

BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosened
Their pressure round your neck—the hands you
used

To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew;
May I not weep with you?

Pain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting:
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Century

THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

A beautiful story has come to me. A story beautiful in its sadness, its heroism and its devotion; a story which brings into the prosaic Nineteenth century a glimpse of that romanticism, chivalry and sacrificial love supposed to belong so peculiarly to the crude and romantic medieval times. Forty years ago the incidents which I will try to narrate in the words of another happened.

This other, an old Englishman, is now a man with silvered locks and sweeping beard. In his younger days he was a midshipman in the navy of Great Britain.

He also was something of an amateur artist, and after leaving the English service came to this country. When only a boy I was a favorite of his, and for long hours I would sit upon his knee or beside him on a low footstool and listen to his tales of the sea, and my youthful heart would be fired and I would determine a sailor to be. We would sit together in the winter evenings, with no light save the firelight, now a shadow on the wall, then flickering strong and bright. There was a picture over the mantel, a picture which showed the crude hand of the amateur, yet was strong. It had been his last and best effort. It was a representation of the finale of the story which he told me. The picture, or rather the woman's face in the picture, had, young as I was, made a strong impression upon me. It was not the beauty of the face; it was not the excellence of the picture; it was not the scene that so affected me.

He said she was beautiful. If so he failed in portraying her physical beauty. But the expression of that face, the intangible, spiritual something that seemed to emanate from and hover around and about it was marvelous, and made of the ordinary picture a master stroke and covered up all the defects as charity covereth a multitude of sins. The face, radiantly happy, and a portion of the throat alone were visible, and that face was sinking, sinking, even now, below the surface of the ocean to be lost forever, and yet a glory shone upon it as if the first beam from the opening gate of heaven was shining there; and she was young and rich and had position. The sea was a sea of glass, and there was no "painted ship upon that painted ocean." Close in a strong man's arm she was held, and her face rested against his, which was not so distinct as was her own.

Many a time I had asked for the story of that picture, and my friend would not tell it me, for it saddened him, and he thought I was too young to comprehend and sympathize with the spirit of the story. But last week, when on a visit east, I met him for the first time in years, and sitting in that old room before that picture he told me the story.

"As you know, I was a midshipman in her majesty's service. It was my third year on the ocean wave, and I and my friend and protector, Jack Sutherland, the second lieutenant, had just reported to the Golconda for service. The Golconda was to sail the next day for India."

"Jack Sutherland was some years older than I, and as we had both come from the same neighborhood he had constituted himself my protector. In my young eyes he was invested with all possible manly qualities and excellencies, and I loved him as only a young boy can love and admire a young man who is not only his friend and adviser, but his ideal as well. But everybody on board loved Jack, from the lowest sailor to the captain, always kind, courteous, amiable and manly. And he was strong and handsome, too. Was it any wonder that that Nellie Westinghouse loved him?"

"Miss Westinghouse came on board early on the morning of the day on which we sailed. She was the daughter of the viceroy of India. Her school days in England were completed, and she was to join her father and his family in India. She was tall and slender, with a form of loveliness and grace. Her hair was raven black, and her eyes large and blue, wide open in their innocent surprise, features that were perfect, a complexion of dazzling whiteness, and a voice that had all the melody of music. If there is anything in the affinity of persons and souls, those two seemed certainly intended for each other."

"The anchor was lifted, the vessel sailed away, and the cliffs of old England sunk low upon the horizon and disappeared. It was at dinner, the first day out, that Miss Westinghouse and Lieut. Sutherland met. A long voyage was before us, and as a large and gay party was on board, the evenings were spent in delightful entertainments; but soon, as is nearly always the case, certain affiliations of persons and sets were noticeable. The decided preference exhibited for each other's company by Miss Westinghouse and Lieut. Sutherland soon became a matter of remark, and a positive source of uneasiness to Maj. and Mrs. Bromley, in whose charge Miss Westinghouse was sailing—and to the captain of the ship, who was warmly attached to Jack."

"Sir John Westinghouse, the father of Miss Nellie, was a proud, cold man, and would never have sanctioned any attentions paid to his daughter by a penniless lieutenant in the service. He was too proud of his race and name, his position and his gold. Mrs. Bromley spoke warningly to Nellie, and Capt. Richards more than once spoke to Jack of the almost insuperable obstacles to his union with the daughter of Sir John Westinghouse. He told him that the end of the voyage would be the end of all, and that two hearts, saddened and miserable, would be torn asunder to go their separate ways. But since the birth of true love what two people in love ever heeded the advice of another? If they did they were not in love."

"They loved, as they felt themselves, with a love that was more than love and while each recognized that they would be separated at the end of the voyage, they resolved to blind themselves to that awful thought, and, at least, revel without alloy in the brief happiness allotted them. They would live alone in the present, which was so intensely bright that it hid the blackness of the future. The days wore on, the love grew stronger and the stately ship sailed like a swan over the undulating glassiness of the sea. Happy hearts were on board that ship."

"The hours lengthened between them and England and the hours of love grew shorter. In just one week they would be in Bombay, and she would go from him, and at the thought they loved still more fondly and sipped the shortening cup of sweetness, which now began to have, perforce, a tincture of bitterness unutterable."

"We were three days out from Bombay. It was a glorious morning; a stiff breeze was blowing, and the sea as it rose and fell, long and even and deep, shone in a reflected glory that almost equaled the sun itself. The bells had hardly ceased tapping when Jack came on deck. He thought the ship had a lurching, logging motion that was unusual. It kept increasing, and soon the cry of 'A leak! A leak!' was heard. Jack gave a few hurried orders, and the sailors and carpenters went to work with a will. The ship lurched heavily now and was visibly sinking. The hammering in the hold continually jarred above the noise on deck, but the old ship was sinking fast."

