THE DALLES WEEKLY CHRONICLE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1892.

"My family?" Harry had risen to his

yet I have heard of the old tradition.

"Don't," cried Genevieve. "Oh, Har-

"There," he said calmly throwing his

ry, you will"- The blood spurted

cigarette over the stern of the ship,

we'll find out in a few minutes any-

"I know that you are breaking my

heart," sobbed Genevieve as she endeav-

ored to cover the injured wrist with her

"Oh, I say, that isn't fair," remon-

strated Harry, pushing her away from him gently. "Let it bleed awhile."

Genevieve knelt down beside him.

She struggled with his arm; she might

'Harry, dear Harry, let me bind it up."

as well have tried to move a rock. A

sense of helplessness came over her, she

buried her face in her hands-and wait-

lost her balance and fell forward, her

Genevieve opened her eyes slowly and

head struck heavily against the railing.

looked up. Harry's anxious face was

bending over her. "Where am L?" she murmured drow-

sily. "How my head pains. Why, how do you"- She started up with a sudden

cry. "Is it bleeding, Harry?" "Bless me, I had forgotten all about

it," he answered. "Why, no; it's stop-

Experiment Stations.

tion in this country was established by

Connecticut in 1875. The example was

ation by congress of \$15,000 per annum

to each of the states and territories

which have established agricultural col-

leges or agricultural departments of col-leges has led to the establishment of new

stations or the increased development of

stations previously established under

state authority, until there are now agri-

cultural experiment stations in opera-

tion in all the states and territories ex-

cept Montana and Idaho. During the

year new stations have been established

in Wyoming. Oklahoma and Washing-

ton. Of the fifty-five stations in the

United States, fifty receive their support

wholly or in part from the United States

treasury. The results and processes of

their experiments are given to the pub-

reports, but also in thousands of news-

A Dog's Memory.

as a feat of memory, was told by the

owner of an Irish water spaniel. His

master was out walking with him at the

beginning of the long frost in 1885,

which set in about the middle of Jann-

ary. He went on a frann milldam,

where of course the water was very deep, and accidentally dropped his

snuffbox through a little round hole in

the ice. The dog was dreadfully dis-

tressed at not being able to get it, but

was obliged to go home with its owner,

The following, remarkable at all events

papers and other periodicals.

soon followed elsewhere. The appropri-

The first agricultural experiment sta-

The ship gave a sudden plunge, she

in the arm a little and see"

Winthrop's wrist.

way. Do you know"----

from

two hands.

ed.

TC JESSIE'S DANCING FEET.

How, as a spider's web is span With subtle grace and art. Do thy light footsteps, every one, Cross and recross my heart! Now here, now there, and to and fre Their winding mazes turn: Thy fairy feet so lightly go They seem the carth to source. They seem the earth to spurn; Yet every step leaves there behind A something when you dance. That serves to tangle up my mind And all my soul entrance

How, as the web the spiders spin And wanton breezes blow Thy soft and filmy laces in A swirl around thee flow The cobweb 'neath thy chin that's crossed Remains demurely put, While those are ever whirled and tossed

That show thy saucy foot: That show the silver grayness of Thy stockings' silken sheen, And mesh of snowy skirts above The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider from his web Dangles in light suspense, Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb Sway my enraptured sensel Thy flutt'ring lace, thy dainty airs, There are not more alluring anares There are not more alluring anares To bind me with than those. Swing on! Sway on! With easy grace Thy witching steps repeat! The love i dare not-to thy face-i offer at thy feet.

i offer at thy feet. -W. D. Eliwanger in Century.

SUPERSTITION.

JUNE 8.

Late one evening Miss Genevieve Harrington. prima donna assoluta of the Cosmopolitan opera company, accompanied by a very proper and trim French maid, and a very improper and startling array of trunks, embarked upon the great steamship Westmoreland, outward bound.

Upon the same ship Mr. Henry Winthrop set foot some minutes later.

Everybody knew Mlle. Genevieve. Her wonderful voice and her pretty self had taken the operatic world by storm.

