

TOMORROW.

"Ah, wait," he cries, "but a little longer." The young eyes glowing with holy fire, "And man, through me, shall grow purer, stronger. My words shall echo, my deeds inspire, it lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow; The Good, the Beauty, I dream and plan; There comes tomorrow, and then tomorrow, And yet tomorrow, and I a man."

MACK'S ESCAPE.

In the town in which I live there is an old frontiersman whom every one calls "Squire Mack." In the early days he went to California, and had many curious adventures there which he delights in recounting. At the breaking out of the civil war he was making shingles near some mining town in the Sierra Nevada. The news from home filled him with patriotic fire, and with several comrades he turned his face eastward and traveled as rapidly as possible toward the "States."

gether through this bare Indian country, and after we get home we'll fight each other." "All right," said Mack, "it's agreed. Northerners is northerners and southerners is southerners, but injuns is pizen." So these deadly enemies of the near future went on together, comrades in danger. Every man of the three was equipped with a stout muzzle loading rifle and a large Colt's revolver. They set out together on the trail and had advanced but a few miles from the burned station when they sighted a squad of mounted Indians, who had just broken camp at a mountain spring beside the trail. They were several hundred yards in advance when they were discovered, and were just riding out of the depression which gave rise to the spring. On account of his long experience in the country Mack had been given the leadership by the Tennesseans. He came to a halt and told his companions to get off their horses, hoping they might possibly escape notice; but even while they were dismounting the Indians caught sight of them, and wheeling their ponies about came back at a gallop straight down the trail. They spread out in a sort of fan shape as they came, and Mack counted twenty-six. "Get ready for business, boys," said he quietly. "Behind your horses, revolvers handy, and rifles across saddles!" The Indians came on at a reckless pace until within about a hundred yards, when Mack, stepping out from behind his horse, shouted and motioned them back. They pulled up suddenly. One of them slipped from his pony, and handing the rein and his gun to a comrade came forward on foot, gorgeous in a colored blanket, a white slouch hat stuck with ravens' feathers, and a variety of brilliant paints daubed upon his face and breast. He was a big fellow and walked with a swinging stride. "How! how!" said he, as he halted a few paces distant and grinned hideously through his paints. "How do you do?" answered Mack. "What do you want?" The Indian shook his head in token that he did not understand English. "Hablan ustedes Espanol?" (Do you speak Spanish?) asked the Indian. Mack, who had picked up a smattering of Spanish, answered that he did. In this tongue the Indian asked where they were going. Mack answered that they were going home to the land where the sun rose, and asked in turn what the chief—for such the Indian undoubtedly was—wanted. The Arapaho told him if the white men would surrender their horses, mules, guns and ammunition they might keep their blankets and go on, and he would not let his warriors molest them. For reply Mack indicated, partly in Spanish and partly by gestures, that the Indians might have the ammunition through the muzzles of the guns and the weapons and animals after their owners were dead. At this the Indian grinned, and tried to turn the matter off as a joke. He then asked if Mack and his party were going to camp at Big Medicine springs that night, and upon being told that they were, said that his camp was there, and that he and his braves would keep the white men company. But the white men might, he said, travel in advance, since in this way they would escape the dust the Indians' horses would make. Mack declined this courteous offer, but told the Indian that he and his companions would follow. They did not mind traveling in the dust at all, especially as there was no dust on the sun baked plain. The Arapaho laughed again, "mighty unpleasant," as one of the Tennesseans put it, and wheeling about strode back to his men. After a moment's conversation with them he sprang into his saddle, and with a beckoning motion to the white men headed his cavalcade back upon the trail. Mack's companions looked at him inquiringly. "We've got to follow, boys," he told them. "There's no use bucking agin it. If we turn tail now we're goners. Our only hope is to go on with 'em fearlessly and camp not far from 'em tonight and then trust to darkness to get away from 'em."

