Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

This was the man whom she had seen at her father's house, who had lodged with them at the button factory, and of whom she had caught a glimpse even at Sedge Hill. Tots and John Jennings were in the main thoroughfare of Holborne, both interested in the shops, when he touched Tots on the arm.

"Don't you know me?" he asked in a husky voice.

Tots gave a little scream, and clung more closely to John Jennings.

"Oh! don't let him take me away!" she cried at once.

"I don't want to take you away, Bessie—I only want to ask you how you are, after all these months," said Thomas Eastbell, offering a very dirty hand to the child to shake.

"Come, you let her alone, will you?" said John Jennings sharply. John did not admire the looks of the man who had forced himself upon the notice of Reuben's adopted child; John held Tots in trust, and was watchful of his charge. The man before him was a forlorn specimen of humanity, ragged and dirty. John did not know Thomas Eastbell at first sight, but he was a judge of disreputability—he had seen so much of it in Hope street—he had become so disreputable himself.

"I have as much right to the child as you have," said Tom in a surly tone, "or as your master has, for the matter of that. The child's shtole, and you know it."

"I don't know it."

"And its father will come to claim it precious quick, too—see if he don't—and you can tell Mr. Culwick, too, direckly you get home. Say Tom Eastbell told him so—or Vizzobini. You ought to know Vizzobini of the Saxe-Gotha."

"You are Thomas Eastbell, then?"

"Yes, and I don't care who knows it. You can give me in charge if you like—say for coining last year—I shall do it myself in an hour or two, if you don't—I hate the workus, and it's awful cold outside the prison. Where's Sally?"

"Your sister, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course I do," answered Tom; "she sin't at Sedge Hill."

"Never mind where she is."

"Oh, I don't mind. She won't help me—I'm her only brother, and starving in the streets. But you can take my compliments to her, Mr. Jennings, and I'm to be heard of at the 'Magpie.'"

Reuben was hard at Trumpet work when John Jennings and Tots arrived home with the news of their meeting with Thomas Eastbell. He was working against time somewhat, but he set his pen aside to listen to John Jennings' recital and Tots' scared interpellations, paying particular attention to Mr. Eastbell's information that the child would be fetched away presently by her father.

"And he said that Sarah might hear of him at the 'Magpie?'"

"Yes," answered John Jennings.

"John," he said suddenly, "you must take a letter to Sarah at once."

"Very well, Mr. Reuben."

"Don't say anything of your meeting with her brother."

"Trust me for that," said John knowingly.

"She is not strong enough for any fresh trouble," said Reuben, as he drew a sheet of note paper toward him and wrote very reluctantly an excuse for not being able to see her as he had promised. He alleged no reason—he would explain when he saw her, he said—and he re-read the letter somewhat critically after he had finished the writing of it. It was a brief epistle; he should see her to-morrow, he hoped, and that would be time enough for explanation of his breach of promise. Sarah trusted him implicitly, and would know that only business of importance could keep him from her. She did not expect a long letter from him, and a heap of reasons, at that busy hour of the day. Let the letter go.

In the evening, somewhat late, Reuben Culwick, not too fashionably attired, was at the "Magpie." It was eight o'clock or later, when Thomas Eastbell's pock-marked countenance peered round one of the swing doors. The "Magpie" was Tom's forlorn hope. He had sent a message to his sister, and she might attend to it. Who knows? He caught sight of Reuben Culwick, and his first impulse was to back into the street. Then he wavered; and while he was hesitating Reuben came from the public house and confronted him.

"You need not run away, Tom Eastbell," said Reuben.

"I haven't done you any harm," he returned; "I haven't done nobody any harm—never. All that you have heard about me has been a pack of lies. I've been as honest as I could be, and this is what comes of it. I'm hard up—I'm starving, Mr. Culwick, I haven't tasted food to-day."

"Where are your friends?"

"They turned me out of their house. They said I was a blundering fool. One of them kicked me, last time I saw him."

"The Captain?"

Tom Eastbell laughed sardonically.

"No, he can't kick. He broke both his legs in the country, jumping from a window of the button factory to get out of the way of the police. He can only swear and cuss me now."

"Is this Edward Peterson the father of the little girl you met this morning?"

"He says he is. He gave me money to take care of her altogether. But it wasn't enough, so I lost her," said Tom coolly—"or rather," he added, interpreting Reuben's look of disgust correctly, "my old woman lost her. It was her fault. She never had a mite of feeling in her for anybody save herself."

