And while the tark above is never weary, Outpouring clear his midday ecstasy, My eyes are bent upon the "Miserere" That from a time worn stone looks up at me.

No word but this; naught yields a faint suggestion of man or woman, or of young or old;
Yet there sleeps beyond all doubt and question Some tragic story to the world untold.

Vain all the mind's conjectures and surmises Before so sad an epitaph as this; And yet the thought resistically arises Of faith forsworn and perjured love's abyse.

Of long heart struggle and self immolation In ways where tried and wounded feet m

Of cruel trial and supreme temptation
And then the enshrouding darkness of the

Thus to a wanderer doth the mournful "Pity"
Plead mutely o'er the unrecorded dead;
Oh, may the scal have reached that peaceful city
Where ne'er a "Miserere" need be said;
—Clinton Scollard.

A POSTBOY'S BRAVERY.

About a mile from the Pennsylvania village where I lived when a boy was the old north and south turnpike, the main artery of travel in those days across the northeastern tier of counties.

Down this road came rolling every afternoon, the big four horse stage coach, bringing passengers and mail from the south bound for the county town.

The mail bag for our postoffice was thrown off from the coach at the point where our village road joined the turnpike, and as my father was postmaster it was my duty to carry it from the turnpike to the village postoffice.

I had the choice of two routes for my daily journey; one by the public road and a much shorter one which cut through the woods that bounded the vil lage on that side, and it was along that path that I usually carried the mail.

We were at that time in the midst of with tidings from the soldiers at the front, and not infrequently contained minutes. packages of money and valuables sent in Uncle Sam's care to those at home.

But the particular afternoon of which I write, the stage, for some reason which I cannot now remember, was very late.

I watched the sun as it went down behind the wooded hills to the west, and I saw the twilight come creeping in across the eastern field. I sat quietly upon a roadside bank wishing for the coming of the stage, and calling to mind the probable appearance of the impatient and anxious group at the postoffice.

But the twilight grew deep, and actual darkness fell around us before the far off rumbling of wheels announced the appearance of the belated conveyance. I had been debating for some time whether mail, for I was naturally timid, and the prospect of the night journey alone through the wood, even though it was but a short distance, had terrors for me which I could not subdue. But I had been rejuctant to start on account of the ridicule which I knew would follow me from one end of the route, and the disappointment which would meet me at the other, and now the stage was here.

The horses were drawn sharply up, the clatter of the wheels ceased, a cloud of dust moved forward and enveloped the coach, and out from the door in the midst of the dust stepped two men. They parleyed for a few minutes with the driver about the fare, and then disappeared in the darkness. I had a good view of their faces as I went up close to the forward wheel, and I saw that both of them, though well dressed, were evil looking in the extreme.

driver, peering down at me through the shadows before throwing the mail pouch into my hands.

"Yes," I replied, complainingly, "and I've been waiting for you just two

home now," he said, cheerily; then, bending down still further and beckoning me to come still closer, he added in a low voice: "You want to hang on to that mail bag tight to-night, Harmon. It's got"— A sudden starting of the into his seat, and finding that he could not readily quiet the impatient animals, he cracked his long whip over their heads, shouted out "good night!" to me, and the next minute coach, horses and driver were far down the road, swallowed up in the darkness

"Are ye 'fraid to go down alone?" see the stage go by.

"I'll bet a cookie he is!" exclaimed the the back.

farmer's boy. "No, I ain't afraid," I said stoutly, dreading ridicule more than robbers. "There won't anything catch me tonight," I added, flinging the pouch across my shoulder and starting rapidly

down the road toward home. For a little way the road wound through fields, and this portion of my route I opened his coat, and was about to put traversed with a stout heart. But just the package into an inner breast pocket. ahead lay the woods, a long stretch of unbroken forest, and I approached them with a dread and premonition such as, I see how much they is in it, anyway." think, I had never before nor have ever since known. I plunged into them, how-ever, without halting or hesitation, know-ing that they must be passed; but, in-stead of peering about for dangers in the this."

the tall trees that bordered the road. When I reached the point where the footpath started in, at the left, I stopped | had not Bill spoken up somewhat threatfor a moment, debating whether I should take the short cut or follow on around by the highway. I quickly decided upon the narrow path, winding under intercing tree tops, down steep embank-ents, through intense darkness, was no a divvy on this, and I want it now." lacing tree tops, down steep embankoffset in my mind to the broader, lighter and less terrifying, if longer, route by before replying.

"You had your fair share of every"You had your fair share of every-

men were walking with me, one on each replied at last. "Now, don't be a fool, side of me. They had come up so noise- Bill. I'll keep the money, an' when we

coung friend," raid the one on my right,

what's that you're a-carrying "It's the mail bag," said I, stopping and standing still in surprise and fear.
"Is that so?" he exclaimed. "I've often wanted to lift a mail bag. Is it very

"Not very," I replied, actually handing it to him in my bewilderment He took it, held it up by the end strap as high as his head and shook it gently. as if to make test of its contents.