Nobody knew Harry-he was only a tall young man, fresh from college, with his triumphs all before him.

- The very first sensation that Harry felt on awakening the following morning was one of much pain.

The upper deck was drenched with water. Blinding sheets of spray were sweeping over the rails and coursing in little streams around the bulkhead.

Harry drew his mackintosh tighter around him, and crouching down under a lifeboat proceeded to light a cigarette. Match after match sputtered and went out. At last, after numberless unsuccessful attempts, a light was obtained and Harry settled down for a comfortable smoke.

"Oh!"

Harry leaped to his feet. What was that? With the instinct of an old foot- of them admiringly. ball player, he bent down and braced himself firmly against the davits.

A bundle of waterproofs dashed across the sloping deck with a rapidity that would have made a cannon ball ashamed of its slowness, and precipitated itself fairly in his arms.

Two hands clasped the sleeve of his mackintosh. He looked down at them. Very pretty hands they were, small and white.

Be studied the bundle of waterproofs more carefully. Yes, without doubt, it was a woman. More than that fact he could not learn-she was laughing. A pair of dark eyes looked up at him, then haven't any money, and I can't do any-the lids drooped demurely over them. thing; but-but I'm terribly in love with

you. If you will release me now, I think I can get safely back." you, madam?" said Harry in

would slink hastily back to their state- succeeded each other: every male derooms. Looks of hatred were cast at scendant of the fated house met with a the laughing trio at the captain's table. like death. But they were not heeded. "Harry, 1-yes. 1-Genevieve, the

The captain spun out long sea yarns to his heart's content. Genevieve poured out the captain's tea, and Harry put in his time by being ridiculously happy.

feet and was leaning against the balus-trade. "My father died when I was JUNE 14, 1:37 P. M., ET SEQUITUR. Harry looked on moodily. Miss Harvery young. I can't remember him, and rington was lying lazily back in her Bosh. There can't be any truth in a chair, shading herself from the rays of thing like that. Why. I'll prove it. the hot sun with a dainty parasol. Look He thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a knife- "I'll just jab myself

She was literally surrounded by young men of all kinds and ages, but all of them in the same condition of servitude. One of them was occupied in violently fanning her. Another was so much afraid she would catch cold that he covered her carefully over with a great steamer rug.

Unembarrassed by these many attentions, Genevieve was looking at the tall figure of Winthrop as he leaned against the cabin some distance away from the group, and eyed her many admirers with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, Mr. Winthrop." The clear voice broke in upon Harry's meditations.

"You called me, Miss Harrington?"

"Yes. Come over and talk to me. 1 want your advice. Mr. Thorndyke was just saying that he thought my parasol was a decided red. Do you think it is?"

Mr. Thorndyke's face contracted with such a sudden look of surprise that his eyeglass fell into his lap. "But, my dear Miss Harrington, I never said anything of the sort: I assure you I was thinking"---

"It is too late to retract now," retorted Genevieve saucily. "If you didn't say it, you were going to. Now, I don't think it's a bit gaudy."

The look on Harry's face at that moment was more grave than even the Sphynx could boast of. "That's what the monkey remarked when he painted his tail blue," he ventured politely. "Not ped."-Boston Globe. a bit gaudy.

He examined the offending parasol with a critical eye. "No, not a bit gaudy. It only needs a touch or two of veronese green to make it absolutely quiet."

"Awful boor, that man, isn't he?" whispered Mr. Thorndyke confidentially. Genevieve looked at him calmly.

"Do you think so?, You don't need to fan me any more. I'm nearly frozen to death, and I can't bear this great thick rug over me; I'm too warm now; and if you ever say such a thing again ['il-Fil box your ears. Give me your arm, Mr. Winthrop, I want to walk."

A disconsolate group of men watched her in surprised silence as she rose, took Harry's arm and moved proudly away. "What an air she has!" exclaimed one

"Yes," assented the collapsed Mr. Thorndyke sadly, "but it is air in motion: violent motion too. Regular whirlwind, I say." The group adjourned to the smoking room.

