TAKING TEA.

I know a room which simply is So dear a paradise of bliss, That were I called to one that lies Beyond the earth, in lifted skies, I think I'd rather cling to this.

Soft curtains gently shut away The chill and sunny afternoon; An open fire burns red and clear, Rose scente I is the atmosphere As garden airs in fragrant June.

While she arranges cup and spoon, Like snowy birds her fingers fair Hover about that Chinese tray;

bweetly distracted is ner air "Twixt talking art and pouring cream.

Why does she think I haunt ber house Each day as five o'clock drawn near? Does she suppose the mild carouse Of sipping tea and nibbling cakes is all the joy my soul can ask?

Yet such the attitude she takes;

Yet such the attitude she takes; Her friendly thoughts quite centers Not on my passion, not on me, But on the very trivial task Of pouring out a cup of tea.

Her earnestness is sweet to see. Her yearning eyes quite drive me mad; "Too strong? A little sugar? No? But you are sure you like it so? Perfection? I'm so very glad."

Sometimes I feel so broken up
I really think I'll smash my cup
Down on the hearth and teil her, "Sweet,
There let it lie, where day by day
My heart lies, shattered, at your feet."
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

#### ANN BEDE'S DEBT.

The judges were in their places. Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.

In the hall itself the air was thick and stiffing. It smelled ofsheep skins, peasants, can de vie, and the leaden ventilaors in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and slothfully.

The jurors, too, leaned wearily against the backs of their chairs. One of them had closed his eyes and let his hand fall inert, lulled to somnolence by the monotonous scratching of the clerk's pen. Another tapped and softly beat the rata-plan with his pencil on the table.

The president pushed his spectacles to the tip of his nose and mopped his damp brow, his stern gray eyes, with a glacial stare, bent fixedly upon the door whence would issue the culprits in course of trial, and on whom they waited to pronounce the sentence

"Is there not still another one?" demanded he, presently, of the sleepy look-ing tipstaff at his elbow in a hard, resonant voice.

"One," responded the other; "a girl." "Eh bien! bring her in then." said the The crier called, the door opened, the

girl entered. A current of fresh air glided in with her and softly fanned the faces and tickled the lashes of the curious assistants. At the same moment a ray of sunlight pierced the shrouding fog and danced between the frosty etchings of the panes across the dusty walls and

furniture of the hall of audience. "A girl" had said the tipstaff-a child, rather, scarcely more than on the verge of maidenhood, and so pretty in her little furred jacket, embroidered with wreaths and blossoms and fitting like the skin the rounded waist, straight and slender as the stem of a young palm. Her black syes were lowered to the floor, but her white brow was clear and unclouded.

child?" questioned the president indiffer- Mikszrath by E. C. Waggener.

The girl nervously rearranged her handkerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then answered,

"My affair is sad, M. le President, very, very sad."

Her voice, soft and dolorous, went to the heart like good music, that, even when one hears it no longer, seems still to vibrate in the air and change everything by its mysterious influence. The faces of the jurors were no longer

farther away still of the Judex Curiæ, appeared to make to her from the silent wall benignant signs, encouraging her to bravely recount the affair "so very,

"But see you," said she, "this writing: "it will tell you better than I can." Only she had first to seek it; to unclasp other contains compressed air. the buttons of her corsage and draw it

from her bosom-a piece of crackling parchment, stamped and closed with the ponderous official seal. "A judgment," murmured the presi-

dent, running his eye over the paper, "a judgment against Anne Bede, assigned or cut off, as desired. The operation of to begin today a punishment of six tracing designs on wood work and leather months' imprisonment."

kerchief, loosened by the movement, fell on the article to be ornamented, and any from her head, and a heavy tress of her degree of relief is instantly effected, very long black hair, all unbound, veiled her little skill on the part of the operator features. It sought, perhaps, to shield being required. The new process will be them from the gaze of the people, for if of the greatest service to bookbinders, she was white as a lily a while ago, she carpenters and others, as well as afford-

"It is a week since we received it," stammered she in a broken voice. "The court officer brought it himself and explained what it wished to tell us, and my poor mother said to me: 'Thou must go, my child, the law is the law, and one should not take it as a pleasantry.' min., 26 degs. 3 min., separating Penn-I have come, therefore, to-to begin the

six months!" The president wiped his glasses, then surveyors, Charles Mason and Jerewiped them again, his cold, stern gaze miah Dixon, who began their work in standing our decision to remain at seeking the faces of his colleagues, the 1763 and finished it in 1767. The line windows, the floor, the great iron stove, through whose grated door fiery eyes seemed to sparkle and threateningly re-

"The law," murmured he, "the law is the law!"

