

NATURE.

Put in the world, 'tis sweet to be alive, To breathe and think, endure and toil and strive; To e'en of tears and grief to bear the cross, And all the years of waiting, pain or loss, With the sweet recompense nature gives Him who hears her voice, and with her lives.

A TIN CUP VERDICT.

The sun was low toward the western peaks when Old Jones and his nephew halted their teams for the night. Old Jones and his relative were freighters, and the crack of their long, shot filled mule whips and the creak of their heavy wagons had been heard in half of the camps of Colorado.

The four wagons tonight were swung into the segment of a circle, and the mules were hobbled and cast loose from the straps in which, through the day they pulled. At this relief these grateful slaves stood about and attested their joy in the loud cries peculiar to their kind, but which are so unfortunate in their lack of harmony. To stop this racket the nephew went about giving them their vesper feed. This he placed in morrels, or nose bags, which he hung to their hungry heads. Old Jones built a fire and began the compilation of an intricate but savory dish known to those happy ones who have the recipe as "freighter's stew."

Supper over, the two freighters sat about in the lurking shadows made by the fire's blink and glimmer, smoking their pipes. All at once there was a commotion in the band of mules. Those patient folk who had scrambled and pulled all day over a rough mountain trail with wagons loaded on the principle of 1,300 pounds to a mule, and who now, in the propitieties of mule life, should be at peace and rest with the world, were charging about and snorting in a very alarming way.

"Injuns!" said Old Jones, shoving back into the gloom. "Injuns, for a thousand dollars! There an't no animal on earth, but Injuns, ever makes mules take on that a-way."

The nephew thought so too. Old Jones and the nephew did not fear an attack. There were no Indians about that were not described as friendly.

But what they did fear was that the mules might be stampeded. Stampeding stock is a great aboriginal industry. The Indian will stampede your cattle or mules and then claim one dollar a head for finding them for you. Thus do these wise sons of nature fill their coffers and exact a revenue from those who cross their lands.

Jones' nephew took a Winchester from the wagon and began to work his cautious, silent way toward the mules. Those last were still snorting and shying as if prey to wild alarm. The nephew disappeared in the darkness. Old Jones placed his hand over his pipe-bowl so its fiery eye could not be seen and peered after him into the gloom.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" It was the Winchester speaking it told the Indian policy of the border—and a very sufficient good policy it is too. Old Jones, at the sound, heaved a sigh, but never moved. After a little the nephew came in to the fire. He seemed alert, hopeful and unrelenting as to the Winchester Indian policy.

"Did you stretch one?" said Old Jones. "I think most likely I did," said the nephew in a sanguine way. "We can tell in the mornin', shore."

The mules were now quiet. Firearms had no terrors for them. They could stand the odor of gunpowder, but of Indians—bah! No mule of taste could stand it for a second. After another half hour Old Jones and his nephew kicked out the embers of their fire and went to sleep.

Old Jones and his nephew had visitors in the morning. The whole Ute tribe and their agent came down to the freighters' camp. The members of the Jones family at once seized their Winchesters and alaciously prepared for war. The Utes ran about, jumping and yelling and demanding vengeance. Old Jones and his nephew stood silent and grim behind their wagon and showed their iron teeth. The agent insisted on peace. "Would the Jones who had killed the Ute the night before give himself up? He would be guaranteed from harm, but the Utes insisted on his arrest. They—the Indians—would attack the wagon if the criminals did not surrender." So spoke the agent—a nervous little incompetent, as many an Indian agent is.

"Give up nothin'," said Old Jones derisively. "You tell them Utes if they want anything 'round here to waltz in and get it."

The Utes howled and danced still harder and higher at this, and the agent talked more earnestly than ever. He threatened the Joneses with the power of the government. This was too much. They would fight the whole Ute tribe, but they were afraid of Uncle Sam. After a brief parley the nephew stepped out and gave himself up to the agent. He would have displayed more sense if he had remained behind his wagon and died in the smoke of his Winchester.

The agent, the nephew and the Utes did not go a mile toward the agency before the Indians took the nephew, and tying him to a pine tree spent several blissful hours in torturing him to death. The agent was powerless to interfere.

Jones, the elder, found the truth the evening of the same day. He turned a little pale under the thirty years of tan which browned his face, but said nothing. As well as he could he hitched up his teams and went ahead. His course was slow. Where the going was easy the nephew's team—eight mules—could follow the others and get along all right. Where it was rough Old Jones halted them, and, after driving his own team over, came back for them.

