THE OLD HOME.

Removed a little from the city tide Of tears and toll, of artifice and plot, There prospers in some sweet, seq

The home of olden time, whose chimneys wide Outsend their old-time cheer with ruddy pride: Whose aged oracle, whe though untaught. Sits by his hearth, nor iongs a better lot. True friends his loy, the Book of books his

Still lives the spirit of an earlier day. Still thrives the old home type; its open door invites the prodigal; its simple lay Comforts the careworn as it did of yore. Its fires still burn; its influences stay: And blessings guard its sweet old fashioned lore.

lore. -Frank W. Hutt in Springfield Homestead.

CUNNING MRS. QUINN.

It was quite an open secret in the Brannigan family that Mrs. Brannigan had taken a villa down at Clamville-bythe-Sea for the express purpose of offer-ing her eldest daughter Tilda extra facilities for securing a husband.

Both Mary Cadogan, Mrs. Brannigan's twin sister, and Mrs. Delia Quinn were aware of this, and as the summer began to wear away these two old worthies laid their heads together and decided that they must hurry matters on a bit and bring Tilda's matrimonial quest to a satisfactory conclusion.

"I'd loike to do Julia a favor, I would." exclaimed Mrs. Quinn, beaming as she discussed the matter with Mary on the back piazza. "She's been mighty good to me this summer.

"Julia's queer and she gets highfaultin notions now and then, but her heart's in the right place. It ain't many girls, now, when they've made their pile and got as foine a place as this, as would be askin their ould time friends to come down and stay all summer. Faith this is the first time in me life that for two months runnin I've had puddin every day.'

'Yes," declared Miss Cadogan. 'Julia's good hearted, there ain't no use talking. But she's enjoyed havin us She told me if it hadn't been for Tilda's goin's on in that old shed, there, she wouldn't have had nothin to complain about all summer.

After a moment's mature deliberation Mrs. Quinn exclaimed, impressively, with a broad aweep of her large right hand

Do you know what I'm goin to do. Well, I'll tell you now, I'm Mary? goin to get rid of that barn for Julia and get an engagement ring for Tilda at the same toime, or else me name ain't Delia Quinn and me invention has gone back on me.

The shed in question stood at the bottom of Brannigan's garden and was a most dilapidated cross between a stable and a pigsty, entirely out of keeping with the other portions of the villa.

The landlord seemed to have entirely overlooked it when he was repairing add repainting the other parts of the establishment, and though Mrs. Brannigan had entreated him with tears in her eyes either to pull it down or make it reasonably respectable, he had kept putting it off from day to day, until here it was the middle of Angust, and not so much as a coat of whitewash had been administered to the shed.

You'll have to help me, Mary, as much as you can." pursued Mrs. Quinn. "First thing we want to do is to get a again. There were piles of hay in the

me dates. There never was no such king as Henry XL' Then Mrs. Quinn went off into such a

fit of langhter that shook her like a veritable jelly. "The foine gentleman's got a thing or

two to learn yet. Why, he can't trans-late a number yet. II, which is Roman for second, he goes and reads in plain American eleventh. Did you ever hear the likes of that?"

"Delia." exclaimed Miss Cadogan mysteriously, 'did you notice the bar cannister on his crest?" "The what?"

"The bar cannister, I tell ye. Wance,

at a house where I was cook, the mis-tress gave me a book of suits of arms to look at. Then she told me a whole lot about 'em and what all the different things meant. I've forgotten all the there alive. If there was one thing rest she told me, but the bar cannister above all else in this world which the made an indelible impression.

"I'd know wan of them now wid me eyes shut, and that Wyncoop has got wan sure. Put your head down and I'll whis-

dawned upon her, her features took on a triumphant grin.

"Faith, now, why didn't that strike me at all? Archbishops can't marry, to be shure. But that settles it. Tilda shan't marry him now if I die for it, for I'll never own as nephews and nieces childers whose great-great-great-greatgreat-grandmother wasn't a perfect

Within three days every fence in Clamville announced that Miss Matilda Brannigan. the renowned society amateur Actress, would appear in "Sewanaka, the White Squaw," on Saturday night, Aug. 15, "supported by Mr. Eugene Wyncoop and a select coterie of society leaders." Rehearsals were called for twice a day, and consequently so much was Tilda engrossed with her part that her family saw scarcely anything of her, and poor McGivern nothing at all. He used to hang about the house and make love in a mild sort of way to Tilda's second sister Bridgie, who had not been invited to take part in the play.

