

TOMORROW.

"Ah, wait," he cries, "but a little longer."
The young eyes glowing with holy fire,
And man, through me, shall grow purer,
stronger,
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire,
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow:
The Good, the Beauty: I dream and plan;
There comes tomorrow, and then tomorrow,
And yet tomorrow, and I a man.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom
borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured: "Tomorrow! Tomorrow! To-
morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and his life is duty;
Ah, the old time light in the eyes is dead:
"I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty:
Tomorrow, tomorrow is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom
borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured: "Tomorrow is mine! Tomor-
row!"
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is failing,
The dim eyes turn to the misty west:
The white head droops, and he stands bewail-
ing
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened
guest,
"Too late!" There will be no morrow's greet-
ing
Of my grand, great Work but the ruined
shell:
I have always dreamed, as the years were fleet-
ing
"There is yet to-morrow!" The dark night
fell.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom
borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay:
"There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "To-
morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of tender sadness,
Changing to gladness,
And dying away?
—Charlotte W. Thurston in *Overland Monthly*.

MACK'S ESCAPE.

In the town in which I live there is an old frontiersman whom every one calls "Squire Mack." In the early days he went to California, and had many curious adventures there which he delights in recounting.

At the breaking out of the civil war he was making shingles near some mining town in the Sierra Nevada. The news from home filled him with patriotic fire, and with several comrades he turned his face eastward and traveled as rapidly as possible toward the "States."

Arriving at Salt Lake City, he learned that Indians had been raiding the trail ahead, firing upon wagon trains and burning express and stage stations. This news disheartened his companions, who resolved to stop at Salt Lake City until the trouble was over.

Not so with Mack. He was of the sort of men who are bound to go through when they have begun a thing. He pressed on, taking his chances on the "Cherokee trail."

Mack had been a wagonmaster along this trail, and knew the ground well. He had heard that the Indians were raiding about Green river, but he knew that at the crossing of the trail over this stream he had a good friend in the person of Bat Lavigne, an old French Canadian trader who lived here.

Lavigne had a great deal of influence among the surrounding tribes of Utes, Uintas, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He was married to an Arapaho woman, and was reckoned a member of that tribe. He must be aware of the movements of the Indians.

So Mack, riding an excellent cayuse and leading a good sized pack mule, pushed boldly on to Green river crossing and brought up at Bat Lavigne's adobe dwelling one evening at sundown. Lavigne made him welcome heartily.

The trader told him that a big war party of Arapahoes had "mixed medicine" at Green river two days before, and had set out from there upon an expedition to the east. He had been with them during the powwow, but did not know whether they had "excepted white blood" in mixing their medicine or not. If they had not, the trail would be extremely dangerous.

But there were no other Indians to be feared at present, he said, if one kept straight upon the old Cherokee trail, which passed over a line of neutral ground between the mountain tribes. If the Arapahoes were again to go plundering and killing whites, as they had done a few weeks before, they would keep to this trail to avoid other enemies.

Mack's strong desire to get forward upon the way home got the better of his prudence, and he again took the trail eastward.

At about noon on the third day he came upon the smoldering ruins of an old freight way station.

Mack knew very well, from certain signs which he saw in the neighborhood, that the building had been fired by Indians. If people had been living in it they had probably been killed or taken prisoners.

Whether the Indians had gone Mack could not determine. The ground was hard and baked, and no tracks of any sort could be discovered, but the party could not be far distant.

Mack picked his animals among some sage brush near at hand, and ate his noon lunch while considering whether it was best to go back or go ahead. He had now no doubt that the building had been burned by the Arapahoes, and that they had not "excepted white blood" in making up their protective medicine.

As he sat in this meditative mood the traveler, happening to cast his eyes back upon the trail over which he had come, saw two horsemen leading pack animals and riding toward him at a gallop.

They proved to be young men who were on their way home to Tennessee. They had heard of Mack at Lavigne's three days before, and had been trying to overtake him.

They, too, were on their way eastward to take part in the great struggle then going forward; but they intended to join the southern army, while he was going to join the Union forces.

"Partner," said one of the southerners, "let's stick together and fight to-

gether through this here Indian country, and after we get home we'll fight each other."

"All right," said Mack; "it's agreed. Northerners is northerners and southerners is southerners, but injuns is injuns."

