- (Her image made the river smile), and bathed her little ivery feet and slender ankles in the Nile.
- P faith, a pleasant sight was this! Of all the pretty maids that be The circling sun might never kiss A prettier maid than Rhodope.
- By chance an eagle fierce and proud Came flying over land and sea, And stooping from his lofty cloud Looked down on lovely Rhodope
- Then, uttering a scream of joy, He soked her little slipper bright— A dainty, sliken, pearly toy— And bore it swiftly out of sight.
- The king, he sat in golden crown, About him stood a glittering band; When lo! an eagle gliding down, Had placed a slipper in his hand.
- He kissed it once, he kissed it twice;
 "Sweet slipper—sweeter foot" quo
 "Go, find it, slaves!" And in a trice
 They brought bewitching Rhodope
- One little foot was sandaled fair In pearly slipper, as was fit; The other little foot was bare, No pearl on earth could equal it.
- The courtiers sing "Long live the king!"—
 "But not without a queen," said he;
 Then gave his crown and everything
 To pretty little Rhodope.
 —New York Tribune.

MORNING GLORY.

Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green bearts for leaves and cunning little pale green curls here and there upon its fuzzy

She wanted to get up off the ground where she had been all of her short men if any one did, she said. life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something high," thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top, but she was not high at all-not much higher than the ground-for it was only a small stone that he had found; so she sadly crept back down the other side. and she lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to waw this plant growing there and groping about for support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution heart ached as she remembered what the to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not would lead her to where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky

would be would be beautiful blue sky

"Here, dearest," he said to the lady. and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window

Now Somebody, the person who owned stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see

He was very unhappy, and was often oh, so very!-cross, and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him, and with ever so not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about, very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one and they seemed to know and understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: "Oh! so you are blind, too! I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morn-liest times. The Druids and the bards, ing Glory with a soft caress and two sat drops fell upon the leaves. They felt strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glbry, and something told her

that these drops were tears.

Now, after this these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory-grew to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek and Somebody would pet her and stroke her

leaves very gently.

And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen. and was so used to it that now she hard-

she proudly put a great, beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty;" and that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret, too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into herear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one, and this is what it said, "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And Somebody understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great warm drops which she knew to be tears; but they were not bitter like the first ones; they were very sweet, because

they were tears of joy.

After this Somebody went away and was gone a long time. The weeks passed and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad; she felt hurt that he had left her so suddenly and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going to happen. Once she caught the word "bride," and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fielde, and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all, and were taken up with whoever was nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies-for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots and a rough hand grasped her; then a kind voice said, "Don't touch that; master loved the little vine, and it must be left as it is." Oh, how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words! She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly, and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill. take care of Somebody's garden, and he and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back: she was afraid that he would be too late.

One morning she heard the window open, and Somebody again stood there; there was some one with him now-a beautiful lady-and he held her in his her search again. She had not far to go arms and called her "Sweetheart." In his new happiness he had quite forgotten maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her know that the old man had put it there leaves all faded and brown, and he re-

> "this is the little friend I told you of, and he laid the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory, and she dropped sixty tiny seeds into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudthe garden, was ill; so ill that he had to der seized her, and little Morning Glory

"See! my pet!" said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, "that means good luck; it is her gift to the bride." And the beautiful lady smiled and she

put the seeds in a little box, saying, 'Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one."

'No," said Somebody, "never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend; it really seemed to understand much money to buy things to make him me. But then I don't need any one to happy, but the things that one buys do understand me now, for I have you." and again the lady was folded in a loving embrace and Somebody kissed her softly. -Marie Moore Morse in Chicago Times.

The Poets of Ireland.

No critic has yet given us a scientific analysis of Irish genius, but there are for it was a harmless little thing, but he certain features of it which all recognize as distinctive—as peculiarly Irish. The most marked of these, perhaps, is the delicate subtlety of the language used in expressing the emotions. Through all the ages this has been noted. No matter whether the poet or orator was Keltic or Norman, Dane or Saxon. if only his family had been in Ireland long enough, his effusions showed the same exquisite perception of the delicate shades of meaning in all words expressive of sorrow or love, anger, humor or hatred, devotion or patriotism. Is it in

the air or the scenery?

The verses of Tom Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Maginn, Charles Lover and many others might be cited in this con-

These are but specimens of the most cultured Irish poets, but the great point of interest in this connection is the enormous mass of poetry and song floating among the common people. And this has distinguished Ireland from the earthe early Christian missionaries and later heroes, even the transplanted Danes, Normans, Scotchmen, Saxons, all were poetic after their kinds, and in many sections of Ireland the trained ear often detects a sort of rhythm in the common speech of the peasantry. To sketch ever so briefly the writers of popular Irish songs in recent times would simply be to write a book. And the supply is apparently without limit, the music as sweet, the language as tender, as deli-cately shaded as ever. No popular movement is without its poets; no corner of Ireland but enjoys many local ballads. Yet, it must be in the air.

