Willows and willows in two gust worn rows.

The fading sunset and the marsh between:

A road beneath where little pools lie keen

At twisted roots, and faint the last light glows.

he yellowing leaves flame down each wind that blows And choke the pools and heap the rushes lean. Wheels rumble; up the road a cart is seen; white in a whirl of dust it lumbering shows:

Sastward, beyond the wail of gust worn trees.

A rotting boat drawn up among the reeds; Creeks that past foggy alders, blazing slip; alt scents; the sfir of solitary bees: a startled bird that shoreward clamoring

gues of water empty of a ship.

- Philadelphia North American

### PARADISE FOUND.

We had endured life in all its varied phases of housekeeping, boarding, restauranting and co-operative dining, and now as the summer season drew near my wife and I resolved on spending our vacation in a novel manner. We felt that our experiences in the past had prepared us for whatever unknown hardships

awaited us in the future. After many vexatious delays we were

at last ready to start.

Our electric road cart was all that could be desired. It was of the latest invention, and was provided with the secessary conveniences for light housekeeping It was in fact a miniature house on wheels.

Early in the morning of a bright June day we took our seats in the roomy bamboo chairs, bade our friends goodby and closed the door of our new home My wife was somewhat excited at first, owing to the novel situation, but she soon grew calm. I pressed the electric button, the engine began to purr, and away we went.

We had no definite plan as to our destination other than this: We would start out on the street that ran directly north from our native village, and follow every branch road that led to the right. By doing this we hoped to lose ourselves in a very short time, and expected to meet with many strange adventures.

We rolled along at a rapid rate. The indicator over the door marked the miles with a regular click, click, like the ticking of a clock A continuous line of green spun out along each side of the road dotted with telegraph poles, that really appeared to be only a few inches apart, so swiftly were we moving. Of course I was obliged to hold the rudder with a firm hand, and keep a good lookout from the front window to avoid a collision, for we were continually meeting conveyances of every kind

As the hours passed by we began congratulating ourselves. By following the several right hand roads we were, as we had hoped, decidedly lost. Everything about us was new and strange

"How delightful," my wife exclaimed. as she drew the tea table near my chair. The very air we breathe is filled with a primitive newness that is charming It is as if one had been suddenly transported to another planet.'

When night settled down and the dusky road made it unsafe to proceed farther we followed a broad path that led from the highway into a grove of low spreading trees, and, fastening the doors and windows securely, retired for the night.

The second day's journey brought us into a strange country, unlike anything we had ever seen or imagined. For a long distance the road followed the bank of a broad river, from which the land arose on either side to a great beight, in a succession of natural terraces Fields of vegetables and grain and flourishing orchards alt with pasture lots, where droves of plump cattle and flocks of sheep waded knee deep in red clover Everything wore a thrifty, pros

We rode slowly along, admiring the beautiful scenery A few houses, exceedinly all and tall apparently built from the same plan, were seen in some of the most sheltered soots. In the distance were tall chimneys, from which great clouds of black smoke arose, and as we advanced we could hear the low hum of machinery. We were evidently approaching large manufactories of some sort, and my wife expressed a hope that we were nearing some town, as our sup-

ply of provisions, owing to the wonder ful appetites we had acquired, was fast diminishing. Her hope was soon realized, for a sudden turn in the road gave us our first view of a most remarkable town. The

streets fan at right angles with each other, which gave the place the appear ance of an immeuse checker board The houses were of the same uniform style as those we had seen in the surrounding country-very neat, but extremely small. My wife remarked on one peculiarity of their construction. Among them all there was no sign of the kit chen addition in the rear, to which we had been accustomed.

The tall chimneys we had first noticed were a part of the one story buildings. which stretched along the bank of the river for several blocks. It was quite early in the morning, and none of the inhabitants were astir, but feeling the or even glued to a central support can be pangs of hunger, we began to look around for a corner grocery.

Just as we were opposite one of the low buildings on the bank of the river a boy wearing a red uniform came rush ing through the door and started on a run down the street. He carried a redition box in his hand. I called him and asked to be directed to a provision store He stared at me as if in doubt of my sanity, and while I waited his reply I no-ticed a very peculiar expression on his countenance, a sort of an infantile expression which I was at a loss to account for, until his lips parted as his amazement increased, and I discovered that he vas toothless.

