

MISERERE.

Deep is a churchyard green, with spring's fresh gleams. I hear the strokes that mark the noonday hour; Dark yew trees stand in immemorial sadness, And ivy girls the gray old Norman tower.

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 village on that side, and it was along that path that I usually carried the mail.

We were at that time in the midst of the civil war, and the mails were filled with tidings from the soldiers at the front, and not infrequently contained 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 I had not better go home without the 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.

I was reluctant 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.

young friend," said 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 heavy?" "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'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 very long time that we journeyed thus. In reality it must have been only a few minutes. When we stopped the leader said:

"Here's a kind of an open place; let's hold up here. Bill, where's that candle?" Presently I heard the snapping of a match, and saw Bill lighting a piece of candle which he had unrolled from a bit of newspaper. Looking around me, by the light of this candle I was not slow to recognize the place. We were in the 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 followed 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 movement 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 bottom.

put the package in his pocket, but before he could do so Bill had seized his arm. "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 passion 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 and 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 went 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 I 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 floor.

"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.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO. Abstracters, Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concerning Land Titles on Short Notice. Land for Sale and Houses to Rent. Parties Looking for Homes in COUNTRY OR CITY, OR IN SEARCH OF Business Locations, Should Call on or Write to us. Agents for a Full Line of Leading Fire Insurance Companies, And Will Write Insurance for ANY AMOUNT, on all DESIRABLE RISKS. Correspondence Solicited. All Letters Promptly Answered. Call on or Address, J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO. Opera House Block, The Dalles, Or.

JAMES WHITE, Has Opened a Lunch Counter, In Connection With his Fruit Stand and Will Serve Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwich, Pigs' Feet, and Fresh Oysters.

Convenient to the Passenger Depot. On Second St., near corner of Madison. Also a Branch Bakery, California Orange Cider, and the Best Apple Cider. If you want a good lunch, give me a call. Open all Night.

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 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 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 above recited 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 unpaid after all the proceeds of said 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 cause of redemption and interest in said premises, and for such other and further relief as shall be equitable and just. By order of Hon. E. E. Stone, 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 25, 1890. DUFFUL, WATKINS & MENFEE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Health is Wealth! DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and loss of reason, Deafness and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spontaneous emissions caused by over exertion of the self, abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or. F. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR OF THE City Market.

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.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO. Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.