

HOW I SAID YES.

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A beligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildness of my teachers considered me "nearly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No" in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference to him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time. "I suppose," I said, you mean to ask me once a quarter?" "Is that enough?" "Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then, we will say once in six months, Miss Olive!"

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Dr. Koch and his bewildering theories.

The last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I said so very distinctly, but Geoffrey proposed some out of the way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak unmistakably to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste of material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place, I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "fights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was of course a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley falls or Guthrie we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is ubiquitous. We procured rooms, and my trunks were with some difficulty got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"I suppose," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them upstairs. I can have no use for my dresses here."

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways, "as you like, dear; that gray thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark of course I had every trunk, bonnet box and sachet taken upstairs; and the noise and confusion, and even the occasional bad word their size and weight called forth, were quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think, if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with me.

"But, sir," I inquired, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the valley."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians, I mean society Christians."

"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked, amazed.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here today; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lacelles called. Just after supper I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lacelles entered. She was beautiful; I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and ladylike, reminding you of a fair white lily.

We soon struck up a friendship—a girl's friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather smugly remarked, "the only Christian within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns' advice to still "keep something to myself" I wadna tell to any.

Life settled down into an unexciting but enduring routine. Mary and I visited each other and arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was:

GEORGEY GARDNER.

Now, it so happened that the existence

of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attention. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools: they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart!

We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely. Her rose-colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chessboard between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering as I passed his chair:

"Checkmated, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How it came let doctors tell," but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly, and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course, and I was prepared for that; but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident: They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidently in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for king nor kaiser. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good, refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke about dusk with a new born purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the keynote of which was, "She stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles', so I threw my dressing gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting room. As I walked in at one door, Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"I came to take you to Mr. Lacelles', Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of darkies to tote me there, I really don't think you will succeed."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you. I don't think you would enjoy the journey."

"Will you dare me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have, what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. Oh, Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were 8 years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever or leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never!"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said:

"Geoffrey, come back; it is now."

"That is the way I said 'Yes,' and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I shall never be a meek woman; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than I ever did to paternal rule. Father laughs with sly triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me as a wedding present a handsome copy of 'The Taming of the Shrew.'—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

Hard work is not so apt to injure a horse as the failure to receive proper attention after the work.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN ARCTIC SEAS.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

Terrible Discovery of a Sea Captain Over One Hundred Years Ago.

One evening in the middle of August, 1778, Capt. Warren, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degs. north latitude. They were of immense height and wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind them as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter.

Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind he could not move, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe so long as the bergs kept their position. One night after a violent storm the captain found that his ship had sustained no serious injury, and that the accumulated icebergs had become disarranged and separated, and that a kind of canal had been formed through which his ship could pass. After he had proceeded a few miles a ship made its appearance about midday. The sun shone brightly at the time.

At first the bergs prevented the captain from seeing much of her but her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind, and then grounded and remained motionless. The captain's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately jumped into a boat with several of the crew and rowed toward her. On approaching her he observed that she was considerably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open port hole caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct.

The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, after a few moments pause they descended to the cabins. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren had viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate still retained the same position and was insensible of the entrance of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and the log book lay in front of him.

Neither fuel nor wood could be found anywhere, and the captain was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his men from examining the vessel as minutely as he could wish. He therefore carried away the log book, returned to his own ship, and steered to the southward deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the dangers of navigating the Polar seas.

On returning to England he made inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared, and by comparing results with the documents he ascertained the name and history of the frozen ship, and found she had been there thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Repeating Telegrams.

Telegraph companies persistently print at the top of their message blanks a warning that they are not responsible for mistakes in transmission, and they also proffer, in very small type, the advice that "to guard against mistakes or delays the sender of a message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison," at an additional charge of one-half the regular rate. The notice has steadily adorned the blanks in spite of court decisions that the companies are responsible for errors, whether the messages are repeated or not, and in spite of the additional fact that it is rarely read, or, if it is, the interest excited is only casual. Nobody ever seems to accept the advice regarding repetition.

An operator, speaking of the old notice recently, said that in an experience of fifteen years he had never seen but one message bearing the order to repeat, and it was regarded as a great curiosity. This message fell a victim to excessive caution. It was bound from New York to San Francisco. It contained but one word, the little word "Yes." It was religiously repeated back from every relay station between the Atlantic and Pacific, but by some misfortune, due to a second of abstraction on the part of an operator, or to a timely but unfortunate "flip" of the instrument, the word was changed to "No." A big row ensued, and an operator in New York nearly lost his position.—New York Times.

Healthfulness of the Electric Light.

The healthfulness of the electric light was recently illustrated in a striking manner. Some railway men were discussing in a car factory the relative advantages of illumination by gas and electricity, and the advocates of each system remained unconvinced by the other. Finally the superintendent of the factory suggested that the matter could easily be put to a practical test, and turning on the gas in the smoking compartment of an adjacent car he invited the officials inside. It is said that their stay was of the briefest, for in a very few minutes even the strongest of them had to succumb to the heat and oppression and to seek the outer air.

A like test, made in a compartment lighted by incandescents, was attended by a very different result, and the verdict which followed was unanimous for the cool, wholesome light. This will readily be understood by those who, accustomed to the electric light, have occasion to sit in gaslit rooms in which the sense of heaviness often becomes oppressive.—New York Telegram.

Making Johannes Obey.

Dr. Kilson—Johannie won't show me his tongue, ma'am.

Mrs. Brown—Then give him some of your medicine. That always causes him to make such a face that he can't help putting his tongue out.—Epoch.

SNIPES & KINERSLEY,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic

CIGARS.

(AGENTS FOR)



Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON,

MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

G. E. BAYARD & CO.,

Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan

AGENCY.

Opera House Block, 3d St.

Chas. Stubling,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

GERMANIA,

New Vogt Block, Second St.

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

Liquor Dealer,

MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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 Spermatorrhea 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 \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

YOU NEED BUT ASK



THE S. B. HEADACHE AND LIVER CURE taken according to directions will keep your Blood, Liver and Kidneys in good order. THE S. B. COUGH CURE for Colds, Coughs and Croup, in connection with the Headache Cure, is as near perfect as anything known. THE S. B. ALPHA PAIN CURE for internal and external use, in Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramp Colic and Cholera Morbus, is unsurpassed. They are well liked wherever known. Manufactured at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

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.