

"I SHALL NOT BE PASSING AGAIN."

To thy dear love my heart is much beholden, Yet never more shall I be passing here; The sands of time, albeit they say, are golden, But running out so fast, so fast, my dear.

THE MAJOR'S DUEL.

The flagship Martingale, of the South Atlantic squadron, was moored in the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. The flag of Rear Admiral Sansonpost flew from the mizzen truck. The war between Brazil and Paraguay was progressing slowly, but as it affected many interests of foreigners domiciled in both countries, a large number of warships were on the South American coast, and the metropolis of Brazil was gay with uniforms and the constant festivities consequent upon the presence of so many strangers.

The days of dueling were past. The larger courtesy consequent upon better education, and a more careful regard for personal rights, had practically condemned it, and the naval and military regulations of all nations threatened severe penalties for its exercise.

The night was calm, dark and starless, and the Martingale lay listlessly at her anchors off the lazaret landing.

The officer of the deck lounged over the capstan and thought of home and longed for his interesting watch to be over. The band had ceased its evening concert and had been dismissed. The charming strains of the old time "tattoo" with fife and drums had died away. "Two bells" had been struck, and the boatswain and his mates had "piped down." Lights had been reported out, and a perfect stillness succeeded the stir made by 400 men, who had retired to their hammocks.

"Boat ahoy!" sang out the quarter-master. "Boat coming alongside, sir; can't make out the answer." The messenger boy with a lantern flew over the gangway and down the ladder, and soon a brisk, dapper little man came on board and presented himself to the officer of the deck with a graceful salute.

"Sir," said he, "permit me to introduce myself. I am Baron Knockoff, of the Russian legation, and I have had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian gentleman on shore. I am going to shoot him in the morning. We have no Russian ship in port, and relying upon the friendship that exists between our nation and the United States, I have come on board to ask one of your officers to act as my second. Is Major Randall on board?"

The officer of the deck woke up in an instant! Here was some mischief out of the common line, and he could scent some fun in the air that would relieve the tedium of his watch with a vengeance.

Grasping the baron by the hand he shook it warmly, delivered a brief address to him reciprocating his friendly sentiments, and assured him that he had come to the right place and at the right time to get accommodated. Unfortunately the gallant major of marines was on shore, but might return at any moment. Something must be done to keep the baron amused for the present, so the officer of the deck sang out: "Orderly, ask the captain if I can see him."

Captain Tompion had eaten an excellent dinner. The better part of three bottles of claret had disappeared down his throat, and he was at peace with all the world. He belonged to the fighting men of the "old navy," and any hint of a fight was music to his ears. To him appeared the officer of the deck, with the little baron in tow.

"Sir," said he, "I have great pleasure in introducing to you Baron Knockoff, of the Russian diplomatic service. He has had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian on shore, and as there are no Russian officers here he has come on board to ask one of ours to act as his second. I have assured him of our sympathy and assistance, and he desires to consult with you and await the return of Major Randall, who is on shore."

Captain Tompion was on fire in an instant. Shaking the baron warmly by the hand, he sang out: "Steward, a bottle of champagne. Baron, be seated. Orderly, call the first lieutenant and tell him that I wish to see him. Going to shoot him in the morning, eh, baron? Bless my soul, this seems like old times, indeed! Stand by you! Of course, we will, my boy. Have another glass of wine. Steward, cigars."

Lieutenant Lawrence, the first lieutenant, came up the hatch—tall, stern, erect as a soldier—and passed into the cabin. The popping of corks ensued, and the conference began.

The officer of the deck caught a stray messmate and sent him to the wardroom with the story, and soon an interested group gathered on the quarter deck, eagerly awaiting developments.

"Such punishment as a court martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the navy who sends or accepts a challenge to fight a duel or acts as a second in a duel."

war, which were framed to regulate the conduct of these gallant officers, who were aiding and abetting the baron.

The officer of the deck was summoned to the conference. During the continued use of champagne it was determined that it was a solemn moral duty to stand by the baron, and another bottle was opened. Still the missing major came not. Time was passing. Something must be done, so Lieutenant McKillen was sent for.

After being introduced to the baron and hearing the case, the captain informed the lieutenant that our honor was at stake and that he would have the high privilege of acting as the baron's second, when, just at this juncture, Major Randall came on board.

With a flower in his buttonhole, his coat thrown back from his ample chest, humming a popular air from the "Grand Duchess" and apparently at peace with all the world, the gallant fleet marine officer stepped from the outer darkness upon the quarter deck. He was probably the most peaceful warrior in the world at that time. Correct in habits, mild and gentle in demeanor, with a profound respect for regulations and a great care not to break them, he seemed to be the last person in the world to assist in a duel.

Upon him pounced the officer of the deck.