Two months later the old man unloaded his freight at a camp in the Gunnison country. He told the story of his

nephew's death and charged it to the agent. The populace agreed with him to a man. Old Jones insisted the agent should likewise suffer death. Public sentiment rushed to the same conclusion. Every man in the Tincup district who heard of the matter at once advised Jones to go back and kill the miserable agent, or, if that scheme did not suit, to hire some one who would. Never was public sentiment so uniform in a matter before. It was beautiful.

"Hire some one to go back. Kill the agent!" This struck Old Jones, who had strong commercial instincts, as a good thing. He inquired for some one who would undertake the enterprise. He did not think it should cost much. "It is dead easy to do," he said. "Jest ride can'tly up to the agency and beef him, and then ride away. That oughtn't to cost no fortune," and he was willing to give a "hoss and outfit" and \$500.

"I'll go you," said a bad looking gentleman called Curly Bill. Curly Bill was certainly a very bad man, as any one might see by examining his six shooter. He had filed away the sights as superfluous to one so sure and keen, and had taken out the trigger, trusting to explode his interesting weapon by the simple process of letting the hammer fall from his thumb. These changes in the ground plan of a Colt's 44 always bespeak a bad man the wide west over, and such was Curly Bill, the personage who wanted to hire out to kill the agent.

Preliminaries were arranged and the horse and outfit were turned over, in company with \$300 of the \$500, and Curly Bill rode away on his long pull for the Ute agency.

Six weeks and their happenings were added to history, and so far nothing floated back from Curly Bill. One afternoon he rode again into the camp in the Gunnison country. The public crowded about to learn of his success. Curly Bill got out of the saddle and stepped into a saloon. The public followed, and, at his request, took a drink with him. At last Old Jones put the question:

"Did you get him, Curly?" "No," said Curly Bill. "Why not?"

"Well," said Curly Bill, with an amiable drawl, "I'll tell you what's the matter. You see the cuss offered me \$1,000 to come back and down you."

There was a profound silence. Old Jones seemed thoughtful and cast down, and the public wailed. At last Old Jones put another pertinent inquiry.

"Well, whatever do you allow you'll do about it?" "Whatever'll you do about it?" said Curly Bill. "Will you raise him?"

"S'pose I don't raise him?" said Old Jones: "s'pose I don't even call him?" and an ugly glare began to shine in his watery, gray eyes; albeit his voice was low and his face calm.

"Well," said Curly Bill, with vast nonchalance, "in that event I reckon I'll have to go him."

The public took a deep breath at this announcement, and Old Jones seemed plunged in thought again. At last he found his voice.

"I'll think this yere matter over, Bill, and I reckon on fixing up something so you won't complain none of me. You be yere and I'll come back in an hour."

Then Old Jones proceeded straight to his wagon, got his Winchester, and coming in the back door of the saloon wherein Curly Bill was refreshing himself after the campaign, blew that celebrated person's head off without a word.

Old Jones then gave himself up to the citizens' committee and demanded a trial. It was had at once. Every man in the camp knew of the killing and its entire history. They all approved it too. It was esteemed, however, not a proper thing to allow the plot to kill the agent to go abroad to the world. The account might, in unskillful hands, become garbled and hurt the camp's reputation.

So when Old Jones was acquitted, which denouement was rapid in its coming, the verdict read thus:

"Justified killin' on account of Curly Bill insultin' of Old Jones' wife." This is a true tale of the west.—Kansas City Star.

He Was a Man for All That.

It was in West street, and there was a crush of trucks that blocked the way from pavement to ferry entrance. A man with ragged clothes and run stained face stood at the corner and begged every man who passed him to give him ten cents. He was the picture of degradation and misery. There was nothing about him to indicate that he retained any of the self respect of former days.

A woman with a child in her arms and another clinging to her skirts endeavored to cross the choked up street. She got in among the wagons, and the flying wagon tongues and clanking harness terrified her. She attempted to escape, but heavy wheels blocked the way, and right over her stood two immense truck horses. Then she screamed.

A man darted out from the sidewalk. Catching the horses by the reins he threw them back on their haunches, and cried out to the driver with an oath to keep back. Then he opened a way through the tangle with a determined arm.

"Let me take the little girl," he said, and picking up the child carried her across the street, guiding the frightened mother. When they had escaped from the jam he set the child on the ground, bowed clumsily and worked his way back through the blockade to his old stand on the corner. That was all, but his head was up a little higher and he looked more like a man, until some one came along and he sank back into his degradation with the old whine on his lips for a few cents.—New York Tribune.

