

SUNRISE.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist That looms across the valley, fold on fold, And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed...

A PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

DEAR MICK—Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town, and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening of him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potatoes, I think we shall be a match for him.

I had nothing particular to do, so I went word round to Dick that I should turn up having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves. Why he paid them we never knew.

Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of talk to Teddy and myself; and we had the ill luck as the punch circulated to light on a vein of humorous stories, at which we laughed comsedly ourselves without evoking even a smile from the guest of the evening.

"Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches," said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "I think there are some you have not seen"—and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvases.

Quiller resumed his seat, and sat, half absent, half contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings—possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye, and propped it on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves' usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half wistful, half exultant.

"Where did you get that?" he asked abruptly. "What do you think of it?" said Graves, slowly. "It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brien. "It's a wonderful model," said I. "A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.

"Ah, that's it," said Graves. It's more than human." "Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way, again. "Pon my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. It's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I shan't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."

We settled ourselves by the fire with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.

"I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of the summer, and after loafing round Newlyn for a while I went to the south coast to try and find some place that had been less painted. I stayed a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at—naming a small seaport town—where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship Inn,' and looked around for some place to hang up my palette.

"After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good sized room added, with a high north light. On the south, the kitchen and 'parlor,' which opened one into the other, had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months on the understanding I was to keep it on if I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me; but I lived most of the time at the 'Ship Inn,' and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in, cold and wet, I had to do some work indoors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. One day I had been painting a young girl from the vil-

lage, the granddaughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting a few touches to the background, when I heard a sound close behind me like a very gentle sigh. I looked around quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start I made, and then I went all through the house to see if any one was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I looked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solace of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it.

"In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy; but when I got back to the studio a curious thing had happened. Right across the face in my picture was a couple of brush marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and I finally had to apologize for my suspicions. We searched the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was obliged to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh which had so startled me at first I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language to express her despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvases, however, and I took to carrying my work back with me at night to the inn, where the canvases were secure from interference.

"I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town, and the 'ship' was invaded by a low set of fellows, who got drunk and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable, and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with the help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall; but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvas, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by, on a stool, paints, brushes and palette. They had been there, that is to say, for now there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders and dark gray hair; he had my palette in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that thrilled me to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing.

"Then I heard that little, gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so utterly weary and heartbroken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more accustomed to the light, and there in the moonlight, on the very chair on which Annie had sat, was a woman, leaning slightly forward—young, beautiful and very pale. But you have seen the picture. I looked at her now more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture; it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter. He had thrown down the palette and brushes, and was standing looking at his work. Then he turned slowly, and held out his hand with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and came a step forward, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in a cloud crossed over the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the palette lying on the floor to convince me I had been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remember anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman's preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was on the picture, just as you see it, and on the floor were the palette and brushes. I picked them up and looked anxiously at them. If you'll believe me I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that palette, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."

We sat silent some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and glancing up I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.

"And did you never have any explanation of the thing?" said I at last.

"No," said Graves. "I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

Quiller had risen, and stood near the fire. "I think I can give it," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. Graves stared at him; no one spoke, and he went on, as if unwillingly.

"That must have been Drake's cottage you had; he was before your time—I dare say you never heard of him. He lived there with his wife—and that's her portrait."

Graves' stare of surprise became more profound, and Teddy and I looked on in silent wonder. Quiller went on, speaking like a man that has been carried quite out of himself. "There was a tragic story told about Drake and his wife. He was a good deal older than she, and changeable and moody in his ways; and she, poor child, was ambitious to help him to be great. At first he was tender and thoughtful toward her, and then he seemed to forget how fragile and sensitive she was—he neglected her, and grew more and more morose and moody. He used to get very savage about his models, and complain that it was impossible to get any one with intelligence enough to sit decently. "Once his wife asked him whether she could not sometimes help him by sitting, and he only laughed at her, I remember. "You—you!" he said—that was all. Then the poor child had an illness, which, if she had been happier, might have ended differently, and been a new happiness to both of them; but she was too worn out with sorrow and disappointment, and in the end she died. In her delirium she was always calling to her husband. "Let me help you, let me be of some use; only once, dear—paint me only once;" and poor Drake, who woke up to a sense of his loss, was heart broken at his inability to satisfy her. The tenderest and most passionate tones of his voice never reached her, and she died without ever knowing him again. After that Drake was a changed man; he seemed to have only one idea—to paint the portrait of his wife. Canvas after canvas he spoiled, and when I went to see him he would say, "She cannot rest until I have done it. I must succeed; sooner or later I must satisfy her." At length he became so unmanageable, eating nothing, and spending long, sleepless nights walking about the country, that his friends came and took him away. He died some months after in an asylum. "By Jove!" said Teddy O'Brien when Quiller had finished, and then relapsed into silence. I looked at Graves, but he was lost in a wonderment too deep for words. "The portrait's very like her," said Quiller, with a strange awe in his tone. "I'm glad poor Drake succeeded at last." "You think—" said I, and broke off. Quiller was putting on his coat. He answered my unfinished question with a solemnity for which I was not prepared. "For twenty-two years those two poor ghosts have been waiting their opportunity. Let us be thankful that in the end they found it."

