#### FOR A CLASS REUNION.

We are as figures on a monster dial, The long hands of Time go round and round; At each circle, without let or trial, Some figures vanish, and the ground Thereon they stood is pallid, empty white, old as the space upon the Summer night Whence fied a star into the profound.

So one by one shall go, and yet Time's hand Shall sweep the circle till not one shall stand: But yet there is a triumph of the right: We leave behind the dial-spotless white. -W, J, Henderson in New York Times,

## A MYSTERY OF THE MIND.

I landed in Southampton on the 14th of November, 1872. It was late of a Saturday afternoon, and by the time my baggage was at the railway station there was barely time to catch the last train to London. A few hours later I was in reason why not. my room at the Westminster Palace hotel, for it was of course much too late to think of hunting up Madelaine. I must wait until the next day.

I passed a restless night, for I could not ridany mind of a misgiving that had been weighing upon it for several weeks past. This misgiving was none the less oppressive because it was not founded upon what could be called a fact. Facts are by no means always the most persuasive part of experience, and a conviction may be none the less a conviction because it is impossible to furnish a matter of fact reason for it.

I had been away from England four years in all. Most of this time had been passed in New Zealand, as editor and, finally, as proprietor of a newspaper I had partly made up my mind there. to settle there and have Madelaine come out and join me, or perhaps to return take her back with me. But when her letter came, informing me that she was "not very well." I formed a sudden determination to sell the paper and return for good and all. It was not so much what she said as a certain depressed tone apparent throughout her letter that impelled me to this step.

The letter had reached me on the last day of July. I made my arrangements -promptly, and succeeded in disposing of my newspaper on favorable terms. I then wrote to her that I was coming, and a few weeks afterward I embarked. The idea of returning home in comparatively prosperous circumstances to marry the woman I had loved so long filled me with happiness, and during the early part of the voyage I was in excellent Then came the mystery; and spirits. from its effects I had suffered ever since.

No doubt the situation, in other respects, did not call for anxiety. Madelaine, like myself, was an orphan, but 1 believed her to be in good hands. Mrs. Trench, the executrix of the will and the girl's guardian, had a good business head, great force of character, and was in all respects an uncommon woman, She was a widow, and for years had con-

ducted her late husband's business in a masterly manner, paying off one by one the heavy debts which had been contracted and establishing it upon a paying basis. She was a second cousin of Madelalne's, and the girl and her £20,000 could not have been left in safer or more capable hands. I had gone abroad completely at ease on that score. All the same I was very ill at ease now.

When I looked ont from the window of my hotel room that Sunday morning I was confronted by a dense and dark London fog. My watch told me that it was 8 in the morning, but it might have been that hour in the evening, for all went down stairs, and by 9 o'clock I was

and what were his relations with Mrs. as my own face in the looking glass. Trench?

A hundred doubts and questions asanother ominous feature; for I remembered, with a new shock of apprehension, that in case of Madelnine's dying unmarried, her property would fall within Mrs. Trench's reach; the exercises of a few legal subterfuges would enable her to get possession of it. If there had been a crime, here was a motive. But was Mrs. Trench capable of a crime? Why not? 1 knew her as a woman of untiring energy and indomitable purpose. She had Heath shown these traits in rehabilitating her house. husband's business; but, if an evil end instead of a good one were in view, why should not the same qualities find exercise in that direction? I could give no

In order to be prepared as far as possible for the worst, I went to the registry advanced and greeted Heath with a of deaths and consulted it for the name of Madelaine Tredwick. It was not there-reckoning from the date of her fessional colleague of his advising him last letter to me. This was so much to in the case. "We may talk without rethe good. Of course, she might have died elsewhere, or she might have met a fate to which death would be preferable; but, on the other hand, all might not be so had as I feared. To be able to hope

and I went back to my hotel and slept about a quarter of an inch. I fancied I heavily till morning, for I needed sleep. When I awoke there was an unwonted light in the room, which faced the east. I looked out, and for the first time since inv arrival in London saw the sunshine. The fog had withdrawn its hideous shadow for the present. With that unreasoning sympathy which the weather and be married to her in London and often arouses in the mind, I felt my own mood brighten. If Madelaine were alive, I would find her yet. But that "if" was terrible.

