

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

If I had told her in the spring... The old, old story briefly...

OVER-THE-WAY.

Over-the-Way—queer name for a woman, isn't it? It was big Jim Gray...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—it now gives me great pleasure to present to you the neighbor we have long been expecting...

We were so interested that we got right up from the breakfast table and crowded to the windows...

Handsome Henry Roberts—he's a dry goods dresser in a big State street dry goods store...

Well, as I was saying, we had many a discussion over that little cottage, and finally came to feel a sense of proprietorship...

To be sure, there wasn't much to see when we did get to the window—just a big transfer wagon loaded with new furniture...

Harry Roberts declared he was simply pining for exercise and fresh air, and put on his overcoat and strolled past the cottage...

Over-the-Way was evidently a capable little body, for she had the furniture in and the house to rights in no time...

But though the nest was ready, no male bird appeared. After a week had gone by we women began to hate "him," as we called the man Over-the-Way...

But his absence didn't seem to bother Over-the-Way a bit. She was busy morning and night fixing up the cottage for him...

eyes for Harry or any other man—except one. It was the second Sunday, just before dinner time—her dinner time—and she was in the window as usual...

We knew they'd show up in the big bay window sooner or later, and sure enough, just after dinner they came into sight. She was clinging to his arm and just dancing on her toes...

Young Mr. Over-the-Way—we found afterward that in public life he was a traveling salesman for a big drug firm—stayed three days. Then he went away...

He was gone two weeks, and they were long weeks for Over-the-Way. But everything human has an end and he came back at last. Well, it was the same thing over again. Only he stayed but one day...

But one day, after six or seven months of this alternate sunshine and shadow, the clouds settled down in earnest over the little cottage. He came home in the middle of the week...

He had been ordered off on a three months' trip to South America, and John Berry said "reciprocity" or some such thing was the cause of it...

Over-the-Way came back to her bonnet after a while, but she didn't seem to be quite the same old Over-the-Way. She got letters, but they didn't come every day now...

By and by Over-the-Way had a broad, comfortable lounge put in her window and deserted her armchair for it. There she would lie for hours reading or looking idly out of the window...

By and by Over-the-Way had a broad, comfortable lounge put in her window and deserted her armchair for it. There she would lie for hours reading or looking idly out of the window...

But Jim Gray didn't write, for Over-the-Way did chirk up right away. She got an industrious streak all of a sudden and sat in her big armchair and cut and basted and sewed until Jim said he was afraid she was getting vain and thinking too much of her clothing for such a sensible young woman...

Jim grew reconciled to the sewing, but he found other things to worry him. He elected himself a bulletin committee of one and made frequent reports. When there were no facts he gave as the benefit of his speculations...

A few mornings after that there was news. We women all knew it long before breakfast time and John Berry and the other men were told by Mrs. Smith when they came down...

fore breakfast time and John Berry and the other men were told by Mrs. Smith when they came down. The bulletin committee was a little late and we were all at breakfast when he appeared...

"Umph!" said Mrs. Smith. "Is that all you have to tell us?" "Why, what's happened?" "Over-the-Way has a visitor."

"So he's back at last, is he? Well, it's time." "I wish her husband was here; it's a dear little girl." "Good Lord!" said Jim. Nobody laughed right then...

Just as we were getting through breakfast John Berry gave a groan at the window and turned to us with his face working and his lips trembling. He couldn't speak; just pointed across the street...

Old Aunt Amanda was tying a long streamer of white crepe to the door bell. "Over-the-Way's dead," said some one in a strained whisper.

"White's for little children," said Mrs. Smith. "It's Over-the-Way's little baby. O dear! O dear!" And the good woman burst out sobbing. None of us were much better off, for that matter.

So it happened that then we made our first call across the street. John Berry and Mrs. Smith went. Mrs. Smith went in, but John paced up and down in front of the house. Elizabeth Hawkins never took her eyes off him...

By and by John came back with a great box. It was full to the brim with lilies of the valley—not another flower.

Well, John's services were not needed after all, for that very night the young husband came home from South America, and the next day, when the carriage drove away from the little cottage with a little white casket on the front seat...

The evening, when it was time to go to work, John Berry came down with a satchel in his hand and began to say goodby to us, saying he was going to leave. When he came to the last one—Elizabeth Hawkins—he hesitated, then held out his hand just as he had to the rest of us...

It wasn't a bit like Elizabeth Hawkins' voice, and we all stared. John came back, but didn't say a word—just stood waiting. And now they both were red.

"Are you going because—because?" John nodded. I don't believe he could have said a word to save him.

"Well—well—I—John, don't go!" Long before she finished John had her in his arms right before us all. "I said 'No, John, because I was afraid you were hard and unfeeling—till today. Now I know better."

"God bless you, my children!" said motherly Mrs. Smith. The stereotyped old phrase was a relief, and we all laughed in a teary sort of way, then she added:

"When trouble comes and you need patience and forbearance remember what brought you together." And we all said: "Over-the-Way!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Odd Time to Make a Speech.

There is a remarkable story of Dr. Follen, which is told thus: Dr. Follen had been a German patriot, and he became a fervent American patriot; for he valued political liberty as a necessary condition of the development of Christianized humanity...

Cooking in Paris.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the French, who cannot cook a real beefsteak to the Anglo-Saxon palate, can convert the horse into a savory dish. The opportunity for deception puts their culinary art upon its mettle, I suppose, just as if you give them the primest green turtle out of the West Indies, they will spoil it in the pot, while from a calf's head, some veal scraps and the stock kettle they will make you a mock turtle soup to delude any one but a London alderman.—Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

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

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 Krefl.

Health is Wealth! DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. A guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, 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.

I. G. 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.

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.