And he read anew the summary before him, the black, sprawling scratches across the white page, declaring "Anne Bede condemned to six months' imprisonment for receiving stolen goods."

Meanwhile the leaden ventilator had quickened its pace and spun furiously. Outside the wind had risen, and now it snock the windows, whistled through the crevices and seemed to hiss remorse lessly about the ears of the gaping

"The law, yes, the law is the law!"

The head of the president bent affirm stively before this importunate voice he dropped his eyes and touched the bell for the tipstaff.

"Accompany Anne Bode," said he. "to the house of the inspector of prisons." The man bowed, the child turned obe-diently, but her little rose red lips opened and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not

"Perhaps, my child," said the president, noticing her distress, "perhaps you

"Only—that I am Lizette, Lizette Bede, M. le President; Anne Bede was my sister, and we buried her, poor girl! a week ago."

"Twas not you, then, that was con-demned and sentenced" cried the presi-

"Ah! bon Dieu, no! Why should I

have been condemned who have never done harm to a fly?" "Then why are you here, mad child

that you are?

"Because, if you please, it is because Anne died while this business was before the royal table" (the lower court of "It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that this order concerning the six months arrived, certifying that she must submit. Oh! how she had waited and prayed for it, and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, M. le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf for ever, my mother and I told ourselves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her fiance, Gabriel Karloney. It was for him, and without knowing it, that she sinned, and we thought"-

"What, my child?" "That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes, and that no one should say she owed them anything, that we must do as I said-repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the amende for the goods, and I have come, M. le President, to serve in her place the six months in the county prison.'

To serve in her sister's place! What innocence, what simplicity! The jurors smiled broadly; the face of the president was no longer cold or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the moisture

with a large yellow handkerchief.
"It is well," said he: "you were right, my child, but-but, now that I think of

He stopped, frowned, and seemed to reflect intently—"now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document."

"The wrong document, M. le President?" faltered Lizette, raising her great, sorrowful eyes to his face with a gaze of heartbreaking reproach, "the wrong doc-

She could say no more, and the president himself was no less moved.

"The wrong document, my child, yes," said he firmly, rising from his seat to tenderly pass his hand across the shining hair, "beyond there"-pointing to the heaven above them through the mist veiled window-"Justice has given another verdict?

"Go now to thy mother and tell her from me that thy sister was not a criminal-that Anne was innocent.'

"Before God, at least," added he, in a tone only audible to his own great heart, "before God, at least!"—Translated for "What is it that you have done, my Short Stories from the Hungarian of

New Mode of Engraving.

A French scientist has lately introduced a process for the engraving of designs on wood, leather or similar materials by means of a pencil or tool, the point of which is constantly at red heat. After a series of experiments with hot irons and platinum wire heated by electricity, a special tool was finally devised by the inventor of this process, which renders the operation extremely simple.

The tool in question is another applicaso morose. The portrait of the king, and tion of the cautery instrument used by surgeons. The pencil has a wooden handle upon which is mounted a small platinum tube with a fine point. Two separate receptacles communicate with the tool by means of a rubber tube; one of these contains a hydro-carbon, such as alcohol, benzine or wood spirit, and the

A constant flow of the hydro-carbon vapor is maintained at the point of the tool, which is thereby kept in a state of intense heat. Both receptacles are provided with regulating apparatus, by which the supply of ink can be adjusted months' imprisonment."

The girl nodded sorrowfully; the haudestext. A tracing of the design is made was purple with shame at this moment. ing a ready means of labeling cases, barrels, etc.-New York Commercial Ad-

The Mason and Dixon Line.

The Mason and Dixon line runs along the parallel of latitude 39 degs. 43 sylvania from Maryland. It was drawn by two distinguished English surveyors, Charles Mason and Jereis marked by stones set at intervals of five miles, each having the arms of Lord Baltimore engraved upon one side and those of the Penn family upon the other. Besides these large stones set to mark each fifth mile, smaller stones were set at the end of each mile, these having a large P engraved upon one side and the strange lady down stairs and she didn't letter M on the other-these intended as initial letters of Pennsylvania and Mary-

All of these stones were engraved in England. The Mason and Dixon line was not the line separating the free and it was clean, an' she peeked in the dark the slave States. The line settled on in corners, an' then looked at the dust on the compromise of 1820 was 36 degs. 36 her fingers an't men looked at the dust on her fingers an's smiffed.

'Mistress—I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sisters are in Europe.—New York Weekly.