"Major," said he, "prepare your mind for something very serious. You will require all your fortitude for a painful and trying duty: one that you must perform for the honor and credit of the flag and of the uniform you wear," and before the astonished soldier could utter a word the deck officer rushed him into the cabin.

"Oh, major, you are just in time. You have just come very near to losing a chance to distinguish yourself in a serious matter. Have a glass of wine."

So spoke Captain Tompion, while the baron shook him effusively by the hand. The matter in question was explained to the major, while the captain and the first lieutenant impressed upon him his duty in the case. Lieutenant McKillen, who was now out of the fight, took great pleasure in helping the major with friendly advice, while the steward opened another bottle of champagne.

What passed through the pacific mind of the soldier no one knew at that time. If he mentally beheld a vision of a gory field of battle, with one or possibly both combatants stretched upon the grass, wounded or dead, if he thought of his own arrest and trial before a court martial, he gave no sign of his feelings.

On the contrary, like one waking from a sleep, he suddenly exclaimed, "Baron, I will act for you in this case with much pleasure. I am quite at your service," and after each had shaken him solemnly by the hand, they all took a drink.

It was getting late. The major, saying nothing to any one, carefully arrayed himself in his best uniform coat, and accompanied the baron on shore.

The next morning an intense but quiet excitement pervaded the after part of the ship. In low voices the officers discussed the matter in all its bearings. Had the duel come off and the major secreted himself until he could evade the authorities on shore and escape to the ship? Had the combatants gone a long distance into the country and not yet returned? Such queries were discussed pro and con, and still no major came. Breakfast passed, quarters, and no major. Lunch, and he was still absent. Every boat was scanned for a sight of his stalwart form and genial face. At last it was resolved to send a delegation on shore to look him up, when, just as they were about to start, a boat came alongside, and the major stepped on deck.

His countenance was solemn, almost stolid, in its expression. His coat was buttoned up awry and was unbrushed. His usually resplendent shoes were unpolished, but drawing his form to its full height he saluted the officer of the deck in a military manner and deliberately said, "Sir, I have returned aboard."

Making a half face to the left he proceeded to the hatch and carefully went below.

His expectant messmates were in the wardroom in force to hear the news. Whether he was the bearer of tragic words or whether of cheerful ones was the question. The hero seated himself at the table, and all gathered around.

After a moment of silence the major spoke as follows: "If any of you fellows want to fight a duel, call on me to act for you. I can do it right every time."

"How was it, major?" "How did it come out?" "What did you do?"

Such questions came in fast. The major pulled himself together, called for a glass of water and said, "Sit down, gentlemen, and I will tell you all about it."

"Messmates," he began, "judging from my dilapidated appearance and my somewhat interrupted speech, you may imagine that I am the victim of grief, or of a hurried flight from a tragic scene. I beg to assure you that it is not so. There is nothing the matter with me but conviviality, and that of the strangest kind. I hereby renew my offer to act as a second in any further duels that may come our way, and the major leaned back in his chair and patted his swelling breast approvingly.

"I need not tell you, gentlemen, that when I started ashore, last night with the baron I could not see my way out of what promised to be a very serious scrape. After reaching the baron's room, over a bottle of champagne, he gave me his case. It seems that at a ball the previous evening the Brazilian gentleman spoken of by the baron had given him offense by something that he had said, and the baron was determined to demand satisfaction. He was ready to fight at daylight with either sword or pistol. I at once demanded that my principal should put himself unreservedly into my hands, and be governed by any arrangements that I should make. Fortunately I knew the Brazilian well, and as the baron insisted on haste in the matter, I proceeded at once on my mission, although it was after midnight.

"I assumed a severe expression of countenance, and summoned the Brazilian to a conference from his bed. He

received me very courteously, but expressed some surprise at so late a call.

"I said, 'My dear sir, you have given great offense to my friend, Baron Knockoff, and he has desired me to demand satisfaction of you.'

"The gentleman was greatly surprised, and said that he knew the baron very well, and regarded him as one of his friends, and was utterly unconscious of giving him offense at the time mentioned, and that the baron was mistaken. He said that he had no desire to fight without cause, and that in this case he saw no cause.

"I thought this was a good time to get in a bluff. I can only say that it did not work. I said with a frown, 'Am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?'

"The result was not just what I anticipated. The Brazilian gentleman jumped up and said:

"You can tell Baron Knockoff that I shall shoot the top of his head off if he gives me just cause, and that I won't stand any nonsense about it either."

"Boys, I came near falling off my chair, and it took about half an hour to pacify the fellow. At last he cooled off and opened a small bottle.

"After some talk he said he did not know where to look for a second at that time of the night, and at last he asked my advice in the matter.

"You are a military man," said he, "and are accustomed to these affairs. What do you advise?'

