### LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet, Making melody so sweet; Music we all love to hear, Charming to the list ning ear; Never weary in the light, Tireles in the shades of night: Restless little fect at play, Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet, Chasing butterflies so neat, O'er the fragrant lawn and lea, Busy as the toiling bee; Dancing where the sunbeams fall, Running quick at papa's call; Happy, sportive at your play, Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet, Mong the roses blooming sweet, Where the robin sings his lay And the precions children play: Summer skies above the glow Bright as baby's eyes below, Winsome little feet that stra at stray. Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet. Patter, patter, little feet, Straying where the brooklets meet, Flitting o'er the meadows fair, Seeking pleasure everywhere; Fondly answ'ring lovg's sweet "all, Bringing bliss of life to all. Precious little feet at play, Patter, patter all the day. ore D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

The

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later-it was in June, I think-after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a triffe younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands went right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I obliged to wait some time for my recovtook them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now-it was so long ago-what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass be-side the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up **Fve** gotanother.'

"Are you one of the boys at the achool?

came part way back and called to her to

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid." "Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to? Betwixt her fear and a disposition

com

pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam. "Don't you see it's nothing?" I said. She shrank back as I led her along. I

determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness. I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes.

but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own ensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure-a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived. Then some men came, and the man

who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then 1 was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued

her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was ery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the liftle girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and depend-ent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and

sealed I started east. into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet. It was just about the same time of the "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know. I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about. pect they've gone to the river. I like I wanted to make myself known, but the woods pretty well, they're full of dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was

through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been. "Did you ever try to walk out there?"

I asked. "Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?

It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord." "He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you.'

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river. "At any rate he must have begged

your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such a danger.

"I never saw him again. He went away

I fancied-at least I hoped-I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me.' Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

We did not part after that for another. ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flecked sunlight and mark the silence; and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes .- F. A. Mitchel.

### A Positive Hint.

A man can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather her, but my courage failed me. I had ludicrous performance, but not a laugh heard nothing of her for years. Was she was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder. -Exchange.



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# PEOPLE

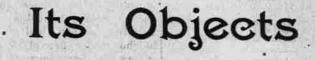
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"Yes. "What reader are you in?" "The Fourth." "Do you study geography?" "Yes

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals, but I can't recollect that one."

'Why didn't you go off with the boys?

"I was behind with my sums. I exsquirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things.'

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating-if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined-the straight, lithe fig ure- poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the otherpeering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade, when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia," It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment hesitating. "Come, let's go," I said, starting for-

ward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before. I hurried her on, fearing she would

hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood with the ground, and led my little friend you be?" directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said. "I'd be afraid."

foot and performing sundry antics to ward. show what a brave boy I was. Then I

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house. .

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old hon-

est gaze. "I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?" She looked at me curionsly. I went on without waiting for a reply:

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there.

She drew herself up with a slight hanteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleas-

antily: "Yon have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled. "Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone,

I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of the scholars," and stood by the river. I was familiar she said, more interested; "who may

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you.'

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the "But you're only a girl; a boy ought-n't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally starding on one the same move as a child abestarted for-

We walked side by side to the wood,

## The Figure "4" in Grevy's Life.

The figure "4" was curiously associated with the life of the late French president. M. Grevy died after four days' illness, four years after his re-moval from the presidency, at the age of eighty-four. He lived under four sovereigns in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and four governments then succeeded each other before he was elected president. Lastly, he died under the fourth president of the present republic. M. Grevy, when in practice at the bar, received the largest fee ever paid counsel during this century. He held the lucky brief for his friend, M. Dreyfus, in the great guano lawsuit, and was paid altogether £40,000. Not even the aggregate fee paid Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) in the Tichborne trial approached this splendid fee.-London Tit-Bits.

#### Enterprising Advertising.

A firm on Fourteenth street, in the busiest shopping neighborhood, has introduced a novel advertisement. painted theatrical ocean is constructed on the roof of one house, while the roof of the adjoining building, being a little higher, serves as the shore. On this shore a man attired as the lone fisherman sits and industriously goes through the pantomime of fishing. Now and then he works the lines of a miniature sailboat, causing the latter to skim the mimic sea. All of this attracts the at-tention of thousands of people on the opposite walk. For fear, however, that some might go by without seeing it, a hired confederate of the lone fisherman saunters along the walk and gazes upward. It is human nature to stop and look at anything anybody else is looking Result, crowds of curious gazers .at. New York Herald.

A Conscientious Oysterman.

Tourist-I have always understood that oysters are not good in months without an r. Oysterman-Well, most gen'rally they

ain't Tourist-When do you begin gather-

ing them? Oysterman-In Orgust.-Good News.



matter being used for this purpose. The effect is two-fold. It not only makes the

tes a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless tess, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tes. An eminent authority writes on this sub-

ject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on exten-sively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glasing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, sypsum, and indigo. This method is so gen-eral 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 teaf 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 tes that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

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