

THE EMPTY HOUSE.
 The rain fell heavily last night—
 I paced across the street in vain,
 Mad hope, to see your flickering light
 Shine in the lonely room again.
 A tempest shook the house last night,
 The storm beat against your door,
 And not a star peeped from the height;
 Your house was silent as the tomb.
 I went the hours away last night,
 O night more wretched than the day!
 Not doubting but with morning light
 To see your face across the way.
 The curtain was not drawn aside,
 No face least smiling on the sill;
 The rain still fell, the bleak winds sighed,
 Your house was desolate and still.
 —New York Tribune.

THE NEW TYPEWRITER.
 Mr. Bulles, the broker, had a new typewriter. He made his head clerk try the different appliances and test their skill and engage the best one. The one the head clerk engaged was a large, impressive looking woman of much beauty and with the haughtiness of a duchess. She dressed well and richly, and her manner when sitting before her machine was that of a grand woman of society who condescended to play occasionally on the piano. She had much the air of a woman who was employing the men in the office to take care of her millions and make out her accounts. Mr. Bulles always felt as though he ought to ask her permission to smoke, and was almost afraid to ask her to take down any of his correspondence. "What work he dared to give her she did as well as it could be done, so he had nothing against her except her pride. He determined finally to break down her pride. He had been uncomfortably impressed with her dignity; now she should learn what it was to feel that way toward him.

So the next morning he called her in, and after dictating a few business letters, he said: "Now, on the smaller paper, please. Are you ready? Let me see." He mused as he bit carelessly at the top of his cigar and gazed out of the window.
 "Dear Jim," he began. "Thanks very much, but it will be quite impossible. I have positively refused to go into political life in any capacity, and though the position of minister to so important a city as St. Petersburg to succeed Smith is highly complimentary, I could not leave New York and my work. Tell the president in the proper official language that he is very good, but that he must look for some one else. Give my best love to Mrs. Blaine, and accept my condolences at the loss of your house. Yours,
 "The Hon. James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C."

The typewriter girl took this down with a calm, unruffled countenance; her severity of demeanor was absolutely unchanged. "Is that all?" she asked.
 "Yes," said Bulles weakly. "Yes, I believe that is all." He was not to be put down by a little thing like that, and called her in again during the afternoon and dictated the following note:
 "DEAR MONSIEUR: Will you reserve one of the largest private dining rooms for me this evening and prepare supper for 16? I find my rooms are too small, and will have to have one of yours. Serve the same supper as ordered and prepare floor for dancing. You can go to any length in the matter of decoration, but keep the cost of the flowers down to \$1,000. Yours truly,
 The other note was:
 "DEAR OLD MAN: I should be very glad to accept, but Tuxedo never did agree with my digestion. Certainly, you can have all the horses you want. The two leaders are in town, but I will have them sent out to you. I think the price you offer for the coach is reasonable, and I will let you have it for that, as I am going to give up coaching and get a yacht. Yours,
 The third note was:
 "DEAR MR. BURGESS: The designs arrived yesterday and were beauties. I am sure, if looks go for anything, that she should beat anything afloat. I hope you are right in what you say about her being a better boat than the Mayflower, and I will certainly follow your suggestion and enter her when completed for the cup. Yours truly,
 Mr. Bulles said: "That will do. When they are finished let me see them." He thought he detected a slight unbending in the superior manner of the young woman, but he was not too hopeful. "If those don't impress her," he said, "I'll write a letter of regret to the queen tomorrow, and one to Gladstone, telling him I can't come over this summer to spend August with him." When the girl brought in the letters, finished and ready for his signature, he tossed them carelessly aside and said: "I will sign them later, and I'll post them myself." He signed them and slipped them in their envelopes under his other papers, where the clerks might not see them, and planned more for the future. On the day following he refused three invitations to dine with distinguished people, ordered an architect to call and see him about building a country house at Newport, and wrote to order a diamond necklace.

The typewriter girl began to take a little more interest, and said "Yes, sir," instead of simply "Yes," which was something. He felt that he was getting on.
 But on the fourth day she appeared with even a colder and more haughty air, and laid three letters down upon his desk. She always opened his mail for him, and divided the private notes from the business letters. "Here," she said, "are three notes which I did not know whether to hand to you or to the clerk." Bulles glanced at the bottom of one of them and read the name "Charles Burgess."

The note ran:
 "HENRY BULLES—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a note signed by you and bearing the number of your office, which refers to a yacht and an imaginary correspondence which has passed between us on the subject of such a yacht. As I do not know you or anything of any such yacht I can only imagine that some one is imposing upon you, and return you your letter. Yours truly,
 "CHARLES BURGESS."
 Mr. Bulles grew exceedingly red and

dared not look up. He wondered how far the girl had read. The second note said:
 "The private dining room and supper ordered by you for Tuesday evening were prepared and in readiness for you as directed, but no one appeared. Are we to understand that there has been a mistake, or is your letter, which we have retained, to be considered in the nature of a hoax, or has some one forged your name? Awaiting your reply, etc.,
 "DELMONCO'S."

