WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT!

II hay waste and wither up with doubt The blessed fields of heaven where once

Possessed itself screnely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out,
If I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?
—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

#### ANNIE O'BRIEN.

The Connaught Castle had arrived in New York. The cabin passengers had gone ashore. The steerage people were being carried away by their friends or by the boarding house keepers who always lie in wait for them. Those yet encalled for sat about the decks. Wistful eyes turned shoreward, anxious to see a familiar face and form among all those strange ones.

Pat Nolan had come aboard in all his bravery-a new blue coat flung open, that it might not conceal the shining watch chain dangling from his vest pocket, his hat tipped to one side in true Connaught fashion, with a mighty show of white collar and cuffs and blue necktie, and his boots for once polished by an "Eyetalian." He threw his shoulders back and looked his best, for "didn't he come aboard to bring his sweetheart, Annie O'Brien, home, and wasn't she the purtiest girl in ten counties, and hadn't she crossed the ocean for his

Pat felt as though every one who saw him must know his business there.

Standing still he looked about him, expecting to see his little Annie somewhere not far.

"Sure, an' wouldn't she be as anxious to mate him as he would be to mate her?" But strange to say he could not see her.

He was a little late, for there had been adelay of the train in which he came down from the place where he was working as coachman and gardener. But surely Annie would never have gone ore without him. He walked about for full ten minutes, looking everywhere. but still missing the face he wanted.

Every now and then a gay ribbon or a bright coil of hair would make his heart dance, but it was never Annie's hair or Annie's bonnet. At last he made up his mind that she had gone ashore; but in that case she had left word for him, of -word where she had betaken

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, stepping his cap, and was presumably an officer-"I beg pardon, sir, but I'm Pat Nolan. In there a bit of a message left for me, do you know, sir?"

"Not that I am aware," the officer re-

plied.
"It was Annie O'Brien," said Pat. "She came over on this steamer; she expected me to mate her. We're to be married. you know, sir, and she'd lave word where she is gone—Annie O'Brien."

The officer turned a curious, startled gaze upon him. "Annie O'Brien," he repeated.

steerage passenger?"
"In coorse, sir," said Pat. "She's

comin' over to marry me, and she's a workin' girl. We're nayther iv us rich.' The officer looked at him again.

"I know the name," he said. "You couldn't help noticing the girl," "She's a purty crayther, is Annie, wid eyes like the sky and goolden hair, and a waist ye could span wid yer two hands—barrin' she wouldn't permit ye to do it-and a foot light as a bird's apon the floor. A little jewel is my An-You'd not fail to notice her."

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Nolan," said the officer. "I will make some inquiries. Wait here for me."

"A mighty polite gentleman, though aself. "I hope he'll not delay long. Pm wild to see Annie. Oh, the divil fly away wid the cars that kept me from her! I wonder is she cryin' her eyes out for not seein' me? It was what she had a right to expect—the first one aboord." The officer was returning.

He looked more serious than ever. "Mr. Nolan," he said gravely, "the captain would like to speak to you. I pened him. What will I do, sir? will take you to him. We have had a know no one in Americay. Perhaps very stormy voyage, as winter voyages

"But you've come into port on as sant a day as there is in the calendar," Pat said cheerfully. "A Christmas couldn't be brighter."

"But we have had a very unpleasant voyage," said the officer gravely.

He opened the door of the captain's Pat entered with his hat in his

The captain, a grave, bronzed man with iron gray hair, sat at a table before an open book, on which his hand lay.

"Sit down," he said. "Thank you, sir. It's as easy stand-

ing," said Pat, with a bow.
"You had better sit down," said the captain. "I may have to talk to you for ne minutes. I have something very particular to say if you are the right Your name is

"Pat Nolan," said Pat, beginning to feel astonished, but then perhaps the captain, knowing that he was to be mar-ried that evening, wanted to congratulate him, to offer him a glass of something, or perhaps it was the way of the tains of ocean steamers to be slow and solemn, not thinking how he kept people from their sweethearts. So Pat sat down, put his hat on the floor, and not knowing just what to do cracked all his knuckles one after the other as he

"Your name is Patrick Nolan," said the captain again, "and you came on beard to find a young woman-a friend

"My sweetheart promised to me. We are to be married today," said Pat.
"If God wills it," said the captain

"Ay, sir; we can do nothing widout that, I well know," said Pat. "The good Lord above and Father Dunn will help me; but I'll do the best I can to furder it

myself."
The captain looked down upon the pages of the book before him.

"And the name of the young girl you are asking for?" he said.

"Annie O'Brien," said Pat, beginning to think the captain very stupid—"Annie O'Brien. She's the Widdy O'Brien's daughter-a dacent woman is the widdy, and well respected. They are neighbors there at home in the ould counthry."

The captain ran his finger down a long column of names, and stopped at last and looked at Pat again.

