IN THE NIGHT.

as I enter the shadowy portals of night. To stray in her solitudes rast, Pale Memory whispers a vanished delight, And summons a shade from the past.

Lot my Marguerite plays; the sweet passion skill

That we loved specifi again in her art, low the strains of her violin sound, at her will, Like the chords of a human heart!

It is only a dream, such as travelers say Thirst gives in the lands of the sun; and the sad, sweet face and the form pass away-The music and glory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words. If only one moment, to stay, But all that I hear is the twitter of birds. That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloud land of

snow, Are a lake and a valley so fair, and a sculptured stone, with its record of woe, To tell she is sleeping there. —W. Gow Gregor in Chambers' Journal.

A CALIFORNIA MUSTANG.

The other day a Kern county rancher telegraphed to the best horse doctor in San Francisco:

"Take the next train, come out to my farm, and do what you can for my mus-

tang." The doctor went, found an old saddle horse, long past usefulness, in fact dying, and returned, wondering what made the rancher so anxious about the Inminal

Others wondered, too, until the story was one day told to a few friends who were visiting at the old ranch house near the foothills. There is perhaps nothing in the affair which marks it as different from many occurrences on the frontier, where homes are far apart, and where life itself may sometimes depend upon a saddle horse's speed and bottom. But, told as the rancher told it at his own table, it was a story that long clung to the mory.

"It was more than thirty years ago," he said. "I was 18 years old, and had been away from home attending school. When I came back to the ranch in Kern, near the foothills, my mother came crying to the door to meet me. "My little.sister was very ill. She

was only 6 years old, my pet and deight, and my mother was a widow. An elder sister was in Tuolumne teaching school; my brother, who managed the ranch, had gone to Stanislaus to buy heep, and mother and baby were alone. It was eight miles to the nearest village and stage station, from which place 1 had walked, reaching the house at dark. I went in and found little Mary unconscious; my mother could not tell what was the matter. I ran down to the pasture and called my colt, Major, the best horse I ever owned. He came at once, and I saddled him and rode off at a

gallop. "It was early, winter, and rain had made the road heavy; cloudy all day, a drizzle began before I had been five minutes in the saddle. I had neither whip nor spur. Now and then I spoke to Major, and he knew there was work before him. Two miles we went without a pause, the road dead level and so alippery that I could feel Major slide like a log on a frosted sidewalk; but he managed to keep to his feet and resume his wild pace. He took the bit in his teeth and ran, snorting with excitement; for a year he had not been ridden, and his muscles were steel, his lungs like a steam engine. I let him walk for a few moments, then let him have his head again and again, until he swept into the village in a tearing gallop.

""Not here,' was the answer, as I ham-

wheel of the ore wagon. Wild with terror still, Major began to run as he had not run before. He climbed the bank again, and resumed his tearing pace along the roadway, his long mane blown over my face by the wind of his terrible flight.

"That night in the village the teamster told his cronies that a ferocious looking Mexican highwayman had ridden down upon him, frightened his mules and fired several shots as he galloped past. The sheriff heard the story and gathered up a posse of pioneers to look for Joaquin Murietta and his desperate gang, and for weeks the miners up in the hills sent a guard with their ore wagons. "I reached Bemont's in safety only to

find that the doctor had returned to the valley by another road, and was already far past any chance of being overtaken: for the condition of my horse now began to warn me that I must slack the headlong pace. I hired a rancher and sent him on a fresh horse after the doctor. while I took the shortest way back across the wide unfenced country.

"When I reached home Mary had been dead an hour. No human power could have prolonged her life. She revived a little once after I had gone and asked if brother Tom had come home. "No one except myself ever rode Major again. I found it very hard to bear the thoughts of my little sister that came up when I was riding over the hills with the mustang, so I turned him loose in the pasture, and he never had saddlemark but once since, though I have had dozens of men come to me and offer to buy him at any price. It was a great ride we had

-the longest and hardest gallop on record in this part of the country, and though I never said much about it, the horse had his reputation. "When was he ridden again? It was

about four years afterward, when he was at his best. There came word from Caliente that a Merced horse had beaten every mustang in the San Joaquin valley. The boys along the Kern county cattle ranges for twenty-five miles tried to beat the Merced mustang, but all that summer he swept the stakes at every sheep shearing and rodeo. One day a dozen of them came for my mustang. and I lent him for one race, to save the credit of the county. He dusted them all, and for months after horsemen came to see him and get him on the race track, but I never let him go again. One time and another I have been called a great many different kinds of a fool for letting the best horse in the valley rest in the pasture."-Charles Howard Shenn in Independent.

College Societies in New York.