So these deadly enemies of the near future went on together, comrades in danger. Every man of the three was equipped with a stout muzzle loading rifle and a large Colt's revolver.

They set out together on the trail and had advanced but a few miles from the burned station when they sighted a squad of mounted Indians, who had just broken camp at a mountain spring beside the trail. They were several hundred yards in advance when they were discovered, and were just riding out of the depression which gave rise to the spring.

On account of his long experience in the country Mack had been given the leadership by the Tennesseans. He came to a halt and told his companions to get off their horses, hoping they might possibly escape notice; but even while they were dismounting the Indians caught sight of them, and wheeling their ponies about came back at a gallop straight down the trail. They spread out in a sort of fan shape as they came, and Mack counted twenty-six.

"Git ready for business, boys," said he quietly. "Behind your horses, revolvers handy, and rifles across saddles!"

The Indians came on at a reckless pace until within about a hundred yards, when Mack, stepping out from behind his horse, shouted and motioned them back.

They pulled up suddenly. One of them slipped from his pony, and handing the rein and his gun to a comrade came forward on foot, gorgeous in a colored blanket, a white slouch hat stuck with ravens' feathers, and a variety of brilliant paints daubed upon his face and breast.

He was a big fellow and walked with a swinging stride.

"How! how!" said he, as he halted a few paces distant and grinned hideously through his paints.

"How do you do?" answered Mack.

"What do you want?"

The Indian shook his head in token that he did not understand English.

"Hablan ustodes Espanol" (Do you speak Spanish?) asked the Indian.

Mack, who had picked up a smattering of Spanish, answered that he did. In this tongue the Indian asked where they were going.

Mack answered that they were going home to the land where the sun rose, and asked in turn what the chief—for such the Indian undoubtedly was—wanted.

The Arapaho told him if the white men would surrender their horses, mules, guns and ammunition they might keep their blankets and go on, and he would not let his warriors molest them.

For reply Mack indicated, partly in Spanish and partly by gestures, that the Indians might have the ammunition through the muzzles of the guns and the weapons and animals after their owners were dead.

At this the Indian grinned, and tried to turn the matter off as a joke. He then asked if Mack and his party were going to camp at Big Medicine springs that night, and upon being told that they were, said that his camp was there, and that he and his braves would keep the white men company.

But the white men might, he said, travel in advance, since in this way they would escape the dust the Indians' horses would make.

Mack declined this courteous offer, but told the Indian that he and his companions would follow. They did not mind traveling in the dust at all, especially as there was no dust on the sun baked plain.

The Arapaho laughed again, "mighty unpleasant," as one of the Tennesseans put it, and wheeling about strode back to his men.

After a moment's conversation with them he sprang into his saddle, and with a beckoning motion to the white men headed his cavalcade back upon the trail.

Mack's companions looked at him inquiringly.

"We've got to follow, boys," he told them. "There's no use bucking agin it. If we turn tail now we're goners. Our only hope is to go on with 'em fearlessly and camp not far from 'em tonight and then trust to darkness to get away from 'em."

Without a moment's hesitation they mounted and followed the Arapahoes, who jogged along at a dog trot.

All that afternoon the three white rode close behind the Indians, talking and laughing with an unconcern which they did not feel, but which undoubtedly did much to render the savages more certain of outwitting and capturing or killing the little party at their leisure.

Big Medicine was reached about sundown. The chief had spoken truly with regard to his camp, for there were twelve or fifteen lodges near the springs on the lower slope of the hill near the base of which the water came to the surface.

As they rode down to the springs the chief dropped back and asked Mack where he would camp. Mack told him they would picket their horses among the sagebrush on the side of the hill above the spring. This seemed to satisfy the Indian; he turned away and rode with the others down to their camp.

After watering their animals and bringing a pailful from the springs the white men moved up the side hill some 200 yards above and picketed their animals in a little depression out of sight of the Indian camp. A sentinel, however, whom they could see posted upon a rock upon the opposite bluff, had them in full view.

"Now, boys," said Mack to his companions after they had lighted a fire, "git out your Dutch oven and I'll git out mine and my self raisin flower, and while you take the hatchets and cut a big lot of sagebrush for a bonfire I'll mix and bake bread enough to last us three days."

