CONGRESS OF PIETY.

PROJECT OF A HINDOO TO UNITE RELIGIONS.

A Vast Propaganda to Lead to a Congress in Delhi of Representatives of All Churches—They Are Invited to Compare Their Creeds and Defend the Faith They Profess.

Those pious people who, in the awful visitation under which India is groaning, see the hand of divine providence seeking to call to the attention of the world the fact that men are mortal and should think of other and deeper things than those which absorb most of their attention, will find great satisfaction in the fact that from the heart of the country where the bubonic plague is raging there has gone forth a call for a great congress of religions, in which every nation of the earth shall be represented. This is to meet at Delhi in 1898, and discuss the question of the true way of salvation according to the teachings of wise men of every race.

The call emanates from a Hindoo of illustrious descent, bearing the sonorous title of Maulana Syed Nusrat Ali Saheb, son of Inam-i-Manazira Sayad Nasir-ud-din Mohammed Abul Nansur. Nusrat Ali is the editor and proprietor of the Moslem Chronicle, a Delhi paper that is printed in both native and foreign languages, and has a wide circulation in India. In the office of the paper there are no less than 300 varieties of type, representing the printed characters of almost every known tongue in the civilized world, and the call for the great religious congress has been printed in various languages and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. It has gone to the innermost recesses of China in those mysterious characters that only the Chinese understand, and disciples of Confucius are invited by it to come and explain on what grounds they base their belief that the way to heaven is through the worship of the gods of the Celestial Empire. In Persian characters the theologians of the land of the shah have been called to come and speak for their prophet, and the sultan's most learned expositors have been invited in Turkish to do likewise. The Egyptians have been summoned from the shadow of the pyramids to defend their beliefs against the attacks of the pious people of England and elsewhere who preach that salvation can only be found by the way of the cross, and that Mahomet is a false prophet. In the purest Hebrew, the Jews have been invited to present the claims of a religion that denies the divinity of Christ. In Russia the call has gone to the orthodox and the unorthodox of the czar's broad domain, admonishing them to come and tell the anxious seekers from every clime the one true path to heaven according to their creed.

Nor have the distant heathen been forgotten. The islanders of the southern seas, who bow down to wood and stone, will receive messages in their native language setting forth the objects of the congress, and telling them that even the worshippers of idols will be welcomed to the great gathering and their views listened to with respect. Hawaiians, both Christian and heathen, will be there; Salvationists filled with the deepest religious enthusiasm will rub elbows with the medicine man from Africa who carries his god beneath his robe and believes he can influence the very elements by its aid; imams from the mosque will compare notes with Methodists from missionary stations in the jungle; enthusiasts from Hindoo temples will reveal the mysteries of their teachings to the sympathetic Theosophist; humble workers in the slums, who have believed and taught the gospel of scrubbing brush and soap suds, will shake hands with priests of the richest church. All will be upon one common level, and the congress will be inspired by one thought; a fervent seeking after the knowledge that will aid men to find their way to the gates of heaven, with the assurance of their admittance when their earthly race is run.

The call has been sent, through the American agent of the congress, whose headquarters are at 18 Coenties slip, New York, to every minister and priest of any prominence in America. Many have replied that they will be there. The call was couched in the following terms:

The object of the congress is:

1. To bring together the eminent and leading representatives of all religions of the world with a view to enabling them to expound the merits of their respective creeds.

2. To give these representatives an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the main principles of every religion, and thereby enabling them to judge how far each religion is based on true and unimpeachable principles.

3. To ascertain what practical social and moral effects each religion has produced upon the community professing it.

4. To set forth how far the doctrines of each religion are in conformity with reason, science, and the laws of nature.

5. To trace the origin of each religion, and to scrutinize the system followed in the preservation of its traditions.

6. To show, in an exhaustive manner, the various religious teachings common in each religion.

7. To enable the representatives of the various religions to draw conclusions as to the merits or demerits of the various religions, not in an antagonistic, but in a truth-seeking spirit.

Following this programme are copies of letters received from all parts of the world from those who have promised to take part in the general congress. Among them is a letter from Charles Carroll Bonney, general president of the World's Congress at the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Bonney writes:

"The proposal is in perfect harmony with the purposes and plans of the World's Fair Congress of Religions, and I therefore heartily approve of the proposal, with the understanding that the congress will be governed by substantially the same rules as those under which the marvelous success of the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago was achieved."

