Lithe, languages, with large and lustrous eyes.
That shine like moons from out her night of hair.

That serpentwise around her coils—a snare
To charm alike the witless and the wise!
The luring sounds of dreamy lutings rise,
And o'er her head her shapely arms and bare
She tosses, while her supple limbs and fair
Move slowly to the subtle harmonies.
Dark hands glide swifter o'er the taut drawn

strings;
And now, with look and motion pussionate.
Like some wind tossed resplandent eastern

In tranced ecstacy she sways and swings, Until she seems to us the enthralled fate That drew great Antony to his disgrace and

doors.
—Clinton Scollard in Pitsburg Bulletin.

THE NEW BABY.

One day last week Babe was a-setten in my lap, and I was tellin' her a story I had jest got to the thrillin' part of it. when the good little boy, who always minded his ma, had a hull pail of red apples gin to him. And Babe was alookin' up into my face with her big blue gray eyes a-shinin' and her golden yellow hair a-fallin' back from her little

ager, happy, upturned face. When all of a sudden the kitchen door epened and Miss Pixley came in, and before she had been there some time she anys to Babe, a-winkin' to me at the mme time:

"Your nose is broke now, young lady!" Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it, and I winked to Miss Pixley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant: I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby would crowd Babe, our Tirzeh Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pixley went right on. She is an old maiden, and has had five disappointments, and some say seven, and they have embittered her, and says she

"Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now in Grandma's heart." Babe looked troubled; on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that

we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloudin' up nicely And I wunk severer and more vigelent

Pixley to stop! If ever a wink spoke them did, to stop immegidly! But she kept right on. Poor creeter.

I spoze them disappointments was the cause on't. She kep right on, and ses

"You won't be grandma's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to

And then the cloud did break into a rainfall of tears. Babe jest bust out cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my bosom through the force of old custom. and, anon! (how much like older human creeters accordin' to her size) she drew her head away as if sayin':

"I can't lay my head there any more if the love has gone out of the heart it won't rest me nor comfort me no more to lay there.'

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much like big children! So she sot up kinder straight in my lap. with her pretty lips a quiverin', and the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I riz right up with Babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigelent.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't misuse Miss Pixley owin' to the six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before this. But I felt that I must make it right with Babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt-wounded love pride and jealousy, etc., etc., etc. I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to Journal. Babe, and I must help her spell 'em: I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her clost to me and kissed shinin' hair that lay up against my

She a-strugglin' at first: jealousy and pride a-naggin' her; and she at first a-not can do this the best with sheep, and at the least cost. In the following state them of jealousy and pride-jest like older children exactly.

But after awhile, I held her so warm and stiddy, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and contact sort o' calmed her, and then. anon, she drew one little arm up round my neck, and anon the other one, and I looked down deep into her eyes, right into the little true soul, and that little true soul saw the truth in mine.

Words couldn't have convinced Babe so well as that look that she had learnt to depend on.

Love has a language that though maybe it can't be exactly parsed and analyzed, yet it can be understood exactly, entirely understood, and Babe see that I loved her.

And then was the time that that sweet little creeter put up her arms and kissed me, and I says sort o' low like. but very tender:

"Sweetheart, you know jest how much

I love you, don't you?" And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on em sweet places. And then I went on and talked dretful good to Babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her all about how the little new soul had come, unknown to itself, here into a great, strange world, how helpless it waz, how weak, and how we must all elp it, and try to make it feel itself at

And I tried to explain it to her-how that as she had come first she owed a courtesy to the newcomer, and that she must be ready and willin' to neighbor with her. I didn't use jest those words.

but them was my idees I told her how blind the little creeter , and Babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her, lead her straight over ways she knew nothin' about and keep her from harmin' herself.

How Baby Snow couldn't talk for herself at all now, and Babe must talk for r-good talk that little Snow could learn of her bimeby; how she couldn't

walk, and daise must go shead o' her and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her jest how hard it was for the little creeter to be put here in the midst of sorrow and troubles and dangers, and how we must all of us be jest as good to her as we could out of pity for the dear little lonesome creeter.

