THE REASON.

The not because she's fair,
Though she is very fair;
Nor though her smile is rare,
And bright her word and act,
And all her gown have air;
Neither because she puts, forsooth,
Into her sketches dash and truth;
Nor the because of test Nor just because of tact,

That she hath been to me Hope, joy and melody. But 'tis, you see, because— She is—I'll whisper low. Why is 117 Here I pause. I could not tell you if I would. I would not tell though I could. So you can never know.

Catharine W. Fowler in Brooklyn Eagle.

#### CURING A CRANK.

"I am a miserable man," said Mr. Cyrus Maddox gloomily, "and it is best that the world should be rid of my presence. No one cares for me.'

"Oh, don't say that, nucle," said Liz-sie Silver beseechingly. "You know I love you. You are the only friend I have in the world, and if you were to die what would become of me?"

"I suppose young Guy Cheevers would console you for my loss," said Mr. Maddox grimly. "At any rate, I don't care. I will end my troubles and sorrow tomorrow at 12 m."

And with these fearful words he strode out of the room, leaving Lizzie sobbing, with her curly black head resting on a dinner plate.

"What's the matter now, Bess? Has the milliner disappointed you in your love of a bonnet?" asked a warm, hearty voice, which was the property of "young Guy Cheevers," as Mr. Maddox called him, as that gentleman strode into the

"Oh, Guy!" sobbed Lizzie. "Uncle Cyrus is going to die to-morrow at 12 o'clock."

"How do you know?" asked Guy. "He said so."

"But how does he know?" "He's going to kill himself."

"So as to make himself a true prophet,

eh?" asked Guy laughingly.
"Oh, Guy, don't joke!" cried Lizzie
tearfully. "He will—I know he will." "I doubt it," said Guy skeptically.

"But he tried to commit suicide several times," persisted Lizzie fearfully.
"Once he tried to smother himself with burning charcoal, but he forgot to stop up the keyhole, and I smelt the smoke and got some neighbors to break open the door and saved him. Then he tried to hang himself, but the cord broke; and he fired a pistol at himself, but he forgot to put any ball in it, so that failed;

"Gracious!" cried Guy, as Lizzie stopped for want of breath, "what a determined man he must be! Such persever-ance deserves to be rewarded. Have you any idea what plan he will try

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lizzie mournfully. "Something dreadful, I

"But what does he want to make away with himself for?" asked Guy

wonderingly.

Why, he says he is a miserable man, a burden to every one, and that life has no joys for him, and that he is weary of

"And so would like to try the next?" said Guy. "Perhaps he won't find it so pleasant as the one he is quitting. What an unreasonable man he must be! He is rich, talented, healthy, and has a very pretty niece"-and here in a moment of abstraction he allowed his arm to wander around Miss Silver's waist-"and what more can he want? But some people never are satisfied. It seems he is determined to pry into futurity, and it seems a pity to disappoint so laudable on my inventive skill. Now," he consider that you will reflect credit of her dress and the way it hung in the on my inventive skill. Now," he consider that you will reflect credit of her dress and the way it hung in the on my inventive skill. Now," he consider that you will reflect credit of her dress and the way it hung in the one my inventive skill. Now," he consider that you will reflect credit of her dress and the way it hung in the one my inventive skill. an ambition, but duty-duty to myself -compels me to interfere. I dislike any scandal or excitement. A coroner's jury would cause both, therefore we must balk his little game.'

"But how?" asked Lizzie curiously. "A prudent general," said Guy haughtily, "never confides his plans to his army, particularly when the army is of the feminine gender; so excuse me; mum's the word. But rest assured, my dearest Elizabeth, that unless your worthy uncle shuffles off this mortal coil in a surreptitious manner before 12 m. to-morrow he will not do it afterwardof course I mean illegally. Farewell till to-morrow.

Having concluded this address Guy strode off in a tragic manner, leaving Lizzie greatly surprised, but still quite reassured, for in her opinion what Guy couldn't do wasn't worth doing.

The next morning Mr. Maddox made his appearance very saturnine and gloomy, and ate his breakfast with a mournful air that was terribly impressive. Having finished, he then took leave of his niece in a feeling manner. "I am about to leave you," said he

mournfully. "I am about to end this life of misery. I hope that you may be

"Oh, don't go!" said Lizzie, tearfully clinging to him, and looking into his

face pleadingly.
"It's useless," said Mr. Maddox firmly. "My mind is fixed, and nothing you can do can persuade me to relinquish my purpose. But you, my dear child, shall not be unprovided for. I intend to make my will in the few hours that are left and you will not be forgotten. Good-by, my dear child, farewell!"-and then, after embracing his niece fervently, Mr. Maddox rushed from the room frantically and securely locked himself into his own room and began to prepare

himself for his last journey.
"Nine o'clock!" he said to himself, looking at his watch. "Three hours yell Enough to do all I have to do! First to make my will!"

