4篇 金的原题 NOTINESISIN LIB INSUEND

THE BELLS OF COIRE

Where ruse the mountains, line on fine, above the brawling upper lihine, We heard from soaring tower and spire Out-ring the mellow hells of Coire.

Sweet were the echoes downward borne From heights that elimbed to meet the mo From heights that hade the soul aspire They rang, those tuneful hells of Coire.

While darker gloomed the armied ilrs, While sharps r loomed the mountain spurs. While sunk the sun, a disk of fire. They pealed, these ancient bells of Coire.

They rang of hopes, they rang of fears. They rang of joys, they rang of tears. They rang the wandering heart's desire of home and triends, the bells of Coire! -Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar

THE QUEEN'S SABOTS.

General Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, kept the old family chateau. Chavaniac, in Auvergne, a large, strong, seignorial building, yet without comeiness or character. Not far away. among tall forests of beeches and chestnuts, steep, rocky heights arose. Under the dim green light of these broad woodlands dwelt in their rude cabins and labored shoulder to shoulder charcoal burners and resin gatherers, bushel makers, and coopers, cobblers, and fashioners of clapboards and laths-the whole tribe of workers in wood. And this little people ate and hewed together in the open air under leafy shadows, mingling the deafening blows of ax and hammer, the grindings of flies, and the gratings of saws, with the slowly curling smoke and the low toned songs that rose to heaven from many a happy busy heart.

To this company belonged an orphan cobbler boy, pensive and timid and silent, who apart from the rest cut and clipped, pared and pointed, hollowed and polished the sabots that he made. His name was Razou: in the city it would have been Raison-Reason: but the easy. careless people of the province had rounded its sharp, rough corner and softened it to their own liking. But since he lived alone and spoke but little the neighbors thought him duil and stupid and dubbed him Darazou-Deraisonlacking wit. And then, because under an old musket hanging in his but he had set a little picture of Marie Antoinette. they laughingly whispered sometimes to one another that he was in love with their beautiful queen.

One day General de La Fayette came from Paris to the castle of Chavaniac. It was in those days that at Trianon the French court played the pastoral under the leadefship of M. de Florian, captain of the dragoons: and the rich, grand seigneurs and the fair, great ladics of the land disguised themselves as swains and millers and country schoolmasters. as shepherd girls, and milkmaids. "Tis and they all wore sabots, dninty ones, to be sure, but weritable wooden shoes, with Marie Antoinette the first among them. Such was the story which the good Marquis de La Fayette brought to the eager listeners in his neighboring forests: and Darazon was there, most

sager listener of them all. "The queen, then, wears wooden shoon, M. le Marquis?"

"And if I made her a pair you'd take them to her, M. le Marquis?"

"Surely, if you can make such as shall be more beautiful than any sweetheart over wore, and time enough for our haid twenty-five cents for all the moles

queen's best thanks, and tell him, toqno. tell him nothing more." And Gen-eral de La Fayette laid in a handsome box and sent to Chavaniac the two sabotfuls of gold and the queen's acknowledgments

Marie Autoinette was pleased to put the sabots on: yes, they were a trifle large, as she had thought, and she might even had fallen had there been time for her to wear them, but it was the vigil of the Revolution.

The years of the Revolution passed like whirlwind blasts, with ever greater fury Already Collot d'Herbois had brought an indictment against General de La Favette: already the bright golden head of the Princess de Lamballe, mounted on a pole, had been carried through the boulevards of Paris. Darazou, in his quiet mountain home, knew it; and it took the color from his face and sent anguish to his beart. And tinally, when he heard that the royal family had been taken to the temple, he grew more sad and serions: and one morning he was missing from his but,'a pretty box wide open, the old musket gone and the picture of the queen.

The poor youth had started for the temple on foot with his musket at his side, with all the golden louis sewed in his drugget vest and the picture of Marie Antoinette hung around his neck. In his love and his ingenuousness he had thought nothing less than that he could save his queen. He traveled by night. keeping to the woods by day-weary. famished, but ever going on.

Finally he reached the city the 17th of October, 1793, worn and sick, and mad with rage and tenderness. In the Place de la Bastille he accosted a patriot, wearing a Phrygian bonnet and armed with a club.

"To go to the temple?" he asked. "What do you want to do at the tem-

ple? "Rescue the queen." "The Austrian? Yesterday she was done for." replied the patriot, with a ferocions gesture and a stupid sneer.

The youth, pale, quickly raised his musket: but the patriot anticipated him with a blow that laid him stiff upon the ground.

"An aristocrat! Down with the aristoerat!

