TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Laney

Author of "Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The island was soon reached and the man taken ashore. The morning was crisp and cold and a fire of drift wood was kindled for the comfort of the wounded man and his companions.

As the day lagged away the man grew worse. Dan was his most attentive nurse. In the afternoon he persuaded his companions that it would be better to take the wounded man to his home. They agreed upon this but they did not know what to do with their prisoner. On the southside they could not hold him, and if they left him on the island he might be compelled to remain for several days without assistance. They wanted him to accompany them to thier homes, but Dan had matters of more importance demanding his attention on the north side. He told them to leave him on the island and he would take his chances on reaching shore.

The fishermen pulled out with their wounded companion, reluctantly leaving Dan behind.

Throughout the day Lapham walked up and down the island viewing his friends and enemies as they lay on their oars in threatening attitudes. He managed, however, to keep concealed behind the driftwood from his enemies, while he was too far away to be distinguished by his friends.

He had searched the island from one end to the other for a boat, but the southsiders had intended making this a sort of prison had they carried out their original plans and had removed every semblance of craft from the place.

Besides the island had always been a sort of neutral ground and since the quarrel had begun, neither side attempted to occupy it and all fishing apparatus and supplies had been taken away by the respective owners.

As night came on, Dan became more anxious to reach the north shore. He wondered how many of his friends had fallen under the fire of the southsiders, and wondered more how Sankala was faring.

Old Seadog was too much absorbed in the trouble at hand to carry out his plan of taking Sankala and Ringwold to the county poor farm, but he knew the girl was worrying her young life away over the outlook for the future and possibly by this time, so far as he knew, she was grieving by the bedside of the deceased Ringwold.

The impatient young fisherman could remain an exile no longer. He constructed a raft from planks and timbers which had lodged on the shores of the island and with pieces of planks used as poles and paddles he started for the main shore.

Before his work had been completed, however, night had long since fallen over the waters and a storm was brewing.

The same sound from the clash of the wave and current on the bar greeted his ears at that moment that made the frail Sankala tremble with fear as she left the north shore to search for him that she might give him the food she had prepared for him and of which she thought he must by this time be in such dire need.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Where Is Sankala?"

"Hello, lookout!"

"Hello, captain!"

"How does it look to the southwest?"

"Black and foreboding, captain."

"I feared so. Watch close the river and bay. They are covered with those fool fishermen tonight. The light of morning will find plenty of work for us to do."

Thus spoke the captain of the life saving station to the man on the lookout.

Night had already closed in and the captain of the life saving station knew a storm was coming. He was at the station below the rocks and could not see out on the ocean but had called to the man stationed on the hill to verify the evidence of the storm. The instruments at the station indicated a storm, but the rising, surging, slashing, cracking breakers on the rocks gave a more formidable warning to the experienced life saver.

It is the same old story at the mouth of the Columbia. From fall until spring, throughout the long winter months, the storms rage with unceasing fury. Three days of storm and one of dim sunshine is a liberal statement in favor of the king of day. At this point Neptune rules unchallenged through the winter, but when summer comes he is superseded by old Sol, who wields his sceptre with a more charitable hand and makes this little stretch of coast the most attractive spot in the great Pacific Northwest. Thousands of pleasure seekers visit this coast each summer to view the grandeurs and beauties of nature, but flee before advancing winter, when gloom and darkness settle over the place like the pall of death.

Men inured to hardships and disasters learn to scorn them. It is this class that suffers most from them. They become emboldened to stand in the teeth of death, yea, even to enter its jaws, while the more timid fly for safety, and escape its fangs. Day after day the courageous go down, while the cowards live to tell of the chivalrous deeds of the brave.

A terrific storm was rising to sweep the river and bay. The black horizon to the southwest told this. The roaring clash of waters on the bar spoke it in so many sounds. The moaning winds in the boughs of the tall trees on the hills sung it in dismal notes. The angry surges on the beach hissed out like the warning of an adder. The gloomy mist which surrounded old Cape Disappointment lighthouse hung like a pall over the river and bay.

Yet the water was dotted with the boats of the heedless fishermen. They had seen the signs a thousand times and had never known them to fail. They knew that no frail craft could be reasonably expected to survive such a storm as was indicated tonight. It was the night after the battle between the fishermen. It was the night upon which Sankala had started out to sea to find Dan Lapham. It was the night upon which Dan Lapham left Sand island upon a raft of driftwood for the north shore.

This was a typical night storm at the mouth of the Columbia. The people of the village had been on the alert, kindling beacon fires and walking the beach to render aid to their friends on the bay.

