THE SWALLOWS

mother, will the swallows never con Feel my cheek, 'tis hot and burning, and my heart is sick with yearning. Set I'm always well as soon as swallow

They brought me in a primrose yesterday; And when primroses are blowing. Then I know that winter's going, and the swallows cannot then be far away.

Low I love his note to follow! But the swallow, O the swallow, kinging summer with him, the summer

and the lambs' bleat! Could I see them once

again,
With their innocent sweet faces,
And their friskings, and their races!
Once I used—but now I cannot stir for pain. Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb;
Oh, how dark the room is! Fold me
To your bosom, tighter hold me!
Or I shall be gone before the swallows come.

And the swallows came again across the wave; And the sky was soft and tender, With a gleam of rainbow splendor, As they laid their little darling in the grave.

and they often watch the swallows by her to And they strain to think, but straining Cannot still the heart's complaining. "She is better there where swallows never con

And they carved the bird she loved upon her stone;

Joyous guest of summer, darting Hither, thither, then departing In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.

A DIFFERENCE IN CLAY.

You may not know, but Clement Scott was the young American sculptor who won such distinction abroad last fall. and over whom during the following winter society at home, with her usual fickleness, had come to rave. It is something unusual for Philadelphia to arouse herself over an American, but in Scott's case it seemed natural enough. The personal attractions of the man himself, to say nothing of the distinction Paris had bestowed upon him, were grounds

sufficient for his being a social favorite. Immediately upon his arrival from abroad he was besieged with invitations to receptions and balls, teas and dinners, and the like. Various societies gave public receptions in his honor; the country clubs lunched him, and the city clubs gave him dinners. It went very well for a time, but in a time, too, it grew most tiresome. Scott stood the whole thing as long as he could; then, breaking a dozen or more engagements, he closed his rooms and went away to the seashore. He had learned to his own satisfaction-to his own disappointmenthow little society knew of his art, how little she cared, and that it was the glitter of his medal, not himself, that people loved.

It was the middle of spring when Clement Scott came to Hull. He had lived there during the summers previous to his going abroad. The sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand, the grass covered hills, were all very dear to him, and he smiled as he found the memories of these coming back to him. There was one memory, though, which seemed to crowd all the beauties of sea and shore from his thoughts, and then of a sudden to bring them all trooping back again. and in the light of his boyhood love.

That love was something which had never gone from his memory. In his studio in Paris he had often caught himself shaping in the soft clay the features of that one face. He was good at modeling, but however truly his hands might follow his memory, he could never seem to catch the spirit of the image in his mind; he could never put life into the face. "It is not she," he would say. "It dred in a dramatic voice: does not love me." And then he would "Look! the masterpiece of try his hand at other work.

It was very natural that Scott should feel as he did about the face he had added more seriously, "But, Clement, it loved in his boyhood. The circumstances were peculiar. He had saved the girl's life at the risk of his own. In crossing a track she had fastened her foot in a switch, and must have been killed had not Scott rescued her. As it Their praises annoy me. I doubt if some was she had not escaped without injury; her arm had been run over. Some e said the child's name was Mildred Boday. Scott knew the beautiful place the Bodays had been building on the hill mear his own home, and there he had carried her, with her dress torn from the shoulder, and her little white arm, cruelly crushed and bleeding, hanging

The injury was a severe one. It became necessary to amputate the child's arm close to the shoulder, and it was during this period of her confinement that Scott came to know Mildred Boday well. Young as he was, he loved the beautiful well enough to take joy in watching Mildred's sweet face, with the wealth of golden hair which hung about it, or in looking into Mildred's blue eyes, wide open with wonder or joy at his tales. When Mildred got about again Clement was her right hand man. The functions of the arm she had lost were supplied by an artificial arm of French mechanism-an arm that could be moved at will, or even taken off altogether. That arm was a source of great amuse ment to them. Sometimes its joints would stick, and Clement would have to rescue Mildred from some awkward ition, and then they would laugh and think it a great joke.

At the close of his sixteenth year Scott went abroad and took up his sculpturing under an Italian master, first in Rome and then in Paris. Eight years after-ward he received his medal, and with it the praise of the whole of Europe. Then he returned to America.

