

ILLUSIONS.

On stand at night upon an ocean craft, and watch the folds of its imperial train catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows—A miracle of fire quenched by sea. There, in bewildering turbulence of change, whirls the whole firmament, till as you gaze, All else unseen, it is as heaven itself. Had lost its pole, and each unanchored star in phantom haste flees to the horizon line. What dunes we are, of the deceiving eye! How many a light men wonderingly acclaim is but the phosphor of the path life makes With its own motion, while above, forgot, Sweep on serene the old unenvied stars! Robert Underwood Johnson in Century

AN ARIZONA ADVENTURE

While in command of a small scouting party in Arizona I went into camp one bright day on the Rio Puerco, very near the New Mexican line. The tents had been pitched and the animals sent out to graze under a strong guard, and I was walking before my tent impatiently waiting a summons to dinner, which I knew by the strong odor wafted from an adjacent coffee pot would not be much longer delayed. We were about ninety miles from the nearest fort and hundreds from any settlement. There were no ranches whatsoever in this part, only some cattle and sheep belonging to Mexicans, which were herded through the territory. These were in the charge of Mexicans, who lived much the same kind of life as did their stock. Their blankets were their only house, and when night came on they would lie down wherever it might overtake them. For miles around the land was as level as the bed of a billiard table. Mountains were seen in the distance, which were inhabited by Indians. But my little command and a few rattlesnakes and tarantulas were the only living things near. "Dinner is ready, lieutenant," was the welcome summons with which my cook greeted me, and I was soon doing full justice to an army field dinner of bear, soup and "slapjacks."

pistol or carbine of my own I would willingly lend or give them one, but all the weapons in the command, even those on my person, belonged to the government, and that the orders respecting them were so stringent that I was utterly unable to accommodate them. "I had a pistol when I came here," said my host, "but I lost it, crossing the river. Since then you are the first person that has been this way." I felt really sorry for them, and also felt that they might think I had given a very flimsy reason for refusing the loan they asked. That three human beings should be annoyed night after night by wild beasts and a company of cavalry unable to give them protection seemed incredible, and such appeared to be the case. At length a happy thought struck me. "I tell you what I will do," I said. "I will send the company in charge of the sergeant about five miles farther down the river to encamp, then I will bring Curley with me, and we will stay here to-night with you. Curley is an old frontiersman, and is acting guide for me. He is a good shot, and will enjoy the sport." My proposal was joyfully accepted, and I returned to camp to give the necessary directions. About an hour later the company moved out, and Curley and I were alone. "What sort of an outfit is that down there?" said my companion, pointing to the stone mansion I had recently left. "I cannot tell you," I answered. "The people say they are worried by the lions, and I have told them you and I will stay with them tonight and sample a few." "Some escaped jailbird, I suppose," said Curley. "The country's full of them." "Yes," I answered, "the country is full of them, but I am sure this man is no criminal. His manner and his appearance, barring his clothes, are those of a gentleman, and his wife seems more than ordinarily refined." "Well," said Curley, "if they will trot out the lions for us we don't care what they are."

BREAKS OF SMUGGLING.

QUEER ARTICLES SENT BY MAIL FROM THE OTHER SIDE. Women Find It Difficult to Resist the Desire to Bring in Presents Free of Duty—People Who Are in Other Respects Honest, Cheat the Government. Women are especially susceptible to the enticements of smuggling. It has been said that no woman can resist the temptation to make an effort to carry goods subject to duty past a custom house officer, and it is a statement made by certain officials in the customs service that if every passenger on board incoming ocean steamers were thoroughly and completely searched as he might be, it is probable that not one out of fifty would be found to have resisted the allurements of just a trifling bit of smuggling to add romance to the home coming. Oftentimes such carrying in of dutiable goods is merely inadvertence, lack of knowledge or oversight. Presents bought for the "dear ones at home" have been overlooked when an estimate was made of the dutiable goods and were only recalled to memory when found by the customs officer. Many a name high in society and well known in religious, financial or professional circles has been upon the books of the special treasury agent's office, but it is a fact worthy of note, and which reflects much credit upon the department, that such matters are kept as secret as any portion of the work. "There is no necessity," said a man who had made smuggling the study of his life, and who is employed by the custom house, "for dragging these legal and governmental skeletons-in-the-closet into the light of day. Oftentimes it is a sad fact that they have occurred, and for our own satisfaction (for we are, without a times, men of some sensibilities) we prefer to let them drop and remain unmentioned. Then, again, there may be certain arguments used of a more or less persuasive value which would naturally induce the inspector to give as little publicity as possible to the details of the case. A CURIOSITY IN BOOKS. "I do not mean by this to imply that the practice of bribery is in vogue to any extent. This fact may not be due to original lack of sin, but it is true, nevertheless, although honesty is enforced to a certain degree by the remembrance of the previous good record of the special treasury agent's department." Perhaps the most novel and popular form of amusement for the smuggler nowadays is to use Uncle Sam's post bags for his exciting trade. A number of books have lately been entered at the postoffice, sent from foreign countries, which were not altogether intended for reading purposes. Several months ago there was received at the New York postoffice a handsomely bound volume of Italian poetry. The book was printed on a high grade of paper and bore the date "Padua, 1733." Its title was "Le Trege-die Di Giovanni Delino." It was probably supposed that the postoffice authorities would "pass" the book on looking at its title on its examination. Unfortunately in this, as in all cases where books are in the mail, the volume was opened and carefully examined. A section of the center of 200 leaves was cut out, through the book, and in the cavity thus formed was placed a green table spread, with cotton embroidery, upon which an extreme valuation of three dollars could barely be placed. Buyers of antique books who have examined the volume, which is now in the customs seizure room, say that had it not been mutilated it would have readily been worth \$100. It was addressed to Judge William Allen, of Southampton, Mass., but Judge Allen has never read it. OTHER VOLUMES. Lately this volume has been followed by a volume of the "Report of the British National Fisheries Exposition," which was not at all a report, for quite a collection of jewelry was placed in a neatly scooped out orifice in the center of its leaves. Extremes met when a Latin dictionary was put in use as a carton for transporting a pipe, and the "Odd Fellows' Quarterly Magazine" did duty as a packing case for two razors. A novel called "The Great Tontine" held two diminutive and very prettily decorated Chinese vases, but the height of incongruities was reached when the "Sermons of Bishop Brookfield, of London," drifted into the New York postoffice artfully surrounding several sets of false teeth. It is not generally known that no merchandise other than books can be shipped through the mails from foreign countries. Cigars, cutlery and chinaware, jewelry and fabrics of cotton and silk are often started on their long journey, with notices accompanying them stating that they are samples or gifts, but these casual remarks never save the goods. They find their way to the United States custom house seizure room, and there remain until the yearly auction. Steerage passengers of the kind who seek the services of philanthropic people on landing are no freer from the taint of smuggling than their more aristocratic brethren above deck. One of the customs inspectors saw an Italian of mean dress and poor appearance who wore on the little finger of his left hand a diamond ring which glittered in the rays of the sun shining over Miss Liberty's left shoulder as the vessel was coming up the bay. He thought the occurrence unusual and investigated. Two thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was taken from the immigrant's person. He had fallen a victim to his own vanity. He was unable to resist the delights of making a display before his fellow passengers.—New York World. "One word more," said a speaker, "and I am done." And the reporters found when that word was written down that it contained 1,500 syllables. The famous word of Aristophanes was "outdone." The same fellow is the speaker who often says, "A single remark," and then talks for fifteen minutes.

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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.