CHILD OF THE CITY STREETS.

Well may you sigh for flowers. Child of the city streets! For a leaf from green wood bowers Where the cooling breeze retreats.

Only a vernal glint Cools the fever of your desire.
Only a miser's kint
Of the beauty that lifts us higher.

Where you would have butterfiles gay, And birds to sing untiring. Falls the shadow of want all day To deaden the soul's aspirin

Not for your feet the clover. Child of the city streets! Stone presses under and over. Your heart in a prison beats.

Where you would have flowers blooming And waters with rainbow spray. A mountain of stone is looming To shut the heavens away.

It floats in idleness,
A dream on the woodland pool.

Only in sleep for you The fruited bough dips low, You wander dreamland through To find where the violets grov

Stone walls press back the green God gave for tired eyes: A narrow court would wean Your gaze from the very skies.

Hard is your path of duty.

Barren of childhood sweets.

Well may we sigh for beauty.

Waif of the city streets!

—Mrs. N. B. Morange in Arkansaw Traveler.

MR. VAN TWILLER'S ALIBI

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat as she turned into Fifty-fourth street at a swinging On her head, framed by a soft halo of brown hair in which the drops of moisture glistened here and there, a dark English walking hat had slipped coquettishly to one side. Her cheeks were brilliant from the entting wind and her eyes shone with exhibaration as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision; a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being so little a man, would not have looked a second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that at any other time Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but, unfor tunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last faux pas, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society." Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection upon her fore the preliminary greetings were maneuvers that, under any other circumstances or in any other locality. would have been practicable. It was Carey himself who finally provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you." he murmured. ignoring the gait that was rapidly reduc-

ing him to breathlessness.
"Yes, indeed," returned Dorothy, with false serenity; "only it can't be a very long one, as I intend making a call in this block." This with unblushing effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North river without finding a name on her list.

"A mutual friend?" inquired Carey "I think hot.

This must be the house, then, since it is the last one.

Miss Demosev gave a hasty, surreptitions glance at the window curtains and evidently found some reassurance in

Thanks, yes. I suppose you will be at the Greys. Good afternoon.

'Oh, the Greys!" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollections: "haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we can con-

tinue our chat. Now, Miss Dorothy being an independent and somewhat peremptory young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly ontwitted. But having gone so far it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good deal of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired glibly, improvising the first name that "I believe so, ma'am: will you walk

opened by a neat capped maid.

For an instant Dorothy wavered in total dismay. This was a contingency for which she found herself completely unprepared. Then, as her glance roved from the waiting Carey below to the girl, who had stepped hospitably back, her resolution was taken; to go in and explain, on meeting the doctor that he was the wrong man, seemed the sumplest and most natural way out of the difficulty, and it would rid her of Carey

which was the main thing The room into which she was ushered gave her, as a first impression, a sensation of cheer and comfort and good taste it was fitted up as half office, of both, a key sounded in the latch, and half library, and a fire on the hearth bowing politely at her averted head shed its unstable light on two large Sawtelle hastened into the half. chairs, drawn up in a suggestively con

radiance. Dorothy had made a mental comment of all this before becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs cheery, excited voice. had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal. He was a tall, broad shouldered, athletic young man, with a fine blond head, and did not in the least resemble the family physician of Dorothy's infantile ailments.

"I have been expecting you," he re-marked calmly; "won't you be seated?" "But I called to see Dr. Robinson, explained Dorothy, fully expecting him

to claim the distinction. "I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably. "I am Dr. Robinton's nephew. Neil Sawtelle; he was very uncertain about your keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but left me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

In the course of her life it is probable that Miss Dorothy had never experienced such a variety of emotions. That it was a case of mistaken identity, appeared plain, but how to account for her presence here, without betraying her name and her reason for ringing the bell, appeared a problem difficult of

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

"As my uncle is no longer a practicing physician, I am sure that cannot have been your object." He drew himself up to his full height, which Dorothy found rather overwhelming, and adopted a sterner tone.

"Do be seated," he repeated; "this is a very serious matter and must be treated seriously. Your acquaintance with my unfortunate cousin is as well known to me in its details as to my uncle. Why try to deceive me?" as Dorothy made an

attempt for a hearing. "But I am not the person you think I am." she declared with spirit. "I am Miss Dempsey.

"Indeed! And to what reason does my uncle, an old bachelor, owe the pleasure of this visit today? You must excuse my ignoring the cold.'

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, hesitated—and was lost. "You see it is useless," he went on; "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions, but I beg that you won't force me to be

more impolite than you can help." "When will Dr. Robinson return?" 'In an hour or two at the most. If you prefer waiting for him, that will be even better," and he drew forward one

of the easiest chairs. "But I can't stay here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed and continuing to stand uncompromis-

"Nor is there the slightest necessity for it. Perhaps, if I state the case, it will enable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and, also, how little we require of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks with which my cousin is connected, and actual theft has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has taste and discrimination which she was fallen in the highest places. My cousin not ready to endure. Accordingly, be- will be implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of him. fairly over, she was racking her brain for | those interested that he was elsewhere some way of dismissing him. In vain at the time By tomorrow, or at the she meditated a dozen clever feminine farthest the next day, all New York may know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now, all we require is that you shall state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehe-

"Nonsensa," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door: "my uncle gave me a member the exact time he left the Lyles', description of you before he left. The and thinking he was with this woman idea of you denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amaze-

"Why, of course, I know him," she mistake, she sank into the nearest chair with a pitiful wail of distress, which did not help matters

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful!" she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mop-ping her eyes with furtive dabs.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes -If I should Kinney."