The first person I saw as I came down the steps of the hotel after breakfast was Robert Heath, my classmate at Oxford, and formerly my intimate friend. He was a barrister by profession and a good fellow down to the soles of his boots. I called to him; he turned, recognized me, and a broad smile of pleasure and surprise illuminated nis honest visage. He grasped my hand, asking a score of one arm, but she relinquished her hold questions, and welcoming me back to England with word, tone and look. As I talked to him all my old feeling of trust and affection came back to me. This was the friend I needed; not so much for whatever practical help he might afford as for the encouragement and consolation of his presence and sympathy. After we had stood awhile, I asked him which way he was going. He answered that he was bound acrees Hyde park and on through Maida Vale to call on a client in Carleton road. "And being a fine day," he added, "I started early and was going to foot it. But if you'll come with me we'll take a cab.

"A walk is just what I need," I replied: "and there's something I want to talk to you about." So off we started, and, as we tramped along, I unfolded to him the whole story of my fears and purposes. He listened attentively and seriously. When I had finished he considered for awhile, and then said: "It. certainly looks rather fishy. But"-

He never finished the sentence. We had by this time nearly reached the end | tion of time-and of no very long time of Maida Vale, and had turned to the either. But when Madelaine, in telling left down Carleton road. The houses in the story afterward, came to the point this region were detached, each standing in its own inclosure, protected by high brick walls. I saw a cab drive up to one of these houses and a lady in a black "What day was that?" She replied that the daylight there was. 1 dressed and one of these houses and a lady in a black dress alight and ring the gate bell. Though I was fifty paces off. I recor-at about half past 8 in the morning nized Mrs. Trench immediately. She did not see me, and in another moment the gate was opened, and she disappear-ed within. "Did you see that?" I exclaimed, grasping my companion's arm. "That is she!"

cost. Who was the black bearded man life; and yet they were as familiar to me

I could not explain this to Heath, for it was a part of the "ruystery" to which I sailed my mind. The assignment was have already alluded, and which I had omitted in the account of my affairs that had given him. It is enough to say here that it removed the last shadow of doubt from my mind as to Madelaine's being in that house. The conviction, instead of increasing my agitation, made me suddenly quiet and composed. I felt that the power had come into my hands and that I should know how to use it.

After a momentary pause I followed Heath up the steps and entered the house. We were shown into a large room on the left. At the further end of this room was another door, and almost immediately it was opened by a tall, dark bearded man, with eyeglasses-the man described to me by the house agent and known to Heath as Dr. Glenn. He courteons smile and bowed to me inquiringly. He introduced me as a professional colleague of his advising him serve," he added.

He and the doctor then began a conversation to which I did not listen. I could only think of Madelaine being in the same house with me. In what room? was at least something. The door by which we had entered had This brought me to Monday evening, not been wholly closed; it was ajar The door by which we had entered had

here!"

ma:

Sick-headaches are the outward indications of detected a low, irregular sound, like disderangements of the stomach and bowels. As tant voices speaking somewhere on the Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel other side. Under pretense of examinregulating preparation of Sarsaparilla, it is seen ing an engraving that hung near the why it is the only appropriate Sarsaparilla in door, I moved over there. Yes, there sick headaches. It is not only appropriate; it is were voices, apparently in a room up- in absolute cure. After a course of it an occastairs. Suddenly they grew louder, as sional dose at intervals will forever after preven if the speakers had emerged into the return. hall, and then I knew Madelaine's voice. Jno. M. Cox, of 735 Turk Street, San Francisc

Without a moment's hesitation I threw writes: "I have been troubled with attacks o slek-headache for the last three years from one t open the door and stepped across the three times a week. Some time ago I bought tw threshold. In a loud but composed tone bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla and hav I said: "Madelaine, come down! I am only had one attack since and that was on th second day after I began using it."