"We had a very unpleasant voyage," he said slowly-"a very, very unpleasant

voyage."
"The other gentleman was telling me that, sir," said Pat, wishing that this old gentleman would stop talking about the weather and tell him something about "Bad weather must be a threat on the say," he said, in order to be polite.
"And wid all thim passengers to be watchin' and carin' fer—worse than a stableful of bastes!'

"Yes," said the captain, "we try to care for our passengers, but the steerage is a little crowded. They are often very

"Yes, sir. I was that sick myself I thought I be dyin'," said Pat. "Some are severely ill," said the cap-

This time Pat made no answer, but stared at him with a hot flush rising to

"Sometimes they are so very ill that they die," the captain went on. "Delicate women, you know-little children and delicate women.'

Pat still looked at him in silence. "When I said that we had a very unpleasant voyage I meant," said the captain, "that we had serious illness-that we had death on board. Two steerage passengers died. One was William O'Rourke, an old man coming over to live with his son."

"God rest his soul!" said Pat, crossing his forehead.

"The other, who was very ill, was a woman," said the captain, "a young woman, and very pretty. Mr. Nolan, we have to prepare for storms in this life-we have to brace up and bear them as well as we can. They are very hard to bear. I have had a great many myself. At my age that goes without saying: but you are young and full of hope. I am very sorry to say that I am afraid you are about to suffer a terrible shock. It is a painful task to tell you. Brace up, my lad. The other passenger was a young woman, and her name, as we have it written here, was Annie O'Brien."

All the color had gone out of Pat's face by this time. It was white, lips and all. He dropped his arms on the table and hid his face on them, and great sobs shook his frame.

The captain wiped the tears from his own eyes.
"Talk does no good," he said. "Time

only can comfort you."

"It seems as if I could not believe it, captain," Pat cried, lifting his tear swollen face. "Annie my little Annie! Are ye sure it was Annie?"

"There was but one Annie O'Brien on our list," said the captain. "She gave her name just before she breathed her last. The only steerage passenger of the name of O'Brien died on the voyage of a fever. The doctor cared for her as well as he knew how. The women nursed her kindly. We buried her at sea, and the burial service was said by a Catholic clergyman who was on board. You might like to know that, so I tell

"My Annie-my Annie at the bottom of the say!" moaned poor Nolan. "An' I'll niver see her again; niver kiss her red lips; niver feel her two arms about you-I won't live after you! Life is too hard to bear wid that to think of. It's turned me to a woman, sir. I'm thinkin': but it's the worst blow I iver had in me loife.

There was a knock at the door just he's as solemn as a funeral," said Pat to then. Pat hid his tear stained face

"No admittance just now," cried the

"I didn't mane to come in, plase, sir," said a sweet voice, "but I'd like to spake to ye, captain, af ye'll let me. I'm waitin' this long time till me frind comes aboord to bring me home, and I'm gettin' anxious, fearin' something has hapknow no one in Americay. Perhaps he might be on boord and me not know it. He'd be askin' for Annie O'Brien, and he'd be Pat Nolan, that I'm promised to. Would ye"-

But the captain had flung wide the door, and Pat was on his feet, and with a roar like that of a buffalo had flung his arms about her.

"Glory be to God and all the saints!" he cried. "You're not dead at all! You're alive! I've got you safe and sound! They've been tellin' me you were dead. God help the man that put the thrick on me, for I'll lave but the bones av him!"

"Quiet, there!" shouted the captain "Down with your fists, or I'll put you in irons! What did you mean by asking for Annie O'Brien, a steerage passenger, when you wanted Annie Bailey, a first cabin passenger? That is the girl that stands there. That is the name she gave

us—Annie Bailey."
"Captain, dear," cried Annie, clutching her Pat by the coat tails, "captain, darlin', Pat niver knew-he did not. Since writin' him, my mother—a widdy—married again wid Mr. Peter Bailey, that kapes a foine tavern in our town. So long as I was goin' from her, and he proposin' to her, why wouldn't she? And he, havin' money to spare, said I should come like a lady, and paid me passage in the foinest place; and out iv compli-ment to him—being my mother's husband and so generous to me—I sailed as Annie Bailey. That is the way it was, captain; and indade all the throuble arose from it-for I wanted Pat to find me sated in the illigant saloon, and re-

mained there waitin' for him." "You'll excuse me, sir," said Pat, bowing low, "on account of what I've been

"All right, my man," the captain answered; and then Pat threw his arm about his Annie and led her away, the happiest fellow alive.-Mary Kyle Dal las in Fireside Companion.

THE WESTERN BOOMERS

of Thousands of People Seeking

Homes in Far Off Regions. The rush to the new lands that are now open for settlement in several parts of the west is going on, and there is no doubt that it will be increased largely during the com-ing months. Nearly two years ago the Oklahoma boomers were pushing their way to the Indian Territory, and thousands of them were camped beside their teams along the southern border of Kansas, anxiously waiting for the opening of that re-

gion to settlers.