The morning broke forth with many stories of hardships, disaster and death. The fishermen on either side had been slow to yield their position. In spite of the fact that they were warned in many ways of the approaching storm, they stood in the teeth of danger from force of habit. The southsiders were determined to destroy the objectionable traps and the northsiders were firm in standing by the defense of their property.

But all had eventually been compelled to yield to the elements. The northsiders had been driven one by one to the north shore, while the southsiders had been compelled to take refuge on the island. They had not the time to make it to the south shore.

Fishermen on both sides, it is true, had remained too long. They had been caught in the angry sea and dragged like captives toward the bar. The dawn had found the life savers active. It was the same old story. They succeeded in rescuing some of the men from a watery grave. A few had gone over the bar never to return. Some of these had been swept away long before the life savers could see their way to go to the rescue.

The wind did not lull until well up in the day. The southsiders nestled along the shores of Sand island, like so many water bound animals. The northsiders rushed up and down the bank looking for missing ones and preparing to return to the defense of their traps so soon as the waves should subside.

Women were wringing their hands over the loss of their dear ones and children were crying for fathers they would never see again. The loss of life was so common among the fishermen that only those actually bereaved bore sad hearts on such occasions. The sudden making of widows and orphans had been going on for years, for every storm claimed its victims. A heavy wave, a swamped boat, a lost fisherman, told a common story. It was expected. Those who battled with death knew that they must eventually lose.

"Where is Sankala?" was asked of the fishermen as they arrived ashore throughout the night.

"Where is Sankala?" asked Dan Lapham when he had visited her cabin and found it vacant.

"Where is Sankala?" was the question passed from lip to lip throughout the day.

Dan Lapham had steered his crude raft straight for the north shore. He had been buffeted by the waves, it is true, and had been carried far to the south, but fortune favored him and he had butted into the boats of his friends who had taken him ashore. But not one of all the men returning had seen Sankala. They were indignant that she should have been permitted to leave the village,.

"We have no time for grieving over the lost," said old Seadog, walking up and down the beach like an angry lion. "See, the men on the island are in action and will soon be upon our traps. To your boats, men, to your boats! We must protect those traps with our lives!"

It was late in the afternoon. The storm had again subsided. The men on the island decided to take advantage of the northsiders while they were ashore and destroy their traps.

The northsiders were quick to see this and hustling their arms and ammunition aboard they leaped into the boats along the beach and rowed with all their might to the defense of their cause.

The southsiders also started out briskly to oeat them to the traps. The latter had a slight advantage in distance but their opponents were refreshed by a warm meal and many of them had secured a few hours sleep.

The small fleet on either side was divided into squadrons as if by common arrangement, and while one squad made for the defense of a group of traps along the line which stretched up and down the river channel on the bay side, a squad from the other side started for the same point to destroy them.

In the meantime reintorcements were gathering on the south shore, for the southsiders outnumbered the men on the north, and war to a finish was now more imminent than ever.

"Will those soldiers never arrive?" was the question old Seadog asked himself as he directed his men to battle for the traps.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sankala Listens to the Plotters.

Sankala had a hard battle with the surf but she reached the traps formerly tended by Dan Lapham before the storm was at its heighth. Dan, of course, was not near the place. The wind was already raging and the whitecaps were multiplying at a rapid rate and leaping higher and higher.

At her back the sea was boiling like a caldron while to the south it was not so much disturbed. Her home lay across the raging sea while Sand Island lay to the south. It was this great upheavel of sand and the driftwood upon its surface that broke the storm to some extent and yet left a means of escape for Sankala.

But she would not have returned to her home at this time had the sea been as calm as an inland lake. She had started out on a mission and this would she complete with a woman's determination. She was looking for Dan Lapham. Her strong and handsome young friend had aided her in fishing the traps when her aged companion was unable to assist. He had also, on that very morning, left her money with which to buy necessary supplies; he had promised her that Ringwold should not go to the poor house; and above all there was an undefined feeling in her heart for the young man which only comes to a woman once in a lifetime.

Sankala did not understand this and would have blushed had it been explained. It was the same old story which has caused the joys, sorrows, disappointments and happiness since the days of Adam and Eve.

While clinging to the piling which held the netting of Lapham's fishtrap, to steady her boat, Sankala could see that the water was rapidly rising and that each flood dashed higher above the mark made by the former wave. The billows grew darker and more sullen while the whitecaps looked like great animals leaping at random in the direction of the bar.