Genevieve turned suddenly to Harry. What made you say such bad things to me?" she asked reproachfully.

They walked on a minute in silence.

"Because." said Harry, "I'm a fool. Genevieve-Miss Harrington-no, I'm going to call you Genevieve. You'll laugh at me. I know. I'm awfully young, disgracefully young, in fact. 1 don't know very much, 1 suppose, and 1 thing; but-but I'm terribly in love with "I beg your pardon, sir," he heard the you. And I suppose I'll grow older some voice say. "I hope I have not quite killed day, and I'll work until I'm rich"-

"I don't want you to be rich, Harry. I wouldn't like you half so well that

The Well-Known English Minister Dies Last Evening. woman that you say you love, am de-MENTONE, Eng., Jan. 31 .- Mr. Spurscended from the woman who cursed"-

DR. SPURGEON DEAD.

geon died soon after 11 o'clock tonight. His end was painless. He remained unconscious to the last. His wife, Dr. Fitzhenry and Mrs. Thorne were present when he died. The body will be brought to England for burial. Once or twice during his last hours Dr. Spurgeon recovered consciousness for a few moments and recognized his wife. His friends have been confident he would recover, as the last attack was milder than the previous one, but the gout reached his head and the congestion of the kidneys returned. During all the moments when conscious he constantly thought of his wife, and twice expressed himself as anxious to send a message to his congregation.

At all of the services held yesterday at the Metropolitan tabernacle, London, of which Dr. Spurgeon was pastor, the auditorium was packed. The Rev. Mr. Pionson and others offered earnest prayers and read to the congregation the telegraphic bulletins from Mentone. The morning papers contained long memoirs and obituary articles. The Chronicle appears with a mourning border. It compares the dead pastor to Martin Luther. The Telegraph characterizes him as a great, fearless and faithful minister, and adds: "He leaves a void that will be filled with difficulty."

June 19, 1834, at Kelvedon, Essex. He was the son of an independent preacher and was educated at Colchester. He became an usher of a school at Newmarket. but embracing Baptist views, joined a congregation of that denomination in Cambridge; became a tract distributor and village preacher, and at the age of eighteen, minister of a small chapel at Waterbeach, where he soon became noted for his zeal and eloquence. He went to London in 1853, where he at once the congregation was compelled to remove first to Exeter hall, and thence to the still larger Surrey hall. In 1861 an immense chapel, called the tabernacle, was built for him in Newington Butts, London, where he has since preached. Nearly 20,000 persons have been admitted to his church, and thirty-six other chapels have been opened in London, the ministers of which were trained at a college 'founded and directed by him. His sermons were regularly reported and printed weekly, and from them nearly a score of volumes have lic not only in the station bulletins and been made up. He has also published : "The Saint and His Savior" in 1857, "Gleanings Among the Sheaves" in 1868, "John Ploughman's Talk," "Evening by Evening" and "Readings for the Closet" in 1869, "Feathers for Arrows" in 1870, "Types and Emblems" and "Lectures to My Students" in 1875. In

1867 he laid the foundation of an orphanage established by his congregation and in 1865 took editorial charge of The Sword and Trowel. The British Jack Flying in Violation of

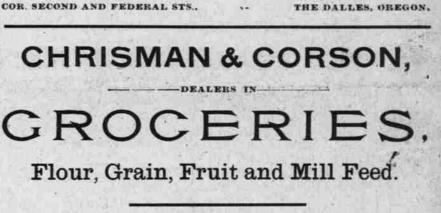
the American Laws.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 31 .- Today the schooner Glendon, of St. John



[8]

Machine Work a Specialty.



a melancholy tone. "Release you! No! Yon would be swept overboard, and I torted this straightforward young man; would never forgive myself. Cling to "I want you to love me. Do you?" me, despite my years 1 am still strong. and I will rescue you."

"But I don't want to be rescued," persisted the voice "Or, if you will, take how could you? There's that awful Mr. my arm instead of my-my waist."

