

A QUESTION OF COURAGE

A DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Ludlow, overflowing with the sympathy which is the meed of troubled lovers at the hands of affectionate and disinterested woman-kind the world over, waited impatiently for her guest to make his appearance on the morning following his excursion with the colonel. Breakfast was ready and waiting, and the small hostess hovered about the table, deftly arranging the china and adding a last touch of artistic negligence to the bowl of roses forming the center-piece, pausing now and then to glance out of the window at the figure of her husband poised contentedly on two legs of his chair and reading the inevitable newspaper.

Presently she went to the door. "Tom, I wish you'd call Mr. Ringbrand; Aunt Mima's been up twice, and the breakfast's getting cold."

Ludlow burst his way out of the labyrinth of news and tramped heavily upstairs to the door of the guest's room. "Hugh!" he called. "Oh, Hugh! going to lie abed all day?"

There was no answer, and he opened the door. The bed had not been occupied, and it flashed upon him that Ringbrand had suddenly acted upon the hint that he might find it impossible to endure the ordeal of a formal leave-taking. Ludlow went downstairs, trying to think of some way of telling his wife without reflecting too severely upon his friend's lack of courage.

"You said Ringbrand went up with the colonel yesterday, didn't you?" he asked, hoping to gain time.

"Why, yes; they drove off together about three o'clock."

"Well, he didn't come back. Perhaps the Latimers kept him."

Mrs. Ludlow looked puzzled. "I hardly thought he would stay. I rather expected him back to tea last evening. It isn't like him to stay away without saying something or sending word."

She seated herself behind the coffee urn and touched the bell for Aunt Mima.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied her husband carelessly, taking his place opposite. "A man's liable to do anything when he's a badly hipped as Hugh is."

"Please, Tom, tell me all about it, won't you? I can't get a word out of Hester, and Hugh goes about looking like a man who had lost all his friends in a single night."

"I don't know anything to tell, except what is evident enough to a man up to a moderately tall tree. Hugh has about as pronounced a case as I ever saw develop in so short a time, and it'll go hard with him if he doesn't win. If Hester should refuse him, I shouldn't be surprised to have him leave us without a word; it would be very much like him."

"So much good-natured Tom Ludlow ventured on the chance that Ringbrand had carried out his threat. "Why should Hester refuse him?"

"Bless my soul! how should I know? I'm not in the young woman's confidence; and, besides, I don't know that she has."

Ludlow hurried through his breakfast, and breathed freely again when he was well out of ear-shot of his home. "I'm a lucky man!" he chuckled; "five minutes more, and she'd have had the whole story out of me, and I really mustn't tell her that—not yet awhile; it'd be cruelly to animals. I'd like to know if that addle-pated rascal has actually taken French leave. I must try and find out from the colonel if he comes down to-day."

The colonel did come down, but Ludlow learned nothing more than that Ringbrand had left "The Laurels" quite early in the evening, that he had insisted upon walking, and that he had taken the north road instead of turning toward Tregarthen. Ludlow guarded his inquiries carefully, but the colonel's hospitality took the alarm at once.

"Do I understand that you friend didn't come home last night?" he asked.

"Ludlow admitted it, and hastened to add that Ringbrand was sometimes rather erratic in his movements."

"I reckon it would be something a little mo' than erratic if he camped out on the mountain all night; that's no house this side of Squire Craven's, an' that's a good ten mile."

"Perhaps he went on down the road to Dunbar," suggested Ludlow; "he's good for a long tramp if he felt like it. He'll turn up all right."

"The colonel looked thoughtful. "I hope so; indeed, I do. He's a mighty fine young gentleman, and we all think a heap of him up on the mountain. He told me yest'day that he was going back to New York befo' long."

Ludlow took this as a confession of his suspicion, and answered, accordingly: "Yes; he's quite anxious to get back to his work."

