

STREAM AND SOURCE.

Bonder the streams that flow
Out of the cliffs of the rock,
But they widen into the river below,
Where the shepherd waters his flock;
And behind and above them all,
The rivulets and the river,
The springs that are hid in the heart of the
hills
Feed them in secret forever.

Bonder the streams of good
That flow from the lives of men,
But united they swell to a gracious flood
That bleaseth again and again;
—And, like the fountains that feed
The rivulets and the river,
The wells of God's grace are the source of
all good,
And he is the secret giver.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball in Congregationalist.

A HANDSOME BLONDE.

They boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, rosebud lips and deep checks. Her raven locks fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into a massive coil, artistically braided, in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were resplendent with a warm light, and had in their half shy expression a charm which fascinated for joy or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.

He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close cut. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and, do what he might, he could not avoid gazing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blessed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.

They were, ere long, introduced, but their acquaintance seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate them. She had other friends and needed him not; he was busy and cared not for her.

Gossips will circulate in a boarding house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—she overheard two of the servants discussing certain photographs. She learned they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies.

"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself, and then quickly answered it: "Of course he has. But perhaps he is engaged! Think of it! Is such a thing possible?"

And, fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she flung her door open. There was no one in the hall; the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see that other, perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance for detection from that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear.

Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in the mirror—a dainty, hand-painted thing—doubtless the gift of that other. But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.

The upper drawer of the bureau was open a little way—all else was in good order. She had been studying the photograph, perhaps a minute, rapidly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step come hurrying up the stairs.

She turned pale with fright, for she recognized his quick step, and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for he had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.

At her bosom she wore a dainty glove buttoner of oxidized silver—a pretty thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from its resting place as she sat reading in her own room, and when the thought of those photographs came to her she rose so suddenly that she still further loosened it. While bending over her picture on the bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and, when she turned quickly to fly, it fell into the partly open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it at so critical a moment.

When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room, but in her eagerness to escape she thought not of that obstruction, but rushed into it, overturned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, humbled most piteously, she sprawled full length upon the floor, a dozen hairpins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lordly dignity.

Just at this juncture he, a little wearied with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunderstruck.

He paused abruptly upon the threshold as if spellbound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was forced to grasp the casing of the doorway lest he, too, might fall.

This weakness of course lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon its back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, he said for hair dressing scattered about in confusion, a faint smile lit his face—surely this was pardonable.

The next moment, however, his expression changed, for she remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted her gently to her feet, and sought to assure her that no harm was done.

Her hands were bruised, likewise her face, arms and many parts of her body, for she fell heavily; but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His arms were

about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair—his voice was speaking, polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate, worris, but still she sobbed, her heart nearly broken.

He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was a kind hearted man after all, and as he appreciated her situation he gently drew her toward the hall.

"I—I will—go—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt."

After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so hopelessly that he at once came to her relief.

A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room, and he was standing in the center of his wondering how she happened to be where he found her.

It would be wrong to say that he arrived at the proper solution of the problem at once, for although his wits were fairly sharp and the correct thought came to his mind, still he was not so conceited as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty lace trimmed handkerchief, and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau drawer above mentioned.

As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove buttoner, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed raptly at it, and then with a sigh, which may have meant very much, put it with the other spoils and dropped into his great chair to think.

Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was so much worried and troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss — was seriously ill. And this was her answer:

"Yes, we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps not at all, or only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we cannot account for it in any way."

Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep Sunday night. He saw that her pride and shame were killing her. He knew not why, but his own heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of anything or any one but her.

This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about 11:30 o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's.

His door was open a little way and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn a week ago when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away.

And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him—rather courage came to him—sufficiently to carry out the bidding of a thought he had cherished for many days.

He stopped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpin, glove buttoner and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face she stammered:

"Pardon—I think—I should say this—or these belong to your daughter."

After which he made a very shamefaced retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate thus.

The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly received new strength as she heard his voice, and, springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cords in almost breathless haste.

The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed and sank into a chair, not really knowing what to expect.

The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes, her bosom heaved with mighty sobs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Alarmed at this the mother went to her child, and when she became more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her everything.

Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote also a few words, tied it with the relics—if they may be so called—and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.

This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart stricken young man almost flew into the larger room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.

And now my tale is done. It were not proper or fair to tell what words, what sighs, what promises were exchanged that morning.—Elmira Telegram.

Surgical Instruments.

A thing the general public does not know is that there are few, if any, patents on surgical instruments. When a physician gets up some new device to meet the needs of the profession of surgery and medicine he does not get a patent on it, but any one is free to make it, and the profession gets the benefit of that fact.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just Stop Dodging.

"Why don't you marry, Mr. Bachelor?"

"Well, I've been trying for years to find a girl."

"Have you got any money?"

"Enough, I guess."

"Then you just hold still a while and the girl will find you."—Washington Star.

ON THE BEACH.

