RECOGNITION.

Stand in the pure, sweet light of heaven's day, And wondering deeply what to do or say, and trembling more with rapture than with fear, the some token of their friends most dear, Who there some time have made their happy stay.

stay, and much have longed for them to come that way, What shall it be, this sign of hope and cheer?

Shall it be tone of voice or glance of eye? Shall it be touch of hand or gleam of hair Blown back from spirit brows by heaven's air hings which of old we knew our dearest by? Oh, naught of this; but, if our love be true, Some secret sense shall cry, 'Tis you and—yo —John W. Chadwick.

HOW JOE LOST HIS ARM.

On the Tombigbee river so bright, I was born, In a hut made of husks of the bright yellow corn, And I rowed her about in my guntree cance, linging, row away, row o'er the waters so blue, Like a feather we'll float in my guntree cance.

The clerk of the Pretty Jane had a mellow voice, and blended sweetly with it was little Jennie's childish treble.

He sat upon the deck of the little steamboat gazing around on the bright waters of the Tombigbee as the sun danced on them, gazing intently, and smiling absently to himself.

He was a man of about thirty, and his right coat sleeve was empty and pinned upon his heart.

Little Jennie leaned upon his knee, staring him intently in the face in a way that children have. She pushed her broad brimmed hat back from her eyes so that she might stare the better. The hat was a queerly shaped palmetto structure, for this was in '63, and clothes were at a premium. She was the child of one of the passengers, and between her and the clerk quite a friendship had

"And did you sure enough meet your Julia here on the Tombigbee?" asked the child, stroking the empty sleeve with a pitying touch.

"Yes," said the clerk, roused from his reverie and smiling down on the eager little face; "I have often taken her rowing on the Tombigbee before the war, when I had my other arm.'

"How nice!" said Jennie. "How nice! And in a gumtree canoe?"
"Well, I wasn't particular as to the kind of canoe, so it was a canoe," said

he, smiling.
"And your Julia ain't named Julia, but Mary Jane, after all," said the child.
"Yes," said he, "but she's just as sweet as if her name was Julia, though 'twouldn't fit in the song so well."

"No, you couldn't say, 'I rowed my Mary Jane so true.' "Twould make the song too long legged."
"True," said he, laughing, "but that

makes no difference. I think of her while I sing it, so that it seems as if it "Well, Mr. Perkins," said Jennie, "tell

me why haven't you married your Julia, if you've been rowing her around in your gumtree cance these ever so many

"You see," said the mate smiling, "my Julia couldn't make up her mind that she loved me till the war broke out and I volunteered; then she said directly he'd marry me, but 'twas too late then; I had to go off to fight."

"You had both of your arms then!" interrupted Jennie; "you was born with

"Of course, child. Did you ever hear don't ever make no such cobbled, lop- placently.

"Well, if you had both of your arms then, I don't see why she wouldn't have

"Bless you, child, everybody had plenty of arms then; that was no inducement to take a fellow. But, as I ducement to take a fellow. But, as I "So I see," said he, laughing and put-was saying, when she found I was going ting up his book. "Now I must go. off to the war and might get killed, then she found that she loved me."

"She'd rather marry you than that you should get killed," said Jennie. "Yes, I think she ought, after you rowed her around in the canoe.

"You are right," said Perkins, laughing; "but 'twas too late to marry her We agreed that if ever I got back safely, when the war was over, we'd

"Tell me now, how you came to lose your arm," said Jennie.

"Twas in one of the great battles around Richmond that year. I had been in many fights before, but this was about the hottest. The enemy were bound to get the hill on which we stood, and we were holding on desperately. But at last the boys began to waver and give way. Then our colonel came out to the front, and the rest of our officers followed him, and they ran up and down the lines cheering up the men.
"'Steady, my boys,' said the old colo-

nel; 'keep pouring it into them. Steady! Re-enforcements will soon be here! Never let it be said that the line broke where the Alabamians stood!'

"The whole air seemed black with shot and shell. A piece of one grazed the colonel's cheek, and the blood kept trickling down his face, but he didn't seem to feel it. The firing grew so hot that the men seemed fairly mowed down, and the line began to waver and break. Suddenly, clear on our right, there arose a tremendous yell. It grew louder and louder, and ran down the kine toward us. Then, at last, we saw a courier galloping down the line. I shall never forget how he looked. His black horse was all white with foam and its flanks were bloody from his spur. He had a week horse was all white with flanks were bloody from his spur. rode bare headed down the line as if he bore a charmed life, and he kept waving his cap around his head and shouting something to the men, and as they heard him the wavering line rallied and sent up deafening cheers. Then he galloped

by where we were and yelled:
"'Rally, men! rally! Stonewall Jackson is in their rear, and giving 'em sut!'
"Then we cheered, too, until we were hoarse. The courier galloped on, and presently our officer shouted:

" 'Forward men; charge!'

followed me. Right toward the blazing line we ran.