"I answered that I thought that if he would write a note to the baron disclaiming any intention of giving offense I could arrange the matter. He said: 'That would look like an apology. I won't apologize to any man that hauls me out of bed like this. I would rather fight him.'

"I hastened to assure him that he had mistaken my meaning.

"Well," said he, "you write out such a note as you think I ought to send and we will see how it looks."

"So I wrote out a pacific note, expressing regret that the baron had taken offense, and stating that none was intended.

"The Brazilian read the note and said he did not like it. At last he said, 'Major, you are a military man; if you were in my place would you sign that note?'

"Boys, I meant all I said when I answered, 'I certainly would.'

"So he signed the note, and after mutual expressions of good will, I returned to the baron.

"I found him with a bottle of wine before him smoking a cigar. He jumped up when I entered and said:

"Well, major, which is it, swords or pistols?'

"Baron," said I deliberately, "I am the bearer of a communication to you from your antagonist to which I beg your earnest attention."

"I handed him the note, which he read with a frown on his face. He threw it down on the table, and said: 'The fellow is trying to get out of this thing. I won't accept his note.'

"At once arose and buttoned up my coat. 'Baron,' said I with all the dignity I could assume, 'I will remind you that you put yourself unreservedly in my hands. In view of your remark in reference to this note I must at once withdraw from this affair.'

"My dear fellow," said the baron, "don't be offended; let us talk this matter over." He read the note again, and after some conversation he asked, 'Major, you are a military man; if you were in my place would you accept this note?'

"I can again assure you, brethren, that I spoke with much feeling when I answered, 'I certainly would.'

"Then I will accept it," said the baron. "We will go and get the gentleman up, and shake hands over a bottle of wine."

"We did so, and have been shaking hands in the same condition ever since.

"So, gentlemen, bring all your duels to me. I will be your second," said the major.

It was at once voted that for bravery and diplomacy the major took the prize. —Commodore Rockwell, U. S. N., in Harper's Weekly.

A Good Rule.

Semioccasionally one hears the details of the life of this man or that woman who has lived to be eighty-five or ninety years old, his or her habits being stated as illustrations of what it is necessary for a person to do to live long. I believe there are nearly as many methods of reaching an active, comfortable old age as there are persons, and that what will serve one person will injure the other one. There is one rule, however, which if followed will I believe help all persons to live to an advanced age. Believe that life is worth living, like to live and avoid worrying about anything. Doing this one cannot conscientiously abuse his or her stomach, and with the stomach used decently the rest follows. —Detroit Free Press.

News Stamps.

News stamps range in denomination from one cent to ninety cents. There is a 10 cent stamp, a 15 cent stamp and a 30 cent stamp. The highest denomination used by the United States is a \$60 stamp, with which newspapers sometimes pay their postage bills. For the same purpose are the \$1.92 stamp, the \$3 stamp, and various others ranging from that on to \$48. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Bernhardt's Bed.

Every one has heard of Sarah Bernhardt's curious bed, which is like no other one to be seen in France or elsewhere. It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends, reposing on her couch, she looks like a red plumed bird floating on a great sea of white satin. —Philadelphia Upholsterer.

What the End Will Be.

According to the theory of Sir William Thompson, the end of the world, which is 10,000,000 years in the future, will not be brought about by excessive heat, as hinted in the Bible, but by the remnant of humanity being frozen to death. —St. Louis Republic.

Teachers in Germany.

The place which the teacher has made for himself in the educational system of Germany is certainly most impressive. This place of responsibility and influence is not newly acquired. It is an inheritance from the past; a transmission of powers won by the courage, zeal and intellectual strength of the teachers of three centuries. Beginning with the reformation—the time from which the present school system of Germany dates—the teacher has filled a prominent place in all educational reforms.

Witness the work of Luther, Erasmus and Melancthon, of Trozendorf, Wolf and Sturm, of Ratich, Comenius and Pestalozzi, and of a host of others, not only in promulgating new philosophies and methods of teaching, but in putting into practice new courses of study, in calling out for education the active interest of princes and people and, wherever it was necessary, in shaping legislation relating to education both high and low. —Educational Review.

A Cheap Dinner.

Venice is a cheap city, especially if you dine with the people in the fish kitchens of the Street of the Smiths. There you get a slice of smoking polenta as broad as a gondolier's palm and somewhat thicker for a penny. Another penny will, if fish be abundant, as it generally is, buy a plateful of very palatable fry. Add to this a third penny for half a liter of wine, and the bill is told.

There is no doubting the nutrition in such a meal. The faces of the clients of the shops in the Street of the Smiths are plump and hearty, and the clients themselves are not famishingly impatient to be served when there is a crush, as there often is of an evening, when such work as Venice does is mostly at an end.—All the Year Round.

CONSTIPATION.

Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 123 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

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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 substitutes 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 tea 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-cured 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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