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, writes:

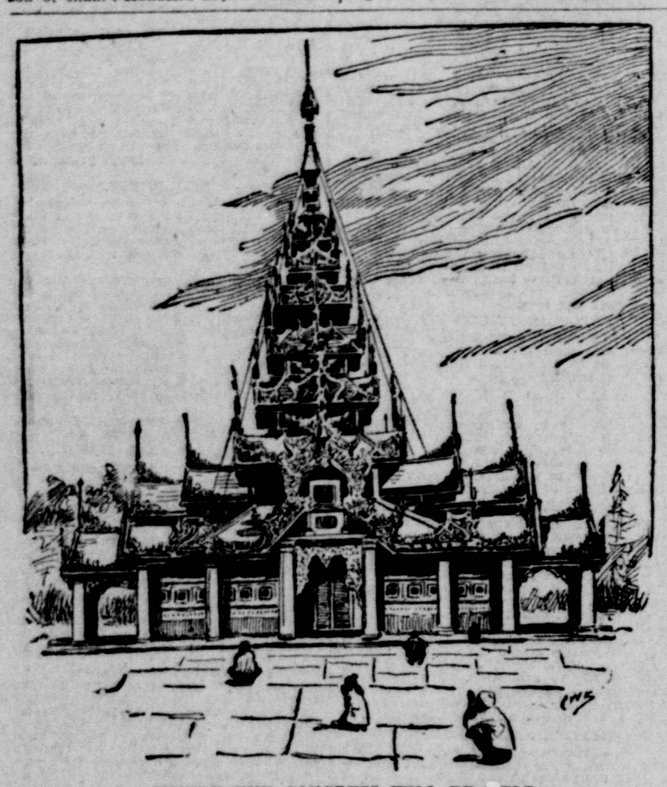
"I shall make a note of the proposed meeting and shall be very glad if you will keep me advised of the progress made towards realizing this idea."

Others who have expressed the intention of going to the congress from America are: Mrs. L. N. Coleman, of New York; Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the Monist, La Salle, Ill.; Rev. A. H. Bradford, editor of The Outlook, Montclair, N. J.; Rev. Carolina J. Bartlett, People's church, Kalamazoo, Mich.; and G. W. Brown, M. D., Rockford, Ill.

Arrangements will be made for the printing and promulgating of the knowledge gained by the coming together of so many wise men from all parts of the world, and a special committee will be appointed to receive copies of all lectures and select from them those which will be of most benefit to the world. No personal criticism will be allowed. Everything is to be done with a view to separating from religion the hopelessly entangled part which consists only of dark tradition or observances beyond human solution, and carrying to the outside world the pure fundamental doctrine that will be the marrow of all sensible religious teachings.

It will surely be a great gathering and should go a long way towards harmonizing the discords of the religious world and bringing all races to recognize one common creed based on spiritual facts, with all fictions eliminated.

H. D. JONES.



WHERE THE CONGRESS WILL BE HELD.

The Miracle of Spring.

Detroit Free Press.

When you think of it deeply could anything be more wondrous than the renewal of nature at the vernal season? Could anything more fully thrill our pulses with hope and joy than the glorious awakening of the latent forces of earth and air? What other message of victory over decay and dissolution could be borne to our eager senses than that which the springtime writes in greenness over the land and conveys in the bursting buds and the joyous notes of the wanton songsters of the air? Gentle spring is with us again, leaping from the cold cerements of winter and soothing us into forgetfulness of the storms and bleakness of the frosty season.

(An interval of one month, during which the southern part of the country is nearly floated off by the playful springtime floods. The mountain rills appear to have taken an active part in the renewing business above referred to.)

What more rapturous than to put behind us the rigors of the sullen winter, with its frowning skies and piercing winds, and turn our cheeks to receive the soft kiss of the fragrant and balmy and tearful April? It is the marvelous transition from the paleness of ghostly winter to the bud and blossom of the sprightly spring; it is the season of renewal, re-creation and refulgent glory; we stand enthralled once more in the presence of the annual miracle of spring.

