

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.

AT MIDNIGHT.

I wandered at midnight in the graveyard;
The smell of damp grass was in my nostrils;
I heard my heart throb in the awful silence.
As a headlong diver, plunging in the ocean,
So dimly glimmering through the green darkness
The swirling surges pulsating above him:
So the alloy keels of diligent vessels,
With bubbling wake of ghostly foam in furrows,
And a dull shine of sails swollen by tempest:
So the lidless eyed monsters leering past him,
And wrecks and drowned men constantly sinking.
While the muffled knell of the surfeit is tolling:
So as I heard the sad lapses of the mill stream,
Down, down, quickly my spirit descended
To the residence of dead men and women.
In an unearthly sepulchral twilight
The grassy firmament was visible
Flecked with white clouds of motionless daisies.
The crazy roots of the headstones protruded
Uncomfortably from the low collings of the
Tortuous obscure damp cavern.
Suddenly from ten thousand eyes sockets
A mild but awful glare of light glowed bluely,
Lighting the streets of that benevolent city.
A hospitable city, whose gates were always open:
With low priced tenements for God's poor people;
A cheap resort for desolate age in winter.
The neighborhood was orderly and quiet,
As from each coffin window a skull was grinning
In idle mockery at life's foolish satire.
There was a wonderful solemnness in costume
Worn by rich ladies and their poor servants,
And no bills presented to embarrassed husbands.
Side by side lay the spendthrift and the miser,
The maid and her rejected lover,
The prodigal and his unrelenting father,
Whose there were of foot in sad procession,
And glooms of eyes with curious sadness,
Peering into the dark they soon or late must tenant.
My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse,
Like the thistledown before the east wind,
Went through many anonymous avenues.
I heard a sound of deep perpetual thunder,
Like life's flood tide throbbing in monotonous pulses,
Upon the shore that has no road or harbor.
Was it a reality, or was it a vision merely
I saw underground as my spirit descended into
The land of the mole and the gopher?
John James Ingalls in Minneapolis Journal.

ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those wistfully critical epochs of existence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.
Eleanor Armstrong stood in doubt. Why? It was a little thing, just a letter by letter to Jack Renshaw out in Texas. What matter? Why should she hesitate? Eleanor could not tell. Still she lingered, dimly present of that swinging door of destiny.
She had written his name across the envelope; should she complete the address and let it go? Here was a quick, positive nature, given to the obedience of impulse. It was vexing to be so puzzled over so slight a thing.
An accident, if such it was, decided the question. A caller was announced. She descended to the drawing room, and the letter went to the box, gathered up with the rest of her mail by the hand of the maid.
"It was destiny," said Eleanor to herself in an afterthought.
After all nothing could come of it. She was under no obligation to Jack Renshaw, nor to any other man, in fact. Then she wondered idly if she ever should care for any of them—one more than another for Eleanor Armstrong, while no beauty, had grace and sparkle, and a subtle personal magnetism which drew about her plenty of admirers.
She favored them all by turns. Last summer it was Lew Hunter. She went boating with him up in lovely Chocorua, where they summured, played tennis and climbed country roads and hills.
"He was so strong and good natured, and made such a good alpen-stock," she coolly explained to her aunt, Miss Jane Mears, who was her careful chaperon.
This year, last past, it was Jack Renshaw, at the same place, Chocorua—"dear old dreamy town," Eleanor said, "I could never tire of it." Jack did not dance, cared nothing for tennis, and had no experience with oars; but he read poetry beautifully, and could tell her charming old idyls as they walked by the river.
He interested her in a way that others did not; and yet he had such a dreadfully intense earnestness about him that he positively frightened her sometimes, she said.
Now the summer was gone, Jack was in Texas, and Eleanor was in her city home with only Aunt Jane and memory. Yes, there was always Fred Kensel. He lived in a handsome house up in the square, with a stylish mother and sisters. He was the oldest friend of all, and was always at hand, sometimes more than Eleanor wished. For in the last year their frank, unrestrained good fellowship had in some way taken on a color too strong for ordinary friendship, and Eleanor often found herself uncomfortable and ill at ease when Fred was near. She would declare the air was close—she must have the window open—where was Aunt Jane? Or if they were on the street she complained of his pace; why did he lag so? Couldn't he walk up like any other man? Poor Fred unwittingly felt the smart of many thorns that winter.
But about Jack Renshaw; Eleanor cared nothing for him—she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant summer friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, anyway. Then he was too serious, too "preachy." She wasn't going to marry a guideboard. Besides he was all of ten years older than she might as well be her grandfather. No, Jack Renshaw, for anything but a friend, was out of the question. Lew Hunter was more to her mind, and secretly to herself, she owned that Mr. Jerome Arthur, the tenant at St. Paul's, was nearer to his mark than either. But Mr. Jerome Arthur was a yet only a vague possibility. She had met him usually a dozen times or so. Thus she ruminated.
So the days went by, and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Occasionally a remark or tone of voice, or a marked passage in some favorite book they had read, would recall him. Then memory would stir, and she would lily wonder if he got her letter, and when and how he would write. But the speculation was one of indifference. It troubled her not. The issue was all too vague as yet.
Lew Hunter was around occasionally; she began to meet and sing duets with Jerome Arthur at the houses of friends, while Fred Kensel was in constant attendance for lectures, concerts and dances. Therefore, if Miss Eleanor's time did not fly, it at least did not drag; and she spent very few hours either in ennui or in serious reflection.
Miss Jane Mears was sometimes anxious for the future of her niece, and took occasion to remind her of the ultimate necessity of a choice and a judicious settlement in life. Whereupon the spirited girl, with laughing audacity, averred that Aunt Jane herself was to be congratulated upon her own merciful preservation from such a climax! That good lady received the lively sallies of her niece with the good humored toleration of a mother cat under the attack of a frolicsome kitten.
"But, Eleanor, my dear," she would purr, "you know you cannot always go on in this way; you really must make a choice."
"Make a choice—how shall I do it, auntie? Advertise for sealed proposals and award the contract to the highest bidder, or put the candidates in a bag and raffle for them?"
"Don't be absurd, child," responded Miss Jane; "you know what I mean, of course. I am afraid you will go through the entire pasture and then take up with a crooked stick."
"Well, I haven't seen any quite straight enough to suit me yet."
"Well, well, my dear, I only talk to you for your own good. I have been afraid you missed it when you didn't take up with Josiah Hawkins."
"Josiah Hawkins—and 'missed it,' indeed!" retorted Eleanor. "What did I miss but an antiquated old pig with dyspepsia and squeaky shoes. I trust I am not reduced to quite so low an ebb."
"No, no, child; don't fly in a passion so; it isn't ladylike. I am only afraid you will never do any better, that is all."
"Do any better? I should think I could hardly do worse than marry a man for whom I hadn't a spark of love!" and the girl's eyes flashed.
"Well, there, there," soothed the serene maternal cat, "don't let's talk any more about it."
"No, but you mustn't begin it, and please don't scold me any more, dear," murmured Eleanor, with a kittenish embrace. And so the dialogue would end. And the autumn days went by.
November came on, and no letter from Jack. Eleanor began to think about it. Sometimes she watched, half unconsciously, for the postman, with a little sting of disappointment when he went by. Yet her intimacy with Mr. Jerome Arthur grew apace, and she was quite fascinated by his tender tones and dark, passionate eyes.
December—no letter. Eleanor's feeling of mere question of the cause passed into the stage of positive pique. Her pride was touched. Not even to write to her, to leave any letter of hers unanswered, when any other man would have written two. Well, if Jack Renshaw had a remote idea of her wearing the willow for him he had not read his p's and q's correctly, that was all.
So she sang more and sweeter duets with Jerome Arthur, smiled more graciously on Lew Hunter, and completely dazzled poor Fred Kensel with her affability. On the whole she was rather glad he did not write—so she soliloquized—for inasmuch as she cared nothing for Jack, and never could, a correspondence would be stupid and only lead to trouble.
Of course he cared for her—that is, well, of course he did! Then, in proof of that fact her mind reverted to the night last summer when they parted at the gate of the old farmhouse where she stopped. They had taken their last walk by the river. They had then sought the top of the "ledges" to watch the sun set. Finally, in the twilight they had waded back to say goodby at the gate. Jack was going tomorrow and she a week later. Their conversation was broken and intermittent as they came down the grassy road.
"Perhaps this may be our last walk forever," spoke his low, earnest voice. "Should you care if it were, Eleanor?"
"Oh, don't be so solemn," exclaimed she. "Of course we shall have more—dozens next summer."
He waited her gently by the arm.
"But would you care if we never did, I asked you?"
"Jack Renshaw," facing him audaciously, "did you ever see an owl? You positively make me think of one sometimes."
His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate. Hesitating a moment while she coquetted with her parasol and shifted some wild flowers unobtrusively from one hand into the other:
"Goodby, Eleanor," very gravely.
"Goodby, Jack," vivaciously.
"Is that all—can you say nothing else?"
"Why, what should I say?" she laughed.
"Say that you care—a little—for our summer ended—if you do," taking her hand.
"But what if I don't?" withdrawing that member.
He looked at her challenging face a moment, seriously.
"Goodby," he said, and turned and walked away. Eleanor tripped lightly over the threshold up to her room, flung off her hat, immediately sat down, and—yes, true to the inexplicably contradictory dictions of childhood, cried:
She remembered it now with a smile, half of incredulity, half of self congratulatory. Why did she cry? True again to the inexplicabilities of girlhood she did not know.

