If thou wilt ease thine heart Of love and all its smart, Then sleep, dear, sleep; And not a sorrow

Hang any tear on your eyelashes; Lie still and deep, Sad soul, until the sea wave washes The rim o' the sun tomorrow In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart Of love and all its smart, Then die, dear, die:

The deeper, sweeter
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars thou'lt meet her In eastern sky.

-T. L. Beddoes in Death's Jest Book.

THE SPIRITUALIST.

The Cafe Jean was situated at the corner of a quiet street in Paris-remarkably quiet at all times, considering the near proximity of a noisy and much frequented boulevard, but particularly so after 11 o'clock at night.

Late one evening most of the habitues of this bright and comfortable cafe had taken their departure, raising their hats, as the manner is in France, to Madame Jean, the smartly dressed and dignified proprietress, who, still sitting at her post behind the marble comptoir, smiled and bowed in return as they went out. The blinds were already down and the doors closed in preparation for the night.

Madame sat a little longer, listening to the gossip of the neighborhood gathpred during the day by the head waiter to retail for her special amusement when the day's work was over and one could indulge in a little relaxation. Then looking round and seeing that nearly all the well known customers who every evening played dominoes or cards, and sipped coffee or drank ean sucre or tronger mixtures under her vigilant but friendly eye, had left, she retired for the night, leaving the remainder to the care of her faithful Alphonse. There were only about a dozen people now, and everything was sleepily quiet in the cafe, when suddenly the stillness was rudely broken by a loud voice exclaiming angrily: "It is a lie! I don't believe a word of

it, and I defy you to prove it!"

All looked up, startled, from game or newspaper, as these words burst from one of the occupants of a small table at the farthest end of the room. The speaker seemed very much excited; his companion, on the contrary, remained cool and self possessed under the provocation. but his white face and peculiar glittering eyes belied that outward appear-

ance, and arrested attention when no-The two had been engaged for some time in close and earnest conversation, without raising their voices, interrupted only now and then by subdued exclamais and incredulous remarks from the excited man, which evidently did not succeed in either shaking or moving the pale man, who continued talking to him and answering his objections quietly, until his opponent, losing all self control. sprang to his feet and violently disturbed the inmates of the cafe by the

agry words quoted above. Seeing that he had attracted general attention he looked around and said:

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you all. I am sorry if I have disturbed you with newhat violent language, but you shall judge whether I am justified in refusing to believe the story I have just heard. We happened to sit at the same table, and naturally entered into con-Our talk drifted from one subject to another, until I made some joking remark about the so called scientific research into the mysteries of the spiritual world. I grantitis a fascinating subject even for an unbeliever like myself, and a good one for conversation and playful badinage, but to be told seriously and as an undeniable fact that the spirits of the departed can and do revisit this earth when they have premed to do so, passes the bounds of credulity. My neighbor tells this most extraordinary story: That two years ago tonight he lost his dearest friend, a lifelong friend, who on his deathbed, seeing his despair, solemnly promised that he would appear to him on the an-niversary of his death, which took place about midnight, if his friend invoked his spirit. He affirms that he has already seen him once since he died. Now I ask you, as men of sense, living in the Nineteenth century, is it possible to beheve such a statement?"

The pale man had flushed angrily during this speech, but it was only a transient betrayal of feeling, for his face re-sumed its former pallor, although his eyes retained their strange light, and it was with a marked expression more of annoyance than anger than he replied

"It is nothing to me whether you believe or not; I have simply stated a fact, and it is the truth. You pressed me with questions concerning that great trouble of my life until I told you all—my despair when I lost my friend after years of mutual devotion and attachment, and his promise to return. I told you truthfully that he had already kept his promise once, but you did not believe me. do not wonder. The spiritual world is a closed book to the majority; a glimpse is obtained now and then by come, but chiefly by conjecture and speculation whereas actual experimental knowledge is rare and not often communicated. I told you what my privlleged experience had been, and I can prove it, incredible as it may appear to

While he was speaking a number of new arrivals had invaded the cafe, calling in on their way from a neighboring ater for a drink or a cigar. Their curiosity being aroused by the words they had partially heard, they drew near to listen, and being informed of what had happened joined the others in discussing the pros and cons of this debat-able topic, some laughingly, some serionely, according to the view they took of the subject. No one seemed to take it very seriously, however, except a few, half pay for the remainder of his days, who shook their heads doubtfully, while others laughed at them and joked about tall, straight and strong.

spirits. Above the Babel like noise exclamations and snatches of conversation could be heard, such as: "Impossible!" "Who knows? Do you?" "What will you bet?" "I am no fool!" "I bet a hundred francs he can't prove it!" "Strange things happen!" etc.