The last will and testament of Mr. Cyrus Maddox was evidently not a long one, as it was finished in less than an

"Eleven o'clock!" said Mr. Maddox, "and I have finished. How slow the sees, to be sure! Now, what shall I do until 12 o'clock, for I am determined not to die until noon"-

A knock at the door. "Go away!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily.

"You can't come in." "I am very sorry to disagree with Press

you," said a voice outside the door, "but I can come in. I have a duplicate key here, and if you don't open the door I

Mr. Maddox rose and unlocked the door savagely, and Mr. Guy Cheevers stalked into the room, carrying an oblong box under his arm.

He placed the box on the table, and then took a sent opposite Mr. Maddox and stared blankly at him.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Maddox fiercely. "Don't you see I am en-

gaged?"
"Oh, I know," said Guy, "what you are about to do! Don't think that I am going to interfere—not at all. But be-fore you make your quietus I wish to ask you a few questions. Have you pro-vided for your niece's future welfare?" "What's that to you?"

"Considerable. I am about to marry Miss Silver; so her interests are naturally mine.'

"Then she is provided for-amply." "Thank you for your information. Very glad to hear it. And now excuse the apparent impertinence of the question, but where is your will?"
"Here," said Mr. Maddox, laying his

hand on it.

"Suppose you give it to me to take care of?" "Give it you! Why, pray?"

"It might become misplaced," explained Guy. "I'll keep it myself," said Mr. Madlox roughly.

"Then just leave a memorandum on the table," said Guy earnestly, "to tell where it is. It will save trouble, perhaps.

"Get out!" cried Mr. Maddox angrily. "Ah, I see!" said Mr. Cheevers coolly; in a hurry to begin. Well, I won't detain you; but I have a little suggestion

"Well?" said Mr. Maddox impatiently. "It is this," said Guy. "Miss Silver informs me that you have made several previous efforts to cut short your trouble and your breath, and always unsuccessfully. Now it seems to me you don't go the right way about it. This box," and here he opened the box before alluded to, contains several little plans that I think might please you. Here's one," and he showed a little steel instrument. "What's that?" asked Mr. Maddox cu-

"This," said Guy, "is an article that you can place round your neck like a collar, then, by striking your hand on the left side of your neck, a sharp spike is driven right into your jugular vein"

"But that would kill me?" said Mr. Maddox, staring.

"Well, ain't that what you want?" demanded Guy sternly. "Now, here's another," he went on. "Here's a wheel, you observe; you place this band round your neck, pass it round the wheel and give it two or three turns—then let go. The recoil will twist your head almost off your shoulders—kill you to a certainty.

Mr. Maddox stared at him with un-

feigned horror.
"Then," went on Guy coolly, "here's a little package, a torpedo. It contains nitro-glycerine. You place it in your mouth, snap your teeth on it, and off goes your head, smashed into millions

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Maddox fearfully. "What a terrible idea!"
"Not at all," said Guy soothingly. Beautiful invention—I quite pride myself on it-scientific suicide, you see! and simply feasted their eyes upon every Anybody can take poison or blow their brains out, but to do it scientifically re- loudly called each other's attention to tinued confidently, "if you could use all three of these inventions at once-cut your jugular, garrote yourself and blow trying when they got home. They stood your head off, all at once-why, I'd thank

"What!" cried Mr. Maddox fiercely, "do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'm going to use any of your infernal inventions? Oct, out of this room, you cold blooded willkin, before I throw you carriage.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut. out of the window!"

"But I have a great many more to show you," remonstrated Guy, "and you see I want you to try as many as possible. Well, well!" he added, as Mr. Madslump in stocks," said a New Yorker dox graspel the poker threateningly, "I'm going. But I'll leave this box here, and before you get rid of yourself just make a memorandum of what you will cally left without capital. I will have use and leave it on the table, because you know there will probably be nothing left of you to draw conclusions from, and so"-

Here any farther speech was cut short by Mr. Maddox seizing his visitor and hustling him out into the passage "Well?" said Linzie, anxiously,

Guy,
"I think it's all right," said Guy, grinning.
"Get the lunch ready. Your uncle is all right. He'll be down."

And sure enough, so he was, and though he spoke not he ate most voraciously of everything.

"Lizzie," said he suddenly, after an hour's pause, "did you ever see an infernal old fool and an idiot?" "Never that I know of," said Lizzie,

"Because just look at me and you'll see one," said Mr. Maddox grimly, and he stalked upstairs.

