

JEREMY.

"Why will you take the boat, Jeremy? Why, my boy, will you go? The wind is high and the tide is low. The rocks are bare as a whale's bleached bones. And out in the bay there the sandbar moans— Jeremy!

DECORATE THE PIANO.

In Small Rooms It Is Now Made a Thing of Beauty and an Artistic Joy. The magic skill of modern decorators has vanquished the formidable aggressiveness even of the parlor piano. Formerly pianos were most obstinately, hopelessly angular objects in a pretty parlor, positively refusing to lend themselves to any scheme of decoration. But even a piano has possibilities, and since these possibilities have been discovered and realized the piano is the keynote of the whole decorative scheme.

THEY ELOPED ON A RAFT.

A LUMBERMAN STEALS HIS BRIDE FROM HER FATHER'S BOAT.

A Romantic Idyl from the Wilds of the Pennsylvania Backwoods Country—An Irate Father Outwitted—His Opposition Was Only Spiteful.

A lumberman dressed in woodsman style came hurriedly into the union depot. Leaning on his arm was a pretty girl about eighteen years old. Her panting breath and fiery cheeks gave evidence of her excitement, which was seemingly made more intense by their rapid walking. Following them was another lumberman, more nervous than the first. He seemed to be on guard, and kept his eyes turned toward the rear ranks. He said nothing until his proteges were on board the day express for the east. A few minutes afterward an older man, with an air of business, elbowed his way through the crowd and confronted the woodsman.

SNIPES & KINERSLY, Wholesale and Retail Druggists. 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 Kref.

Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

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THE BEST OF Wines, Liquors and Cigars ALWAYS ON HAND.

C. E. BAYARD & CO., Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan AGENCY.

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MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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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 Spermatorrhoea 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



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. ALFALFA PAIN CURE for internal and external use, in Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramp Colic and Cholera Morbus, is unsurpassed. They are well liked wherever known by name. 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 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.

Out of Kilter. Kilter or kelter was an "Anglicism" long before it was an "Americanism." Skinner, in 1671, has "Kelter; he is not yet in kelter, nondum est paratus." It is also given in a reprint of Ray's collection of 1691. The k before i points to a Scandinavian origin. Cf. Dan. kilte, to truss, tuck up, whence E. kilt. Rietz gives Swed. dial. kilter band, a band for holding up tucked up clothes; kiltrasig, to gird up, tuck up, and fasten. The metaphor is obvious enough.

This word kelter, as it should be spelled, is given in Johnson's Dictionary and derived from the Danish kelter, to gird. A quotation is given from Barrow's works, where the word is used. Bailey in his Etymological Dictionary derives it from the Latin cultura. Halliwell ("Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words") gives it as used in the east of England both as a substantive and as a verb. It is a word of every-day use in Surrey and Sussex, in the sense of order or condition. The Rev. W. D. Parish, in his "Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," notices it in the phrase, "This farm seems in very good 'kelter.'" I have often heard it used in the same way, and anything that is out of condition is described as being "out o' kelter."

On reference to the publications of the English Dialect society it will be seen that the word is of very general use throughout England. In the neighborhood of Whitby it occurs as a verb and a substantive, and in the mid and east Yorkshire glossaries also; it is used also in west Cornwall, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. In west Somerset, in Sheffield and in Huddersfield the word means money. These references will be sufficient to show that the expression is not an Americanism, but that the word has found, and still finds, a place in vernacular English.—Notes and Queries.

A Useful Article. "Why, how odd this had never been thought of before!" said a visitor at a woman's exchange of the city. She had in her hand a pretty knitted article, which was a baby's bottle cozy. For railway travel or to go out with Miss Baby in her own little carriage they are of great service in keeping the milk warm, and also, as they are knitted double, to offer protection against breakage. Some padded ones were also seen, but are not so serviceable as the knitted ones, as they do not fit so closely to the bottle.—New York Times.

A Boon for Bachelors. The advantages of a pocket that has no sewed seams and cannot rip and that is neat and smooth in the garment are such as will be appreciated by every masculine reader. Such a pocket is the invention of an ingenious Yankee, who calls his device a safety seamless pocket. The peculiarity of these pockets is that they are woven complete in one piece. No stitching or sewing is necessary to make them ready for use, but they are turned out by the loom in the exact form in which they are required for trousers.—New York Journal.

All animals, from ants up to whales and elephants, play together in youth and some are fond of taking such diversion at intervals through life. One might search the world over and not find more playful creatures than puppies and kittens, but there are other dumb animals which not only frisk about, but actually descend to practical jokes.

Robert Buchanan, the poet, novelist and reviewer, was a poor Scotch village boy a score of years ago, without fame or fortune or prospects of either. The success he has had in literature has been won by hard work and merit, but today he is one of the foremost men in London literary life.

In some of the West End restaurants in London as much as twenty-eight shillings a week is paid by a waiter for the right to look after the wants of wealthy diners. Tips there vary at anything between 6d. and 3s. 6d., and a first class man may reckon to clear a solid £3 a week.

Small articles made of malleable iron are now finished and polished bright by being placed in revolving drums with carriers' shavings, from which they emerge with all of the rough edges smoothed and the surface highly polished.

New York's annual pie bill is \$5,460,000, or more than is paid for public schools, the fire and police departments or sent to the heathen. New York produces about one-third of the pie crop of the United States.

Placed near a bay window, it shuts in the coziest lovers' nest imaginable. Soft cushioned window seats that have room for just two—intimate seats they might be called—are hidden thus away completely from the cold, cruel world. Smokers' retreats with little couches may be hidden in the shadow of such a piano when rich hangings fall from a corner window. Or a delightful tea corner is made with a screen for a doorway, and soft divans and dim lights inside. Miss Georgia Cayvan has such a tea corner in her artistic little house in Harlem.

