

The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

For the benefit of our advertisers we shall print the first issue about 2,000 copies for free distribution, and shall print from time to time extra editions, so that the paper will reach every citizen of Wasco and adjacent counties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address

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SUMMONS.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Wasco.
O. D. Taylor, plaintiff, vs. Thomas J. Fredenburg, E. L. Smith and L. Francisco, defendants.
To Thomas J. Fredenburg, the above named defendant:
In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiff, filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the first day of the next regular term of said Circuit court, to-wit: On or before the 9th day of February, 1890, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, that is to say: for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage, made, executed and delivered by you, said plaintiff, on the 5th day of September, 1888, upon the south half and north-west quarter of the north-east quarter, and the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter of Section twenty-eight in Township one, north of Range ten, east of the Willamette Meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, and for a sale of said real estate, according to law; that the proceeds of such sale be applied upon the costs and disbursements of this suit, and upon the costs charges and expenses of such sale, and upon the note mentioned in said mortgage, said note being for \$600.00 and bearing interest from the 1st day of September, 1888, at the rate of ten per cent per annum until paid, which note is now overdue and unpaid, and a reasonable attorney's fees of \$40.00 as provided and stipulated in said note, and for judgment and execution over against the defendant, Thomas J. Fredenburg for any amount remaining unsatisfied after all the proceeds of such sale properly applicable to plaintiff's demands have been applied, and also that said defendants and each of them and all persons claiming by, through or under them, or either of them, be forever barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien and equity of redemption and interest in said premises, and for such other and further relief as shall be equitable and just.
By order of Hon. Louis B. STEARNS, one of the Circuit Judges of the Fourth Judicial District in Oregon, dated December 23d, 1890, this summons is directed to be served upon you by publication thereof.
Dated December 26, 1890.
DUFUR, WATKINS & MENFEE,
Dec 27 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

F. TAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR OF THE

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ALWAYS ON SALE.
Mr. Bills will aim to supply his customers with the best in his line, both of imported and domestic goods.

My heart throbbled at the thought of holding her life in my hands, but I was determined to prove worthy in thought and deed of the responsibility.
In the mean time the police had been summoned and the place ransacked, but no trace of the would-be murderer. I had had no time to speculate on that, being fully occupied in writing prescriptions to be filled and ascertaining the exact amount of danger Miriam was in.
I found that the ball had entered her left side, just escaping the heart. When my instruments arrived I probed for the ball and soon extracted it, leaving her free from danger.

For several weeks I tended her, and she gradually gained strength until at last she could sit on the piazza for an hour each bright day. During all the weeks the detectives had been at work, but no clew could be found. No reasonable theory could be formed.
I questioned her if she knew of any one who would have any motive for such a deed. She only shuddered, and it seemed to retard her recovery every time it was spoken.
So finally it became accepted as a mystery.

I had called one afternoon and found her sitting in her boudoir. She held out her hand and said:
"I am glad you have come, doctor. I want to talk to you."
"I am always glad to be talked to," I inately remarked, wondering what was coming.
"You overheard some words one night that require an explanation," she began, and her face was bright scarlet. "They were wicked words, I am afraid, but I have thought them many times.

"I met Mr. Gunter when I was 17, and the fascination he had for me I mistook for love, so that when he asked me if I would marry him I said 'Yes.' In a few months I saw my mistake, but knew not how to communicate the fact. I threw out a few hints, and he immediately became of ashy whiteness, and said if he should lose me he never would live an hour, and rather than see me another man's wife he would shoot me.
"I was very young and believed him. In fact, I believe still he spoke the truth. I had no courage to face these facts, so gave myself up to the inevitable. I soon learned, even before marriage, that he had a violent temper. No one ever crossed him.
"I have been humiliated time and time again by that cursed temper. God knows, I am naturally of a happy nature, and tried to make the best of it.
"I thought marriage would soften him, but no, it hardened him, and I had no love to help me bear it. I knew he loved me with a wild, selfish love, but it was not the kind to make me nappy. You will wonder why I tell you all of this; no, don't interrupt—I cannot help knowing your feeling toward me, and I think it best that we should part.
"One thing more," as I tried to interrupt. "I have my suspicions about that horrible night. Don't, for God's sake, ask me any questions. Now will you be merciful and go?"
I was shivering.