"And I found the child when she was lost."

"And then Peterson turned up, and stormed and raved at me, till I told him where the child was, and he stole it from you back again. He was fond of that child when he was in a good temper, which wasn't often though."

"His wife—is she dead?"

"Long ago, he tells me."

"Where is Edward Peterson now?"

"In Worcester — Mitcheson's place, near the river—and you can put the bobbies on to him, if they're not taking care of him already. He has treated me bad enough."

"Who is with him?"

"An old sweetheart, who will marry him when his legs get better."

"Is it Mary Holland?"

"That's her name. The woman who was at Sedge Hill. You know her well enough."

"And she is with Edward Peterson at Worcester?"

"Yes."

Reuben Culwick waited for no further news; he had learned more than he had anticipated; he thought he saw all very clearly to the end now, and where his duty lay. He darted from the friendly shelter of the "Magpie," and hurried into Holborn, and from Holborn through sundry back turnings into Drury Lane, where he met John Jennings, who passed a great deal of his time walking up and down the street in which Reuben Culwick resided.

"John," said he, seizing him by the arm, "you must go to your sister's house. Find Sarah Eastbell. Tell her I have discovered that Miss Holland is in Worcester, that I have left London in search of her, and to end all suspense at once—her suspense as well as mine. I hope to be back on Monday."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Now be off at once."

Reuben hurried to his lodgings, begged his landlady to be careful of Tots till his return, looked in at Tots sleeping calmly in her little crib, stooped over her and kissed her, without awakening her, and then hurried away to the railway station, in the hope of catching a night mail that should carry him on a portion of his journey toward Worcester.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Reuben Culwick was in the loyal city early the next day. The cathedral bells were ringing when he was searching in Mitcheson's place for Edward Peterson. The man who had leaped from the top window of the button factory and broken both his legs was not difficult to find—the inhabitants of Mitcheson's place knew all about him, who he was and where he was, and the country police had been watching for his convalescence for weeks past, in order to conduct him to safe quarters. Edward Peterson was too ill to be removed at present—indeed, of late days the police had not been vigilant, a turn for the worse having taken place in the sick man's condition, and it being tolerably certain that he was drifting from the laws of his country in undue haste.

Reuben understood the position before he had reached the house—a policeman on duty in the street gave him the fullest particulars. It was the back room of the first floor to which he had been directed, and where he knocked softly for admittance. Some one crossed the room lightly, opened the door, and looked hard at him, with the color flickering faintly on her cheeks. It was Mary Holland, pale and thin, who faced him on the landing place.

"You have found me at last, then?" she inquired.

They did not shake hands—the shadow of the past mistrust was still between them, and there was no getting from it in the first moments of their meeting.

"You know that we have been searching for you—advertising for you?" said Reuben.

"Yes; but I did not care to answer yet," she replied.

"You are attending upon Edward Peterson?"

"My husband—yes."

"Your husband!" repeated Reuben slowly.

"He is wholly friendless now—he is terribly alone—and at the last I have found the courage to do my duty," he said.

"Then the little girl—Tots——"

"Is mine. It was his promise that I should have the child back—it was the revelation that she lived—that kept me silent when my suspicions might have given a clew to the truths which perplexed you. To have betrayed him at that bitter hour was to kill my little girl. He swore it—and I knew how desperate a man he was, years ago," she added, sadly. "When he first came to Sedge Hill I wrote, warning you of danger—but not knowing what the danger was which threatened Sarah Eastbell."

"I see," murmured Reuben Culwick.

"I was a woman in the toils, and knew not what to do," she continued. "When Sarah had disappeared, he said she should return in safety to Sedge Hill if I would keep my peace—and I was forced to trust him. Ah, sir! do not blame me too harshly—it was my child's life, my child's happiness against Sarh Eastbell's, and I acted like a mother, in the one hope of clasping her to my heart. I could not have brought your cousin back had I owned that man for my husband—I was in the dark with you—and my little Bessie lived."

"And you love this man?"

She answered: "He killed my love years ago. I do my duty in calm apathy, that is all. Years ago he was my hero. He was honest then, and I was very young," she said. "We were married secretly. When he grew tired of me, when he went wrong, he abandoned me without remorse, and took my child with him, in a spirit of revenge that nearly broke my heart. My marriage and that child's birth were not known to the world I found at Worcester—although your mother always doubted me. I tried hard to live apart from the past, when I believed my little girl was dead, but it all came back last autumn. This," she added, almost bitterly, "is a strange time for explanation."

