

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH.

A WOMAN PERFORMS THE LAST OFFICES FOR HER HUSBAND.

A Pathetic Story of Frontier Life—How a Wife and Mother Hesitated Not to Spend Her Strength for the Sake of the Man She Loved to the Last.

The story of Mrs. U. J. Wenner's life on Fremont island is about the most pathetic story ever told on the frontier. She was born and bred in luxury; she came to this city a bride eleven years ago. When, five years ago, her husband decided to move to Fremont island, she cheerfully gave up her luxurious home in this city and went with him. Of course she had no neighbors. With no one but her husband and her little family around her, with a hired man and girl to assist, she lived there five years. At one time she was there two years and a half without leaving the island.

When, two years ago, her husband became too weak to ride on horseback, she looked after the stock herself, she attended to her house, she taught her children, she nursed her husband, and in these occupations she was busy every moment of her time. She says she was happy and we do not doubt it. Her husband was failing all the time, but he had been a long time ill and she would not permit the thought of the possibility of his dying to enter her mind. So it went on until two weeks ago Wednesday, when her husband had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. It was stopped, and he said he felt more relieved than he had for months before.

Of course great prostration always follows a hemorrhage of the lungs, and so he lay very weak, but cheerful. Thursday he wanted the man who had been their faithful employee so long to take the boat, go over to Hooper and get the mail, as he said he wanted his papers and magazines. The man, however, did not go until Friday morning. Through the day Friday Judge Wenner was comparatively easy. He asked his wife to read to him from their favorite books, and also to repeat to him whole poems which she knew by heart, and so the day and night passed away.

A FEARFUL ORDEAL. Saturday morning he told her what to cook for his breakfast, saying he wanted a good breakfast, but while this was in preparation she heard the signal which she had prepared for him to make in case he needed her. When she got to his side the fatal hemorrhage was on his lips, and when she hastened to give him the medicine that was always given him at such a time he motioned it away. She put her arm around his neck, drew his head on her bosom and asked him if he loved her; he answered, "Yes," and asked her if she loved him. At her "yes," he smiled, and in an instant, without a spasm, that smile was transfixed and his soul had fled.

She was there all alone; with her own hands she washed and dressed her husband's body, went outside and got the board herself, and stretched it upon the chairs beside the bed; the girl had such a horror of death that she could not be induced to come into the room to help her lay her husband on the plank. She did it all alone, and when all was composed she went to her children, told them that their father was dead, explained to them as well as she could what death meant, took them in and showed them their father's face; they all kissed him, and knelt and prayed beside him. The day wore along and a great storm came upon the lake, so that it was impossible for the man to return. It had always been understood that two signal fires meant that she needed help, so as the night came down she went and lighted those fires and then took up her watch beside her dead. At intervals during the night she would go and replenish the fires, and so the watch went on till daylight. All that day passed away. At night she renewed the fires; and finally, at great peril, the man reached the island at 10 o'clock at night.

A PATHETIC BURIAL. There was no possibility to return to get a casket, so the poor woman told the man that he must from the boards on the place make the best box he could. The man helplessly said he could not, but she encouraged him and told him she would help him. So the box was made. From the best material she had in the house she with her own hands lined the box and fixed a pillow for the sleeper's head. That completed, the man dug a grave. The only services for the dead was by the wife and little children kneeling around the coffin before it was moved from the house and praying. But then what other service was needed?

As best they could they got the box to the grave, the man drove stakes on one side of the grave and tied ropes to them, and that woman and that man lowered the body into the grave. Then she went back to take care of her children. The storm was so furious on the lake that it was a week before she could take her children and leave the island.

What she endured through that Saturday and Saturday night, that Sunday and that Sunday night no one knows, and no one can imagine. She did not shed a tear. She has not shed a tear since. She says calmly that she never anticipated life without her husband, but that now her children need what strength she has got. And she speaks of what she did as nothing at all. She says it was a pleasure to her to do the last office; it is very much sweeter for her to think of than it would be to think that it was performed by some one who might have been less tender in his touch than she.

