#### WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her lord away, And Cala had killed his brother, The stars and flowers, the poets say, Agreed with one another

To cheat the cuuning tempter's art, And teach the race its duty. By keeping on its wicked heart Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million eleepless lids, they say, Will be at least a warning: And so the flowers would watch by day. The stars from eye to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn, Their dowy eyes upturning, The flowers still watch from reddening dawn

Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells A tale of shame so crushing That some turn white as sea bleached shells, And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down \* On all their light discovers— The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,

The lips of lying lovers-They try to shut their saddening eyes, And in the valu endeavor We see them twinkling in the skies, 

## A MARRIAGE FAILURE.

escaped a great danger.

cloistered, padlocked, confiscated, suppressed, as good as married. An accident that is past, yes, but which makes me cold to think of it. Not that my fiancee was ugly, silly or disagreeableno, she was charming. Eighteen years of age, blond as a corn tassel, great shinyou full in the face with a gaze a little one that had taken her experience a lit- of living flowers tle from everywhere, the world and the coulisses

"How did I find her? Very simply, as such things are always done when one wishes to marry. Voila! I got up one day in a devilish temper, stomach irritable from the last night's supper, heavy of head, empty of heart. . With all this, bad weather, cold, gray, sad, vague enuni i the morning; at noon, black ennui. Nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to love!

"'Zounds!" I told myself, 'it's time to marry. If I found a family it will certainly occupy me.'

friend of my father, and laid the case before him.

"Do you desire a blond or brunette wife? said he, turning his papers. "'A blond I should prefer,' said L

"'Why?' "Because-Toupinette was brunette

-contrast.' "The preference appeared to him just. He proposed to me Mile. Bertha Brivard.

"'Pretty?

" 'Very pretty!'

"Whom does she resemble?" " 'No one-only herself!'

" 'But see you, think well,' said I, 'is

there not in the corps de ballet some face that recalls her own? "'In the corps de ballet! What

question! "But I only ask an approximate affirmative.

"My notary reflected.

"'In the corps de ballet!

the pages, and- But that, you see, at the moment, was precisely what I despeed, the fair white page of this young girl's life, as yet without a trace of cray-I had turned so many pages, you On. that resembled in everything those mirrors of the restaurants, which everybody scratches with names and addresses.

"Ah! the young girl! That ignorant, innocent and timid being, exquisite and white, white as the virgin snow! I had found her at last, that ideal maid! How happy I should be to have always beside me that clear regard, that smiling month, that skin so satiny and soft! I was fully decided-I would marry, as soon as possible, Mile. Brivard!

"And then, every evening while pashing my suit, I went to dine in the Boulevard Malesherbes, to find myself again in the white and gilt salon, with the same bronzes, the same screens, the same divans and easy chairs from Beanvais, only, Mile. Bertha no longer cut the leaves of The Revue des Deux Mondes.

"Now she read lighter and droller journals, filled with sketches and pictures of genteel little ladies, who greatly resembled herself. Every day, too, 1 took her a bunch of flowers, roses or white lilacs, entering daily at the same Gontran shook his head and raised his hour the same shop, where, on seeing me arms with the gesture of one that has arrive thus and always for the same purpose, the same young flower girl put out "It is I, yes; look at me well, for you her hand to the same compartment and have not seen me lately. I have been presented me the same roses and the same lilacs.

"I had become a regular customer, regarding no one and always hurried, though it would have been very agreeable to stay and contemplate those heaps of odorous blossoms, violets, orange flowers, above all camellias, their petals ing eyes that sparkled drolly and looked holding the velvety sheen of a woman's flesh, and in that verdure young girls questioning, a little wondering, as of trim and smiling and with the rosy tint

> "I grow idyllic. No matter! It is a Diemory

"I did not at first-barbarian that I was-observe the dainty grace and the pretty, sad face of the young fleuriste that served me. I thought only of Bertha, saw only Bertha; her golden curls danced always before my eyes. She was a thousand times prettier than the little Angele, and if only, I said to myself, she wore the Morlaque costume of the peasantress in the opera-

"Angele! and that very evening we turned together, Bertha and I, the leaves of the family album. A very much "I threw myself into a conpe and mingled album at that! Soldiers, mermade for the house of my notary, an old chants, parchment aunts, apopleptic uncles, artillery colonels and a minister. A minister, I say, as in olden times, one always had in one's album a grandfather coifed in the skin cap of the National Guard.

