

# 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 ★

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

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### OPTICS.

Bachelor at forty-five.  
Free am I the world to roam.  
Ask me why I do "not" wive,  
Why I have no home?  
Has my heart no tenderness,  
Have I sworn to hate the fair?  
'Tis not that I love them less,  
Love not one, but more.  
Once there was a pair of eyes,  
Eyes of soft and beaming gray,  
In whose depths I loved to gaze,  
Loved their gentle ray  
But between me and the gray,  
Passed two orbs of blackest night,  
Turned me from the first away,  
With their witching light.  
Here I would have bowed the knee,  
Sworn allegiance true,  
But there chanced to beam on me  
Eyes of deepest blue.  
They were brighter than the gray,  
Softer than the black, I ween,  
Black the starlight; blue the day;  
Gray the twilight seem.  
Black and blue and tender gray,  
Ye are all divine to me;  
I would wed you all today  
Could I marry three.  
But I could not choose at all,  
Which should grace my bridal hall.  
This is why at forty-five,  
Bachelor I roam.  
—Edward H. Rice in Springfield Homestead

### THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

"You found the tavern full?"  
The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman of perhaps forty—evidently a citizen of the village and resident of the handsome but unpicturesque dwelling house in front of which he was standing.  
"Yes," I replied; "I was too late—half an hour, so the landlord informed me."  
"You shall be welcome here if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."  
The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had never known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose a foe to the cause I represented, a rebel to the government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and brother.  
"You are very kind," I said; "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary, but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."  
"I'm glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from your letter on your husband that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to do it."  
By this time I had been led into the family room. A beechwood fire blazed and glowed upon the hearth, a bright carpet with warm colors covered the floor, an old fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left and a bureau of the same rich wood faced it on the other side of the room, and in one corner a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall sweeper, counted off the seconds with steady precision and sounded the knell of dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy chairs stood back against the farther wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while others were grouped about the cheerful fire, and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons whose faces I could have never forgotten, had I seen them but a moment, and which are now photographed upon my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in the group—a venerable old gentleman, a white haired, matronly and kindly faced old lady, and a golden haired, blue eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.  
There is something in a name, else how should these people be so appropriately named? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lillian.  
I beg the reader's pardon, I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, or when, how or where all this happened.  
My name is Alden, a lineal descendant I am from John and Friscilla Alden, whose romantic history you doubtless have read in poetry, if not in prose. My ancestors had gone west almost a century ago, hence those provincial prejudices so characteristic of those descendants of the Mayflower party who still cling to the crags of Plymouth Rock, had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower bespangled grave on the boundless prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.  
The time of which I write was January, 1862. Place, southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnaissance in force, with a view to feeling the strength of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donelson.  
A cold, pitiless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B. came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded through swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary and almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and to pitch tents for the night, a large number of the officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed also, but my professional duties detained me for some time, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting room floor had been pre-empted.  
It was while wandering my way back to camp that I had the rare good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr.

Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt as if chilled to the marrow of my bones and the center of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and donned a suit of his clothes, while he sent my own by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up near the fire and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent temperance speech. He said:  
"You northerners have peculiar notions about the use of liquor, at least some of you have. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. We southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but believing that punch is a good medicine for a man who has been drenched by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples we shall respect them and at once send the bowl from the room."  
"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is the abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."  
At the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lillian handed them around. When each of the men had been supplied with full and foaming beakers and the ladies with smaller glasses only part full, the father said to the son, "Give us a toast, Walter—one suited to the occasion."  
The doctor complied by saying:  
"May the acquaintance begun tonight ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear, and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence."  
"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, "and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply:  
May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades,  
And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades.  
A reverent and fervent "Amen" burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched his glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of his good wife, and tears stood in the blue eyes of the beautiful Lillian, and the long silken lashes that curtained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like the dew laden willow fringe that hides from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.  
Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed them into a large, old fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining room. It was a most cheerful and homelike place; the table which stood in the center of the uncarpeted floor presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for some days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter and coffee with real cream constituted the bill of fare. It was ample and I did full justice to it.  
The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of 11, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought of weariness, and, indeed, I uttered but the simple truth in saying that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good fellowship to restore the wasted energies of the body as well as spirit. So we sat another brief, delicious hour, and then the goodnights were said, and I retired to sleep and dream. The blue eyed Lillian formed the web and horrible battle scenes the woof of my visions.  
The beautiful girl had scarcely uttered a dozen words during the evening, but she had a most eloquent opposite me, and my eyes rested upon her face as I addressed other members of the group, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response from her heaven tinted orbs; nor was there the least embarrassment in this, for her countenance bore such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.  
In my dreams a bloody battle was raging. My ears were filled with the boom of cannon, the crash of small arms, the scream of shell and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me.  
A groan reached my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier in a lieutenant's gray uniform lay upon the ground with his head resting upon the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, sad but musical, said:  
"Oh, I am so glad it is you! you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded."  
Those eyes, that voice, could I be mistaken? No, it was Lillian, and the wounded young officer her brother. What joy, what happiness to be able to serve, to see, perhaps save the life of her brother—the son of my friend.  
A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dream remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality.

