MAYEE LAND.

Beyond where the marabes are dank and wide
Is a ladder of red and gold.
Where the sun has sunk in the shifting tide
Of the clouds that the night elves mold.
I leads to the portals of Maybe Land.
Whose castles and groves we see,
On a vapor bank e'er the mists expand,
To darken the wind swent see.

To darken the wind swept sea.

Tis there that our wishes are all made true,

Where frowns may not mar the brow,
Where storms never mutter the whole yes
through,
Where Then is transformed to Now,
And only the dreamer who idly halts
With a pencil and brush in hand
Can travel the path to the mystic vanits
And the treasures of Maybe Land.
—Philander Johnson in Washington Post.

LOVE AND RAPIERS.

The village of Bay St. Louis was a favorite dueling ground in the days when an appeal to awords or to pistols was thought by southern gentlemen to be the only honorable way of settling personal there is not a more peaceful and certainly not a more beautiful town in all the

lif ever you shall be going to New Or-leans by way of the railroad from Mobile you will find it well worth while to stop and spend a few days at this lovely summer resort.

If you will take a carriage and a driver who knows the place you may spend a day or two delightfully in exploring the ins and outs, by highway and byway, of a settlement that dates back to the time when the Spaniards and the French were playing battledore and shuttlecock with all our rich and salubrious gulf-coast country. Even now in the streets and picturesque little shops of Bay St. Louis you hear the soft accents of Spain and the polite intonations of Paris.

The people have soft voices and gentle manners, and it is hard to imagine, much harder to believe, that it was ever true of them that they stood ready, on the strength of the slightest insult, to fight to the death as a matter of honor; but se it was. There are men living now who saw many duels in the days of the "code." One charming old gentleman informed the present writer that he had witnessed twenty hostile meetings with wword or pistol.

Before the days of the railroad which now makes Bay St. Louis but one hour and thirty minutes from New Orleans, the only approach was by water, save from the interior of Mississippi. This rendered the place one of the most secluded nooks in America, and, as a matter of course, a considerable number of refugees from justice or from misfortune or tyranny fled thither; but the larger part of the population was highly respectable: some of it was made up, especially in summer, of the wealthiest and best French families of New Orleans, who came by steamboat to spend the hot season in elegant cottages on the breezy bluffs.

Nearly all the duels ever fought at Bay St. Louis took place in one or another secluded spot in the lonely woods behind the town. These woods are now dotted with creole and negro cottages, the homes of poor people, who find an easy if not luxurious life where the fish in the bayous and the fruits on the trees are to be had with but the smallest outlay of labor. Ever since the place was first settled, and even before, these woods have been a maze of crossed and tangled roads, paths and trails first made by the Indians. You can ride or drive everywhere and in every direction. and yet the growth is thick, often obstructing the sight on all sides. Now and again you come upon little natural surrounded with a wall of trees. These are the spots that were chosen for the adful work of the duelists.

About the year 1824 two young men of New Orleans were lovers of a beautiful girl by the name of Marie de Noyant, whose father had a summer place at Bay St. Louis. Of course, Marie could not accept the attentions of both if she loved either, and as Honore Chauvin had captured her heart, there was nothing for Pierre Maton to do but to challenge his successful rival to mortal com-

The three families-Noyants, Chauvins and Matons—were of the best in New Orleans, and had always been on the most intimate terms socially. Honore and Pierre had known Marie from her childhood up; they had been her playmates, her friends, and now they were her lovers. Both were handsome, rich Maton. and honorable, as honor was understood at the time and place. If Marie hesitated to choose between them it was not because of any doubt in her beart. She knew that she loved Honore, and quite as well she was aware that under no circumstances could she ever love Pierre. Still it was very hard for her, when Pierre came to her home on the bay and asked her to be his wife—it was hard to break in on his passionate appeal with the truth that must crush him. She begged for time to consider, and thus put off the unpleasant, nay, the torturing, duty that she owed to herself and when she could no longer procrastinate. Honore, doubtless aware that his rival was besieging the citadel of his lady's heart, came also to Bay St. Louis and urged his suit. Gently, kindly, sweetly as she could,

Marie put an end to Pierre's hopes; but it was not in her power to blunt in the least the terrible point of her refusal. Love is not to be set aside with politeess, nor can it be assuaged by generous riendship and tender kindness. Any-

hing short of love is a stab to love. "Then it is Honore Chauvin that you care for, Marie?" said Pierre, rising

Marie arose also, and they stood look-ing at each other. They had been sitting on a vine covered veranda, with the waves of the bay tumbling in against the beach in full view.

