

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

A poet whose songs were as sweet as could be. But were light as the foam of the restless sea.

NOT THE RIGHT WOMAN.

PATHEPIC RESULT OF A WRITER'S BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK.

She Had Heard That All Beggars Were Wealthy and She Followed a Woman Who Played an Accordion, Expecting to Find a Princely Home—What She Saw.

She sat all day in the dust and the wind on the street corner grinding dreary tunes out of a dilapidated old accordion that shrieked and groaned and wheezed but was never in the least musical.

"She owns a block of houses," I said to myself, "and has money in the bank. I shall not drop a penny in that old tin cup. It is wrong to encourage mendicancy."

I was only repeating what had been said to me about street impostors. Now that I had a good chance to study one of these characters from the window of a hotel, I became interested. Yes. Without doubt this woman was an impostor. Her rags of raiment were eloquent with that personal poverty which appeals so strongly to the sympathetic. Her head drooped over her recumbent figure. She sat on the curbstone and mechanically ground out her doleful music.

She was there at nightfall when I stepped out of the hotel, but she was preparing to leave.

"Aha, my lady," I said to myself, "here is a chance to follow you and see how much of your doleful plea is true. If you are an impostor I shall soon know it," and I skipped along in the shadow until I had traversed a long distance from my hotel, treading all the alleys and back streets in the city, it seemed to me.

NO DECEPTION ABOUT THIS.

Then she climbed a pair of rickety stairs on the outside of a tumble down house. I still followed her and groped my way in the dark to a miserable room in the rear, where a chorus of little voices saluted her.

"Mamma, oh, mamma, were been good—were been jes as good as were could. Hasn't were, Johnny?" cried a wan faced little girl lying on the poor bed in the corner.

The door was left open and I slipped out of sight behind it, but I could both see and hear, and if I was discovered, why, I was looking for a mythical wash-lady who once lived in those rooms. That was all.

"Dot some pread an putter, mamma?" continued the child's voice, while a feeble wail from the bed added its note of supplication.

The woman had dropped her musical burden on the table and now she emptied her pocket.

"Dere's feeten cents, n'all in pennies, Johnnie, run and get some hot sausage an a loaf of bread. An I'll boil some hot coffee against ye'r back."

Johnny could not run. He was a frightful little cripple, but he limped away with the pennies.

Then I came forward and made my bogus errand known, and asked to see the sick child in the bed.

The woman looked at me suspiciously. "Taint dip'thery," she said, "it's con-soumpshun, an ye cannot take her to any hospital while I have breath in my body."

"Do you go out with that thing every day and leave these children here alone?" I asked.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

"I ain't a regular," she whined, "the woman—she were a Bohemian—died and left me that for takin' care of her. I cud play it that well you couldn't tell betwix and between us, and I give up washin, for this is easier and more ledly-like. I was allus that fond of music."

"So am I, and if you don't mind I will come here sometimes and hear you play, instead of stopping on the street—no, no," as she seized up the instrument, "not tonight," and I slipped out, leaving my humble contribution on the table.

I heard the woman singing to her sick child before I had reached the foot of the stairs. At the corner I met crippled Johnny. He had a brown paper package of food.

"Sasserges 'n bread," he said, smacking his lips.

"But what is there for the sick baby?" I asked.

"Golly, yer ought to see her eat sausage! She jist smatches 'em."

"Johnny," I asked seriously, "has your mother a block of houses and a lot of money in the bank?"

"What yer givin us?" asked the boy, staring at me.

"I mean is—is—your mother poor?" "Ain't she, tho', jist orful sometimes," and he limped away with the food, regarding me with wonder as he walked backward.

I have concluded that there must be some mistake about the princely wealth of this impoverished family, and that it must be the woman with the organette and not the woman with the accordion who owns houses and lands, and I shall make a sneak some day and follow her. Then if she is the nabob in disguise I will let you know.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

Cigars and Music Combined.

While I stood at the showcase in a cigar store the other day a music box began playing. I looked all about the store to see where the melody came from, but the instrument was nowhere visible.

Finally the storekeeper, with a broad smile on his face, took a cigar box down from the row on a shelf and set it before me. As he opened the lid the playing ceased. I looked into the box and saw that the lower half of it was devoted to the music box.

"This is the novel way," said the dealer, "that a firm has chosen to introduce a new brand of cigars."—New York Herald.

One Occupation Still Left.

Fair Visitor—I am collecting subscriptions for a poor boy who cannot work. He has both limbs paralyzed.

Mr. Grough—Why doesn't he become a district telegraph messenger?—Life.

One Method of Making Money.

A man who had only a few hundred dollars left out of a fortune unrolled one day at a banking house and asked to see the manager, who was a man of conservative mind and fully acquainted with the best and most profitable investments.

"Throwing down his roll of banknotes he said: 'Invest this for me. Use your pleasure with it. I'm going to the country for the remainder of the summer. I will leave my address with you, and you can let me know what you do with it.'"

The man walked out and was not seen again for many months. His money was judiciously invested on his carte blanche order and began to accumulate. The house duly informed him, according to its business methods, of his good luck, but nothing was heard from him personally for some time.

