

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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June 19th, 1891.

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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 L. 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.,
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W. H. NEABEACK,

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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. NEABEACK.

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of sobriety as idle, after,
And silences as idle, too, as the rest.
But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn late and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burn-
ing,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered
them both.
Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not,
laughish,
And what they would, would rather they
would not so.
Till he said—manlike nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won with themselves with, and
bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while—
"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it"—His voice, affrighted,
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.
Then she—whom both his faith and fear en-
chanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—
Shyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late,
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with
walking.
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open
the gate?"
—Wm. Dean Howells in New York Recorder.

TRICKED.

Wild March weather; hurrying clouds
coursing across the sky, driven by the
keen north wind which was whistling
round the dwelling places of men, sweep-
ing majestically over miles of grass land
which stretched inland from the frown-
ing cliffs, and sporting in reckless aban-
donment of pleasure with his old play-
mate the sea, lashing the brave white
horses to a swifter gallop, urging on the
waters till they leapt high upon the
rocks and dashed in mad glee against
the steady, rugged old cliffs.
Noisy, blustering, rollicking north
wind, in spite of all your rough ways,
there was one who had come forth to
meet your embrace, who loved you for
your strength, for your grandeur. And
the north wind met her, to kiss her
laughing lips with the salt sea spray,
strengthen her heart with her stirring
song, touch the dark hair with his fin-
gers, challenge the sparkling, smiling
eyes, which resisted, outwitted, defied
him, till he loved her in his own whole
hearted fashion, and swept onward tell-
ing her name to sea and sky and shore—
Marina, Child of the Ocean.
Sir Denis Beauchamp, making his way
up the steep cliff, stood up for a moment
gazing in silent wonder at the frail look-
ing little figure, which not only with-
stood the tempestuous blast, but seemed
actually to enjoy it. A smile parted his
fine cut lips as he took in first the whole
picture, and then the particular beauty
of the sweet flowerlike face turned sea-
ward.

Suddenly Marina turned and saw the
stranger. He immediately accosted her,
and she noticed that his smile lit up a
somewhat plain face.
"Lady Katharine has sent me to bring
you home," he said.
"Then you are Sir Denis. But how
did you know me?"
"I fancied there could be but one young
lady desirous of making friends with
such a very rough customer as this north
wind."
"We are great friends. It is deligh-
tful up here. Look at that tossing sea;
isn't it beautiful!"
"Beautiful!" he replied. But he was
not looking at the sea.
Lady Katharine Dyson watched the
pair approach as they came up from the
beach into her well kept grounds.
"All goes well," she murmured and
smiled.

Lady Katharine, desiring a companion
for the winter at Thirton, had remem-
bered her cousin Eleanor's orphan child,
and Marina, being only seventeen and
alone in the world, had been very thank-
ful to make her home with Lady Kath-
arine. All had gone well till the return
of the bachelor squire of Heathcote Hall,
who some weeks later startled Lady
Katharine by a sudden remark on Marina's
beauty.
Lady Katharine answered lightly:
"Don't lose your heart too quickly. She
does not quite carry her character in her
pretty face."
Was there a covert sting in the words?
Heathcote put away the fancy as absurd.
"Too late with your advice, Lady Kath-
arine. If I ever marry I shall marry that
girl."

Perfectly unconscious was he of the
effect of this speech upon his listener.
Possessed himself of no more than a
friendly regard for her, and being by
nature somewhat unobservant, it had
never dawned upon him that she could
regard him as more than a friend. In-
deed, it would have rather offended his
unworldly and quixotic sense of honor
had he known that a married woman, and
she the wife of his old chum, George Dy-
son (who was then dispensing justice in
Indian law courts), had conceived for
him feelings nothing short of infatua-
tion, all the fiercer for being kept so rig-
orously under restraint. So he spoke in
all good faith, and Marina, striding afar
in the sunlight, knew not that fate was
weaving into her web of life the love of
an honest man and the hate of a jealous
woman.

The long night hours brought no sleep
to Katharine Dyson, but Marina found
her next morning calm as ever, and, if
anything, a shade kinder than usual;
while all there was to show as the result
of that night watching was a little note
addressed to Sir Denis Beauchamp, which
found him at his club, and brought a
smile to his lips. The contents were
brief: "Come down for a week or so
Attractions—saving, of course, my so-
ciety—best described by a round O, but
for one thing, and that a fair thing: As
you love me, come, and I promise you
shall not be bored."

Three days later he came, and Lady
Katharine, watching him approach, the
eyes bent upon the sweet face which the
north wind had kissed into more than

wanted beauty murmured. "All goes
well."

