

AFTERGLOW.

After the sun's last ray Has left the mountain's crest, Taking the golden day To lands of the waiting west...

Like fumes of early dawn With rose tints permeate, Up from the glory gone, Springs glory recreate...

After the light of love Fades in hopeless night, A glory from above Fills the heart with after-glow...

—Emily Selinger in Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING OF A NIGHT.

At its best hunting in a savage country is no calm pursuit; but when a human quarry is sought one's nerves are not likely to know much repose...

I was in eastern Turkestan, riding toward the west like mad. Utch was thirty miles ahead of me. By my side ran the Tarim, its chill waters rushing swiftly on toward its confluence with the Kashgar, fifty miles behind me.

I had ridden my horse since daybreak, determined to overtake the man I was hunting down before another nightfall.

For three years I had been pursuing him, never able to get within striking distance. Now he was less than four hours ahead of me, and we were in a land where western conventionalities could neither prevent my vengeance nor punish me for it, though I gave thought to neither of these considerations then.

He was making for Utch, where he intended passing the night. It was my purpose to overtake him a little beyond Thokan, where the Tarim ran through such dreary, deserted wastes that human sounds seldom competed with it in the business of awakening the echoes.

On and on I sped, urging my jaded horse far beyond its utmost powers of endurance, for vengeance, like all other purely human things, takes no heed of what it shall destroy in prevailing.

But my hot haste thwarted itself, and when Thokan was less than a mile away the poor beast fell under me and expired.

Grown vulturelike by reason of my awful pursuit, now that I was cheated of my prey, I shrieked out my wild rage in a fierce exuberance of inarticulate sounds, but the noise of the river prevented every syllable of it from offending even the dead ears of my horse.

Bitter as only a baffled man can feel I finally shouldered my saddle bags, containing my way to Thokan on foot.

This miserable apology for a town—less than a dozen shanties—failed to furnish me another horse at any price. Worse yet, I found myself compelled to spend the night there, as it was now nearly sunset, and Utch, the next town before me, was still more than twenty-five miles away.

Far off in the west, a black and jagged mass against the sunset sky, towered the mighty summits of the Tian Shan range, the otherwise dazzling whiteness of their great snow domes all obscured by the twilight.

Nature alone was sublime here. Such miserable human creatures as I found at Thokan were too stolid and insensate to even feel curiosity at the event of a stranger—a rare circumstance in Turkestan.

Wretched and desperate, unable to endure a thought of food, I stretched myself out upon a shelf against the side of a mean little loft, which was to serve as my quarters for the night.

Through an open window, straight before me, I could look out at the sky above the western mountains. Shade by shade I witnessed the fading of the sunset colors and the end of the after glow, until all was as dimly black as the sensations of baffled wretchedness which so nearly stifled me.

Then the moon rose full and splendid, making night more like day than it is anywhere out of the east.

Instead of cheering me, these mocking floods of night light angered me. What right had sun or moon to shine so warmly on a land which has robbed me of vengeance so long delayed, just as it was in my grasp?

I clinched my hands in silent rage—hands which would have been red with human blood if my horse had not failed me and I had had my way.

With snaillike pace the seconds crept on into minutes and the minutes into hours. Not long after midnight the moon, having passed the zenith, shone into my room, illuminating all its varied stores of rubbish.

At first these dim lights did not attract my attention; but at last, almost unconsciously, I began gazing about.

Here was a bunch of dried herbs, there a worn-out garment, yonder— Why, what was that? Something obscured the window, shutting out the moonlight.

Slowly he advanced until he stood beside me.

My eyes were closed, but for all that I could unmistakably feel his sharp eyes peering down at me.

Slight sound as it made, I heard him take the knife from his teeth and run his fingers along its edge.

Then all was silence again; I could not even hear him breathe.

Probably he was wondering whether he had best kill me before robbing me. Whatever the cause of his deliberation it was maddening, unendurable.