So I roused up Babe's pity for her, and she was all animated about helpin' of her; and then I told her the baby had come to be a great blessin' and comfort to her if she was only patient and good

And, don't you see, the very fact of Babe havin' to do a kindness to Snow, havin to do good things for her, was the sures; way of makin' her love her, for it is a great fact in our human nature that you can't love 'em that you have injured in any way. And at the same time, if you have ever been good to anybody you always feel softer towards 'em ever after wards and more mellerer.

Curius, ain't it? But it is a fact.

And I spoze the reason of it is that you have sort o' lowered yourself in your own estimation by doin' a mean, unkind act, and so, in order to satisfy your mental criticism o' yourself, to make it right with your own soul, you lay hold and bring up all the faults you can of that person to justify your own act. And so you keep on that mental naggin' at 'em that uncomfortable sort of a feelin' towards 'em makes you restless and uneasy and you feel glad and relieved every time you stand justified to your con-sciousness by ketchin' 'em in a bad act Haint it so? Now, honestly, haint it? Why, I know it is, and so I made sure

that Babe should begin right. For if you do a good, helpful thing for a person your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious men tal reasonin's why you did it; it was be cause they were so good, so smart, etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a provin up to your own self, till you get fairly in love with 'em. Bless you if you don't! A very curious thing. But the way I

do, when I get holt of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it full to myself before I act on't. No, I grasp holt of it and use it for my winks than I had wunk before at Miss own then, and afterward wonder at it to

my heart's content. So Babe got to thinkin' she was neces sary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self esteem, jest es if

she was a older child, only accordin' to her weight. She got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which called out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her-still accordin' to her

weight, forty pounds more or less. And day by day Babe's love for the little creeter grew till it was fairly beautiful to see 'em together, and so Josiah said, and Thomas J. said so, and Tirzeb Ann and Maggie and Whitfield.

And as for Miss Pixley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' to, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when Babe and I went out of the parlor-the Babe with happy bright eyes and I with kinder thought ful, pityin' ones, and all four on 'em kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pixley alone I tackled her, and she as good as promised me she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She haint such a bad creeter after all. and, good land! what can you expect?-Josiah Allen's Wife in Ladies' Home

A Short Talk on Sheep. At one of the New York farmers' institutes Mr. J. H. Rutherford, of Angelica, in an address on sheep husbandry

Sheep must have the best of care. My advice is to buy sheep and to keep them our farms their former prosperity. We ment I have charged for pasturage at cost, as if you hired pasture, and have given the manure for the little care, inwill cost \$400; you will pay for hay and grain to winter \$100, and for pasturing remainder of year, \$80; cost of shearing and washing, \$8, making \$588. You will raise 125 lambs at \$3.50 per head \$438; 550 lbs. of wool at 80 cents, \$165. total, \$603.

You have also saved enough to keep the original number more than good. have given advantage in the statement to the debit side. Ought not any farmer to be satisfied with the returns? Do not hold your wool over-there is no money in that-take the market price; stick to the business; do not ever get discouraged and sacrifice your sheep. No ani mal reposes more confidence in man than sheep; none affords greater reward.

Must Change the Place.

Miss Twilling—I suppose you remember, Mr. Calloway, that last night, in spite of my fruitless struggles, you had the effrontery, sir, to actually kiss me. Calloway (meekly)-Yes, I remember

Miss Twilling-Well, if you think you are going to repeat that operation in the hall to-night you are much mistaken. I don't propose to leave this room all the evening.—West Shore.

An Old Question Answered.

"What is the deepest depth of ignorance?" asked the philosopher musingly and the man of the world made haste to answer, "It is the ignorance displayed by a railway official when there is a wreck on his road."-St. Joseph News.