And a crowd collected and rummaged the body. On his breast they found the portrait of Marie Antoinette with the four suspicions letters "T. T. L. V." Here was a means of identification-this man a conspirator from Coblentz, a traitor to the nation! Furious cries arose: and they carried him to the river and there they threw him in, the poor sabotier of Auvergne, the lover of the unfortunate queen, with his shining golden pieces in his waistcoat and the sacred image on his heart .-- Translated from the French of Aime Gironin Figaro for the New York Evening Post

Moles as Grab Destroyers.

A Kansas correspondent tells in the Farmers' Review that every investigation goes to show that the mole lives on insects and starves on cereals and vegetables. He calls attention to the fact that when lawns are apparently rendered un-sightly by moles, if one will cut a sec-tion of the sod he will find the cause in quantities of white grubs, the presence of the mole being to feel on this larvæ. It was Mr. Landis who first came to the

assistance of the mole

A FAMOUS CAFE.

STRATE AND AND STREET

the second destina happende

What Delmonico's is to New York Tor tent's is to the thay People of Paris. Let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cates-the Cafe

Wholesale and Retail Druggists. Tortoni. Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you. but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon be- Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic came fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it.

Among the habitues was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure

in seeing Spolor play, he had such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard player and very proud of his talent. A bet was made; a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours 40,000 francs. You see that it is some times useful to know how to play billiards

One of the most curious types of the Cafe Tortoni was Prevost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones: 'Pardon me! A thousand pardons! above paint for The Dalles, Or. Is monsieur good enough to desire any-

thing?" It was exquisite. What was no less so -to him-was that in giving change he

kept the best part of it for himself. If detected by chance he had but to repeat: "Pardon me! pardon me! a thousand pardons!"

Nowadays the Cafe Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of let-Toward 6 o'clock are found now ters. and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit-Albert Wolff, Emile Blavet, Henry Fouquier and finally Aurehen Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris .- Francisque Sarcey in Scribner's.

A Telegraphist's Frenk.

In connection with the opening of the London and Paris telephone a good story is told of the early days of telegraphing. when telephones were not yet thought of, and when conversation had to be carried on, metaphorically speaking, with the help of the Morse instrument. At the time referred to there were two competing companies working with the Continent. One was the Submarine, with its office in Threadneedle street: the other the Electric and International. with its offices in Telegraph street, not many yards separating them. One worked to France, the other to Holland. Both used the Morse printing form of apparatus. The competition did not prevent the respective staffs from meeting in a fraternal way, and on the occasion in ouestion it became evident the ; two of them had been hobnobbing just before each took up his duty at the different offices at 11 p. m.

At about ten minutes past 11 the telegraphist who was in charge of the relay at Amsterdam was asked by Telegraph street to join him up to Brussels. This was done, and Brussels was requested to switch him on to Calais, and Calais was desired to join through to London. The line thus formed was from London to Orfordness, on the Norfolk coast; across



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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 man for a low to the falls cents a month.

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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

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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.

gentle queen.

And Darazon was off. Night and day he worked, nor stopped till he had made in truth a handsome pair, such as the Auvergne peasant fondly fashions for the maiden of his choice ; and theyfor they are the wedding sabots-are ever treasured by the young wife and the aged dame. Darazou, with his pair of sabots, knocked at the chateau gate and asked for M. le Marquis.

"It is L." he said. "and here are the wooden shoon.

"You have made them, to be sure; and they might well be for your sweetheart. for they are beautiful; and you may be sure that I will give them to the outen."

And indeed they were beautiful; of chestnut wood, and narrow and cered and elegant: finely cut and carved with T. L. V." As for the point, since it was for a royal foot, the simple cobbler had escape. --New York Evening Sun. for a royal foot, the simple cobbler had exaggerated it a little. The marquis took the sabots and carefully examined them, admiring them, yet smiling, too: for well he knew the meaning of the leters written on the shoes of every fiancee in Anvergne.

Darazon hurried home, and underneath his tiny portrait of the queen he heavily traced in black the four mystical characters. Genedil de La Favette left for Paris, carrying to Trianon, as he had promised. the sabots of Auvergne. Nor did he forget to tell their story, for the court was ever ready for a shepherd tale. Returned Traveler - You say Mrs. The queen was greatly pleased. Real country sabots from the hands of a real antique. What has happened? subot maker of the mountains! and so quaint and queer!

"The heart surrounded with rays, as ke the Virgin's head. I under- father was born in .- New York Weekly. they make the Virgin's nead, the stand, but 'T. T. L. V., ' marquis?'

"Your majesty alone can permit me or nmand me to declare their meaning."