"I have not come for explanation—I have no right to demand it," said Reuben; "but let me ask if my father knew of your marriage to Edward Peterson?"

"I dared not tell him. I was very poor—I was alone in the world, without a friend, and he had confidence in me, and liked me for my dead father's sake. Would he have wished you to marry me had he dreamed of this?" she added, with an impressive gesture toward the door of the sick room.

"Why did he wish this marriage" said Reuben.

"He told me on the day he died that he had ruined my father—deceived him in some way of business and got rich by his disgrace," she said. "Heaven knows if this were true, or the wanderings of a demented mind. It is beyond our guessing at, and belongs not to our present lives."

"Mary Holland, it was true," said Reuben, solemnly; "I bring a proof of it in his atonement—reparation."

"Impossible."

"He has left you all his money."

There was a wild scream—an awful yell from the room which Mary Holland, or, rather, Mary Peterson, had quitted, and Mary ran back into the chamber, followed by Reuben in his haste to be of assistance to the affrighted woman.

It was only a cry of delight. Captain Peterson had heard all the news.

"Is it all true?" he gasped forth, turning to Reuben as if to a friend on whom, in this crisis of his life, he might rely.

"All the money is left to Mary Holland," answered Reuben.

"How is it—how is it that—that—this can be?" he inquired, catching at Reuben's hand and clasping it with his trembling fingers; "you see how excited I am, but I can bear good news. Good news will save me yet, please heaven."

"There has been discovered another will, signed by my father the day before his death. In it my father bequeaths the whole of his property to his faithful friend and housekeeper, Mary Holland."

"That's my wife," said Peterson, quickly; "don't forget she's my wife. We were legally married years ago, upon my soul, I swear it—it's easily proved—isn't it easily proved, Mary? Tell him so—don't stare at me like that."

"Yes, I am his wife," said Mary, thus appealed to; "I am not Mary Holland."

"Oh, that makes no difference," cried Peterson; "you were Mary Holland, you have always been known by that name to old Culwick, and it's your money—I know law enough for that. All yours—and all your husband's—why, it's as clear as daylight. This brings me—back—to—life! Where is the will?"

"I have brought it with me."

"Give it—to me," said Peterson; "it isn't safe in other hands. I—I will keep it till I'm—stronger."

"Let him have it," said the wife, carelessly; "it will calm him, and rest is necessary."

"I would prefer your taking it, Mrs. Peterson," said Reuben, producing the will; "better still to leave it with a trustworthy solicitor to act upon. There will be no opposition to it in any way from Sarah Eastbell."

"It will be safe enough in my husband's keeping," said Mary, with strange listlessness.

Reuben gave her the will, and she crossed with it to her husband's side and placed it in his hands, which with great difficulty began to unfold the paper on which Simon Culwick's last testament was written.

"I—I shall be glad—when I'm better," Edward Peterson whispered at last; "you can put it under my pillow—now."

"And the child?" asked Reuben, curiously.

A gesture, quick and deprecatory, from Mary Holland came too late to arrest the question, or to check the excitement of the prostrate vagabond, who half raised himself in bed in his vehemence.

"I'll never see the child again—I'd rather die than see her. She shall never be more than the beggar's brat she is!" he shouted.

"What has she done?"

"She turned against her own father—when there was a chance of making money, it was she, that cursed child, who betrayed me."

The color vanished from his face again, and once more the leaden hue suffused it, and the eyes closed, as by the pressure of the hand of death itself upon them. Mary was at his side, when life seemed coming slowly back again, she said to Reuben:

"Leave me now. You see what he is—what he has ever been. I would prefer to be alone—to the end."

Reuben passed from the room and left the dying man to his strange wife's care. He had done his duty, he had surrendered his father's will into the hands of those it was to benefit, and it had been coldly, almost unthankfully received. Let him get back to Sarah Eastbell and to the brighter life wherein she moved.

(To be continued.)

BORE TEN TONS OF FRUIT.

Enormous Product of the Famous Santa Barbara Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world was one growing at Santa Barbara, Cal. There is no record of its age at the time it withered and died a few years ago, but from events connected with the family upon whose ground it grew it was believed to be 75 or 100 years old. The measurement of its trunk is given as three feet ten inches in circumference and the arbor was about seventy-five feet square. Its death was believed to be premature, the result of changing the course of a small stream that had flowed near its roots.