There was a piercing scream; a quick rush above; a breathless struggle; but I had half mounted the stair and caught a glimpse of the dearest face to me on earth, white, haggard, with great black For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY. eyes full of love, terror and eagerness. The woman in black had seized her by on seeing me. In another instant I was Health is Wealth! holding my girl against my heart, and she fainted there. And there below stood Robert Heath, like a rock, motioning back the doctor. "This will be a very awkward business for you at best, Dr. Glenn," I heard him say. "You'd bet-

ter let it stay where it is!' It proved to be an awkward business, indeed, for the doctor and Mrs. Trench. But I will not enter into the details of their discomfiture, nor of the story of how they had conspired together to defraud Madelaine of her fortune. Mrs. Trench had, it seems, conceived a passion for the doctor, and had determined to marry him; but about the same time she had met with a series of reverses in business, culminating in bankruptcy; and as the doctor stipulated for a dowry she had conceived the idea of robbing Madelaine. By secretly drugging her she succeeded in making the poor girl delirious, and while in that condition two physicians were found to certify to her insanity. Once imprisoned in Glenn's

asylum her death would only be a queswhere she had been carried in a cab to the doctor's door, not knowing whither A WINDFLOWER.

Between the roadside and the wood, Between the dawning and the dew. A tiny flower before the sun, Ephemeral in time, I grew. And there upon the trail of spring. Not death nor love nor any name

Known among men in all their lands Could blur the wild desire with shame

But down my dayspan of the year The feet of straying winds came by; And all my trembling soul was thrilled To follow one lost mountain cry.

And then my heart beat once and broke To hear the sweeping rain forbode Someruin in the April world, Between the woodside and the road.

Aches.

Tonight can bring no healing now. The calm of yesternight is gone urely the wind is but the wind, And I a broken wail thereon.

-Bliss Carman in Christian Union.



THE DALLES CHRONICLE

(4)



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AUCTION SALE!

m a nat , on my way to Courtheid gardens, Earlscourt, where Mrs. Trench and Madelaine lived. The distance was not great, but the fog was so bewildering that we were nearly an hour in reaching the place. At last the cabby drew up in front of the house, and I jumped out and ran up the steps. 1 was very much excited, but 1 tried to fight down all dark thoughts, and the anticipation of seeing Madelaine once more sent the blood tingling through my body.

A servant opened the door and stared at me inquiringly. I asked whether Mrs. Trench was at home. The girl replied that no such person lived there. Miss Madelaine, then? The girl shook her head. "It's Mrs. Forbes' family lives here, sir," she said. And she added, in response to my startled inquiries, that they had been in possession not much over a month.

I demanded to see Mr. Forbes, who turned out to be a portly and respectable British merchant; but he could give me little available information. He had only seen Mrs. Trench once: of Madelaine he knew nothing. The negotiations had been conducted through the house agent. I obtained the address of the latter, and returned to my hotel in a very unenviable frame of mind indeed. Be ing Sunday, I was forced to remain inactive till the next day. I now felt sure that Madelaine was dead. But how did she die? And why had Mrs. Trench, who knew I was coming home, left no trace or clew for me to find her? It had an ugly look.

Next morning the fog still continued, but I was at the house agent's office almost as soon as it opened. Here, too, my investigations were far from, reassuring. The agent had never seen Mrs. Trench at all. A gentleman had called on him and transacted the business on Mrs. Trench's behalf. This gentleman had not given his name, but was described to me as a tall, slender personage, with a dark beard and eyegle ses More he could not tell me.

From the agency I drove to Mrs. Trench's place of business, in Leadenhall street. I did not expect to find her there, but I could scarcely fail to learn her whereaboats. To my astonishment I found the store in the hands of strangers. Trench & Co. had made an assignment nearly a year before, paying eight shillings on the pound. No one knew where Mrs. Trench was, nor could anyone give me the least information about Madelaine.

I was now not only thoroughly alarmed, but also thoroughly aroused. Evidently there was some black secret

"Mrs. Trench? That's odd! And the house she went into is my client's!" "Who is he?"

"His name is Glenn-Dr. Glenn: the house is a private lunatic asylum."