He had consented to appear as one of the white squaw's Indian warriors, more for the pleasure of being near her than from any desire to appear in public, but as this was essentially a thinking role, he was left with a good deal of time on his hands, and Mrs. Quinn, seeing how disconsolate he looked, finally took compassion upon the poor fellow. She dragged him off for a long walk,

and by the time she brought him home again his features were one broad grin. Mrs. Quinn and Baby Brannigan were "Ol

also much together in those days. By Miss Cadogan's express stipulation baby was not to witness his sister's debut. Miss Cadogan did not approve of theatrical 'performances in any shape or arm into it and run off to tell you, and form, and as Baby was the prospective heir, it was thought best to regulate his conduct accordingly.

On the morning of the day of the performance Mrs. Quinn did a most extraordinary thing. She volunteered to water the garden of her own accord. Just in front of the barn, to which Mrs. Brannigan so strengously objected, there was quite a little pile of hay. Mrs. Quinn was observed to examine it very carefully and then to gauge with her and hugged him. eye the distance from the hayloft down "Arrah, now it's Barney you may be eye the distance from the hayloft down to the ground. Then she turned the hose on the hay until it was thoroughly soaked, and betook herself to the house

There was nothing for it but to pull the curtain down and go and comfort the White Squaw. But when he reached the dressing room the squaw had vanished as completely as any of her war-riors, and looking out of the window Wyncoop caught sight of her rushing madly up the street. An instant later the fire engines, armed by nineteen dusky Indians, dashed by in the direction of the Brannigan house

"Where's the fire?" he shouted, and a mall boy who ran tearing up the street Blled back at him:

"It's the Brannigan barn."

There was a red glare in the sky in that direction, and as the poor White Squaw, out of breath and half dead with fright, rushed toward it it seemed to her as though she would never reach White Squaw loved it was her brother Baby. Then suddenly she remembered what Mrs. Quinn had said about Baby going up into the hayloft to play.

per the particulars to you." The glow was getting brighter every Mrs. Quinn obeyed, and gradually, as the drift of Miss Cadogan's remarks away. She had to stop a moment to catch her breath, and as she did so she saw an Indian rushing from the direction of the fire toward her who looked marvelously like Barney.

"Barney." she cried, "for Gawd's sake tell me where's Baby!"

"Oh, he's all right," exclaimed Mc-Givern, "I was just runnin back to tell We refer to a few: you about it. Tilde. I t'ought you might Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Barron, 142 7th St., S. F. be scared.

"I got there just in time, though." When we ran out of the teayter I seen where the fire was, so I left the other fellows to get the engine out and 1 ran on by a shorter cut. When I got there, there was Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan a standin in the yard a screamin and wringin their hands, and there was Baby, wid the flames a creepin up all round him, standin in the hay loft." Tilda turned away her head in horror

and ejaculated:

"Oh, for Gawd's sake!"

"I run up to the barn and called out to him, 'Jump,' I sez, 'Tll catch you shure. So the little beggar he just shuts his eyes and grits his teeth together and then he jumps right into me arms. For heaven's sake"

Before he could say another word the White Squaw had thrown her arms about him.

"Oh. Barney," she cried, "I have been pretty mean to you, but after this you're the man for me.'

Then, for the first time, she noticed he was wearing his right arm in a

"Oh, that's nothing," he explained. "When Baby jumped he hurt me arm a bit, and Mrs. Quinn says she thinks it's broke. She happened to have this sling lying around, so she told me to slip me we could examine it when we got back."

"Now, ain't that lucky," said the White Squaw, who, now that the danger was over, was fast regaining her composure.

"Why, I seen Aunt Delia sewin on that sling yesterday morning. She told me then it was a bit of fancy work." By this time they had reached the house, and the White Squaw rushed forward, seized Baby up in her arms

thankin that he's alive at all," cried Mrs. Quinn, as she mopped her eyes. "The poor darlint would have been a cinder now if it hadn't been for him. rear of the barn and also on each side. How the juice am 1 ever goin to meet Mrs. Quinn didn't bother about soaking your poor ma and tell her as her beauti-

BEAR BRAVELY. Be still, and heart; Put on thy mask amid the crowded atreet, And let thy smile felicitous and sweet, With feigned calm these curious faces gree Who careth for thy smart?

es greet Be strong, my heart: Though wondrous sad, thou owest the world a

smile, To see it happy should thy grief beguile; Loves, hopes and joys surround thes all the while

Wherein thou bearest a part.