supper and light a big fire, and behind the blaze of it we'll crawl to our horses and get out of these diggin's. It'll take us three days or three nights to reach Fort Collins, and those fellows'll follow us clean through unless we can doge them somewhere on the trail." In three hours everything was in readiness for departure. No Indians had ventured near them. Evidently the Indians were trying to throw the white men off their guard by a show of indifference. It had grown quite dark. Mack resolved to trust in a not unfamiliar ruse. He first allowed the fire to sink low, and then gathered a quantity of sagebrush and wrapped it up in three of their extra blankets. These bundles were then placed near the fire so that they should look at a distance like the figures of men squatted before the blaze. Then Mack and his comrades piled on brush until the flames leaped high; and behind this blaze they crept away to the horses, mounted them, and leading the repacked mules rode straight up the side hill until out of range of the firelight. They then turned and rode several miles parallel with the trail, guiding their course by faintly seen stars. By and by they struck into the trail and urged their animals forward. They had heard no sound of Indians in pursuit. Before daylight they turned off and rode about four miles to the left, where they hid their animals in a little pocket which had grass and water and betook themselves to a quaking-asp thicket near at hand for rest, and, by turns, for sleep. Here they proposed to remain all day and to go on again at night. One of them kept guard at the edge of the thicket, overlooking the route and the surrounding country. Late in the afternoon a squad of Indians were discerned in the distance looking for their trail. Crowded behind tufts of buffalo grass, they watched this band closely and anxiously. At sundown a signal fire about three miles away announced that their tracks had been discovered. But it would yet be an hour or more before the Indians would overtake them. As soon as it grew dark enough to cover their retreat, Mack and his companions started. They crossed the trail, and rode until midnight on the other side. Then they crossed back again, rode two miles out to the left and camped until daylight. Rising again, they took the trail direct, and rode at as rapid a pace as their animals could be expected to sustain. Mack thought they had gained a lead during the night which would make it impossible for the Indians to come up with them; but at about 10 o'clock they discovered a signal fire upon a hill not more than a mile off at the left and somewhat in advance of them. The building of this fire was proof that the party ahead were scouts, and that the main body of the Indians was behind. Mack kept his men to the trail, and they urged their animals forward. All that day they rode, but the Indians who were signaling kept steadily in advance of them. During the day they counted no less than seventeen fires, all built at a great distance from the trail; but during all the time not an Arapaho was seen. That night, when their horses and mules were almost exhausted, the white men made out the dim forms of two mountains a few miles in advance. Mack knew that these marked the passage of the trail out upon the open plains, within a three or four hours' ride of Fort Collins. Hidden in the mouth of a canyon they escaped observation. They rested and fed their horses, took food and before daylight were again in the saddle. "If we have any trouble it will come in the pass between the mountains," Mack told his comrades. "If we don't run against a party of 'em there, we're out of the woods. If we do, it'll take a good bunch of 'em to clean us out, for there's no cover—only open ground." As they rode into the pass they saw five Indians in the distance, seated upon their horses near the trail. These were undoubtedly the scouts, who, riding the swiftest ponies in their band, had kept ahead and were now stationed in the pass hoping to hold the white men in check until others of their party came up. "Notin' to do but brush 'em one side, boys," said Mack. Tightening their girths and looking to their weapons, the little party charged forward at a stiff gallop. The Indians slipped off their horses and, made a show of standing their ground; but as the white men pressed straight on and came nearly within rifle shot they lost their courage and fled. Five hours later Mack and the Tennesseans were in Fort Collins, where a strong detachment of regular troops was stationed. The Tennesseans looked queerly at Mack as they rode up to the fort. They seemed to be satisfied with his look, and said nothing. Nor did Mack say anything to the officers at the post concerning his companions' rebellious intentions.—Frank Welles Calkins in Youth's Companion.

No Flowers at His Funeral. Owen Meredith's (Lord Lytton's) coffin was borne to the grave without a blossom to decorate its pall according to the direction of Lady Lytton, who said that her husband had requested that not so much "as the tiniest violet or the smallest rosebud" should be used about his bier. "What, in heaven's name, have poor flowers done to be condemned to serve such a horrid purpose as being consigned to vaults and graves? I like a sad looking funeral," was a frequent saying of the poet's, and his funeral ceremony was indeed a gloomy one.—Exchange.

Wong Chee's Coat of Mail. When a Chinese highlander, named Wong Chee, who had been arrested for vagrancy, was stripped in the city prison recently, a coat of mail was found around his body. It was a tight fitting armor, made of a double thickness of interwoven steel links, and it weighed twenty-two pounds. Experts say that no pistol bullet ever made would penetrate the armor, and when tested the links turned a rifle ball from its course.—San Francisco Examiner.
Heavy Damages. A poor citizen of Nassau, N. Y., sued a rich neighbor to recover damages for the attack of the latter's small dog, which he maintained was "snapping, snarling, vicious brute." In answer the defendant maintained that the canine was a "great pet and of gentle nature," but he lost his case, and must pay \$1,000 damages.—Philadelphia Ledger.
Forbidden Words in Russia. It is forbidden to use the words "hunger" or "famine" in Kazan, Russia. Nevertheless, the signs in the streets would draw tears from the manliest eye.—Cor. London Standard.
Women. The common afflictions of women are sick headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles. They arise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation, you can see why it is more effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The action is mild, direct and effective. We have scores of letters from grateful women.
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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 substitute 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 teas used by any nation are those consumed in America. Beech's Tea is presented with the guarantee that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-dried 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:
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Sheridan gave rather a shrewd intimation to a spinster who insisted upon accompanying him in a walk after a summer shower: "It has cleared up enough for one, madam, but not enough for two."—New York Home Journal.

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