"I listen, marquis. I permit you." "T'aimerai touta la vida."

"Well?" exclaimed Marie Autoinette. greatly puzzled .---

"Patois of Anvergne. Otherwise, Je taime rai toute la vie-I'll love thee my whole life long;" and M. de La Fayette

inghed heartily Not so the queen, and she sold nothing. "The curious fast is that my simple young coobler adars you under the form of a small image, yot very like your malesty. matesty.

"Brave boy! Poor fellow!" murmured the queen, deeply moved. "The sabots, M. le Marquis, are, I think, a little large: but so much the better for the reward." and Marie Antoinette spoke low in the ear of the Princess de Lambelle,

who took the sabots, went out quickly and soon came back, bringing them well tilled with gold.

ш*у-*п sent to him. He was ridiculed, but all knew that his enterprise was a great success. To attack a popular idea is unpopular, and it takes a long time to make reform; the mole trap will be sold. Cultivate the moles, and as soon as the larvæ are eradicated the moles will leave the lawn for other pastures. Depend apon it that whenever evidences of the mole are found, there you will find the white grub, concludes the Kansas

correspondent.

His Practical Joke.

Barham was guilty of one practical joke when a boy. He entered a Quaker meeting houses and looking around at the grave assembly held up a penny tart. saying solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way," bedelicate ornament. Upon the toe was gan a drab colored gentleman, rising. wrought a heart encircled with rays, and "and"— "The pie's yours, sir," exwreathed above it these four letters. "T. claimed the lad, placing it before the as-

The Horrid Boy.

Miss Gushington-Such exquisite melody! And such a lovely basso-Signor Bologna! So handsome! I do wonder what his age is!

Small Brother - Bologna's age! know it.

Miss G.-You darling! What is it? S. B. (triumphantly)-Sausage.-Pitts burg Bulletin

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Resident-Her husband got squeezed in Wall street, and she must now go and live in the old shanty that her grand-

Naval Activity.

First Citizen (looking over the paper) -I see there is considerable activity in naval circles. Second Citizen-Ah, indeed! What have they done?

First Citizen-Eight more vessels have been condemned. - New York Weekly.

Glad to Know It.

Wife-The flour's out. .-Husband-So is my money. Wife—The coal is gone. Husband—So is my credit. Wife—Well, we can't starve Husband-Can't we? That's good: I

was afraid we should .- Exchange.

Thoughtful James

"James was a thoughtful boy, anyhow, in spite of his crimes." "He wasn't thoughtful when he robbed the bank."

"Yes he was. He got arrested under "Marquis, put this gold in a casket and send it to your cobbler with the name."-New York Epoch.

the North sea to Scheveningen, on the Dutch coast: through Holland, through Belgium, through France, across the English channel and hack by Dover to London. And all this trouble was taken C. E. BAYARD & CO., by the Telegraph street man to ask his "chum" in Threadneedle street "if he had picked up his pipe when leaving the pub?"-- London Tit-Bits.

He Kept the Key.

The late Dr. Wightman, of Kirkma-hoe, one night sitting later than usual sunk in the profundities of a great folio tone, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary." "Tm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun Opera House Block, 3d St.

to bed. "That's right. Mary: I like timeon hours.

On his way back to the study he passed the coal closet, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to light the fire.

"Ye're too soon up. Mary: go back to your bed yet."

prepare the breakfast.

"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary. go back to your bed."

Another half hour and another knock, with an entreaty for the key as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all For sale by all druggists. night in the coal closet, where, Pyramis

and Thisbe like, they had breathed their love to each other through the keyhole. -Irish Times.

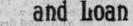
No Fireproof Buildings. There is hardly a new hotel or business building in New York but that is advertised as fireproof, and yet a leading architect told ine the other day that such

down. When one floor falls in an iron beamed building they all go, and then the side walls fall. The ruin is usually more complete than it is in an ordinary building. We do not build those iron fireproof fronts any more, because in case of a fire they fall forward and de-molish the building across the street."-New York Herald.

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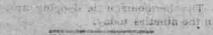
AGENCY.



Half an hour later there was another If you get Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoes or is a sure cure. in 2 and the

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ITS TERRITORY.

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THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope "Go and let the man out." "Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor ache and Liver Cure a perfect remedy. 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. It in and a

I'V and a a at avin our AITS PRODUCTS. M for strand . O. W. seal 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.

TTS WEALTH instead they gabeled into

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

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on th

a thing could not exist.

a thing could not exist. "They may be fireproof to all intents and purposes," said he, "but if inflam-mable material be in them and it get afire the iron girders and beams will so expand that they will let the floor above