And that was by a little woman who never knew what work was or what isolation meant, who knew nothing at all about the rougher side of life until she gave her heart up to her husband and thenceforth lived only for him.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Always Plenty. "Suppose coal were to give out, what should we use in its place?" asked Hicks. "Poems," returned his editorial friend.—Life.

A POLICEMAN IN A WILD COUNTRY.

How Jack Kirkup, of Sproat's Landing, Put a Desperado Out of Town.

There was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island. He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryotic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest, neck and limbs of a giant, his 300 pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good looking, with the beauty of a round faced, good natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck.

No knight of Arthur's circle can have been more picturesque a figure in the forest than this Jack. He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack coat, and rode his big bay horse with the ease and grace of a Skobelev. He smoked like a fire of green brush. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air upon pebble beds or in trenches in the snow, than upon ordinary bedding, and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New Yorker.

Now that the railroad was building he kept ever on the trail, along what was called "the right of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay day, once a month, when he staid at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil doers, and if they did not heed that he "cleaned them out." He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the most notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into Jack's bailiwick the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me; take the cars out of here tomorrow." The little community (it was Donald, B. C., a very rough place at the time) held its breathing for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he. "You can't make me," replied the gambler. There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably. "I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pin cushion, and I didn't want to kill him."—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Young Woman's Tact. There was a pretty touch of courtesy in a Brooklyn church on a recent Sunday. After the service began some late comers, evidently strangers, were shown, other seats being occupied, to the very front pew. There were four of them and they scrupulously followed the routine of worship, rising and remaining seated, as they noticed those around them doing. At the hymn before the sermon, having stood during the singing of all the others, they rose as well. It is the custom of the congregation, however, to sit for this hymn, and the four stood alone when the first note was struck.

Only for a few seconds, for a young woman, a church member, who saw the mistake, rose to her feet to share the situation with them. An old gentleman just behind her followed suit, another at his side joined the standers, and in less than a minute the entire congregation was on its feet, put there by the quick tact of one young woman. And the strangers never knew they had blundered.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

An English Soldier's Record. Lord Wolseley, since his nineteenth year, has served in nearly every important military expedition in which British valor has engaged. He served in the second Burmese war as an ensign. As a lieutenant he served in the Crimea and was twice wounded. Attaining a captain's rank, he served in India and received a brevet majority. In 1860 he became a lieutenant colonel and served in the China war, while in 1862-70, as colonel, he served in Canada. As major general he commanded the troops in the Ashantee war, 1873-4; and as lieutenant general, in 1879, in the south African war. In 1882 he served in Egypt, and in 1884-5 commanded in the Sudan campaigns. He received £25,000 for services in Ashantee and £20,000 for Egypt. In October, 1890, he became commander in chief of the army in Ireland.—London Tit-Bits.

She Broke the Rule. Not all American ladies are docile. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the Home Library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I once escorted a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her, as a matter of more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" she asked, with wide open and innocent eyes. "The very law," I answered. "Then," said she calmly, "just see me break it!" and she drew a chair and resolutely sat down at the table.—Justin McCarthy's Letter.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchless speed, A sword of metal keened All else to noble hearts is dross, All else on earth is mean. The neighing of the war horse proude, The rowling of the drum, The clangor of the trumpet lowde, Be soursles from heaven that come; And oh, the thundering presse of knights, Whens their war cries swell, May tole from heaven an angel bright, And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then count! then mounte, brave gallants all, And don your helmes amaine; Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call Us to the field againe. No shrewish teares shall fill our eye When the sword hit's in our hand— Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe For the fayrest of the land: Let piping swaine and craven wight Thus weep and pilling crye; Our business is like men to fight, And herolike to die! —William Motherwell.

Two Kinds of Stomachs.

