

VICTORS

Was to the brave upon the battlefield
Alone the pains of victory belong
For only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and pen should the singer yield
Greater the souls that, single handed, wield
The battles against the hosts of wrong
Unknown, unnoticed in life's roughest throng
And only in God's day to stand revealed
How many such, in patient, humble guise,
Beside us walk their brief appointed way
Robly enduring; worthiest to shine
As fixed stars in Fame's eternal skies
For these, for this, I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.
—Overland Monthly

THE CARLYON TRAGEDY.

Just the two men composed the family
at Carlyon Hall, and a gay, wild life
they led. Not that they were much to-
gether, or that good will inclined them
to the same course. Truth to tell, there
was little sympathetic feeling lost be-
tween the two Carlyons.

The elder man gave his select dinners
and champagne suppers to his clique,
while Ralph, his son, scoured the coun-
try for a score of miles about with choice
spirits of his own.

The Hall itself was a patched up pile
of ruinous masonry. The Carlyons for
three generations back had proved a
spendthrift race, and their once ample
patrimony had dwindled down to a few
barren acres, with a village of miserable
houses, which yielded the sole income of
the present proprietor. Still he could
boast a long descent, and we all know
how far an illustrious pedigree will go
toward propping up a falling house.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs.
Mondeville came down from town with
a half dozen servants at her back, and
pretty Bertha Mondeville, her very re-
sistant companion.

Bertha was the lady's youngest daugh-
ter, and, besides the generous portion of
Mondeville property destined to fall to
her share, had good prospects of an in-
heritance from a certain wizened, eccen-
tric old woman who had stood godmother
to her at her christening, eighteen years
before.

With such expectations, and possessed
of natural attractions which drew hosts
of sighing lovers to her feet, it was cer-
tainly reprehensible in her to give pre-
ference to one far beneath her in the so-
cial scale. At least so reasoned her lady
mother. But Bertha was wilful, and ma-
ternal restrictions went for naught. She
had given her heart and promised her
hand to Henry Bernard, the strug-
gling artist, who as yet was quite un-
known to both fame and fortune. He
was sanguine, though, and Bertha no
less so. She reposed the utmost confi-
dence in his genius and ultimate success,
while he toiled with renewed energy for
his triumphal wreath, knowing that her
happiness was involved in the result of
his effort.

But here Mrs. Mondeville interposed.
Her wrath fell harmlessly upon her
daughter's perverse head, until angered
beyond bounds, she had recourse to ex-
treme measures to break off the proposed
marriage. Henry Bernard was for-
bidden the house, and Bertha was placed
under strict espionage for the time.

The Carlyons were distant relatives of
the family, and Mrs. Mondeville fixed
upon the hall as a secure and retired
asylum for her wayward child. So
higher they had come, fast upon the
track of the courteous little note of
warning that announced them.

The hall had been put in hurried order
for the reception of the ladies. The re-
mains of plate were duly polished; the
frayed damask and fine linen (evidences
of decaying gentility) taken from the
drawers. Carlyon cleared his domicile
of bachelor guests, and met them with
the courtesy ease which distinguishes
gentle blood, no matter how much
weighed upon by adverse circumstances.
Ralph, who was in the habit of being
absent for days together, knew nothing
of the proposed advent, and surprised
himself not a little by coming home to
find such an unprecedented party estab-
lished there.

Mrs. Mondeville endured a week in the
dreary, solitary place, and then went
away, leaving Bertha and a lynx eyed
maid to the hospitable charge of the
Carlyons.

It was not a pleasant duty for the lat-
ter to assume, and for a time they re-
gretted the necessary suspension of their
reckless pleasures. Not that either re-
formed, even temporarily, but the hall
could no longer be thrown open to boom
comrades and nightly orgies. They
clung to their customary habits, but un-
used to the trouble of concealment,
chafed against the bondage which com-
mon courtesy imposed upon them.

This state of things did not continue
long, however. Bertha's cheery young
presence brought a flood of sunshine into
the dreary old house, such as it had not
known for years. The grim, dark rooms
held attractions for their inmates which
they had not hitherto possessed.