Then it was that the young sculptor, with all the glamor of a triumph abroad and in the midst of an ovation at home, left the prattles and insincerities of New York society for the quiet and for the girl in the little sea town of Hull.

He found the sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand all unchanged. Mildred Boday had changed. She was a woman. But she was just the same to first, but formality could not live when they were together, and soon they came to be the same boy and girl they had

been when they parted.
Scott fixed up his old studio and the

head. Mildred helped him to drape his walls and to place his belongings, and in the studio.
when they had finished it was a pretty Some one c study. Scott had ordered a block of marble and without the aid of the clay model. The image he was to follow was the Venus of Milo. He was doing it studio. Now and then she would pose her head to give him an idea of a curve or a line, and always it was more in fun than in seriousness that the work went

In a few weeks, however, the head of the Venus was freed from the stone, and across the extreme end of the room hung Land for Sale and Houses to Rent. to the wonderment of Mildred, the face that she had seen hewed bit by bit from the cold white marble seemed all at once to have life, to be real, and more, to be her own.

She laughed, and she cried.

"I feel as if some one had shut me up in that stone, ages and ages ago," she said, "and that only now you had come to take me out."

"And what do you suppose you would have done had I never came?" Clement asked, chiseling away at the Cupid lips of his statue.

"Always been dead, I suppose," she said with a sigh, looking up at him with roguish smile.

The look was too much for Clement. The marble lips could not hold him when the red ones were there, just waiting to be kissed; nor could he work more that day-he was too happy.

But for some unaccountable reason society had got it into its head that young Scott, "the distinguished American sculptor," as he was commonly called, had left society and gone into seclusion to work. Strange stories got about. He was finishing a statue he had been at work upon for years, it was said, and immediately artists began to interest themselves concerning his whereabouts. The newspapers, working in the interest of the public, had made it their particular business to look into the matter. In part they were successsful. They found that he was at Hull, and, because he would not be seen, they inferred that he must be working upon some masterpiece.

That was the story that went abroad. Artists and newspaper men by the score came to Hull, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the new work of art. Scott had finished little more than the head and bust of the statue of his Venus of Milo; one of the broken arms to be was still in the crude marble, and he absolutely refused to have his work viewed and criticized by this curious

crowd-at least before he had finished. It was perhaps a week after this sort of curiosity concerning Scott's new work had set in, that Mildred and he, in the studio together, were running through a batch of letters. They were, as usual, chiefly requests for interviews, or the like. Among them was a note from the president of the Society of American Sculptors. He wished Mr. Scott to give him and a few of his brothers in art the pleasure of beholding what he felt sure was to be the greatest of American sculpture masterpie

Scott laughed. "What perfect non-sense!" he said, as he read the letter aloud. It was the same old flattery, and all caused, he thought, by his medal. He got up and walked across the studio to where his work stood, and pulling off

crush the clay into a shapeless mass and sculpture!" and he pointed his finger at the half finished statue.

They both laughed, and then Mildred

is fine." "I am glad you like it," he said. "I don't care what they think; and, besides, what do those cads, who haven't seen any of my work, know of my work? of them could tell a plaster cast from a marble cutting. They are ignoramuses in regard to art—the most of them," and Scott threw the sheet back over the statue, disgusted.

"They can't tell sculpturing when they see it," he went on. "Why, if I were to fix you up as the statue I doubt even if they would discover the deception.

And, by Jove, Mildred, I'll do it! I'll fix
a box to look like marble, stand you in it, drape your shoulder and whiten your hair and face. With the use of some plaster of Paris we can make your breast seem to come directly out from the rough stone; and your arm-why, Milthe real Venus of Milo, and I'll wager they won't see the deception. Are you willing, Mildred?" he asked, all excitement now.

"Do you think they would be de-ceived?" Mildred asked. "What a joke if they were," she went on, catching the spirit of his plans. "What a joke!"