(Here ensues a few days of zero weather and snowstorms, entailing no little discomfort and suffering on the part of the people and interrupting somewhat the aforementioned miracle.)

After King Winter has ruled with such harsh and merciless spirit, how mild and caressing seem the touches of spring! The zephyrs are laden with incense like the breezes from the isle of palms and the gentle aspect of nature steals over our senses like the ravishment of hidden music. Sweet peace possesses the land, and no discordant note breaks in upon the celestial harmony.

(An interval of one year, in which the towns in Texas and Oklahoma which were destroyed by the spring zephyrs already mentioned will be rebuilt.)

THE WAR.

Remember the moment when Preveza fell,
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;
The roofs that we fired and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the vizier;
Since the days of our Prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pasha.

Dark Mouktar, his son, to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired Giaours view his horse tail with dread;
When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

Selictar! unsheath, then, our chief's scimitar;
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war,
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more.

—Byron's description, in "Childe Harold," of the massacre that followed the capture of Preveza from the Greeks and French by the Turks in 1798. Ali Pasha commanded the Turks.

Protect the System From Malaria.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume their most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively inefficient alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional indorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.

Elegant offices for rent low. Sullivan building.

A PANAMA HAT

I.

Pretty Mrs. Cloverdale had put her foot down. It was a very dainty little foot, incased in a white canvas bottine. But the fact that it was small and attractively shod made little difference in the force with which it emphasized a decision. Mrs. Cloverdale was reclining in a bent-wood rocker, and her tiny foot scarcely reached the floor, but at that moment she had rocked far forward, and had brought down narrow toe and high heel simultaneously upon the cool Japanese matting that half hid the parquetry of her library.

"Once and for all, Molly dear," she had said, "No! under no circumstances will I ever give my consent to your marriage with that ne'er-do-well."

Although Molly knew her mistress well enough to understand that it was quite useless for her to plead further, her importunities did not cease with the coming down of the little foot. With a pained expression upon her rose-leaf face, and tears in her voice, she defended her adored Andrew to the best of her power.

"O, no, Mrs. Cloverdale," she exclaimed, "not that! Andrew is not a ne'er-do-well. He is honest, and he is willing to work, but he has been unfortunate. I am sure that together we could get along admirably. There is a vacancy, you know, in the stable, since Barney, the second groom, left, and——"

"Nonsense, girl," cried Mrs. Cloverdale, taking up a fan from the table at her side, and beginning to sway it with some energy. "Do you think I would permit you to marry a stable boy? There is young Alexander, the son of Capt. Silvester's farmer, for instance. He would be a much more suitable husband for you."

"But I do not love him," objected the girl, in all innocence, just as though love were a necessary adjunct to marriage in these days; "whereas I am very, very fond of Andrew, and he simply worships me. We were playmates as children, you know, and I can never forget when Andrew risked his own life to save mine, the time that I fell into the river and was being carried by the current down to the rapids. He is waiting for his answer now, and I do so want it to be 'Yes.'"

The girl's mistress continued to fan herself, unmoved by these entreaties.

"I know what is best for you, Molly," she said. "The answer that you will give is 'No!' Some day you will thank me for insisting upon it."

Then it was that the tears that had been in the young woman's voice began to flow, and, with a handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and her young, supple form shaking with sobs, she left the room.

The relation that Mrs. Cloverdale bore to her maid and companion was, as may have been inferred, not merely that of employer. Servants are not in the habit of seeking either counsel or consent from their mistresses when they desire to take upon their shoulders the connubial yoke; and had Molly's allegiance been measured simply by the wages of £2 a month that she received she would, in all probability, have sought the village parsonage with Andrew by her side, and have told Mrs. Cloverdale of the momentous step she had taken when it was all over.

Molly was a native of the Berkshire hills. She had been born on the farm that had belonged to the Cloverdales for generations. Her father had tilled its soil, and her mother had churned the cream of its Alderney cows into yellow butter. And then both father and mother had gone the way of all flesh, leaving Molly, a budding little pink and white beauty of 13, or thereabouts.

