

THE HILLS OF SONG.

Lo! I have fared and fared again,
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song.

As in the days when time began
Are played the merry pipes of Pan,
And never rises note of wrong
Upon the happy hills of song.

There is no frost of doubt to blight;
The sun of faith sheds lustrous light,
To peace and joy the hours belong
Upon the happy hills of song.

Then ho! who will, and follow me!
Through flowery meads the path shall be.
Fear not the way is steep or long
Unto the happy hills of song.

Lo! I have fared and fared again,
Far up and down the ways of men,
And found no path I strayed along
As happy as the hills of song.

AN APACHE CHUM.

Never go chumming with an Apache.
You smile at such strange advice? Well,
I might have smiled at it once myself
But we are all creatures of circumstance,
and I was a tenderfoot then anyway.
This is how I chummed it with my little
Indian:

I was swinging my red and blue clubs
under the pepper tree at the back of the
railroad station. This I did because I
had a theory that exercise was good for
a man living on a desert. The lazy Mex-
icans, and most of the Americans there-
abouts, had no ruddy glow on their faces.
They were all sallow. What I wanted
was a ruddy glow.

My red and blue clubs circled about
very prettily that day, and the ruddy
glow came; also a dripping epidermis
and a big desire to sit down in the shade
of the pepper tree and blow tobacco
smoke. The tree was a small one.
When the station tank ran over, which
was not often, its roots received a little
moisture. So it grew slowly.

As soon as I dropped my clubs a squeal
of disgust went up from somewhere,
and as I turned about I saw a small,
brown head dart behind a cactus lined
rock.

I said nothing, but leaned back on my
seat, pulled my sombrero down over my
face, and shammed sleep, with one half
closed eye on the rock and the big cactus
shrubs. No use. You cannot get an
Apache out of his hole that way.

Next day, with my beautiful exercise
theory still bristling in my brain, I
turned quickly, while in the midst of my
club swinging, and saw the wide open
eyes and gaping mouth of the cunningest
little savage I had ever beheld. He
sprang about and fled behind the rock,
but not too quickly for me to read "XXX
Family Flour" in large red letters on his
back. His one short garment was a sack,
with holes cut through it for his head
and arms.

"Come, Tads," I cried, christening him
in that fleeting second with a name that
stuck to him all his life, "out of that!"
And I jumped behind the rock, swing-
ing an open hand that did not grasp the
flour sack, as I had intended it should.

Where was the wee savage?
Like a lizard, he had darted from sight
somewhere in that little patch of rocks
and cactus, though there did not appear
to be cover enough there to conceal a
jack rabbit.

"The spines must scratch him," I
thought, as I looked at the prickly cactus,
but I did not know then how Apache
spines put up with such small irritations.
Not wanting to give the boy unneces-
sary torture, I went back to my clubs.
Throwing my eyes about again I caught
another fleeting glimpse of the brown
head as it dodged behind the rock.

Tads must have been disappointed
next day, for there was no club swing-
ing under the pepper tree. The duties
of telegraph agent lay too heavily upon
me and the sun lay too heavily upon
the desert. I saw Tads steal away from
his hair about two hours after my usual
exercise time and walk down the sand-
drifts with a dejected air, his one gar-
ment flapping in the hot wind.

A wild nature like his was proof
against such snares as the toothsome
confection, the golden orange or the
mealy peanut. I found that out by trial
in the course of the next week. But an
old jack-knife won him over. That was
something his Apache mind could grasp.
It was a greater delight to him than the
red and blue clubs. Sworn friends from
that day were Tads and I.

His talk was a ridiculous mixture of
English, Spanish and Apache, and his
voice was very throaty. But I under-
stood him. Indian-like, he said little.
It was therefore easy to get along with
him. He would sit for hours on a high
stool listening to the "tunk-tunk-tunk"
of my sander. The telegraph was an
awful mystery to him at first, and it
quelled his imagination, but he solved
the problem at last. A man away off
over the mountains spoke with his finger
to me, and I spoke back to him. That
was his idea of it, and it was not such a
bad one either. The hummings of the
wires overhead were the voices of people
with ponderous fingers, but they were
not of this world.