Before it was too late she turned her boat toward the island, where she landed without accident. But she was just in time, for old Neptune's work farther out at sea was telling and great waves from the mighty deep came rolling over the bay, converting it into a mad, seething thing of destruction.

The rain began to fall in torrents. The wind blew with such force as to send the cold drops like heavy shots in a slanting course through the air. These struck the thinly clad girl with a force that made her shiver with pain and cold.

When cast upon her own resources in time of danger, woman is said to be superior to man in courage and endurance. Before she resigns herself to fate, she employs every means in her power to thwart its disasters. If she cannot turn its course, she goes with it as a companion. Death is thus made less bitter and an example is given to the world.

Sankala dragged her boat as far as she could and then tied the long line attached to its prow to a limb of a tree which had been cast far upon the sands. She began to look about her for a shelter. She remembered an old fisherman's camp farther up the island, and taking the provisions which she had prepared for Dan, she made her way to the shack.

(To be continued)

GEORGE WANTED TRITICUM.

It Pleased His Father, but Several Other Guessers Said Nothing.

"What we ought to have," said the sarcastic and precocious George, an 8-year-old resident of Germantown, while at luncheon the other day, "is bread made from pure triticum flour. I'm tired of these everlasting experiments," and he surveyed the pile of corn muffins on the table with displeasure and scorn, says the Philadelphia Record.

George's mother, knowing the capabilities of her young hopeful for causing embarrassment, did not ask what triticum flour was or take occasion at that time to point out George's failure in good manners in so loudly declaring his dissatisfaction at the food he found on the table. In the evening, however, while on the porch with visitors, and after George had retired, she said to her husband: "George is asking for bread made of triticum flour. What is that?"

The husband hadn't the slightest idea, and frankly said so. A lawyer in the party, when appealed to, hummed and hawed a little, and said it was probably some new-fangled idea George had gathered at school, perhaps the name of a new breakfast food. Another visitor suggested that George might be a josher, and upon this the party spelt the word backward, rearranged the syllables and did other things known to puzzle solvers.

"I'm going to look it up," said George's eldest sister. She went into the house and returned half an hour with dust from the encyclopedia and dictionary over her hands, but she was triumphant.

"Why, it's wheat," she said. "It's simply the botanical name for wheat."

George's father was inclined to be proud of his boy, but the visitors at once started a discussion of the Russian-Japanese war.

Effect of Army Routine.

Visitors to army headquarters on Governor's Island often notice that officers have a habit of referring to the written or printed record for the most trifling questions of fact. They never rely upon memory for even unimportant matters of routine which civilians would no more think of forgetting than a hardened commuter would think of forgetting the time of his morning train to the city. Ask an officer in the adjutant general's or quartermaster's department, for instance, where the First Battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry is and he will consult his records before answering, even when a letter to the commanding officer of the battalion is lying addressed on his desk.

The other day a visitor to the island asked an officer high in command what time the parade of troops took place next morning. The man in khaki looked at his printed copy of the general orders before answering: "Ten o'clock." Yet the parade had been going on every day for months right under his office windows.

"It is a habit that grows upon us with the routine of garrison work," he said. "If I tried to remember where one company in the department of the east is quartered I might as well try to remember them all. If I carried in my memory the time for parade I might as well try to learn the general orders by heart. Experience teaches army men never to burden their memories with facts and figures that they know they can find on the instant by turning to the record."—New York Press.

Black Snakes.

It is true that the rattlesnake and the black snake are mortal enemies, and the black snake is the victor in their battles, breaking the neck of his adversary before the rattler has time to strike. The black snakes of this country are as harmless as frogs. On many of the large plantations in the South they are tamed and kept as a protection from their enemy, as the warm climate prevents keeping the houses closed so as to keep them out.

PETITION.

In the County Court of the County of Wasco and State of Oregon.

In the matter of the petition of Claude E. Markham and others for the formation of an irrigation district in the county of Wasco and state of Oregon, under provisions of chapter V of Bellinger's and Cotton's Annotated codes and statutes of the state of Oregon.

To the county court of the county of Wasco:

The undersigned petitioners respectfully show unto the court:

First—That they are desirous of forming and propose to form an irrigation district under the provisions of chapter V of Bellinger's and Cotton's annotated codes and statutes of Oregon.

Second—That your petitioners are a majority and more than fifty of the holders of title to lands susceptible of irrigation from common source and by the same system of works, and desire to provide for the irrigation of the same.