'I am not Miss McKinney." "Well, my uncle will know who you

are, anyway. "No he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and pro-

tracted silence.
"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last impulsively, turning on love affairs with a little animosity will him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if never be able to conjecture, but we have

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied irrelevantly: "perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You see, if I had known that Golding Lanman in Epoch. you were in the least"—reddening per-ceptibly—"the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conver-

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to "They wouldn't let his valet attend this, another half hour passed, reducing drill and carry his gun on parade."her to a state of nervousness that went Harper's Bazar far toward confirming Sawtelle in his suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief

Already the doctor, a hale, hearty man stop at Queenstown. -Life.

fidential manner within the seductive or fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy overcont, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything and sailed on a Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about He knew the whole thing would come out, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see he has married her-married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

As Sawtelle made no response, ho glanced up hastily.

'Anything wrong? *Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I have kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so agitated that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

Black, staring eyes and big as an Amazon,

"Well, well, we must see about it." with an apologetic good will that sometrying to assume.

"There has been a great mistake, my my nephew is deeply annoyed, but you of J. V. S., I am in splendld shape. It has do mustn't blame him, because he was only following out my instructions although troubled should try it and be convinced. mistaken in the person. And now if you will tell me to what I owe the honor of this visit I shall be very glad if I can retrieve in any way the discomfort you have undergone.

Thus brought to bay nothing was left for Dorothy but to make full confession. same price, \$1.0% same and xion. "I am Miss Dempsey, of - Fifth avenue," she began, but was uncere moniously interrupted by the doctor.

'Not Julien Dempsey's daughter? knew he left a widow and child. Bless me, what a coincidence! We were chums -old chums at Yale, years ago-but go on, my child.' And then followed the whole ridicu-

lons, mortifying tale, to which the doctor listened with open interest. "I am glad you happened to come here," he said, not quite approvingly

when she had finished. "And I hope you are going to exonerate me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of defense during the recital: "you can't fancy how humiliated 1 am or how tempted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller I should have weakened at the end.'

acquaintance is only a superficial one. I saw him last at Mrs. Lyle's ball, Wednesday evening, and sat with him some time in the conservatory. I was upset because what you told me seemed so ter-

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor; "I 175 Second St. think she was miffed. She fancied him for one of her girls, and now he has

thrown himself away—poor Albert!"
"Oh, I know how that happened. He told me all about it. He was going home with a Mr. Green, and after he had made his adieux Mr. Green decided to remain, so he sat out a dance with me, and finally went off without waiting for

was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly. "About a quarter or half after 1, when my partner for the cotillon came up. We began to dance it about that time."

"Could you swear to it on paper?" "Why, yes: certainly."
"Then," shouled the doctor, trium-

phantly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains or not. This will satisfy the directors so they will drop proceedings where he is concerned. They know already that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to me now. He didn't reas daylight to me now. He didn't rehe has married, didn't want to attract our attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey in a pathetic tone.

"Of course, my poor child, immedisaid, unguardedly, and then, seeing too ately Neil, call a carriage. I will go late that she was only strengthening his with you myself and see your mother; also get your signature, if you will be so kind it will straighten the affair out wonderfully Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!

As Dorothy swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual, As for the blond giant on the rug, he attempt to attract her attention, but, as looked scarcely less uncomfortable and she steadily refused to be aware of his presence, his conscience permitted him to retain a small, soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his let you go it would only mean publicity hand. Subsequent events have led us to and an appearance at court and all sorts believe-so tender were his ministrations of complications, which you ought to be and pressures between the volumes of a as anxious to avoid as we are. Miss Mc-new set of Ruskin—that in course of new set of Ruskin-that in course of time it became less like a rag and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and we hear that the article in question, together with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about, those who have not begun their I told you exactly how I did happen to it direct from the lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey himself:

The latest engagement, my deah fellah, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarchs' in his life!"-Mary

Made Him Vewy Augry. "Why did Chappie resign from the

Seventh"
"They wouldn't let his valet attend

Why She Didn't Come. Clara-1 thought you expected your French maid on this steamer?

Mand—I did. But the steamer didn't

The competition for the prizes for the greatest amount of adipose tissue finally narrowed down to three candidates. The prize for the fattest man was carried off by F. S. Hammond, of Alpina, who [tipped the beam at 373 pounds. Mr. Ham mond is but twenty-three years old and six feet high. The prize consisted of a fine overcoat. The second prize, a handsome cane, was won by Joseph McKeo, proprietor of the Cactus Call House, who weighed 283 pounds, and is 6 feet 4 inches in height.-Portland Oregonian.

Affliers buil the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsapariila that acts on You didn't say that. This one is the bowels and reaches this important trouble small and thoroughbred to the finger and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It re-lieves it in 24 hours, and an accasional dose prevents return. Ve refer by permission fo C. E. Elkington, 135 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; And accompanied by his anxious J. H. Srown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, nephew, the doctor bustled into the room | San Francisco, and bundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of what disarmed the hanteur Dorothy was handreds. Elkington, writes: "I have been for years subject to billous acadaches and constipa Have been so bad for a year back have dear young lady, and one about which my nephew is deeply approved but you would have a headache. After taking one bottle wonderful things for me. People similarly

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The me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of delense during the recital: "you can't hancy how humiliated 1 am or how empted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller I should have weakened at the end."

"I do know Mr. Van Twiller, but the acquaintance is only a superficial one. I WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

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ject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer 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 Prassian blue, tumerie, gypsum, and iudigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea

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been accustomed to and the black tens.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so drinkers. Its purity makes it also more omical than the artificial tees, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in popackages bearing this trade-mark:

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