"All at once I saw the colonel, who was riding by me, grasp the colors, for they were falling. I looked and saw that my hand, my whole arm was gone, and I hadn't felt it! I grabbed the flag in my left hand.

"'I can carry the colors yet, colonel,' I said. 'I don't feel any pain.' "I ran on some fifty steps, when the blood began spouting from my shoul-

der. I dropped. Joe Ashe, one of the color guards, snatched the flag, and they

"I fell senseless. I never knew another thing till weeks after, when I woke up one day in Chimborazo hospital and found some funny looking ladies in black bonnets, that the boys called 'the sisters,' bending over me. If it hadn't been for their good nursing, I should have

Perkins ceased. He had been so carried away by the interest he felt in his own narrative that he had gone quite beyond his auditor.

"But tell me, Joe," Jennie eagerly asked—she had been impatiently waiting for an opportunity for some minutes-"tell me, did you ever find your arm that you dropped?"

"No; to be sure not. I never went to look for it."

"You couldn't fasten it on again, then?"
"Of course not, child. I am not a
jointed doll." "What a pity you couldn't," said the child. "What a pity! And how do you manage to dress yourself and tie your

cravat and shoes?" she asked, for she had been burning to make these inquiries ever since she had seen the one armed confederate. "Twas awkward at first, but I learned at last to do it with the help of my teeth."

"But how when you get old and lose 'em?" said Jennie, who was of an investigating mind. "Providence will raise me up some

other way," he said with a pathetic smile. "I'll have my wife to wait on me." "To be sure, I forgot; Miss Mary Jane ill. What did she say?"

"I got one of the sisters to write her for me, and I set her free. I said I wouldn't bind her to a poor cripple like

"And she said no, sir-ree! I 'spose, cried Jennie, full of fiery zeal for her new friend.

"Something to that effect," said Joe, smiling.

"She wrote me that she loved me more with one arm than she ever had done with two. And whenever I could get home she was ready." Here Joe's eyes filled and he gazed steadily in the water. "Well, now, Joe," said Jennie, who

was suddenly struck with a bright idea, "maybe if you would lose both arms she'd love you betterer and betterer." "I believe I'm satisfied with what she

feels now," said Joe, laughing. "But why hain't you married?" continued Jennie, pursuing her investiga-

"Because I first had to get well, and then I had to get something to do. I had been a mechanic, and I couldn't work at my trade with my left hand. So Capt. Ramsey gave me a place on his boat, and I've been trying to learn how to write, so that I can keep his books. I think I'm doing pretty well. See."

He drew from his pocket a little blank book in which were scrawled divers of any one born with one arm? Nature hieroglyphics, at which he gazed com-

"There's a 't' with the cross mark, and there is 'k' with his broken back, and that's an 'i.' I know him by his eyebrow. You see I can read a little," she said proudly.

The sun has set. It is time for me to see after things for the night."

He stroked Jennie's curly head with his left hand, and walked away, softly singing in his mellow voice, "My Own Mary Ann."-Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

The Origin of High Hools.

Heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced upon sandals in the shape of blocks of wood fixed underneath, such being the root idea of those deformities to which lovely woman owes so many of her woes. A high, unsteady heel, it is an open secret, injures the leg tendons and affects the spine as well as internal organs, which are liable to be displaced by the thrown forward position entailed. In Persia, the first home of the heel, however, these blocks of wood are used simply to "raise the feet from the burning sands of that country, and were about two inches high." With the Persian women these blocks were vastly higher than those affected by the men, their height being from eighteen inches to two feet, this becoming more of the nature of stilts than anything else.

Strangely enough, many years after, a similar fashion came into vogue in Ven-ice; but the motif in this case was comically different, for "by its means jealous husbands thought they would be able to keep their wives at home." The sup-ports of such shoes in Venice were called "chapineys," and to appease the vanity of the ladies, and doubtless also to sugar the pill, were made highly ornate. The height of these chapineys determined the rank of the wearer, an extra coating for the pill, "the noblest dames being per-mitted to wear them one-half yard or more high."—Hospital.

The Lion's Allments.

If lions and tigers catch cold a dose of powdered quinine is given to them in their food. They sometimes suffer from dyspepsia, and a meal of liver set before them is readily devoured and acts as a cathartic. They seldom need treatment, however, for any trouble except ingrowing nails.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"And away we went, down the hill and across a field, right toward the Yankee lines, yelling like Indians.
"I held the colors in my hand, and I ran a little ahead. I didn't seem to have any feet; I seemed to fly, and the men "An Easy Proposal.

Miss Seasoned—Speaking of names, I think Frank is a pretty name.

Mr. Charles F. Sylver—Yaas; so do I. That's my middle name. (Gaining courage.) Er—what do you think of Sylver for a name?—Harper's Bazar.