That summer Mr. David Cloverdale, of the old-established firm of Cloverdale & Lowry, leather merchants, brought to the farm his young wife, and the young wife, being told of how affairs stood, agreed with her somewhat elderly husband that Molly must be taken care of. While it was not an adoption in the legal sense of the word, it amounted to about the same thing. Molly was given a fair education, and then she was taken into the household as something a little above a high-class servant.

"With her beauty," said Mrs. Cloverdale, as the girl left the room, "she might marry a duke."

Then the pretty mistress of this charming old stone house in the very heart of the Berkshires put down her fan, abstracted something from between the pages of a book on the table by her side, rose from her place in the deep bent-wood rocker, and, passing out into the hall, stopped for a moment to appropriate a parasol and snatch up another object, which she deftly hid among the voluminous folds of the white muslin gown that she had gathered up so as to free those small feet of hers for a walk across the lawn.

Tripping lightly down the stone steps of the mansion, she passed beneath an umbrageous arbor that shaded the smooth, close-cropped field that spread away down a gradual incline to where a row of graceful, light green willows told of the presence of a stream of water. The walk was not a long one, nor did she linger for any time on the brink of the gurgling miniature river that there flowed through the Cloverdale domain. For an instant she stooped, as if to gather something from among the reeds that line the shore, giving one a picture similar to that of Pharaoh's daughter rescuing the infant Moses, but when she again stood upright there was nothing left in her hands save her parasol. On reentering the mansion the sound of a voice, angrily raised, reached her ears.

"My Panama hat!" the master of the manse was shouting. "My Panama hat! That is the third I have lost in the last eight days! John! Thomas! Henry! My hat! Where is it?"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Cloverdale, coming in at the moment. "What are you making such a commotion about, my dear? Do you want to arouse the whole neighborhood?"

"My hat! I want my hat!" cried the husband, irritably.

"Surely," she went on, "it is not because you can't find it—you, who are so absent-minded? What does it matter? The price you pay for your hats is not so great!"

Mr. Cloverdale paid no attention whatever to this fling. With all the servants in the house aiding him he continued his search in every corner, while Mrs. Cloverdale resumed her seat in her bent-wood rocker, her eyes fixed upon a Dresden clock on a near-by cabinet.

II.

Adjoining the Cloverdale estate was a farm belonging to Capt. Adrian Silvester, a young Englishman, who, having made a fortune for himself in cattle-breeding in the West, had for the last three years been spending it recklessly. He had purchased this old homestead in the Berkshires, and each summer he spent a few weeks there, usually to recuperate from a round of dissipation that would have sent a man of less sturdy constitution to the grave. The stream that meandered through the Cloverdale property wound its way later across the broad acres of Capt. Silvester's farm, and a little beyond emptied itself into the river.

At a point on this ribbon of running water, some distance below where Mrs. Cloverdale had stooped for a minute over the reeds that fringed its brim, young Andrew, the lover of poor, heartbroken Molly, was sitting patiently upon a fallen tree trunk, holding a rough fishing pole, and watching a cork that bobbed about on the bosom of the fretful stream.

It was a cool, shady nook in which he had thus ensconced himself, and though he had been fishing there for upwards of an hour without so much as a nibble to reward him, he showed no sign of discontent. He was waiting now for Molly's return, more than half fearing that her answer, which he knew depended upon Mrs. Cloverdale's decision, would be unfavorable. He was satisfied that Mrs. Cloverdale did not approve of him, and he could hardly imagine her granting this one great desire of his heart. If she would not, he told himself that he would urge Molly to wed him without her mistress' permission. He had £1 saved from some wages that he had earned during harvesting that year, and with that to rely upon, what might they not do?

Overhead the birds chirruped gaily. On the water the flies darted about merrily. He could hear the katydids singing amid the stubble of the wheat field across the stream; and in an adjoining field, every now and then, he caught glimpses of cows contentedly browsing. All his surroundings breathed a peaceful, satisfied happiness, and, safely assured of Molly's deep devotion and untiring affection, why should he be otherwise than happy himself?

Presently there came to his ears the sound of footsteps, measured and slow, crushing among leaves and snapping fallen twigs. Some one was coming along the path that skirted the stream. It was not Molly, he knew; she would come from the other direction; and, as it was not Molly, what did he care for the personality of the stroller? So indifferent was he, indeed, that he did not even raise his head until this invader of his solitude was at his back and speaking to him.

