THE SONG OF THE FARM.

The popples that peep from the wheat at morn.
With pearls of the night dew glittering still.
The shadows that race o'er the waving corn
And the shy little runnel down under the hill.
The heary old orchard whese trees are bent.
And the clover fields where the honeybees

Cry, "Come to the cradle of calm content! Come see Mother Nature at home on a farm!

"Here are billows of meadow whose waves are They perfume the air; here are mountains of

hay;
Here are little winds lost upon oceans of wheat,
And butterflies shipwrecked in hollyhock

spray;
Here is peace in the air and a smile in the sky.
And never a fear of deception or harm.
From the cares and the wees of a city Ke fly
To old Mother Nature, who lives on a farm!"

trent, From old fashioned sparrows that live in a

copse
And not in the dirt of an ill smelling street,
From the bees and the kine and the sentinel cry
Of the cock, whose shrill clarion bodes no

Rings out to the city folk ever and aye:
"Come back to Dame Nature: she lie ne back to Dame Nature; she lives on a arm!"

-New York World.

Touchstone says that "the truest poetry is the most feigning." Without going that length, we may affirm that the construction of correct versification gives a man so much to think of that he cannot attend very strictly to the truth of what he says. Blank verse of the ordinary sort does not come under this rule; it leaves the mind very free. And hymns—Dr. Watts ruthlessly sacrifices the sound to the sense; some lesser lights sacrifice the sound without benefiting the sense. But no one can read some parts of Pope carefully-those lines in which, in a word or two, he sums up the character or achievements of the notabilities of his day-without suspecting that an apt rhyme occasionally beguiles the poet into a more forcible expression of admiration or contempt than he would have given in prose.

The teller or writer of the story has the impulse upon him so strongly to make it a good story that it is next to impossible for him to avoid modifying its more commonplace features. And he adds a little here and lie prunes a little there. Point before precision is, it may be feared, sometimes even the historian's motto. There are veracious narratives we feel bound to accept on the word of our friends. We should not have believed the stories had any one else told them; as it is, we store them in our memories as splendid illustrations of the often quoted saying of the poet that truth is stranger than fiction.—All the

Colonel Richard Bright had a remarkable experience at Woodmont, on the Potomac, while fishing for black bass. He was casting with minnows of moderate size and was slowly reeling in a small bass, when a hungry three pounder shot out from his concealment and bolted the hooked fish bodily. The colonel became aware of the augmented strain on the reel and, by careful management, landed his double prize. The small bass went into the maw of his big cannibal brother smoothly enough, but his sharp spines stuck in the throat of his captor and made escape impossible. The two bass were presented to the National museum, where they are preserved just as' they came from the Potomac, the tail of the small one projecting from the mouth of the larger. The weight of the two is 34 pounds. "Necessity knows no law," and hunger recognizes no relationship .-Forest and Stream.

Charms to Ward Off Disease

For what will charms not be worn? know American mothers who buy seeds -"Job's tears"-at drug stores to string them into a necklace to hang about the baby's neck to ward off eye troubles. The Bechuana mother strings beetles of a certain species and hangs them about the neck of her baby to help it in teeth-

Professor Putnam found metacarpal bones of birds buried with babies in the little graves which he discovered under the hard clay floor of old house circles in Arkansas and Missouri. From analogy with modern Indian customs, he believes these were charms to help the child in cutting its teeth.-Professor Frederick Starr in Popular Science

Stopped to Get the Rod.

Joe Jefferson is a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. He always has an eye open for fishing tackle and wants to buy every new variety of pole he sees. A few weeks ago he was on his way to a funeral best funeral voice, "I think I'll have time to buy that rod—let's go in. It may not be there when we come back."-San Francisco Argonaut.

A Man Who Eats Glass.

According to the Charleston World, the driver of a car on one of the street railways of that city is a confirmed glass eater. The driver, although a small, spare man, appears to enjoy perfect health, and his glass diet, while it may not be very nourishing, does not appear to have been very hurtful up to the

Fasting Fish.

