

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.

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W. H. NEABECK,

PROPRIETOR OF THE
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(At Grimes' old place of business.)
Horses fed to Hay or Oats at the lowest possible prices. Good care given to animals left in my charge, as I have ample stable room. Give me a call, and I will guarantee satisfaction.
W. H. NEABECK.

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. There is nothing like them ever introduced in this country, especially for La-grippe and kindred complaints. I have had no complaints so far, and everyone is ready with a word of praise for their virtues. Yours, etc.,
M. F. HACKLEY.

name that would have made her an out-cast? That which I sought, that which I found, was a living proof of my dear father's innocence. Look! do you know this man? Have you no recollection of him?

And I turned my eyes upon the old man, who had taken my hand in his, and knew that I looked upon my uncle Mathew.

The whole town knows the story now. He has told them how, yielding to his wandering impulses, he left, as he had done once before, the home and friends of his early manhood, and far from all news of Christian lands dwelt in the Arab's tent upon the desert and wandered with him over the burning sands, loving the life too well to leave it, and never hearing of Gideon Lee's unjust condemnation, or of his terrible fate, until his son stood before him and bade him, if one drop of Christian pity lingered in his soul for the man on whom he had brought this awful doom, to return and prove by his living presence the fact of his innocence and of his unjust death.

They speak of Gideon Lee's children now as of those of a martyr; and the ban is lifted from the name that I have taken for my own.—Buffalo News.



Just 24.

In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrace Court, S. F., writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 60's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1852), and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poorer teas to give them a false appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheap or bad kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, titanium, kyanum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine unadorned green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the issue of Beech's Tea before the public. It is all of a piece and without color. Did you ever see any genuine unadorned tea as good as Beech's? Will you see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green teas that have been mentioned and the real tea. It is so fragrant that it will be a real treat to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas for less of it is required per cup. Sold in 10 pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood."

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at

Leslie Butler,
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Chas. Stubling,

PROPRIETOR OF THE
GERMANIA,
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—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
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MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

for the day after this we sailed for Canada. Grandfather was a Canadian, and it was partly to revisit his native land and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me that he took the voyage. But he could not tear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people I ever met; most of all I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could I guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years.

At the end of that time my grandfather died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress, though this was the codicil to the will that left me all:

"I, Henry Grey, having cause to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily misled by artful persons, and is not glib enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso. That, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Matthew Grey, all claim upon the moneys and estates above bequeathed her shall be forfeited, and said property go, without reserve, to the Hospital of St. Martha, to be used by the trustees of said institution as they see fit."

But, despite this codicil, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light did not as of yore gild the panes of the upper windows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild; the fields lay desolate; the broken branches of the orchard trees told of boyish depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow and Rover's kennel was empty. The sight brought tears to my eyes. I went up the old porch and found there, wet with rain and tangled in the relics of last year's vine, a scarlet ribbon, one Madge must have worn. I put it in my bosom and came away. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except what the empty house had told me—that they were gone.

I had lost them; and what did I care that all the country place besides welcomed me home? Gideon's smile would have been more to me than all their greetings, and Madge would have given me a kiss that had true love in it.

I was not happy; I could not be gay. I could not care for anything very much. I lived a quiet life for two long years, and, let those call me cold and proud who would, I was not cold, but those who courted me were Gideon Lee's enemies, and had persecuted pretty Madge since her very birth, and had done their innocent father to death, and I hated them for it, though I said nothing.

But at last, one bright morning, walking up the road to look at the desolate dwelling where I had learned to love Gideon Lee's children, I saw a change in it. The windows were open; a man was at work in the garden. Three figures in traveling costume had just entered the porch and a carriage stood at the gate.

I knew Gideon's tall figure at a glance, but who was this—superb, glowing, beautiful, with a look of triumph on her face—who came toward me? And who that old man with the strange, sarcastic smile, that I fancied I had seen before?

As I advanced I knew that it was Madge who ran to meet me—Madge, grown to be a magnificent woman—Madge, who kissed me as of yore, but more gladly, and who left me in a moment alone with Gideon and drew the stranger away with her.

And Gideon held my hand, and I could only say, "It has been very long, Gideon," and try and hide my tears.

