

I FEAR NO MORE.

Adown the lane of Linden trees
We took our Sunday evening walk,
And in the cool sweet summer breeze
We lingered long in lover's talk.
Our path lay near the cemetery side—
We passed with slightly quickened pace,
A fluttering zephyr rose in the white,
And cast a dead leaf in your face.
We turned into a wayside path,
The village lamps shone bright and clear,
Each shudderingly essayed to laugh
In mockery of the other's fear.
Last night within that churchyard pale
I sat and wept the whole night through,
My sighs were mingled with the gale
That swept the dead leaves over you.
Now only there I long to be,
And dream the dear past o'er and o'er,
No other spot so dear to me,
Since you are dead I fear no more.
—Jays Jacques in Yankee Blade.

"THE HEART SPOKE."

Somewhere upon the way between Vienna and Trieste the two letters had crossed each other, and as neither the mail train had gone off the track nor the postman had been robbed and murdered they arrived in due time into the hands of those to whom they were addressed in Trieste and Vienna. Do not get out of patience when you see that my hero and heroine have noble, high sounding names. I know that the usual run of stories are told of the nobility, and they become so tiresome! The joys and sorrows and romances of the middle and lower classes are forgotten. So forgive me: it is not my fault that my "leading lady and gentleman" belong to this former class, and happen to be Count Nicholas von Telki and Baroness Marie Schwarzborg, who are writing to each other, and indeed, for the first time since their engagement.
You imagine, according to this, that Baroness Marie, with a cry of joy, threw her embroidery out of her hand, and with the help of her thoroughbred gothic pointed finger nail tore open the envelope, and that during the perusal of the letter a whole concert of joyful sensations played over her features. I regret that I cannot confirm your expectations. The young lady preferred to finish a vine she was embroidering, then took a paper knife, with which she very calmly opened it, and did not smile until she had reached the very end—a peculiarly triumphant victorious smile!
"It will not please me," I cry with Iago, and peep inquisitively over her shoulder at the written page. "Well, what does Count Niki write?"
"TRIESTE.—
"RESPECTED BARONESS—I kiss, first of all, most dutifully your hand, and with the deepest respect. I inquire after your health, of which, in spite of our solemn and weighty engagement, I allow myself to have the best hopes. The dear parents, my parents-in-law, are of course included in this question. I take for granted that the doings and thoughts of your fiancé lie near to your heart, so I shall—I know that one always does it—give you a conscientious bulletin of everything I would like to assure you that I, intoxicated with happiness and your father's delicious wine, embraced the porter, pressed a real banknote into the conductor's hand, and, instead of turning that contrivance in the car to regulate the temperature, I pulled the safety rope. I must tell you candidly, just as I am, that neither in happiness nor in wine have I that necessary moderation I did not sleep; the ring on my finger made me think much, too much, for I am not accustomed to thinking I soon discovered that it was most beautifully wrought and very heavy, but about the great question—according to Hamlet—"to be or not to be"—I was not made the wiser
"At the town where we stopped a half hour for lunch it all became clear as sunshine to me for the first time. I had drunk of cold coffee there which, as it seems, made me not only handsome, but also wise, as the saying goes. You must write all, openly and honestly. Baroness Mizi will understand you, said I, and indeed so loud that my neighbor at the lunch table, a nun, very much frightened, took her rosary and said her prayers.
"So here I am, as you see, writing to you.
"I must first introduce myself. The exterior appearance is sufficiently known to you. You were long ago informed of my worldly goods' question. You know already that I have a blonde mustache and brown eyes, the required military height and a few inches over, and all that is necessary for a 'warrant of caption,' but of the inner man it is as unknown to you as one of those charming places which lies on our military frontier. You allow me to proceed? I am a tolerably sensible man, who bears the well sounding name of the Von Telkis, but has not their prejudices and who looks a little beyond the horizon of the family's laid down laws. I'm a good fellow, but if you took me for a fop the day before yesterday, allow me, without boasting, to earnestly protest. I have a will, a good deal of it, perhaps too stubborn. I am only weak when one begs me 'from the heart.' Particularly if it is a woman, and most especially if that woman is my mother, whom I should love and honor the highest.
"Dear Baroness, I saw you stay before yesterday for the first time face to face. I have known you in my thoughts, but that is a rather wearying occupation. You have been served to me at breakfast, dinner and supper—one should never go too far into the figurative lost one runs against a snag. The Telkis have since time immemorial married the Schwarzborgs and vice versa. You, the last Schwarzborg, was destined for me, so surely, so certainly, so absolutely by fate and man that—enfin, that I, who am headstrong and capricious, have reached a ripe age before I have allowed myself to be moved to the unavoidable end of our—of my wish to be nearer.
"You must be back in Trieste on Monday; you can stay a day in Vienna; now make an end of this affair, said my mother, and she had tears in her eyes—real, genuine tears. I am a good son,