THE MARSEILLAISE

How Rouget de Lista Came to Write th

This idea of celebrating "The Marseillaise" is a worthy one, for it has led French troops to victory under republics and under an empire, while during the reign of Louis Philippe it was heard often, thus showing that it belongs to all

Let me tell of its origin, though some of you may already have heard the story. France was in danger, her people were called to arms and they responded nobly. In the house of the mayor of Strasburg a friendly dinner was going on, at which men swore to die for liberty against the allied kings of Europe. Some one spoke of those heroic songs that stimulate the ardor of the soldier, and lamented because France had not one such. Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, was at the table; it was known he dabbled at poetry and music, and the mayor asked him to compose a new march for his fellows. He set about the work immedi-

The night was superb. He took down his violin, played and sang. Air and words came both at the same time; the subject transported him. It was as if the soul of La Patrie was passing into his own, as if through his mouth liberty was uttering her enthusiasm and her generous anger.. He wrote, he sang, he improvised, but it was the soul of France that dictated. In the morning six verses were completed, and, vibrating with patriotic excitement, he read the "War Song of the Army of the Rhine"-its first title-to his friends, who became electrified by the manly ac-

The new hymn was sent to Luckner, commander of the Army of the Rhine, who distributed manuscripts of it throughout Alsace, and it was executed on the public square of Strasburg. Thence it traveled over France and south to Marseilles, which town told it to her volunteers, and they sang it when they entered Paris on that 10th of August, 1792, when they took the Tuileries. That was how it got the name that will cling to it forever. It was played in the army, and generals said it was worth 10,000 men. Copies of "The Marseillaise" were ordered when requisitions were made out for weapons.

The aristocratic captain was desolate at having contributed the part which "The Marseillaise" had taken in overthrowing the monarchy, for he never intended his hymn should be a republican anthem. Later on, when proscribed as a royalist, he was fleeing over the Alps and heard its strains. "What is that hymn called?" he asked his guide. The peasant replied, "The Marseillaise," and it was thus he first learned the name of his own great composition. "The Mar-seillaise" became the national hymn of the First Republic, and it remained so under the First Empire. Napoleon had such admiration for the hymn that he prohibited its being performed except on grand occasions, just as the "Te Deum" is only sung when there has been a brill-

At St. Helena he said, "The imperial guard always marched to the tune of 'The Marseillaise,'" No wonder they won battles. Forbidden under the res toration, the song came into favor again with Louis Philippe. Because of hearing it sung at republican manifestations the government of the Second Empire prohibited its execution, but in 1870, the was declared issued authorizing its use, and the troops went out singing "The Marseillaise." More than this, managers of places of amusement were invited to perform it, and when Mme. Marie Sasse sang it at the Theatre Francaise women wept and men were wild with excitement. Her wonderful voice sang the words in a way that raised the morale of the population and provoked them to patriotic enthusiasm.—Paris Cor. Chicago Herald.

Gen. Butler's Hat.

In the United States district court in the Federal building no lawyer is better known than Gen. Butler. The court officers hear of his appearance with much the same feeling that they receive the announcement of the arrival of the

As soon as his ponderous figure, swaying from side to side, appears bearing down toward the court room they scurry about arranging the chair at the counsel's table and assist him in removing his outer garments in a manner that shows their regard for him. Gen. Butler's hat is a curious article. It is just like one that Buffalo Dill would be accused of wearing out on the plains. It is probably the most abused of the gen-eral's belongings. The manner in which he jerks it off his head, slaps it down on the counsel's table and drops his heavy stick upon it determinedly, makes one wonder why it does not disappear suddenly some day out of spite. It has stuck by him though for years, just like his faculties of mind, and perhaps will be buried with him.—Boston Advertiser.

Enervating Influence of Dress

Herodotus tells us that when Cyrus had received intelligence that the Lydians had revolted against him he was in despair, and indeed had almost determined to make them slaves, when Crossus put a flea in the august ear of the Persian monarch. "Command them to lay aside their arms," said he, "and to wear long vests and buskins. Let them vie with each other in their makeup. Make dudes out of them, and it won't be long before they will be as tractable as women." Crossus, as the result proved, had a long head.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The use of beans in ancient times was rather more sacred than culinary.

Among the Egyptians it was held to be a crime to look at them. Pythagoras forbade them to be esten. In Athens a judicial as well as a sacred character is attached to them. They are used as ballots in all affairs in which a vote is taken, especially in electing magistrates and in casting lots. In England they were unknown until 1509.—St. Louis Republic.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concern 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

support.

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

THOR NBURY & 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 BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Pits, Nervous Neuralgia, Hesdache, 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 Spermatorrhoa caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. 11.00 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,

Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St.

Opera : Exchange,

BILLS & WHYERS, Proprietors. The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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

* 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 imported and do- Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.