A LETTER THAT CAME.

IT CAST A GLOOM OVER A NAVY OFFICER'S WHOLE LIFE.

At the Time He Was Aboard a Man-o' War-The "Pilot Letter" That Did the Mischief-It Was a Well Written Letter, but It Miscarried.

The officers of the

u the wardroom table. It was just after dinner. They were telling stories of shipwreck and disaster. Each one, it appeared, had had a more terrifying ex- Abstracts of, and Information Concern perience than the one who spoke immediately before him. All had spun their yarns but one. He smoked reflectively in silence for a few minutes. Then he

"Well, gentlemen, you have all had many unpleasant, some frightful, experiences. The story I am about to relate to you, however, will prove, as you will all COUNTRY OR CITY admit when you hear it, far more terrible than any yet told. The events happened a number of years ago, but they have cast a gloom over my whole life."

The officer stopped and pulled upon his cigar in silence for a while. The others settled into attitudes of attention. The officer went on:

"Some here are young in the service, and will not remember when it was the invariable custom for a man-o'-war to take a pilot aboard upon leaving port. At this time I was on the Pacific station. Our home port was San Francisco, so I hired a house there and settled my wife in it. At that period the 'pilot letter' was an institution among the officers of the ship. After we weighed anchor and began steaming down the bay all hands would hurry to their rooms and write farewell letters to their wives, sweethearts and mothers. THE LETTER.

"These letters were taken ashore by the pilot when he left us outside. One day we were ordered to the South Pacific for Opera House Block, a long cruise. I bid farewell to my weeping wife, who was sure she would never see me again, and promised her most faithfully I would send her a long pilot letter. That was at night, and we expected to weigh anchor the next morning. I spent the night aboard, and got up early. I had some time on my hands. That letter was a burden on my mind, so I concluded to write it then and get it out of the way. I did so. I wrote at length, for my heart was full. To be sure, we did not expect to weigh anchor realistic, I described how we did it, and then proceeded to describe our pas out through the Golden Gate. I had gone out many times before, and knew the whole scene perfectly. I depicted it Convenient to the Passenge

in graphic colors. "I told of the beauties of the city growing smaller and smaller and finally disappearing; of the harbor fortifications as they loomed up by turns and by turns faded away; of the glorious effect of the late afternoon sun upon the receding Californian shores; of my feelings as I reflected that I might never see those lessening shores or my dear wife again. It was an affecting letter, and (you will pardon the vanity) a well written one. It bore upon it the If you want a good lunch, give me a call. stamp of sincerity. Finally I told her that the pilot was now about to leave us alone upon the bottomless deep, and that I must close. I ended with something incoherent, and signed my name hurriedly. Then I directed and stamped it and dropped it into the ship's letter box for the pilot to take ashore when he left

us in the evening. HOW THE LETTER MISCARRIED. "Well, the pilot came aboard about 9 o'clock, and we began to weigh anchor. Of course everything was confusion there. About 11 o'clock it was suddenly discovered that there was trouble with the steering gear which had been overlooked. I was detailed to direct the repairing. About noon I reported to the captain that the difficulty of getting at the trouble was such that we would not be able to start before night. It appeared afterward that the captain immediately sent the pilot off, deciding not to start before morning. About sundown I reported everything as ship shape, and that we were ready for an early start. The captain was pleased, and readily granted the request made by half a were rowed ashore, a jolly crowd, and as I hurried home I pictured to myself

my wife's glad surprise. "But I cannot describe to you the extent of my wife's surprise when she saw me. It surprised me, and her curious bearing for the next two hours, some times merry-almost to the point of hysteria, and then apparently depressed and even sad—puzzled me very much. After supper she settled down in a calm mood, which, however, seemed only a covering for suppressed feelings of some sort. I stretched myself at ease on the lounge, and she seated herself beside me. Presently, without warning, she began to read to me aloud. At the end of the first sentence I bounced up as if I had

been slapped in the face. "At the end of the second sentence I reached out for the paper she was reading. But she made a gesture of command, and actually compelled me to sit still and listen to every word of that wretched pilot letter which I had written her that morning. Yes, notwithanchor overnight, that wretched pilot had actually brought my letter ashore at noon and mailed it. I have wished many times since that I had choked him the next morning."-New York Sun.

A Mysterious Visitor.

New Servant-Please, main, there's a have no card. She took off her things as if she intended to stay, and she looked around the room with her nose in the air, as if things wasn't good enough for her, an' she rubbed the winder to see if corners, an' then looked at the dust on

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