Here the matter rested, and the three people who knew of Ringbrand's disappearance held widely different views

as to its motive. Mrs. Ludlow, finding the packed valises in the guest's room, reluctantly gave place to the carefully-insinuated suggestion of her husband that the young man had fled because Hester had refused him; Ludlow, somewhat better informed, was quite sure that the unceremonious departure was due to Ringbrand's failure to win in the battle with his weakness; while the colonel went home with a slightly-confused idea of the unaccountability of authors and story writers, whose vagaries led them to refuse the hospitalities of a comfortable mansion for the sake of spending the night in wandering about on the mountain. Imparting his convictions to Hester, together with the information that Ringbrand had not returned to Tregarthen, he awakened an emotion in the heart of that ingenious young woman which had slept quite peacefully through the unobtrusive wooing of her lover; and her quick intuition, finding a better trajectory than the logic of the others, went nearer the mark, filling her with vague apprehensions for Ringbrand's safety. She immediately recalled the conversation of the previous evening, remembering his abstraction and the abrupt leave-taking. Then she recollected that Henry had been the last one who had seen him, and she quickly obtained all the information that could be gleaned from that source. It contained a grain of comfort in the assurance that he was not unarmed; but she could not help thinking that the mere possession of the revolver promised little for his safety.

The following morning she mounted Pluto and rode straight to Mrs. Ludlow's, in the hope of finding that her undefined premonition of trouble was groundless; but there had been no word from the missing guest, and the small matchmaker made an unsuccessful attempt to conceal her resentment toward the girl who had so ruthlessly demolished her beautiful air castles of domestic felicity.

"Where do you suppose he can be?" asked Hester, when the conversation had been brought around by carefully-guarded approaches to the object which had prompted her early ride down the mountain.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Ludlow, trying to look properly severe. "Perhaps he's lost on the mountain; I'm sure I'm glad we didn't turn him out to—to get lost."

Hester looked mystified and hurt. "Why, Helen, do you mean that we ought to have tried harder to keep him?"

"I think you wouldn't have had to try very hard, if you'd cared anything at all about him."

Hester blushed painfully and hesitated. "It would be foolish to seem not to understand you, Helen, but—but it isn't at all as you think; indeed, it isn't." And her voice quavered a little at the end.

To be continued.

ON THE ROAD

to recover, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, widowhood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nerve tonic adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAMFIELD, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said they could not cure me."

Twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me.

Driving Lame Horses.

There is a state law prohibiting cruelty to animals, which is just as applicable in The Dalles as anywhere else, and has in times past been enforced in our city. A delivery horse was noticed this morning with a lame foot, traveling along very painfully, and requiring to be urged with the lash because of its lameness. A nail was perhaps piercing the quick and each step cost the poor brute excruciating pain. Whenever one notices a lame horse being driven he may know that the driver is either ignorant regarding what is due to the rights of a life, or that, having knowledge of the pain endured by the animal, he is too case-hardened to care for its suffering. A selfish reason, if no other, should inspire a driver to stable a horse with a lame foot until it is well, for a horse may be ruined forever by a nail or a wound unattended to.

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion, wearing tight-fitting hats, and by over-work and trouble. Hall's Renewer will prevent it.

THAT IRISH ESTATE.

"Red Hand" O'Neill's Descendants Heirs to 180 Millions.

The story in yesterday's CHRONICLE seems to have had its foundation in an article that appeared in the Catholic Sentinel of July 9th. The Sentinel gives Mrs. Thos. Woods and F. H. Van Norden as The Dalles claimants to the estate, and a very romantic story is told in connection therewith. Below is the Sentinel article:

A hundred and eighty million dollars seems a sum far beyond even the dreams of the very wealthy, to say nothing of the ordinary, every-day person. Yet in Victoria, B. C., living in a modest little house on Herald street, are a family that do not dream, but look forward with quiet confidence to possessing not only this enormous sum, but a whole Irish county thrown in.

Mr. A. P. Freimuth, who came here a short time ago and now plays the solo cornet in the Fifth Regiment band and wields the baton as leader of the Victoria theatre orchestra, is the husband of one of the claimants to the estate of the O'Neils of Antrim. Mrs. W. E. Ward, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Freimuth's mother, is at present visiting her daughter, and in the fall is going over to Ireland on behalf of the American heirs to claim the estate. From the two ladies the history of the quest was learned.

The estate they say has been in chancery for something like fifty years for want of an heir. Mrs. Ward's father, John Falls O'Neill, was a younger son of old Hugh O'Neill, the last to hold the estate. Being a younger son John Falls O'Neill went to the United States to seek his fortune, and after remaining for some time in St. Louis, got the gold fever in 1849, and joined the stream of those who came to the Pacific coast. He was captain in the Black Hawk war, and now lies buried at Quincy, Plumas county. Now his descendants are looking eastward to a store of gold that far exceeds the expectations that drew the old "Forty-niner" to the West.