Three weeks after the parting scene she had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I expect an answer, and may I hope that you do regret, just a little, the ending of our summer idyl?" So Eleanor had written her reply warmly avowing the subject of "regret," however, and that was the letter to which she had received no reply.
The winter days wore on. From indifference to curiosity, from curiosity to pique, and now from pique to anxiety and fitful depression her feeling had passed. From a careless dream of security in his regard she had awakened to doubt and uneasy question. Had he never cared himself for their summer idyl? Of course she didn't, she stoutly maintained to herself, but somehow the growing conviction of his indifference was extremely unwelcome to her.
If the truth must be told, her anxiety wore on Miss Eleanor, and she even moped a little, dimly sometimes, at twilight in her room, and pretended she had a headache when Fred called. She dropped by degrees out of the duets and petulantly declared it bored her to sing. Her friends and Mr. Jerome Arthur implored, but she was obdurate. Neither passionate glances nor tender tones had power to move her more. Then she snubbed Lew Hunter and privately voted him stupid.
Miss Mears noticed capriciousness of appetite, and was anxiously solicitous. Did Eleanor sleep well nights? Had she a pain in her side? A dizzy head? Was her tongue coated? And wouldn't she have on a porous plaster or wouldn't she take some tonic bitters? To all of which her niece objected with laughing contempt.
"What do you think about going to Chocorua again this summer?" inquired Miss Mears of her niece one morning the following June. They were sitting at breakfast, and Eleanor was dallying with her coffee spoon.
"Oh, that stupid little town, no. Any place but there," was the quick response.
"Why," said her aunt, in mild surprise, "I thought you liked it so much last year. I am sure the farm house was cool, the vegetables fresh, and you know you thought the river scenery was delightful."
At mention of the river scenery Eleanor was conscious of a pang at her heart like pain; but she answered carelessly: "One tires of things sometimes. I should like a change."
That evening as she took down her long hair in her aunt's room, before retiring, she said suddenly, and with a little nervous flutter, "Yes, let's go to Chocorua, auntie; you know you like it, and the Kensels are going, and it's as good as any place, after all."
Miss Jane Mears received the proposition without surprise, having had twenty years' experience with the fluctuating inclinations of her niece. So it was arranged.
A month later found them settled. There were numerous gay young people. Fred Kensel, his sister and Jerome Arthur among the rest, and Eleanor walked and drove and sought out her old haunts by the river. But there was a lack, a haunting, memory, and a wistful pain which her heart sought in vain to ignore.
One night a merry half dozen of them were playing tennis in the field near the farm house which was the temporary home of their choice, when a carriage passing, the driver raised his hat and drew up.
"Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two or three, recognizing and running toward him, rackets in hand.
Eleanor felt as if stunned, but, being possessed of too much tact and pride to allow herself to seem disconcerted, she approached with the others and offered her hand. He leaned from the carriage in greeting to them all, and Eleanor felt, when he took her hand, that his eyes were seeking her own. But she could scarcely look up. Her old fearless confidence was gone, and she blushed half angrily at her disadvantage.
Jack Renshaw recognized, too, the difference, and a something intuitive directed his reply to the general impertinently whether he would not be with them before the season was over.
"Yes, certainly, I think I shall," was his reply as he drew his reins and drove on.
He had told them that a telegram brought him from Texas a month ago to the bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was. Her home was in an adjoining town. She was now convalescent, and he was to return south in September.
That night Eleanor pleaded weariness and retired early to her room. But she could not sleep. She did not try. Without a light, and in her flowing wrapper, she sat long, dreaming in the wide west window; dreaming of all things, of last summer and of the dull, gray future. But through every vision there moved one central figure. All else revolved about that. One face haunted her memory, one voice thrilled her heart.
She rose at last and nervously paced the floor. Why should she think of Jack Renshaw? Why could she not shut him out of mind? She—Eleanor Armstrong—who always had sailed on the crest of the wave, to find herself now chopping dismally in the trough. It was too exasperating.
Yet again and again the same vision haunted her memory, and ever and ever, against her will, the same questions forced an answer. Why could she not forget him? How well he looked! Why had she never noticed his fine expression? What ease and self-possession were his! Why had she been so blind before? And so; and so she vexed herself as the night hours wore away.
Within a week Jack was back at Chocorua, a guest at The Elms, the village inn. Eleanor saw him constantly, was obliged to do so, since he was a general favorite, although not given to games. His attitude toward her was perplexing. Politely indifferent, he neither shunned nor sought her. Eleanor was always gay. But her gaiety was fitful; now bordering on extravagance as when she dashed after a hay cart with Fred, now relapsing almost to civility,
as when she sought the kitchen to escort rags with old Aunt Eunice.
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"Mr. Jerome Arthur, one; Miss Grace E. Morris, two—three more than your share, Grace Morris, Miss Persis G. A. Pratt, two and a card; Miss Catharine Kensel—that's me—one; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, card and letter—oh, see! and a dead letter, too!"
"A 'dead letter'? Oh, let's see!" cried all the girls, huddling together.
Jack Renshaw stood at Eleanor's right, looking quietly on.
Behold her rosy cheek doth pale,
And pained grow her lily hands;
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ran on the giddy girl who had delivered the letter.
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Eleanor hastily thrust the letter in her pocket and hurried from the office, followed by the chattering company, whose attention was already caught by another matter.
Jack soon took his place by her side on the homeward way. Neither spoke until they came to where the old path led out from the main road and through the meadow along the river.
The shadows were long and cool, and the golden sunset light swept down the depths of the quiet water like a reflected sky.
"Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I think I understand. Do I not?"
Her heart beat thick and fast. She would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.
"Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had walked together again?"
Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which answered his fondest hope, as they turned and went down the river path.
"But really, Jack, you do make me think of an owl sometimes—you look so very solemn and wise!" she said, with a flash of her old audacity, as they came again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate.—Elmira Telegram.