"Wait,' said Bertha suddenly, closing the covers, Tve a better one still to show you.' And she ran to seek it. She ran -ah! what a figure! And she brought it -this one full of actresses, singers. danseuses: all the shoulders and busts of the opera, all the trunks and tights of the ballet.

"And there, sandwiched between Judic and Theo, sancy, roguish, the most decolleted of the lot, the little Angele of the Bouffes.

"'And doesn't she look like me?' cried Bertha joyously; 'every one tells me

how much I resemble her. See!' "And assuming the attitude of her operatic counterpart, winking her eye and with finger to the side of her nose ner nose, she began to hum-Bertha began to hum-the rollicking couplets of the "Rementoir!"

florist's shop, and the same hand, as al-ways, stretched itself toward the clusters of lilacs and roses that I had always bought there. "'No, mademoiselle,' said I, 'it is a

cluster for the corsage, if you please, this evening!' "Ah!

"She regarded me smilingly, her soft, frank eyes turning from side to side, seeking another cluster of flowers. 'See, monsieur, how is this? "'A little large-is it not? mademoi-

selle,' said I, in truth caring nothing for the size of the bunch, but seized with a desire to linger indefinitely in that bower of verdure, become all at once a paradise-of green, red and white.

"And when that pretty young girl, all in black and so pale and amiable, said so gently, placing the cluster against the bosom of her own robe, 'Oh, no, monsieur, it is not, you see, too large!' 1 could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud: 'Keep it there, mademoiselle, I beseech you! An honest bouquet from the hand of an honest girl! It goes so well with your manner, modest and good!

"She would have found too odd this profession of faith. I took my flowers, therefore, and went my way, but Mile. Bertha, when I arrived, Lad already provided herself with a corsage cluster:

"'Being unable to count upon yours, said she calmly, carelessly throwing upon a table the one I had brought her.

"So much the better-I would utilize it myself, and the single blossom I took from the heap and pinned in my buttonhole lay upon my breast and kept my heart warm during the whole of that interminable dinner.

"That beastly dinner, during which it seemed to me that the little Angele beside me played a pointless role and I saw opposite to me perpetually the Madonna profile and the serious air of my little flower girl. She it was that should have been the fiancee. The fiancee! Surely, if the word had color, that color would be white, all white, like the rose on my breast

"The denouement, the denouement -wait, it approaches.

"Gradually, as I frequented that white and gilt salon the little Bertha made me afraid, yes, actually afraid. And likewise, as I frequented my florist's shop I told myself that it was there I should find the companion, the friend, the true associate in happiness or pain!

"That charming child! Poor, it was true; doubtless an orphan, living alone and possibly destined to marry some shopman or railroad employee, or to turn-as turned to the wind of Parisall those homeless beings who had no support. How good it would be to draw that child from this risk by drawing her from the condition itself, by-making her my mistress, you say? No, no, I swear it. I swear that I never thought of it.