Capt. O'Neill leaves five children alive, Richard O'Neill, of Bakersfield, California; Charles Terrence O'Neill, of Los Angeles; Mrs. Mary F. Bell, of Froyville, Col.; Mrs. Theresa C. Wheeler, of Oakland, and Mrs. W. E. Ward, of Los Angeles. There are three grand children also—Mrs. Freimuth, who is Mrs. Ward's daughter; Mrs. Tom Woods, of The Dalles, Oregon, and F. H. VanNorden, of the same place, children of Mrs. Lizzie O'Neill Van Norden, now deceased.

"We are the only direct heirs," said Mrs. Ward. "We can trace our ancestry right back to the 'Red Hand' as the first of our line was called. We have had lawyers working on the case for years in England, and now they tell us that all we have to do is to come over and claim our own. I have the family seal and the old documents to prove we really are the heirs to the estate, and I will take them over with me to England this fall with my brother, Charles Terrence O'Neill, who is coming up here soon to go with me."

There are other O'Neills who would like to have a share of the millions, but Mrs. Ward says they cannot prove their descent, and it is only her brothers and sisters, her daughter, niece and nephew, who will come into the estate. There is a romantic story of how the first O'Neill came by his property and his name of the "Red Hand."

In the good old-fashioned way of sovereigns Henry II conferred a great tract of land in County Antrim on the one of two suitors who would get there first. Of these the Red O'Neill was one. The time of the contest was fixed; good King Henry acted as starter, the course being from Windsor Castle to the land in question, the condition being that the man who first laid hand on the land should take the prize.

Away sped O'Neill and his rival for the Emerald Isle and crossed the Irish sea heedless of anything but of the land greed that even in the present day has actuated the wild rush of the "boomer." Arrived at Lough Neagh, O'Neill's rival secured the first boat, but O'Neill was soon after him in a second. The rival was almost across to the strand which marked the limit of the promised land and prepared to spring ashore.

O'Neill, to prevent the fair demene being snatched from him, drew his sword, sliced off his left hand deftly and with a mighty effort threw the bloody hand ashore just before his rival sprang from his boat. The O'Neill's hand first touching land made him owner of the magnificent property for which the heirs are now striving.

Last of Earth.

The remains of Mrs. Irvine were brought to The Dalles on last night's passenger train and the funeral took place at 10:30 this morning from the undertaking rooms of Wm. Michell. A number of old citizens followed the remains to their last resting place in Odd Fellows cemetery.

Mrs. Catharine Irvine was born in Indiana Oct. 23, 1838, and consequently was 58 years of age. She was married to John Irvine at The Dalles May 27, 1855, and has lived in this vicinity ever since. Eight children have been born to them, four of whom passed to the silent shore before her final summons came. Two sons and two daughters still remain. Mrs. Irvine died in Salem July 14, 1896.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wednesday.

Mr. M. Dichtenmuller of Mosier is in town today.

Mrs. John S. Brown of 18-Mile island is in the city today.

Mr. B. F. Laughlin and family will leave for Greenwood, Wash., tomorrow morning.

Judge and Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Clara Davis, left this afternoon for Seaside, Clatsop beach.

Thursday.

Mr. Amos Root, of Mosier, was in town today.

Mrs. J. S. Brown returned to 18-Mile island this morning.

Miss Mabel Estes, of Baker City, is a guest of Miss Daisy Allaway.

Mr. John Beattie and family, of Deschutes, are in the city today.

Henry Schwaditz, one of Sherman county's successful sheepmen, is in town.

Mrs. H. Glenn and daughters left for Ilwaco beach on the Regulator this morning.

Mr. Buck, who has been suffering from necrosis, went to Hood River this morning.

James Covington went to his lower ranch on the Washington side this morning.

Mr. C. C. Hobart, who has been in the city, returned to the Locks this morning.

Mr. B. S. Huntington went to the Locks this morning and will return this evening.

J. H. Sherar arrived in town yesterday, and will ship 2000 head of mutton sheep today.

Mrs. Hostetler, Miss Hostetler, Mrs. Sanson and Mrs. Funk went to the Cascades for the day.

Ed. Michell, of THE CHRONICLE force, left for a three weeks absence in the Mt. Adams country.

Mrs. Judge Liebe and two daughters left on the train this afternoon for Sea View, North Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. John Michell went below this morning. Mr. Michell to the Locks and Mrs. Michell to Portland.

Ralph Pruitt, of Pendleton, who has been spending a few days in the city, was a passenger by the Regulator this morning for Portland.