Finally I tore open the garment over my heart and said: "Why don't you kill me, if you wish to, and have done with it?"

With a half-suppressed yell of amazement the man dropped his knife and sprang from my bedside straight out through the window.

My desperation had terrified my Tartar friend into the belief that he had attempted the life of some demon.

I had hailed the first sight of the weapon with a sort of fierce joy; it was a probable avenue of escape from the miseries of unrequited vengeance.

But the grotesque performance which had been the result of my impatient words aroused my mirth.

For a long time I lay there, fairly shaking with grim laughter.

When this mood changed I sank into a troubled sleep.

It was full of dreamed plans of retribution on many persons for multitudinous offenses, but they all ended like my recent reality—in the death of an over-jaded horse at the supreme moment.

At length I was awakened by a sound within my room. The moon was now so far to the westward that its beams fell across the open trap above the ladder by which I had climbed to my loft.

And coming up, and half way through the floor, I saw the body of another nocturnal visitor.

His face was in the shadow, but his bulky figure satisfied me that it was my host.

In another minute he had completed the ascent and was in my room, crouching on the floor, his face in my direction.

Without arising, he finally started toward me, creeping on all fours.

As he advanced I saw dangling from his loose robes a small, short handled ax—destined no doubt to make an immediate plunge into my skull.

This thought sent another fierce tide of desperation surging through me. The sting and chagrin of a thwarted life purpose was likely to end that night after all. One resolution I made swiftly.

This man should not be interrupted by word of mine. The silence should not be broken by me—my experience with the other world be assassin having at least taught me wisdom in that respect.

Assassin! The word startled me. Would I not also have been an assassin, could my will have prevailed?

Most assuredly, now I came to think of it. True, the man I had so long hunted, determined to slay him, had imbued his hands with the blood of my dear ones, and had even done them worse harm, but who had appointed me administrator of vengeance, giving me power over life and death and the right to answer crime with crime?

With this first true frontal of my real position came an entire revulsion of feeling.

I am glad now—honestly, heartily glad—that my long cherished violent purpose had ended fruitlessly. The morrow, if the morrow ever came, should witness for me a return to worthier things than man hunting, and with this feeling came another which I had not experienced before in months—an intense desire for life.

This brought me to a recollection of my immediate surroundings, and I cast another glance in the direction of my second visitor.

He was still cautiously approaching me. When directly before my bed he surprised me by seemingly passing under it, instead of arising to finish me with his ax, as I had expected.



How Confederate Money Dropped. At first Confederate money commanded a slight premium. It then scaled down as follows: June, 1861, 90 cents. Dec. 1, 1861, 80 cents. Dec. 15, 1861, 75 cents. Feb. 1, 1862, 60 cents. Feb. 1, 1863, 20 cents. June, 1863, 8 cents. January, 1864, 3 cents. November, 1864, 4 cents. January, 1865, 2 1/2 cents. April 1, 1865, 1 1/2 cents. After that date it took from \$300 to \$1,000 to buy a one dollar greenback.

How to Prevent Stoves from Rusting. Rub them with a rag dipped in kerosene before putting them away for the summer. Hardware and farming implements should be treated in the same way before you store them for the fall.

How to Measure Hay. About 500 cubic feet of well settled hay, or about 700 of new mown hay, will make a ton. Ten cubic yards of hay in mow weigh a ton. When the hay is taken out of old stacks eight or nine yards will make a ton. When dry eleven or twelve cubic yards of clover make a ton.

How to Take Bruises Out of Furniture. Wet the part with warm water. Double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in warm water and lay it on the bruise. Then apply a warm flat-iron to the paper until the moisture is evaporated. If the first application does not remove the bruise, repeat the process. The dent or bruise generally comes to the surface after two or three applications.

