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."

By the cliff whence the waves their gray aloc

Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter. Sounding long after, And dying away?

The swift years speed and his life is Duty; Ah, the old time light in the eyes is dead:
"I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty:
Tomorrow, tomorrow is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloor The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay, And murmured: "Tomorrow is mine! Tom

Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter Sounding long after. And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is failing.
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands bewall-

Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened "Too late!" There will be no morrow's greet

Of my grand, great Work but the ruined I have always dreamed, as the years were fleetis yet to-morrow!" The dark night

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom

The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay; "There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "

Was there a thrill as of tender sadness, Changing to gladness,
And dying away?

Charlotte W. Thurston in Overland Monthly.

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 by through his paints. 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

Arriving at Salt Lake City, he learned that Indians had been raiding the trail ahead, firing upon wagon trains and burning express and stage stations. This news disheartened his companions. who resolved to stop at Salt Lake City until the trouble was over.

Not so with Mack. He was of the sort of men who are bound to go through when they have begun a thing. He pressed on, taking his chances, on the 'Cherokee trail."

Mack had been a wagonmaster along this trail, and knew the ground well. He had heard that the Indians were raiding about Green river, but he knew that at the crossing of the trail over this stream he had a good friend in the person of Bat Lavigne, an old French Canadian trader who lived here.

Lavigne had a great deal of influence among the surrounding tribes of Utes. Uintahs, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He was married to an Arapaho woman, and was reckoned a member of that tribe. He must be aware of the movements of

So Mack, riding an excellent cayuse and leading a good sized pack mule, pushed boldly on to Green river crossbrought up at Bat Mavigne's adobe dwelling one evening at sundown. Lavigne made him welcome heartily.

The trader told him that a big war party of Arapahoes had "mixed medicine" at Green river two days before, and had set out from there upon an expedition to the east. He had been with them during the powwow, but did not know whether they had "excepted white blood" in mixing their medicine or not. If they had not, the trail would be extremely dangerous.

But there were no other Indians to be feared at present, he said, if one kept straight upon the old Cherokee trail, which passed over a line of neutral ground between the mountain tribes. If the Arapahoes were again to go plundering and killing whites, as they had done a few weeks before, they would keep to this trail to avoid other enemies.

Mack's strong desire to get forward upon the way home got the better of his prudence, and he again took the trail

At about noon on the third day he came upon the smoldering ruins of an old freight or way station.

Mack knew very well, from certain that the building had been fired by Indians. If people had been living in it they had probably been killed or taken prisoners.

Whither the Indians had gone Mack could not determine. The ground was hard and baked, and no tracks of any sort could be discovered, but the party could not be far distant.

Mack picketed his animals among some sage brush near at hand, and ate his noon lunch while considering whether it was best to go back or go ahead. He had now no doubt that the building had been burned by the Arapahoes, and that they had not "excepted white blood" in making up their protective medicine.

As he sat in this meditative mood the traveler, happening to cast his eyes back upon the trail over which he had come, saw two horsemen leading pack animals and riding toward him at a

They proved to be young men who were on their way home to Tennessee. They had heard of Mack at Lavigne's three days before, and had been trying to overtake him.

They, too, were on their way eastward to take part in the great struggle an going forward: but they intended to join the southern army, while he was going to join the Union forces.

"Partner," said one of the southern-ers, "let's stick together and fight to-

gether through this here Indian coun try, and after we get home we'll fight

"All right." said Mack: "it's agreed Northerners is northerners and southerners is southerners, but Injins 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 Tennesseeans. 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 In- hill until out of range of the firelight. dians caught sight of them, and wheelspread out in a sort of fan shape as they

came, and Mack counted twenty-six. "Git 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

They pulled up suddenly. One of ing the rein and his gun to a comrade ored 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 hideous-"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 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 as there was no dust on the sun baked

The Arapaho laughed again, "mighty pnt it, and wheeling about strolle 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 apon Mack's companions looked at him in-

quiringly.

"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

Without a moment's hesitation they mounted and followed the Arapahoes. who jogged along at a dog trot.

All that afternoon the three whites rode close behind the Indians, talking and laughing with an unconcern which they did not feel, but which undoubtedly signs which he saw in the neighborhood, did much to render the savages more certain of outwitting and capturing or killing the little party at their leisure.

Big Medicine was reached about sundown. The chief had spoken truly with regard to his camp, for there were twelve or fifteen lodges near the springs on the lower slope of the hill near the base of which the water came to the

As they rode down to the springs the chief dropped back and asked Mack where he would camp. Mack told him they would picket their horses among the sagebrush on the side of the hill above the spring. This seemed to satisfy the Indian; he turned away and rode with the others down to their camp.

After watering their animals and bringing a pailful from the springs the white men moved up the side hill some 200 yards above and picketed their animals in a little depression out of sight of the indian camp. A sentinel, however, whom they could see posted upon a rock upon the opposite bluff, had them in full

"Now, boys," said Mack to his companions after they had lighted a fire. 'git out your Dutch oven and I'll git out mine and my self raisin flower, and while you take the hatchets and cut a big lot of sagebrush for a bonfire I'll mix and bake bread enough to last us

three days.
"Then after that's done we'll eat a big

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 dodge 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 indif-

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

They then turned and rode several ing their ponies about came back at a miles parallel with the trail, guiding gallop straight down the trail. They 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 pur-

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 them slipped from his pony, and hand- all day and to go on again at night. One of them kept guard at the edge of the came forward on foot, gorgeous in a col- 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 the little party.

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, through the muzzles of the guns and and they urged their animals forward. All that day they rode, but the In-

dians 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 For Collins. Hidden in the mosth told the Indian that he and his compan- of a canyon they escaped observation. ions would follow. They did not mind They rested and fed their horses, took traveling in the dust at all, especially food and before daylight were again in the saddle.

"If we have any trouble it will come in the pass between the mountains." onpleasant," as one of the Tennesseeans 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 B. Cough Cure as directed for colds. They were 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 used by all druggists.

used two years ago during the La Grippe epidemic, and very flattering testimonials of their power over that disease are at hand. Manufactured by the S. B. Medicine Mig. Co., at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists. 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

"Nothin 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 Tennesseeans were in Fort Collins, where a strong detachment of regular troops was stationed.

The Tennesseeans looked queerly at Mack as they role 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

An English rector, in an agricultural parish, found his own sermons acceptable enough to his congregation, but not those of his assistant. "Why don't you come to hear Mr. Jones?" he said to the leading farmer: "he's an excellent fellow, and preaches far better than I do." "That may be, sir." was the grave rejoinder: "but we've been inquiring and inquiring about your curate, and we can't find as he's got any property; and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got no property."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Gentle Hint.

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.

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 timest violet or the small-

est 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 highbinder, 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 inter woven 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 Ex-

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 a "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.

It is forbidden to use the words 'hunger" or "tautine" in Kazan, Russia. Nevertheless, the sign in the streets would draw tears from the manliest eye. -Cor. London Standard.

Women.

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

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notorionsly adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thou ands of pounds of substitute; for tea leaves are used to swell the built of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as toa. Even exhausted tea leaves gnthered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap tens.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no fea is too poor for u, and the result is, that probably the poorest teasused by any nation are those

consumed in America Beech's Ten is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cureo tea leaf pure and sim ple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the a tificial tess, and its fragrance and exquisite flovor 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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