The college fraternities bind men together for life in ties that are never broken. I think you will be surprised to know some of our leading men who belong to them, and still in their busy later years take great delight in assisting to keep up the organizations and the old spirit. Associations or chapters of gradnate members of the fraternities are maintained in New York city by fifteen of the orders, and some of the clubs are in a flourishing condition. Alpha Delta Phi has a club house near Columbia college, and the Manhattan chapter of this order keeps up a summer camp at Lake George, called Camp Manhattan. The Beta Theta Pi fraternity has a summer resort at Lake Chautauqua called Wooglin. The D. K. E. order has the largest graduate club in the United States in this city, with a fine clubhouse and an excellent restaurant. round, hollowed out like a cup or saucer, Several other of the clubs do not own and the outer edge covered with small

their houses, but rent quarters. There ared at the poctor's door. 'Gone ten are a good many papers devoted to these

FARM. FIELD, GARDEN. J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO. TOPICS OF PRACTICAL INTEREST

TO PROGRESSIVE FARMERS. Fertilization by Crop Rotation, as Demonstrated in Field and Farm-A System That Gives Alternately a Nitrogen

Gathering and Nitro Consuming Crops. Some authorities, among whom is Professor Wagner, divide crop growth into two very distinctly marked classes. They are the nitrogen gatherers and nitrogen consumers. Except a small amount of nitrogen in the soil to start the growth, the nitrogen gatherers draw all their supply from the atmosphere. It is therefore waste to supply nitrogen to these crops. The nitrogen consumers Land draw no perceptible amount of nitrogen from the atmosphere, but take it all up through the soil, and nitrogen must be applied to the soil or furnished to the soil by some other means. It may be through the roots and stubble of a previous nitrogen gathering crop, or by the direct application of nitrates. All crops require potash and phosphoric acid, and in some cases it may be necessary to supply lime. Hence all soils should be fer-tilized with these three ingredients until they contain so much that any addition makes no perceptible increase of crop. A soil so charged is in a maximum con-

dition. A system of rotation should be adopted that will give alternately a nitrogen gathering crop and a nitrogen consuming crop, and there will be very little demand for the application of nitrates, as the nitrogen gathering crop will each time furnish the requisite amount of nitrogen for the following nitrogen consuming crop. In this way nature is made to furnish to the soil the most costly of all fertilizers. Such is the theory, Now, what crops are nitrogen gathering: The answer is, all the leguninous plants -as peas, beans, clover, Indins, seradella, lentils, esparsetta, etc. What crops are nitrogen consuming? Answer: All the cereals, the grasses, and some, if not all, of the roots, fruits, etc., including maize and potatoes, wheat, rye, oats, barley and so on. The proper rotation of thes two classes of crops, if the soil is well supplied with potash, phosphoric acid and lime, is supposed to secure the maxi-mum crops and the most economical fertilization-both the crops and the economy to be enhanced by a careful and judicious saving and application of all available fertilizing material on the Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwich, Pigs' Feet farm.

H. S. Babcock, writing in The Fancier's Review, reduces the variety of combs upon our fowls to four classes First, the single comb of the original progenitor of our domestic fowls and the type toward which other combs constantly tend to revert. It is upright. should 's straight, and normally is serrated upon the upper edge. The ten dency to revert to this type manifests itself even in old breeds. Second, the rose comb, which differs from the single in being broader, flat upon the upper surface and usually terminating in a spike at the rear. The upper surface is generally covered with small points or corrugations, and is described by the English fancier as being "full of work." One of the most peculiar forms of this comb is that known as the "cup comb," which is found on the Sicilians. The comb is

The Four Classes of Combs.

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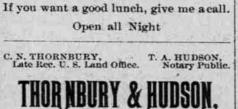
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miles into the foothills to the old Bemont place.

"That was east in a direct line, and three miles south was another village where perhaps a doctor could be found. If not it was but a few minutes lost, for another road could be taken to Bemont's.

"Again the wild pace under the clouded sky and cold rain, thoughts of my lonely mother and little sister urging me to yet greater haste. The road was hard, with a thin coating of mud that spattered me from head to foot, and the wind blew sharply in my face. I lived over in memery every scene of our lives, every word said to my sister, every act done in the past—her arms about my neck in thanks for some simple gift; long days behind the plow, with her toddling feet in the furrow; a child asleep in the summer grass, a bunch of wild poppies in her chubby hand, the calico sunbonnet tossed back from the curly head. Then I remembered that when I went away mother wrote me that every day little Mary asked: 'Won't brother Tom come home to-night? I want to see brother Tom.' "Well, I reached the village and found

