

THE SOUL OF A LYRIC.

With words that flutter their thoughts to utter,
Winged thoughts for the world to hear.

THE BIG QUICKSAND.

"Papa, I don't like the way those men
huddle together forward. They are up to
some mischief, you can depend upon it."

"Nonsense, Ella; nonsense!" cried bluff
old Captain Myers; and he pushed back
the broad brimmed straw hat which pro-
tected his head from the fierce tropical
sun.

"Well, I don't want his suggestions!"
bellowed the captain. "I'm commander
of the Peerless, and have sailed these
waters long enough to know my busi-
ness."

"I feared as much," said the young
man sadly. "He is blind to the daily
machinations of those copper faced ras-
cals, and it is no use giving him advice."

"That scar faced scoundrel, Manuel
Rosario, has learned that we have a
cargo of arms, ammunition and general
stores for the troops at Fort Yuma, and
this knowledge has excited his cupidity."

"If he did he would be cowardly and
desperate enough to knock me on the
head with a belaying pin some dark
night."

"Oh, Frank!" cried Ella, and her beau-
tiful face paled with apprehension. "Do
be careful and watchful—for my sake!"

"I will!" was his response, "and as
your father will not take the precaution
to checkmate any move these ruffians
may make I will perfect my plans so
that we can escape from the bark in case
Rosario and his men mutiny and seize
her."

"And papa?" faltered Ella.
"Will force him to go with us. Now
don't worry, dear heart, for I feel able
to cope with these rascals when the time
for action comes."

"They were in the upper Gulf of Cali-
fornia, where it narrows to meet the
waters of the Colorado river."

"The bark Peerless, of which Ella's fa-
ther was captain and owner, was loaded
with arms and ammunition and other
supplies for the United States troops at
Fort Yuma."

All but two of the original crew ship-
ped in New York had died of the yellow
fever, which broke out with terrible vir-
ulence shortly after they passed Cape
St. Lucas and entered the gulf.

The captain had managed to get his
vessel into Guaymas, and there the two
retaining members of his crew had de-
termined.

In consequence he was obliged to ship
a native crew and employ Manuel Ro-
sario, an ex-pearl diver who, unknown to
him, was implicated in a revolution then
in progress on the peninsula, to en-
list the requisite number of men.

Rosario had got together a band of as
bloodthirsty ruffians as it was possible to
find, and had no difficulty in inducing
them to lend a willing acquiescence to
all his nefarious schemes.

He boldly planned to make Captain
Myers, the captain's daughter, Ella, and
the mate, Frank Edwards, prisoners,
seize the vessel and run it into a secluded
harbor between the head of San Fran-
cisco island and the mouth of the Colo-
rado river.

and place of attack, and his faithful
henchmen only awaited his signal to
make the captain, the mate, and the
beautiful young girl prisoners.

In tow of the bark was a small dinghy.
Drawing this up to the rudder post
Mate Edwards opened one of the cabin
windows and dropped into it such
articles as would be of use to them in
their flight, as well as provisions for
three or four days.

He then informed Ella of these pre-
parations, and she held herself in readi-
ness to flee at a moment's notice.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the
Peerless entered the river, and as the
tide was low and would shortly turn
Captain Myers secured his vessel with a
bow and stern anchor and awaited the
coming rush of water, preceded by its
ordinary high advance wave.

It could be discerned in the distance.
The captain and his daughter were
leaning over the stern rail watching its
approach when Manuel Rosario gave the
signal for revolt.

He and two of his men stole softly to-
ward the unsuspecting captain.
He dashed up the companion stairs.
Captain Myers in another moment
was struggling in the grasp of Rosario's
companions.

Before the latter could draw weapons
the mate shot one and badly wounded
the other.

Rosario released Ella, whom he had
seized, and shouted for assistance.
Reversing his heavy six shooter Mate
Edwards brought the butt down upon
Rosario's head with a force that sent
him moaning and half senseless to the
deck.

"Quick!" he cried, seizing Ella's arm.
"Over the stern rail. There is a lad-
der. Drop into the boat. I will keep
these other ruffians at bay."

He began firing into the horde of ad-
vancing mutineers.
By the time his revolver was emptied
Captain Myers and Ella had reached the
boat.

During the afternoon he had cleaned
the captain's double barreled shotgun,
heavily charged it with slugs and con-
cealed it on deck under a tarpaulin.

With a yell of defiance he caught it up
and discharged both barrels in the very
faces of the mutineers.

They recoiled before this terrible fire,
and, taking advantage of their discom-
fiture, Frank slipped over the rail and
cut the boat adrift.

Before he could seize the oars the first
big wave of the tide was upon them and
they were hurried on past the vessel and
far up the river with frightful velocity.

Then came the recoil and they drifted
back toward the Peerless.

Frank pulled toward a little island on
the right hand side of the channel and
succeeded in making a landing.

He made fast the boat painter to a
heavy rock, and the three, retreating,
were above high water mark when the
second wave swept up the stream.

Rosario, maddened at the blow he had
received, staggered to his feet as the
dinghy swept by the vessel and ordered
out the long boat.

Into it he leaped with his followers to
pursue.

The second wave swept them toward
the fugitives, and when the recoil came
they were within 200 yards of the island.

"After them!" shouted Rosario, leap-
ing upon the beach as soon as the boat
grounded.

Suddenly they began to flounder and
sink in the sand.

"A quicksand!" they cried, and made
desperate efforts to reach firm ground.

QUESTIONINGS.

At the last, after long, weary years
Of lonely wanderings o'er desert ways,
We could clasp hands and say, thro' happy tears,
"Toge her we will spend life's autumn days,
How gladly would we bid the world pass by,
And live a life alone, just you and I!"