"Then after that's done we'll eat a big

supper and light a big fire, and behind the blaze of it we'll crawl to our horses and get out of these diggins." It'll take three days or three nights to reach Fort Collins, and those fellows 'll follow us clean through unless we can dodge them somewhere on the trail."

In three hours everything was in readiness for departure. No Indians had ventured near them. Evidently the Indians were trying to throw the white men off their guard by a show of indifference.

It had grown quite dark. Mack resolved to trust in a not unfamiliar ruse. He first allowed the fire to sink low, and then gathered a quantity of sagebrush and wrapped it up in three of their extra blankets.

These bundles were then placed near the fire so that they should look at a distance like the figures of men squatted before the blaze.

Then Mack and his comrades piled on brush until the flames leaped high; and behind this blaze they crept away to the horses, mounted them, and leading the repacked mules rode straight up the side hill until out of range of the firelight.

They then turned and rode several miles parallel with the trail, guiding their course by faintly seen stars. By and by they struck into the trail and urged their animals forward. They had heard no sound of Indians in pursuit.

Before daylight they turned off and rode about four miles to the left, where they hid their animals in a little pocket which had grass and water and betook themselves to a quaking-asp thicket near at hand for rest, and, by turns, for sleep. Here they proposed to remain all day and to go on again at night. One of them kept guard at the edge of the thicket, overlooking the route and the surrounding country.

Late in the afternoon a squad of Indians were discerned in the distance looking for their trail. Crowded behind tufts of buffalo grass, they watched this band closely and anxiously.

At sundown a signal fire about three miles away announced that their tracks had been discovered. But it would yet be an hour or more before the Indians would overtake the little party.

As soon as it grew dark enough to cover their retreat, Mack and his companions started. They crossed the trail, and rode until midnight on the other side. Then they crossed back again, rode two miles out to the left and camped until daylight.

Rising again, they took the trail direct, and rode at as rapid a pace as their animals could be expected to sustain.

Mack thought they had gained a lead during the night which would make it impossible for the Indians to come up with them; but at about 10 o'clock they discovered a signal fire upon a hill not more than a mile off at the left and somewhat in advance of them.

The building of this fire was proof that the party ahead were scouts, and that the main body of the Indians was behind. Mack kept his men to the trail, and they urged their animals forward.

All that day they rode, but the Indians who were signaling kept steadily in advance of them. During the day they counted no less than seventeen fires, all built at a great distance from the trail; but during all the time not an Arapaho was seen.

That night, when their horses and mules were almost exhausted, the white men made out the dim forms of two mountains a few miles in advance. Mack knew that these marked the passage of the trail out upon the open plains, within a three or four hours' ride of Fort Collins. Hidden in the mouth of a canyon they escaped observation. They rested and fed their horses, took food and before daylight were again in the saddle.

"If we have any trouble it will come in the pass between the mountains," Mack told his comrades. "If we don't run against a party of 'em there, we're out of the woods. If we do, it'll take a good bunch of 'em to clean us out, for there's no cover—only open ground."

As they rode into the pass they saw five Indians in the distance, seated upon their horses near the trail. These were undoubtedly the scouts, who, riding the swiftest ponies in their band, had kept ahead and were now stationed in the pass hoping to hold the white men in check until others of their party came up.

"Nothin' to do but brush 'em one side, boys," said Mack.

Tightening their girths and looking to their weapons, the little party charged forward at a stiff gallop.

The Indians slipped off their horses and made a show of standing their ground; but as the white men pressed straight on and came nearly within rifle shot they lost their courage and fled.

Five hours later Mack and the Tennesseans were in Fort Collins, where a strong detachment of regular troops was stationed.

The Tennesseans looked queerly at Mack as they rode up to the fort. They seemed to be satisfied with his look, and said nothing. Nor did Mack say anything to the officers at the post concerning his companions' rebellious intentions.—Frank Welles Calkins in *Youth's Companion*.

Couldn't Bear Him.

An English rector, in an agricultural parish, found his own sermons acceptable enough to his congregation, but not those of his assistant. "Why don't you come to hear Mr. Jones?" he said to the leading farmer: "he's an excellent fellow, and preaches far better than I do."

"That may be, sir," was the grave rejoinder: "but we've been inquiring and inquiring about your curate, and we can't find as he's got any property; and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got no property."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Gentle Hint.