The gambling element asserting itself, bets ran high, and it was finally agreed to deposit the stakes in the hands of the incredulous man; and then they called upon the Spiritualist with the weird look in his eyes to make good his words.

He seemed strangely reluctant, and sighed and hesitated, but at last he made up his mind and said:

"If I comply with your request you must all submit to my conditions. You must give me your promise that no one will attempt to intrude upon me or disturb me in any way, and that I shall

have one witness with me." This was considered quite reasonable.

and all consented readily. "I need not add that of course you will hold yourselves bound in honor to keep the conditions faithfully. You, sir." he continued, fixing his basilisk eye on his opponent, who winced perceptibly, "shall be that witness. You must accompany me into the next room; the doors shall be left open, and you will have to describe aloud whatever you may see. If the experience turns out to be a painful one you have only yourself to thank for it."

With these words he rose and walked toward the corridor leading to the inner part of the house, and beckoned to the other man, who, by this time considerably subdued, hesitated for a minute: but, putting on the best face he could. he took up a lighted lamp from a table and followed him into the first room to the right, leaving the doors wide open.

As they disappeared a strange hush fell over the noisy and excited com-Silence reigned for some time. pany. until the twelve strokes of midnight were heard sounding distantly from a church clock. Then a voice arose in the next room, saying slowly and solemnly:

"Maurice Durand! thou who didst promise that on the anniversary of our cruel parting thou wouldst give me the consolation of seeing thee again if I called upon thee to appear, remember thy promise! Dear friend, I entreat thee come, Maurice! Appear!

Then came a pause, amid breathless silence: but soon the voice was heard again, saying:

"Maurice, remember thy vow! I beseech thee, appear!"

Another silence. Then another voice

was heard, saying in tremulous accents: "There is a faint light in the darkest part of the room. * * * It takes a shape! * * It It takes a shape! * * Ah! * * * Away!"

An unearthly shriek rent the air, followed by a crash and a heavy fall, and and then all was silent once more. The startled listeners looked at each

other with dismay. Some had turned pale, while others looked ill at ease, but all felt uncertain, irresolute what to do. Some time elapsed before it was suggested that they ought to disregard their promise and go in and see what had happened, so as to render assistance if it were needed. A move was made toward the room, but it was in total darkness. A light was procured, and this was what they found:

The room was empty, the lamp was upset, the table overturned and the window wide open. * * The two men had gone-and the stakes with them. —From the French.

City and Country.

country as the country person is in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and exclusive parks, whose high barred gates were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through the lanes and fields by her mother when the sun set. "Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time

do they close the country, anyway?" It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder and then re-

"Is that where you keep your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way we do."

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country who, being taken to a peach tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked somewhat loftily:

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned!"-Youth's Com-

The Sexton's Bright Idea.

The sexton of one of our city churches has recently invented and perfected a novel and, as he doubtless imagines, a strikingly effective piece of "business." The interior of the edifice is always

bathed in a dim religious dusk until the time for the collection. Then as the rector delivers with deliberate sonorousness the words, "L-e-t your-r light s-o shi-ne be-fore m-e-n," the zealous functionary throws the throttle wide open and dazzles the congregation with the combined refulgence of a thousand gaslights, producing an effect similar to the thrilling moment when the man in the top gallery of a Bowery theatre "turns de calcium on Juliet."—Life.

Why, Indeed? Little Minnie-When was it, momer, that you had four eyes? Mommer-Don't talk nonser

nie. I never had four eyes. Little Minnie-Then, why does every one say I got my eyes from you?-Jewel-

The oldest traveling passenger agent in the land is Capt. May, who has been retired by the Pennsylvania railroad on

A SHOTPROOF GHOST.

Volleys from Many Guns Have No Kifee ou a Spook in Woman's Shape.

For a month or more men living on Mc-Cloud's cattle ranch, near the mouth of Battle creek, have been startled from their sleep at night by footsteps threading the halls and passageways of the house, doors opening and shutting, and an occasional laugh of the demoniacal, hair raising, blood chilling variety. All these ghostly demonstrations had been looked upon by the inmates of the house as the workings of some practical joker, or imagination, and very little attention was paid to them until about a week ago, when one of the men, about 10 or 11 o'clock at night, stepped out of doors. What he saw there almost froze his blood.