We could afford, for such brief happiness,
To fall, unrecompensed, thro' youth's bright
spring,
To miss the summer flowers and skies of bliss,
And wait the fruitage that life's fall will bring;
But oh, when winter comes, with darkening sky,
How can we live asunder, you and I!

Fate lays her hand on the rebellious heart,
And whispers "Patience!" to the ardent soul;
Bids us accept our lot to dwell apart,
And trust his goodness as the slow years roll.
Oh, dear one, shall we know, before we die,
That life of love together, you and I,
—E. A. Matthews in Once a Week.

Two Remarkable Women.
Within the past week two old women
whose infancy was spent upon the banks
of the Young, while the country round
about was a vast wilderness, have died.

The first, "Grandmother" Grim, who
was born in Saltlick township, in 1803,
when that township embraced one-
fourth of the total area of Fayette coun-
ty, died at the home of her daughter in
Vanderbilt. Her remains were interred
from the Mount Olive Brethren church,
at Detwiler's Mill. The old lady was
the mother of eleven children. At the
time of her death she had fifty-six grand-
children, one hundred great-grandchild-
ren and thirty-two great-great-grand-
children, making a family living at the
time of her death of 196 persons. The
Buttermore, Ridenour and Grim fami-
lies are the descendants comprising this
large family. Mrs. Grim was the widow
of John Grim, who died ten years ago.
Her sole surviving sister is Mrs. Mary
Buttermore, widow of John Buttermore.

The second woman whose death is
noted was Mrs. Sarah Rush, of Browns-
ville. She was the daughter of James
Frey, the first regularly installed pastor
of the Connellsville Baptist church, and
was born in Connellsville in 1803. She
was the mother of four children—two
sons and two daughters. The daughters
are Mrs. Dr. Brashear, of New Haven,
and Mrs. Shedrick Holt, lately of Sharp-
sville, but now of New Haven. She had
been a member of the Baptist church for
sixty-seven years.

The combined ages of these two reached
174 years, and their death removes the
oldest representatives of the pioneers of
Connellsville. Both funeral sermons
were preached by Rev. R. C. Morgan, of
Connellsville.—Connellsville Courier.

She Supports the Family.
Score one for the "advanced woman."
Score one against the theory that mar-
riage results in disaster because daugh-
ters have no dowries or wives are ex-
pensive luxuries. One particular ad-
vanced woman whom I know lives in
Brooklyn, and is correspondent for one
of the city journals. She has a cosy
little house, which she keeps tidy and
homelike with the aid of a single ser-
vant. She has two children, whose sew-
ing she does herself, to whom she is a
loving and devoted mother. But at the
same time she keeps up the interest and
advances money on the mortgage which
yet rests on the little house, settles the
bills of the "butcher, the baker and the
candlestick maker," pays for her own
bonnets and for the winter's coal—in-
short, runs the entire establishment her-
self.

And why? Simply because she insists
upon her husband's putting the entire
amount of his salary into the bank to
educate the children or in case of future
need. The husband's salary is fixed, and
she is thus sure of saving a certain
amount each month. Her own varies,
and she makes the expenses of the fam-
ily vary accordingly. The children have
cheaper shoes or they go without new
carpets if her stuff is cut or "returned
with thanks."—New York Sun.

A Woman's Bold Undertaking.
Miss Taylor, of the China Inland mis-
sion, is about to attempt a journey
through Tibet. This singular and in-
teresting country, always jealously
closed against the outer barbarian, has
again and again thwarted the well laid
plans of some of the greatest men trav-
elers of our time. As the members of
the inland mission wear the Chinese
dress, and observe the Chinese customs
in their daily walk and conversation, it
is thought not improbable that Miss
Taylor may succeed in adding her name
to those of intrepid women travelers.—
Harper's Bazar.

In the Agricultural Department.
Mrs. E. H. Stevens has been librarian
of the agricultural department at Wash-
ington since 1877. She is most efficient,
and has a remarkable knowledge of the
numerous technical works included in
the eleven divisions of her department.
Previous to her appointment in the agri-
cultural department Mrs. Stevens was
employed on French and Spanish trans-
lations in the patent office, and she may
be said to have founded the important
desk of "Scientific Translations." Her
salary is \$1,800, and that of her assist-
ant, Mrs. M. D. Newell, \$1,400.—Wom-
an's Journal.

Lectures on Law.
The Woman's Legal Education soci-
ety of New York furnishes an example
which might be profitably imitated in
every town of our country. Its object
is to give women information of special
interest to them in legal matters. The
initial lecture of the winter course was
lately delivered in the parlors of Mrs.
Abram S. Hewitt, with the subject
"Why Women Ought to Know the
Laws of Their Country." The lectures
are under the patronage of some of the
best known women of culture and fash-
ion in the city.—New York Ledger.

Western Women Writers.
Mrs. Parkhurst, ex-president of the
Pacific Coast Woman's Press association,
in a recent address on "The Work of
Some Pacific Coast Writers" stated that
there had been over 12,000 books pub-
lished by Pacific coast writers within
the last twenty years, and that eighty-
five books had been published by mem-
bers of the association during the last
three years.—Current Literature.

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if satisfied with its course a generous
support.

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four pages of six columns each, will be
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and will be delivered in the city, or sent
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cents a month.

Its Objects

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-
er position as the

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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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the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and
is a thriving, prosperous city.

ITS TERRITORY.
It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agri-
cultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as
far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two
hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

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of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands
of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.
The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping
point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being
shipped this year.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia,
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.