"Jack's duties called him everywhere. The boats were lowered and all the ladies and passengers ordered in. Jack saw Nellie for an instant and kissed her a passionate good-by. In the rush that ensued Nellie and Mrs. Bromley were separated. In fact, Mrs. Bromley in her terror, never thought of Nellie until her boat was far away from the sinking ship, and waited patiently for the arrival of the other boats confident of seeing Nellie there."

"All the boats and all the passengers were gone. The soldiers and sailors, martyrs as they were, were drawn up in line, not forsaking their charge, as they and it slowly sank. Grim, without an evidence of terror, stood the brave fellows. Jack was looking out over the sea toward the boats, trying in the moment of death to get one last glimpse of his love. The ship was shivering now and sinking fast."

"Jack! Every one turned, and there stood Nellie, dressed in white, pure as an angel, and seemed a visitor from heaven come to guide them home. She glided across the deck, a radiant smile was upon her face, her arms were extended to her lover. He took her without a word, pressed a kiss upon her forehead and held her close, and still the radiance of unseen things was upon her face raised so lovingly to his."

"The ship went down. While struggling in the water a raft came to me, and I clung to it. I looked around, and on the crest of a wave being borne toward me were Nellie and Jack, as you see them there. Her face was raised to heaven and his, and all the happiness of angels was depicted there, and then the waters came over them and—"

My friend's eyes were wet with tears, and I had heard the story.—Cecil Hastings in Omaha World Herald.

The Peck Over Bank.
Did you ever hear of the Peck Over bank? There is a peculiar story connected with the title of the institution. The Peck Over bank, which at the time of the South sea trouble had another name, was located on Lombard street, London. It was a conservative institution, as it is now, and when the bubble burst nobly withstood the run upon its resources. When every claimant had been paid in full the cashier found that he had a quantity of specie still on hand. He was an enterprising fellow and saw a chance for an advertisement. He procured a peck measure, and filling it up with golden guineas placed it in the window of the bank to notify passers by that that institution, at least, was all right."

When the directors met the next morning they showed their appreciation of the cashier's idea by promptly changing the name of the bank to the "Peck Over bank," which title it bears to this day.—Interview in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Thrifty Oatmeal King.
A short, nervous German stepped up to the Auditorium register the other day and ornamented it with the name F. Schumacher. While he did so a lobby lunger gave to the club man these facts concerning the well known "oatmeal king" and prohibition leader. Mr. Schumacher is a millionaire, earned by his own exertions. His daily work is indicated by a remark made in a recent interview upon the eight hour work day: "I believe in it, for I've always worked on the eight hour system myself—eight hours before lunch and eight hours afterward." He dresses very plainly. His sons dress faultlessly, and they have often tried to get the old gentleman himself to pay a little more attention to matters of dress, but they have failed.—Chicago Mail.

As Sung by a Gamin.
Mrs. Henry M. Stanley when Miss Dorothy Tennant was almost the first lady in London to practice "slimming." She used to befriend little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to an accompaniment. She relates of her experiments, with much delight, that one young guttersnipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia. Britannia rules the wave!" as follows:
Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves.
True hearted Britons
Never, never shall be slain.
—Harper's Bazar.

The successful merchant is the one who watches the markets and buys to the best advantage.

The most prosperous family is the one that takes advantage of low prices.

The Dalles MERCANTILE CO.,

Successor to
BROOKS & BEERS.

will sell you choice

Groceries and Provisions

—OF ALL KINDS, AND—

Hardware

AT MORE REASONABLE RATES
THAN ANY OTHER PLACE
IN THE CITY.

REMEMBER we deliver all purchases without charge.

390 & 394 Second St.

Charles E. Dunham,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Medicines,

CHEMICALS,

Fine Toilet Soaps,

Brushes, Combs,

Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles.

In Great Variety.

Pure Brandy, Wines and

Liquors for Medicinal

Purposes.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately

Compounded.

Cor. Union and Second Sts., The Dalles.

THE Old Germania

BEER HALL.

FRANK ROACH, Propr.

The place to get the Best Brands of

WINES, LIQUORS

AND CIGARS.

NEXT DOOR TO THE

Washington Market, Second St.

Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON,

MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

O. K. Restaurant!

Next to Passenger Depot.

Day and Monthly Boarders.

LUNCH COUNTER AT NIGHT.

MEALS 25 CENTS.

Misses N. & N. BUTTS.

THE Opera Exchange,

No. 114 Washington Street.

BILLS & WHYERS, Proprietors.

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON SALE.

They will aim to supply their customers with the best in their line, both of imported and domestic goods.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters,

Real Estate and

Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concern-

ing 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. Freder-

burg, E. L. Smith and L. Francisco, defendants.

To Thomas J. Frederburg, the above named de-

fendant.

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 regu-

lar term of said Circuit court, to-wit: On or be-

fore the 9th day of February, 1891, and if you

do 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 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 mort-

gage, 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. Frederburg for any amount remain-

ing 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 pay all persons claiming by,

through or under them, or either of them, be for-

ever barred and foreclosed of all right, title,

claim, lien and equity of redemption and inter-

est in said premises, and for such other and

further relief as shall be equitable and just.

By order of the Court, E. L. Smith, 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,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Dec 27

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREAT-

MENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Bizz-

ness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia,

Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use

of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental De-

pression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in in-

sanity and leading to misery, decay and death,

Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in

either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermat-

orrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, 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 re-

fund 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.