A CURFEW SONG

Peace, weary wind: Thou hast grown fired of O'er the far mooriand and the signing : igh the gray dusk the angel of the gloam-

with its message and its peace for

All the long day the children have been stray-

In the bright meadows, by the running Now they return a-wearled from their playing Home to their mothers and the land of dreams.

All the long day the lark was singing praises

Far from the tumult of the smoky town: All the long day the lambs were 'mid the daisies.

All the long day the sheep were on the down.

Soon in the fold the lambkins will be sleeping,

morn, Breathing of peace, the rivulet is creeping Through the shut lilies and the budded thorn.

I have been wearled also with my longing— Wearled with hopes for what I could not Wearled with doubts and cravings that were

thronging
Through the dim gate where faith should
tenter in.

w in the eventide, while stars are burning a the gray chancel of the twilight sky— tile the young lambs and children are re-turning Home to their resting place-why should

Tired of my solitary, willful roaming
O'er the sad moorland, by the sighing sea,
Father, I basien, through the silver gloaming.
Back, like the prodigal of yore, to thee.

—Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

AN EPISODE OF '63.

Night had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga and the fight was over. It had been hot and fierce while it lasted, and the battered remnant of southern troops, though at last they had been forced to flight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned the numbers of their conquerors. Though the smallest of the episodes of a war whose issue settled the future of the American continent and affected the history of all mankind, the battle had brought the peace of death to many a valiant heart. its bitterness to many a woman and child, who, yet unaware, were praying, safe in distant cities, for the husbands and fathers whose lips would never more meet theirs. Overhead, the stars sparkled keenly in the frosty sky, but from the horizon a ridge of inky cloud spread upward to the zenith, threatening not only to onench their feeble fire but to deepen the crisp, powdery snow in which the landscape was smothered. The river ran like a long, black snake between its whitened banks.

To Roland Pearse, monotonously tramping on sentry duty along the track worn by his own feet in the snow at a tantalizing distance from the nearest of the small watchfires which gleamed around the central one, where the officers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's hard campaigning had toughened him to all the accidents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, Though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and the bitter cold was weary well nigh

In the dead stillness of the aight the monotonous chant of the river near at hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupefy his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow with a quite unconscious persistence, awakening at the end of his beat with a nerve shattering start and falling asleep again ere he had well turned to retrace his steps. At last a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold limbs together and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had penetrated different loopholes of his ragged uniform, and, slowly melted by contact with his scarce warmer skin, served at last to keep him awake. He drew from his pocket a flask containing a modicum of whisky. It was little enough; he could gratefully have drunk twice the amount, but, with a self denial taught by many bitter experiences. he took only a mouthful and reserved the rest for future needs.

With a vague idea that a new beat would somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch, he struck into another track, and trudged resolutely at right angles with his former course, the two lines of footsteps making a gigantic cross upon the snow. His former lassitude was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by a voice, which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with auguish:

"If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!"

Twenty feet from where he stood. Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level of the snow. There was only just light enough to distinguish it. He approached it cautiously, with his rifle advanced, and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an am-

"I am alone," the man said He spoke each word upon a separate, ob of pain and weakness. He wore the southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from his body, helpless and distorted. An old saber cut traversed his face from the cheekbone to the temple. He looked

the very genius of defeat.
"I am dying!" he panted at Roland. The young man pulled his beard as he looked down at him and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible ges-

"I know," said the southerner; would again if I got the chance. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to take it

much for a man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying goodby to

"You must look sharp then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few minutes."

He took an old letter from his pocket, and with numbed fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began. Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed. "Jim Vickers!" said Roland.

"Roland Pearse!" cried the other, and for a moment there was silence between

"Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland slowly, "I swore to put a bullet into you on sight."

"I guess you needn't." said Vickers; Tve got two already. Not that I'm particular to a bullet or so, only you might finish the letter first, anyhow. For God's sake, Pearse," he continued, sudden emotion conquering his dare devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news 1 want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, and a nasty trick, too; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the one woman I ever cared a straw for, really. And she loves me too. Shoot me if you like, but for God's sake write the let-

Roland bent his head over the scrap of

paper again. "Go on," he said hoarsely, and Vickers went on, panting out the words with an eagerness which proved the sincerity of his affection. The letter had regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the voucher had been destroyed by fire during the siege of Philipville two days previously. was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded

from the camp. 'That's the sentinel's recall," said Roland. "I must get in. I'll forward the letter the first chance I get.'

He rose. Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly held up his left hand-the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland bent and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this." He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart up: perhaps you ain't as bad as you think. I'll see if I can get help for you. Tears started to the wounded wretch's

"Rose had better have taken you, I guess," he said. Roland turned sharply

"I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and plowed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Coming to a large tent, the only one in the camp, roughly run up as a temporary hospital, he passed between two rows of prostrate figures, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, to where a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was bending, pipe in mouth, over the body of a patient. "I want to speak to you when you've finished, Ned."

The surgeon nodded without raising his eyes, completed his task, ran his blood stained fingers wearily through his hair and turned to Roland with a

yawn and a shiver. "That's the last of 'em." he said; "I've been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead beat. Cut it short, old man; we start in an hour, and I mean to get a wink of

Jim Vickers?" "Jim Vickers?" repeated the surgeon.

