

THE WRAITH OF M'COY.

When I was sixteen years of age I paid a visit to an uncle and an aunt of my father's, who lived on the family estate in Scotland. My granduncle was well to do in this world's goods, and had had leisure to devote his life to scientific pursuits and to write about his ideas and discoveries. He had an exceedingly well arranged laboratory, and dabbled in everything. He was, perhaps, of a more practical turn of mind than most scientists, for he not only theorized and experimented, but turned his knowledge to account, and thereby made his home rather alarming to ignorantes. Doors opened and shut, and bells rang, seemingly as he willed them. He had made of electricity a sort of servant of all work. The Scotch domestics gave warning in a body the first evening that the hall lamp lighted itself. They considered the proceeding "uncanny," and my aunt confided to me that it was a most expensive illumination. "However," she added, "a man should be master in his own house, and has a right to spend his money as he pleases, so I say nothing."

dash you over the precipice. I will retire; dismount, and I will return. Do not fear anything. I will take care of you. He was gone. Doubtless he only shut the lantern, but he appeared to vanish. Jackanapes ceased to shudder. I left the saddle, though I was hardly able to move for my wet skirts, and stood by his side. Instantly the stranger was at my side, and as he reappeared my pony kicked up his heels and dashed away up the road. "Never fear, he will take care of himself," said the stranger. "Follow me." He led the way. The darkness had concealed from me the fact that I was very near a house. A wide door was flung open. Within I saw a deep hall floored with oak, at the end of which a fire roared in a great chimney. I was seated in a huge chair, my garments drying with curious rapidity. My host stood near me—a handsome man with long, curling, golden hair and beard, and a sort of hunting dress of white flannel. He smiled on me, but said nothing until I spoke. "They will be frightened at home," I said. "I will not be long," said he coldly. "I am so thankful to you," I hastened to add. "So very thankful."

ENTERPRISING INDIAN SETTLERS. Wonderful Transformation by Bedakins of the Island of Metlakahla. Rev. W. Duncan, of Metlakahla, Alaska, is a portly, benevolent looking old gentleman of perhaps sixty-five years, and the world has been made better by the grand work in which the declining years of his life are being spent. When interviewed by a reporter he was reticent at first in speaking of the fruits of his philanthropic labors in the land by the frozen sea, saying that a description of the colony he had founded would seem better coming from the lips of disinterested parties. "Metlakahla," said the venerable missionary, "is situated on an island in the archipelago in the southeastern part of Alaska. It is a colony founded three years and a half ago, when I organized thirteen bands of British Columbia Indians, and by showing them the virtues of a city and government of their own and instilling in their minds the beauties of a civilized existence, induced them to migrate to the far north, where they would live in peace and security and where they would not be disturbed in their peaceful possessions. "Today there is a city of 800 souls at Metlakahla, and the settlement is a flourishing and happy one. I am one of those who reject the declaration that the only good Indian is the dead one. I am able to demonstrate that the best Indian is a live one. "Three years ago the forest primeval stood on the site where now many happy Indians live, in many pleasant cottages. There are sixty-one capacious houses in the city. For three years I was the only white man in the settlement. I have recently been joined by an assistant, however, in the person of Dr. Blewett. You might say that the Indians have an eye to real estate values, for they all wanted corner lots, so that I was compelled to divide the blocks each into four lots. Everybody is satisfied, for an inside lot is not to be found there. "The inhabitants live by hunting and fishing, but the latter occupation has branched out into a large industry now, and I am here to obtain necessary machinery and an outfit for a salmon cannery there. "I would rather have a tourist speak of our colony than to dwell upon its merits myself. Should you visit our island you would be surprised to find a city of Indians and natives with only two exceptions. We have a government which is an Indian council presided over by an Indian chief. The young ones are taught in commodious schools, and in my absence a native teacher is instructing them. "In olden days the Indian tribes were envious of each other, and feuds were incessant and war was a business. In our colony the hatchet is buried out of sight, the tribal jealousies are forgotten in the educated life and the weapons of war have been molded into implements of peace. "We have a native corps of constables and officers to attend to the city's health and sanitation. We have entertainments, too, and splendid music is furnished by our Indian band of twenty instruments. We have a large sawmill conducted by Indians, and never was a happier colony than that of the British Columbia Indians on the island of Metlakahla."—Seattle Telegraph.

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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.