Misses Frankie and Mattie Fitzgerald, of San Francisco, who have been absent from the city for eight years, are in the city visiting Mrs. D. Handley.

Dr. Charlotte B. Brown, of San Francisco, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. Daniel Farrington and Mrs. M. H. Roberts. She will return to San Francisco the last of the week.

Mrs. M. H. Roberts and Misses Charlotte and Anna returned from Gladstone Park yesterday. Miss Anna was one of the members of the graduating class of the Oregon State University at Eugene.

Friday.

Mrs. J. H. Walters went to Portland this afternoon.

Prof. Campbell of Monmouth college returned home today.

Mr. H. Glenn will return from Astoria tonight for a couple of days at home.

Constable Dichtenmuller of Mosier was in town today, returning on the local train.

Mrs. Walter Moore and Mrs. Henry Moore and son of Moro are registered at the Umatilla House.

Mr. J. E. Barnett has returned from a trip to the country. He reports considerable hot weather and grasshoppers.

Mr. Seufert has returned from Portland. He is much dissatisfied with the \$25,000 verdict. A second trial will occur in October.

Arthur Kennedy returned from a three weeks' absence down the river today. He discovered three copper ledges while absent, which he pronounces too thin to work. He will, therefore, not work them.

Will R. Glendinning, conductor on the Oregon Railway & Navigation passenger train between Pendleton and Portland, has returned from a trip with his wife to Canada and several cities in the Eastern states in this country during the past month.

A Mathematical Problem.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

If the people of the United States produce \$100,000 worth of silver bullion, sell the same in foreign markets, and with the proceeds buy \$100,000 worth of the products of foreign labor, said people of the United States will have added to their wealth just \$100,000.

Should the people of the United States coin said bullion into \$200,000, they could only get \$100,000 worth of the product of foreign labor for it; but would be bound to take it back and pay therefor \$200,000 worth of the products of their labor. How much would the people of the United States lose? Answer—\$100,000.

Suppose the \$200,000 coinage is kept by the people of the United States? How much as a nation have they gained? Answer—Nothing.

F. S. G.

Mr. Geo. Reed was in town from his ranch this morning, and confirms the reports of a partial loss of the wheat crop by the hot winds. Beautiful fields of waving grain that would have yielded more bountiful crops than for years, were breathed upon by the hot east wind and drooped and shriveled under its withering caress. There will be thousands of bushels of wheat hauled to The Dalles, but there might have been two bushels for every one that will be brought in, had it not been for the desert-born breezes of the arid Clatsop-Rockies.

Anheuser beer on draught at the Midway.

A Voice From Victor.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

The question is frequently asked, "Why is silver bullion worth less now than it was prior to the 'crime' of '73?" There are many and varied answers to that question, and from the scholarly mass of incongruities we turn away disheartened, and look still farther for a solution compatible with our common sense. Our common sense teaches that the circulation of money, and money only, cannot possibly add one iota to a people's prosperity. It is the exchange of the products of human labor, which brings comfort, gladness, morality and civilization to the toiling millions of this old world of ours. The business and purpose of the money as used by civilized man is to stand in lieu of the products of human labor as they travel through the various arteries of trade, and it is obvious that it must be a standard to which all commodities are referred for measurement as to value. Our common sense says that the money which will effect the exchange of the various objects of commerce, certainly and economically, is good.

Silver when stamped by a sound government is certain, but very expensive. It costs about forty per cent of its stamped value, present standard, to produce it. Forty per cent is a big bonus to pay for the scales to weigh with. The gains of ye man prior to and since '73 has devised means of circumventing this enormous production, and silver money, coined money of all kinds, except in fractional parts of a dollar, is being relegated to the shades of commercial oblivion, there to rest in company with those life-seeking, liberty-crushing abominations of antiquity—the thumb screw and the rack. There is reared instead of this gloomy, foreboding monster, the grandest financial system the world has ever known. I refer to that noblest monument to man's mighty genius, the bank credit system, through which about 95 per cent of the business of the world is done today. The basis of this mighty commercial structure rests on the broad foundation of nature. Through this system the product of one section is exchanged for the product of another with certainty and economy. To illustrate: An eastern manufacturer sells the merchants of The Dalles \$100,000 worth of goods. His agent buys from the customers of the merchants \$100,000 worth of wool, fruit, wheat, etc. Through the banks the exchanges are made with very little expense to any of the thousands of the parties interested. The bank money—checks—are perfectly sound, and so long as the dealings throughout are sound, are equal to gold in any part of the country. Thus we see the wool, the wheat, the fruit and the manufactured articles, exchanging with perfect freedom and safety.

