

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Come out where the billows are cool and deep. Where the waves never rest and the winds never sleep. Where plumed steeds course the ocean's breast. Each flaunting a pennant of foam at his crest. Where the zephyrs are practiced to try their wings. And the sea mew shrieks and the mermaid sings—

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 appeared 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.

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.

Chinese Children.

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

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.

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."

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 Lillio-kalani has the value of a "w," and if one says "Liliewoka-lanny" he will hit it about right.

What was long supposed to be a wax figure on a crucifix in the Burgos cathedral 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 especially 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.

BILL NYE AS A JUSTICE.

An 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.

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 extent. He said that he wanted to get married. I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredients. 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.

"Where are you stopping at?" I inquired—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 I'm camped up in Govment canyon, not far from Soldier creek. We can go out 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 plicocene age. The rich Castilian blood of the cave dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy blue blood of Connecticut on her father's side. Her hair was like the wing of a raven, and she wore a 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 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 plumbings 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 resembled 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 Beautiful Snow without any finching; also why 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 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 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.

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 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 thereabouts of this English soil, placed it in an envelope, and determined to carry this morsel of old England with him on his travels.

Many months afterward a pastoralist up country, whose guest Mr. Murray was, begged this bit of earth from him. "You'll be going back there," he said, "and I never shall. I've been away from home for sixteen years and I'd value that bit of Old England more than 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 plash stand and a glass shade for the precious trifle."—London News.

Steel Divining Rods.

A man in San Francisco has some queer divining rods. They are four slender pieces of steel, tapering to a point at one end and flattened out at the other, with notches in the extremities like the notches in an arrow. Two are an inch shorter than the others. Two persons use them, each taking hold of 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 together. 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.—Clothes and Furnisher.

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 narrator, "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 his presidential address at the Librarians' conference at Nottingham, gave some interesting reminiscences of Carlyle, who was accustomed to frequent the library. He said: "Carlyle often visited the library. His conversation was most amusing, 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 his remarks were never meaningless, but chiefly consisted of corrections of date or errors in the text.

"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 after it. In a case like that the librarian 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 plentiful pollen of the butternut or black walnut trees fertilizes the blossoms of the English walnuts, which would not otherwise be impregnated.

Before very long this country will be shipping English walnuts abroad, and the same is likely to be the case with almonds. Of the latter very big crops are now 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 drifted in that direction.

"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 deaf, failed to hear the last remark, and said, emphatically, "Well, you didn't lose much!" referring, of course, to the meeting of the society.

When Miss C., who was present, explained the situation, her father was overwhelmed with shame, and made most humble apologies. Fleming understood at once, and had no thought of being offended, as Mr. C. was known 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 possibilities of production by what they knew of soil culture. Science had not revealed to them, aside from proper temperature and moisture, the essential factor in vegetable production is plant food; that this may be given to the plant without the aid of the soil; that what they understood by soil fertility is a comparatively unessential factor of agricultural production; that, in short, the possibilities of the food supply in the future are measureless.—Professor Atwater in Century.

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 happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people.

Business Man—I'll 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," remarked Mrs. Dimling, looking up from a government report. "Yes, any theatrical manager will tell you that," replied her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Experiences of a Great Singer.

I have often had requests to sing beside a deathbed or a person very ill. I sang to the old bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sang 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 singing 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.

Old People.

J. V. S. is the only Sarsaparilla that old or feeble people should take, as the mineral potash 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 broken down people. It builds them up and prolongs their lives. A case in point.

Mrs. Belden an estimable and elderly lady of 510 Mason St., S. F. was for months declining so rapidly as to seriously alarm her family. It got so bad that she was finally delirious with fainting spells. She writes: "While in that dangerous condition I saw some of the testimonials concerning J. V. S. and sent for a bottle. That marked the turning point. I regained my lost flesh and strength and have not felt so well in years." That was two years ago and Mrs. Belden is well and hearty to-day, and still taking J. V. S.

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A Severe Law.



The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated 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 adulteration. 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 cheap teas. The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest tea used by any nation are those consumed in America. Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty 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 apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

BEECH'S TEA "Pure As Childhood" Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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NOTICE.

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 sold very cheap and on reasonable terms. Mr. French can locate settlers on some good unsettled claims in the same neighborhood. His address is Grass Valley Sherman county, Oregon.