Shall I tell you a tale that was told to me When the roses blew crimson red, and the white laden boughs of the hawthorn

Stree Street blossoms upon my head?

is the dusk and the hush of the twilight gray.

We wandered, my lover and I.

Till we came to the tree, with its breath of May, And lingered its cool shade by.

"If a love that has lived since the years were Were to come to you now," said he, "And lead you away from your childhood's

bowers.
Would you fear to trust it with me?
For I count you a woman above those gems
That circle your neck with their glow;
And because your true worth their light over-

whelms, 4 must ever be telling you so.

When I catch a warm gleam from your soft

brown eye.
It holds me more closely than they:
For I know that your price above them is high.
As the words of the Good Book say.
Then dash through the darkness and sunlight

For more than those jewels to me,

so name is more valued than that of 'a wife,' "

And I whispered "yes," under the tree.

—Nina Picton in Detroit Free Press.

ALI.

In the last years of the Eighth centmy there reigned in Bagdad the Caliph Abulfeda. Into the coffers of his predessors the wealth of the east had been poured with a most unsparing hand, and the magnificent 'City of the Enchantrese" was not only the "Abode of Peace," but a splendid jewel in the Empire of the Faithful.

Of all the caliphs of this wonderful city since Almansor, its founder, no two blessed or cursed the world with the same idea of what it was necessary that man should do to enjoy life in this world, and at death to be worthy of a place among the dark eyed damsels and beautiful youths of the gardens of Paradise.

The magnificent Almamoun scattered his inestimable wealth in the greatest contrast with the abstemiousness and fragality of the mighty Omar; and the Haroun-el Raschid of Bagdad is vastly different from the Akbah, whose fanatic advance only the heaving waves of the Atlantic were able to hinder.

The Caliph Abulfeda had succeeded his father, whose desire to gather the gold of the then known world into Bag-dad, without expending it for any purpose, had put the youthful prince to any disadvantages, and fostered in him desire to do otherwise when he would succeed to the mantle of the prophet. Therefore when his own sons were choosing their ends or pleasures the Caliph Abulfeda was always ready to forward or indulge them.

Among the youngest of his many children was Ali. For years he had brooded over and planned on the idea of a wonderful edifice that he hoped in time to construct. Of all the magnificent structures it had been his privilege as a son of the Commander of the Faithful to see, ae was in all things the perfection of which the young prince dreamed. Therefore, on the death of his father, the ince began the building of the long deferred happiness.

In time there arose on the banks of the river the most wonderful architectural dream that even that magic age and that wonderful city had produced. Yet to the prince it was unfinished; something was yet lacking to make it the abode of perfect pleasure.

One evening the prince was saunter ing along one of the most magnificent of the curiously carved arcades of the palace when a voice called his name:

"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda! Prince

Ali! son of Abulfeda!" The young prince glanced quickly around on all sides, but beheld no one except the silent sentinels on guard around the palace and the picturesque horsemen that, at a little distance, rode alowly back and forth as safeguards against approaching danger.

Again came the voice: "Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda! Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda!"

Quick as a flash the prince drew the splendidly ornamented and equally splen-didly tempered blade at his side and stood ready to face any opponent.

But it was unnecessary. Before him stood an old man, bowed and whitened by the sorrows and trials of many years. His dress and manner also distinguished him as belonging to some other period. "Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda!" he

began.
"I am," assented Prince Ali, scarcely in his noble name, or acknowledge his inferiority before a higher power.

"I know you, I know you," answered the aged man. "I knew your honored father and your father's fathers, and"a supernatural expression spreading over his visage-"and I stood side by side dinner. with the prophet himself in many a with the prophet himself in many a dearly won fight with the enemies of lor, instead of the brief standing round the only true belief. But I wronged him. I did him an injustice, and therefore is my slumber in the tomb disturbed. When the Commander of the Faithful, or one of his children, has an one who was there confessed, no serious earnest lenging or desire, I, or some amount of work was accomplished, the other who has wronged the prophet, is pleasure and sociability of the afternoon called from the tomb, in answer to their

The prince thereupon began at the birth of his hope for the possession of ar architectural wonder, and related all un-

til its completion. "I understand! I understand!" cried the old man, slowly beckoning the prince to silence. "You have exhausted your worldly knowledge in attempting to suc-

"Be it then as you desire," answered lexicographer to manage. Nothing could the aged father. "Behold this staff. Ask be further from the fact. The most difnot from whence it came, nor discover ficult words we have to define are those the mystery to any living man, until I of two and three letters. The truth is,

"The followers of the good man Jesus, whom the Christians believe, and the worshipers of the stars and moon, and the elements, and other works and doings of the one and only God-for there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet-have images beautiful to behold, yet far from the handiwork of the creator. To us is forbidden such im-Would you fill the structure you have built with more wonderful images, beyond the construction or understanding of mankind?"