that the doctor, who lived there, was sick himself. Nothing to do but to start for Bemont's. Again the gallop, no longer on level roads, but through rolling hills and under a darkness that was Egyptian. We were descending into a hollow between high hills. The road was narrow, dark, slippery, and the soft sound of falling rain drowned the noise of wheels. Through a break in the eastern clouds the stars shone out above the public. hill crest. Suddenly, instantly, without a stroke of warning, there loomed up before me, dreadful as De Quincey's 'Vision of Sudden Death,' a vast moving pile, six mules, a Carson wagou ore laden to the brim, a sleepy driver nodding on his seat-and tearing into that mass of wood, iron, stone and animal life was a

tired horse with a heartsick rider. -"Simultaneously the discovery came upon us all. The driver awoke with a loud, affrighted cry, the snorting mules sprang back in a wild group; I heard whiffletrees and harness snap, and a sud-den flash of lightning lighted up the dark hollow between the hills to the very feet of the frightened animals. Of myself 1 could do nothing, so narrow was the space between, so brief the time left for thought. But the instinct of the horse I rode was my salvation. On one side of the road was a shallow ditch, on the ered himself up and made a leap side-ways, screaming as he sprang, and we landed safely below, clearing by a few inches the tangled leaders and the great

associations printed in this city. I know of The Palm, of Alpha Tau Omega; the Chi Phi Quarterly, the Delta Kappa Epsilon Quarterly, and the Delta Upsi-lon Quarterly. The first college fraternity flag ever unfurled to the wind was run up on the top of the Astor House in 1870 by the boys of the Theta Delta Chi. It was black, white and blue, and since that time nearly all the fraternities have adopted flags showing their colors. -New York Star.

Whose Face Was It?

A few years ago while a workman at Pueblo, Colo., was dressing a block of stone his chisel uncovered a hard concretion near the surface of the block. Presently this concretion, which was rounded on the back, dropped from the cavity in which it rested, disclosing a perfect model of a human face on its under surface, every outline perfect, unhurt and unmarked by the tool which had dislodged it. The imprint in the block was as perfect as the model on the concretion, and many plaster casts were taken from it by archaeologists and local curiosity seekers. Some of these casts found their way to the museums of the learned societies of Europe, where they created much excitement and were the subject of many debates. Many scientists were inclined to take it as a perfect human fossil, but the majority insist upon it being merely an idol of prehistoric times. The stone in which it was found was from eighty feet below the surface .- St. Louis Re-

Manure from the Woods.

It will hardly pay to hanl rotten wood alone to your fields for manure. The fertilizing matter in all you could obtain in that condition would be quite small, and most likely it would be full of insects, of which every farmer has enough already. Still, a considerable quantity of good manure can sometimes be gathered from a piece of woods that is too rough for cultivation. This is done by hunting out nooks where leaves and twigs have been decaying for years until there are accumulations several inches deep of decomposed vegetable matter, doing no good in those particular spots, but which would add much to the fertil-ity of cultivated fields if it were hauled out and spread on them.

Emperor William of Germany is a very rapid speaker, and when he is rattling off an address at the rate of 275

triple comb of the Bramah and round upon Indian games, and bred upon the more recent varieties of the Plymouth Rocks. It has not been inaptly compared to three single combs pressed together at the rear and front, with the middle one the highest. Pea combed varieties have great reputations as winter layers, and this reputation has doubtless been deserved through the immunity from frost which the comb gives. The fourth is known as the leaf comb. The true leaf comb would be, of course, two single combs pressed together at one edge and opening outwardly, a style of comb which is rarely seen, but from which, in all probability, the combs of the Polish and Houdan and even the upright that of the Houdan, two horns more or less sprigged like the antlers of a deer.

The Root Growth of Corn.

It is quite well known that growing corn is often injured by deep plowing. but no instance is remembered where the reasons for it have been better given than has been done by the Illinois Experiment station. The purpose of the experiments were to ascertain the number of the roots of corn and their depth at the points where they are likely to be disturbed by deep cultivation. Nine plants which averaged 12 inches high had altogether 94 roots, or an average of over 10 apiece. The longest was traced 35 inches when the plant was 22 inches A plant 44 inches high had a root high. 13 inches long. Three-fourths of the

roots would not have been broken by cultivating 3 inches deep, but all except one would have been at 4 inches.

Seven other plants had 97 roots, of which 78 were traced, with few exceptions, their entire length. Rather more than three-fourths of the roots would not have been broken by cultivation 3 inches deep; nearly two-thirds would have been at 4 inches. Over one-third were 4 inches deep at 6 inches from their base. Three went straight down. The roots (except those at the seed, which afterwards die) start usually at from one to two inches from the surface, without reference to the depth at which the seed has been planted. In case the seed has been planted deeper than this, the stem is simply elongated between the first or seminal whorl, and the second or first nodal whorl. Thus, unless necessitated by dynamic denting is gringed by plant by dryness, nothing is gained by planting corn over three inches deep. Deeper planting would merely require of the plants extra force and time to reach a position where the roots which eventu-ally nourish them will grow.

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