Sheridan gave rather a shrewd intimation to a spinster who insisted upon accompanying him in a walk after a summer shower:

"It has cleared up enough for one, madam, but not enough for two."

What Leading Papers Say of the Winchester Shipped in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The arrival of about 505 rifles and 2600 pounds of ammunition, consigned to Colonel Crandall, chairman of the democratic committee, on the steamship El Paso from New York, was noted yesterday morning by the *New Delta*, accompanied by strong editorial remarks concluding as follows:

"The Winchester in the hands of the hireling opposes the Winchester in the hands of the free man. Let every crack of a lottery rifle wake an answering echo to the report of an anti-lottery gun. If the hoodlums of New Orleans appear in the streets of this city armed with weapons, placed in their hands by this lottery company, sweep them from the face of the earth. If the streets of New Orleans are to be reddened with blood, let it not be alone the blood of her good citizens. If wholesale murder has been resolved on by the lottery, let the people resolve on wholesale executions."

In reply the *Evening States* says Mr. Foster, of St. Mary, the candidate of the anti-lottery, was the first man who raised the cry of rifles in this contest. "Every \$5 bill," meaning every pro-lottery vote, he said in substance, "was to be met with a \$25 rifle." In view of this fact, argues the *States*, it is not astonishing that the democratic committee has taken the necessary steps to protect the freedom of opinion of the ballot. It then adds:

"If they had failed to do so they would not be fit to hold the leadership of a party of American citizens. Ballot against ballot, rifle against rifle, and by the memories of the men who fought and bled for our constitution, it shall be rifles against fraud and rascality."

New York Democrats.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The committee of democrats appointed at a recent meeting opposed to calling the state convention in February, issued an address to the democrats of the state today, saying that the state convention had been called by the committee for the 23d of February, for the manifest purpose of forestalling public opinion and influencing the political action of other states by an apparent unanimous delegation from New York in favor of the preferred candidate of a majority of the committee. The people are urged to fight at the primaries to elect delegates who regard the "snap" convention as detrimental to the true interests of the party, and who, in taking their seat, will move that the convention dissolve without taking any action at all. Devotion is urged to the great issues which carried the party to victory in 1890, and absolute loyalty to the candidate who shall be declared by the national convention to be the best and truest representative of those principles.

A Wealthy Farmer Leaves His Family.

ALBANY, OR., Feb. 6.—James Wallace, a farmer living near Albany, has disappeared. It is supposed he has gone to California. He sold his wheat Wednesday and received \$1350, and started away on the south-bound overland train. His family think he left in company with a young widow named Mrs. Veatch, the daughter of W. W. McCoon. He has a wife and four children, and was a well-to-do farmer. He had recently been paying undue attention to Mrs. Veatch, and was so much in her company that his wife upbraided him for his conduct. He leaves an indebtedness of \$1000 or more. All his property has been attached, which will leave his wife without means. She is prostrated over the affair.

Are Still Watching Egan.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—A correspondent of the *Times* at Valparaiso says a police guard at the house of Egan, United States minister at Santiago, is maintained by the Chilean authorities with a view of preventing any attack at the instance of the rough element. This fact, the correspondent says, threatens to bring about a reopening of the difficulty with the United States. The correspondent further says the police judge at Valparaiso has increased the severity of the sentences imposed upon the assailants of the sailors of the United States steamer *Baltimore*. This course was demanded by the procurator.

Thayer Surrenders to Boyd.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 7.—The *State Journal* will contain the following to-morrow:

The Nebraska gubernatorial muddle is settled for the present, at least. The attorneys of Governor Thayer are not certain the office can be legally turned over to Governor Boyd before the official mandate is received, but Thayer wishes to leave the state this week, and has been so annoyed by the clamor of Boyd's friends that he has determined to surrender the seat immediately, if Boyd is willing to take the responsibility of holding the official papers.

He Wanted to Be a Robber.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 6.—Sam Snyder, a pawnbroker, was robbed today of \$2100. Several men came to him, representing themselves as train robbers and wanted him to act as a "fence" for stolen property. Snyder went to their room last night to talk over the matter with them, and was made a prisoner and told if he did not pay his captors money they would kill him. After remaining a prisoner all night Snyder went to the bank accompanied by two men, and drew the money, they disappearing with it immediately after.

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