

VALUE THY FRIEND.

Heart, why fare on any false quest. Or seek delight of gain in worldly ways...

THE SILVER BULLET.

In 1860 Lawrence Nutting was a United States marshal in the southern district of Virginia. The state was at that time fairly overrun with outlaws of all classes...

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of temperate habits, quick wits, splendid physique and dauntless courage...

Nutting sat at his office window one evening musing, half dreaming, when there fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal?" said he, interrogatively. "Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

Nutting's cigar never stirred in his lips; his hand did not quiver nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved: his eyelids dilated then he laughed, soft and low.

Nutting measured his chances. Unarmed in the presence of a man to whom murder was not new, he deemed prudence the better part, and replied: "I agree."

At length, however, the visitor paused and then concluded as follows: "So have I lived—as a wild man almost; and that life has the past five years been more a martyr than ever before, but with a method. I am and have been seeking money, and money only. Not so widely different, you will say, from all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now the end has come. I am rich. I have enough, and now I desire to return to civilization. You can permit it—you can prevent it. I am an outlaw. Very well. I will turn over my stills to the government, will swear a great oath—and will keep it, too for my own interests demand it—to become a worthy citizen, and if you will accept the prodigal son and kill for me the fatted calf of pardon, all will be well. I came here to ask you to intercede for me. Will you do so?"

Nothing hesitated a moment. This man was a veritable Robin Hood! Could he trust him?

The other spoke again. "Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me I will give you five thousand."

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip; then restraining himself with a scoffing laugh, he said: "Be it so. Then we are enemies. I to you and the law; you to me. Remember my fifteen minutes, and beware when next we meet!"

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extended his brown and wrinkled hand, and said in an awe-stricken voice: "Fom' dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n; bad ting, massa; bad, ef ye 'low old nigger to say so."

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special bullet, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough."

"Well, uncle, I'll load the smoothing bore, anyway," said the marshal, smothering the action to the word, "and this afternoon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half dollar at a dozen paces I'll give up that your right. If I hit, your 'suicide bullet' is no better or worse than a leaden one."

The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal organized expeditions and scoured the country, seeking the notorious Allen, but each time he had returned unsuccessful. One final effort, however, was to be made. Certain information which he knew to be reliable had at last, he felt sure, put the outlaw in his hand, and he looked to his horse's shoes and loaded his pistols with unusual care.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He had but a few pages to complete, a letter or two to prepare for the mail, and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at that desk again. As his eyes wandered over the mass of papers, documents and duplicate reports filed neatly away before him, he suddenly noticed the butt end of his old dueling pistol, half hidden in one of the compartments, and as the remembrance of how it came there flashed over him he was about to draw it from its hiding place when a shuffling step at the door arrested him, and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door.

"I cannot say that I do," said Nutting slowly. "I reckon not, as ye never see me before. I am Mrs. Allen—Bethsheby Allen—and my boy, he's Ruloff Allen. Ye hev heard of him, mebbe?" and she paused and gazed cunningly into her listener's face.

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal. "Your son is a—"

"Never mind what he is, you can save him. He's trapped, caught, cooped. But he's my boy, an' I want ye to let him go. Take his stills an' his whisky—take everything, but let him go, an' I'll give ye my word—it's good; Bethsheby Allen never broke it yet—that in less than three days we'll be—"

"But if he should capture you, what then?" "At these words the green glasses fell, the hood was thrown back, the bent form became straight, and before the eyes of the dazed officer Ruloff Allen himself stood, a look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy revolver in his outstretched hand.

"I came here to give you one last chance, and myself the same!" half hissed the moonshiner. "That chance is lost to both of us. I go back to the mountains and outlawry—you retire from active service. Can you pray? If so, do it now. In three minutes I shall kill you."

"The silver bullet had found its mark and returned to its owner. The United States marshal was saved.—True Flag. Beyond question the blue jay is the prettiest of American cone bills. As his name indicates, blue is the predominant color of his plumage, and it runs through all its most beautiful shades along his back and tail until it merges into silver white on his breast. He has a heavy, pointed crest of dark, yet brilliant feathers raised above his head. His eyes are large, fierce and radiant, and his bill is short and strong. He is somewhat larger than the black faced redbird of the south, which he resembles very closely in shape and in the way he flies.

The common cry of the blue jay is harsh and disagreeable, and it sounds not unlike "de-jay, de-jay," but his love notes are tender and sweet, "too-loo-loo, too-loo-loo," as if his mate's name was Lulu. He cannot be tamed, and is quite unlike himself when caged.—Philadelphia Times.

Advantage of Poor Clothes. If you want to deal with New York truckmen, cabmen, street vendors, and many small tradesmen at bottom figures, wear poor clothes or send somebody else. The well dressed man who carries about in his personal appearance the signs of prosperity will often be compelled to pay double. He will frequently be made the victim of various kinds of extortion, and will get no sympathy from any quarter. On the other hand, the poor have a soft heart for each other, and the appearance of poverty insures the lowest cash price for goods or service.

A Crime Detected. "The detectives are looking for the letter box robbers and are on the right track," she read from the morning paper. "Gosh!" "What's the matter, Uncle Ephraim?" "I knowed it," ejaculated the old man. "I knowed it. I suppose I've got to give myself up. Nothing else to do."

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S. B. CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891. S. B. Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN—Your kind favor received, and in reply would say that I am more than pleased with the terms offered me on the last shipment of your medicines.

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 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.