and, on the whole, not a bad Telki. My heart—I have something like a heart, after the fashion of novels and the play—had never refused her anything when asked earnestly, so I said 'yes'—it must be yes.
"Before I confess further, permit me, dear baroness, to give you a good piece of advice. Change your photographer. Your photograph is not able to give any idea of you. After these premises, I may be very honest; it is, indeed, a mortal sin in the confessional to keep anything silent. Now then, I thought to myself, that simpton of a Mizi will be over-rejoiced to give me her hand, and will that same evening tell her ten dearest, bosom friends, in highest heart jubilee, what a swell fellow her Niki is, and after the wedding (which will be under the eyes of all Vienna) will embroider full grown crowns and crests upon all the corners of my trousseau, which were imprudently left vacant.
"Half indifferently, half displeased, I entered the palace of Schwarzborg. Papa embraced me three times and mamma called me 'dear Niki' and 'dear son.' After the formalities were over the moment came for you to make your appearance. When I saw your energetic features and met the first surprised and then so dark and reproachful look, and then noticed the mocking smile which played around your mouth, and felt how cold your hand was, which lay indifferently in mine, then I asked you in my heart to forgive that word simpton. With your straightforward, rebuffing manner you made me quite embarrassed. I passed you the gray at the table four times, and at my departure kissed your bracelet, which had a very sharp edge, as my cut lip shows. But still more cutting was your 'safe journey,' even a child could have understood; and 'please, don't come back again.'
"I have since felt, and I know that we are both antagonistic to our families, and our self-willed natures flame up the moment a yoke is placed upon them. You demand your freedom again, which you have unwillingly sacrificed to me. I know it. I will give it back to you. But how? We stand now opposed to an unfriendly power, which we ourselves have created, and only with united strength can conquer.
"I must see you and have a talk. I know that in May you will be with the Browsers at their country seat. May I unexpectedly appear? We can then 'quit our case, I hope, to the satisfaction of us both. With a devoted hand kiss, your
NIKI TELKI.

Baroness Mizi, on the other hand wrote:
"VIENNA.
"DEAR COUNT—I am a Schwarzborg, and we have for centuries considered it a great honor when a Telki has bestowed his heart and hand upon a Schwarzborg. I am not an ungrateful one, and I know how to value the honor; pardon me if I do not continue in this tone. I have had many admirers and have been presented with a terrible amount of flowers, at whose sight I have felt myself frightfully engaged. I am not romantic or sentimental, so my greatest interest in those flowers has been to know the name of the florist and then wonder how much they cost; so in looking for the name of the firm I have half-poisoned myself with the odor of the flowers. Alas! not quite. It would have truly been better, for I am beside myself and could, for the first time in my life, cry for rage and shame. Count, I am indeed a wicked creature, and I now understand why my five governesses, with tears in their eyes, ran away. It was quite vicious, what I have thought and planned—and now it is avenged, as my eyes are opened.
"I have had excellent instruction, especially from my teacher of religion. My priest was a very practical tutor. 'The wife should obey the husband and understand, dear Mizi, when a Count Telki comes and wishes to take you home as his countess, you must gratefully take leave of papa and mamma,' etc.
"I had never doubted but that, at some time, our marriage would be written up in The Salonblatt, down to the last satin train and the last cousin from Siebenburger. That you have never appeared until just now was just what I wanted—a good bashful suitor. What could one wish or expect besides?
"You have already perceived at a glance what I get at home to see. Mamma is everything. Papa colors pictures out of illustrated periodicals, which he then cuts out, and is dreadfully angry if any one disturbs him in this occupation. And the men around me, such as Vicky Arnberg and Tom Meierhof, and whatever their names are—dudes translated into high aristocracy—why shouldn't this Niki Telki look just like the rest?
"Oh, I rejoiced at your coming. I wanted to fix a nice chase for you. I had looked for something extra in the 'Conversational Guide.' I intended, the very first thing, to hurl Lopez de Vega and Marlow at you from the saddle.
"Then you came, every inch not a dude, and looked with your dejected and deeply knitted brow not at all as if you could allow joking. You had something about you so lofty that quite perplexed me, and that afterward made me furious. I could only ask myself, How can such a man allow himself to be engaged, patiently and obediently, to Mizi Schwarzborg, who just twenty-four hours before had turned up her nose at his miserable provincial photograph? I forgot Lopez de Vega, Marlow and everything, and poured the gray, which you passed me several times, over my apricot preserves.
"But now I know that I am not the weak creature that you have sought. I warn you—think of my five unfortunate governesses. You are a cavalier, you will not hold me caught if I long for liberty; you will find for me, for us, a way out of this engagement. In deepest respect. Your devoted
"MIZI VON SCHWARZBERG.

Baroness Mizi had found the prettiest bench in the Brauer park for herself, the seat on the bank of the lake. A laurel tree made an excellent background for her cream colored dress and flaming red parasol.
"At your service, baroness—exactly upon the minute."

