THE WISE MAN.

What is the good man and the wise? Officies a pearl which none doth prize; Or jewel rare, which men account pebble, and despise Bet forth upon the world's bazar, It mildly gleams, but no one buys; Till it in anger heaven withdraws From the world's undiscerning eyes; And in its shell the pearl again. And in its mine the jewel lies. —Richard Chevenix Trench.

THE BLACK RIBBON.

The gentlemen of Cove house sat upon the piazza, smoking and looking at the sea as it tumbled in, when the evening coach, laden with piled up baggage and sengers, came rattling down the turnpike and made the sweep which led up to the hotel. This in itself was matter enough for attention, but when, in the wake of the yellow old coach, just beyond its clouds of dust, a glittering little pony carriage rolled swiftly on, a dozen pair of lazy eyes grew interested and expectant.

The coach drew up with a scientific flourish, and the sweating horses stood panting with the tug through the heavy sand, while the driver leaped down, and with much tumbling and crashing of trunks the old stage was unladened. Meanwhile the pony carriage, holding two girls, rolled smoothly up to a side door, and three waiters were instantly in attendance upon them.

The ladies alighted, and the two disappeared at the private door of the Cove

"Who are they?" asked Paul Hanover, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth and turning his handsome blue eyes on the friend at his elbow. Fane King, who was looking thought-Mand?" asked Fane, hardly believing his

fully out at sea, replied quietly that he did not know.

"It's Miss Payson, of New York," said Will McKenzie, who knew everybody. "At any rate, that's her turnout."

"Which one?" "The blonde, I suppose. I never met her, but she was at Newport with my

sister last season. Nice, ain't she?" "Who is the other one?" "I don't know. Poor cousin, I pre-

Hanover and King relapse to their cigars; but everybody was thinking more or less of Miss Payson.

The ladies appeared at supper. There were only five of their party-the old gentleman, the two young ladies and an invalid child of 13 with her nurse. It was soon remarked that they appeared sufficient for themselves, and neither sought nor received acquaintances. The face of the blonde girl was as jolie without the jockey hat as with it, but the profile of her companion only was to be seen. A broad black ribbon bound around the chin and nearly concealing a wealth of rich brown hair revealed only the side view of a set of regular features and one smooth, fresh cheek. "What can be the matter?" questioned

the ladies one of the other. So, without the least possible information on the subject, Alice Payson was decided to be an object of misfortune and compassion, while unconcealed ad-miration and adulation were offered the other one.

I cannot say that either appeared much affected by the regard of those around them. Certainly they spoke to no one for at least three weeks. People became discouraged about making their acquaintance, and few more attempts were tried.

But things inevitably changed. One evening when all Cove house was in the surf a scream arose. The scream was by a frantic cry

knew what was the matter with him. But, somehow, the friendly clasp of Alice Payson's light hand and the gaze of her sweet eyes affected him as no hand or eyes had ever affected him be-

The ice once broken, a bevy of gentlemen strove for the attention of the cousins. Paul Hanover was foremost.

He was very handsome, fair, brilliant, graceful. He was not poor either. Fane remembered that bitterly as he saw him strolling with Alice on the beach or driving for her the little pony carriage. His own peace and comfort seemed suddenly gone. Miss Payson's gentle friendliness only made him worse.

He was startled one day as if shot by

Hanover remarking: "If you're not altogether gone with the blues, Fane, I'd like you to congratulate a fellow."

"Have you won your bet on the trotting match?

"Pshaw! hang trotting matches! Don't be stupid, Fane. Haven't I been riding with Miss Payson?" "Well?"

"Well it is," pironetting around the room and snapping his fingers like cas-tanets. "I'm the fond betrothed of a lovely girl, after the latest novel. Now, what have you to say, my respectable. moping friend?"

Fane tried hard to command himself and not betray his secret.

"Alice Payson is too good for you, Paul," he answered, with an attempt at being sage and composed, in which he succeeded but tolerably.

"I dare say, but it isn't her, Fane." " "Taint her?"-looking electrified.

"Certainly not. The money's very well, but that defect of hers-it's a delicate subject, but I really couldn't marry a girl with a disfigurement like that."

ears "Exactly."

"Why, I congratulate you, with all my heart!" jumping up excitedly.

"They are going away to-morrow. Don't you want to see them again?" Fane went down upon the piazza

where the ladies sat, unreasonably happy. The ladies were standing upon the

piazza, in the early sunlight, when he approached Alice Payson to say good-by. Paul was talking to Maud saucy and beautiful in her jockey hat as Fane found his way to Akce's side.

"Good-by, Mr. King. You will come and see us, with your friend?" she said. There was no one very near. He answered:

"No; I love you, and so I must say good-by forever, Alice."