How the cowboys laughed when they
saw Tads and me in the station!
"That tenderfoot's a queer one," they
said of me.

The despised Apache could not crawl
into their hearts—no, not even if he were
a six-year-old.

"He'll steal everything the tenderfoot's
got," they pleasantly averred. But he
did not.

When Tads left the station on an even-
ing his little brown feet pattered straight
over the roads to the wickiups, a half
mile away. In time he wore a narrow
trail over to the huts.

"Pitty vell," was what Tads would
grunt to me every day when he came
shyly into the office and I greeted him
with a friendly "How-d'e-do?" Then he
would shrug his shoulders in a way that
wrinkled the three X's into such be-
wildering folds that you could not have
read them unless you had known what
they were beforehand.

One day, while he was meandering
about the place, grunting quietly to
himself, he upset one of my battery jars.
"Tads," I cried angrily, for the des-

ert's breath was hot upon me and was ir-
ritating enough, let alone spilled vitriol.
"you're a little beast! Slip out of here
or I'll take a stick to you!"

Then arose a great howl from Tads,
and he kept on howling until an Apache
woman came over the sands from the
wickiups and gathered him up in her
arms. She was his mother. She eyed
me suspiciously, and walked away with
her highly demonstrative burden.

Of course I regretted my hot language
and wanted the little beggar back again.
It was so lonely there on the desert. The
wires wailed so heartbrokenly, while the
sun beat down so fiercely in the daytime
and the coyotes yelled so dolefully at
night. How he had crept into my heart,
to be sure!

It was several days before we were on
satisfactory terms again. Tads wanted
to be a white man. He wanted to make
"talk marks" on "pupper" with a feather
—I sometimes used a quill pen, he it re-
marked—and he wanted to speak with
his finger. Well, I did manage to teach
him a few letters from a railroad poster,
and he learned to draw out "T-a-d-s" in
a droll way. With perseverance that
was really startling I afterward took
him in an uncertain way through a page
or two of "Can you see the fat ox," and
so on, wherefore his heart was glad.

"I'll be white mans, heap sure," he de-
clared in his bullfrog voice after he had
accomplished this wonderful feat.

Great distress racked Tads' soul on
the fatal day when the wickiups were
taken down and the tribe mounted its
mustangs to go over the hills. The
Apaches had to search all over the sta-
tion to find Tads. At last they hauled
him forth from under my bunk, scream-
ing like mad. Of no avail were his
screams, of no avail was his cry: "Me
yanter stay wid him! Me yanter be w'ite
mans!"

Apache papas are unbending and
Apache mammas are inexorable. Away
they whisked Tads, leaving behind him
a tenderfoot with a queer feeling in his
throat.

"Well, the boy has the instincts of a
white man," I said, for I was proud of
what I fancied I had made of him, "and
he'll be a shining light among those de-
vish people of his. If we had a few more
like him to put among them, the Apache
question would settle itself and we could
set our soldiers to hoeing corn."

Then I took up the restless life of a
city man, and a big and busy railroad
office claimed a good share of my atten-
tion for the next ten years. Yes, it was
fully that long before I again set foot
upon the desert. Our train stopped at
the old station. How the pepper tree
had grown, to be sure. In its shade sat
a cavalry sergeant with a half-dozen of
his men about him, and in their midst
were three Indian prisoners, who were
being taken to the fort to be shot.

They were fierce looking fellows, those
three savages. There was one—the young-
est—who was a perfect demon. The sol-
diers said:

"Killed three women and two babies
down at Mustang Wash last Tuesday,"
said the sergeant to me; "just after one
of them had given him his breakfast
too. He's a young one, not more than
seventeen, I should say, but he's the
worst red devil I ever saw."

Gazing at the boy captive, a strange
feeling stole over me. The stolid face
was oddly familiar.

"His name? Blessed if I know," said
the sergeant. "What do you call your-
self, young one?" he asked, giving him a
not too delicate poke with the toe of his
boot.