But another vine nearby, a cutting from the original, had attained to nearly this size, so that Santa Barbara could still boast of having "the biggest grapevine in the world. In 1899 this vine succumbed to a disease of the roots, perhaps invited by age, and its body now rests in the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce. Its regular trunk attained a girth of four feet four inches at eighteen inches above the ground or five feet seven inches at forty-two inches, and its maximum yield was four tons in a season. It was believed to be seventy-five years old.

In the Carpinteria valley, a few miles further from the city, a third vine has surpassed both of the others in size. It was planted in 1842 by Joaquin Lugo De Ayala and has, therefore, just completed its three-score years. The first election in Santa Barbara county under American rule was held beneath its ample shade. This latest candidate for the world record is double from the surface of the ground up; the two parts are knit together in a David-and-Jonathan-like embrace to a height of about five feet seven inches, where they separate into huge branches, the largest having a circumference of three feet. Six inches above the ground the vine measures eight feet five and one-half inches in circumference and it covers an area of 115 feet square (the whole back yard), sixty posts supporting the framework. The owner says that, were provision made, it would spread over a great surface, but it is pruned every year. Fabulous tales are told of the grapes this vine produces. That it did actually yield ten tons in a recent season seems to be authentic.

An effort was made to secure a part of the original Montecito vine—taken to Ohio after the centennial—for the Santa Barbara exhibition at the world's fair, but terms could not be made with the owner. At the time of the succeeding midwinter fair at San Francisco an offer of $1,000 for the Carpinteria vine was refused else its lease of life would have been cut short.

Had a Fuel Supply.

The 7-year-old grandson of William Dudley Foulke, the Civil Service Commissioner, went with his grandmother to the Senate to hear Senator Tillman's speech. They had fine seats in the front of the member's gallery, and the little chap made a brave show in his velvet suit and long curly hair. He listened intently, but didn't make out much of it until Senator Tillman referred, with much emphasis, to "anthracite coal." Then he piped up joyously, so he was heard all over the chamber:

"We've got some; we've got some."—New York World.

Extremely Improbable.

"Another thing about these apples," the dealer said, opening the barrel for his inspection, "is that if you put them in a cool place they will keep all winter."

"I am quite positive they won't," said the customer, who happened to be the father of a half grown boy, "but I'll take them."

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

UNDER THE SUN.

The men who have gone before us
Have sung the songs we sing;
The words of our clamorous chorus,
They were heard of the ancient King.

The chords of the lyre that thrill us,
They were struck in the years gone by,
And the arrows of death that kill us
Are found where our fathers lie.

The vanity sung of the Preacher
Is vanity still to-day;
The moan of the stricken creature
Has rung in the woods alway.

But the songs are worth resinging
With the change of no single note,
And the spoken words are ringing
As they rang in the years remote.

There is no new road to follow, Love!
Nor need there ever be,
For the old, with its hill and hollow,
Love!
Is enough for you and me.
—Century.

SECONDARY CONSIDERATION

THE tall, beautifully formed girl settled her broad shoulders more comfortably against the sun-warmed rock behind her and glanced rather contemptuously at the small, well-knit man beside her.

"I'm sure I never could endure a man who was not physically brave and strong," she said, with the irritability of a woman who is conscious of an inconsistency in herself. She was provoked to find herself liking this little man with his charming conversational powers.

"And how about mental and moral courage?" he questioned.

"Secondary consideration to me," she answered, curtly.

"How you must admire Mr. Dent, our young football enthusiast," he said.

"I do," she said, rising and going out to the farthest jut of the rock on which they sat.

"How slippery this seaweed is," she called over her shoulder, and then with a little scream she slipped into the deep water around the rock. "Oh! Mr. Kendon," she cried, "please help me, it's so deep here."

The young man remained where he was. "I happen to know, Miss Drew, that you can swim like a fish, and I am too dry to care to take another dip."

She let herself sink once, and then the big form of Mr. Dent, in immaculate white suit, rounded a corner of the rock. He saw her rise and he dashed into the water and bore her to the rock. She turned with her head erect and walked with him toward the hotel.

Dick Kendon noticed a freezing temperature around Miss Drew the rest of the day, but next afternoon, regardless of Mr. Dent's hints at the danger of her running her own automobile, she commanded Mr. Kendon to take the place at her side.

They drove through the parkway, and, coming to a fountain, Edith Drew requested her companion to get her a drink. He was rinsing the cup when four rowdies of the Sunday afternoon type came up to the water.

"Gee, fellers, see the little dude!" cried the largest one. Mr. Kendon continued to rinse the cup without a glance at them.

