A SONG OF THE SEA.

as out where the billows are cool and deep, ere the waves never rest and the winds

never sleep, Where plumed steeds course the ocean's breast, ch flaunting a pennant of foam at his crest;

Where the zephyrs are practiced to try their wings, And the sea mew shricks and the mermald

sings When the moon is low, and, with shudder and,

sigh, The tides are turned 'neath her watchful eyel

Come down on the sands where the plaintive snipe

Shrills a mem'ry of Pan and his reedy pipe. Where the ripples that lap on the shelv beach

m to welcome a continent to their reach;

Where the great brown rocks in their reach; weeds Seem doing penance for guilty deees Conturies since, when the pirate's sail Drove a bark to seek help in the tegth of a gale.

Leave sorrow behind when you'd frolic with me. For there's never a grief that can sadden the

and never a burden too heavy to throw Away to be lost in the ebb and flow; Come down to the marge of the seething Come down to the marge of the secthing earth And bathe in the surges, where Love had birth, Where the fountain of youth in a crystal cave Plays, hidden for aye, 'neath a laughing wave. —New York World.

Her Bargain.

The following true story is told in the "Journal of Emily Shore:"

A little girl near us was one day playing before the house, when a woman ap-peared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms. And the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

'What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter question. .

"Half a crown."

"Very well," said the woman; "let's see the money.

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it up stairs and laid it on her bed, and after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered down stairs, calling to her mother.

"Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it."

The baby was found, and the story frankly told, but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

Advice to Young Authors.

Get originality into your work, my friend. If your forte is writing articles choose a new, bright, popular topic and treat it freshly. Don't affect the dull and stupid essay style. Use few words. Make your sentences brief. Be crisp and make your thoughts crackle. 'Tell the public something it doesn't know and is trying to find out. If you lean to fiction tear away from old plots and take an incident that a reader will recognize at once as being fresh. Make your dialogue natural and bright; let your characters move around and have a being. Stop when your story is told; a lively story of 2,000 words, full of life and snap, has in it more prospects of success than a drawn out tale of 5,000 words. If you feel poetry to be your forte appeal to the heart rather than the mind. Don't fail at blank verse when you can succeed at popular poetry.-E. W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Chinese Children.

The Chinese give their boy babies a ame in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these At that age the father gives his son a new name.

BILL NYE AS A. JUSTICE.

Account of a Remarkable Marriage Ceremony in a Wild Country.

I forgot to say that the office of justice of the peace was not a salaried one, but dependent upon fees, the county furnishing only the copy of the revised statutes and a woolsack, slightly and prematurely bald. So while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage. Friends in the eastern states may possibly recall the time when my corre-spondence, from some unknown cause, seemed to flag. That was the time. Of course I could have borrowed the money, but I had, and still have, a foolish horror of borrowing money. I did not mind

running an account, but I hated to borrow. The first business that I had was a marriage ceremony. I met the groom on the street. He asked me if I could marry people. I said that I could to a limited He said that he wanted to get extent. married. I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredi-ents. He then wished to know where my office was. It occurred to me at that moment that there was no fire in the stove; also, no coal; also, that the west half of the stove had fallen in during the night. So I said that I would marry them at their home. He maintained that his home was over eighty miles away and that it would consume too

much time to go there. "Where are you stopping at?" I in-quired-using the Pike county style of syntax in order to show that I was one of the people.

"Well, we met here, squire. She come in on the Last Chance stage, and his presidential address at the Librarians' I'm camped up in Gov'ment canyon, not conference at Nottingham, gave some fur from Soldier crick. We can go out interesting reminiscences of Carlyle, who there, I reckon."

I did not mind the ride, so I locked my office, secured a book of forms and meeting the young people at the livery stable went out with them and married them in a rambling, desultory sort of way.