Third—That the land to be irrigated is all situate in the county of Wasco and state of Oregon, and is more particularly bounded as to said proposed district as follows, to-wit:

Commence on the Columbia river, south bank, where the section line between sections 31 and 32 township 3 north, range 10 east of the Willamette meridian intersects the Columbia river, then south along said section line and the section lines between sections 5 and 6, 7 and 8 to the ¼-section corner common to said sections 7 and 8, township 2 north, range 10 east, W. M., thence west to the center of said section 7 thence south to the ¼-section corner common to said section 7 and section 18 said township and range, thence west to corner common to said sections 7 and 18 and sections 12 and 13 township 2 north, range 9 east W. M., thence south along the township line between ranges 9 and 10 east aforesaid, to corner common to sections 13, 18, 19 and 24, township 2 north, ranges 9 and 10 east, W. M., thence west to the corner common to sections 13 and 14, 23 and 24, township 2 north range 9 east, W. M., thence south to corner common to sections 23, 24, 25 and 26 last named township and range, thence in said township and range as follows: west to corner common to sections 22, 23 26 and 27, south to corner common to sections 26, 27, 34 and 35, west to corner common to sections 29, 30, 31 and 32, thence south to corner common to sections 31 and 32 aforesaid and to sections 5 and 6, township 1, north, range 9, east W. M., thence east along the township line between townships 1 and 2 north, range 9 east to Hood river, thence up the west bank of Hood river and its forks to the most suitable place for taking out the water from Hood river, thence down said river to section line between sections 6 and 7 township 1 north, range 10 east, thence east to ¼ section corner common to sections 6 and 7 thence north to ¼ section corner common to sections 6, 31, townships 1 and 2 north, range 10 east, thence along said township line to corner common to sections 4 and 5, 32 and 33, townships 1 and 2 north, range 10 east, thence north to where the section line between sections 15 and 16, township 2 north, range 10 east intersects the west line of the right of way of the ditch of the Farmers' Irrigating Co., thence following down said west and north line of said right of way of said ditch to a point on same in section 33, township 3 north, range 10 east; thence along the section lines between sections 33, 34, 27 and 28, township 3 north, range 10 east to the south bank of the Columbia river thence down along the south bank of said Columbia river to the point of beginning.

And your petitioners do pray that the said irrigation district be organized under the provisions of said act, and for general relief.

This petition will be presented to said county court at its special meeting in December, 1904.

C. E. Markham	H. H. Jentzen
B. F. Shoemaker	Jos. Frazier, jr
L. H. Nichols	H. E. Atwood
F. Chandler	J. O. Eastman
G. R. Castner	W. S. Boorman
Chas. Chandler	S. A. Skinner
J. W. Ingalls	E. L. Eastman
C. Dinsmoor	Jas. E. McGrath
J. H. Shoemaker	A. J. Friedley
H. A. Moore	Joe Handfort
E. J. Nicholson	A. W. Orthank
F. C. Sherrieb	H. E. Blocher
E. Steptoe	Mrs. Ida Crapper
B. F. Moses	Henry Steffanson
W. N. Moses	K. Duncan Martin
Chas. Wallace	Mrs. W. Prigge
J. J. Gibbons	Fred Gates
G. R. Abernathy	James Moore
C. A. Merriam	G. A. McCurdy
B. F. Eadelman	Geo. W. Love
F. G. Church	J. E Bions
E. E. Lyons	A. J. Rogers
Jno. Stranahan	A. W. King
Chas. Stranahan	J. J. Jordan
T. A. Vanausdal	J. R. Philley
Louis H. Arnesen	Otto Brost
John Jakku	G. W. Stranahan
L. B. Wilson	J. R. Kinsey
Williams & Langille	P. H. Martin
L. E. Dart	F. W. Angus
Warren Davenport	F. N. Dornhecker
Fred N. Borden	J. B. Castner
John A. Wilson	Geo. Borden
C. Jacobson	A. Overland
Mrs. Rosa S. Nealeigh	Mrs. Phoebe A. Goss
John Radliff	Mrs. H. S. Lewis
Joe Dobson	W. J. Ross
F. R. Absten	John L. Henderson
Menominee Lbr Co	Thos. Shere
J. P. and C. B. Barnet	Albert C. Helms

[Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, Sept. 29, 1904.—Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

ALMON S. VENAN

of Forest Grove, county of Washington, state of Oregon, has May 25, 1904, filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2237, for the purchase of the N½SW¼ and S½NW¼ of section No. 29 in township No. 1 north, range No 9 E., W.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before George T. Prather, United States commissioner, at his office at Hood River, Oregon, on the 10th day of December, 1904.