"My wife, then? Ah, if only I had dared! And while not daring, slowly, gently, politely, I detached myself from Mlle. Bertha Brivard-I had nearly said of the Bouffes Parisiennes. I left her to her father, her white and gilt salon and her gay "Remontoir." I sought delays, pretexts, excuses. In short, when one evening M. Bergeot said to me plumply, We can no longer leave my friend Brivard with his nose in the water'great naturalists, these notaries; 'is it to be yes or no? this time, my faith, I answered:

"'Eh, bien! No, then! 1

An Ideal Way to Live. "The man I marry," quoth a vivacions young woman the other day, "has got to promise to give me a yacht home. I've just been visiting some friends who live all the year round on their yacht. During the summer they cruise about our northern waters and in winter go south, taking in the Mediterranean, Japan or Norway and Sweden by way of occasional outings. The yacht, a large schooner, is gorgeously fitted and has every needed convenience, comfort and luxury, including a well stocked library, aboard. It is an ideal existence -no calls to make, no balls, no shopping, no uncomfortable gowns, sunshine, fresh air and the starlight-what can one want more?"-Her Point of View in New York Times.

Where Amber Is Found.

The largest quantity of amber is found on the southern shore of the Baltic, between Memel and Konigsberg, where it is cast up by the action of the ground swell after the northerly gales. It is also found on the coast of Sicily, on the shores of the Adriatic, on the English beach of Norfolk and Suffolk and at Cape Sable in Maryland. Mining for amber in beds of brown lignite or wood coal is carried on in Prussia, and it is found in excavations all over Europe .-Philadelphia Times.

### Lobsters Dig Clams.

There is nothing which lobsters, when grown, are so fond of as fresh fish. Flounders and other bottom fishes frequently fall a prey to their appetite, and sometimes they will nimbly capture small minnows as the latter go swimming by. They dig clams out of the

mud or sand and crush the shells of mussels with their claws, devouring the soft parts.-Washington Star.



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OREGON.

de ballet! No, no one; but at the Bouffes -ab, yes, the little Angele!'

The co

"'Angele! Angele! Ravishing! She resembles Angele, does she, your little blond?' said L 'Ah, well! I'll marry her instanter. When will you present

"Well, to skip preliminary details, we were to see each other first at the Hotel Continental. A charity ball for the benefit of the shopgirls who desired to become water color painters. A quadrille, a waltz, two fingers of flirtation and we should know each other sufficiently well to enter upon the official parleying. An Americanism? Yes, but one goes rapidly in such affairs.

"At the last moment, behold the ball countermanded.

"They replaced it by the operation comique. A classic presentation. The notary preceded me to the box. Bow to the mother, bow to the father, a flash of found myself at the door of the florist's the eye to the young girl! Ah! delicious, shop, where every evening I entered that young girl! A genuine pastel! A regularly. They were starting to close sancy little nose, rosy lips, great shining eyes, and the darlingest little ears, be-and gilded baskets, among the deep, hind which curled and clustered tendrils of hair that shone in the gaslight shining as if varnished under the spray like a golden mist. Much prettier than of the fountains, I perceived finishing a Angele!

poetry of the engagement! To marry thus was enchantment, and M. Brivard, the father, a very agreeable old man, with no other occupation than that of detaching his coupons, had set the day of our first meeting.

"I see still that family picture in the Boulevard Malesherbes, the great white and gilt salon, the usual furnishings of the dealer a la mode, sofas from Beauvais, richly atrocious, bronzes too golden, acreens too gaudy, plush too glaring, pictures too new. A luxury born of yes-

terday and stamped upon the invoice! "But flawlessly exquisite, pretty enough to eat, so to speak, her blond head bent under the rays of the lamp, Mile. Bertha cutting with a Japanese paper knife the leaves of the last number of The Revue des Deux Mondes-a Greuze reading Feuillet!

"A trifle arranged, a trifle too studied, was not a saint.

"But, after all, what is so delicious as the preface, the prologue, the preamble to marriage! A preface full of beanti-ful promises! that makes one believe reading it—a beautiful book to come! she would pin it to her side and we ng it-a beautiful book to come! What romance! What poetry! What and delight! "Yes, but unfortunately one must turn

"Heaven be merciful? Mlle, Brivard. daughter of M. Adolphe Brivard, com mercial notable and former president of the Commercial exchange, knew the reportoire of the Parisian bonffes!