It is said that a number of the larger fish never eat anything when traveling up rivers to deposit spawn, at least nothing is found in them when caught. As the period of the year is about the time of Lent, they probably have respect for the occasion.—Meehan's Monthly.

"One hundred people per day are maimed in the United States," is the astonishing statement from the lips of A. A. Marks, one of New York's largest and most successful artificial limb dealers.

At a hotel, where the bed coverings are insufficient, or when camping, newspapers spread between the blankets will nearly atone for the lack of an extra

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"BUSINESS" IS NOT BY ANY MEANS THE CHIEF AIM IN LIFE.

The Youth Is Under No Obligation to Imitate Others or to Do as Others Do. Respect the Sanctity of the Soul and Beware of Superfluous Friends.

Winter's address before the Staten Island

What will you do with your lives? We, who are older, who have lived longer and traveled further, are usually ready enough with our counsel; but it is your ideal that must lead you now, and not the advice of others. Honor and truth we take for granted. "I would be virtuous," said an old philosopher, though no one were to know it, just as I would be clean, though no one were to

The book of commonplace precept need not be opened here. Yet there is one word of counsel which now more than ever—in this Pagan age of denial and democracy—ought to be spoken to the youth of America. Be yourselves, Ohio. When the squirrel season opens and never abandon your noble aspira-

You cannot live in absolute independence of the world. You must have affiliations with other persons. But it is ter lives the life of the solitary hunter, not imperative that those affiliations should be numerous, and you have it ing in the woods in the most inclemen within your power to make them select. You are under no obligation to imitate others or to do as others do.

You ought never to permit your minds to be inundated with the ignorance, the crudity and the vapid chatter of commonplace persons. Do not too much reverence the past. Old burdens that have rolled from the shoulders of weary and dying men and women should not be taken up again by you.
It is your life that you must live; it is

not theirs; and now that they rest from their labors, let their works follow them. Neither must you suppose yourselves enjoined to assume the burdens that other persons have created in the present day. AVOID TOO MANY FRIENDS.

Let those attend to grievances who have them, and do not allow your spirits to be dejected, your hopes darkened and racking around, and his dog he alleges your lives encumbered with the vices, the errors, the follies and the weakness of failures and of fools. It is, no doubt, pitiable and deplorable that failures and fools should exist and suffer; but they must not be permitted, merely because they exist and suffer, to drag you also into failure and folly. Respect the sauctity of your souls, and beware of superfluous contact with other lives.

For it is only the temporary and the expedient that is gregarious. In every great moment of life-in every time of insight or inspiration or crisis-the human being is alone. The object of education, therefore, should be the development and building of an original, noble, adequate character-not simply a preparation for industrial pursuits, but an

armament for everlasting life. The occupations of this world, however important, are transitory. The soul of man is immortal. Other views, I am aware, are commonly entertained. People who claim to be practical but are only narrow are never weary of declaring that education must be sensible and the skunk was not sure of that, and he not visionary. An effort to worry the public mind on this subject is a part of and the dog was gradually getting him the errant activity of the complacent away from his hole. Joe killed the man of business, all the world over, and has been so, at periodic intervals, for

I remember its pernicious existence long ago-the jealous sneer at what was called "book learning," as opposed to what was called practical knowledge of coal, the Stock exchange and the Revised Statutes.

SOME SNEER AT EDUCATION.