Mr. Bulles sank still farther into his chair. He opened the last letter with a trembling hand. The girl still towered above him like an avenging spirit. The letter was from a friend and contained a clipping from a newspaper.
 "Dear Hen," the note ran. "Have you seen this Associated Press clipping, and what in Heaven's name does it mean? Some one has evidently been playing a practical joke on you, and one that must strike you as a most unpleasant one."
 The clipping read as follows:
 IS HENRY BULLES INSANE?
 THE WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK BROKER GIVES HIS FRIENDS GREAT CONCERN.

WASHINGTON, D. C. —The secretary of state is in receipt of a most remarkable communication from Henry Bulles, the New York broker, in which that gentleman refuses to act as minister to St. Petersburg with much haughtiness. He is quite unknown to either the president or Mr. Blaine, and it is supposed here that his mind is unsettled or that he is the victim of a practical joke.
 Mr. Bulles laid the clipping down and gazed desperately at the typewriter girl. "Did you post those letters?" he asked.
 "Yes," said the duchess severely. "I found them on your desk after you had left, and I supposed you had forgotten them, so I posted them myself. Wasn't that right?"
 "I guess," said Mr. Bulles, "that I won't need you any longer. You know too much."
 "That," said the typewriter girl calmly, "strikes me as the very reason why I should remain. Don't you think so? You can say you have been made the victim of a practical joke, but if I lost my position I might say you had not. Don't you think you had better raise my salary a little and let me stay?"
 Mr. Bulles gazed gloomily at the newspaper clipping on the desk before him. "Yes," he said grimly, "you had better stay."—New York Evening Sun.

Peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.
 This river is very warm because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, where the sun has been heating it for a long time. Of course after it has left its southern home, and is making its journey across the Atlantic, it is gradually becoming cooler, but, nevertheless, it maintains the shores of Europe, even well up toward the Arctic regions, a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding air or water.
 It has its own finny inhabitants and other animal life; curious little fish and crabs that make nests in the floating seaweed; beautiful little jelly fish called thimble fish, floating or swimming near its surface in such countless numbers that at times the waters are brown with them; and the graceful flying fish, which dart out of the water in schools; and countless myriads of minute animal life floating about, so that when the sun is shining high in the heavens, the water seems to be filled with notes. These little things, dying, sink to the bottom, and their diminutive skeletons or shells go to form an ooze, which, if exposed to the air and to pressure, resembles chalk.
 This ocean river is quite unlike the rivers of the land in point of size. The Mississippi, at a point below its lowest tributary, is about 2,000 feet wide and 100 feet deep. At places it is wider than this, but there it is shallower. The Gulf stream, at its narrowest point in the Strait of Florida, is more than 2,000 feet deep and over 40 miles wide.—Lieut. J. E. Pillsbury.

Counterfeit Currency.
 "More counterfeit money is in actual circulation than people in general believe," remarked a teller in one of Chicago's leading banks recently. "Of course only the better class of counterfeiters remain in circulation, and even these do not pass undetected long. The detection of a counterfeit bill, however, does not retire it from circulation by any means. A grocer, for instance, who finds a five dollar counterfeit bill in his money drawer at night, is liable to argue that he cannot well afford to lose the amount, and also that a counterfeit which was good enough to deceive him is good enough to deceive some one else."
 The next day some customer gets it in change, and ten to one it is passed through a dozen hands before the discovery is again made that it is bogus. But its mission does not end here. Perhaps the last holder of the bill can tell who paid it to him. If so the counterfeit starts to retrace its course, but it rarely goes very far before it stops, and the whole scheme is worked over again. We frequently have counterfeit money offered for deposit. A merchant may bring in several hundred dollars, and among the bills is a single counterfeit. Of course it is thrown out as soon as it is discovered. But where does it go? Into the hands of the man that brought it in. Does he destroy it? Perhaps, if he is an scrupulously honest man.—Chicago Mail.

Old English Customs.
 Railway ticket offices still retain the old name of "booking office," which was appropriate enough in the coaching days, when the names of intending passengers were literally booked.
 Another curious survival is the practice of eating game and venison "high." We never eat poultry or beef and mutton "high," but game and venison used to be sent long distances and be a considerable time on the road, so that they could not be received in a fresh state. Hence it became customary and even fashionable to eat them "high," and the practice has endured to the present day.
 Then there is the old fashioned greeting, "God be with ye." Perhaps not all know that the meaningless words "good-by" are a compression of the above pious wish.—London Tit-Bits.