"Andrew, my son," he said, "why are you idling here? Why are you not up yonder with the villagers who are searching for the body of poor Alec, the son of your neighbor, who was drowned last night in the stream?"

It was Father O'Malley, the village priest, who had thus come upon him—Father O'Malley, who had no sympathy with idlers.

"I don't care to hunt for dead bodies," said Andrew. "Besides, I've got to wait here for some one."

The good priest shrugged his shoulders.

"It's lucky you are so well off," he added, with a grain of sarcasm in his voice. "There is a reward of £2, I believe, for the person who shall discover the poor lad's corpse."

Andrew made no reply. He simply drew in his line and threw it out again farther towards the middle of the stream; and Father O'Malley walked on, with his hands behind his back.

The next minute there was a rustle among the bushes near by, and Molly, who had taken a somewhat circuitous route to where the willows marked the water's edge, so that she might not be observed by the other servants at the house, stood before her lover, flushed and beautiful, but with teardrops glistening on the lashes of both her eyes. In an instant Andrew had dropped his pole, had sprung to his feet, and was holding her in his arms. Then their lips met in a long, passionate kiss.

III.

Molly's pink eyelids and flooded lashes told to Andrew the expected story.

"Come, Molly dear," he said, soothingly, "don't take on so; sit down by me here and we'll talk it over. After all, she isn't your mother, and what does it matter what she says?"

But Molly could not be brought to look upon the situation in that light. Even the £1 which Andrew drew proudly from his pocket and displayed to her did not affect her in the least.

"It would not last us a week," she murmured, "and then what should we do, with neither of us in a position to earn any more?"

Andrew hung his head in thought.

"I know," he said, suddenly, looking up; "I know. There is a reward of £2 offered for the finding of poor Alec Darby's body—Alec Darby that was drowned while bathing in this very stream last night. I'll go and find it. I think, maybe, it's caught in the reeds and rushes up above here; and then," he went on, his eyes sparkling, "we will be rich enough to go wherever we like."

Even as he spoke, Molly, pointing to an object floating down with the current, exclaimed:

"Look! Look! It is a hat, Andrew! Perhaps it is that of poor Alec, the drowned man."

Andrew followed the direction of her dainty finger, and saw, as she had said, a hat of fine white straw, with crown only touching the water, the brim being upward.

"Take your pole, Andrew," she cried, "and bring it into shore. Who knows? It is possible that he killed himself on purpose and has left a note under the lining, as shipwrecked sailors put notes into bottles."

The rustic obeyed her command, and the girl lifted the dripping object from the stream.

Eagerly she ran her hand beneath the leather sweatband, and then she uttered a cry of surprised delight.

"As I said," she shouted, "there is a note."

As she unfolded it, Andrew, evidencing as much excitement as his phlegmatic nature was capable of, gazed eagerly over her shoulder, to get the first glimpse of the writing.

What they read together was this:

"My Darling Adrian: Tonight at 9 o'clock in the summer-house. Mr. C. invariably takes a nap after dinner. We will have an hour together."

Instantly Molly thrust the missive into her pocket, while a blush mantled her fair cheek. Could it be possible, she asked herself, that her mistress, whom she always looked upon as the very soul of virtue, could be carrying on a liaison with Capt. Silvester? It was really too horrible to contemplate. And Andrew had seen the note, too. She was filled with shame for her benefactress, and scarcely knew what to say or do. It was Mr. Cloverdale's hat that had been used to carry the note from the wife to her lover. She recognized it now. It was a Panama hat, and she remembered that he had bought two new ones inside of a week.

Leaving Andrew to his own reflections, Molly hastened to the house. Finding Mrs. Cloverdale alone in the library, resting as usual in the bent-wood rocker, her eyes fixed with an expression now of some impatience on the hands which traveled so slowly over the face of the Dresden clock, she placed the note she had found in her mistress' lap, without so much as a word of explanation.

Mrs. Cloverdale changed color for a moment as she recognized it, but she was strangely self-possessed. She realized instantly what a service Molly had done her, and she was not slow to reward it.