"I believe there's a letter in there for me, Bill," he said to his companion, "and if there is it's necessary that I should have it at once. Delays are dangerous. "The only way to find out for certain," replied the other man gruffly, "is to

open the bag." "True," responded the first speaker, but we must not open it on the public highway; some evil minded passer by might seek to appropriate the contents thereof, which would be a crime against the government, indeed an unpardonable offense. Suppose we retire to some secluded woodland dell, and there study the situation. Young man," he added,

addressing me, "you are cordially invited to accompany us." "I-I'd rather not go," I replied, beginning for the first time to fully realize my position. "If it's all the same to you," I added, "I'll go on home."

"Well, my dear young friend and fellow worker," began the man, but his gruff voiced companion interrupted him: "Oh, let up on that, Andy! We ain't got any time to lose. Come along, young fellow!"

And before I had time to protest I was seized by one arm, hurried to the roadside, across the ditch and in among the trees. I believe I began to cry and beg; it would have been strange if I had not done so; but, in language more forceful than elegant, I was ordered to hold my peace. In the mean time the first robber was threading his way carefully through the thin underbrush among the hemlocks in thick darkness, and we were following him. It seemed to me a the civil war, and the mails were filled very long time that we journeyed thus. In reality it must have been only a few When we stopped the leader

"Here's a kind of an open place; let's hold up here. Bill, where's that can-

of newspaper. Looking around me, by the light of this candle I was not slow to recognize the place. We were in th. path of which I have spoken, on a little plateau just above the brook. Indeed the soft ripple of waters could be heard at no great distance from us.

I now for the first time recognized the two men as those whom I had seen step from the stage coach at the crossing, and I knew instinctively that they had follow-I had not better go home without the ed me for the very purpose of robbing the mail. The one addressed as Andy had already laid the mail pouch flat on the ground, and with an open jackknife poised in one hand was passing the thumb and forefinger of the other hand carefully along the leather surface, as if considering the proper point for the blade to penetrate. I had seen butchers do the same thing before cutting up a side of beef, and the similarity of move-

ment now was very suggestive.
"Here goes!" he said finally, pushing the knife point firmly into the leather; then, with a strong, dexterous sweep, he drew the blade down lengthwise of the bag, and laid it open nearly from top to

"Give the candle to the boy, Bill," he said, "and you help me sort this stuff over. Here, you," he added, addressing me, "hold it here, here where I can see. If you move it an inch I'll—I'll excom-

With trembling hand, teeth chattering in my head and too greatly overcome with astonishment and fear to speak, I sat and held the flaring candle while he spread wide the gap in the ruined mail bag and poured the contents of it to the "Well, it won't take you long to get ground. The packages of papers were quickly cast aside and the bundle of letters taken up.

In those days each separate bunch of letters was carefully folded in brown paper, and the postoffice address placed on the outside before intrusting it to the horses interrupted him, he swung back mail bag. These wrappers were pulled hastily off by the robbers, and the letters inclosed in them were looked over rapidly, many of them being torn open before they were thrown down. Nearly the entire contents of the mail bag were gone over in this way before any money was found, and both men began to look dis-"Are ye 'fraid to go down alone?" appointed and angry. At last Andy asked the farmer who had come out to came upon a thick envelope of brown manila paper, with a seal in red wax on

> "Here it is!" he said, holding it up triumphantly for Bill to see. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken about its being here. Bob told me, you know, and Bob

always tells the truth.' He had risen to his feet in the mean time, scattering the remainder of the letters from him disdainfully, had "Hold on!" exclaimed his companion,

rising also. "Open it up, Andy; let's "Oh, that's all right!" was the reply.
"I know how much there is in it. We'll open it when we get to a safer place. Come, let's fix the boy and get out o'

darkness, I kept my eyes turned to the I trembled till the candle nearly ribbon of starlit sky above the tops of dropped from my hand. What did he mean by fixing the boy? I presume I should have begun to cry and beg again

"Look here, Andy! That's the trick you played the last time. You pocketed the latter course. The short distance of the swag an' held off an' spent it, till it turned out I didn't get more'n half my

Suddenly I became aware that two thing that wasn't spent in common," he

put the package in his pocket, but be-fore he could do so Bill had seized his "Divide!" he exclaimed gruffly.

"I say divide, an' do it now." Even by the dim light of the flaring candle I could see the red and white ession glowing in Andy's face.
"Hands off, you dog!" he cried, "hands

off, or I'll hurt you!" But the other only tightened his grip nd muttered the one word:

"Divide!" For a moment there was silence. The two men stood there glaring into each other's eyes, and I, with the candle tipping in my hand and the melted tallow burning my fingers, stared at them in stupid fright. Suddenly there was a whirling fist, the sound of a sharp blow, and the next instant the two men were

writhing in each other's arms. The package over which they fought was hurled from Andy's grasp, struck the candle in my hand, and both package and candle fell at my feet. Involuntarily I stooped and picked the treasure up, and even as I did so the candle spluttered on the damp ground and vent out. The darkness was intense.