An instrument for testing the speed of electricity on English lines gives the rate at 288,000 miles a second. This is brought her friend a surprise. She had bept it a secret all the while, and now

HOW A DEADLY INSULT WAS PAID WITHOUT LOSS OF BLOOD.

tempt to Settle a Score That Lingered from Their West Point Days-Of Course a Lady Was the Cause.

An emblematic button of the Loyal Legion adorned the lapel of a cheviot coat worn by Maj. Oscar Bell at the

"A story, eh?" laughed the ex-army officer, as he detached his eyeglasses from the bridge of his nose and looked in a good natured way at the expectant reporter seated beside him.

"Well, lemme see. The smoke of lall! Shiloh is a chestnut now, and the battle of the Wilderness probably has been smothered from further interest by a profuse growth of weeds. By Jove! I can give you a little incident that has never been in type. It happened in 1863, when our regiment was in camp at a little Missouri town called Lexington. I wore a captain's straps at that time and did the shouting for Company B.

"The captain of Company D was named Henry Poor. Unknown to me he detested me, and all because I once made a pun on his name while at West Point. Being a young man of stringent means he was mortally offended, but later seemed to have overlooked an unintentional sally of wit that I got off at his expense among a group of fellow cadets.

"Well, when we got our commissions the loaded dice of fate threw us both in the same regiment, and when the war broke out we went to the front under the same colonel. As I said before, our regiment camped at Lexington, Mo., near Kansas City, or Westport, as it was known in those days. Among the events that transpired during the two weeks of our sojourn was a grand ball, given at the residence of a loval northern woman. for Lexington, although a Missouri town, had great respect for the Confederate colors, and a great many of its citizens heartily sympathized with the southern cause. At the ball several of the officers of our regiment were invited-Poor and myself included.

THE CHALLENGE. "During the evening I placed my name on the programme of one of the Lexington belles, but when I called for the dance I was horrified at the discovery that my name had been deliberately erased and that of Poor substituted, evidently by himself. When Poor and the young lady started off amid the seductive strains of the orchestra my blood fairly boiled with indignation. Later in the evening I caught Capt. Poor in the gentlemen's dressing room alone. I slapped him roughly in the face, and told him just what I thought of him. He did not resent it there, but the next day I received a challenge from him to fight a

"I had never fought a duel, and I hesitated some time, but rather than be accused of cowardice I consented. The matter was placed in the hands of friends, and one bright moonlight night five dark figures sneaked out of the camp and into a neighboring wood. The fifth figure was that of a doctor of Lexington, who had been let into the secret and consented to act, in consideration of a big fee for his services. To every appearance the duel was to be a tragic one, although I thought at one time I detected a slight smirk in the features of the seconds, who were mutual friends of the determined principals.

" 'Measure off ten paces,' commanded the doctor as he wiped a tiny stream of ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING. Missouri nicotine from his chin whiskers. The doctor was to act as master of cere monies. The space was measured.

"'Bring on the weapons,' was the next command. The seconds brought forth an ominous looking bundle carefully wrapped up in oilcloth. Capt. Poor shuddered. I was equally nervous. Ugh! the weapons were evidently wicked sabers, and it would be a duel from which neither principal would emerge alive. We took our places ten paces apart and stood glaring at each other, patiently waiting for the supposed swords to be placed in our hands ready to pierce each other's heart.

THE RESULT. " 'Gentlemen, here are the weapons, exclaimed the doctor as two large baseadvanced and placed one in the hands of each principal. 'Mind, gentlemen, you in this paper. are not to violate the rule to keep ten paces apart. Are you ready?

"Capt. Poor and I gazed at each other. The seconds were doubled up on the ground in convulsions of laughter. Even the doctor smiled, and to cap the climax a silvery laugh from a woman's lips broke the stillness of the air as the fair cause of the duel strode on to the dueling ground with eyes sparkling with

"'Do be sensible, gentlemen, and shake hands,' said she. There is going to be another party next Tuesday evening, and I will divide my programme of

waltzes with you both if you do.'
"I looked at Poor, and we met half
way and shook hands. The ludicrous contemplation of a duel with baseball bats at a distance of ten paces was too much for us. We laughed heartily after casting a reproachful glance at the mis-chievous seconds who put the job up on

At this juncture there was a rustle of satin near the hotel elevator, and the major arose in response to a signal from a well preserved lady. As he left the reporter he said, with a sly wink of his left eye, "I got that young lady for life. though, and Poor is up in the Sioux country now, and still a bachelor." With these parting words he disappeared into the dining room with the wife of his romance.—Denver Republican.

Spider poison appears to have special effects on certain insects, and the largest flies are not always the least affected by it. Insects over which spider poison has but little influence are usually left meshed in the web to struggle until exhausted before the spider attempts to devour

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