If thou wilt case thine heart Of love and all its smart, Then sleep, dear, sleep; and not a sorrow

Hang any tear on your cyclashes; Lie still and sleep, Sad soul, until the sea wave washes The rim o' the sun to-morrow,

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Is deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rosebank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The story properly begins at midnight on the San Luis Obispo coast, California, twenty years ago, when the September moonlight shone down upon Stoner's cattle ranch, near the Pacific ocean, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains.

Stoner had been a Texas ranger, and ould hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier community. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihushus region years before, had brought her to the rocky California coast, and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the

government lands, and kept a sort of hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, twenty miles south, to the northern settlements in the pineries. He had five daughters, too the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark eyed, half Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was affoat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his

Stoner's wife and his four eldest daughters were uneducated and in com-plete subjection to his will. But Tessa had more brains and energy than all the rest put together, and quite as much beauty, and so the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her, and had even allowed her to attend a district school for two years.

This midnight when, as I have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performances in progress around the Stoner abode. On the north side of the house Tessa was leaning from her window conversing in low tones with a blonde, fair haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, do you know my father? He is not the careless, warm hearted man you may suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous He may be where he hears every word you say, though if he is he will not speak to you or me about it. But if he knew you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has other plans for

He wants me to marry for money." Tom Warren had once been the school teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already so popular in the county that he had just been elected sheriff, though the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking, a scene of a different nature was beg enacted on the south side of the old be, which overlooked a deep ravine, and a camp of five or six men in a field alow. For several years these men had nt their summers there, ostensibly nting, fishing and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Every one knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide chair outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating a tough, sinewy, grizzled night owl of a mar

"That infernal knucklehead at the camp ought to have reported before now," he thought to himself as he smoked. A man came out of the brush and poke deferentially.

"Capt'n, good evening."
"You're late."

"Dick was shot." 'Well?"

"Just as the driver throwed off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck

"He mustn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the point and leave him in the cave

"Yes, capt'n."

"How much aboard?" "About \$2,000 for the Josephine min-

"Send it over the cliff before morning and I'll divide it up soon. But you be extra careful; that new sheriff is a

"All right, cap'n," and the man went

back to camp.
A moment later, just as Stoner was going into the house, there was a low thud of horse's hoofs, and Tom Warren, the young sheriff, rode down the trail. around the corner of the old adobe build-ing, into the country road that led to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "Go, go this minute,

Impassive as Stoner was, he felt a little startled by the sight. "Where in the devil did you come

from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?" "Oh, no; not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains,

and took the trail home down Caynous." This was plausible enough, for there was a blind trial that entered the canyon just east of the angle of the house. Stoner felt a little relieved.

"Won't you put up and stay with us good for, anyway?
I night?" Second Female—

"No, Mr. Stoner, I must go down to

Kestral to see my friends there. It's only an hour's ride."

"That settles it," thought Stoner. "Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces and is going for help." He sat and smoked and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to

shoot the fellow," he said to himself. "Well, good-by, Stoner," said Warren suddenly; "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?

Perfectly safe; only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sandbar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there today." "Thank you. Adios."

Simple, smiling speech, those words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet of pistol or pellet of secret poison.

Stoner took an extra swig of brandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the

shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were from 50 to 300 feet high, and full of waveworn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts throbbed with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared in the midst of sand dunes, breakers rolling in and the steady river rolling out. Here was the long sandbar, ten feet wide and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the water surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sandbar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long compacted bar and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward. He had crossed sandbars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

.The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods, and he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heart breaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slimy sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes

Tom knew the peril. He had drawn his feet from the stirrups and lifted them up at the first downward throb, but the sand began to grab at him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water were running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggles to

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly, resistless-ly the mighty force drew him down-ward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt his horse sink out of sight; the sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Two inches more and the end by suffocation was inevitable. Up to this time he had not shouted; only his horse's wild death scream had told of the tragedy. What was the use? Who would be along that lonely road? Then he the of Tessa and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help, again

and again repeated.

Far off along the deep ravine there came a cry in response, and a horse's hurrying feet, and hope awoke in his heart. The margin of life was five minutes now—not longer. Faster, faster, O fearless rider!

"Tom, where are you?"
"Here, Tessa; don't come too near."
But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping down stairs for a drink of water, she had heard her father's words to Warren, had thrown a shawl about her shoulders, and run to the pasture. Then she caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized a riatta as she passed the stable, and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine, hoping against hope, for many minutes had necessarily elapsed since Warren started.

She sprang to the ground and tossed the rawhide rope to the one arm he held above the sand. She folded her shawl and put it over her horse's shoulders and

and put it over her horse's shoulders and tied the riatta round like a collar. Then she led him slowly away from the quick-sands, and Warren thought his arm would break, but slowly, rejuctantly, painfully the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road,

Tessa," said the young sheriff.
"Yes, I knew that, and I heard one of the men tell him today that the bar was

swept out." There was a long silence between

"Tessa, go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us get married."

And Tessa went.
Old Stoner heard the news a few days ster. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch and the live stock. It was said that he made the best of his way to Mexico and finally to South way to Mexico and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis Obispo cottage, with orange trees over it and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.—Charles Howard Shinn in Belford's Magazine.

Belford's Magazine. First Female-What are husbands The Young King of Service

King Alexander is now 14 years of age, and is rapidly developing both physically and intellectually. He is only allowed to receive such visitors as are agreeable to the regents, as the fol-lowing instance will show: The Metropolitan Michael attempted lately to intrude on the royal presence without hav-ing announced his intention to the regents. The consequence was that he was not received, and since that time he has not appeared at the konak. King Alexander will come of age on Aug. 2, 1894. He is now going through a course of military studies, and his present tutor is Col. Miskovie. The king is generally present at the ordinary military drills, when he is placed in command of a com-pany. He is also in the habit of driving out to the park of Castle Toptshider, and on these drives he not infrequently passes his mother's carriage returning to

The queen drives herself. Her son, in the dress of a colonel, salutes her in military fashion, and the queen in recogni-tion waves her hand. A little while ago, when King Milan was driving with his son, the two monarchs chanced to pass the queen, but on perceiving his exmajesty she turned away her head, and the salute was not returned. King-Alexander is in constant correspondence with his father, and writes either in Servian or French. These letters are not altogether without political significance. Queen Nathalie receives a large number of visitors, and her salons are the resort of politicians of all shades and parties. Occasionally she is present at the theatre, where she occupies the court box; but this only happens when it is known that King Alexander will not attend the play.-Galignani's Messenger.

Passes for "Deadheads."

Had you gone into any of the offices of presidents of great transportation companies recently you could not help noticing the pretty square cards, beautifully lithographed, which littered the desks of the presidents and the immediate subordinate officers. The presidents of all the railroads, the presidents of all the express companies and of great insurance companies, and all other men influential in the business world, all had a sachelful of these prettily engraved cards. They were the annual passes which entitle them to travel on every road in the country gratis. These pas came from all parts of the country, and the filling out of the list takes the time of one clerk one month before the beginning of every year.

Of course the presidents of the railroads coming into New York and the presidents of the express companies here have to reciprocate, and they have also sent out a wagon load of these annual free passes. It should be added that the Western Union issues quite as many. The railroad passes permit free travel, the express passes the sending of free packages, and the telegraph passes permit the sending of free messages, no matter where the holder may be in the United States. The designs on the passes are sometimes very pretty, and the col-lection this year, as seen in President Thomas C. Platt's office the other day. was a curiously beautiful one of the lithographic art. The most unique and expressive is a card sent out by Mr. John Hoey, of the Adams Express company. On the face, delicately engraved, is a skull, and above it in fine letters is the word "Deadhead."-New York Sun.

A New Tent for Austriana enna two weeks ago to show the Emperor Franz Joseph and his generals the tent used in the German army, and to explain its advantages. The tent is made to cover and to be carried by two men. Each occupant on breaking camp packs away on his person one half of the packs away on his person one half of the cloth, three sticks with iron screws, three hooked pegs and a few yards of stout cord, which are the constituent parts of his share of the tent. The cloth of the tent is also used by the soldiers to protect them from the rain. The Austrian emperor, in a special audience, expressed his satisfaction with the exhibition of the tent, which, it is to be expected, will be adopted shortly by the Austrian army.—London Letter.

A Gas Company Fined.

The Gas Light and Coke company, operating in London, has been fined £100, with costs, for a deficit of one candle power in the illuminating power of the company's gas during a foggy period. The London Star says: "One candle power means one-sixteenth of the standard illuminating power, and the cost of adding that additional power over the whole of the area supplied by the comwould be a good many times £100. As in the case of adulteration of food, a money fine is a mere farcical punishmen for offenses of this kind unless inflicted often and heavily."

After an Office.

Some features of office seeking are objectionable, but The Atlanta Constitution prints a letter from an applicant and suggests at the same time that he seems to be really in need of an office, and it is equally evident that he is not a mi hom office is likely to seek. The following is his modest avowal:

"To the ediTyr i am a candysait to the Offise of skule KommiSioneer an Ask My Frens to Cast a Voat in My Beehalve. I am a 1 Arm Man, Beein cut oph in A saw Mill, and Knead the Offise."

The Paris Gaulois recently stated that an electric case has been invented which will be found very useful by people who are obliged to be out late at night in the dangerous districts of Paris. By merely touching an assailant it will be possible to give him a shock which will be of great value as a means of self defense.

Copper Coated Telegraph Wires. After exhaustive experiments the French postoffice has decided to substitute a copper coated steel wire in place of the ordinary iron wire for telegraphic and telephonic service. It is claimed this will greatly reduce the induction.— New York Journal.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Cone 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.

DESIRABLE RISKS Correspondence Solicited. All Letters Premptly 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 Oysiers.

Convenient to the Passenger Depot. On Second St., near corner of Madison

Branch Bakery, California Orange Cider, and the Best Apple Cider.

If you want a good lunch, give me a call. Open all Night

N. THORNBURY, Late Rec. U. S. Land Office. T. A. HUDSON, Notary Public

THORNBURY & HUDSON,

THE DALLES, OR.

Filings, Contests. And all other Business in the U.S. Land Office Promptly Attended to.

We have ordered Blanks for Filings, Entries and the purchase of Railroad Lands under the recent Forfeiture Act, which we will have, and advise the pub-lic at the earliest date when such entries can be made. Look for advertisement in this paper.

Thornbury & Hudson.

Health is Wealth



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIK TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dirainess, Conyulsions, Pits, Nervous Neuralgia, Hesdache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobasco, Wakefulness, Meatal Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in frantity and leading to misery; decry and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spernantorrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or dx 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,

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON Prescription Druggists, it. The Dalles, Or.

THE Opera : Exchange,

BILLS & WHYERS, Proprietors.

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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 ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING, 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.

They will aim to supply their customers with the best in their line, both of mported and do-