The mere thought of going away, never, perhaps, to see her again, was almost beyond my power. But I saw to cross her would be detrimental to her health. So I said, "Yes, I will go."
"Thank you, Bentley," she said, using my Christian name for the first time. "You see you could not stay here after knowing my story. It would not be right."
"I shall try to see you again. Good-by, good-by. Miriam, God bless you, child!" and rushed from the room.
A week later I sailed for France. For months I traveled through Europe, then I went into the Holy Land and thence through to Japan. For nearly two years I thus wandered about.

One day while at Cairo I received my European mail, which had chased me for some time. I noticed a letter with a strange handwriting and immediately opened it. It ran thus:
"DEAR WARREN—When you receive this I shall be among the 'gone before.' I am tired of life. But first I must ease my conscience, as all sinners on their dying bed are wont to do. When you were first introduced to us I noticed that you lost your heart to Miriam, and I was wildly jealous, but I finally got to liking and also trusting you.
The night of the dinner party I worked myself into a passion after you left the table, and leaving the room on the pretense of speaking to my man I crept around to the drawing room window and saw you two close together.
A passionate glance passed from your eyes, and I imagined that she returned it. The demon was aroused in me, and I lifted my revolver and fired at you.
My hand was unsteady, and it passed you as you know. I hurried in, and my horror was terrible when I saw Miriam. I gave her into your charge, because I knew if any one could bring her through you could.
The remorse has been gradually wearing me away. You will hear I died of heart disease. Don't contradict it, and let Miriam think the same. Take care of her, and forgive me if you can. I liked you, Warren, and I leave Miriam to your care."
CLARENCE B. GUNTER.

Oct. 8, "The Vetner."
I could not believe the letter at first. It seemed as if it must be a fabrication of my brain; but no, there was the letter to prove the truth of it. Gunter had tried to kill me, and now had committed suicide.
It was nearly a year later that I arrived home. I called on Mrs. Gunter at once, and she looked very pale and sweet in her mourning garments.
Before I left she had promised to leave them off for a wedding gown a year from that day. I never told her the truth about her husband's death. She had no suspicion about that, though.
I always thought she knew who fired the shot that nearly deprived her of life. However, that is a subject we never discuss in our happy married life.—T. C. W. in Burlington Globe.

Eastern Trees in California.
California is nearly destitute of the trees and shrubs which furnish the brilliant autumnal tints of eastern hills and vales. A few venturesome spirits, however, have introduced from the east the sumash, dogwood, swamp maple, sassafras, red and white oak, etc. They are all growing satisfactorily in various portions of the state. In autumn they are gorgeous in color, making strangely beautiful contrasts with evergreens, palms, araucarias, pepper trees, acacias, etc.—Chicago Herald.

WHOM OTHERS ENVY.
Through years of patient toil and sacrifice
He climbed fame's ladder round by round,
Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize
For which he toiled. Self made, self crowned
He stood among his lofty dreams and weighed
Their worth, together with the price he paid.
A millionaire! He bartered love for this.
Love blinds the wings of him who would arise.
He rose unfettered. Now with famished eyes
He gazes on another's Paradise.
While memory taunts him with a shy, sweet kiss.
A frightened, fluttering thing, the first, the last,
No childish voices echo through his past;
He wears his laurels, but he paid their price.
—Rose Warwick Thorpe in Lippincott's.

MIRIAM GUNTER.