He saw the delicate features pale. At that instant old Mr. Payson came hurrying out, followed by a porter with a large valise in each hand.

"Ready, girls?" he called. "Come. hurry, or we'll miss the train." Alice, with downcast face, gathered

up her gray trailing skirt. He thought she was going without a word, but suddenly she looked up into his eyes. "No. Come." she said. And then in

a moment she was gone, the dainty carriage glittering down the beach. A week later he waited for her in the

costly splendor of her drawing room. She came down, giving him her soft hands, nor resisting his embrace. "I love you so!" he murmured.

"Do you, really-with this disfigured face?

"I never think of it, Alice." She laughed then and slipped off the black ribbon, and there was one smooth cheek as fair and perfect as the other.

"I had blistered my face for the toothache. It was nothing lasting, you see." When Fane told Hanover his happiness, or as much of it as can be expressed in words, he looked as if there was something unsaid upon his mind, but when he beheld Alice under her bridal veil he "If I hadn't been afraid of a black ribbon," he murmured. "I might have been Perhaps.-E. E. in New York News.

EGGS BY MACHINERY.

A PLAN TO MAKE THEM BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN HENS CAN.

What the Manufactured Article Contains How the Ingredients Are Secured-The Making of the Shell Is Really a Delicate Piece of Work.

Patents have been granted to James Fine Imported, Key West and Domesti Storrey, of Kansas City, for the manufacture of eggs.

All the necessary machinery, which is not worth more than \$500 at the outset, is in readiness to begin this overwhelming competition with the American men. If as much success attends the new venture as is anticipated by Mr. Storrey, the contest between the machine and the hen for supremacy in the egg producing business will be short, with the victory to the credit of the former

Mr. Storrey's process is very simple, and yet he is prepared to manufacture an artificial egg that a connoisseur will find it difficult to distinguish either in appearance or taste from the prime product of a Plymouth Rock or Leghorn.

Lime, water, blood, milk, tallow, peas and one or two other vegetables are the ingredients of his compound. The shell and the yolk will not be difficult of manufacture. To make a good imitation of the "white" of the egg is the part that has required the most ingenuity to conquer, but Mr. Storrey has succeeded in solving the problem successfully.

MAKING THE YOLK.

The yolk of an egg is composed of 30 per cent. of yellow fat, 14 per cent. of caseine, about 3 per cent. albumen and water. The fat is common animal fat, and beef fat, which is very cheap, will be the chief ingredient. To this a liberal amount of caseine, which is that portion of the milk which produces butter and cheese, will be added, and albumen mainly from beef blood, together with water, will be mixed in small quantities. The color, already a yellow, will be treated with a chemical which will serve a double purpose of deepening the color and preserving the mixture in a semi-

liquid state until it is cooked. The "white" of the egg is about oneeighth pure albumen, and is a difficult substance to produce chemically. A substance that appears to the eye exactly similar, and which hardens and whitens when cooked, has been produced by a mixture of legumin, or vegetable albumen, extracted from common peas, and which forms one-fourth of the peas, a little albumen from beef blood, a trifle of sulphur, considerable gelatine and a chemical solution to prevent rapid decomposition, and which also whitens the whole bulk when subjected to heat, just as the egg becomes white when boiled. As beef blood will be utilized in very large quantities in the big egg mill, a few special cars will be fitted up with tanks to bring the blood from the Chicago slaughter houses.

MAKING THE SHELL.

The shell will be perfectly imitated by a simple solution of lime, water and glue. The machinery that is required is needed mainly in putting the egg together. Every yolk will be first run into a mold to be properly shaped, and then dumped into a second mold, where the right quantity of the white is placed previously. This latter substance, being a gelatine like matter, will incase the yolk very readily. By a unique machine the meat is there enveloped in the shell. The shell is only partially hardened when the egg is put into it, and as there

is a liberal amount of glue added to the lime, the edges of the shell soon adhere to each other very tightly, leaving no traceable mark where they were joined. In order to make the imitation more completely successful, molds of several sizes will be introduced, making the eggs vary in bulk as do the products of any respectable flock of hens. 'The color of the shell will also be of two or three shades, rendering the likeness to the original still more striking. Tests have been made which show that the artificial egg can be preserved for a month under proper conditions, and still taste as fresh as one laid by an ordinary hen. As all the ingredients of this reform egg are exceedingly cheap. it can be manufactured at the rate of about three cents a dozen. There will be no limit to the capacity of the novel mill, and families and boarding house keepers can be supplied in any quantities at prices so dazzlingly small as to warrant immediate popularity .-- Cincinnati Enquirer.