Certainly, in removing her daughter
from the influence of one lover, Mrs.
Mondeville had not meant to subject
her to the importunities of two. Car-
lyon, drawn perhaps by visions of the
ample dowry destined for, and Ralph—
blase as he was—actually touched with
an approximation to noble sentiment,
were both soon numbered among her de-
voted.

Bertha's position was becoming ex-
tremely unpleasant. A note smuggled
out despite the watchfulness of the maid
brought no response from Henry Ber-
nard. Her mother remained unmoved
by her urgent entreaties for a speedy
return, and meantime the two Carlyons
urged their individual suits with per-
sistent ardor.

Ralph, impulsive and passionate, could
wait to take no politic moves in pro-
secuting his wooing. His very earnestness
would have pleaded powerfully for him
had not the girl's heart and mind been
filled with other love and other thoughts.
He came in upon her suddenly one after-
noon when he knew her to be alone.

"It's the old, old story, Bertha, that I
want to tell you," he said. "I suppose
I am not worthy of you, for I've been a
wild blade in my time, but I will make
myself better when you give me the

dear assurance I am waiting for. Bertha,
love, come to me."

His dark face, handsome despite the
lines dissipation had left upon it, grew
tender. His eyes looked down in hers
with eager, impassioned light. Bertha's
heart throbbed pityingly as she realized
the pain her words must inflict upon
him.

"Oh, Ralph, I had hoped you might
not subject me to this test! It would be
cruel to give you false hope, for I can
never be more than your earnest friend.
Forget that you have ever cared for me,
and bestow your love on some one who
will make you happier than I ever
could."

"Bertha! Bertha! You can't mean
to leave me in utter despair? I will wait
and work, and prove myself a better
man than I have yet been. Only tell me
that there is a chance of winning you at
last!"

"It never can be, Ralph! Because—
because I love another!"

The still, white rage which settled
down upon his face frightened her more
than if he had broken out in angry
words.

"I shall not give you up, neverthe-
less," he said, with quiet intensity.
"Give me a little hope and an equal
chance, and I will try for your love by
fair means; but by measures foul or fair,
no other man shall ever take you from
me!"

With that he returned, leaving her ab-
ruptly as he had come, and his quick
steps gave back a sharp ring from the
paved walk without. At a little dis-
tance he encountered the elder Carlyon,
who accosted him, timing his leisurely
pace to the other's hasty strides.

"Easy, my son! I have some informa-
tion which it may be best to impart at
once. I happened to overhear your con-
versation of a moment ago—by the way,
you should never make love near open
windows—and am gratified to know that
Bertha holds such an important place in
your estimation."

"Ah!" Ralph waited, knowing that
something more lay behind that suave
address.

"Yes, but I must warn you against your
own impetuous nature, which may lead
you to extremes. As she said, it is quite
impossible for her to regard your suit
with favor."

"May I ask why?"
"Simply because I intend to marry her
myself!"

"By heaven, you shall not!"
The elder Carlyon drooped his eyelids,
a trick of his when angered.

"Did you ever know me to relinquish
a purpose?"
"Or me to fail in making good my
words? I would kill any man ere he
should thwart me or brave me by flaunt-
ing his preference."

Each read indomitable resolution in
the other's face. The gauntlet was cast
between them, and hereafter only bitter
enmity could mark their mutual rela-
tion.

A week wore heavily away. Then
Ralph disappeared, went no one knew
whither, and Bertha awoke to a con-
sciousness that she was no better than a
prisoner in the old hall. The maid had
been bribed to co-operate with the elder
Carlyon, and he himself announced his
purpose with a quiet steadiness of man-
ner, which would admit of no gainsaying.

With his ruthless will crushing down
all obstacles in his way, and no com-
munication with her friends permitted,
save such as he dictated, Bertha felt that
her opposition must give way before the
cruel forces he brought to bear upon her.

At last he gained his purpose. How
he accomplished it himself and the maid
best knew. But the clergyman was
waiting at the church, and Bertha,
worn to a shadow of her former cheery
self, with her face scarce less white than
the bridal robes she wore, went trem-
blingly down the worn eastern stairs to
go and be wedded to the man she both
hated and feared. Carlyon met her
with a triumphant smile upon his face,
but the words of gratulation he was
about to offer never left his lips.