Without giving the required information, much to our surprise he ran away. And then another and another, wearing the same striking uniform, and with the same baby face, darted through the several front doors of the buildings, and followed in the track of number one. They all carried the red tin boxes, decorated with different labels. There were

and acctous, besides many other names, that were entirely new to us

We saw them stop at each house where boxes of the same style they carried were hanging from the front door knobs Our curiosity was excited, and forget ing for the moment our hunger we hastened our speed, determined to in vestigate. We saw one of them take a small quantity of something that resem bled the homeopathic pellets we kept in our medicine chest and drop them in the box that hung from the door knob Then away he ran to the next house and repeated the operation. As far as we could see these red robed boys were darting here and there, crossing each other's paths like June fireflies before a storm

We watched them a while, but our clamoring appetites sent us again in search of food. We turned many corners and followed long lengths of streets, but not a sign of anything eatable could we discover Just as we were becoming thoroughly discouraged a man with a fresh, pleasant face and a well fed ap pearance opened the door and lifted the box from the knob. Not without some misgivings I called to him and made known our situation.

He stared at us a moment as the boy had done I began to grow impatient "We are strangers, sir, and are hungry." I said. "Will you kindly direct

us to a provision store?" "It is a surprise to me," he replied. 'to meet with the people who are so very far behind the times. From what distant planet do you come that you enter a civ ilized city and ask for a provision store? Why, my dear friends, there has been nothing of the sort in this part of the world for many years.

"How, then, do you manage to live?" asked

He tapped the box with his plump forefinger, and nodded his head significantly

"Here, sir, is my provision store," and without more ado he lifted the lid It was divided into several compartments. in each of which was a small quantity of pellets of different shapes and colors.

'You surely don't mean to say that you eat nothing but these nasty pills." said my wife in rather a sarcastic tone.

"And why not, my dear madame?" said he, holding a brown pellet between his thumb and forefinger, and eyeing it fondly, "here is the nutriment from a pound of beef. And here," picking up another, 'is a pound of potatoes. Then here I have my bread and fruit, in proper proportions, besides many other compounds, equally nourishing and satisfy-

Of course we were very much interested, and asked for some further information concerning this wonderful country with its condensed diet.

After swallowing half a dozen pellets with evident relish, he continued:

"It was many years ago that a party of chronic dyspeptics, who were travel-ing in search of health, discovered this beautiful valley and decided on making it their future home. As might be expected, their thoughts turned inward, and their minds were a unit in their anxiety to discover a remedy for their ills. Great rewards were offered, and science was tested to its extreme limits. Behold," said he, pointing proudly to the smoking chimneys and buzzing factories, "behold the results! The products of the surrounding country are entered at the rear of these buildings as raw material, and are distributed from the front doors in this condensed form. And now, after several generations of pellet fed people, we have become a race of perfect men and women.

"Our latest achievement is a generation of toothless children. As we have no use for teeth with this diet we are well satisfied with this improved condition of our race. There is only one drawback to our perfect happiness. We are beginning to fear that we shall never die, but continue to multiply until we are crowded off into space.

"Oh, Tom," my wife exclaimed, "what a delightful existence we have stumbled upon! I understand now why the houses are built without kitchens. It settles the whole vexatious servant problem at one stroke. Just think of it-condensed meals that one can easily carry in their bonbon boxes are delivered the same as our daily papers. Think of the annoyances these people escape, the time they save, besides the perfect health they enjoy Tom. my dear, we will go no far ther in search of a home. Here is an earthly paradise, and here we will re-

At a signal a group of red robed boys surrounded our cart and she gave her order for a pellet breakfast.-H. T. Holland in Detroit News.

### Visible Sound.

The idea of getting a visual expression for musical vibrations occurred to Chiadni, a physicist of the last century. He fastened a plate of glass by its center, and then having scattered some sand over the surface threw it into sonorous vibrations by means of a violin bow. Imagine the delight with which he saw the sand stir and form into line on the plate, forming a star of twelve rays. Square plates of glass or metal screwed made by the merest tyro with tools, and give wonderful results

A plate, like a string, has one rate of vibration which belongs to it, but again. like a string, by "dampening" it with a touch of the finger or fingers in different points along the edge the note changes. and with it the figure made by the sand. The lines on the plate where the sand settles are the nodes, the lines of comparative rest. The violent agitation in the parts left bare can be shown by mixing a little lycopodium powder with the sand: this is excessively light, and is caught in the little whirlwinds of air generated about the vibrating segments. -Sophie B. Herrick in Century.