"It has been long for me, Agnes," he said. And then there was a pause. He broke it by kneeling down beside me, with my hands in his as I set on the low step of the porch.

"You are Miss Agnes Grey," he said, "and the world honors you. I am the son of the man who was hanged. Even now, loving you as I do—as I have all this weary while—that stands between us, a barrier you could not cross. Is it not so? Were I all else, and so worthy of you, I should still be Gideon Lee, and an outcast, branded with Cain's brand upon the forehead, and you could neither love nor wed me!"

"Could I say 'I love you'?" It was not in maidenhood to do that. It was impossible. I trembled; I faltered; I only said these words: "It is an unjust brand—unjust and cruel. My eyes never see it, Gideon Lee!"

He showered fond kisses on my hands, but he spoke again.

"Do you dare to do it, Agnes—to love an outcast man; to bring upon yourself contempt and hate; to relinquish wealth for the humble life of a simple farmer? Is your love strong enough for this? Will you never repent?"

"Never," I said.

"When your gold is gone, your land another's, your friends turned to enemies and your name, your very name, Agnes—that of the man who was hanged!" he asked slowly. "Think! can you bear that ignominy? I know how terrible it is."

And I took my hands from his and laid them on his broad shoulders and said—brought the words that told him that I loved him too well to doubt my courage to bear anything for his dear sake.

But suddenly, as he knelt there looking up into my eyes, I saw a look in his face that I could not understand—a look that made me cry out and begin to tremble; and I saw others draw near; and I saw Madge clasp her brother's hand, and the old man held out both of his to me.

read to me; he brought me cooling drinks made of fruits after some Oriental recipe which he possessed; he found sweet flowers dripping with dew in the woods, and he sang, as I never heard any one sing before, those Scottish ballads that are lovelier than any other music ever written, to my mind; and it ended in my loving them.

So when I was well enough to go away I took Madge's hand in mine and said, "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?"

And she answered, "Agnes Grey, the only gratitude I ask is belief in us. The people down there" (and she pointed with her brown hand toward the town) "call us the children of a murderer. We are the children of a martyr instead. I never saw my father, but we both know that he is innocent. And Gideon remembers his kindness, his tenderness, his gentleness and his honor."

"Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, but father with him, and the debt was paid. Mother saw it done, and heard him boast that the money should take him beyond the reach of irksome laws and chattering tongues. And for the bloody handkerchief, he had cut his hand, and unbanded and washed it, and tied it up afresh in mother's very sight that day. Don't dare to doubt it; don't be so cruel as to doubt it, Agnes Grey."

Then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his hand and tender love letters yellow with age, and as I looked at the face—so sweet, so good, so like that of the Gideon Lee I knew—I felt sure that those who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung, were not the offspring of a murderer. And afterward Gideon also spoke.

"It is hard to bear," he said; "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives; but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's hand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had sworn to the wife who would have loved him even had he in some hasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death and even doubted that he was dead at all—if you can believe with us and not with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said honestly, "I do believe as you do, and I always will."

And so I went away; but I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices. As for Gideon's face, it haunted me. There was about him a charm that no one else ever had. They were all quaint, all charming in their way, but he most of all.

A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the farmhouse to see my friends. I knew it, and fought it bravely.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one," I vowed aloud to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jurymen and witnesses; and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's, and in a bleak, lonely spot near the prison the coffin of the man who was hung; and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself.

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Mathew.

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to sit so much by Gideon Lee's side, to hear his dear voice so often, to feel my heart thrilling with a loving pity for him for which I had no words. He was my wounded and despoiled knight, this dear Gideon Lee, before I had known him three months, and I would have given my life for him. But he said no words of love to me nor I to him. Just friends we were, and nothing more, outwardly. That was enough for the town—enough for grandfather. I was called unnatural. I found my dearest friends grown cold. Even the clergyman asked me if "it would not harm me to hold companionship with such people."

And I said: "They are the best people I have ever known. And even had their father done the deed for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is he was murdered, and you are all cruel to these poor children of his—cruel and unchristian."

So he left me angrily, and so many a friend left me, and all my comfort was to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them.