At any rate, Marina thought all was
well. She asked no questions respecting
him, and, indeed, there was always a lit-
tle air of reticence about her which Sir
Denis found delightful. Accustomed to
the ways of women, and smiled upon by
almost every type of them, he was am-
used to find that this darkeyed little
sea maiden had wit enough to hold her
own against his attack. It made the con-
test rather more interesting. Had she
been that dainty head of hers to his first
touch, he would have left her and gone
back to his old familiar haunts without
giving her another thought. But she
was a hardy little fellow, and, seeing the
bravery of her bearing, he waited on
from day to day, from week to week.
The season in town was a dull one; he
had been a little bored before leaving;
and this child was worth studying.

But Arthur Heathcote failed to un-
derstand the gradual change in her and
wooded her still in his somewhat heavy
fashion. He took courage to remark to
Lady Katharine: "I declare I believe she
likes me best. Isn't she a bit shy with
Beauchamp? Just a little afraid of him,
it strikes me."
Was she afraid of Sir Denis? Her
words failed her now and then; her
merry speech had a trick of dropping
into silence when his hand touched hers
ever so lightly. The sea murmured
strange things as they wandered together
in unfrequented ways.

"You love it?" he said, as she staid
her steps beside it.
"It is my world. I was born at sea.
Its music was my slumbering song in
infancy, my joy song in childhood, my
dream song always."
"And shall be now?"
Only a something in the voice, the
look; only a bent head and lips which—
stay; they did not brush the fairy dust
from the pretty butterfly's wing. Not
yet, not quite yet.

"Happy Marina!" he said; "happy
child! My sea sings a rougher song. It
is the sea of the world."
"You love it?" she questioned demure-
ly, echoing his phrase and beating back
the riotous thoughts.
"It loves me; is not that enough?"
She laughed softly. "Quite enough. I
am glad you do not love it more."
"Who taught you to scorn the world?"
"Scorn it? I respect it as a mighty in-
stitution. Do I not listen with due re-
verence to the world maxims and world
stories you and Lady Katharine repeat?"
There was a faint inflection of sorrow
in his tone as he replied: "Don't let her
spoil you, little one. The life song the
sea sings you is a nobler one than ours."
"As God's world is nobler than man's."
She stole away very quietly on their
return, and left him alone with Lady
Katharine. They talked on indifferent
subjects.

"You are pleased to be dull, Denis.
Are you beginning to be bored?"
"Bored? No."
"You find Marina interesting?"
"Very."
Then silence. Lady Katharine poked
the fire to a blaze that she might see his
face. It was inscrutable.
At length he spoke. "I wonder, Kitty,
what induced you to ask me here just
now?"
"Life in Thirton was not amusing
me. Is not that sufficient?"
"Flatterer! I might believe you but
for one thing. Since my arrival you
have scarcely vouchsafed me a single
hour of your undivided attention."
"You have, nevertheless, amused your-
self."
"Yes. You asked me to take her off
your hands for a time, and have taken
care to give me every opportunity. You
have told her."
"I have not supposed it necessary."
"It is necessary. You will tell her to-
night."
"And you?"
"Is not a subject I care to allude to.
I shall be silent, provided you promise
she shall know."
"I will make my opportunity."
The days passed, and every morning
the dark eyes met the sun more gladly,
and every night the red lips parted in
more tender fashion on repeating his
name.

Lady Katharine watched her closely.
"All goes well," she murmured still, and
at last she made her opportunity.
Thirton was en fete for Easter, and
Lady Katharine Dyson gave a ball at the
park. Marina's first ball; a new delight
of the enchanted region into which she
had entered that wild March morning.
"The incarnation of spring," said
Heathcote, moved almost to poetic fancy
by the sight of her radiant face.
"Perhaps. But spring is capricious,
and chills with cutting breath when
most we are rejoicing in her beauty,"
said Katharine, hating the child yet
more.

"My little siren," whispered Denis as
he and Marina glided past.
"To lure men to destruction? Say
rather—"
"I will say nothing beyond 'this rich
prize, that you alone are you.'"
"Poor little butterfly, basking in such
sun rays of speech, believing the flowers
would never fade or the magic light
grow dim."
Heathcote, with blind pertinacity, re-
fused to be discouraged. His chance
was surely a good one; he would put it
to the test at once. Katharine, divining
his intention, felt that the hour of her
triumph drew near. "She will refuse
him, and he will come to me then, and
will learn to care more than ever he
cared before. It is the way of men. I
have tricked her into it; I have done
well, and now—"

Marina danced on, innocent, beauti-
ful, happy. This hour of delight was
the crown of her seventeen years, and
life was very fair. Sir Denis scarcely
left her side; he found her strangely in-
teresting, more so than he cared to con-
fess. Was a child like this to snare him
into love's sweet folly? he asked himself.
Bah! he would spend this evening with
her, and he would leave her forever to-
morrow—perhaps. Heathcote claimed
her at last, but she hardly noticed his
remarks, till his earnest declaration and
proposal roused her from her abstrac-

tion. Dismay overpowered her; she re-
fused to listen. "Not tonight, not to-
night," she cried incoherently. She could
not bring pain into this perfect hour.
She moved away slightly, with flushed
face and tear dimmed eyes. Lady
Katharine saw the gesture, and, think-
ing her work was done, stepped forward
unnoticed.
"Marina, may I take you off for a few
minutes? I want to introduce you to
some people."
Marina gladly suffered herself to be
led away. They met Sir Denis.