"I would! I would!" exclaimed the prince, delighted with the expectation. "The power is in your hand," answered the strange visitor, and vanished.

For several minutes the prince stood as if awakened from a dream. But not long, for just at that moment a young girl, a favorite with the prince, came on tiptoe behind him. Noiselessly, as the soft breeze that scarce moved the dark hair that fell uncontrolled over her white shoulders, she crept up, and was about to clasp her small hands over his eyes, when the prince, seeing the shadow, and excited by the strange visitor who had just left him. wheeled suddenly around, and in doing so touched the laughing girl with his staff.

As a statue of the whitest marble, she stood before him.

As the prince stood wondering at the magic power of the apparently commonplace staff, a courier approached in all haste with a message from a distant province governed by a very dear friend

of Prince Ali.

The breathless messenger fell on his face before the prince, and after salaming after the manner of the day and recovering breath enough to speak, he begged the pardon of the prince for first exacting a promise of secrecy in regard to the matter upon which he had been

sent, it being his master's special order. In his anxiety the prince raised the hand that held the staff and placed it on the shoulder of the exhausted messenger, and he, too, was marble.

As the days went by the palace filled with strange images, and the possessor of the wonderful staff began to long for the supernatural donor. The possession of his gift began to be a weight, and each image added to the palace was a weight added to the burden of its ruler. Still the louged for visitor came not.

At last, when the prince was almost driven to madness, his strange visitor again appeared. Before he could ask a question of the descendant of the great Mahmoud the staff was thrust into his hands and he was prayed by the memory of the great leader to restore to life the silent images that, instead of adorning,

cast a gloom over the palace.
"Is that not beautiful?" asked the strange visitor, pointing to the figure of the mischievous girl favorite. "Look at the grace, the smile almost bursting into laughter."

"It is beautiful, most beautiful," anwered the prince, "but her laugh would be to me more beautiful than all." "And that!" exclaimed the aged man. 'Look how natural that courier is about to relate his message.

"Most natural, most natural," sighed the prince, "but the unspoken message is locked in that marble breast.'

To several others the strange visitor drew the shrinking prince, and commented on the peculiar beauty of each. But the prince could not be diverted from the melancholy that possessed him.
"Take them away! Take them away!"

exclaimed the prince, "Leave my pal-ace as it was and I will be happy, perfectly happy!"

"Be it as you say," answered the aged man, "and profit by the lesson." There was a slight rustle in the courts

of the palace, and when it passed all was as it had been; even the strange visitor himself was gone. The palace of Prince Ali of Bagdad stood for ages as it was erected, except

this inscription over the main entrance:
ALI, SON OF ABULFEDA, TO THE
PRINCES OF THE WORLD.

There is no pleasure where the happinese of
a follow creature is endangered; nor is there
loveliness in anything where there is either
adding to or taking from the handlwork of the
Most High God.

-Donald R. MacGregor in New York

An Old Fashioned Luncheon.

A unique luncheon was given recently in Brooklyn—nothing less, indeed, than an old fashioned one. "You are to come at 12, bring your work, and stay until 5," dictated the hostess, and at noon sharply the twenty women bidden duly appeared, knowing whether to tower up to his full all but two, with their sewing. Bonnets height and answer with the pride he felt | were doffed and a real visit was entered upon. The luncheon was a delicious one, and was served without a too arbitrary following of the course style-an agreeable medium, indeed, between no courses and "all plates," as the countryman explained his first French restaurant

before leave taking, which characterizes the modern fashionable luncheon, chairs were cozily drawn into groups, needles and thimbles came out, and though, as amount of work was accomplished, the were pronounced, as the company included some of Brooklyn's representa-"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeca! What tive women, and the hostess is prominent in more than one circle.-Her Point of View in New York Times.

Two Pretty English Words.

"There are some queer things about words when you come to know them in-timately," said Dr. Coues, stroking his long, light beard reflectively. "Now, one would naturally conclude that words ceed to happiness, in gratifying your desire, and have failed? Is it not as I say?" basickeratochondroglossus, the name of "It is," answered the prince, "and I now yearn for something beyond the power of man to accomplish or understand."

or inteen or twenty syliables, such as basickeratochondroglossus, the name of a muscle at the root of the tongue, and dacryocystosyringotomy, the name of a surgical operation on the tear duct of the eye, would be most different assurance. The prince took the staff and looked it there is nothing by which you can pos-suriously over, but nothing extraordisibly describe them."—Chicago Post.

nary occurred. Seeing his expectancy HEROISM IN A BIG CITY.

