, thinking he might dispose of it. A brave came in with sev en children and his squaw. He wanted to buy a buggy, but there was none left. His eye lighted on the hearse and of a boom town, which Henry Holt & he asked how much it was.

"Twelve bundred dollars," said th "Me take," said the Osage.

From Harper & Brothers will be iswed "The Standard of Pronunciation counted out the money, hitched two in English," by Professor T. R. Lounsponies to the hearse, piled his family bury, and "Memoirs of a Baby," inside and mounted the driver's seat himself. He drove away in triumph An extremely interesting book, and still uses the hearse as his family Thomas Jefferson's notes, taken down conveyance.-New York World. when he was Secretary of State and

Wisdom of Chief Joseph. The press agent of the Indian cor ferson," by Franklin B. Sawvel, Ph. D. gress at Madison Square Garden vouches for the following philos remarks by Chief Joseph "as trans inted by Red Thunder":

Small mothers have brought forti big chiefs. Bad deeds loses much sleep. A secret calls at a hundred wis

WAMS. Every man knows how to make love for himself, Stingy man tries to warm himse

with smoke. A hungry stomach does not quarre with the cook. Little caution sets big death trap. men can earn money. Her book is

Bad news flies on the lightning's In the dark is a good place to loo at yourself. views. Mrs. Alden's book, "Women's

Do not bait with sturgeon to catel The hornet's sting feels longer tha

You can't tell a gun's kill by its kick

the heron's books. You do not have to eat grubs because The publication of K. E. Harriman's they taste sweet to the bear. I am always afraid that clumsy kind ness will step on my feet. The coward envies the rabbit's legs.

-New York Sun. One Girl's Wisdom Fond Mother-But, my dear, you

Pretty Daughter-Why not, mam Pretty Daughter-Oh, don't let that of all the presents in sight, and the

Bin Atm. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, tells an who does not promise to be exactly a amusing story of Marion Crawford, the "chip off the old block." Not long ago novelist. According to Mr. Yents, a the father discovered to his sorrow lady asked Mr. Crawford if he thought that his boy and several others of the that anything he had written would Bewailing his thoughtlessness, there neighborhood had a habit of matching live after he had gone. "Madam. was nothing left but to await the re- nickels. The wrathful parent led the Crawford replied, "what I am trying erring lad to the time-honored attic, to do is to write something that wil

future can take care of itself,

where hangs a certain strap. The boy enable me to live while I am here." When the Mississippi River is a of what was to come, and, on the flood one can drink fresh water from ground that it is only the first plunge that counts, he called out: "Say, dad! the gulf ten miles from the river"

GEO. P. CROWELI

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the valley. DEALER IN

perial dimensions of this and gaps, has been carefully followed vast domain or its real pres-future greatness, without some "The Trail of Lewis and Clark" is Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, etc.

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