"My dance?"
"No; Lady Katharine wants me."
"The next, then?"
"Yes, the next."
A backward look and glad smile as
they moved on into a small boudoir.
Lady Katharine fastened the door. Then
she drew the child to her.
"Marina, I want to speak to you
quietly. You are very young, dear; your
ignorance of the world's ways is pretty.
You hardly seem to understand the rules
of society."
Marina glanced up wonderingly.

"You have no mother, dear, and must
not quarrel with me for giving a word
of warning. Really, my child, I must
ask you to be more careful, and not
dance quite so often with Sir Denis."
"Is that all?" laughed Marina softly;
"I thought I must have done something
very dreadful."
But she drew apart while speaking,
and shivered slightly.
"I have not been with him more than
usual, have I?"
"But this is so public; and, my dear,
he is a terrible flirt."
"Yes."
Then Lady Katharine lost her temper.

"Don't stand there so calmly and think
you can carry on as you like, and make
a fool of such a man as Arthur Heath-
cote with impunity. Bah! you little
fool; you have been played with like a
doll, as many another has been before
you. Ask your gay lover when he last
saw his wife. Badly as he treats her,
she may claim a little respect, and it is
not decent to see you flirting publicly
like this with him. I tell you he is a
married man."
"I know it."
Not a tremor, not a movement sug-
gested the agony of the child standing
with head erect, facing her foe, and act-
ing the lie so bravely that her listener
was foiled. She had meant to crush
this beautiful little being to the earth;
and, behold! the blow seemed to have
glanced harmlessly aside.

"You knew it? And are you not
ashamed—you, who pretend to be so in-
nocent, so far above the vanities of life?"
"Pardon, Lady Katharine. How often
have you not tried to instill into me
some of the world's righteous doctrines? And
is it not one of its first articles of belief
that marriage opens the golden gate to
firtation? You yourself—would you be
so very angry if some one were to flirt
just a little with a married woman?"
The shot told, but Marina only no-
ticed it with a sort of pity. She used
her weapons of self defense with a heavy
heart; she longed for escape—for death;
but her voice never faltered.

"It is different altogether," cried Kath-
arine wrathfully. "A married woman
may do as she likes; but for a young
girl to lead a man on so disgracefully is
abominable!"
"We have only been amusing each
other, Lady Katharine. There is no
harm done," said Marina, with a little
laugh. "Besides, I have only forestalled
my privileges slightly. I shall very soon
be married to Mr. Heathcote, and then,
you see, I can do as I like."
The elder woman caught her by the
arm in a frenzy of rage. "It is false!
You are lying to me. You have refused
him!"
"No. I have accepted him," smiled
Marina. "And now I really must run
away, for he and Sir Denis will be ex-
pecting me and your guests will be look-
ing for you."
She escaped, but her task was not
quite over. A look and a very few words
sealed her fate, and Heathcote could
scarcely believe in his happiness.

Then, unable to bear more, she rushed
blindly out into the night, down to the
surging, sobbing sea, out to the cold,
kind breath of heaven. There Denis
found her, his little sea maiden, whom
the north wind had kissed so long ago.
To him she could not lie; to him the
whole story was laid bare.
"Swear to me, Denis, as you love
me—or, rather, as I thought you loved
me."
"I do love you. You are the one pure
love of my life." And he spoke the
truth.
"Swear to me she shall never know.
She tricked me so cruelly. Oh, Denis!
do not let her triumph altogether!"
"I promise."
Poor little butterfly, all the gold dust
was brushed from its pretty wings, all
the sunlight gone.

They looked over the waste of waters.
"Slumber song, love song," she mur-
mured—"and now the death song, too."
Lady Katharine, as often as she meets
society's favorite, Arthur Heathcote's
beautiful young wife, feels a dumb rage
and shame possess her, for she knows
only too well which has triumphed.—
London World.

Taking Down a Vain Young Man.
On one occasion, it is said, a vain and
foppish young Scotch nobleman, in Lady
Blessington's drawing room, was talking
about his countrymen, when some one
asked him why it was that all the Scotch-
men abroad seemed to be intellectually
superior men.
"It is because," said the young lord,
"we keep well qualified watchmen at all
the roads leading out of Scotland, who
suffer no man to go out of the country
who is not thoroughly intelligent."
"Then," said Lady Blessington, "I sup-
pose your lordship was smuggled?"
—Youth's Companion.