He names as witnesses: Charles Castner, Lewis E. Morse, Lee C. Morse, William F. Rand, all of Hood River, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of December 1904.

o6 d8 MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Public Land Sale—(Isolated Tract)

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, October 22, 1904.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of instructions from the commissioner of the general land office, under authority vested in him by section 2455, United States revised statutes, as amended by act of congress approved February 26, 1895, we will proceed to offer at public sale at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., on the 6th day of December, 1904, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit:

The E½ NE¼ of section 23, township 2 north, range 11 east of Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims in this office on or before the day designated for the commencement of said sale, otherwise their rights will be forfeited. MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

oct27 dec1 ANNE M. LANG, Receiver.

[Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, Aug. 24, 1904.—Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892.

PHILIP U. WARREN

of Vlento, county of Wasco, state of Oregon, has on September 21, 1903, filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2133, for the purchase of the W½ NW¼ and the W½ SW¼ of section No. 9 in township 2 north, range 9 E. W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Geo. T. Prather, U. S. Commissioner at his office in Hood River, Oregon, on the 24 day of December, 1904.

He name as witnesses: Samuel Woodwart, Theodore Glayzer, of Cascade Locks, Oregon; Millard F. Bird, Tremont Foster, of Hood River, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before the said 24 day of December, 1904.

s22 d1 MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, Oct. 14, 1904.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by George Bigler of Hood River, Oregon, contestant, against homestead entry No. 9740, made September 20, 1901, for the northwest quarter (NW¼) section 10 township 1 N, range 11 E., W. M., by

JOSEPH SCHWARTZ, Contestee,

in which it is alleged that the said Joseph Schwartz has never settled upon the said land; that he has never resided upon nor improved the said tract as required by law; that he has wholly abandoned, the said tract and remained away for more than six months last past next preceding the date hereof, and that said tract is wholly abandoned and that such alleged absence from the land is not due to the employment of the contestee in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman or marine, during the war with Spain or any other war in which the United States may be engaged, therefore said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on December 2, 1904, before the register and receiver at the United States land office in The Dalles, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in proper affidavit, filed October 5, 1904, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

o20 n17 MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

First National Bank, Hood River, Or.

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DIRECTORS

Robert Smith, J. C. Ainsworth, F. S. Stanley, F. H. Hopkins, E. L. Smith

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Cherry, Pear, Apricot, Peach & Plum Trees,

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Oregon State Board of Horticulture.

Certificate of Inspection Of Nursery Stock

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to Certify, That I have this 4th day of October, 1904, inspected and examined the Nursery Stock of Smith & Galligan, Hood River, Oregon, and so far as I am able to ascertain, have found it in good, marketable condition and clear of any serious insect pest or disease. Their methods of handling and growing stock are good.

This certificate expires Aug. 30, 1905.

R. H. WEBER,

Commissioner Fourth District.

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

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This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

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Our Trees are first-class and True to Name. Grafted on whole roots, with scions carefully selected from some of the best bearing orchards in Hood River Valley.
Send for prices to

MILWAUKEE NURSERIES
Milwaukee, Oregon

F. E. STRANG, Local Agent. N. B. HARVEY, Proprietor

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

HOOD RIVER.

The postoffice is open daily between 8 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sundays from 12 to 1 o'clock. Mails for the East close at 11:20 a. m., 8:20 p. m. and 9 p. m.; for the West at 2:40 p. m. and 9 p. m.

The carriers on R. F. D. routes No. 1 and No. 2 leave the postoffice at 8:30 daily. Mail leaves For Mt. Hood, daily at 12:00 m.; arrives, 10:20 a. m.

For Chenoweth, Wash., at 7:30 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; arrives same days at 6 p. m.

For Underwood, Wash., at 7:30 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; arrives same days at 6 p. m.

For White Salmon, Wash., daily at 2:45 p. m.; arrives at 11 a. m.

WHITE SALMON.

For Hood River daily at 9 a. m.; arrives at 4:45 p. m.

For Husum, Trout Lake and Guler, Wash., daily at 7:30 a. m.; arrives at 12 m.

For Glenwood, Gilmer and Fulda, Wash., daily at 7:30 a. m.; arrives at 5 p. m.

For Pinefist and Snowden, Wash., at 11:30 a. m. Tuesdays and Saturdays; arrives same days, 10:30 a. m.

For Binsen, Wash., daily at 4:45 p. m.; arrives at 8:45 a. m.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES Portland, Or.	ARRIVE
Chicago Portland Special 9:15 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	5:25 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	9:00 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Spokane	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman and Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	7:15 a. m.

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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.	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.