But the fight went on. Curses, blows, the tearing of garments, all sounds of a hand-to-hand contest told that the men were still fiercely engaged.

In that moment I gathered my wits together long enough to plan my escape. Starting out along the path, crawling on my hands and knees, feeling my way, I moved rapidly down the hill.

After a little I gained sufficient courage to rise and walk, and presently I found myself at the bank of the stream. Here I dropped again upon my hands and crept across the log that spanned the brook. On the other side I stopped for a moment and listened. The fight was still in progress. I could hear the curses, the thrashing of the leaves, the cries of rage and pain, then the sharp report of a pistol, and after that silence. But in a minute some one appeared to be coming down the path as I had come. I thought they were giving chase to me, and I turned and scrambled up the hill.

The way was long and steep, but the woods on this side of the brook were not so heavy, and my eyes, accustomed again to the darkness, were of much service to me. But I imagined that the robbers were still following me. I thought 1 heard the crashing of the underbrush, and once I was sure they called out to me to stop.

Familiar with every foot of the path, and clambering rapidly as I was up the steep hillside, it still seemed to me that I was going at a snail's pace. I had had the presence of mind to cling to the package, and I now thrust it into the pocket of my coat that I might use both hands in climbing, grasping roots, twigs, sod, anything to accelerate my progress

Finally I reached the top of the hill, and soon afterward the end of the path where it met the highway. From here on the road was level, and I ran. Behind me I heard shouting, calling, a confusion of noises, but I never turned. Down through the village street I sped, past the light in the houses, in at the open door of the postoffice, and stumbling at the door sill, fell headlong upon the

"They've robbed the mail!" I cried to the astonished assemblage. "They've robbed the mail-they're after me-I saved the money." And drawing the package from my pocket I placed it in the hands of the clerk and sank exhausted in a chair. For a few moments the excitement ran high. Everybody questioned me at the same time, but I managed to make enough of my story understood to give them a clew to the situation, and in a very short time a party started out in search of the robbers.

Not fifty yards from the door they met my father and a neighbor, who had gone out half an hour earlier to meet me, and between them they supported the drooping form of a man. It was Bill. He was covered with wounds and exhausted from the loss of blood. It seems that my father and his companion had gone out to the turnpike by the public road, and then finding that I was already on my way home they had come back by the path, hoping to overtake me. Near the foot of the hill they had come suddenly on the wounded robber, the cut mail bag and the scattered letters. Though greatly alarmed for my safety, my father waited to gather up the mail and to help the wounded robber along; but I shall never forget his look of relief when he saw me sitting safe but exhausted in the big chair at home, in the midst of an admiring and sympathizing circle.

Bill recovered from his wounds, and served a term of years in prison for his offense, but Andy was never captured, and even his identity was never known. The mail package contained \$500 in crisp, new government bills.—Homer Green in Philadelphia Press.

Indian Currency.

J. A. Smithers says: A good deal of Indian wampum, or money, is occasionally found in the southeastern parts of this state, and a curious feature of it is the fact that it exactly resembles that found in the Indian graves of New England and Canada, showing that the same kind of currency must have been in circulation among the Indians all over this continent. There are two kinds found everywhere in America—the white and the purple, the former being common and cheap, the latter scarce and costly. The purple was made from the eye of the clam shell, the white from the stem of the periwinkle shell. The aim of the wampum makers seems to have been to have the beads uniform, smooth and highly polished, though by what means they bored a hole through so hard a substance is unknown. The labor expended on the shells must have been enormous, and fully justified the estimation in which the wampum was held.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It was formerly supposed that clay was useful only for embankments, for making bricks or pottery. But now a most useful and besutiful metal is extracted therefrom, and clay banks, rich lessly that I had not heard the sound of get to a safe place you'll get what betheir approach. "Good evening, my longs to you." He made again as if to
as iron mines.

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SUMMONS.

n the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the countyof Wasco. D. Taylor, plaintiff, vs. Thomas J. Freder burg, E. L. Smith and L. Francisco, defendants To Thomas J. Fredenburg, the above named de-

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 because 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, 1891, and if you fail
to so to appear and answer, for want thereof the
plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief
prayed for in his complaint, that is to say: for a
decree foreclosing that certain mortgage, made,
executed and delivered by you, to said plaintiff,
on the 5th day of September, 1888, upon the
south half and north-west quarter of the northeast 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 Meridion, 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 disbursoments 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 \$400.00 and bearing
interest from the 5th 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 appliesable to plaintiff's demands have
een 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. Loyal B. Stearns, one of the
Gircuit judges of the Fourth Judicial District in
Oregon, dated December 23d, 1890, this summons
is directed to be served ugon you by publication
thereof.

Duted December 26, 1890.

Dated December 26, 1890.

DUFUR, WATKINS & MENFEE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.



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