"Little one," she said, with the greatest apparent indifference, "I have been thinking, perhaps, I was a trifle too cruel. After all, one should marry according to the dictates of one's heart. I will see that Andrew is given the vacant position in the stables, and as for the wedding—what do you say to the first Wednesday in October?"—Spare Moments.

The Daily Post-Intelligencer is now on sale in Portland, Or., at Rich Bros.', 274 Morrison street, Portland Hotel news stand and Northwest News Company, 150 First street.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Free Electric Suspensory for Men With Each Belt.

Free Electric Suspensory for Men With Each Belt.

THIS IS DR. SANDEN'S LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN HIS WORLD-FAMOUS ELECTRIC BELT. It is as near perfect as science and money can make it. This is a means of curing disease which is equaled by no other treatment in the world. It is the result of 30 years' close application to one hobby—one glorious desire to invent and perfect an appliance that will without inconvenience cure humanity of the series of ills which afflict it—and that all this study, this experimenting and self-sacrificing on the part of Dr. Sanden is repaid can be seen from the thousands of grateful voices which are raised in thanksgivings to the man who has restored to their owners health and happiness. Nor is this all. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt enjoys today the largest sale of all the remedies in the world for the cure of nervous and chronic diseases. No other remedy or appliance approaches it in point of numbers in use or in its curative effects.

It Has Made a Wonderful Record.

People who are sick and have tried so many different remedies are loth to pick up with anything new. And having so frequently heard of the poor results derived from the use of the cheap class of electric appliances which are peddled on the streets, they perhaps give no heed to the announcement that Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt will cure. But time and proof will remove these obstacles, and Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is here to stay. It is bringing about a period of popular evolution in the ways and means of doctoring one's self. A few years ago Dr. Sanden's Belt was little known in Portland, and people who had tried all the quacks who infest the city without getting relief from their troubles scoffed at this new remedy, but as cure after cure was reported day after day, as men of prominence gave testimony to their recovery of health, and finally, as the medical profession, after a fair test, were found to acknowledge it a wonderful appliance, the popular education came about, and today there are 1,000 cures of Nervous Complaints, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles, and many forms of weakness, accomplished within 100 miles of Portland during the last six months by Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

This is no toy. It is a powerful Electric Belt, giving a continuous stream of electricity into the body for hours at a time. It is mostly worn at night, while you sleep, and its life-giving currents fill your system with new vigor, so that you wake up saturated with a new vital force in the morning. Its power is felt as soon as applied, and can be made mild or strong at will. It has improvements that are possessed by no other electric appliance.

Two Late Testimonials.

Antelope, Or., April 18, 1897.

Dr. A. T. Sanden—Dear Sir: I will give you a statement of what the Belt has done for me. I was bothered with a sharp pain over the heart; also very short of breath, especially when at work, dizziness and tired feeling; but all this has disappeared. I feel in good health; can sleep and eat well, I feel altogether better since using your Belt than I did before. You may use this statement to suit yourself, as I have stated. You will find enclosed money order to cover Belt and Suspensory. Respectfully,

GEO. H. CRASSEL.

Dr. A. T. Sanden—Dear Sir: I desire to tell you what your Belt has done for me during the two weeks I have worn it. I was greatly troubled with lead paralysis, being a painter by trade.

I could not sleep, and I had tried everything I could get, without any relief. After a year and more of doctoring, a lady friend of mine who had been cured of paralysis advised me what your Belt had done for her, and I concluded to try it. I have worn it now for two weeks, and I sleep well all night. I feel sure I will be cured by a continued use of the Belt. I recommend it asa wonderful invention. Yours truly,

WM. WICKE. 327 Fifth St., City, April 23, 1897.

A Doctor's Advice.

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If you feel that you need help call on him, and he will tell you frankly whether there is help for you in his Electric Belt. Consultation and examination free. If you cannot call, send for his illustrated book, "Three Classes of Men," sent, sealed, by mail, free. Call or address

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CUPIDENE strengthens and restores small weak organs.

The reason sufferers are not cured by Doctors is because ninety per cent are troubled with **Prostatitis.** CUPIDENE is the only known remedy to cure without an operation. 500 testimonials. A written guarantee given and money returned if six boxes does not effect a permanent cure. $1.00 a box, six for $5.00, by mail. Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

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STRAITS STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

STRS. GARLAND AND EVANGEL.