Not long since-in 1890, in the newspapers of New York-that epidemic of mean commonplace burst forth with uncommon virulence, and various individuals, in every case possessed of more wealth than sense, apprised us that scholastic training is superfluous, because it aims to furnish an equipment wholly in excess of what is requisite for

My dear old friend, William Warren, the comedian, used to tell, in his inimitable way, a story about a pompous tradesman of the conventional kind, who once was addressing the pupils at a Sunday school. "I knew a little boy," he said, "who always obeyed his mother, always washed his face in the morning. always came early to Sunday school, never stole an apple. And where do with he sons, when he happened to spy a particularly attractive fishing rod in a store window. "Boys," said he, in his answer, "In beaven, sir." "No, sir," cried the disgusted orator, "not in to begin?"

heaven! He's in a store!" minds the chief end of man is to get himself employed in a store. They are what Joseph Jefferson calls "the selfish made men of our time." Certainly the fact is sult?" significant that the sensitive feeling is "W

all on one side. Educated men are not worried. If education has not always given them wealth, it has given them blessings that no prodigality of wealth can buy, and by this token they know that the province of education is not to train young people for business, but to embark them incident. The best wisdom of the wis-est of mankind has always taught that

Knight errant is not written as one word, and need not be even connected with a hyphen—indeed, is not so generally. Therefore the plural, of course, is knights errant. Lookers on is not one word. Once that usage has soldered two words, the resultant word will form its plural with a final s. The plural of bootjack is not bootsjack.—Notes and the meals he ate at a railway lunch

ONE OF A VANISHING RACE

He Hunts Over Wide Areas and Is at The professional hunters and trappers

who at one time comprised the whole of the white inhabitant class in this section are becoming so few that a real old time solitary woodsman who plunges into the forest and divests himself of human companionship is becoming a rare sight. Joe Thomas is one of the best examples that remain of these men, and a study of his characteristics is in-

Thomas is a man of about forty. He is slightly below medium height and is not heavily built. He appears like a full blooded negre, although he says that his mother was a half breed Indian. He has sparse, tightly curled whiskers and does not look like a Nimrod and a mighty man among coons and deer. Thomas follows as near the life of the red man prevent it."-London News. as any one can in these days, and has an antipathy to human society, though he is nothing of a misanthrope, and talks well to any one who questions him.

In the summer time Thomas works at whatever he can get to do about the cities in this vicinity and through to he is in Ohio, and puts in the first few weeks of the autumn shooting squirrel. As the deer season opens, he emigrates northward, and for the rest of the winshunning human habitations and sleepweather. His domestic outfit consists of a tent, blankets and a small stove, and he declares that he is more contented in the woods than he would be in town. When the night is cold he lights his fire. chains his dog up in the tent and sleeps. While the deer run, Hopkins follows them tirelessly, and when night overtakes him on the trail he lies down in the woods to sleep; confident that the deer is as tired as he and will not move during the night unless disturbed, and in the morning will be so stiff that the second day's chase will be a comparatively easy matter.

After the deer season is over Thomas starts for the open, and traps skunks and otter and all other fur bearing animals for the rest of the winter. At all times he is ready in case old Zip Coon comes to be one of the best coon dogs in the country. The animal is a liver and white hound, slightly larger than a fox-Thomas said that the dog got him more than fifty dollars' worth of coonskins in one season, and he would not part with him for three times that amount. Joe tells a story to illustrate the sagacity of the dog.

He says that one winter the dog treed climbing irons, and he skinned up the tree. He followed the coon out on a branch and shook him off, and he heard him squeal as the dog nabbed him. When Joe got to the bottom of the tree there was no coon in sight and no dog. He heard the dog running and called to him; the dog came out of the bushes a moment and then ran back. Joe followed and found that the dog was running around a skunk, keeping it from going into its hole. Mr. Dog did not want to interview the skunk closely, but kept his eye on the dog, circling around, skunk, but he could find no trace of the coon, and concluded that the dog had

The next morning he reproved the dog, saying: "You didn't do right about that coon last night; you lost him. Now you go get him." The dog looked kind of affairs; meaning thereby cotton, iron, ashamed and moved off. Joe followed him, and they went back to the place where the trouble occurred on the previous night. After nosing around a while the dog unburied the coon from where he had buried it, having been afraid to leave it while he went after the skunk, so he buried it, leaving the tail sticking out of the snow so he could find it again.