Woman and Her Foot Wear.
"Please try the left shoe on," said the lady who sat next me in a shoe store.
"Why was that?" I asked the man who had served her, when she departed.
"Hole in her stocking. Oh, yes; you would hardly believe how many ladies have holes in their stockings. We always know it. It's 'try the right shoe on,' or the left, 'never mind the other.' Some of them say: 'I'm afraid I have a little break in my stocking. I didn't expect to get my shoes tried today.' And often the little break horrifies them, having grown to a big break during the day. Oh, yes; little breaks come sometimes, and the lady herself does not know it till the shoe is removed. In those cases she usually says nothing, but just blushes. The hole is always a genuine case of accident when a woman takes it that way. Sometimes they gasp, so that we shall see how surprised they are; but then some women pretend that. We can usually tell the real thing. A successful shoe salesman needs peculiar gifts of tact and the genius of patience," this one continued.
"When a woman has a really large foot it's best to bring a shoe slightly too small, and then appear surprised that it does not fit. Some feet look smaller than a really smaller foot is a good explanation of your error. Bring to the woman who has a genuinely tiny foot a shoe too big and then fit down to her. Nothing pleases her so much. A salesman influences the buyer tremendously. I believe a woman would rather have her foot praised than be told she is clever. Always humor a woman with a big foot. 'You can wear a much smaller shoe than this, of course, but you want this for really comfortable wear.' That makes her want to hug you."—New York Sun.