The bride was a peri from Owl creek, wearing moccasins of the pliocene age. The rich Castilian blood of the cave dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy blue blood of Connecticut his remarks were never meaningless, but broken down people. It builds them up and on her father's side. Her hair was like chiefly consisted of corrections of date or prolongs their lives. A case in point: the wing of a raven, and she wore a errors in the text. tiara of clam shells about her beetling

brow. Her bracelet was a costly string of front teeth, selected from the early settlers at the foot of Independence mountain. With the shrewdness of a Yankee and the hauteur of the savage she combined the grotesque grammar of Pike county and the charming naivete of the cow puncher. She was called Beautiful after it. In a case like that the librarian Snow. But I think it was mostly in a spirit of banter. She was also no longer young. I asked her, with an air of badinage, if she, remembered Pizarro, but she replied that she was away from

home when he came through. The cave dwellers were a serious people. Their plumbing was very poor indeed; so also were their jokes. Her features were rather classic, however, and-I was about to say clean cut, but on more mature thought I will not say that. Her nose was bright and piercing. It resem-bled the breastbone of a sandhill crane.

The groom was a man of great courage and held human life at a very low figure. That is why he married Beautiwhy I have refrained from mentioning

his name; also why I kissed the bride. I did not yearn to kiss her. There were others who had claims on me, but I did names until they are twenty years old. not wish to give needless pain to the groom, and so I did it. He had no money, but said that he had a saddle monds. Of the latter very big crops are which, if I could use, I was welcome to. I did not have anything to put the saddle on at home, but rather than return empty handed I took it .- Bill Nye in Century.

The Cabman Was Afraid.

Mr. Walter Besant tells the following story of a disputed cab fare: "A friend of mine drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down he tendered three shillings and sixpence for his fare-this was a little over the proper fare. The driver wanted five shillings. The passenger refused. 'I'd like to fight you for it,' said the driver. 'The very thing!' cried my friend, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove, and was almost as ignorant as Mr. Pickwick even of the fighting attitude. 'The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden, my brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair play.' The cabman got down slowly.

"'I was pleased,' continued the nar rator, 'to discover that he appeared almost as much afraid as I was myself, perhaps — if that was possible — even more. He followed into the back garden, where there was a lovely little bit of turf, quite large enough for practical purposes. I placed my five shillings in my brother's hands, took off my coat and waistcoat and rolled up my sleeves, all with an appearance of cheerful alacrity.' 'Now, my friend,' I said, 'I am ready as soon as you are.' The anxiety of the moment was, I confess, very great. But it decreased as I watched the man's face express successively all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice. 'No,' he said, 'gimme the three and six; I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before.' And so, grumbling and swearing, he drove away."

A Reminiscence of Carlyle.

Mr. Robert Harrison, who has been librarian of the London library for more than thirty-four years in the course of was accustomed to frequent the library. He said: "Carlyle often visited the library. His conversation was most amus ing, full of extravagant and exaggerated

statements, and always ending with a loud laugh, apparently at himself. He used the library books extensively for his later works, and was guilty of the reprehensible practice of writing on the margin of the books. I must admit that

"One remark of his, however, which was pretty well known, was a criticism. It occurred in Charles Dibdin's collection of songs, the last page of which contained the ordinary version of 'Rule Britannia.' At the foot of this boastful song Carlyle had written 'Cock-a-doodle-doo,' with a small forest of notes of exclamation would be a martinet, indeed, if he effaced from the book an expression so characteristic of the man of genius who wrote it."-Pall Mall Gazette.

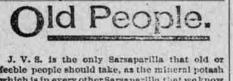
The Cultivation of English Walnuts. Great success is being made with the cultivation of English walnuts in California. It is believed that they can be produced profitably in the eastern states as soon as more experience is had in the fertilizing of the flowers. This is always a great difficulty, and it has been found on the Pacific coast that a very effective remedy for it is to plant among the trees black walnuts, or even the common butternuts. They are all cousins and the ful Snow without any flinching; also plentiful pollen of the butternut or black walnut trees fertilizes the blossoms of the English walnuts, which would not otherwise be impregnated.

Experiences of a Great Singer I have often had requests to sing be-side a deathbed or a person very ill. I sung to the old bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sung in was at Norwich, and when I returned to that place after six years I had a letter from an old gentleman who heard me there, and who was now bedridden. He wanted to hear "The Last Rose of Summer," and I shall never forget standing there by his side and sing-ing that beautiful song. And many a time have I had to convert the balcony of the hotel where I was staying into a temporary platform, and appear at midnight, long after the opera was over, and sing "Home, Sweet Home," or some such popular ballad, to the people waiting outside.