This condition of things is not a dream of the Utopian; but a reality. That such a condition is possible; that we, the people of the world, and especially we, the people of this grand republic, have reached that high standard of commercial honor which makes this system of freedom possible, should cause each heart to look in admiration for the possibilities of the human race.

This grand innovation which has torn from our hands the shackles of an unnatural money, is so completely in line with the material law of commerce that it is bound to endure and grow in favor as man's morality grows.

The system is vigorously attacked by demagogues, who know only such weapons as prejudice, malice and jealousy. They tell the people that bankers are a hard lot; that they receive 8 and 10 per cent interest, open their banks at 9 and close at 4, and have a good time generally at other people's expense. Still our common sense continues to whisper in a "still small voice" that there is no justice in coining 100-cent dollars from 50-cent bullion, and have our dear old Uncle Sam guarantee them, are just as good as gold, when the buyers and sellers of the world have declared by their acts that they don't want them, and don't use the dollars that are now coined. To force Uncle Sam to sign such guarantee would almost break his credit.

But let's go back to the question. Silver bullion is not worth as much as it was prior to '73, because the people won't use it as money as they did then. The bullion owner would like to have his 50 cents worth of bullion made worth 100 cents; so would the owner of 50 cents worth of wheat, 25 cents worth of potatoes, etc., like a scheme of this kind applied to his possessions.

We have simply outgrown silver as a money. The general enlightenment of the matter which our public school system has made possible, has swept from the earth nearly every vestige of that horrible idea, "vicarious atonement." The world has grown strong in individualism. Now we have, standing at the head of every successful commercial concern, men and women whose moral stamina lifts them out, far out, beyond the reach of all temptation to do a wrong commercial act.

This condition of things is realized by the masses to a great extent. The commercial men and bankers of today are gods when compared to the Shylocks of ye older times, or ye political tricksters of ye modern times.

F. S. G.

Victor, July 13, 1896.

UNTOLD MISERY FROM RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending \$1000 there, I could get no relief; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-five pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so acute, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphia. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

AYER'S PILLS cure Headaches.

Hay and Grain for Sale

Ward, Kerns & Robertson's Stable Corner Fourth and Federal Sts. Dec-1m

The Columbia Packing Co.,

PACKERS OF Pork and Beef

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Lard and Sausages.

Curers of BRAND

Hams and Bacon,

Dried Beef, Etc.

Bake Oven and Mitchell

STAGE LINE,

THOMAS HARPER, - Proprietor

Stages leave Bake Oven for Antelope every day, and from Antelope to Mitchell three times a week.

GOOD HORSES AND WAGONS.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco county, upon a judgment and decree made and rendered therein, in an action then and therefor pending wherein the American Mortgage Company of Seattle, Limited, a corporation, was plaintiff, and Francis M. Thompson, Missourie A. Thompson, his wife, and R. F. Gibbons, E. MacAllister and John M. Mardon, partners and members of the firm of Gibbons, MacAllister & Co., were defendants, I did duly levy upon and sell at the front door of the County Court House in Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, on

Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1896, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the real estate described in said execution and order of sale, and described as follows, to-wit:

The east half (1/2) of the southwest quarter (1/4) and the south half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section eight (8) in township (2) south of range thirteen (13) east of the Williams meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, containing 160 acres, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the sums due upon said writ, to-wit: \$1000, together with interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 9th, 1896; \$100 attorney's fees, and \$15 costs and disbursements due and owing to the plaintiff in said writ, together with accruing costs and interest and expense of said sale, and also the further sum of \$1091.20, due defendants, R. F. Gibbons and John M. Mardon, with interest thereon from the 9th day of June, 1896, at 10 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$100 attorney's fees, and \$15 costs, due said defendants, T. J. DRIVER, Sheriff of Wasco County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Account.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that G. J. Farley has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Joshua W. Beady, deceased, and that said final account will come up for hearing on Monday, July 22nd, 1896, at which time a hearing will be had as to any and all objections to such final account, and the same being therefor.

This notice is given by order of Hon. George C. Blakeley, county judge. Dated this 17th day of June, 1896. G. J. FARLEY, Administrator of the estate of Joshua W. Beady, deceased.