ow she loves me. Every day she fills soul with joy that only true love thrills: ree, I cannot measure if I would love unspoken yet well understood.

The never once the same, this tale of love. For now 'tis written in the blue above: And if the hand be hid, yet still I trace The clearest limnings of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it in my raptured car. No sweeter romance can we mortals hear. For when among the trees the south wind plays Each little trembling leaf her love betrays-

Or now she drops, all loverlike, a flower As if to company some quiet hours
Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird
Repeats the tale, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a courtier, everywhere I stray She smiling meets me, as for holiday.

As if to draw me in her close embrace,

And, like a lover, woo me face to face.

Mary Woodward Weatherbee in Bosto

A BAD CASE.

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to. the world My husband is-or was-a very enthusiastic man, and imagines that he has a fine eye for the arts. Being a lawyer, he enjoys considerable leisure in the afternoons, and it is this that has proved his ruin. I shall never forget his I got away quite early. Having made first offense. It was very shortly after the money I turned in-now don't be our marriage I was wondering why he was so late for dinner when suddenly a cab drove up to the door

For one moment I fancied that it must be his mother (wives have their mothersin-law as we'l as husbands). Linagine my astonishment when out jumps my husband, with a guilty jauntiness of demeanor, presents the cabby with five shillings (I noted this extravagance my self from the window), and is followed by that functionary staggering under bolland, up the steps : The usual loafer distributed, to the horror of my economical mind At last the thing-apparent ly a miniature of the great pyramid-is posited in our small hall with a resomant bang, and its bearers depart.

What on earth makes you so very un spoiled And what, in heaven's name is this? punctual, dear? The soup will be quite

'I thought you'd like it, darling (this with a nervous flush). It's the most wonderful bargain, and it would have been really wicked to have let it slip It's a genuine Elizabethan-but, there see it for yourself."

The mummy like bandages were last removed, and what do you think I beheld? An enormous rusty, musty dusty and hideous clock!

'Yes," he continued, "a real, antique. Elizabethan musical clock. It plays six tunes of the period; and, what's more look at the initials graven on the face-W. S. I've very little doubt that it once belonged to Shakespeare himself who was very fond of mechanical inventions shall have, of course, to have it repaired and done up, and then it will look splendid in the dining room."

He quite took my breath away: I could only ejaculate, "Where on earth did you pick it up, and what did you

"At the sale of an old house. Every one said it was ridiculously cheap, and that they'd have given twice as much if only they had known. Just think only a hundred dollars! Why, I could get two hundred for it any day.

White elephants were nothing to this disgusting "horologe," as I found it described in the catalogue. It cost twenty dollars to put right, and then it smashed twenty dollars' worth of things in being fixed up. It sometimes played its miserable so called tunes so rapidly that you had to stuff your fingers in your ears, at others, it emitted a spasmodic and raven like croak that was positively alarming

At last, thank heaven! it stopped-"never to go again," and I firmly resolved that not one penny more should be spent in "doing it (and us) up." Add many young wives, and was satisfied taph for with a scolding. The result was that we author. gradually became deluged with the most miserable miscellany of rubbishy bric-abrac, damaged furniture, dubious pictures, and, in a word, the refuse of the auction room

To believe my husband, we were the proud possessors of Cromwell's hat, Byron's toothbrush, one of Sheridan's IO U's, a curl of Marie Antoinette's, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a George Morland 11 believe this latter is the evil genius of the Picker up) and a whole roomful of split and useless "Chippendale" and Sheraton," etc. And all had been acquired at "sales which had a history." at an "absurd sacrifice," and to the admiration of the disappointed bystanders I saw that the fiendish habit was gradually growing upon him, like drink or I hope I know my duty. I resolved to protect myself and him, and, after an awful scene ensuing on his acquisition of an infected sedan chair, I exeted from him a solemn pledge to give up this pernicious habit once and for

But I was inexperienced; I should have known the male mind better. Deterred while quite free to move in any direction, thoroughly supported in every posifrom the open pursuit of his nefarious tion, thoroughly supported in every posipurchases in secretly. I had observed him lingering somewhat suspiciously over the auction advertisements of the dailies. York Commercial Advertiser. and I noticed also that his cost pockets bulged out curiously on his nightly re-turn. One day I had occasion to tidy (as a good wife should periodically do) the escritoire of his dressing room. What do you think I found? The drawers. the pigeon holes, the interstices even were literally crammed with heaps of cracked and tarnished trifles—pouncet boxes, enameled knife handles, embossed watch cases pocket revolvers and the atch cases, pocket revolvers and the

I was horrified. It was too true; de-barred by the dread of discovery from "picking up" big things he had resorted.
under a miserable subterfuge, to small:

But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will, and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not be thus squandered. My husband kept a handsome volume in which he recorded minutely a description, the prices and the dates of his purchase of this miscel-laneous collection. My mind was made I numbered and ticketed every one of these horrible knickknacks with my own hands. I compiled their catalogue.

and I headed it as follows: Mesers. Hammer & Tongs have the honor to announce that on Thursday next they will sell by auction, in their great rooms in Blank street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture in the Sheraton, Adams and Chippendale styles, arms, Limoges enamel, quaint watches and clocks, formed with consumptions to the and of large haveness by a great summate taste and at lavish expense by a gen-tleman who has no further need for them.