"I took my leave a little suffocated this evening from the white and gilt salon of the Boulevard Malesherbes. The little Angele and the little Bertha mingled strangely in my thoughts and hopped gayly beside me like two little puppets clad in the same costume, and, my faith! the farther I went the less I knew if I was going to see Mile. Bertha Brivard appear in the passage Choisenl, or to marry before a tricolored scarf in the precinct office the little blond Angele of the operatic score!

"Twas just at that moment that I waxy greens of the caoutchouc plants. bouquet, pretty as a pink in her black "It was settled! the wedding should robe and white collar, which brought out be! "The wedding? Yes, but before that the flower girl, who every day for the the flower girl, who every day for the past three weeks had given me the same bouquet with the same gentle, courteous and sad little smile that I had scarcely noticed.

"And I staid there looking at her. She was charming, my little friend the for my coming to his house, the evening flower girl. Her black hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead, and giving to her straight, classic profile the air of an old medallion. With it all, a true Parisienne, sweet, dainty, piquant, the gaslight falling on the glossy banded hair, the fingers turning in and out among a heap of roses, which she grouped to a harmonious whole as one binds together the notes of a sonnet.

"I saw nothing but that little white hand, so pretty, slender, aristocratic; and I staid there contemplating it, I, who beyond there, had already prepared the way to demand another!

"The next day-I omit, you see, the recital of my dreams and insomnia (an insomnia with haunting visions of flowperhaps, this playing the family note; s little too sentimental, but very genteel. Genteel enough to damn a saint, and I to the tune of the "Remontoir")-the next day, I say, we were to dine at the ing of the betrothal hours? It is house of that confounded notary, Bertha.

> she would pin it to her side and we should depart as arranged for the dining room of M. Bergeot.

"I entered, therefore, as neual the

made for marrying!' "And I did not, as usual, set out for

the Brivard domicile. All the same, the same evening saw me at my florist's shop. In place of my little flower girl there stood another one; this one red headed, pretty also and also polite, but she was not the one I sought. She, they told me, had gone away to relations in Bourgogne. They had recalled her to marry her. 'To what sot? To what beer To what vine dresser? I know nothing-I shall never know anything.

"Of my little brown flower maid I never had known anything-her name, her age, her life. Nothing, nothing whatever, save that she was ravishingly pretty, with an honest air, deep eyes, and that she handed me bouquets of lilacs and roses with a hand white and slender, which, on my soul, I would have supplicated her to give me, and which, at all events, hindered me from taking another.

"Behold my adventure! A very simple one ch, bien! yes; but I have never in my life had a more agreeable one. It seems to me that I have gathered in the midst of our hothouse existence a flower of the fields, whose perfume I have still on my fingers, its sweet odor still in my nostrils.

"Ah! I grow elegiac; but God bless her, wherever she be, my little brown flower maid, who, compared to my coco-dette of the Boulevard Malesherbes, was like a rose on a green stem beside a tulip on a wire one.

"Mile. Brivard, by the way, marries tomorrow a young and skillful financier, who has found a way to shape a fortune that has ruined others; they will be very

happy. "As for me, I depart this evening for Monaco. I have lost my little flower maid, but I shall perhaps win at roulette -unlucky at love, etc.-Translated from the French of Jules Clareti by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

Why the Little Boy Was Crying. Marshall P. Wilder, the hum tells this story: Some people think they haven't got much to be thankful for but they might at least be grateful that things aren't any worse. But there's a good many that never can be satisfied. They remind me of a little boy that I "Well, boy," said he. "Lost something else?" said I. "Yep," said he, with a sob.

What is it, then?" said I. "I didn't feel good," sobbed he, "and

l cried, an a man give me a penny, an I felt had some more, an another man give me a penny, an now I feel bad 'canse I've lost my bellyache that made me feel bad in the first place."



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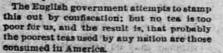
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### A Severe Law.



not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have not what they are repr been burned because of their wholesale adult

Tes, 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 tes 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 caves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the chesp tens. The English government attempts to stamp



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