"Thank you, count, will you not sit down?"
"The worthy Brauer will be here in fifteen minutes, so had we not better begin business immediately?"
"Directly in medias res."
"I am, indeed, not a Hungarian peasant, that I understand Latin, but you mean, then, immediately to reach the center?"
"You have a decided instinct for language. Well?"
"Through the sunlight her clear cut profile was truly exquisitely beautiful. The chin a trifle impertinent."
"Now, then, I suppose, dear count, you want to know how things stand. Well, we have very indiscreetly allowed golden chains to be put upon us, which we should like to shake off, a tout prix."
"Just as true as poetically said."
His brown eyes alone must make him sympathetic.
"Of course the withdrawing must come from your side, my dear young lady. I can not be expected to refuse you."
"On principle that is fair, but though I have much courage, for I once fought a regular duel with Lady Anersberg, I fear it would not be sufficient to fight one with my family. Allow me, please, to put up my parasol, the sun is shining right in your face."
It was indeed a beautiful woman's head which looked from under the red shade.
"So we must have a pitched battle and conquer your family, if you expect to get rid of me. I am not a saint, in spite of my holy name of Nicholas. The girls of your ballet would, for a small recompense, gladly get up some scandal about me, and"—
"Mercy, count, that would be dreadful for me. Besides I have, in my childish innocence, always believed such light winged scoundrels belonged exclusively to the marriage chapter."
They looked each other questioningly in the eyes, as if they could answer such a rational question.
"I think then that it looks hopeless."
"Oh, no, not quite, for I can take myself forcibly from this life!"
"For heaven's sake, stop. Why, every little schoolboy nowadays who gets a bad certificate commits suicide, and besides it's no longer the style. Then it would be such a pity too!"
"Truly?" He kissed her hand, this time underneath the bracelet.
"Then, perhaps, a long never-to-return journey on my part. Africa is quite the 'go now,' and is accompanied with chances for being eaten. The savages prefer roasted human flesh to baked chicken salads."
"That would be deserting your flag, and would decide nothing."
"Yes; in the meantime you would know your own heart; the right man would come to whom you would listen."
"The right man! Oh, count, you do not know this dull, insipid society, Vicky Arnberg, or—it overcomes me," as Gretchen says. So you must think of some other way."
"At your command I'll try."
"It's strange that these two stupid gold rings should have so much power. Do you see how easily mine can be drawn off—yours, too? There, now, I hold the criminals. Yes, because it must be"—she stamped her little foot—"so, there they lie now in the lake!"
"You have done that very slyly and just like a woman. We are rid of the rings, a beautiful carp will undoubtedly die of indigestion—and we are precisely as before! But, did you say 'because' or 'if it must be'?"
"Because, count."
A long pause, with a swift exchange of glances; then the count said: "A capital idea, dear Miss Mizi. We'll present our case to the 'Salonblatt' in the form of a public explanation. No one can do anything against the fact accomplish. We have been brought together against our will and engaged. We have, as sensible persons, found out that we are strangers, that we can neither esteem nor love each other. Is it not true?"
"Now strangers we are no longer. I even thought we would have been right good comrades, and hope yet that we may be."
"Why, of course, concerning the esteem on my part."
"And I hope the esteem on my part will be equal to yours."
"With the 'love,' indeed."
Never write. One must get angry so often with those whom one writes about. See? I have gone to the trouble to draw a sketch of characters, and now this industrious work is to be frivolously destroyed. I can absolutely not say why those two on the bench should look at each other so long and lovingly—why Mizi, the abovesaid Mizi, should suddenly cast down her eyes and become very red. I find it also very inconsistent that Niki grasped her two hands, and that Mizi let her head rest upon his shoulder.
And this is what was tremblingly asked: "Mizi, and will you let me have this little hand for my very own?" and to this an energetic nodding of her head, then said angrily, "Dear me, our rings lie in the lake," to which he answered: "No matter about the rings, I see here two lips which will bind the faster."
Then—
"Would it not be well to make an end of this, children? Here I have been standing five minutes in the sun. In another second I shall have a sunstroke!"
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A Misunderstood Sign.
Councilman Otto Stechhan has been casting eyes upon the heights of Parnassus for a long time. In short, Mr. Stechhan is just bubbling over with poetry. Any one who has ever called at his residence on Christian avenue would know this by the inscription over the portals, which is the Latin word "Salve," which is, as of course you know, a Latin salutation of welcome. It pains Mr. Stechhan's poetic temperament, however, to have rude ignorance ring his door bell and ask, "Is this yer a salve factory?"
—Indianapolis News.

SNIPES & KINERSLY,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists.
—DEALERS IN—
Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic
CIGARS.
PAINT

Now is the time to paint your house and if you wish to get the best quality and a fine color use the
Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paint.
For those wishing to see the quality and color of the above paint we call their attention to the residence of S. L. Brooks, Judge Bennett, Smith French and others painted by Paul Kreft.
Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Etc., Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,
Prescription Druggists,
175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

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SCHOOL BOOKS,
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—FOR—
The 4th of July!
If you get Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoea or the Cholera Morbus the S. B. Pain Cure is a sure cure.
If you need the Blood and Liver cleansed you will find the S. B. Headache and Liver Cure a perfect remedy. For sale by all druggists.

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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 as 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.