He seemed to forget to take leave of us in any way, and went without another word. As the door closed each of us drew a deep breath of relief. Dick raised his head with an air of stupefaction. "That's a rum story," said Teddy O'Brien; "why did you never tell it before?" "The rummiest thing about it is the sequel," said I. "Dick, old man, is your part true?" "I don't know," said Dick; "I begin to think it must be." "Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien. "did you make it up?" "Every word of it—on the spur of the moment." "Did you know it?" "Not a word. Quiller seemed struck by that picture, and it was the only sign of human interest he had shown, so I thought I'd humor him. I didn't mean a ghost story when I began, but it somehow developed into that. I would have given a good deal to take a rise out of him, but I never hoped for anything so complete as this."

"It was a curious coincidence that you should have taken Drake's cottage," said O'Brien. "Yes," said Dick dryly; "but the most curious part of it all is that the cottage was made up too." "Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien again. "And who painted the head?" "I painted it myself," said Dick, "and I begin to think it must be a deuced good picture."—Cornhill Magazine.

Showers of Blood.

Showers of blood from the sky are very rare in this day and age of the world, a fact which makes their comparatively common occurrence in the olden times only that much more extraordinary and unaccountable. In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome" mention is made of fourteen different showers of blood and other substances mixed between the years 319 A. D. and 1170. Besides these there were two "showers of much intensity, of which the liquid resembled pure blood and was not intermixed with other matter as heretofore reported." In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust over the larger part of Italy. In 1228 snow fell in Syria, "which presently turned into large pools of gore."

A monk who wrote in 1251 tells of a three days' shower of blood all over southern Europe. In the same year a loaf freshly taken from the oven "did bleed like a new wound" when sliced at the table. In 1348 the great chasms made by the earthquake at Villach, Austria, "sent forth blood and a great pestilence followed." Burgundy had a bloody shower in 1361, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed the same phenomenon in 1450. In 1696 hailstones fell in Wurtemberg which contained hollow cavities filled with blood. The last bloody shower on record occurred in Siam in 1802.—St. Louis Republic.

Society's Share. Visitor—Do you devote much space in your paper to society intelligence? Editor—No; society doesn't have more than about a stickful of intelligence at best.—West Shore.

SNIPES & KINERSLY, Wholesale and Retail Druggists. DEALERS IN Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic CIGARS. PAINT.

Now is the time to paint your house and if you wish to get the best quality and a fine color use the Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paint. For those wishing to see the quality and color of the above paint we call their attention to the residence of S. L. Brooks, Judge Bennett, Smith French and others painted by Paul Krefl. Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON, MacDonal Bros., Props. THE BEST OF Wines, Liquors and Cigars ALWAYS ON HAND.

G. E. BAYARD & CO., Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan AGENCY. Opera House Block, 3d St.

Chas. Stubling, PROPRIETOR OF THE GERMANIA, New Vogt Block, Second St. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Liquor Dealer, MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

Health is Wealth! DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. A GUARANTEED SPECIFIC FOR Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatocorrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES TO cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

YOU NEED BUT ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR. THE S. B. HEADACHE AND LIVER CURE taken according to directions will keep your Blood, Liver and Kidneys in good order. THE S. B. COUGH CURE for Colds, Coughs and Croup, in connection with the Headache Cure, is as near perfect as anything known. THE S. B. ALPINE PAIN CURE for Internal and External use, in Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramp Colic and Cholera Morbus, is unsurpassed. They are well liked wherever known. Manufactured at Dufer, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

The Dalles Chronicle is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

The Daily 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.

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 proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon. 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 JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY, sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO. Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts. THE DALLES.

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at 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 agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET. The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of 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 last 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 delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.