In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the ivy leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his curly head upon Madge's lap. We would tell stories of fairies and goblins or sing romantic songs written before any of us were born. Now and then Gideon would steal his arm about my waist or hold my hand awhile, and wrong though any one might have thought there was no more harm in it than though we had been children.

Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered. The insults stung me as sharply as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again and took me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to be standing hand in hand, their fingers clutched tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath under the moonlight. It was my last glimpse for many years,

WHEN MELINDY TOL' ME YES.

Just two weeks from my full fall out with my first sweetheart, Lucindy,
Did Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes,"
An' the atmosphere was windy, 'way from Pokenville to Lody,
Windy with the breezy music of eternal blessedness.
An' she said it fair an' squarely, an' not "Call agin'" or "May be,"
An' a New Jerusalem glory lit the del' an' wilderness.
An' the sun burst out like laughter on the round face of a baby,
When Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"
Like a twenty million orchestra away beyond all countin',
The bob-links bubbled over in a music water-fall,
An' I felt jest like a-mountain on the meesin house an' shoutin'
That Paradise was open, with admission free to all.
Each grass blade in the meadow wuz a string to Natur's fiddle,
That wuz played on by the zephyrs with a velvet carous.
An' of Natur's jints were limbered, an' she asahayed down the middle,
When Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"
An' the angels played so bully that the music reached the gateway,
An' came spillin' through the op'nin, and a-singin' down to earth—
Came a-singin' such a great way that the universe wuz straightway shoutin' in the glad redemption of a holy secon' birth;
An' I set a-straddle on the ridge pole of creation,
An' only fit to-holler in my hootin' happiness.
When Melindy, my Melindy, Allied my heart 4th jubilation,
When Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"
—Yankee Blade.

UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grey; or at least that was my name when one bright summer day, the sky as blue as though there never could be another cloud in it, I came home across the fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding. Very sweet she looked in her bridal dress, and very fond the gentleman to whom she had given her hand seemed to be of her. The church was decked with flowers, and not one of those who sat there but wished the pretty young creature well; and as she stepped out from the shadow of the painted windows into the clear, golden, out-of-door light I thought of the old rhyme—
Happy is the bride
When the sun shines on.

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue eyed and blond, and with mouths like those of smiling babies.

I thought of something else, also, as I suppose every girl who had been to that wedding did, could one but know the truth. I wondered whether it would ever be my turn to stand where Nellie stood that day, and what manner of man my bridegroom would be; for I had never yet seen any one I could fancy giving myself to, almost body and soul, as a wife must. I was making a picture of him for myself, like a goose, when my foot caught in the grass, where some boys had tied it, and down I fell, twisting my ankle and hurting my head, so that for awhile I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with a careless look about her dress which was not lady-like. But she had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I were much hurt; and, seeing that I was, picked me up in her strong arms and carried me through a garden gate and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with rose water and told me to keep up my courage, for "Gideon has gone for a doctor."

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass. I would have risen and gone away if I could have stirred from the old sofa. For this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and here dwelt the children of the man who, sixteen years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Mathew.

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods, and how the facts that there had been a quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle Mathew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief, marked "M. G.," was found soon after, and brought Gideon to the gallows.

Perhaps hearing the story afterward from my grandfather made me fancy I remembered it, but at all events the name I had learned to hate was that of Gideon Lee. And now it was the child born on the day of her mother's death—the very day on which the father met his awful fate—who lifted me from the ground, dusky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in the town because of the ban upon her father's name, and Gideon, the son, who had been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after.

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of refinement within than country homes generally boast of. But even the farm hands spoke contemptuously of the "son of the man who was hung," and the servants who were hired by Madge Lee were not natives of the place.

And here was I, Mathew Grey's own niece, lying under the roof, and likely to be there for some time, for the doctor forbade my removal.

"I must go home—I must go away from this house!" I said, angrily and feverishly.

And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess might, with her dark eyes aglow, said, in a bitter voice, "Never fear, Miss Grey, we'll not murder you!" and somehow abashed me, haughty as I was.

Grandpa was away from home, or I think even the risk of my life would not have kept him from taking me home; and I grew ill and delirious, and Madge Lee nursed me as a sister might, and Gideon was kinder than a brother. He