"Me? Why, my name's Tads!" grunted
the boy.

"Talks pretty good English for a wild
devil who has been over the Mexican
border so long, doesn't he?" asked the
sergeant, turning to me.

But I said nothing.—Frank Bailey
Millard in Argonaut.

A Green Rose.

A specimen of the natural curiosity, a
green rose, is described in The American
Garden as being in size equal to the La
France or Bon Silene. It is very double,
being a rosette of fine leaflets of a faintly
pinkish green hue, and consequently in-
conspicuous in appearance. The flower has
a pleasant fragrance. Among so
large and brilliantly colored a family as
the rose this green member is hardly to
be considered worthy of cultivation. It
is, however, very interesting as a bot-
anical specimen, for it is an excel-
lent example of the fact that our most
prized flowers all depend upon their
colors in being more than a mere mass of
leaves, as this, besides a slight variation
in shape and size, is the most that dis-
tinguished the petals of flowers.

Reason Knocked Endways.

Mr. Borem (buying a railway ticket)—
What became of the ticket seller who
used to be at this window?

Ticket Agent—He's in a lunatic asy-
lum.

"You don't say so! What drove him
crazy?"

"A shock."

"Shock, eh?"

"Yes. One day a man came to his
window, bought a ticket, paid for it,
and walked off without stopping to ask
a string of foolish questions."—Good
News.

Ended Well.

First Newsboy—What did yer see at
de t'ater?

Second Newsboy—A play called
"Hammerlet," by a feller named Shake-
speare.

"Good?"

"Well, ther wos lots o' killin' in th'
las' act."—Good News.

A Pull That Told.

"Yes," said the defeated frontier poli-
tician, "Dick Redeye had the pull, and
it warn't no use buckin' agin him."

"What was the pull?"

"His gun."—New York Epoch.

We All Believe It.

Howells—Do you believe in a freer
coinage of silver?

Dashard Poore—I believe more in a
freer circulation of it.—Jewelers Circu-
lar.

STARTING A BOYS' CLUB.

Kindness from a Woman Did What Po-
lice-men's Clubs Had Failed to Do.

It was in the fall of 1878 that the
small boys about Tompkins square, hav-
ing exhausted the ordinary methods of
street enjoyment, began to amuse them-
selves by throwing stones through the
windows of the Wilson mission at 125
St. Mark's place, and by jeering at the
various people connected with it as they
passed in and out of the building.

These customs proving in time both
expensive and annoying to the ladies
and gentlemen connected with the mis-
sion, and complaints to the police de-
partment only resulting in a temporary
cessation of hostilities whenever the
lynxeyed policeman on the beat ap-
peared, and as long as he remained in
sight, one of the ladies determined to
try the soothing effects of coals of fire,
poured metaphorically upon the heads
of the offending boys. So one evening
she answered an especially irritating
volley of stones by appearing on the
doorsteps, and taking advantage of a
momentary lull in the cat calls which
her appearance had excited, asked the
boys if they would not come in and
have some coffee and cakes.

Visions of "cops," with big clubs,
behind the door naturally occurred to the
minds of the prospective guests; but
when a few of the more venturesome had
sidled in, and no attacks, apparently,
had been made on them, the others
took courage and followed them, to find
themselves quietly welcomed to the sim-
ple repast which the lady had plenti-
fully provided as the most practical
form in which to administer her coals
of fire. Every one had as much as he
wanted, no reference was made to the
cause of the broken glass, and each boy
was treated with a kindness and courtesy
quite unexpected, in view of the fact
that within a few moments he had been
engaged in smashing his hostess' win-
dows.

When the supper had all been ab-
sorbed the boys were sent forth with a
pleasant good night to ruminate on their
evening's experiences, and to decide
which part of the evening had been the
more enjoyable—defacing the exterior of
the mission building or being treated
with kindness and courtesy within its
walls, and their decision soon became
apparent, for the boys were soon back
again, not for coffee and cakes, but to
ask if they could not come in and play
games—though there was little in the
room but an atmosphere of kindness and
good breeding.—Evert Jansen Wendell
in Scribner's.