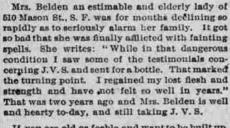
That was the case at Dublin a few years ago, when the students there took the horses out of my carriage, and I was told that if I didn't sing they would break the windows of the hotel. I stood on the balcony wrapped up in great shawls, for it was a bitterly cold night, and it was no easy matter to sing "The Last Rose of Summer" under these circumstances.

I have sung, too, in the quiet little church at Braemar in the choir, and it was there that I received what I have always considered one of my greatest compliments. The speaker was one of the mountain folk, and had never been in Edinburgh. When the service was over a friend of mine heard him say, "I never thought anybody could have such control over one's voice." That is all, but that is the whole secret of a singer's success-perfect control.-Mme. Albani in Strand Magazine.

The marble capitol building at Hartford is 800 feet long, and the engineers declare that it is three inches longer in summer than in winter.



which is in every other Sarsaparilla that we know of, is under certain conditions known to be emaciating. J. V. S. on the contrary is purely vegetable and stimulates digestion and creates new blood, the very thing for old, delicate or

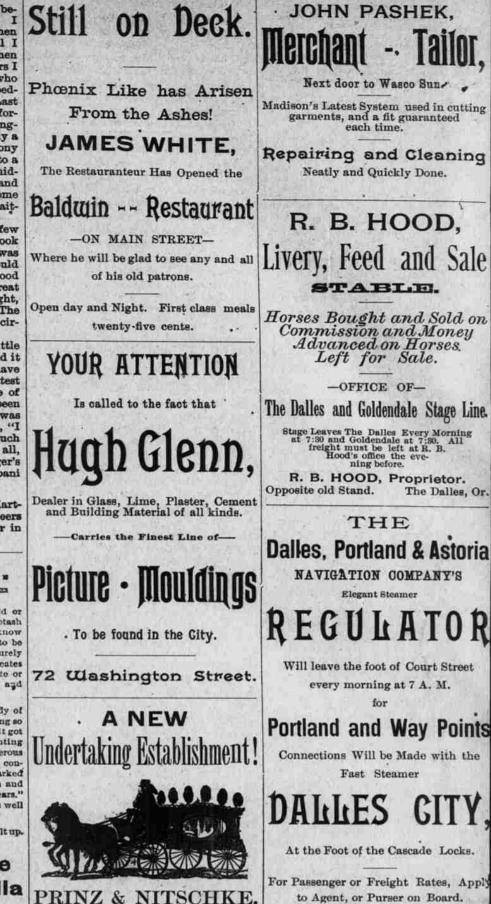




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R. E. French has for sale a number of improved ranches and unimproved lands in the Grass Valley neighborhood in Sherman county. They will be sol and as we are in no way connected with the Undertakers' Trust our prices will be low accordingly. Remember our place on Second street, Sherman county, Oregon.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are, that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply, "Only one child."-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Some Feminine Advice.

This advice was given by an old lady to a young wife going out to the colonies and looking for a maid to accompany her: "Take a pretty one, my dear," said the old lady, "for, ugly or pretty, she will have an offer of marriage before she has been out a week, and while your ugly girl will say 'yes' to the first offer she gets and leave you, your pretty one will be harder to please and will say 'no' several times before she consents."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Power of Will.

Expectant Nephew-How is my rich uncle today?

Family Doctor-Much better. His will keeps him alive,

Nephew (sadly)-I'm afraid that's so. He made his will in my favor twenty years ago, and I don't believe he'll die while that will is in existence.-Good News.

It is not so hard as is supposed to pronounce the name of the queen of the Sandwich Islands. That "u" in Liliuokalani has the value of a "w," and if one says "Lileewoka-lanny" he will hit it about right.

What was long supposed to be a wax figure on a crucifix in the Burgos cathe-dral turns out to be a mummified human body. The church record shows that it has been in its present position since 1140 A. D.

"In winter," says Yuan Mei, a Chinese writer, "we should eat beef and mutton. In summer, dried and preserved meats. As for condiments, mustard belongs specially to summer; pepper, to winter.'