Theatrical Press Agents.
 The business of the theatrical press agents has been so annoyingly overdone in this city that the boomers are under taboo in the newspaper offices, and the critics of several of the greater journals deny themselves absolutely to these visitors. When it is considered that, even after the destruction by fire of the Fifth Avenue, we have thirty-five dramatic theatres in New York and the suburbs, besides almost as many more variety shows, concert halls and other places of amusement, it is clear that the small army of stalwart boomers would become intolerable if permitted. The consequence is that most of the local managers have abandoned the practice of sending solicitors to the newspaper offices, but instead mail the particulars of their plans and such other matter as they wish to have published.

This material is treated differently by the dramatic editors, according to the usages of the various offices. The situation is sometimes a puzzle to the press agents of the traveling companies that come into town. The majority of these energetic gentlemen intermit their labors largely upon being informed that they are likely to do more harm than good, but the minority do not take a vacation so easily. One of these workers has this week poetized his usually prosaic efforts. He has sent to each important journal an original and exclusive poem in praise of an actress who employs him. The verses are smoothly rhymed and metred and they extol the lady's beauty and ability with all the enthusiasm of a knight of old exuberant over his lady love. None of these effusions, however, has yet gained publication.—New York Cor. Washington Star.

Bad Luck at the Funeral.
 The funeral of the late Ephraim Geisinger, of near Blue Church, Upper Saucon township, was held with considerable difficulty. At the home of the deceased's parents, about two miles from the church, elaborate preparations were made all day Tuesday for the dinner which was to be served at the conclusion of the obsequies. A calf was killed and set aside to await the roasting process. When the hour arrived for this on Wednesday the matrons having the affair in charge were greatly surprised to find that during the night some person had stolen the calf, together with other of the funeral meats.
 The excitement created by this announcement had scarcely subsided ere one of the horses attached to the hearse of Undertaker Thomas Schaeffer, of Lincolnton, while being driven into the yard, stepped into a hole from which a post had been removed and broke his leg. The poor animal had to be shot on the spot. The hearse was also caught by a wash line and dismantled of its plumes —Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle.

That Balloon Expedition.
 A correspondent asks, "What time is the balloon expedition to start for the north pole?"
 There is some doubt now felt as to whether it will start at all. The men who intended to go are Frenchmen, but the French Aeronautic society, which has been considering the matter, think that no good could possibly be accomplished, even if the voyagers were able to pass over the pole and get back alive. The present programme is that they will send up pilot balloons next summer from Spitzbergen, and if these show the direction and force of winds to be favorable to the scheme the expedition will start in the summer of 1892.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Coincidence at an Anniversary.
 The golden wedding of S. N. Fisk and wife, a highly respected couple, was recently observed at their home in Braintree, Mass. A singular feature of the occasion was the fact that the services connected with the affair were held in the same house and the same room of the home, and the venerable couple occupied the same place in the room as when married fifty years before. There was the same carpet on the floor and the same paper on the wall as when the original wedding took place.—Springfield Republican.

Valuable Carp.
 The census bureau, with all the rest of its work, has been attempting to ascertain the value of the carp which have been introduced into American waters.
 One man to whom a schedule was submitted replied that the carp in his pond had been worth \$1,000 to him in the past six months. His wife had been sick and he had fed her exclusively upon carp, to which diet he attributed her recovery.
 She was worth \$1,000 at least, and therefore he estimated his gain on his investment at that sum.—Boston Transcript.

No Walking on the Track.
 One Maine railroad finds that the practice of walking on the track in the winter time may cause a partial suspension of its operations. People tread the snow so hard upon the tracks of the Monson railroad that the company announces that it will be unable to keep its branches open this winter unless the practice ceases. This appeal ought to bring about the result most to be desired.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

A Prudent Man.
 An Elkton (Md.) man feared that he might be buried before he was really dead, and he therefore directed in his will that his body should be kept for forty days in a shed built for the purpose. He wanted a bottle of water beside him, a latch on the inside of the door and a roof slanting to the west. He is now lying in the shed.—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind.
 Dr. Tremblay, of Quebec, swallowed by mistake the other day a quantity of acetic acid. Realizing that the poison would cause his speedy death he hastened to a priest's house and received the sacraments. Returning home he made his will, and very soon died in the presence of his young wife and three children.—Toronto Letter.

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, Notary Public.
 Late Rec. U. S. Land Office.

THORNBURY & HUDSON,
 ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING,

Postoffice Box 335,
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 Spermatophora 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 \$3.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
BLAKKLEY & HOUGHTON,
 Prescription Druggists,
 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

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 make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.
 Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.