A man, with haggard face, bloodless
lips drawn away from his glittering
teeth, and dishevelled hair streaming
about his neck, rushed up the length of
the passage and grappled with him. It
was Ralph, who had been confined all
this time in one of the vault like cellars
beneath the old hall, and had escaped
now to wreak insane fury upon his jeal-
ous jailer. There was an inherent mad-
ness in the Carlyon blood, and these
weeks of solitude and mental torture had
brought the curse upon the younger
man.

A struggle ensued that was fearful to
witness. Bertha crouched upon the
stairs, with rigid, blanched face, and
eyes never wavering from the horrible
spectacle. Servants ran screaming, and
there was chaos for a moment, and then awful
quietude fell upon the hall.

There was a crushed, bleeding, sense-
less mass upon the floor; and the mad-
man, his rage appeased, unresistingly
submitted to the bonds which were
placed upon him. The elder Carlyon
went to answer for his sins before an
eternal tribunal; his son drags out a liv-
ing death in a lunatic asylum.

But Bertha, sorely tried, found peace
at last. Shocked beyond measure by the
frightful tragedy which had been en-
acted, and appalled by the peril her
daughter had passed, Mrs. Mondeville
recalled Henry Bernard from the fruit-
less quest he was pursuing. It is need-
less to say that Bertha's letter never
reached him, and that Mrs. Mondeville
had sent him as far as possible from the
actual track. But the young people
could freely forgive all past injuries in
the happiness which was theirs at last.—
New York World.

Well to Know.
Not all may know that a hot iron-
poker, if nothing better—run around
window glass will loosen the putty, when
it may be easily scraped and the broken
pane removed. The new pane may be
inserted, putty neatly and carefully laid
on, and the work is done. This may be
convenient to know when one becomes
the family "handy man," or one's own,
as is sometimes the case.—Good House-
keeping.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Fifty-one large and valuable libraries
were sold in London last year.

The China sea and the Bay of Fundy are
the two roughest seas in the world.

A Chinaman who died recently at Port-
land, Ore., left property valued at \$300,000.

Mongel Bey, who originated the idea of
damming the Nile for the purposes of irri-
gation, is dead.

In Paris, reception costumes for elderly
matrons are frequently made of satin
duchesse.

There are 377.77 grains of pure silver in
a Mexican dollar, and 371 1/4 grains in an
American dollar.

The plethoric state of our insane asylums
emphasizes the truth of this being an age
of crazes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has just
lost a son, C. Cady Stanton, who was a
member of the Louisiana senate.

Gen. Custer's only sister, Mrs. Margaret
Custer Calhoun, is the wife of Lieut. Cal-
houn, of the United States army.

Miss M. Louise Edwards, of Annapolis, is
to occupy the chair of oratory of Almira
college, Greenville, Ills.

Children should say "Yes, mamma,"
"No, sister," or "Yes, Mrs. —." This is
preferable to the use of "ma'am." Yes or
no alone is rude.

A lead comb is frequently and success-
fully used to darken the color of hair which
happens to be more brilliant than pleasing.

Wash white silk handkerchiefs in tepid
water with castile soap suds, and press
when cold and nearly dry. To iron them
out of hot water turns them yellow.

Tempering steel is done in various ways
—sometimes by heating the metal and cool-
ing slowly in water; sometimes the cooling is
done by a blast of cold air.

One course of masonry of the Wolf Rock
lighthouse was unavoidably left incom-
plete. It was swept away in a winter gale,
although each stone had been securely
fastened by cement and bolts as usual.

A correspondent says, "I got so that I
dreaded to go to the park on account of the
lunch baskets to carry around; now the
children put their lunch in a paper bag,
their napkins into their pockets, and after
lunch we are free to enjoy ourselves."

Traits of the Howling Dog.
My friend called one morning after break-
fast with three dogs, and as usual brought
in his handsome collie, leaver, as he
thought, the other two small fry in the
garden. The younger members of the fam-
ily were busy entertaining the collie with
sundry dainty morsels, when all at once,
to everybody's surprise, the roving mongrel
appeared on the scene. He had a look of half
protest, half shame, that was very comical.