Wooden Lace.
Lace making in America is still an infant industry, though the continent can claim the only lace tree yet discovered. It is the lazette, or lace tree of Jamaica, whose inner bark can be separated into layers of very pretty mesh. Queen Victoria has had a dress of it, presented by the people of that loyal colony. His Majesty Charles II had only a cravat.
History does not record if he wore it. It does tell, though, of a wooden lace cravat that must have been much more desirable. It was carved by the famous Grinling Gibbons in imitation of point lace, and was so flexible that it could be tied or folded without injury.
The Duke of Devonshire was its first owner. Gibbons gave it to him, upon the completion of Chatsworth, the magnificent. In some manner it came into the hands of Horace Walpole, who delighted to wear it when he had special guests of honor at Strawberry Hill.—New York Herald.

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"Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I think I understand. Do I not?"
Her heart beat thick and fast. She would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.
"Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had walked together again?"
Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which answered his fondest hope, as they turned and went down the river path.
"But really, Jack, you do make me think of an owl sometimes—you look so very solemn and wise!" she said, with a flash of her old audacity, as they came again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate.—Elmira Telegram.

Woman and Her Foot Wear.
"Please try the left shoe on," said the lady who sat next me in a shoe store.
"Why was that?" I asked the man who had served her, when she departed.
"Hole in her stocking. Oh, yes; you would hardly believe how many ladies have holes in their stockings. We always know it. It's 'try the right shoe on,' or the left, 'never mind the other.' Some of them say: 'I'm afraid I have a little break in my stocking. I didn't expect to get my shoes tried today.' And often the little break horrifies them, having grown to a big break during the day. Oh, yes; little breaks come sometimes, and the lady herself does not know it till the shoe is removed. In those cases she usually says nothing, but just blushes. The hole is always a genuine case of accident when a woman takes it that way. Sometimes they gasp, so that we shall see how surprised they are; but then some women pretend that. We can usually tell the real thing. A successful shoe salesman needs peculiar gifts of tact and the genius of patience," this one continued.
"When a woman has a really large foot it's best to bring a shoe slightly too small, and then appear surprised that it does not fit. Some feet look smaller than a really smaller foot is a good explanation of your error. Bring to the woman who has a genuinely tiny foot a shoe too big and then fit down to her. Nothing pleases her so much. A salesman influences the buyer tremendously. I believe a woman would rather have her foot praised than be told she is clever. Always humor a woman with a big foot. 'You can wear a much smaller shoe than this, of course, but you want this for really comfortable wear.' That makes her want to hug you."—New York Sun.

Wooden Lace.
Lace making in America is still an infant industry, though the continent can claim the only lace tree yet discovered. It is the lazette, or lace tree of Jamaica, whose inner bark can be separated into layers of very pretty mesh. Queen Victoria has had a dress of it, presented by the people of that loyal colony. His Majesty Charles II had only a cravat.
History does not record if he wore it. It does tell, though, of a wooden lace cravat that must have been much more desirable. It was carved by the famous Grinling Gibbons in imitation of point lace, and was so flexible that it could be tied or folded without injury.
The Duke of Devonshire was its first owner. Gibbons gave it to him, upon the completion of Chatsworth, the magnificent. In some manner it came into the hands of Horace Walpole, who delighted to wear it when he had special guests of honor at Strawberry Hill.—New York Herald.