Some months afterwards he presented himself at the banking house, rosy health beaming in his face, well dressed and portly. The manager failed to recognize him at first, but when his memory was refreshed he recalled the circumstances of the case.

Now, this was an example of a man who more than doubled his savings by simply taking the advice of an experienced and reliable man. And this is not a solitary case. It is one of many such that happen every day throughout the length and breadth of our land.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

Japanese Women.

It would be hard to say how Christianity-in-name, as we usually have it, could improve the conduct or character of the Japanese women, who seem always to have been very good Christians without knowing it, if we are to believe Miss Bacon. Perhaps the answer to the conundrum is that Christianity is not primarily a purifying force, but is first an enlightening force; that its ideal is virtue, not innocence—Gethsemane, not Eden. The harmlessness of the dove will not avail without the wisdom of the serpent; the impulse of our faith is toward consciousness, knowledge. No doubt this is what the Japanese feel in it; probably it is what makes them willing to change their civilization for ours. They really seem a race of better and sweeter nature than ourselves; unless their witnesses misreport them they are gentler, kinder, even truer, than we are naturally.

But something seems lacking to them, and they look toward us for it; they fancy spiritual possibilities on the plane which we tell them is above theirs. The fine perfection of their art is a stunted beauty; it has never the infinite reach of the Greek; the loveliness of their lives is childlike; it has not the celestial aspiration of the Hebrew; and no doubt they feel this as clearly as they perceive the difference between us and our ideals.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

Mortifying for the Girl.

The late Emperor William objected to the banker Bleichroeder, and it was only by dint of the pressure exercised upon his venerable majesty by Bismarck that Bleichroeder and his daughter were very reluctantly invited to court balls. Once his guests the old monarch determined that the banker and Miss Bleichroeder should be hospitably treated, and, finding that the young lady lacked partners and was left to sit out all the dances, he himself in person ordered every young officer whom he met in the ballroom to invite her to dance.

Much to their annoyance the gilded youths of the guard were forced to obey. They did so after their own fashion, however, and marching up to the lady one after another they exclaimed in far from engaging or affable tones, "Most gracious fraulein, by the commands of his imperial and royal majesty I invite you to dance with me." The poor girl's mortification may be more easily imagined than described.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Serving and Cooking Foods.

"Cookery," says Yuan Mei, "is like matrimony. Two things served together should match. Clear should go with clear, thick with thick, hard with hard and soft with soft. I have known people mix grated lobster with birds' nest, and mint with chicken or pork!"

This, he observes, is an arrangement in which one does all the monopolizing and the other all the yielding.

Foods of a heavy flavor should be served separately. Such are crab or lobster, samie (a delicious kind of white salmon), beef and mutton. These, we are told, should be eaten alone, without any adjunct.

The fire should be carefully attended to. For frying or baking a "military" fire will be required. For stewing or boiling, a "civil" fire. Such is one of the quaint idioms of the Chinese language.—Temple Bar.

Swordfish.

Up to within a decade or less swordfish were not considered edible, but now few salt water fish command a higher price. The swordfish steaks are delicious and bring from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound in the retail markets. Swordfish are found in eastern waters, from Block island to the Canadian line. Hundreds of men devote the summer months to capturing them and fish for other species the remainder of the year.—New York Telegram.

Price of Hairpins.

Hairpins vary in price from a few pennies a gross to \$500 apiece. Perhaps the hairpin is the most useful all-around article of feminine wear. It serves not only the purpose for which it was designed, but also as glove buttoner, shoe buttoner, cuff fastener and even breast-pin.—New York Recorder.

Baron Hirsch's Wealth.

One of the best of authorities on wealth looks upon Baron Hirsch as in the first rank of the world's millionaires, in fact not far from the very top. He is convinced that Baron Hirsch is the owner of at least \$75,000,000.—Biskely Hall in New York Truth.

Bad Blood.



Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempts to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beemish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood, and while on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleaned, purified and freed me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

For Sale by SNIPES & NERSLY THE DALLES, OREGON.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over exertion of the brain, self abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

REAL MERIT



Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we know REAL MERIT WILL WIN. All we ask is an honest trial. For sale by all druggists. S. B. MEDICINE MFG. CO., Dufur, Oregon.

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 emerald 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:

BEECH'S TEA

Pure As Childhood. If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Catarrhes we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 50 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

THE DALLES CHRONICLE

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second. Sts

JOLES BROS.,

DEALERS IN:

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Hay, Grain and Feed.

Masonic Block, Corner Third and Court Streets, The Dalles, Oregon

New Columbia Hotel,

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Best Dollar a Day House on the Coast!

First-Class Meals, 25 Cents.

First Class Hotel in Every Respect.

None but the Best of White Help Employed.

T. T. Nicholas, Prop.

Washington North Dalles, Washington

SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

Destined to be the Best Manufacturing Center in the Inland Empire.

Best Selling Property of the Season in the Northwest.

For Further Information Call at the Office of

Interstate Investment Co.,

O. D. TAYLOR, THE DALLES. 72 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND.