

CHOICE OF AN ACTRESS.

Being at foundation a womanly woman, she always expected to marry. I may expected, instead of hoped, because she had constantly too many admirers to doubt her opportunities—to her mind it was simply a question of meeting the right one.

She felt sure that when the right man came she would be willing to give up everything for him; indeed, she contemplated with a certain serene satisfaction the coming of a time when her triumphs and ambitions and fame and freedom would be exchanged for the proud servitude of wifehood.

Still she wasn't in a hurry to meet the right man. He would come when he did come—and when he did come it couldn't be helped, and she would be glad. Upon various occasions she had thought him come.

Upon these occasions she had experienced a distinct sensation of fretfulness. She had conscientiously given the admirer a fair chance to prove himself the right man, but had always been downright glad when he had failed to do so. The admirer always made some mistake fatal to his interests.

Perhaps he lost his head, and went down on his knees; that always immediately settled it. She was much too proud and too humble a woman to be willing to marry a man who went down on his knees about it.

Or he lost his head, and threatened to shoot himself, or drink himself to death, or jump in the bay.

Now and then she was moved with regret at the storm which she had raised, and expostulated in a kindly fashion with her victim, but more often she shrugged her white shoulders, saying, if not to the man, at least to herself, that the man who was foolish enough to want to shoot himself because a woman did not love him, had better shoot himself.

Some men were doggedly meek—of these she was a bit afraid—yet so far these meek, dogged wooers had presently developed into bores, which, she felt, lessened the danger. I say danger, because she regarded the possibility of marrying any man but the right man a danger.

Sooner or later, in the course of every admirer's attention she made a stanch effort to dismiss or escape him.

She argued to herself that escape from the right man would be impossible, and that escape from any other was to be regarded as wisdom, and hailed as good fortune.

She never went out of her way to attract men—in the first place she had no need to, and besides she really did not care to increase the chances of coming across this more or less to be dreaded right man.

She kept pretty closely to her work, enjoyed the footlights, spent her money freely, rejoiced in her independence, and thought herself a lucky girl.

Of course she had admirers. She considered that a natural result of her position, profession, sex and attractions.

She permitted men who loved her certain privileges—they might kiss her hand, come to the theatre and see her play, and give her flowers and feel miserable about her.

Any one of them, she realized, might develop into the right man, so she treated them all conscientiously. She never mistleed them or led them on, and since she was frank with them and never discourteous, she felt she had a right to be exacting about their manners, and she always was.

Upon the three or four occasions when a man's devotion had stirred in her a certain degree of interest she had rigidly demanded time to find out and to make up her mind.

To find out meant to satisfy herself that the man in question and the "right man" were of one "identity." To make up her mind meant to decide whether, right man or not, she would have him!

The candidate having always failed to stand this test, she had, directly she was so assured, dismissed him promptly and gently.

By what subtle sign of authority she would recognize the right man she did not know. He would be big, she was sure of that, and very gentle; he would meet her mentally, "understand" her, satisfy her morally and tenderly, master her physically.

He would be above all her little "arts" and caprices, but he would admire them; he would be too dignified to go down on his knees from not being able to help it, yet quite fond enough of her to do it. For her part, she would never wish it, and she would be very meek and gentle and obedient, and glad to be so; but—meanwhile she was free, and of that she was glad, too.

Really, her life was delightful; she lifted her white arms into her pretty lace wrapper and laughed to herself as she settled for her little rest before retiring. Her parlor was warm, and the light softened by colored shades; a bit of sandalwood among the logs sent a spicy fragrance out with the heat, she rubbed her head among the cushions and laughed again to herself.

It was a notion of her own, this half hour rest before retiring. For the sake of it she usually came home at once from the theatre.

Going out to supper and sitting up and drinking wine was stupid, besides such a course would soon spoil her good looks. A warm, all-by-herself half hour in her own pretty room, with the crackling of her fire for company and her milk punch and biscuit for refreshment, were much nicer.

It was nice to feel that the comfort around her was all of her own making, and to know herself in the midst of it to be very pretty and very sweet, and alone, in spite of the ones she could check off on her pink fingers as at that very moment who were miserable for sight of her.

As a rule, men had sought her out and made themselves as charming as they found possible and permitted; but Cray Demmon attracted her.

He was big, undeniably a gentleman, and by nature apparently a savage. He

fell promptly in love with her, and his personality riveted her attention in an insistent way which she made no effort to oppose. For the first time a man's passion for her seemed to invest the man with strength.

To face his savagery and do as she pleased in spite of his fierce jealousy she found an exhilaration; to command a creature so much bigger than herself, and to feel his strength and not his weakness obeyed, was an excitement.

To look into his savage, somber eyes and melt them with the smile in her own was worth doing, and intoxicating.

One day he asked her to be his wife, adding that unless she gave him some definite answer he would see her no more. She was much interested.

"Could you leave me and not see me again?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Would you shoot yourself?"

"No."

She felt aggrieved. After a pause she asked, "Do you love me?"

"Yes." His teeth were set, his face pale, and he looked at her as if he hated her.

Her breath quickened. "Why do you hurry me so?"

"Because I will be made a fool by no woman."

A throb of fear went through her. She flung her head back and made answer, "You may go at once," and then, because his eyes frightened her, she began to cry and—"How do you expect one to decide at once like that, if she loves you? I can't, and I won't—you can go."

"How much time do you want?"

"I don't know."

"I will wait a while."

"Much better go. I won't be put on time. I don't think I shall care for you, anyhow, and even if I did you are so ugly maybe I would not marry. Go away and let me alone." She spoke in a frightened rush.

"Don't be foolish," he answered; I will wait—a while."

During the "while" he saw a great deal of her; he curbed his temper, was always gentle, always devoted, made no effort to kiss her, half strangled a man at the club who suggested that all actresses were alike, and looked at her half the time as if he hated her.

She grew frightened and meek, and made an exhaustive study of his tastes.

One day he spoke harshly to her; she cried out that he must not—that she loved him.

Thereat he took her in his arms, kissed her and said, "Will you be my wife?"

A month from that time she married him.

Her manager protested, and a good deal of money was paid over. To the wife the manager said, "You are a fool; if you ever want to come back to the stage let me know."

Demmon carried her off to Europe. He was strong and gentle and devoted. There was little trace of his savagery, except in a fiercely jealous guardianship over her.

Now and then he ordered her around. Once she protested vehemently; he looked at her and answered, "You forget you belong to me."

He gave her all the money she wanted, bought her anything she fancied, and insisted upon her dressing richly and indulging in extravagances, but once, when she received a check for a story she had written, he tore the bit of paper in pieces, saying: "I will give you all the money you want! Don't forget!"

She was happy—oh, yes. Her one thought was to please him, and to please him made her happy. She gave up all her own fancies, and endeavored only to meet his moods. She kept up all of the pretty petulance and caprice that had pleased him originally, because sometimes it amused him to see her childish and exacting—she knew when to be silent, though, and how to efface herself.

She read the papers faithfully, and by dint of study and close attention to a few political arguments within earshot of which she came, she got a fair grasp of the principles of the party opposite to her husband's, and argued with him very well.

To such men as he presented she made herself charming—he liked to have other men admire her; herself, she took no interest in attracting them, and she was always a bit afraid of being too successful and so annoying her husband. Besides, attention from other men made her heart ache; her husband loved her dearly, but he did not tell her so very often, and sometimes when she made mistakes he called her stupid.

Of course she did make mistakes sometimes. Being very anxious to please him, her instinct was not always true. There were times when he liked to have her creep to the side of his chair and push her soft hair against his face, saying nothing meanwhile, unless the little caressing breath from her lips could be called speech; but then again this annoyed him, and he had to be let alone.

Being very fond of him, it was hard to come near or pass him without reaching out a hand to touch his shoulder or cheek, and this fretted him dreadfully when he was not in the mood. Also there were times when she wanted him to take her in his arms and be good to her, and find out how she felt, or when she wanted to cry and be miserable and be petted and coaxed out of it; all this was childish and foolish, but—oh, dear! how her heart ached sometimes.

He loved her—of course she knew that—so there was no need that he should tell her so all the time; besides, he did tell her what an unfailingly attractive companion he found her, and he praised her tact and sense and the way she kept her pretty looks.

She was happy when she was with him, only happy when she pleased him; and she used to cry her pillow wet very often.

At the coming of the child her husband was distinctly displeased; when it died the mother grew sullen.

They got back to America; a letter from her old manager inclosed a contract for the coming season. She signed, left all her jewels, and with her maid started for New Orleans.—Emma V. Sheridan.

No One Need Drown Now.
An Italian has just arrived in London with an "instantaneous, self expanding, life saving belt," by which he expects to enrich himself from the pockets of the people who are nervous at sea. It has already been adopted by the principal steamship companies of Italy. The unique feature of this new life saving belt is that it may be worn around the body while promenading about the decks during the day, and is not even taken off in bed. It weighs about twice as much as one of the ordinary canvas or leather belts sold for general use.

In its finished state it is about the last thing in the world that a prudent man would place confidence in if he was to attempt to jump for his life from the deck of a sinking vessel into the sea. But the moment the belt touches the water two chemical substances contained in it are instantly united, and it begins to inflate with gas. What these substances are is the inventor's secret. He claims that one belt will keep the most heavily clothed person afloat for forty-eight hours. For ladies the belts are made of silk, for men of canvas.—Boston Transcript.

A Rare Piece of Wood.
A singularly beautiful oak plank—intended as a jamb of a clothes closet—came to the Pulitzer building recently. Its rare markings evidently escaped the eye of the sawmill man. It is about 8 feet long and 14 inches wide. Near the outer edge the longitudinal grain of the wood resembles ridges of sand on the seashore. The middle is a combination of "bird's eyes" that at a distance appear to stand out in relief, and elliptical lines delicately shaded from a deep brown to a white. The gradation of the coloring is exquisite, and looks to be the result of art rather than of nature. The "eyes" are perfect and resemble inlaid mosaics. There is not a split nor a flaw in the entire plank. Its beauty lies in the fact that the markings are finer than those found in maple, and it has all the satin like appearance of that beautiful wood. Instead of adorning the mantel of a broad throated fireplace its prosaic place will be as the guardian of overcoats and hats.—New York World.

"John Orth" and His Mother.
The Grand Duchess of Tuscany has not gone into mourning for her missing son "John Orth," or Archduke John, and at the Austrian court there is a suspicion that this eccentric prince is merely in hiding. He did not secure to himself all the obscurity he wished when he assumed the name of John Orth, for by that name he was known to the whole world, and everybody persisted in treating him like an archduke traveling incognito. John Orth's friends say that this worried him considerably, and they think it highly probable that he has now assumed another name and is living in South America. Some also think that his mother is aware of this and has communicated the fact privately to the emperor, but that the secret will be kept so far as the public is concerned.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Untruthfulness in Courts of Justice.
The judge of Birmingham county court is driven to despair by the untruthfulness of the parties who come before him. In commenting on a case before him he declared that this was the fifth instance that morning in which more or less respectable persons had been guilty in the witness box of "the most deliberate lying." To such a pass have things now come that he described himself as going home sick at heart, day by day, from hearing people give each other the lie direct in matters about which there could be no possible mistake. Happily the state of things at the local quarter sessions is not quite so bad, though according to Mr. Neale, the recorder, it is bad enough.—London Tit-Bits.

An Exhilarating Journey.
The only connection between Rogers City and Cheboygan—two Michigan towns—during the six months exile of the former town when navigation closes, is by a stage line sixty-five miles long, and the grizzled old man who drives saves sixteen miles by a whizzing ride across Black Lake, six miles long. The ride is as thoroughly dangerous as exhilarating, and six people nearly lost their lives there the other day. The horses dashed into an airhole near the middle of the lake, and the stage went to the bottom. Fortunately it struck a sandbar, and the passengers rescued themselves and the horses.—Exchange.

A new flashlight fire alarm has recently appeared in Copenhagen. It consists of a small cartridge filled with Bengal light composition and provided with a fuse which carries a small capsule of strong sulphuric acid. When the temperature of the room rises above the melting point of paraffine the sulphuric acid is liberated and ignites the fuse which in turn sets fire to the Bengal light. The device can be supplemented by a piece of fusible metal which in melting will establish an electric current and ring a bell.

At the last meeting of the Physical society in England an electric lamp was exhibited which lighted itself when darkness came on and extinguished itself when daylight or another strong light was brought into the field. This lamp is worked by the selenium cell on the principle that the strength of the current varies with the intensity of light falling on the selenium.

John Williams (colored) lost his life at Vicksburg, Miss., last week, in a singular manner. Having an aching tooth, which pained him severely, he took some nicotine from an old pipe and applied it to the cavity. Ten minutes later he fell from his bunk dead.

Prince Heryasawo is the Lion of the day in Berlin. His uncle, the Mikado of Japan, has sent him to that city, accompanied by three secretaries and six young Japanese noblemen, for the purpose of attending the maritime and other studies.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters, Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concerning 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

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

THORNBURY & HUDSON,

ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING, Postoffice Box 325,

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 public 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 BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatocoea 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 refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles.

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.

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 be the best. Ask for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.