

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.

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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.

A LETTER THAT CAME.

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

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

The officers of the man-of-war were sitting around 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 experience 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 said:

"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 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-of-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.

"These letters were taken ashore by the pilot when he left us outside. One day we were ordered to the South Pacific for 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 for several hours, but as I wanted to be realistic, I described how we did it, and then proceeded to describe our passage out through the Golden Gate. I had gone out many times before, and knew the whole scene perfectly. I depicted it 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 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.

"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 evidently 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 dozen of us to go ashore overnight. We 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, sometimes 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, notwithstanding our decision to remain at anchor 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, ma'am, there's a strange lady down stairs and she didn't 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 it was clean, an' she peeked in the dark corners, an' then looked at the dust on her fingers an' sniffed. 'Mistress—I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sisters are in Europe.—New York Weekly.

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

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

"Perhaps, my child," said the president, noticing her distress, "perhaps you have still something to say." "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 condemned and sentenced?" cried the president, surprised. "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 Hungary). "It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that the 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 gods, 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, now that I think of it—"

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 document?"

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 scented 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; sweetly abstracted in her air 'Tis talking art and pouring cream.

Why does she think I haunt her house Each day as five o'clock draws near? Does she suppose the mild carouse Of sipping tea and sipping cakes Is all the joy my soul can bear?

Yes such the attitude she takes; Her friendly thoughts quite centered seem 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 not? 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 tell 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 shapely building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.

In the hall itself the air was thick and stifling. It smelled of sheep skins, peasants, can de vie, and the leaden ventilators in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and stolidly.

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.