"Oh! see the strawberry blonde in the automobile! Say, Willie boy, where did your flame buy her hair bleach? I want to try some myself, and I like the color of her paint, too."

Dick Kendon's eyes blazed. "You dirty, lying dogs," he cried. "If I had a gun I'd shoot you all as if you were a lot of mongrel curs." The big bully stepped toward him with doubled fist and Dick threw the contents of the dipper full in his face.

"Consider that I have struck you in the face," he cried, flaming with anger. "I would not really soil my hands on you." And before the rowdy could hit him, he dashed for a near-by elm tree, and was up and out on the furthest point of a small limb with the agility of a cat.

"Go," he called to Edith, "go home quickly; I'm safe here, the limb won't bear two."

With a quick turn of the automobile Edith rode straight for the men who were hunting vainly for stones on the smooth gravel road, and knocked one fellow to one side. The others started to run and she chased them full speed with the machine almost on them until they disappeared, leaping over the flower beds and bushes. Then she returned to the young man dangling from the elm.

"No, indeed," he answered. "I'm aware that my position is elevated, but it is ridiculous, and a woman does not forgive that in a man. I shall wait until you go."

"I shall not go," she replied.

"You must," he said. "I shall take the next train for the city and the episode of our acquaintance will be ended. "But," and here his voice shook, "by heaven, you shall know that I loved you, and if I didn't know you despised me, I would show you that a little man's love can be as great as a big one's."

"Dick," he heard from below, "I think physical courage is a secondary consideration, and I'm sure discretion is the better part of valor. If you'll come down now I'll try to give you a little of a big girl's love!"—Indianapolis Sun.

COST OF NAVAL BATTLE.

Five Minutes Fighting Requires an Expenditure of $70,000 on One Ship.

"From Tuesday to Sunday," Victor Hugo wrote in his diary on Jan. 3, 1871, "the Prussians hurled 25,000 projectiles at us. It required 220 railway trucks to transport them. Each shot cost 60 francs; total, 1,500,000 francs. The damage to the forts is estimated at 1,400 francs. About ten men have been killed. Each of our dead cost the Prussians 150,000 francs."

This extract, says London Tit-Bits, gives one an excellent idea of the cost and ineffectiveness of big-gun work on land a generation ago, when it took an average of 2,500 projectiles, costing 150,000 francs, to kill a single man and to inflict less than £8 worth of damage on the enemy's fortifications.

But time has changed since then, and munitions with them, and the great guns of to-day, on the sea at any rate, give a vastly different account of themselves. During the recent war between America and Spain it will be recalled that the Brooklyn poured such a deadly deluge of projectiles into the Spanish warship Viscaya that within five minutes the latter lay at the bottom of the sea a rent and battered jumble of scrap iron.

In all the Brooklyn fired 618 shells at the Vascaya and the bill of destruction read thus:

To 141 8-inch shells, at £50 each, £7,050; to 65 6-inch shells, at £21 each, £1,365; to 12 6-pounder shells, at £1 each, £12; to 400 1-pound shells, at 12 shillings 6 pence each, £250.

Thus the five minutes firing cost the United States £8,677, and during each minute of the duel the Brooklyn hurled 123 projectiles at her enemy at a cost of £1,735. If we add to this the cost of the Viscaya's answering fire we see that the fight between the two ships could scarcely have cost less than £3,000 a minute, or at the rate of £180,000 an hour. We must remember, too, that on neither ship would it be possible to use all the available guns at once; so that there is still a large margin for increased expenditure when a man-of-war is in a position to use her fighting powers to the utmost.

But let us take one of our own first-class battleships, the London, and estimate the cost of five minutes' fighting, assuming that she could use all of her forty-six guns throughout.

The London's four 12-inch guns, which, by the way, cost no less than £220,000, fire armor-piercing shells weighing 850 pounds each at the rate of two a minute, each projectile, with its cordite charge of 167½ pounds, costing £80. Thus in five minutes' fighting these four destruction-dealing monsters would hurl at the enemy forty projectiles weighing more than eighteen tons and costing £3,200.

Each six-inch gun, of which she has twelve, costing £3,750 each, throws shells of 100 pounds weight, costing £14 apiece, and in five minutes of rapid and continuous firing these guns would pour into the enemy's ships a hurricane of projectiles weighing twenty-two tons, at a cost of £6,688. So far we have only accounted for sixteen out of the forty-six guns.