She Was Following an Example.

Lucy, three years old, was playing one day with a little neighbor about her own age. All went smoothly until some childish dispute arose, and Lucy, regarding her little friend as the aggressor, slapped her soundly once or twice. Her grandmother reproved her for her rudeness and display of temper, but the child clunged all argument on her side by saying, "Why, dan'mudder, dan'mudder, don't you know it does little dirls dood to whip 'em?"—New York Tribune.

FOUR AMERICAN SONGS.

TWO WERE WRITTEN IN BATTLE AND TWO DURING PEACE.

One of Them Averted a War—The Sources of Inspiration of the Four Writers—Strange Fact About the Music of "America"—How Key Composed His Lyric.

The four great lyrics of our country are "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "America."

The first named was written by Timothy Dwight, ancestor of Timothy Dwight, the present president of Yale college. He wrote other patriotic anthems, but "Columbia" is the only one by which he became famous. Dwight was a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Yale.

He studied law, intending to adopt it as a profession, but there being a dearth of chaplains in the Revolutionary army he became one in Parson's brigade of the Connecticut line and served some time there. It was during this service that he composed the immortal song "Columbia," which at once attracted general attention, and from the first became famous.

It was composed without much thought, the times being full of patriotic feelings, which inspired the poet, and he is said to have expected no more than passing fame for his production. It was caught up, however, by the patriots, and soon became known throughout the struggling colonies. After the war Dwight went back to the pursuits interrupted by his entering the army, and eventually became president of Yale college, a position which he held until his death in 1817.

The author of "Columbia" was a voluminous writer, turning out many extended poems and books, but all seem to have been forgotten but the great lyric which he gave to his country during the struggle for freedom. It will ever remain his monument.

A SONG THAT TOLD.

The words and music of "Hail Columbia" were composed under the American flag. Its author, Joseph Hopkinson, was a native of Philadelphia and the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Like the composer of "Columbia," he was the author of many other things in prose and verse, but nothing has come down to our day with any fame but his national song.

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, when we were having complications with France which threatened to end in war. Hopkinson had an actor friend named Fox, who was to have a benefit at a theater, and it was for him that the song was composed.

The music which accompanied the song, and to which it is sung today, was originally the "President's March," which was written ten years before, on the occasion of Washington's visit to New York, by a German orchestra leader named Fyles. "Hail Columbia" sprang into sudden popularity, and it is said to have averted the threatened war, as it incited national pride and roused the whole country.

Joseph Hopkinson lived until 1842, filling various important offices and loved by all for the great song he had given to his nation. He helped to revise the constitution of Pennsylvania, was a warm friend of Joseph Bonaparte's during the ex-king's sojourn in this country, and at the time of his death was holding the office of United States judge for the eastern district of his native state.

INSPIRED BY BATTLE SONG.

Of the many national song writers none have enjoyed more enduring fame than the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." It is perhaps the greatest and most popular of all our songs and lyrics. It was composed amid the roar of cannon and the bursting of bombs, and seems to have sprung without effort from the mind of its author.

Francis Scott Key, the author, was a prisoner in the hands of the British when the song was composed. He had gone down the bay at Baltimore, then being attacked by the British fleet, for the purpose of securing the release of a friend who was held by the enemy. He carried a message from President Madison asking for the prisoner's release. The British commander agreed to the request, but told Key that he must be detained during the attack. Key and his friends were therefore held back, and it was while they watched the terrific bombardment of Fort M'Henry, now and then losing sight of the flag that waved over its ramparts, that he wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." This took place in 1814.

When he was released Key took his poem back to the city, where it was speedily printed to the music of an old English song, "Anacreon in Heaven," and in a short time was being sung all over the country.

Dr. Smith's beautiful ode "America" was also adapted to an English air, that of "God Save the Queen." Strange to relate, this same melody answers for the national song of the German empire, Great Britain and Ireland, Bavaria, Switzerland, Brunswick, Hanover, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, and does service in the United States as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

"America" has no stirring history surrounding its composition. It was composed in 1823, and was first sung at a children's celebration at the Park Street church, Boston, on the Fourth of July the same year. Samuel Francis Smith, its author, is still living. He is a native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1808. His famous missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," was written at the same time and place as "America." Dr. Smith has filled many important stations in the church, and has written voluminously, his contributions embracing nearly every branch of good literature.—New York Telegram.

Be Sea None of the Symptoms. Maud—Does Jack play football much? Agnes—I don't know. Why? Maud—I never see him walk lame.—Epoch.

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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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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.