"Yes, Pierre," she said presently, "I will not deceive you or evade your question. I do love Honore, and I promised him today that I would be his wife." Pierre stood dumb for a while. There

was nothing for him to say; words were

not made that could in any way serve his turn in this moment of utter defeat. "Oh, I am so sorry, so grieved, Pierre, to see you feel like this!" cried Marie.

You know I love you as a brother is loved, very, very much, and"-"As a brother!" muttered Pierre, with bitter, desperate emphasis-"as a brother!" And he turned and left the girl's

presence without another word. She made a movement as if to follow him, but he had passed down the steps and out of the gate with long strides. like some actor in a melodrama.

Her first thought was of danger to Honore Chauvin; for in those days the hot French blood rarely cooled without first having boiled over in deadly fight. What Pierre Maton did was to go straight to his friend Honore Chauvin

and slap him in the face.
"That for Marie de Noyant!" he exclaimed, still choking with the desperate choler excited by his sense of defeat. "That for you!" he went on, repeating

the insulting blow. Then he turned and

left Honore, well knowing what would

follow. The challenge was promptly sent and

as promptly accepted.

The following morning at a little past sunrise the combatants, with their seconds and surgeons, met in a small open space where two or three little wildwood roads, dim and straggling, crossed each other in the forest part of what was then known as the Touline plantation. They were to fight with swords.

The weapons were measured, positions chosen, the word given, and the fight to the death was begun by a thin, keen, far reaching clink of steel crossing steel.

Many a time had these young men, now eager for each other's blood, fenced in manly play, and well did both know how equally were they matched, and how doubtful was the outcome of the struggle they were beginning. Both were pale, but cool and wary; in their eyes burned the hateful fire of unforgiving anger. The seconds stood aside, silently but intently gazing on; the surgeons, a little farther away, held their bandages and instruments ready.

Honore Chauvin, to do him justice, did not wish to kill Pierre Maton, but meant, if he could, to disable him. This, however, was not so easy, for Pierre, eager to slay, and burning with rage of disappointed passion, was fighting like a mad tiger, and yet with supreme vigilance and art.

Their swords cut the air with hissing swiftness and filled the space with a clangor and shower of spiteful sparks that might well have stilled all the wild songs of the birds in the woods roundabout. Once the keen point of Pierre's rapier barely touched Honore's throat, letting the least show of blood. In turn Pierre felt a tingling scratch on his own breast, but this exchange of touches only shot into the fight a new access of energy. As the exercise began to steady their excited nerves and lend suppleness to their leaping muscles they redoubled their efforts, and Honore forgot his resolve to only wound Pierre, while Pierre felt his desire to kill swell into a steady. deadly tempest of passion.

Again and again each of the combat-ants received slight wounds, mere scratches; but neither appeared able to break the other's guard or to find an undefended point, such touches as they had given and received being more the result of close fighting than of advantage either way. But no matter how young and strong they were, or how expert, this could not last very long. The tremendous strain was sure to tell. Who would fail first and permit the other tomake the fatal pass?

They were panting now, and the white foam was gathering on their purple lips. Their eyes, starting and glaring with concentrated fury, were fixed and terrible in their animal expression. It was as if these two men, so lately friends and almost brothers, were ready to mangle and devour each other like savage

Happily the time when such things could be has gone by, but it is by keep-ing record of those strange acts that we are able to understand the growth of our present civilization. The duel lingered longer in the south than in the north, and especially in the low country did it last without much sign of passing away till some time after the close of our great war. Looking back now we can scarcely realize that only half a century ago it was a common occurrence for two men to do what we are witnessing between Honore Chauvin and Pierre

So much was dueling a part of the life of the people in the early years of the present century that in some parts of our country to refuse a challenge was to invste social ostracism, and not to give and not to give one on fit occasion was sure

to attract contempt.

The seconds and the surgeons stood by so wrapped in contemplation of the even handed fight, so engrossed in watching the leaping blades, and so forgetful of everything save this play of death, that they did not hear the sound of wheels and the rapid beating of a flying horse's feet. As for the principals, they would to her lovers. But the moment came not have heard if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. They were now fighting in the last spurt of strength before one or the other must fail. Each felt that if his antagonist held up a few minutes longer all would be over. The reflection of this thought set a terrible

light in their drawn and haggard faces. The muffled sound of wheels in the sand and of the furious flight of a horse came nearer and nearer. The seconds leaned forward as the intensity of their sympathy with their principals seemed to shrivel them, as if with heat; the surgeons unconsciously drew closer to the