Up to the present time of writing Mr. Cyrus Maddox is still alive, enjoying remarkably good health, and he seems to be on friendly terms with Mr. Cheevers and his wife Lizzie. He probably forgave that gentleman on account of a discovery that he made that the nitro-glycerine torpedo contained nothing more dangerous than salt, and the other "in- her own mood for the theme. fernal inventions" were infernal in about the same ratio, but Guy still maintains that when persons are weary of life they should end their troubles by scientific suicide.—Boston Globe.

Beware of Them.

There are no less than 3,000 "little incidents" about Stanley going the rounds of the papers, and at least 2,999 of them are all in the eye of a correspondent. shown, and the best method of prepar-The other one you can believe or not, but you'd better not.-Detroit Free

COURAGE SAVED HER LIFE

A Young Woman Hangs Beneath a Trestle

Clinging for her life to a rough beam vhile a flying express train thundered and swayed above her head. Swinging in midair with death above and below her until almost exhausted by the fatigue that came of the terrible strain upon her. physically and mentally.

This was the dire predicament in which Miss Norma Onken, of Ridgeway avenue, Avondale, was placed one afternoon, and it was only due to her cool judgment and calm presence of mind that she did not meet with a shocking death. In attempting to cross a railroad trestle which spans the rocky bed of Bloody Run, a little bed north of Avondale, she was run down by an express train, the engineer of which was endeavoring to make up for lost time by running at full speed. To prevent being hurled from the trestle she was compelled to let herself down on the outside of the track and hang on until she was

rescued.
With Mr. Richard Hall, of Walnut Hills, and Miss Nannie Fisher, of Avondale, she started out for a walk. They went along the Cincinnati and Lebanon and Northern Narrow Gauge railroad toward Lebanon, and as they reached the trestle Mr. Hall and Miss Fisher held back, fearing to meet a train. Miss Onken, though knowing it to be near train time, thought to cross the trestle before the train could come.

She was about half way over when the Montgomery accommodation, due in Cincinnati at 2:35, whistled. She looked up and was horrified to see the train driving toward her with great speed. It was train No. 12, of which Ed. F. Doherty is conductor and Lee Barnard trainman, and it was traveling between thirty-five and forty miles an hour. When Miss Onken saw the train coming toward her she displayed a wonderful presence of mind by throwing herself over the side of the trestle and there clinging to the timber.

The engineer, George Collins, seeing the gentleman and lady at the other end of the trestle, reversed the engine and stopped as soon as possible; but it was not until he had passed Miss Onken some distance. Running back on the trestle Doherty and Barnard each took one of Miss Onken's hands and pulled her up on the track. Her face was black and blue, and she was more dead than alive. She was exhausted and could have held

on but a very short time longer. Without help just at that time she would have fallen into the creek twenty feet or more below her.

After resting a few moments she was able to resume her walk, none the worse for her harrowing experience. The spot where the scene occurred is noted for accidents. On the 4th of July last an old colored woman was thrown from the trestle and dreadfully injured, breaking two of her limbs and fracturing her skull. Three weeks ago there was a collision at this point, and one of the bat-tered engines is still half buried in the mud there.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Poor Mrs. Vanderbilt.

New Yorkers are getting to be the most inveterate and cold blooded starers. I once saw Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a sweet faced and rather pretty woman, come into Stearn's to do some shopping. The women about heard who she was and they stood around her in a circle detail of her dress and appearance. They They studied the way she had her hair done up and suggested that it was worth shoulder to shoulder with her and learned her hat by heart. She was admirable through it all, pretended she did not see

carriage.-Cor. San Francisco Argonaut. One Wife's Thanksgiving. whose home life has been as unexceptionable as his modest public career has been above reproach, "and I am practinews of my financial ruin to my wife. This is the plan I hit on: I took her to dinner at Delmonico's the night before Thanksgiving. Then I took her to the theatre. Our Thanksgiving dinner was a dainty one, and when it was over and I looked around at the dining room I am unable longer to use, and at the dear home I shall have to move out of, it cost me a struggle; but I told her all. If 1 had any doubts as to how she would re-

had any doubts as to how she would receive the news they were at once dissipated. Some wives are worth many fortunes."—New York World.

Musical Mrs. Tayler.

Old Mrs. Tom Taylor, widow of the dramatist, is one of the finest amateur pianists in London. She is very small and quite feeble, but it is quite wonderful to see her hobble across a drawing room to the piano and a moment later charm and bewitch everybody by the sad, sweet and almost timid melodies she will play. Her eyes are so

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Theatmant Traylor and Strain Theatmant Traylor and Strain Tr dies she will play. Her eyes are so weak that she could not read the music if it was on the rest, and so she plays from memory or else improvises, taking

A very practical and much needed en-terprise has been recently started in Washington by two ladies. It is a nursery where mothers of every nation and rank are taught how to feed and bathe their babies scientifically as well as sening them taught, and after the lecture the prepared food is given to the baby most in need of it.-Exchange.

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