"Good God, Bob! May not that be the solution of the mystery? Suppose Madelaine were"- I could not finish the sentence.

"To tell you the truth," replied Heath, "I was thinking of something of the kind when you interrupted me. People are still sometimes disposed of in that manner when circumstances demand it. And, by the way, it was about some

question of transferrence of property that I was going to see Glenn. There quite like the looks of, and 1 intended, in case he failed to make satisfactory ex- yard was inclosed by a high brick wall, planations, to refuse to have anything to do with it.'

The idea that Madelaine might be at within a few yards of where we were standing put me almost out of my self control, and I was for taking summary measures on the spot. Heath endeavored to moderate my impetuosity by recan gain admittance to the house. Mrs. in the house, and proceed accordingly." For answer I pulled the bell. The of that?" gate-an iron barred door, boarded be- "Why

hind and painted a dark green-was "friend," closing the gate after us. But as I was preparing to ascend the steps, I stopped short with a startled exclama-tion. The steps, with the oddly shaped foot scraper at the top; the brown door with voltor molding and a brown with yellow moldings and a brass knocker in the form of a dog's head; the square front of the house, with its five windows protected by light but strong iron gratings; the two fantastically trimmed yew trees on either side of the entrance-all these things I certainly here. I would fathom it at whatever looked on now for the first time in my 'Now, listen to this," I said. "I have S. B. Medicine Co.,

told it to no one else. I came from New Zealand by way of the Isthmus of Pana-When we were within a few days' sail of Panama, and 5 degs, north of the line, we had a stormy night, and I was on deck until after midnight. Toward I o'clock in the morning I went below duced in this country, especially for Laand into my stateroom. I threw off my oilskins and lay down on my berth with had no complaints so far, and everyone most of my clothes on, for 1 did not is ready with a word of praise for their virtues. Yours, etc.,

know but that the storm might grow worse. As I lay there in the dark, listening to the waves against the sides of the vessel, and the creaking of the timbers, and wondering whether I should ever see England and you again, all at once the end of the room seemed to grow light, and then to fade away, and I saw the front vard of a house, with five windows with light iron gratings, a brown door with a brass knocker like a dog's head, a couple of yews on either side, is something about the affair I didn't a flight of seven stone steps up to the door, and a peculiar foot scraper. The

with a green door into the street. I saw this door open, and you came in, with a man and a woman leading you. that moment confined with lumatics The door was closed behind you, and then, as you looked up at the grated windows you became frightened and began to struggle and cry out. But the man and the woman, whose faces I could not see, dragged you on and up minding me that, first, Madelaine might the steps. You continued to struggle, not be there; and, secondly, that the law and just before they forced you into the was able to free her, if wrongfully con- bouse you turned half around and called fined, better than any violence on my my name in a piercing voice three part could do it. "Let us do this," he times-Richard! Richard! Richard! said finally; "we will go in together, as Then the door closed and you were Mr. Heath and friend. In that way we goue: and at the same moment my stateroom was dark again. I had been Trench does not appear unless called half sitting up in bed, and now I got out for, and Glenn does not know you by and struck a match and looked at my sight. Then we'll find some means of watch. It was five minutes past 1 in determining whether the young lady is the morning: and it was Friday, October the 13th! Now, what do you think

"Why, Richard, that was exactly what happened. I was dragged in there, and opened by a man servant, who, on see- 1 did call you, and, oh! my soul went ing Heath, at once admitted him and his out to you! And it was the same day, only it was half past 8 instead of 1

"Half past S in London is five minutes past 1 in the longitude we were in at that time," said 1. "I calculated it out that time, said 1. "I calculated it out the next day and wrote the whole thing down. Here it is!" and I showed ner my note book. She read it and said: "After all we loved each other. So it was not so strange." I said, "It was a mystery of the mind." But she answered, "I would rather call it an intuition of the heart!"-Julian Hawthorns in Pittsburg Balletin. Bulletin.

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M. F. HACKLEY.

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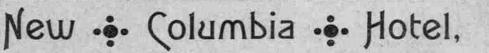
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