The Way He Looked at It.
"Is love blind?"
"I am afraid my love is. She says she
can't see any advantage in marrying
me."—Harper's Bazar.

Trying Days for the Fat Man.

These are the days when the man who
tips the scales at 250 and wears the
largest sized collar has a delightful time
on the cars.
He boards the train with a genial smile
—for all fat men are jolly and are born
for the express purpose of laughing their
way through this vale of tears.
In a few moments, however, he does
not feel half so gay. He fans himself
with his paper, but that only gives the
perspiration a chance to assert itself in
large globules and play tag down his
neck and chase itself across his rubicund
face.

He must have the window up, so he
makes a grab for the side spring and the
lifter. But the window stays right where
it is. He is now hotter than ever.
He wades in muttered expletives. He
anathematizes the railroad corporation.
He turns nervously in his seat, but his
clothes stick to him like a porous plaster.
He tries to make a dignified swoop for
the ice water tank, but he bumps into
seat after seat and is forced to make a
dozen apologies, each serving to make
him madder.

And thus he pursues his tortuous jour-
ney with wheezes of disgust, while he
sweaters and melts and continues to try
to keep cool.—Albany Argus.

Large Herds of Wild Animals.

Though wild game has been decimated
in number within the past few years by
unscrupulous hunters, it is not all gone
yet. Still it is even rare to see even an
antelope close to the city, though now
and then a small band of blacktail deer
will come down from the hills to drink
at the city springs, or a stray elk may be
seen between here and Sheep mountain.
On this account the sight witnessed by
Charles Bock, who came in from North
Park, was an exceedingly interesting one.

When just this side of Pinkhampton,
near the Mountain Home ranch, about
thirty-five miles from Laramie, he saw
four bull elk, ten deer and a herd of an-
telope, so numerous that he could not
count them, grazing altogether in a little
park close by the roadside. He did not
disturb them and they paid no attention
to his presence, so he took a good look.
It reminded him of a visit to the zoologi-
cal gardens in some eastern city to see
such a number and variety of animals
congregated together in so small a space.

Rats in a Mulberry Tree.

Rats have taken possession of a large
mulberry tree along Frankford creek.
They eat the ripe, luscious berries and
drive off all birds, but when disturbed
by the approach of a human being they
drop headlong from the branches of the
tree to the ground and run off until the
coast is clear for their return after more
berries. Seven sleek rodents were seen
to drop from the tree in succession yester-
day.—Boston Record.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine
times out of ten caused by some
form of constipation or indiges-
tion that clogs up the system,
when the blood naturally
becomes impregnated with the ef-
fect matter. The old Sarsaparilla
attempt to reach this condition
by attacking the blood with the
drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is
old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla
is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It
arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to health-
ful action, and invigorates the circulation, and
the impurities are quickly carried off through
the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful
action. Chas. Lee, at Beamish's
Third and Market Streets, S. F.,
writes: "I took it for vitiated
blood and while on the first bot-
tle became convinced of its mer-
its, for I could feel it was work-
ing a change. It cleansed, puri-
fied and braced me up generally,
and everything is now working full and regular."

Joy's Vegetable
Sarsaparilla
For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY,
THE DALLES, OREGON.

A Necessity.

The consumption
of tea largely in-
creases every year in
England, Russia, and
elsewhere, and the principal Euro-
pean tea-drinking
countries. But it
does not grow in
America. And not
alone that, but thou-
sands of Europeans
who leave Europe
advent lovers of tea,
upon arriving in the
United States gradu-
ally discontinue its use, and finally cease it
altogether.
This state of things is due to the fact that
the Americans think so much of business
and so little of their palates that they permit
China and Japan to ship them their cheapest
and most worthless teas. Between the
wealthy classes of China and Japan and the
exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of
Europe, the finer teas find a ready market.
The balance of the crop comes to America.
Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for
tea does not appreciate?
In view of these facts, is there not an im-
mediate demand for the importation of a
brand of tea that is guaranteed to be un-
colored, unmanipulated, and of absolute
purity? We think there is, and present
Beech's Tea. Its purity is guaranteed in
every respect. It has, therefore, more in-
herent strength than the cheap teas you have
been drinking, fully one third less being re-
quired for an infusion. This you will dis-
cover the first time you make it. Likewise,
the flavor is delightful, being the natural
flavor of an unadulterated article. It is a revela-
tion to tea-drinkers. Sold only in packages
bearing this mark:
BEECH'S TEA
"Pure As Childhood."
Price 50c per pound. For sale at
Leslie Butler's,
THE DALLES, OREGON.