His owner told me he very much resented
having to play second fiddle to the collie,
and the little creature before us had very
much the expression of envy as he watched
the various tid-bits disappearing down the
collie's capacious throat. An impulse of
compassion moved me, and I threw him a
morsel from the table. His filmy eye
turned to me with a look of singular ten-
derness.

I understood the meaning of that look a
couple of hours afterward, when, sitting
writing in my study I glanced out of the
window and saw the rover coming up the
long garden path, now slowly and hesitat-
ingly, now more briskly as if encouraging
himself in a laudable effort. He had, it
was evident, in that moment of my weak-
ness, recognized a new opportunity. My
family circle had impressed him as fond
and indulgent, and what was more it was
not marred by the presence of a rival
favored by nature with greater physical at-
tractions than his own. Here was precise-
ly the asylum for an unappreciated and
harassed philosopher.

I tried to look very angry as I went out
to drive him away, but his penetrating eye
saw through the pretense. After a make
believe of running down the path he would
suddenly stop, turn and fix his bleared eye
on me and wag his stump of a tail joyously,
as if he perfectly understood we were act-
ing a little play. I could not repress a
laugh, and this of course encouraged him
in regarding the whole performance as a
joke. He renewed these attempts for some
days with a persistence worthy of a better
cause. It was only when I had schooled
myself to put on my sternest manners that
he gave up the enterprise as hopeless.—
Cornhill Magazine.

English Mince Pies.
"I almost wonder," says a lady who
passed her holidays in England, "how our
British cousins survive a succession of
Christmases. They could not, I believe, if
they did not come twelve months apart.
The generous preparations in the way of
feasting were a surprise to me, for which
even the well stocked larders of my New
England childhood's home did not prepare
me. Fancy a hundred and fifty or two
hundred mince pies by way of a rival
to this is by no means an unusual number
for an English country family to put in
stock. Many of them, of course, are given
away; all the children of the village who
come to the house to offer wishes for a
merry Christmas expect and receive a pie.

"The pies are about saucer size, and
deeper than the average American pie,
what will interest American housekeepers
is that they are made without meat. Mince
meat without meat is a paradox, but such
is the English custom. It is very rich,
however, with suet, fruit and liquor. An
English mince pie is something to remem-
ber, delicious beyond description.—New
York Times.

Politician to Newspaper Vendor.
On the Brooklyn side of the Wall street
ferry there was usual quite recently an old
newspaper vendor who had seen a great
deal of New York life. He was James
Mullen, and in later years he had a num-
ber of acquaintances and patrons among
Wall street men who live in Brooklyn.
Mullen was years ago foreman of No. 25
Hose, in the days when the Bowery was
one of the sights, as well as a terror, whose
fame had spread all over this country as
well as abroad. Those were times when
the organization known to fame as the
"Dead Rabbits" and their competitors the
"Bowery Boys" had things pretty much
their own way in the Sixth ward. James
Mullen exercised a potent influence in
politics in those times, and later, during
the Tweed regime, he was a political factor
of much importance. Like many of the
old timers he failed to fit into the new
order of things, and gradually descended
from a position of political importance to
selling papers.—New York Sun.

Don't Think of It.
The medicine men among the Indians
told them that no bullets could pass
through their ghost shirts, but it never oc-
curred to a buck to hang his shirt on a
hickory limb and blaze away at it and
note the result. It was, therefore, "heav-
y disappointment" when the shirts didn't
prove bullet proof.—Detroit Free Press.

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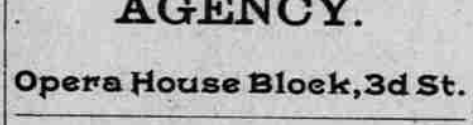
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we ask that you give it a fair trial, and
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support.

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issued every evening, except Sunday,
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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 prop-
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point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being
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yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can
and will be more than doubled in the near future.
The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find
market here, and the country south and east has this
year filled the warehouses, and all available storage
places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its
money is scattered over and is being used to develop,
more farming country than is tributary to any other
city in Eastern Oregon.
Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delight-
ful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources un-
limited! And on these corner stones she stands.