Be brave, my heart; Each season's sweeping hath its silent song: To night alone the silver stars belong. And right grows ever mightler than the wro Is deed and act. Be patient, heart; come sweet to those who ne'er w

Blessings And brief the days, a little span at best, Till rayless, deep, irrevocable rest Eternal peace impart. -J. R. Parker in Detroit Free Press.

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CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891. S. B. Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN-Your kind favor received.

halo for Barney McGivern. He's a foine, honest, good lookin fellow, Barney, but he ain't romantic enough for Tilda. If we don't she'll be hitchin herself to that putty faced young Eugene Wyncoop, the man wid the pedigree.

"But what does Barney be wanting wid a halo round his head? He ain't no angel.

'Oh, Mary, can't you see things at all? I don't mean a halo of that kind. But I don't mean a halo of that kind. But it's like this There's that Eugene Wyn-coop, and yost travelin on his manners and his pedigree, as he calls it. which he's always carrying in his pocket. Tilda's so struck wid the name and the airs of him that she won't as much as look at Barney.

What Barney needs is a little of what the poets call the light which never was on land or see. I call it a halo just to save toime.

That evening Clamville-by-the-Sea was treated to two sensations. The new fire engine arrived in town and Miss Tilda Brannigan announced to her assembled family at the tea table that she was about to go on the boards of the Clamville theater in the capacity of a

The firs engine had cost a good deal more money than had been expected. and therefore the amateur fire company, to which both Eugene Wyncoop and Barney McGivern were shining lights, decided to give performance of "Se-wanaka, the White Squaw," to defray the expenses. Wyncoop, who was the fire chief, immediately offered Miss Brannigan the leading sole, and that evening after fire drill be came up to

sat down by Mrs. Quinn.

"Here's something that perhaps you would like to look at, Mrs. Quinn," he he emarked as he presented her with a roll of parchment. "I've just been showing it to Miss Braanigan; and I thought perhaps it might interest the rest of you. It's my coat of arms, you know, and my genealogical tree. "I trace my ancestry back to 1154,"

he continued, with a smile of pride. "The first Wyncoop, as you will notice was Archbishop of Canterbury in Heary

XI's reign. Mrs. Quinn handed the parchment to him without saying a single word. But no sooner were she and Miss Cadogan alone than she astonished that good to cry. woman by droning to herself "William I, 1066 William II, 1087.

Henry I. 1100: Stephen 1135 Henry II 1154

"Theref" she exclaimed tramphantly "I knew that he was lyin somewhere I didn't learn inneh at school but I know

loft absorbed her entire attention. That night, when Tilda was all ready

That hight, when I hds was an ready to start for the theater, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Osdogan wished her every joy. "Well, I hope you'll be a thumpin suc-cess. Tilda," remarked Mrs. Quinn. "Me and May shall be thinkin of you. though we shan't be there. I'd go in a minute if it wasn't for me toothache, and anyhow, even if it did let up, I couldn't go now, for I've promised to take Baby up in the hayloft and let him play in the hay. Tell Barney, if you see him, to come up for supper. What wid these rehearsais and the fire engine prac-tions I after held area on him in the tices, I ain't laid eyes on him in t'ree

days. Then turning to Baby, she exclaimed: "Now, come along, darlint, let's go up in the hayloft."

When the curtain rose on the first act of "Sewanska," standing room was at a premium

The stage was set as a prairie, with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The twenty-one members of the Clam-ville fire department, metamorphosed for the time being into the Indian 1 diowers of the white squaw, lay about the stage in various attitudes of languor.

One by one the warriors grew drowsy and sank to rest. The moon arose above the prairie grass, and while the orches-tra played slow music there entered from R. E. Miss Tilda Brannigan. the White Squaw.