Foot Atlanta, skimming the gray sands,
As runs the hurrying beach bird, airy light,
With radiant eyes and floating locks, and hands
Outstretched, and flitting garments snowy white!

May never golden apple roll between
Thee and thy victory: Keep steadfast on,
Reach thy far goal, and so be crowned a queen.
Thy race accomplished and thy triumph won,
Before thy feet the world is sure to cast
Its gilded fruit: be faithful to the last.

And run thy race with Time, outstrip thy friends
Not for ambition, empty, feverish, vain,
But shape thou thy life's course to nobler ends:
Strive to be foremost a pure heart to gain;
To win forbearance and sweet charity.
Truth, patience, faith, a conscience crystal clear.

For these press on, nor pause, and thou shalt be
Lifted into a peace that knows no fear.
And thy sweet childhood's bliss be thine always,
As on the breezy sands this summer day.
—Celia Thaxter in Youth's Companion.

Favorite Initiations at Harvard.

The favorite mode of torment seems to be to make a man go out and sell something, or perform some manual labor in the streets. Not long ago a student who was very much in love with a pretty Cambridge girl was compelled to go to the home of her parents with a Jew peddler's pack and sell all the members of the family the cheap handkerchiefs and atrocious brass jewelry with which he was loaded down. The match was not broken off, but there was a frigid coolness in that house until the real object of the visit was afterward explained.

Another rich and immaculate young swell was ordered into a ditch where some Italians were digging in the main street of Cambridge, and into it he went with pick and shovel, clad in a dress suit, which was made part of the command.

Rubber boots, an ulster and a fur cap are frequently ordered on a victim in the hottest days of term time, and they must be seen on him whenever he appears outside his room. Cambridge, like other college towns, has become partly accustomed to these college vagaries, and whenever any one is seen upon the streets acting particularly like a lunatic people class him at once as a candidate for a college society.—New York Star.

AN OLD TIME INDIAN TERROR.

An Aged Indian Who for Ten Years Terrorized the Settlers of Arizona.

They were talking about Indian outbreaks when one of the party, who had been for many years a resident of Arizona territory, remarked:

"I tell you, gentlemen, that this Indian business is pretty serious. Why, down in Arizona we lived for fifteen years in a state of terror on account of a marauding band of Apaches that had things pretty much their own way all this time, in spite of all the government troops could do to keep them in check."

I call to mind particularly Old Victorio. There was a warrior for you. He commanded a band of some 200 bucks. They were the Chiracahua Apaches, and the murders, robberies and depredations committed by that band during those ten years in which they were on the warpath are almost incredible.

Old Victorio was nearly 90 years of age when the troubles began. He ruled those redskins with a rod of iron in spite of his years. And he was paralyzed, too, completely paralyzed. He was only able to use his left arm a little, just enough to lift a cigarette to his mouth.

He was constantly in the saddle, and had to be strapped on like a bale of goods. His band had the finest ponies to be found anywhere. They would sometimes appear at one place, and in less than twenty-four hours you would hear of them some place 100 miles distant. All throughout southern Arizona and northern Mexico old Victorio continued his raids until the settlers finally gave up in despair. The government troops appeared to be utterly powerless in the matter.

Why, that band of redskins would sometimes plunder a wagon train right under the noses of the troopers, and by the time the latter were mounted and ready to start in pursuit they would be out of sight. The next day, perhaps, the wires would tell of some fresh depredation committed by the same band in a section of the country over 100 miles away.

This old war dog, however, was finally rounded up and shot. He died in the saddle, fighting to the last, and his band, what was left of it, dispersed. Of course the settlers heard of it and were delighted. Dismay followed, however, when Cochise took the field. This Indian ran things pretty much the same way for five years, and then came old Geronimo.—New York Herald.

She Had to Wash the Pets.

A curious case of special interest to elderly spinsters and lovers of house pets is shortly to come before the Berlin courts. A young woman was engaged as companion to an old lady at stated wages, but ran away from her place two days after entering service.

Her mistress procured her arrest under the law that a servant must give due notice before leaving her situation, but the police, after hearing the girl's statement, told the lady that she could not compel the girl to return, and could only claim damages in the civil court.

For the girl stated, and her statements have been proved true, that on entering the lady's flat four immense dogs jumped at her, although they did not do her any harm. In the next room another big dog, with a litter of pups, met her gaze, while the third room was tenanted by at least three dozen different varieties of birds.

The kitchen of the old lady was given over to cats, and the girl's sleeping room was converted into a temporary hospital for invalid members of the animal world.

"The old lady," said the girl, "was very kind to me, but as my duties consisted in washing my bed with half a dozen dogs and cats, I was obliged to run away to avoid sickness."—London Telegraph.

Mrs. Clarissa Buzzell, of Brooks, is 91 years old, and her grandson the other day pulled the first tooth she had ever had extracted.—Bangor (Me.) Whig.

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