

A WINTER NIGHT STORM.

Wounding the boughs that have no leaves. The northeast blast assaults these eaves. Whereat in dread I hold my breath, As though I heard the voice of Death.

NAUTICAL OXEN.

Among his neighbors Job Haines was considered a pretty fair sort of a man. He had settled in the little town in the southern part of Kansas, where he lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he dealt fair and attended to his own business he passed.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmers, was a firm believer in cattle, and did most of his work with oxen. One day he said to Ike: "Ike, if you'll take that pair of yearling steers and break them to work you can have them."

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HONESTY AND MEMORY.

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE MAN WAS GUILTY OF A CRIME. A Case Which Shows That Circumstantial Evidence is Not Always Conclusive Proof of Guilt—A Woman Makes Up in Forbearance Her Loss of Memory.

Two weeks ago a family of two persons—husband and wife—rented a small apartment up town and proceeded to furnish it. The carpets were supplied and laid by a reputable house. Something about one of them was unsatisfactory, and a man was sent to investigate.

No sooner had she got on the street when she thought suddenly of a roll of bills, nearly \$100, which she had carelessly left in a glove box on her dressing table.

Without delaying an instant she hurried into the hall and down the stairs, overtaking the carpet man as he had reached the street.

He did so at once. When they were again in the apartment she faced him. "A curious thing has happened. When I went out this morning I left a roll of bills—\$90—in that box over there. It is gone now."

The man did not seem to understand for a moment. "Well," he said unmeaningly.

"Well," repeated Mrs. L., "there was nobody in the apartment but"—

The man interrupted her. "God, madam," he said earnestly as the significance of her words dawned upon him, "you don't think I took your money?"

"But I'm an honest man," he went on. "I've got a little girl. Do you think I'd steal? Why, I've been eight years with So-and-so. They know my character. Look around for your money. Perhaps your husband took it."

He acquiesced and the journey down town was made. Mr. L. had not taken the money. The man was greatly disturbed.

"You can search me," he said. "There's my own money," producing a small wad, "left from my last week's wages. I haven't another cent about me." And he turned his pockets inside out.

Mr. L. was impressed with the man's appearance and earnestness. Mrs. L. was puzzled and her money was gone.

However, nothing further was done at the time, and the man went back to his work asking only that he and not they report the occurrence at the carpet dealer's shop.

It was late Saturday afternoon when she found the money, and storming, but it must be related to Mrs. L.'s credit that she did what she could.

Then Mrs. L. tried to reimburse him for his "loss of time," this he would not permit. The money was found—that was all he wanted. So it all ended happily.

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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.

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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 your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

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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.