You could have heard a pin drop any-where in the theater as the White the Branniganis to talk things over They were all sitting on the piazza when he and Tilda appeared. He talked to the company and then went over and should fail from her silvery lips. There was an instant's pause and then she

"See!" she exclaimed in a staccato

whisper, "the dusky warriors sleep." Hardly had the sentence left her lips when the fire bell began to sing.

when the fire bell began to sing. Every dusky warrior sprang to his feet turnultously and tore headlong off the stage. In an instant they had cleared the stairs, and, in full whr paint and feathers, were rushing down the street toward the engine house, helter akelter. The White Squaw, left alone in her glory, beat an ignominious retreat be-hind the scenes, where she threw her-self upon a camustool and at once began self upon a campatool and at once began

to cry. Eugene Wyncoop, the only man who had stood by his chieftain, then ad-vanced to the footlights and began to stammer forth an apology, which wasn't at all necessary, as half the andience had left the hall and the other half were get-ting ont with the utmost alacrity.

them, however; the pile before the hay- ful barn's been burned while she was away?

"Oh, the barn don't matter, auntie," exclaimed the White,Squaw "Let's go and look at Barney's arm."

"Be jabers, I was forgettin all about it. "Mary, you stay here wid Baby and watch for Julia. Come along wid me, Barney dear, and we'll see if you're hurt bad. Tilda, you'd better stay here too. Fcan make the inspection better by meself." .

Two minutes later Mrs. Quinn re-turned with a very solemn cast of countenance

"It's broke," she said. "It'll take about ten weeks to set it right. We won't need to call in a doctor, for it's as easy as winkin to set an arm. Berney

had better stay here, though, so we can have him under our eye." The Wyncoop generalogical tree was lying on the piano. The White Squaw rolled it carefully up, and then hadding it to Data and an and it to Baby, she said:

"Baby, dear, take that down to Mr. Wynecop first thing tomorrow moming. Tell film that it's very nice, but I've got no further use for it, and he'll have to get an understudy for his part in the play.

"The whole thing worked like clock-work," whispered Mrs. Quinn. "There wasn't wan of us that missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death that shell lost her barn. I can go back to town wid a free beart now, for I've fulfilled me vow and obligations.'

"Yes; but how the divil did you keep the fire down till I got heme? When Baby jumped it had just about begun to burn

"Oh, and sure that was easy enoughy" replied Mrs. Quinn. "Twas Mary that rang the alarm, you moind, and likhave all I can do mursing Barney. Don't you forget to tell him that."

Late that night after everybody else was in bed Mrs. Quinn, Miss Cadogan, Barney and the Baby held a special as-sion on the back plasma. Barney held dispensed with his story for the time be-ing, and Baby Brannigan was giggling so that his sunt had to staff a handlerchief into his mouth-

"Twas a grand succes." explained Mrs Quinn entitusing cally "There wasn't wan of its as missed'a one. Julia's tickled to death at losing her barn, and you'll all square wid Tilds."

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fold. It not only makes the less a bright, shiny green, but also permits itse use of " off-color " and worthless teas, which, once under the green closk, are readily worked off as a good quality of itse. An emiment authority writes on this sub-jest: "The manipulation of poer teas, to give them affines appearance, is carried on sugen-sively. Green teas, being in this country uncefully narrate, an oreside of the most the etvely. General teas, being in this country especially popular, are preduced to meet the domand by coloring chearer black kinets by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, turneric, grpaum, and indigo. This method is so gen-eral that very hitle genesiss uncolored grown tea is affered for sale." It was the knowledge of this condition of

It was the knowledge of this sondition of affine that prompted the photon of the before the public. It is absolutely pues and without solice. Did yes ever ess any grauine uncomend Japan tes? Ask your grocer to open a package of Bosch's, and you will use 46, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in estor to be just bo-tween the artificial group tes that you have been accustomed to and the black tess. It draws a delightful camery solor, and is so immunit that it will be a revelation to tas. drinkers. In purfly makes it also more fragment that it will be a revealing to tan-drinkors. Its parity makes it also mere economical than the attificial tens, for less of it is required per bup. Soll only in pound medances beauting this trade-mark;



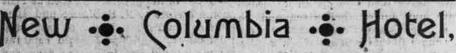
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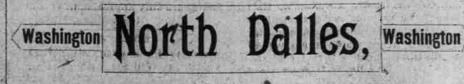
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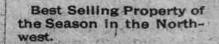
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