'Madam," said Harry, removing his cap with his unoccupied hand, "forgive In the confusion of the moment 1 only thought of stopping your mad rush kill him if you want me to. Say, Gento destruction. Had you gotten by me and reached the goal my reputation as full back would have been ruined."

on the lee side of the cabin out of the smiling tremulously, but there shone a reach of the wind and spray.

"Pray let me introduce myself. 1 am Harry Winthrop," began that enterprising young person.

"And I am Genevieve Harrington. Fve seen you before. One evening not slipped away long ago you sat in the right hand box of the Cosmopolitan."

Harry smiled benignly. 'Yes, and last fall you sat on the tallyho I slid under when we lost the ball. Isn't it queer you noticed me, though, in the theater? Do you know what I was thinking of? I'd have given my head to have known that you knew I was there. Couldn't throw you any flowers, you know, because I didn't have any money to get them with. Never do have much.

"Yes," said Genevieve dreamily, "I knew you were there. I'll never forget how afraid I was when you threw yourself under the frightened horses just to get that miserable football. I was happy, too, afterward when you won the game by your long run. My! How they did cheer, didn't they?"

"Lunch is served for the first table," houted the deck steward, thrusting his head out of the cabin door.

Harry jumped to his feet. "Will you let me take you down, Miss Harrington? I'm awfully afraid I have been boring you to death, but when I get started-won't you pledge friendship with me in a little champagne?" he said earnestly. "I'd like to be your friend."

"But I never drink anything at all." "Neither do L," laughed Harry. "Let's shake hands anyway." Genevieve laid her hand in his, and the impulsive young couple went down to dinner.

As Harry said long afterward, "that dinner settled it." A few miserable faced people were at the tables, every now and then a person would enter the saloon with the grim determination to get through that meal or die.

But they did neither. Nature would mercilessly assert its sway, and they

way. "And I don't want you to like me," re-- Genevieve rested her pretty head on one side. "Sometimes I almost think 1 do," she answered softly. "Oh, Harry, Thorndyke looking right at us, and I

know he saw you.' 'Saw me kiss you? Oh, you may as well say it. You don't care, do you? I'll evieve, I think you're awfully pretty." "So do I," replied Miss Harrington.

She looked uncertainly at her somewhat A few minutes later they were seated impetuous admirer. Her lips were grave light in her eyes.

"Harry," she said suddenly, "I'm go ing to run away now Come to me this evening-I've a long story to tell you," and before he could remonstrate she had

JUNE 17, EVENING.

I'm prosaic, I know, but you see I was so happy I just forgot what I was doing, and I ate a terribly big dinner, and I'm afraid"- Harry looked questioningly through the dim light at his companion.

"Isn't this jolly?" he continued, after a minute. "All alone by ourselves, and the propeller going kerthump, kerthump, down below us. Just look at the path the ship makes. It almost seems as if the Santa Fe and Central Branch railyou could walk right out there and come to the end of the world.

sit and listen to that voice of yours forever? Well?"

witchcraft, there lived in a cabin down coal. He has not bought any fuel for a by the sea an old woman and her son, a long time. - Chicago Mail. fisherman, and her little daughter.

"Up on the top of a high cliff, not far away, stood the thriving village of B--. In that village dwelt an old Winthrop.

"Now the young fisherman was brought into court for committing some petty crime, and the judge condemned him to decision and would not yield.

"Then in her anger and grief she cursed him. The judge laughed at her, for he was never superstitious. But one day, long afterward, his son received a slight scratch on the arm, and the blood came forth from it in little red streams that nothing could stop. In a few hours he was dead. He had-had bled to death.

"Years passed away and generations

who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterward, when the frost had gone, he and the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute. then plunged in, dived to the bottom and returned with the snuffbox in his mouth .- London Tit-Bits.

Why Ain't It?