A Vermont man claims to have a squash vine, on the end of one branch of which grew a cluster of eighteen full grown squashes, all well developed.

The silk industry shows that a single cocoon from a well fed silkworm will often produce a continuous fiber more than 1,000 yards long.

Love of Old England.

When Mr. Christie Murray started for Australia the anchor of his vessel in Plymouth sound brought up a quantity of Devon mud and ooze, which in the drifted in that direction. course of a day or two, under a summer sun, baked into a stiffish earth. Half by way of a sentimental joke and half seriously, he took a cubic inch or there-

abouts of this English soil, placed it in his travels.

Many months afterward a pastoralist up country, whose guest Mr. Murray was, begged this bit of earth from him. was begged this bit of earth from him. "You'll be going back there," he said, "and I never shall. I've been away the Kohinoor." "When next I passed his way," says Mr. Murray, "I found that he had ridden sixty miles (out and home) to buy a little plush stand and a glass shade for the precious trifle."- London News.

Steel Divining Rods.

one long and one short rod with the thumb and forefinger and holding them out horizontally with the hands close together. The notches are pressed to-gether. In a few minutes the rods move from side to side, or up and down, pointing, it is said, to that part of the room where coins or jewelry may be concealed. Some persons cannot use the rods,

but those who can may easily find the hiding place of any valuable.—New York Sun.

Worth Thinking Over.

Young Mr. Garter-Is your sister in, Harry

Little Harry Clasp—Yes. But she isn't going to receive any gentlemen after this unless he comes in a dress suit. Mr. Garter-Why? What brought her

to that decision? Harry-I guess she must have found out that you didn't have one.-Clothier and Furnisher.

Before very long this country will be shipping English walnuts abroad, and the same is likely to be the case with alnow produced in California and Arizona. They require a dry climate. East of the Rocky mountains they do not do well, because of the frosts and dampness.-Washington Star.

Didn't Lose Much.

One day a gentleman named Fleming called on Mr. C----, and both being members of the same society the conversation

"You were not at the last meeting," said Mr. C--- to Fleming.

"No," replied the latter, "I was unavoidably absent. I have lost my wife." Now Mr. C-, who was somewhat an envelope, and determined to carry deaf, failed to hear the last remark, and this morsel of old England with him on said, emphatically, "Well, you didn't lose much!" referring, of course, to the

overwhelmed with shame, and made "and I never shall. I've been away from home for sixteen years and I'd stood at once, and had no thought of bevalue that bit of Old England more than ing offended, as Mr. C--- wasknown to be scrupulously polite and tenderly considerate.-Harper's.

The Food Supply Is Measureless. The fundamental mistake out of which grew the gloomy doctrines of the older theorists was in measuring the possibili-A man in San Francisco has some soil culture. Science had not revealed

queer, divining rods. They are four to them that, aside from proper temperaslender pieces of steel, tapering to a ture and moisture, the essential factor point at one end and flattened out at the in vegetable production is plant food; other, with notches in the extremities that this may be given to the plant with-like the notches in an arrow. Two are out the aid of the soil; that what they an inch shorter than the others. Two persons use them, each taking hold of tively unessential factor of agricultural production; that, in short, the possibilities of the food supply in the future are measureless.—Professor Atwater in Cen-

Point for Wheelmen.

Wheelman-I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident hap-This is the second time I've been pens. arrested and fined for running into peo-

Business Man-Fll tell you how to manage. Just you get a job as bill collector. Everybody 'll dodge you then.-New York Weekly.

Corroboration.

"Lighthouses are very expensive," re-marked Mrs. Dimling, looking up from a government report. "Yes, any theatrical manager will tell

you that," replied her husband.-Detroit Free Press.

PEOPLE

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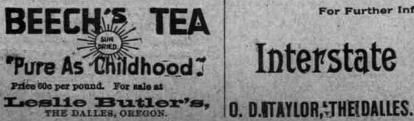


products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adul-

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas: ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the chesp teas.

The Euglish government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tes is too poor for us, and the result, is, that probably the poorest teasused by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guar-nty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cured tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once ap nt. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guar-anteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark :



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