And so it was decided. Scott sent the president of the Society of American Sculptors a favorable answer to his letter. He stated the day and named the hour he should be pleased to receive his artist friends, and though he assured them his statue was quite incomplete, still he said they should have a peep at it. Mildred and himself at once began preparations for the exhibit, and long before the appointed day came they were in high glee over the prospects, for their private rehearsals had proven more than

successful. And then the trial and the end of it all came. It was a beautiful day about the first of June. The studio had been arranged with especial care for the occasion. There were bits of the sculptor's art about the room, some profiles in white against black plush upon the

walls, and draperies hung in profusion. At 2 o'clock the invited guests, artists and journalists, about a dozen in number, arrived at the little summer home There was a little formality at of the Scotts on the hill. Clement received them and entertained them over cigars with the talk of men and things which usually interest such per le. For hat in return to the salute, and the mon-

citing than talk, but still he kept them

Some one called to see Scott. He excused himself and was gone some minmarble from Paris, and when it came he utes. When he came back he was proset to work upon it to try the experi-ment of cutting an image directly in the sence, but he made up for the absence by unlocking the door which, as he said, led into his work room.

It was a large room, totally unfursolely for pleasure, he said, and so nished, into which he led them. The worked only when he felt like it. Mil-sunlight streamed in through open windred was frequently by his side in the dows and fell in streaks across the stained floor. Near the center of the room stood the half finished statue, upon which his work had really been done. There were tools and chips of marble lying about the stone as though work had just been suspended. Extending a heavy, dark plush curtain.

"I suppose I should apologize, gentle-men," Clement began, "for bringing you here to see a work that is as yet so far from completion; still, since it is by your own request that you come, I hardly see what apology I can offer."

There was a chorus of "Pray, no apologies," and Scott went on, pointing to the statue in the center of the room. "This is the first study of the work you have come to sec, gentlemen. Even it is quite incomplete; but still no apolo-

And so saying Scott went to the open windows, drew down the shades and shut out the sunlight. There was an uncertain glimmer in the room, which he soon steadied by lighting some reflector lamps. Then he stopped a moment before the plush curtain.

"I almost fear to show you this work, it is so imperfect," he said. There was no reply.

He waited a moment and it grew oppressively still. He stepped to the curtains, pushed them aside, looked at his work a moment, and then joined his guests. They stood in a group at the

other end of the room. There was not a sound, not an exclamation of surprise; hardly a breath.

There before them, from what ap-

peared to be a solid block of white marble, rose the magnificent head and full shapely bust of a goddess. It was indeed the Venus of Milo. The stone was placed so as to give but a profile view of the face, but the profile was divine. The left arm of the figure was broken quite off, while on the right side the work had not progressed far enough to disclose the broken member. So strong was the contrast between

finished and unfinished stone; so perfect, so human the finished portion of the work seemed that it was almost painful to see the rough, uncut edges of the marble press into the smooth surface of the finished breast. There was an expression about the face which seemed to say to those lookers on, "When shall I ever be taken from this cold stone?" And because they could not answer that question they were silent.

The guests glanced from one to another, then hurriedly back again to the statue, lest it should have vanished before them

Scott stood by the side of his stone study of the Venus and noted their astonishment. Still no one spoke. He was growing fearful of what this silence might mean, and he ventured:

"Well, is it good?" His voice sounded queerly. There was an audible whisper.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" breathed the

uests. They said no more. It was enough. The silent spell had been broken. They had not detected the difference in clay.

And drawing the curtain before the image of his heart Clement Scott threw up the shades, letting a burst of blinding sunshine into the room.

That fall the most noticeable work of art at the exhibition of the Society of American Sculptors was a study in marble of the Venus of Milo.

It was by Clement Scott. And society, when it learned that this ame Scott, whom the winter before it had so petted, had gone to a little sea town to get him a wife, brought itself to be forgiven for once when it saw who that wife was, while the president of the sculptors said to Clement one day as he studied the face of Mildred Boday:

"Well, I see, my boy, there is a differ-ence in clay."—Philadelphia Press.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard dred, we can take that off. You will be of their volumes of poetry or theology or romance or criticism or legisties or piety or science. I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaintances, "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry, "No; is it a big book?"

On one occasion, however, when a professor in the university asked me the familiar question, I bethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when I met an inquiring author.-John Swin-

Civilities Exchanged.

A French gentleman who was staying at the Bellevue hotel stepped out of the hotel one morning and walked to the corner of Broad and Walnut streets to wait for a Chestnut street car. An organ grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marseillaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap.
Without a thought the polite French-

man immediately raised his own silk been when they parted.

Scott fixed up his old studio and the workshop where he had modeled his first ing impatient for something more existence.—Philadelphia Press.

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