How to Prevent Parasites in Bird Cages. It is not generally known that many of the diseases of singing birds—in cages—are caused by the presence of parasites in the cage. Should your canary or other bird have the 'pip' or look sickly, remove it at once, and make an examination of the roof of the cage. In nine cases out of every ten you will see a kind of grayish red rust clinging to the corners and roof. Look closer or with a microscope and you will observe that this rust is comprised of myriads of animalcules. They are bird parasites. Burn them out with sulphur and wash the cage with diluted salicylic acid and your bird will soon be restored to health.

How to Cure Corns. To cure corns, soak the part in boiling or hot (as hot as you can bear) water, to which mustard has been added, before going to bed, wear a stocking on the foot to prevent catching cold and bathe the foot in cold water in the morning. Continue this three or four times, after which the corn will peel off bodily—dead.

How to Put on Violin Strings. Put the small end of the string nearest the tail piece. Don't tie the string when adjusting it to the peg; put it through the peg, dip it once under toward your right hand, when by turning the peg the string will become fastened without further trouble. No superfluous string should be left dangling around the head. It is a mistaken idea that such portions are useful, since that part of the strings which comes in contact with the pegs or tail pieces loses all tone from being jammed and twisted.

How to Temper Steel. Heat to a cherry red and then plunge in cold water. Drills and graver's tools are tempered by plunging into a lump of resin or quicksilver. Different degrees of hardness are required for different purposes. For very pale straw color, 430 degs., for lancets, a shade of darker yellow, 450 degs., for razors and surgical instruments, darker straw yellow, 470 degs., for penknives, still darker yellow, 490 degs., for iron cutting chisels; brown yellow, 500 degs., for axes and plane irons; yellow, slightly tinged with purple, 530 degs., for table knives and watch springs.

How to Tell How Fast a Train Runs. The number of miles per hour at which a train is running is the same as the number of rails passed over in twenty seconds, which can be ascertained by the 'click' produced by the wheels at each joint.

How to Make Corks Good for Stoppers. Corks steeped in vaseline are excellent substitutes for glass stoppers. They are not affected by acids and never become fixed through disuse.

How to Disinfect a House. Of the many ways which are in common use for disinfecting rooms and houses, none so easily recommends itself to the senses and to common sense as the coffee process. Upon a shovelful of red hot coal throw a handful of ground coffee, and walk with it through the parts of the house where the foul smells exist or which you desire to disinfect. The volatilized essential oils of the coffee will instantly correct the evils, for they have the peculiar properties of deodorizing and disinfecting at the same time.

How to Disperse Black Ants. About the most effectual way of dispersing these pests is to scatter a few leaves of wormwood among their haunts.

How to Make Molasses Candy. Take two coffee cups of molasses, add a teaspoonful of vinegar and a table-spoonful of butter and half a cup of sugar. Boil until the candy hardens readily when dropped into cold water. Before removing from the fire stir in rapidly a quarter of a teaspoonful of finely crushed soda, which will lighten the color of the candy and give it a better texture. For sheet candy turn out in buttered pans; 'pull' for stick candy.

Killing Two Birds. Two enthusiastic fishermen go out in a boat, and just at the height of the fun one falls overboard. The other rescues him from the bottom and finally manages to bring him back to consciousness.

"And," he inquires earnestly, as soon as the other opens his eyes, "did you see many fish when you were down there?"—Fliegende Blätter.

It has been found that the juice of the fig, when filtered and evaporated and then treated with alcohol, yields a white precipitate which is an excellent aid to digestion.

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YOU NEED BUT ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR. THAT THIS IS TRUE.

MIDDLE VALLEY, Idaho, May 15, 1891. DR. VANDERPOOL:—Your S. B. Headache and Liver Cure sells well here. Everyone that tries it comes for the second bottle. People are coming ten to twelve miles to get a bottle to try it and then they come back and take three or four bottles at a time. Thank you, for sending duplicate bill as mine was misplaced. Respectfully, M. A. FLETCHER. For sale by all Druggists.

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.

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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.