As I was hurrying homeward from my office one evening in October I was detained on a fashionable thoroughfare by many carriages. A society wedding reception was taking place.
I watched a few ladies pass out of their carriages to the awning, and thence into the residence. It was rather interesting to a novice—the begloved men were so thoroughly conversant with the minutiae of attending to the wants of the fair ladies. From my position I could look into the vast drawing rooms.
There stood the "happy couple," a handsome pair. He tall and dark, but with eyes and mouth that spoke of a will it would be dangerous to cross. She was also tall, with a winsome face of unusual brightness.
It was a face that changed with every breath. The blue eyes would grow black with excitement. The merry looking little mouth disclosed most of the time a set of beautiful white teeth. A wealth of brown hair ruffled and curled all over the well shaped head.
Yes, she was a very bonny bride, and I did not wonder the young man looked at her with such an endearing gaze. No one would dare monopolize her attention with him around.
I finally moved on, considering I had sentimentalized long enough.
Six months later my circumstances were materially altered. I was in a position to enter society if I so wished, and at the urgent request of my uncle I did so. It being known that I was heir to considerable wealth, I had no trouble in securing plenty of partners.
One evening at a large ball given by Mrs. Fred Delancy, I was introduced to Mrs. Clarence Gunter, in whom I immediately recognized the bride of a few months before.
The face was the same, yet changed. The eyes seemed larger than ever. This was probably owing to some dark lines under them.
When the flush of excitement would go the face looked rather pale. It was an interesting face, and looked as though it held a story.
Her husband stood near her, jealously guarding her. At least it looked that way. I asked her for a dance, but she glanced nervously at her card and said: "You must excuse me this evening, Dr. Warren, but the little I dance will be with Mr. Gunter."
"At least I may sit out a few," I murmured.
"Oh, certainly," with a bright smile. Well, that was the beginning of the end. I forgot that she was married, forgot everything except that I was sitting by the side of the sweetest woman I had ever met. Her husband had left us with a scowl.
I wondered if she was in the habit of using those blue eyes to such deadly effect on all the gentlemen she met. If so, how many slain there must have been.
That evening I never forgot. Many more happy ones were passed by her side, but they never seemed the same.
All that season I met Mrs. Gunter. I called frequently at her house, became friends with her husband, whom I soon got to like exceedingly. He was very fond of his wife, although he had a peculiar way of showing it.
She was never sure of her position. At a dinner-party he would sharply reprimand her until at times I felt like choking him.
She never showed by a sign that she noticed it. A laugh would turn the conversation, but I knew it cut like a knife.
I met her one alone, after such a time in the hall. She did not see me at first. Her face was ashy white, and her blue eyes were dilated and looked like coals of fire. No one would ever have dreamed of calling them blue; her hands were clasped convulsively, and in a hoarse whisper I heard:
"I hate him! I hate him! Oh, God! take him or me!"
I stepped quickly forward, and in my excitement unwittingly used her first name.
"Don't, Miriam, don't! You know not what you are saying."
"I wish I didn't," she sullenly replied, and pushing by me hurried into the drawing room, and there I found her brightly discussing the merits of some of Whistler's etchings.
I sat by her side and endeavored to converse rationally, but my heart's cry would not be stifled.
"Oh, Miriam, Miriam, why did I not meet you first!"
She caught the passionate look in my eyes, and involuntarily shuddered. I collected myself and arose, saying I would take a turn in the gardens.
As I did so there was a report and a bright flash, and there lay Miriam, white as death.
I rushed to her, and although nearly wild with excitement managed to use my medical knowledge to advantage, and she soon opened her eyes.
By this time the gentlemen who had remained in the dining room rushed into the room, and upon seeing Mrs. Gunter lying senseless the wildest excitement reigned.
Her husband could not be calmed, and insisted that he should shoot himself if anything happened to Miriam.
We calmed him finally by frequent assurances that she would recover. I had her carried to her room, and asked Mr. Gunter what medical attendance I should summon.
"Why, Warren, I'll trust her to you, of course. If any one can pull her through you can."