Generally speaking there are two kinds of stomachs—the acid and the bilious stomach. Everybody has one or the other, and each requires different food and care. Do fruits, acid foods and drinks make you feel bad, cause dyspepsia or colic pains nearly every time you eat them? Then you have an acid stomach, and it is well to avoid all foods that have an excess of acids in them. Your greatest remedy after a meal is bicarbonate of soda, carbonic water or vichy. Do fat meats, grease and other rich, fatty substances cause nausea, vomiting and sickness? Then you have a bilious stomach. Your greatest remedy is to avoid all fatty and greasy foods as much as possible, and eat fruits and food containing plenty of acids. Acid drinks are the best medicines that you can take.

These two kinds of stomachs are found on all sides, and as soon as one begins to know that he has a stomach he must ascertain which one he has. Then he can doctor himself easily. Occasionally one changes into the other in the course of years. The acid stomach, by the continuous use of fats and avoidance of acids, becomes a bilious stomach, and vice versa. Then it is well to eat equally of both for a time.—Yankee Blade.

A Girl's Wonderful Power.

Rose de Lima Belleville, a young French Canadian girl eight years old, residing with her parents at Montreal, is said to be gifted with a supernatural power of healing, with which she is enabled to perform miracles. Hundreds of persons who are lame, blind, halt or otherwise diseased throng after her daily in the belief that she is possessed of curative powers. Her first cure was operated on a friend of the family suffering from paraisis, which in English means whitlow. It is said to have been successful. The operator consisted of Rose passing a goose's feather over the affected part, and the patient, it is alleged, was immediately cured. Since then she has continually employed her faculty and has visited many people, who declare that she cured them of their various ailments.—Chicago Tribune.

Artists and Pets.

Why are lyric and dramatic artists so fond of animals and birds? The question has been repeatedly asked, but never, as far as we know, satisfactorily answered. Adeline Patti always travels with her canaries and several dogs. Sarah Bernhardt drags about a small menagerie with her, and nearly every singer and actress has a canine pet of some sort.

Laura Schirmer-Mapleson has a weakness for talking parrots, and possesses some remarkable specimens of these ornithological bipeds.—Galignani Messenger.

A Learned Blind Man.

Blind men in Japan sometimes distinguish themselves outside their regular occupations. One was a famous "go" player, and it is recorded that, having beaten a prince at the game, his antagonist, in a fit of jealous anger, killed him, and was himself executed for the crime. Another was a famous author, and compiled a valuable repository of information in 635 volumes. The blind also practiced usury, and acquired much unpopularity from the harsh way in which they treated their debtors.—London Times.

The Maid Blushed.

When Mr. David Dear (winner of the queen's prize at Bisle) was a law student, he once attended an "at home." On the servant asking his name, he replied, "David Dear." The girl blushed and said, "Yes, yes; but what is your other name, sir?" He assured her he had no other name. But it was of no use; the servant knew better, and announced him as "Mr. David."—San Francisco Argonaut.

In one of the best known London restaurants the waiters are said to receive more than \$300 a week in tips. The railway servants of England receive about \$1,500,000 every year in this form from the British public.

We consume in this country about 100,000,000 pounds of prunes annually. Of this amount California produces about 17,000,000, and the remaining 83,000,000 pounds we import from Asia and Europe.

Stars seem to rise and set, like the sun, on account of the earth's revolution on her axis. They seem to rise four minutes earlier every night, on account of the earth's revolution in her orbit.

A philological statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

The expression, "All the world's a stage," though attributed to Shakespeare, is found in the Latin of Jouvencal. An old Grecian author says, "Greece is a theater where all are players."

The oyster seems from all accounts to be scarcely less prolific, actually, than the honey fly. It is estimated that each mother oyster throws off "from 200,000 to 2,000,000 ova" annually.

Just 24.

In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 156 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized it as once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1859), and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea 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 a 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 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 Prussian blue, tumeric, 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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