

THE LOVE UNKNOWN.

Sweetheart, you have not known me - If I am great or wise: Yet, somewhere you shall own me...

STEALING A JOSS.

Clara Kingham was one of the prettiest girls that ever walked on two feet. When a fellow hove alongside her...

The skipper was as smart a sailorman as ever took a sight at the sun and the Coromandel was as splendid a ship as ever flew the saucy stars and stripes...

The skipper seemed more flustered than she did, and as they passed down the aisle it was admitted that a likelier couple had never been united, at the altar...

All our crew was already shipped, as we were to sail in three weeks' time, and we were trying to see how pretty we could make the old packet look before we cast off from the dock...

The Coromandel was one of the fastest clippers sailing from Salem, and it was the ambition of every old woman who had sons to dispose of to get them aboard of her...

Mrs. Crowninshield came aboard the ship that afternoon, and while her husband was at the custom house getting his clearance papers...

In the morning there was a large crowd to see us off. When the skipper stepped aboard I noticed he looked sad and grave...

Nothing particular happened during the passage out. The skipper confided to me that he intended to make a collec-

tion of "curios" for his wife, who was a particular admirer of things from foreign parts. I was only a youngster, as I have said before...

However, I made up my mind that if curios would make Mrs. Crowninshield happy I would do my best to afford her pleasure. So when we were bowling along through the northeast trades...

It was a triumphant hour for me when I captured an albatross. I am an old, broken down man now, having been a sailor boy and man for more than fifty years...

This morning, however, I was on the forecastle head, hanging out a shirt to dry, when the albatross blundered on board. He was a magnificent bird, one of the finest I ever saw...

The ancient mariner was an adept in romantic fiction. You can kill albatrosses without any weather breeding results. I have no superstition, but I will tell you something gleaned from ripe experience...

We got to Colombo on the hundredth day out from Salem—a capital passage in those days. Every rupee I could scrape up was spent in gathering together curios for Mrs. Crowninshield...

I had a letter of introduction to a charming English family living near Kaluwella, a Singhalese village on the southern bank of the Kahanay river, about a day's journey in bullock wagon from Colombo...

She had come over to New York to do some shopping with friends from Brooklyn, whose guest she was. Her garb and bearing betokened an abundance of this world's goods...

The taste of the three Brooklyn ladies ran to patties, salads, partridge, cold turkey, potato chips, sliced oranges and cream puffs. The polite waiter made a note of those delicacies and turned inquiringly to the visiting lady...

Cures for insomnia are very numerous, and before any man could try them all he would be asleep forever. A way for putting young children to sleep is of Spanish origin. It requires that the back from the neck to the waist be gently rubbed...

and probably murdered by the superstitious Singhalese. Therefore the river was my sole hope. The tide would carry me down swiftly and I could easily reach my ship.

One pitch dark night I made for the joss house. The fat old priest was asleep. You could hear his snores afar off. There were neither locks nor bolts on the portal, and two little lamps of coconut oil served to make darkness visible...

Now a strange thing happened. The idol, with a glare of baleful light glittering from its nine green eyes, swam up the stream, cleaving the water with the impetuosity of a salmon trout. It had suddenly come to life...

When I recovered I was in my friend's bungalow. It appears that a party of fishermen going out to catch prawns for the morning dish of curry had seen me clinging to the tree. They had recognized me as the guest of the "Burra Sahib" and had taken me to his house...

"Come to the village with me," said my host. We went to the hut of a native carpenter, who was engaged in whittling out an idol almost the exact counterpart of the one I tried to steal. I bought it for fifteen rupees.

Eighteen months after leaving Salem we landed there again, concluding a most prosperous voyage. I hired a wagon, and packing all my curios was driven up to the house of Captain Crowninshield, choosing a time when the skipper was engaged at the office of the owners...

"I'll tell you what, Tom," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "You can come up stairs and kiss my baby. He is nine months old today, and he is having a sort of a birthday party!"

The "Oyster" of the Turkey. Many will recall the oft repeated story of the young epicure, Brillat Savarin's son, who ordered thirty turkeys for his dinner...

By examining the bare carcass of a carved turkey the two hollows where the "oysters" lie will be easily perceived, and one will note that their shape is a long oval similar to that of a Rockaway oyster. Unhappily this tidbit is often ignored by the carver or is sliced with the second joint...

She Wanted Codfish. She had come over to New York to do some shopping with friends from Brooklyn, whose guest she was. Her garb and bearing betokened an abundance of this world's goods...

A Spanish Method of Luring Sleep. Cures for insomnia are very numerous, and before any man could try them all he would be asleep forever. A way for putting young children to sleep is of Spanish origin. It requires that the back from the neck to the waist be gently rubbed...

Bismarck is what in Germany they call a "chain smoker," that is he smokes from morning till night without a break, lighting one cigar with the end of the other.

An Auburn business man and a friend were out hunting the other day. A big hawk flew over their heads and they blazed away at him. The shot broke the bird's wing and he came to the ground, alighting on his back. He was unable to turn over and get upon his feet, but was lively just the same...

All this was fun for the hunters, who after a long struggle declared themselves winners of the scrap. They had hardly so proclaimed when the bird got his wind, and leaving the ramrod viciously attacked his persecutors.

The business man, seeing that something must be done at the risk of his life, finally went to his friend's rescue. He got a good hold on the sunken claw, braced his feet against a rock, and was successful in pulling it out. As the claw came out, the hawk fell back and in a moment was still in death.

As fate would have it, the business man's friend, being nearest, was the first to catch it. The hawk lighted on his wrist, and the way he stuck there was a caution. One claw sunk deep into the hunter's wrist, and he called loud and long for mercy.

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...

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beach'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..."

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