The back of the piano is hung with a soft shade of yellow, brocaded with dull green leaves and flowers. Against this the little tea table is placed, with its dainty belongings, and a low chair beside it where the hostess presides. A yellow cushioned divan extends entirely around this corner, lighted by the soft radiance of a lamp with a pale green shade, and piled high with a baker's dozen of pillows—large and small and medium—with bright silken covers.—New York Sun.

Uncivil Railway Porters.

All English railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railway men; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A baldheaded director of this company was traveling with some strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name board, remarking, "Can't you read?" The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A—. "Sit still, and don't bother. This ain't a junction," the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. "I will see, however," he said, "if they will speak in the same way to me." At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him, "Keep your bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold." He fumed with rage, but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day, and three faces were seen no more on those platforms.—Chambers' Journal.

It Was Not He That Worried.

"Now, sir," cried Mr. Bagwig furiously, "attend to me! Were you not in difficulties a few months ago?" "No." "Now, sir! Attend to my question, I ask you again, and pray be careful in answering, for you are on your oath. I need hardly remind you. Were you not in difficulties some months ago?" "No; not that I know of." "Sir, do you pretend to tell this court that you did not make a composition with your creditors a few months ago?" A bright smile of intelligence spread over the ingenious face of the witness as he answered: "Oh! ah! That's what you mean, is it? But, you see, it was my creditors who were in difficulties, and not me."—Green Bag.

Laughable Newspaper Mistakes.

A Syracuse printer, in setting up a book publisher's advertisement, construed one of Dickens' works thus: "Barney, by Rudge, \$1.50." Misprints are sometimes very ludicrous in their significance. A country paper gives an account of an amateur concert in which a young lady received a well deserved encore by the exquisite taste in which she sang "An Angel's Whisker." In Dr. Wayland's time a meeting of the American Scientific association was held in this city. The doctor gave a party to the association. His friends were considerably surprised the next morning to find it reported in the newspapers that Dr. Wayland had given a billiard party instead of a brilliant party.—Providence Journal.

No Hurry.

Old Gentleman—My boy, don't you go to school? Boy—Yesir. "It's long after 9, and here you are playing." "That's all right. We had a rather late breakfast, and mamma was 'fraid I'd be late, so she wrote me an excuse, and I've got it in my pocket."—Good News.

FATHER AND LOVER FIGHT. The trio live on the Clarion river near Clarington. They are well known in the lumber country. The younger man's name is Frank Snyder. He is prosperous in the woods, and is considered a good business man, but he is rough in his way, and for that reason was not considered by Myers fit to be his daughter's lover. Miss Myers thought differently, however, and for a year insisted on receiving the attentions of Snyder. Nevertheless she refused to elope with her lover, and would only answer "wait."

The rafting season on the Clarion river commenced. Both Myers and Snyder had timber to run to market, and were constantly thrown in each other's way at the river bank. When the rafts were nearly ready to be started they accidentally commenced talking about Miss Myers. Kindly expressions led to insinuations, and then a war of words, which was quickly followed by a blow from Myers. A moment more and both were rolling in the mud. They were soon separated, but not until Snyder had made a vow to get the girl. Myers heard the words and became equally determined that his enemy should never be his son-in-law.

A few hours more and both were to start down the river. Myers was afraid to leave his daughter behind, and giving as an excuse the statement that he wanted her to cook for the men, he brought her on the raft and gave her quarters in the rough shanty which is frequently built on large flats. Snyder saw the object of Myers' move, and when the latter pulled out with his raft Snyder quickly followed with his own. PAPA COMES TOO LATE. Both rafts arrived at Brady's Bend shortly after 6 o'clock Saturday night. Myers pulled in to tie up for the night, and when about to land Snyder's raft came up. He was acting as pilot himself, and seeing Miss Meyers standing on the river edge of her father's raft, he ordered his men to pull in such a way that his own raft ran close to that of Myers. When at the nearest point he jumped from his oar, grabbed the young girl, and as he leaped back, yelled at his men to pull into the current. It was a daring act, but Snyder had been victorious, and found no trouble in persuading Miss Myers to give her consent to their marriage when the opportunity came. He knew Myers would follow, however, and to make sure their escape be determined to run at night.

They arrived at Sharpburg next morning. Meantime Myers had come to Pittsburg, and was waiting at Herr's island for Snyder and his game. But they didn't come. They guessed what he would do, and left him down the river while they went to Union depot on a cable car. Myers heard of this trick about 7:30 and went to intercept it, but he was too late. The woodsman he met at Union depot explained the occurrence leading to the flight, and told Mr. Myers that they were going to Camden, N. J., to get married.

Mr. Myers was still angry when seen at the Home hotel. He confessed that Snyder was a suitable man for any sensible girl, and his chief grievance seemed to be that his daughter should go on a bridal tour with a man whose wedding outfit would startle civilization. Nevertheless he admitted that Snyder had better clothes at home, and his last remark was that if Snyder had made much money lately he would forgive him.—Pittsburg Cor. Oil City Derrick.

Young Heads and Old.

Daughter—You should have turned down the upper corners of your visiting cards, ma, when you called on the bride. That means congratulation. But you turned down the lower corners. That means condolence.

Matron (with dignity)—You'd better wait till you are married before you criticize your ma.—New York Weekly.

The Powers That Be.

First Congressman—What do you think of Senator Saphed's bill? Second Congressman—I opposed it at first, but lately I have found so much popular opposition to it that I am inclined to think it must be a good thing.—Good News.