Seattle and Townsend-Neah Bay route. Steamer Garland leaves Yesler dock Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:30 p. m. for Port Townsend, Port Williams, Dungeness, Port Angeles, Port Crescent, Gettysburg, Pysht, Clallam Bay and Neah Bay; returning, arrives at Seattle 3 p. m. on opposite days. Steamer Evangel leaves Yesler dock for Port Townsend, Port Angeles and Victoria Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:30 p. m.; arrives Seattle alternate days at 2:30 p. m.

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Four round trips daily, except Sunday. In one hour and twenty-five minutes.
THE STEAMER "FLYER."
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TAKING EFFECT TUESDAY, May 11.
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Single fare, 50c; round trip, 75c.
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SUNDAYS.
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Sundays, steamers Flyer and State of Washington, fare 50c.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's elegant steamers Eureka, Willamette, City of Puebla and Walla Walla leave Seattle for San Francisco, via Port Townsend and Victoria, B. C., at 9 a. m., May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23. Due at San Francisco, a. m., May 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, June 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, July 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26. Leave San Francisco for Seattle via Victoria, B. C., and Port Townsend at 9 a. m., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. Due at Seattle p. m., May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28.

The elegant steamers City of Topeka, City of Mexico, Al-Ki and Queen leave Seattle for Alaska, at 9 a. m., May 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, July 3, 8, 13, 18. Due back at Seattle, May 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, 10, 15, 19, 25, 30, July 4, 10, 15, 19, 25, 30. The Company reserves right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.

J. F. TROWBRIDGE, P. S. Supt., Ocean Dock, Seattle.
C. H. J. STOLTENBERG, Tkt. Agt., 1 First Ave., Seattle.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts., San Francisco.

STR. MULTNOMAH
(DAILY)
LEAVES FOR TACOMA AND OLYMPIA
AT 1 P. M.
FARE TO TACOMA, 25 CENTS.

STR. City OF ABERDEEN
(EXCEPT SUNDAY)
LEAVES FOR TACOMA AND OLYMPIA
AT 7:30 A. M.
FARE TO TACOMA, 25 CENTS.

Tel., 87 Main. CITY DOCK, Agent.
CAPT. L. WILLEY, Manager.

SEATTLE. TACOMA.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Take steamer Utopia for Port Townsend, Anacortes, Whatcom, BLAINE and VANCOUVER.
Leaves Yesler wharf Mondays and Thursdays, 8 p. m. Blaine, $2; Vancouver, $3. For information, Yesler dock.

VICTORIA ROUTE.

STEAMER ROSALIE.

Arlington dock, leaves for Victoria and Port Townsend daily, except Sunday, at 10:00 a. m.; returning, leaves Victoria at 8:30 p. m. Steamer George E. Starr leaves for Port Townsend and way ports daily, except Saturday, at 9:00 p. m.; Sunday, direct, at 9 a. m.; returning, direct, leaves Port Townsend at 2 p. m. 'Phone, Pike 31.

PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.
Time Card in Effect June 1, 1896.

SEATTLE, EVERETT & WHATCOM ROUTE.

State of Washington leaves Seattle daily, except Saturday, at 10 p. m.

SEATTLE & LA CONNER ROUTE.

Fairhaven leaves Seattle daily, except Saturday, at 10 p. m.
Telephone, Main 278. Yesler dock.

SAN JUAN ISLANDS.
STEAMER LYDIA THOMPSON.

Carrying United States mail, leaves City dock, foot of Main street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 a. m., for Port Townsend, San Juan Islands and New Whatcom. Returning, leaves New Whatcom Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 a. m. J. R. Thompson, manager-owner. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents, City dock. Telephone, Main 87.

KRUSE & MADISON LINE.

Steamer Cleveland leaves San Francisco May 27 for Seattle and Tacoma, connecting for all points. Steamer Lakme sails regularly. Freight $1 per ton. For freight and passage apply to
E. E. CAINE, Agent, Arlington Dock.

PUGET SOUND AND ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

VICTORIA ROUTE.