Many of them crossed the line before they had the right to do so, and as no crops could then be raised there were hardships and suffering among them. Some took refuge in Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, some were driven out by Federal troops and others made their way to obscure regions, where they lived for a time on such provisions as they had brought with them as could be procured from Kansas. The boom had suffered a setback, though squatters still got into Oklahoma somehow in considerable numbers. Last year the government had trouble with the Cherokee Indians in its negotiations for the surren der of their lands, and this continued till it was evident that legal settlements could not be made on these lands in 1890.

Many boomers were again gathered on the booler at the close of the year, and when the report came to them that nego-tiations had been closed several bundred families struck out for the lands in ques tion. As the report proved to be inaccurate, they had to return to the Kansas side of the line. The trouble has not yet been brought to a satisfactory termination, but as the adjacent lands of the Sac and Fox Indians are now open by treaty the new settiers have begun to take up claims there, though the land is not yet surveyed. It is very certain that the movement in that direction will be heavy during the next few months, or till every acre of the soil has its claimant. According to a recent dispatch, the "town lot boomers" are

especially busy there at this time.

It is not only to Oklahoma that the la hunters are bound just now. Recently printed dispatches from northern Wisconsin describe the rush to the big strip that has been opened to claimants there. At the land offices in Ashland, Wausau and Ean Claire thousands of settlers have stood in line awaiting their turn to file their claims, and so highly have advanced place in the line been valued that round sums of money have in some cases been offered for them. At two of these offices a short time ago the homesteaders became so turbulent that a company of infantry was needed to keep order. It is probable that by this time nearly all the claims in the big strip have been taken up.

There is news also of a heavy immigra-

There is news also of a heavy immigra-tion to the state of Washington on the Pa-cific coast. It has been in progress during the winter months, and is now very sure of enlargement. The papers there do all they can to encourage it by publishing accounts of the fine climate and fertile soil of the state, especially those parts of it west of the Cascade range and along the rivers that empty into Puget sound, which, ac-cording to the Seattle papers, beat all the rest of the world for raising grains, vege-tables, berries and all sorts of "family gar-den truck." "Nowhere else," so it is said, den truck." "Nowhere else," so it is said, "can man live and flourish on so small a piece of land as in this attractive region." -New York Sun.

Birds That Are All Feathers The biggest of all really powerful flying birds are, I believe, the wandering alba-tross and the South American condor—for the roc I reject outright as worthy only of the most restricted Arabian and necturnal ornithology. Seen on the wing, or even with the wings expanded merely, both these great existing birds have a most majestic and colossal appearance. But feathers in such cases are very deceptive; they

make fine birds out of very small bodies.

For example, our well known little English swift, which looks so imposing in flight as it passes overhead with pinions poised, is hardly as big when plucked as a man's top thumb joint, and weighs only half an ounce. So, too, the albatross, though its expanse of wing is said to ex ceed that of any other known bird, amount tip, does not average in weight more than fifteen pounds, which is just exactly the poulterer's statement for my Christmas

As for the condor, while he spans from wing to wing some eight feet, his length from beak to tail is only three and a half, and I doubt if he would pluck into anything corresponding to his magnificent outer show, though I am bound to admit that I have present that I have now provided in the conditions of the conditio that I have never personally tried the un-pleasant experiment.—Cornhill Magazine.

How Some Kings Died.

Kings have died in mean fashion, as suming the shape of indigestion. Did not a dish of lampreys kill Henry I? and was not overeating fatal to George I?—"pallid Death pressing upon him," as Thackeray says, "in his traveling chariot on the Han over road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman?" Both Frederick III, emperor of Germany, and his son, Maximilian I, died through excessive indulgence in melons; Baldwin IV, king of Jerusalem died of leprosy; Philip III of Spain, of the etiquette which left him to be roasted before a flaming brazier because the official could not be found whose special function it was to remove it, and Stanislas Leszczynski, king of Poland, of the terrible hurns he received through his dressing gown accidentally taking fire.

Antiquity of Man in America Professor Putnam, secretary of the American Association, according to Popular Science News, recently made an interesting discovery which furnishes fresh evidence in support of the theory that man in America was contemporaneous with the mam-moth. In a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, Professor Put-nam describes a shell found by him in the state of Delaware. Upon a portion of this shell is scratched the rude outline of what without doubt represents a mammoth.

The shell was found under peat, and near
by were human bones, charcoal, bones of
animals and stone implements.

Miss Toppin—This piece of ribbon was made to order. There's not another bit Miss Hoppin—I'm going shopping to-morrow, and I wish you'd lend it to me to

match.-Puck. "Sue is straight goods," remarked Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," replied Miss Emerson of Boston, "she is undeviating merchandise."—Judge. Many Creditors. "My wife borrows lots of trouble."
"How strange that is!"
"Yes, particularly when she is so
ssaful making it."—Harper's Bazar.

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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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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

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