"Children ask a great many more questions than we can answer," remarked the school teacher the other evening. "There's a boy, for instance, in my school to whom I have been trying to teach the alphabet, but he is very slow to learn. The other day when I had him up he persisted in calling FS, and at last, provoked by his stupidity, 1 said to him: 'Now,'you've called F S a half dozen times, and I don't want you to do it again. F isn't S, never was and never will be."

Why ain't it?' he asked innocently. "Can 1 light a cigarette, Genevieve? and to this day I am unable to answer that question entirely to my own satisfaction, and certainly not to the boy's." -Detroit Free Press

Profitable Training.

There is a farmer who lives in Kansas who has learned a thing or two and makes a practical use of his knowledge. He owns a farm between the tracks of roads at the point where they diverge, about three miles outside of Atchison. "But I forgot, you're going to tell me The farmer also owns a dog which he astory, ain't you? Do you know I could has trained to run out and bark at passing trains. The trainmen look for the dog regularly and hurl coal at him. The 'Once on a time, in the old days of farmer then goes out and gathers up the

Few Gold Coin Counterfeits.

Nearly all the counterfeit coins afloat are silver pieces. As the whole process man, honest and cruel, feared by all, of making gold coins is more expensive loved by none. He was called Judge than making silver ones, so it is more expensive to counterfeit gold than silver coins. There are always a good many counterfeit silver dollars floating about, although during the last few years there has been no perceptible increase of them. death. Long did the mother plead, but all in vain, for the judge abided by his There are comparatively few spurious gold pieces ont. - Interview in New York Epoch.

Poor and Worthy.

"Rastus, do you know of any poor and worthy woman to whom I can send a turkev?

"Yath, Mars' George."

'Who is she?"

"My wife, Mars' George. She's pow-erful poor 'n monstrous worthy, sah."-

B., sailed into the harbor with the Britdirect violation of American laws providing that a foreign ensign must be accompanied by the stars and stripes. The flag was perceived by the people on

the docks, and as the vessel passed excited men greeted the fiag with hisses, mingled wich cries of "Haul it down !" "Shoot it !" Captain Trowbridge, of the schooner, drew a pistol and swore he would shoot the first man who laid hands on the halvards. When the vessel finally reached Sword's wharf, just in the rear of the Fourth regiment armory, there were over 1000 people on the wharf. They were joined by a few armed militia men from the armory, who attempted to tear down the flag. They were driven off at the revolver's muzzle by the crew. The American flag was then hoisted on an adjoining schooner and greatly cheered. The British jack still floats alone on the Glendon, but will be forcibly removed in the morning.

A Discovery Which May Be of Great Value to a Resident of Boise City. Boise Crry, Idaho, Jan. 31 .- Robert Laing, a resident of Boise City, has

made a discovery which may be of great value to the sage-brush districts of Idaho Utah, Nevada and other states. Some time ago he became imbued with the idea that sage-brush might be converted into coarser grades of paper. He secured a wagon-load of supposedly useless shrub and began to experiment. By using a lime process and treating the limbs of the brush to protracted boiling, he secured a pulp that more than satis-fied his expectations. It was equal to the very best wood pulp, and the pres-ence of a long and strong fibre was plainly demonstrated. Mr. Laing states that he can manufacture sage-brush

paper at a small cost, and that he can make a profit by selling it at 4½ cents per pound. He will start east Monday, his idea being to interest capitalists to aid him in developing his discovery.

The Argentine Crops.

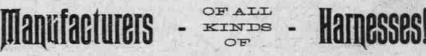
NEW YORK, Jan. 30 .- Buenes Ayres mail advises say the crop outlook for that country is very favorable. There is

a scarcity of labor and some damage is complete Undertaking Establishment reported by locusts, but the government reported by locusts, but the government is using a newly-invented locust-killing the Undertakers' Trust our prices will machine with good success. The migra-tion is about normal, and immigration is constantly increasing.

ish jack floating from its mizzenmast, in HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR PRODUCE.

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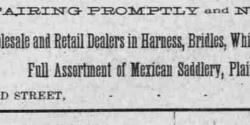
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