panting, laboring duelists. Honore Chauvin at this moment made a lunge; Pierre avoided it by a supreme effort; the movement caused them to exchange positions, and as they did so Pierre shot out a quick thrust that pierced Honore's sleeve without touching the flesh; his point hung a half second, and Honore was just in the act of running him through when he tripped on a small root and staggered back. Now they both rallied and renewed the contest with a momentary show of return-

ing strength; but Honore was failing. Pierre saw this and rushed upon him with feeble but furious energy, striving to beat down his guard. He had succeeded, and Honore was at his mercy. The next breath there was a sharp cry of terror, the voice of a woman in utter distress, and a strange, dull rushing

sound followed by a crash The duelists were swept from their feet and dashed headlong, a horse tumbled over them and the fragments of a small vehicle were scattered around. In the midst of this wreck thus hurled upon the contestants a young woman rose to her feet and stood, beautiful, disheveled, frightened almost to madness, but unhurt. It was Marie de Noyant.

The horse, after falling and rolling over, struggled to its feet, and, with parts of its harness still clinging to it and trailing and whirling about, ran frantically away through the woods in the direction of the town.

Overcome for a moment, the seconds and surgeons stood staring and motionless, but they were men of nerve, and needed but time to take a breath and pull themselves together before springing forward to the assistance of Honore and Pierre, who lay as if dead on the ground where the shock of the collision had flung them.

Marie de Noyant had arisen early that morning to keep a promise she had made to visit a sick and extremely aged creole woman who lived in a small house back in the woods on the road to Jordon river. Feeling oppressed with what had occurred between her and Pierre, she ordered her servant to fetch her pony and and cart and drove away alone before the rest of the household were up. She left the servant behind, wishing to be entirely free to commune with her heart and to devise if possible some means of softening Pierre's disappointment. While she feared that something dreadful might come of the terrible passion of the young man, she did not dream that even while she drove slowly along the dim road under the trees, a duel was in progress between him and Honore Chanvin. Her pony, a stout, gentle animal, jogged quietly forward in the sand between the tufts of Spanish bayonet and thickets of bay bushes; overhead the pine trees mosned and the grand magnolias rustled their stiff, glossy

Suddenly three or four goats, part of a herd that had been turned out to graze and browse in the woods, leaped out of a little tangle of tall wild grass hard by and dashed across the road close in front G. E. BAYARD & CO., of the pony. Marie at the time was absorbed in thought and held the lines with a slack hand. The pony took fright, as the gentlest horse sometimes will, and whirled about and, almost upsetting the cart, ran away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. The movement whisked the lines out of Marie's grasp, and so she lost control. Discovering his freedom, and crazed with fright, the hitherto gentle little animal now became a savage and terrible beast, reckless of everything, giving no attention to road or direction.

The reader will understand at once how the catastrophe came about at the dueling ground, for the pony, accidentally heading itself that way, ran madly and blindly upon the combatants. It was found dead a half mile from the spot, with Pierre's rapier sheathed to the hilt in its breast. It had struck the weapon's point just as it was about to dart into the heart of Honore Chauvin.

The strangest part of the whole adven-ture was that Marie escaped without even the slightest hurt.

The young men were borne to the nearest house, where for many hours they lay side by side insensible. Honore's hurts were nearly fatal, and Pierre was crippled for life. In the course of their convalescence they both received the gentle and untiring care of Marie, and before they were able to leave the horse their friendship had been restored. Aunt Clothilde, a very old colored

woman, who speaks nothing but the French patois of the creole country, is the only survivor of the slaves owned by Marie de Noyant's father at the time of the duel. You may, if you will visit her in her little house on Hospital street in New Orleans, have the story, that I have here sketched, told to you in the most picturesque way, and it always ends with a minute description of how beautiful Marie looked in her white wedding gown when she and Honore Chauvin were married.

In the course of frequent and long sojourns in the old French region of the south I have made note of many romantic, odd or otherwise interesting stories of dueling, but none of them seems to me more strange than this told me by Aunt Clothilde.

Last winter I visited the spot where the duel was fought, and while I tried to imagine the scene as it was sixty-six years ago a mocking bird quavered its incomparable flute score from a wax myrtle bush on the edge of a flowery thicket hard by. What a peaceful spot it was!-Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

Effects of Pride. An ancient and distinguished individ-

ual writes: "I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I uced to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studi-ous and acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, I would accumulate property; if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self denial would do it (which will not always). I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me that I was undeserving such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above, themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the consolation of being conscions of not deserving the ar which they displayed to me."-New York Ledger.

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