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks. "Well, it has its drawbacks," returned the other. "John laughs so much I can't keep buttons on his vests."—Harper's

Out in that part of the northeastern section of this beautiful city of magnifi-

cent distances where the festive goat blossoms as the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley, and his fragrance fills the soft Swampoodle air, a goat protective association has been formed to the discomfiture of Poun-linester Einstein and the defeat of the ends of justice. One of the rules and regulations governing the internal economy of the glorious capital of 62,625,250 people, more or less. provides that a goat which wanders unlicensed upon the purple hills of Swampoodle, and browses on her luscious tomato cans or masticates her esculent old boot legs, may be apprehended by the minions of the law, and being duly impounded, its owner shall pay the sum of \$1 in the coin of the realm for its restoration to the empurpled heights and the enjoyment of the tomato cans afore-

But the people affected hate this tyrannous restriction upon the liberty of the goats and their own property rights, so each man's castle is a house of refuge to the innocent kid or the rancid old butter, and when the minions of Einstein appear every door is opened, and the fleeing goats escape pursuit and are hidden away until the danger is averted. By this means the goat population in the northeast is rapidly increasing, while the poundmaster's goat fund is actually dwindling away to invisibility, and the poundmaster refuses to be comforted .-Washington Star.

Mankind's Greatest Sconges.

The "two greatest scourges of mankind," according to Dr. Lander Brunton. are generally supposed to be phthisis and rheumatism, but we are told by this eminent authority that if any physician were asked which is the worse of the two he would probably decide for rheumatism. It not only leads to as many deaths as phthisis, directly or indirectly. but causes a vast amount of loss of time and power and immense pain. rheumatic tendency shows itself in a great many other disorders, such as indigestion and headaches. It produces not merely pains in the joints, but inflammation of the serous membrane, and leads to the formation of "clots" or fibrous masses in the heart, which, becoming detached, are liable to be carried to the brain and cause paralysis. Dr. Brunton stated that the old fear of causing serious damage to patients whose hearts are weak by abruptly checking the pain is now much diminished. This is owing to the discovery that the well known remedy, salicylic acid, may be freely employed without risk, provided it is absolutely pure.-London News.

A Grave Mistake.

"It is a grave mistake," said the doctor, "to eat quickly. Those animals intended by nature to feed hurriedly have been provided with gizzards, or with the power of rumination.

"No matter how good a man's teeth may be, if he bolts his food his stomach must suffer thereby. When a person swallows an imperfectly masticated piece of animal food, the result is that the f instead of fulfilling the purposes intrition, acts, on the other hand, as a source of irritation to the stomach. Thus, either the physical condition runs down or additional food is required to maintain the general standard of health. Americans are called 'pie eaters.' Do you know why? Because a pie is something that may be eaten on the run, while the great American enterprises may thus go on unimpeded by loss of time. Overhasty feeding is the bane of our American life. We are all of us becoming dyspeptics." -Detroit Free Press

Characteristics of Handwriting Handwriting has its characteristics and is a study in itself to those who want to become familiar with its peculiarities, It can very easily be told whether a person whose writing you want to identify is a man or a woman, a minor or adult. It is very seldom a handwriting assumes This we must do if we would restore to its permanency before the writer is 25 years old. The age of the writing can can do this the best with sheep, and at approximately be determined by various methods. If it has a Spencerian appearance you may know it was written after 1882, as at that date the Spencerian system was introduced. If it is the black cluding the pleasure: One hundred sheep aniline ink that is generally used every where now, you may know it was written after 1873. The older inks had iron or some diluted dyestuff for a basis, and preceded the aniline. An analysis of the writing will most generally determine the date of the writing. -St. Louis Globe Democrat.

To Prevent Paint From Scaling. To prevent the paint on iron or wood from scaling off when exposed to the weather, first thoroughly wash the parts to be painted and then brush over the surface with hot linseed oil. By following this method, especially with iron articles, no scaling of the paint will occur. In cases where the articles to be painted are small and can be readily heated, it is better to heat them and them into the oil. The thin liquid oil when hot enters into the pores of the metal, absorbs the moisture, and the paint then applied so firmly adheres that frost, rain or air cannot effect a separation.—Philadelphia Record.

It is on record that a German called Bucholz lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about two hundred pounds and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat the barrel of the gun burst. Miraculously he was not killed, although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards. At Berlin two strong men appeared, one of whom performed the same trick as Samson, and his rival, Sandow, of bursting iron chains by con-tracting, and so enlarging, the biceps of his arm.—Chambers' Journal.

Following the Prescription "My physician's advice."
"How so?"

"He told me to seek change." -- Epoch.

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