I could not believe but that it was a presentiment, and although I kept it locked in my heart as a sad, though cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lillian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So just as I was on the point of leaving I said:  
"Miss Lillian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and if I should it would prove my passport to his friendship."  
"I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could."  
"Most gladly would I, both for his own sake and as a reward in part for the great kindness I have experienced at the hands of his family."  
The young lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking resemblance to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and cherished it. I wore it constantly in an inner pocket of my vest.  
The stirring scenes intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my mind.  
The battle of Shiloh had been fought, and during the whole of it my mind reverted to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse I could not resist, I wandered out upon the battlefield at midnight. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead faces were those I had seen in my dreams. A groan, aye, the same groan that I had heard on that ever memorable night of January, 1862.  
I hurried to the side of the poor fellow from whose agonized lips it came. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with his right hand he was striving to check the flow of blood from a gunshot wound in his left breast.  
A glance told me I had found the son of my friend—the brother of Lillian. Fortunately I had with me the means of stopping the flow of blood; also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done at once, when with a faint voice and difficult articulation he said:  
"You have saved my life and I thank you."  
"You owe me no thanks, lieutenant. I should be an ingrate did I not serve to the utmost of my ability the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter Lillian."  
"Is this a dream? How? Where did you know my father and sister?"  
"Be calm, my dear friend; I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you, and serve you."  
In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and vigilantly did I watch by his side until morning came.  
He had lost much blood, and the wound was painful, but not especially dangerous, hence he recovered rapidly and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvelous dream which had prompted me to ask for the picture was rehearsed.  
"Doctor," he said as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment given you by my angel mother. It was she and not my sister who saw holding my head in her lap. Lillian is marvelously like her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."  
"At least in a dream," I added pleasantly.  
"Yes, or by moonlight in waking hours. But please don't try to break my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular."  
"It has," I replied, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."  
I told the story to General M., and it softened his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home it was readily granted.  
The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long absent son with his loving grandparents, father and sister, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.  
My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that rivalled the ripening pomegranate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was this all I had to gladden my bachelor heart.  
The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again, and then she would gladly go with me to my northern as my wife."  
I have only to add that she is looking over my shoulder as I write, and trying to convince me that the public (meaning you, dear reader) will laugh at me for being so silly as to tell how I was captured by a rebel girl, and at her being so easily converted from her "secesh" sentiments to unwavering loyalty to the Union.—True Flag.

### A Victim of the Common House Fly.

It is said that the late Father Damien attributed the leprosy which brought about his death to inoculation by flies which flew from leprosy patients to a wound on his head. It must be remembered that though cases doubtless occur in which infectious diseases are conveyed by flies, these insects do an immense amount of useful service by the scavenging which they so assiduously perform.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Remarkable Egyptian Custom.

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditors in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impious and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.—Yankee Blade.

### Women.

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Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Lamphere, 735 Turk St., S. F.  
Nervous debility, Mrs. R. Rosenblum, 232 17th St., S. F.  
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### S. B.

CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891.

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### A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas 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 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 poor teas, to give them a better appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, fumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."  
It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.  
It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

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