Steamer City of Kingston between Tacoma, Wash., and Victoria, B. C.

7:15pm	Lv	M	*Tacoma	110	Ar 4:15pm
9:30pm	Lv	28	SEATTLE	82	Ar 2:15pm
12:30am	Lv	72	Pt. Townsend	38	Ar 11:15am
3:30am	Ar	110	Victoria	M	Lv 8:30pm

*Daily except Sunday.

This steamer furnishes first-class accommodations, carrying both freight and passengers, and leaves from Yesler wharf, Seattle, for Victoria, at 9:30 p. m. and for Tacoma at 2 p. m.

Passengers for Victoria can occupy staterooms until 7 a. m.

For rates, tickets, etc., inquire of
G. F. THORNDYKE, Agent, Yesler wharf, Seattle.
I. A. NADEAU, General Agent, N. P. Ry., Seattle.

PORT ORCHARD AND PORT WASHINGTON ROUTE.
STEAMER A. R. ROBINSON.
Carrying U. S. Mail.

On Port Orchard and Port Washington route, leaves City dock, foot of Main street, 8:30 a. m., calling at South Beach, Burchell, Brick Yard, Bremerton, U. S. Navy Yard, Sidney, Charleston, Tracyton, Chico, Silverdale. Leaves Port Orchard Navy Station at 2 p. m.; arrives Seattle at 4 p. m. E. N. Robinson, master. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents. Telephone, Main 87.

HOOD CANAL ROUTE.
U. S. MAIL.
STEAMER DELTA

Leaves Galbraith dock, foot of Washington street, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock a. m., for Kingston, Port Gamble, Seabeck, Brinnon, Holly, Dewatto, Lilliwaup Falls, Hoodsport and Union City. Returns alternate days.
D. TROUTMAN, Master.
Telephone, Red 151.

L. & B. TRANSPORTATION CO.—Weekly Time Card.

Steamer Champaign, Skagit River route, leaves Seattle, May 18, at 10 a. m.; May 29, at 11 a. m.; May 22 at 12 noon. Leaves Mount Vernon May 19, at 5 p. m.; May 21, at 6 p. m.; May 23, at 7 p. m., calling at West, Everett, Tulalip, Stanwood, Fir, Skagit City, Mount Vernon and Avon.
CITY DOCK.—Steamers for all points on the Sound. Open all night. S. G. Yerkes, Manager. Telephone, Main 47.

GO ON THE GREYHOUND.

Everett, Edmonds, Snohomish Route. Two round trips daily, except Sunday. In effect Nov. 20, 1896. Leaves Seattle 7:45 a. m., 4:45 p. m.; leaves Everett 10 a. m., 7 p. m. Seattle landing Colman dock. Everett landing, Merchants' dock. Connects with Str. Flyer for Tacoma; with Str. Mikado for Snohomish; with train for Monte Cristo and way stations. Telephone, Red 331.
FRANK W. GOODHUE, Manager.

WHATCOM, SEATTLE AND TACOMA ROUTE.

Take steamer BAY CITY for Anacortes, Fairhaven or Whatcom. Leaves Commercial dock, Tacoma, 2 p. m.; City dock (foot Main street), Seattle, 8 p. m., Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Returning leaves Whatcom 8 p. m.; Fairhaven, 8:15 p. m., and Anacortes 10 p. m., Sun., Wednes. and Fri. Fares—Seattle $1, or $1.50 round trip; Tacoma $1.25, or $2 round trip.
W. H. ELLIS.

PORT ORCHARD ROUTE.

Steamer MARY F. PERLEY.
Leaves Galbraith's dock, foot of Washington street, for Sylvan Grove, Bremerton, U. S. Navy Yard, Charleston, Sidney, at 9:20 a. m., 4:00 p. m.; Sundays, 9:20 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Returning, leaves Sidney at 6:45 a. m., 12:15 p. m.; Navy Yard, 7:00 a. m., 12:35 p. m.; Sundays, leave Sidney, 3:40 p. m.; Navy Yard, 3:20 p. m. Saturday nights, leave Sidney, 6:00 o'clock; Navy Yard, 6:20. Telephone, Red 151.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules arrest in 48 hours without inconvenience, affections in which Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections fail.