BRAVE AND KIND HEARTS IN A RICH FIFTH AVENUE HOME.

Old Legend of Rome Is Enacted in Reality Right in the Midst of a Busy and Thriving Metropolis-People of Wealth Nurse Their Servants.

Emerson in his essay upon "The Con-servative" relates a legend of the Friar Bernard in illustration of the truth that the best virtues are to be found in all conditions of society. If the story were merely an apologue with the essayist it has, I am glad to record, lately become a fact.

This is the tradition: "The Father Bernard lamented in his cell on Mount Cenis the crimes of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of moss and dry leaves he the spring and set forth to go to Rome and a fine color use the to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travelers, who greeted him courteously, and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his few wants. When he came at last to Rome his piety and good will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers, with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children, and how they above paint for The Dalles, Or. were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty toward

EMERSON'S STORY. "'What!' he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved woods, and rich pictures and piles of

books around you? "'Look at our pictures and books they said, 'and we will tell you, good father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families, and romantic sacrifices made in old and recent times by great and not mean persons, and last evening our family was collected, and our husbands and brothers discoursed sadly on what we could save and give in the hard times.'

"Then came in the men, and they said: 'What cheer, brother? Does thy convent want gifts?'

Then the friar went home swiftly with other thoughts than he brought, saying: 'This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans, whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers: they are lovers. What can I do?"

And this is the fact as a friend relates it:

"I called last night upon my friend in Fifth avenue. His house is stately and magnificent. It abounds with every device of luxury. If not tasteful it is rich. If not elegant it is profuse in splendor. While I sat gazing around me at the mirrors and carpets and curtains and costly furniture my friend entered and cordially welcomed me.

"Where have you been so long? said I. 'It must be many weeks-since I have

seen you.'
"'You know,' he answered, 'that we were absent upon a visit to Cousin Charles for some time, and upon our return the doctor told us that two of the servants lay ill with the ship fever, and that the children must be sent away immediately. So we sent them to their grandfather's, near Albany, and my wife and I remained to take care of the serv-

EXPOSED TO DISEASE. "'Did you know what a terrible dis-

e it was: "'Yes, the doctor warned us. But we could not leave them when we knew how critical was the situation. It was hard to part with the children, and they cried bitterly at going, knowing to what

dangers we were exposed.' " 'And I know,' answered I, 'for I have had the ship fever, and for two weeks lay utterly senseless, like one dead.'

" 'Both of the servants,' continued my friend, 'were delirious for two weeks before they died, which increased our care. It is a very dreadful disease, and very hardly it bore on my wife. But there was no one to assist us. All the other servants left, and we could get no nurses. We took all possible precautions. The beds were placed in the middle of the two largest rooms, and by opening the folding doors we could throw them, with the smaller one between, into one large room. There is a passage from the ceiling of the middle room directly to the skylight in the roof, and by opening that and dropping the upper sashes of the

to be proud of." Gilt sometimes covers pure gold.—New York Herald.

Many Small Amounts.

It is worth noting, as an exemplification of the value of small things, that it is not customary to pay fractions of a penny on dividends on government stocks, and that some few years since these accumulated fractions amounted to £143,000! This nice little nest egg was handed over to the chancellor of the exchequer.—Chambers' Journal.

Not a Composer. Winkle-I understand that the lady next to you is a fine musician.

Binkle—Eh?
Winkle—They say she composes.
Binkle—Great Cæsar, no! She discomposes everybody in the flat.-Good

Had Beason to Be Circumspect. Auntie-Johnny, you never hear your apa use such language.

Johnny—No; and I take mighty good care that he doesn't hear ma .- Harper's

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-WHOLESALE AND RETAIL-

MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

Health is Wealth



and dropping the upper sashes of the windows of the room we could ventilate the rooms perfectly."

"I see, 'said I, 'and they died?"

"They both died, and we buried them in the Catholic cemetery."

"Why,' thought I, glancing at the painted walls and glittering chandeliers, 'the sumptuous Vendome and the squalid Tenderloin precinct do not offer a more instructive contrast than this single hearted heroism in the midst of this regal splendor!"

Here is another "deed for New York to be prond of." Gilt sometimes covers

"I see,' said I, 'and they died?"

"Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanty and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhox 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 one some month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator in either sex, Involuntary Losses and spermator over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment, \$1.00 a box, or six boxes and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one stantage and spermator should be a buse or over indulgence. Each box contains one stant

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four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, attention to the residence of S. L. Brooks, 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 prop-

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, 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 Liquor : Dealer, your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

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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 an agrazing 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 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.