The London twelve-pounders number sixteen and cost £555 each; from the mouths of these guns no fewer than 960 shells could be poured in five minutes, representing nine tons of metal and a cost of £2,880.

Each of the half-dozen three-pounders has a firing capacity of thirty shells a minute, so that in a five minutes' fight they alone would send £900 worth of metal into the enemy's side; while the eight maxims would send out a storm of death-dealing bullets weighing more than six hundredweight and costing £140.

Thus, in five minutes' fighting, using all her forty-six guns, the London would vomit forth over fifty tons of projectiles and the cost of this barking would work out to more than £14,000.

Thin Enough for the Purpose.

Friend—Your picture of the wood nymph is indeed beautiful. But what did the model wear to create that gauze effect?

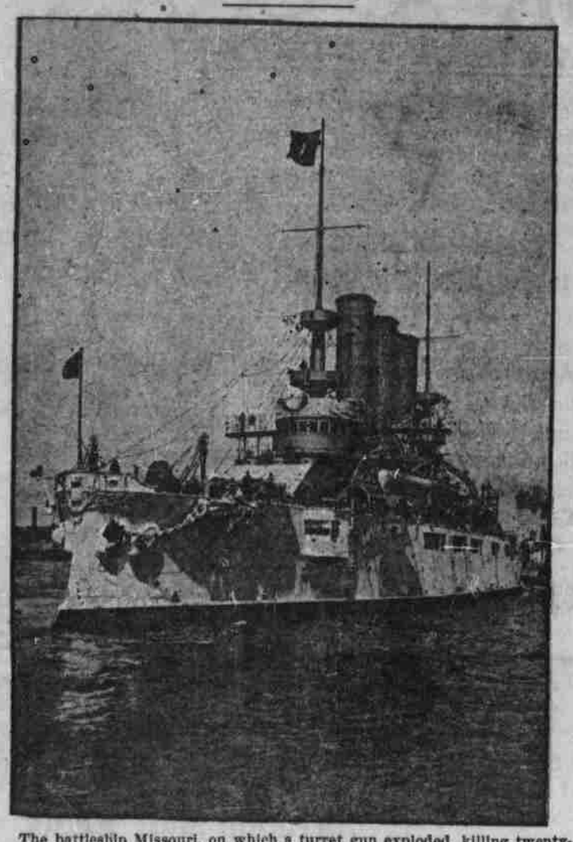
Artist—Oh, she was wrapped in a boarding house blanket.—Philadelphia Press.

Dispelling the Illusion.

Mrs. Goodheart—Oh, Henry! when I gave that tramp a piece of pie he was so grateful that there were actually tears in his voice.

Her Husband—Nonsense! That was only his mouth watering.—Judge.

BATTLE SHIP MISSOURI, ON WHICH A GUN EXPLODED, KILLING TWENTY-NINE MEN



The battleship Missouri, on which a turret gun exploded, killing twenty-nine officers and men, has been in commission only since last autumn, her official trip taking place Oct. 21. She is a sister ship of the Ohio and the new Maine. Her displacement is 12,300 tons. She is heavily armored, and her armament is in proportion, being four 12-inch guns, sixteen 6-inch guns and a number of smaller weapons. The Missouri also has two submerged torpedo tubes. Her complement is 551 officers and men. She is commanded by Captain William S. Cowles, a brother-in-law of President Roosevelt. Recently the Missouri, owing to her defective steering gear, narrowly escaped sinking the Illinois.

FIELD MARSHAL MARQUIS YAMAGATA GRAND OLD SOLDIER OF JAPAN.

One of the most remarkable men of the age is Field Marshal Marquis Aritonio Yamagata, commander in chief of the Japanese army, under whose direction the land forces of the Mikado are preparing for a deadly grapple with Russia. Statesman, diplomat, soldier, organizer, reformer, he has been variously called the Japanese Moltke, the Bismarck of Japan, the General Grant of Japan and the Napoleon of Japan. In local conflicts in the Mikado's empire and in the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 he has made a record that military men envy, and now at the seasoned age of 71 he again takes up the baton to win, if possible, more enduring renown in a triumph over the legions of The Czar.

Marquis Yamagata first won distinction in the war of 1868, called "the war of the restoration," which resulted in the overthrow of the Tycoon and the placing of the present Mikado, Mutsuhito, on the throne.

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Atlantic Express 9:15 p.m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:35 a. m.

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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

6:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	6:00 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.	3:30 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.

T. J. KINNAIRD, Agent, Hood River.