Some one asked Thomas if he was not afraid that the bears would eat him some night. He said that the only thing that made him mad was that the bears kept away from him and didn't give him a chance. Joe says that the houses are getting altogether too thick, and when he meets up with a house he wants to get as far away from it as he can and as quick as he can .- Oil City Derrick.

Cheaper in the End.

Boutton-So you are not going to housekeeping when you get married? De Boarder-No. We shall take board

"Isn't that rather an extravagant way

'Not at all. I desire my wife to study That is the mental drift of those enemies of the higher education. To their start housekeeping, and I will make her an allowance of as much a week as we paid for board."

"What do you think will be the re-

"Well, by the time we are old she ought to have about a million."-New York Weekly.

Free Toads in Demand.

Tree toads are in big demand by young doctors and chemists, who are anxious to learn something of the circulation of the blood. The tree toad has legs that upon life-of which business is only an are almost transparent. The young doctor takes the leg, spreads it out under a microscope and can see the blood cor-puscles chasing each other here and there in the veins of the leg of the toad. lesson.

Make your business tributary to your mind, and not your mind subservient to your business.—New York Tribune.

We sell hundreds of tree toads for this purpose every month.—Interview in New York World.

Not to Be Taken Literally son as feeding among swine is to be

counter."-Washington Star.

In the case of the trial for murder which is going on at Naples the deceased some time before his death fought a duel with a man who is now one of the prisoners. At the hearing the other day one of the witnesses, a government official, said that on the day of the duel he went with others to meet the carriages coming back, for "at Palermo every one knows everything, and the carriages returned as if from a festival, and the people waited to see them."

The public minister asked the witness how the news of the duel being about to take place was known to the public. Witness: "First by the Mafia in fixing on the place and hour. I have never seen such a duel; people went as if to a feast, and every one knew of it. Perhaps the circumstance that an officer was fighting had some influence, and that therefore the authorities did not

He Couldn't Be Frightened.

A small boy on Sixth street hates the washing process worse than snakes. His mother was scrubbing him and he was kicking

"Why don't you be a good boy," she begged. "Don't you know that you'll go to the bad place if you are not?" "There ain't any water there, is there?"

"Not a drop," she answered solemnly "Then I guess I'li keep on being bad." And he kept on .- Detroit Free Press.

Fully 85 per cent. of artificial limbs made are legs, 15 per cent. arms. Of legs, 49 per cent. are right, 46 per cent. left, 5 per cent. both right and left. Seventy-eight per cent. of legs amputated are of males, 23 per cent. are females.

### Dimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old Sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more cruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Farsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear. hound, and with no more fat on him thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded than is required to grease his joints. stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimental to contrast the action of the poinsh Sarsaparillas and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, cl 400 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "1 have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla but it nettally can ed more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a coon in a big tree. Joe always carries a later preparation and acted differently, I tried

### Vegetable JOY'S sarsaparilla

Largest bottle, most effective, same price. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY THE DALLES, OREGON.

LA GRIPPE

By using S. B. Headache and Liver Cure, and S. B. Cough Cure as directed for colds. They were

SUCCESSFULLY used two years ago during the La Grippe epi-demic, and very flattering testimonials of their power over that disease are at band. Manufact-ured by the S. B. Medleine Mig. Co., at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

#### A Severe Law.



The English peo 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 sented to be. Under

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

ously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artifi-cially, colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for ten 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 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 guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cureo ten leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the a difficial 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 guar-anteed, it is sold only in pound packages

Pure As Childhood

Price 600 per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGO

## The Dalles Chronicle

# THE LEADING PAPER

Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fullfil the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right.

Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

### GET YOUR PRINTING

DONE AT-

## THE CHRONICLE JOB ROOM.

Book and Job Printing

Done on Short Notice.

LIGHT BINDING NEATLY DONE.

Address all Mail Orders to

Chroniele Pub. Co., THE DALLES, OREGON.