I myself arranged with the auctioneers who, with some amplifications, adopted my catalogue, and a day was chosen when my husband was at last occupied (I believed remnneratively) in court.

Well, the time came. I was so excited that, although sorely tempted to be present, I did not dare to attend the "rooms" of Messrs. Hammer & Tongs. The evening came, and with it my husband, in a frantic state of exhilaration.

"You've won the case!" I exclaimed.

fondly and admiringly. "Oh, never mind the case!" he rejoined impetuously; "it was settled, and angry, darling-for a moment to Hammer & Tongs-most exciting sale of an eminent virtuoso's curios, and you'll admit that after all my judgment was not so bad; for it was an exact replica of my own—thing for thing and picture for picture, only that his Rembrandt and Rubens were poor copies, and his George Morland evidently spurious. The whole lot were going for a perfect song, so

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated: "you an enormous burden, swathed in brown don't mean to say that you bought your own"- But at this crisis a merciful rushes forward and a fresh gratuity is film came over my eyes, and I swooned

> My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern coins, which we pick up elsewhere than in salesrooms,-St. James'

When One Sleeps.

A shrewd man says, "A man can deceive me as to his real character when he is awake, but if I can once see him asleep I can tell you what he is." And there is a strange truth in it. In sleep a mau is off guard. The will no longer dominates, and first nature comes back and asserts herself. One can make his face say what he chooses when he is awake, but when sleep touches his face it tells the truth. The forced smile slips away and the cruel lines about the mouth stand out. The closed eyes shut out the look of determination that sometimes gets into a man's face without the reality in his soul, and the childish indecision and irresolution that come back show you that the man is weaker than he makes you believe.

It was a half knowledge of this fact that a clever French woman used to phrase when she declared that she never would see any of her friends early in the morning, because she hadn't got her mask on yet. Her face hadn't got the soul out of it yet—or hadn't got the soul into it, which was it?—and she instinctively shut herself away from detection. We all juggle with our real selves and appear to be what we are not, more or less, but the truth does manage to get itself said somehow and sometimes.-New York Evening Sun

Funny Mistakes of Author Everything lies in the application of a manuscript to the right channel. I have seen some funny mistakes made by authors. One would imagine that any author would avoid the error of sending a short story or a serial novel to The North American Review or a poem to The Forum, and yet scores of authors are doing these very things every month. I know a bright literary woman who persistently sent six batches of poetry at different to this that I subsequently discovered a times to The Popular Science Monthly Geneva maker's name inside. I could and felt aggrieved because in each in-wish that I had been more stern on this stance her verses came back. "Misapfirst occasion, but I was weak, like too plication" would be an appropriate epi-

The trouble is that there are a lot of careless, unthinking authors writing today who ought to be in some other business. They hear some one speak a certain title—perhaps it may be in naming a list of dead magazines—and they immediately grasp at the name as a new channel for their wares, and next day off goes a manuscript addressed to the periodical they heard mentioned. I know of magazines which stopped publication years ago to whom manuscripts are still being sent.-Edwin W. Bok.

An Improved Castor. A useful castor of novel form is being used in England. It is intended to obvi ate the difficulties arising from the ordinary construction of castors, where the roller is carried on a cranked swivel arm which is easily broken off. The center pin of the roller bearing is fixed in a small plate, rotating freely round a cen-tre pin secured in the body of the castor. The plate named, when pushed round into any position, rests on the base of the cup or disc of the castor and is thus,

Do You Want One? There are about thirty castles and palces in Spain which can be rented at from \$3 to \$10 per week, cash in advance, and any American who lands there with \$1,000 in his pocket can fling on more style for six months than he

Wentman-I don't think much of your

poetry, Tenner. Tenner Collum—No? I don't think much when I write it.-American Gro-

BRITISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

eng Language of Curlyle on Those Who "Embarked in Philanthropy." By way of individualizing for ourselves the philanthropist as Carlyle believed be, found him in his own country, we ask first, I think, What is his place in society? what is his relation to others not philanthropists? By way of answer to this question we learn from Carlyle that society is divided into two great genera, as they may be called—the great dumb "inarticulate class" and "the articulate class." This latter class we find is further divisible into two-a large ignoble majority, "intelligent and influential, busied mainly in personal affairs," who "accept the social iniquities and the miseries consequent upon them," and "a select small minority in whom some sentiment' of public spirit and human pity still survives, among whom, not anywhere, the good cause may expect to find soldiers and sovereigns." It is these last, "the silent small minority," these last, "the silent small minority," that are Carlyle's philanthropists. If say that in some measure they answer to the remnant of old Hebrew times as treat-

ed of by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold we shall not go far wrong. Passing to Carlyle's charges against the class now under consideration, those who, to quote his own words, "embark in the philanthropic movement," his first and heaviest charge, at bottom inclusive of all others, is that they misconceive the situa-tion. It is not that they deny the existence of great public misery—we have seen that they are even impressed and stirred to action by it. They at least do not call good evil and evil good, put "bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." No; but they seem never to have asked themselves how never to have asked themselves how to came about that "any world or thing fell-into misery," or if they did the true an-swer to the question seems never to have occurred to them, viz., that it was because it had "first fallen into folly, into sin against the supreme ruler of it, by adopt-ing as a law of conduct what was not a

law, but the reverse of one." The offenses and omissions of the last 200 years, Carlyle believed, had been every one of them registered against his country-men in heaven's chancery; had all the while lain there generating frightful interest and compound interest, until at last they had produced the frightful situation philanthropist would cope with, havthe philanthropist would cope with, hav-ing for some of its palpable external feat-ures abroad an "idle black peasantry," by the thousand, at home, 30,000 "discon-tented needlewomen who can't sew;" scoundrels in jail treated by the method of love, the deserving poor, struggling bard outside to keep their heads above water, further taxed at the risk of their entire submergence, in order that among scoun dreis the method of love may reign; 3,000,-000 paupers in the country, "Connaught potentially cannibal," and as "the evangel of freedom and real programme of a new ern," the "whitewashing" of the "scoun-drel population" and the "sweeping out of the gutters."—Lecture of Robert Nivens.

An Eye to His Riparian Rights. A young business man in town recently bought a strip of land along the lake shore in Lake View, and a short time afterward moved up into the vicinity of the land. His friends say that he did it so that he could watch the land, but this he denies. However, he has a good eye for the main

"It isn't a big strip," he said, "but it gives me riparian rights; that is why I bought it."

"Going to fill in?" he was asked.
"No. The waves are making half a foot month for me by washing up refuse."
This is to show that he has a good business head. It was rumored in real estate circles that he got out on the shore in the morning with a hoe and a rake and pulled in everything that got within reach, but this could not be verified. The following, however, can be:

"He was standing at the window one morning, looking over his land, when he suddenly startled his wife by exclaiming

"Great Scott! There are a lot of boys on my land playing sailor!"
"What of it?" his wife asked innocently

"What of it!" he cried. "What of it! Why, they're digging harbors on my ri arian rights. Wait a minute and I'll fix 1..." He grabbed his hat and rushed out. "Did you settle it?" asked his wife when

he returned a moment later.
"Oh, yes," he replied with the air of a
man who had done a good stroke of business. "It's all right now. I told 'em that that was no way to play sailor in Chicago; that they ought to build piers to land their boats at, and now they are building piers and making more land for me every min-

That's the eye for business some men have.—Chicago Tribune.

A story overheard ran something like this: "I was sitting in a box at a theatre one evening when one of the men present said: 'I always look around in a theatre for the easiest way of escape in case of fire, for the easiest way of escape in case of are, or for some way in which I could reach the stage if any accident were to occur there. Now, suppose that actress' gown should take fire. I would step on that garland there, steadying myself by the rail with the arm which held my overcoat, reach my foot across to that frieze in high relief and spring thence to the stage. In thirty-five seconds I should have reached her and

have the flames smothered with my coat.'
"I laughed at him. Well, as it happened
that very actress' gown did catch fire,
and she gave a piercing scream that almost
threw the house into a panic. What did my friend do? Forget all about his fire scheme and lose his head like the rest? Not one bit of it. He did just exactly what he said he would do. His cost was around the woman in less time than it took me to wonder at his activity, and the audience was cheering him. It was a sort of discipline with him, you see." Repeated in print for the benefit of those who may have chance to play the hero some time.-Nev York Tribune.

Burdens of Indolence

None so little enjoy life and are such burdens to themselves as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor knows not what it is to what it is to labor knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful and sleep sweet and undisturbed. The happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers.—New York Ledger.

mes of the New States Only four of the six states created with-Only four of the six states created with-in the past two years have nicknames, so far as we have heard. These are the Da-kotas, Montana and Washington. North Dakota has been dubbed the Flicker-tail State, South Dakota the Swinge-cat State, Montana the Stubbed-toe State, and Wash-ington the Chinook State.—St. Louis Globe-

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