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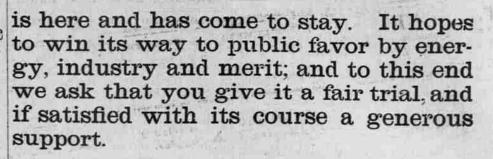
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* The Daily

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

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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

"Alice! Oh, Alice! She is drowning!

Save her! save her! save her!" "Who can swim?" was the cry.

Long before it was answered Fane seemed suddenly enlightened. King was seen striking out boldly for the spot.

But he had some forty rods to swim, fifty thousand dollars richer." and it was probable that Alice Payson had sunk for the second time while the strong tide swelled against the rocks.

"Swim, man, swim!" shouted the old uncle upon the beach.

"Save her, oh, for God's sake!" cried Maud, wringing her hands.

But within a few strokes of Fane King's outstretched arms Alice disappeared.

There was already death upon her closed eyes and pallid forehead. He thought it was a corpse he clasped as he dropped beneath the surface and caught her sinking figure.

It was with difficulty he arose to the surface. Thrice the great billows rolled over his head before he appeared. He could only hold himself and his burden off the cruel rocks, Already his arm was lacerated with their sharp teeth.

They had put out a boat, and it at last came to his relief. As they lifted the senseless girl into the wherry they saw that the black ribbon had been torn from her face, and a large, dull red, discolored mark appeared. It showed more plainly in the otherwise deadly pallor of her sweet face, for sweet it was, and pure as a child's. They covered face and figure reverently, thinking her quite dead, and rowed back while Fane found his way up the rocks to have his hand wrung speechlesaly by the agonized old

"I don't think she is dead, Mr. Payson," said Fane, remembering with a thrill the silken hair which had washed against his lips. "She cannot be dead!" She was not dead. In three days she appeared among them again, fairer, gentler, sweeter than ever, and frankly grateful for the interest everybody be-

that there had been a mistake. It was Alice who was the heiress and Maud the poor cousin, though as beautiful, as raliant and perfect as a Hebe.

Miss Alice Payson, with the black rib-bon replaced, tried to thank Fane King on the first day of her reappearance, but her brown eyes filled and she only said:

"You are young; life is sweet to you; it was noble in you to risk yours for me,

Mr. King." Fane's heart swelled so that he hardly port itself. - Ep

Horses That Like Human Flesh

There appeared in the papers some

time ago a story of a horse which, standing in a Toronto street, mistook for new mown hay the blonde hair of a young lady on the sidewalk, seized it in its watering mouth and was rewarded by a blow between the eyes which could have been possible only in the days of roomy garments. One of the beauties of that story was that it was rigidly true, although the name of the horse's owner was withheld. But since then either the same animal or a full brother by the same sire and out of the same dam has been making a name for himself as a luncher off melton coat sleeves, sealskin announced that he wanted "an induscaps, bearskin boas and tweed capotes.

He is a pretty little roan beast, owned by Larry Cosgrave, and a very snapping turtle in harness. He stood hitched to a little cutter in front of the Bank of Commerce and had five minutes of solid enjoyment, during which time he nearly pulled the arm out of an advertising agent. The arm looks as if it had been vaccinated. But Larry Cosgrave's horse is not the only one in the city that has fallen into evil ways. It is a common thing to see these ferocious animals sprawled half way across the sidewalk. seeking whom they may devour .- Toronto News.

Effect of Plenty of Air.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms. timely avail themselves of an abundance of nature's most generous gift. Pure hir will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feetings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the in-tellect, and make new creatures of the old wrecks, who by their very pres-ence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind.-Hall's

A Matter of Charity. Teacher-Why does Great Britain Support royalty? Pupil Because

LIGV. (Brein and A see we have the enter near the truth and

Strange Wants.

They must have a strange herd of sheep in New Zealand, where a settler, trious man to take charge of 3,000 sheep who could talk Spanish." He must have been related to the young lady who announced "that she could do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." A western "ad." reads: "Wanted an energetic young man for a retail store partly out of doors, partly behind the counters." A contemporary asks what will be the result when the door is shut. -Providence Journal.

A Share in a Jewel.

There is a story told of a French savant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great "In what way?" said the dake. a tre

"Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."-All the Year Round.

Mr. Repplier (playing cribbage)-What a very fine crib board, Miss Pas-

Miss Passee (playfully)—A gift from my very first sweetheart. Mr. Repplier, when I was only 15. n I was only 15.

Mr. Repplier (with polite interest) Indeed! That is quite the oldest or board I ever saw — that is — er — meno — .- West Shore. st crib

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ITS TERRITORY.

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The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

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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

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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.

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