Lost in Her Own Pockets.

It is seldom that a woman loses any-
thing in the pocket of her own dress, but
such a thing actually happened to a very
clear headed and methodical young
woman whose residence is in Baltimore,
but whose coinings and goings encom-
pass nearly every civilized quarter of the
globe. Some time ago Mrs. C. missed
her pocketbook, containing a consid-
erable sum of money. A careful search
through her own cozy establishment
failed to disclose its whereabouts. The
household servants were all well known
and trustworthy, and there were no cir-
cumstances that even suggested theft.
The loss was discovered soon after a
visit to this city, and advertisements
were sprinkled plentifully among the
newspapers.

The missing pocketbook persistently
continued to be missing in spite of all
efforts to discover it. After a while the
circumstance of its loss was forgotten.
A newly planned trip necessitated the
overhauling of the young woman's ward-
robe, and by the merest accident the lost
article was found reposing in the pocket
of a handsome traveling dress. "Why,
it seems to me that I felt in that pocket
when I was searching," exclaimed its
owner, looking at her husband with a
why-didn't-you-tell-me expression upon
her face. "Yes, dear," said he sympa-
thetically, "I know that I felt for it."
—New York Times.

Information for Bald Men.

It has long been said that whosoever
shall invent a means to make the hair
grow on the heads of bald men will
make a fortune beside which the mil-
lions of all other patent medicine pro-
prietors will pale into littleness. Per-
haps a barber has hit upon the plan for
solving the problem and making the
fortune.

He says that the recent successful ex-
periments in skin grafting reveal a sim-
ple manner in which any bald man may
get a full head of hair. There need be
no pain during the process, because the
use of anesthetics will overcome the
hurt of the surgeon's knife in removing
the bald scalp. All that the candidate
for a new head of hair must endure will
be a stay of two or three weeks indoors
while the new scalp is growing in place.

As to the question whether the new
scalps must come from dead men or live
men, the barber suggests that this will
be merely a question of expense, for
plenty of poor men will gladly sell their
scalps if they can find purchasers.—New
York Sun.

Pursuit of Knowledge.

There is said to be an old negro in Tal-
bot county, Ga., who learned to spell in
a curious way in slavery times. His
owner lived in a sparsely settled neigh-
borhood, and he, being a small boy, was
sent along to accompany the children to
school. The teacher would not allow him
to go into the schoolroom when the pu-
pils were reciting. This aroused his cu-
riosity, and he would stealthily approach
the door and repeat after the spelling
class until he could spell every word in
Webster's blue back spelling book before
he knew the alphabet. He now reads
and spells very well.—Boston Transcript.

The French Accent.

The settlement of the position of the
French accent was recently attempted
in France by means of the phonauto-
graph, the measurement of the record
being made by a tuning fork. It was
found that even in the shortest syllables
the ear is capable of not only hearing the
tone, but of detecting fine shades and
differences in the mode of pronunciation.
—New York Times.

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 TREAT-
MENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizzi-
ness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia,
Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use
of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental De-
pression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in in-
sanity and leading to misery, decay and death,
Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power
in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermator-
rhea 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 re-
fund the money if the treatment does not effect
a cure. Guarantees issued only by
BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,
Prescription Druggists,
175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

I. C. NICKELSEN,
—DEALER IN—
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
ORGANS,
PIANOS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY.
Cor. Third and Washington Sts.

G. E. BAYARD & CO.,
Real Estate,
Insurance,
and Loan
AGENCY.
Opera House Block, 3d St.

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

Chas. Stubling,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
GERMANIA,
New Vogt Block, Second St.
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
Liquor Dealer,
MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

The Dalles Chronicle
is here and has come to stay. It hopes
to win its way to public favor by ener-
gy, 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 prop-
er 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 lo-
cal 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 surplly city for an extensive and rich agri-
cultural an 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 deligh-
ful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources un-
limited! And on these corner stones she stands