Standing in the middle of the yard was familiar figure, that of a former lady resident of the house, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A dull, phosphores-cent light seemed to be emitted from the shrouded figure, whose back was turned toward the man. Slowly the figure turned, and, with arms extended, its staring eyes shining with a dull luster, it commenced a snining with a dull luster, it commenced a movement toward the man, who stood spellbound. For a second only did he stand transfixed, then with a yell of terror he dashed in upon his comrades within the house. He told his story to the crowd, and a rush was made for the yard to investigate, but the specter had fled. That night the footsteps and noises throughout the house ware more frequent and londer. the house were more frequent and louder, banishing sleep from the eyes of the now thoroughly frightened inmates. The next night a watch was kept for the ghostly vis-

itor, but it came not. The next night followed, and still no ghost, so the watchers had about given up all hope of its reappearance, when on the fourth night, while sitting in a dark-ened room, they were startled by suddenly seeing the specter's face pressed against the window pane. Each man seized his gun and a volley was fired at the visage. When the smoke had cleared away and the men's courage had in a measure returned they ventured outside, expecting to find a corpse lying beneath the window.

They did not, but instead saw standing about thirty paces from the house the fig-ure of a woman looking at them reproachfully, and seeming to have just arisen from the grave. For a moment the men stood breathlessly looking at the strange sight, when one of the boldest raised his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim at the figure and pulled the trigger. The figure was still there when the smoke cleared away, and looking at them for a moment with its staring eyes gradually disappeared.

Next morning there was an emigration from the ranch, not even the boldest dar ing to remain; and now daylight only finds curious people about the place.-Ch lain (S. D.) Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Confederate Prisoners on Their Travels We were to be sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

Our route lay over the Erie railroad, and we made the trip on parole. The guards placed at each door of our coach were for our comfort only, as we were objects of marked curiosity during the trip, and would have been overrun with visitors had not admittance been refused. At the different stations we mingled freely with the people on the platform, and found them, with few exceptions, courteous but in-

We were no doubt a disappointing lot There was nothing in our apparel to mark the rebel soldier, and as we mingled with the crowd surprise was freely express that we were not as their fancy painted us, though just what shape that fancy took I never learned. The ladies, as was the case both north and south, were intensely pa-triotic, and read us severe and no doubt salutary lectures on the evil of our ways which were submissively and courteously received and duly pondered.

There was one question that you could

safely wager would be asked by five out of ten, and that was, "Do you honestly think you are right?" This conundrum was offered to me so often that where time al-The city person, it is well known, is lowed, being in President Lincoln's counoften as much a "greenhorn" in the try, I answered in President Lincoln's style by saying that it "reminded me," and told them of the couple who took their bridal trip on an ocean steamer with the usual result. As the husband would return from sundry trips to the rail of the vessel his young wife would inquire,
"Reginald, darling, are you sick?" To
which he at last replied, "Good heavens!
Rebecca, do you think I am doing this for

> Lighting London Streets. Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from lighting the streets at the present time. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road,

> from nightfall to 9 o'clock, the hour of retiring to bed.
> In the last year of King Charles IPs reign one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door, from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight, be-tween October and April.

> During the reign of Queen Anne, in July, 1708, Mr. Michael Ceke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners, instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every house holder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each moon and the third after it reached the

In a few years a company was formed to light the streets from 6 o'clock until mid-night, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose six shillings a year. Gaslight, at its introduction in the be-

ginning of the present century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of the foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.

Electricity is taking the place of gas, but the change is made far less rapidly in Lon-don than in even the cities of comparatively small population in this country.— Youth's Companion.

Curious Find of Queen Anne's Guineas. A chest belonging to an old man who recently died near Kingsbridge was offered for sale by his friends for one shilling, but failing to find a purchaser it was decided to use it as firewood. While it was being chopped up 200 guineas of Queen Anne's date rolled out of a secret drawer. The lowest price of a Queen Anne's guinea is thirty shillings.—London Tit-Bits.

A Comforting Item. Mrs. Shortpurse—The paper says seals have made their appearance in New York harbor and several have been killed by

Mrs. Slimpurse—My sacque is made of plush, thank fortune. No one can mistake me for a fishwife.—Good News.

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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.

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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

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