A Michigan man tumbled into a hole four feet deep one evening, and supposing himself at the bottom of a mine shaft forty feet deep, he put in the night praying and hallooing. When morning came he climbed out and gave a teamster a dollar to boot him for forty reds down the road.—Detroit Free Press.

### THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

IT SEEMS AT PRESENT TO PERVADE THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Attack of Pather Ignatius on Rev. Heber Newton-Controversy Between Two Catholic Bishops-Why Dr. Bridgman Resigned His Charge.

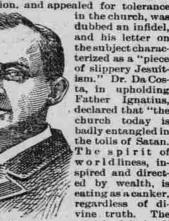
late. Eminent pastors are questioning the inspiration of Holy Writ, denying the doctrine of eternal punishment and casting doubt upon the resurrection of Christ. Professors of theology are giving the broadest construction to creeds; church dissen-sions are rife over foundational truths, and

a veritable battle of beliefs is in progress Foremost in the strife for the old faith and customs is Father Ignatius, the Protestant monk of Wales. This gentleman claims to preach the gospel pure and un-defiled, and it shocked him to find men of

charge of Episcopal churches in America. Certain utterances of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, one of the most eloquent divines of New York, aroused the indignation of Father I g n a tius, whose coifed fol-lowers in Wales

recently went over in a body to the PATHER IGNATIUS. Roman Catholic church. The monk saw danger to the church at large should Dr. Newton remain a promiment member. He publicly denounced the "hypocrisy" of the preacher and called upon Bishop Potter to discipline him.

Dr. Newton's offense, as formulated by Father Ignatius, consists in his alleged denial of the incarnation and resurrection of Christ. He is also said to have expressed the opinion that there is no need for the miraculous conception of the divine word. Dr. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, who questioned the accuracy of the monk's statement of Dr. New ton's position, and appealed for tolerance in the church, was



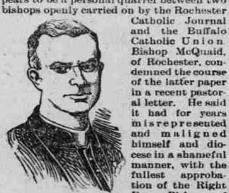
terized as a "piece of slippery Jesuitism." Dr. Da Costa, in upholding Ignatius, declared that "the church today is badly entangled in the toils of Satan. The spirit of worldliness, inspired and directed by wealth, is eating as a canker. regardless of divine truth.

wealth of the land. HEBER NEWTON. to a large extent, views religion as a system of economical insurance, a cheap defense for the nation, and regards the priest simply as a member of the moral police." \* \* \* Dr. Newton has conducted himself with dignity during the hubbub. In a sermon he said the massacre of St. Bartholomew was one of the atrocities committed through faith, which "has also burned li-

braries, closed schools. anathe matized acience. martyred philos-ophers, whiteon which art bas drawn her glorious visions, staid the progress of the through centuries, and wrought incalculable evil civilization.

BISHOP M'QUAID wider charity, "the corner stone of true Christianity," and said the chief regard of organized Protestantism, equally with Romanism, was not truth in itself, but truth as held

by the fathers, and delivered by them to their children—that is, "truth arrested, fixed, stereotyped, final." There is also warfare in a certain section of the Catholic church. This, however, is not a dispute as to doctrine, but what appears to be a personal quarrel between two



BISHOP RYAN.

and maligned bimself and diocese in a shameful manner, with the fullest approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo, It had sought to create division among the priests

and people in a malicious, unchristian spirit. To prevent serious injury to the faith and morals of the young he protested against the circulation of The Catholic Union in the diocese, as it was "not fit reading for decent and pure minded chil-dren," and was "a constantly recurring source of scandal to many, running into sin and shame." Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, refused to make any answer to this pastor-al. "The Bishop of Rochester," he said, "undoubtedly felt justified in writing the letter, and with his action this diocese has

nothing to do. I have no quarrel with Bishop McQuaid."

Baptist circles have been stirred to their depths by the defection of one of their leading pastors on the all absorbing topic of eternal punish-

ment for sinners. The Rev. Dr. C. DeW. Bridgman recently resigned the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, New York, because his views thereon



wiews thereon were in conflict with the general belief of the church. In a recent sermon he DR. BRIDGMAN. expressed his firm conviction that the doctrine of hell is directly opposed to Christ's teaching; that the heil against which the Lord warned mankind is just the inward deprayity which selfishness and unbelief and unfaithfulness are certain to breed.

JOHN W. POSTGATZ.

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four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, Judge Bennett, Smith French and others 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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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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Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.