"Oh, yes! The man who married Rose Bishop. Roland winced and nodded.

"He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says he's dying. He didn't know me, and asked me to write a word for him to Rose-to his wife. I want you to come and have a look at him." The surgeon shrugged, with a half

"He's a Reb, I s'pose? Haven't seen

him in our crowd. "Yes," said Roland, "but one man is pretty much the same to you as another. I reckon, and-you know Rose. You

might save him. Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint and other necessaries into a bag on the table and they set out together. They found Vickers asleep, with the empty whisky flask lying on the snow beside

There was a ruined shed at a hundred yards' distance to which they carried the wounded man, who awoke and groaned as he was raised. Arrived under shelter, Ned silently betook himself to examining Vickers' wounds. Arm and leg were both shattered, and three of his ribs were broken by a horse's hoof, Roland watched his friend's face, but it wore the aspect of even gravity common to the faces of men of his profession engaged at their work, and nothing was to be learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected his tools and left the shed. Roland followed him to the door.

"What do you think? Can he pull through?" "He would with proper nursing and

good food; not without. "Can we take him with us?" "No, the colonel wouldn't hear of it. We have to join Meade at Petersburg in two days, and we can't afford to be bothered with lame prisoners. Leave him some biscuit and a bottle of whisky and let him take his chance. We've done all we could.'

"I can't leave him," said Roland.
"You've got mighty fond of him all of a sudden," said Ned, with something of

"I'm as fond of him as I always was." don't growl at that. I've let daylight in answered Roland. "It's Rose." a few of your fellows in my time, and "Well," said the other after a mo

mest's silence, and with the air he might have worn had he found himself forced quiet. But I want to say something—to write something to my wife in Charles-ton. Will you do that for me? It isn't shall have it. You'll do a long sight years now."—Kate Field's Washington.

better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And besides you can't save He'd take months to heal up in him.

hospital, with every care and attention." "Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland vaguely, but tena-

"The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick, gray cloud. "That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then-hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose that you're going to get leave of absence to nurse a

"I might take it," said Roland.

"And be shot for desertion?" "That's as may be. The chances are shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name and then see if I can't drop behind."

Ned held his head in his hands as if it would else burst with the folly of his friend's idea.

"I can't stay here all day talking d-d nonsense," he said angrily. "I'm off into camp.

He strode away and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's assurance of the folly of the act he meditated. He quite recognized that, while any possible effort of his might L. Popoff in Popular Science Monthly. suffice to save him?

The first flakes of the coming snowstorm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles. Roland fell little by little to the rear, where the clumsy country wagons lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge.

"You'll take care of the letter," whispered, and thrust it into his friend's hand. "Goodby. I shall fall in with the next detachment if I pull through long enough. If not"

He nodded, and at a sudden turn of the road, here thickly surrounded by maple and hemlock, darted among the trees and listened with his heart in his ears to the jingle and clatter of arms as his comrades marched on. It died away upon the snow laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing fire. Vickers lay quiet watching him through half shut lids.

"Say, Roland," he said "what sort of game is this?"

"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an affectation of cheerfulness. "You can't," said Vickers; "I heard

what Ned said just now. I'm booked for the journey through, I know it. Don't you be a fool. Follow the boys and leave me here. I'm beyond any man's help. You won't? Well, you always were a nutmeg headed sort of creature. I never knew you to have more than one idea at a time, and that one wasn't worth much, as a general thing.

"But this is madness-sheer, stark madness! Look at the snow! Another hour or two and we shall be snowed It's just chucking a good life after a bad one. I know you ain't doing it for me; it's for Rose. Well, if it was any use I wouldn't say no. But it isn't. I shall be a dead man in twenty-four hours at most. Nothing can save me."

going to the wood, "I'm afraid you'll have to do without Roland, taking up his gun and speaking it," said Roland. "Do you remember in a quite casual tone. "If there's any game about, this weather will drive it under cover. I'll be back presently. anyhow."

He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire and went out.

the blinding flakes when Vickers' voice rang out with startling loudness and suddenness, "Goodby, Roland!" and a loud report seemed to shake the crazy old hut to its foundation.

Roland ran back. Vickers was lying dead, with firelight playing brightly on the barrel of a revolver clinched in his

Ten minutes later he was lying in a deep snowdrift, and Roland was tramping through the snow on the track of his detachment. - Henry Murray in Strand.

Why They Leave the Door Open. There are two occasions that are usually improved by the leave-the-door-open man. One is when he comes in with the intention of going out again: the other when he goes out intending to come right back again. It isn't because it is any particular trouble to close the door; it is the human instinct of providing the ready means of escape, of safety. The first thing a burglar does when he enters a house or a bank is to see that everything is clear for sudden exit.

The wise general always plans the method of retreat and leaves an opening for getting away in case the battle goes against him. The wily savage and even wild animals have the same instinct. When a man enters your office and leaves the door ajar he is doing just what any other animal would do-providing for the possible contingency of being kicked out. This contingency is a little more remote than the comfort of society would seem to warrant .- New York Herald.

Why He Laughed. A lady belonging to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Bap-tist," in New York city, was spending a month in one of our backwoods districts. Going to the postoffice shortly after her arrival, she asked if any letter had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered for a moment. "Sister who?" he asked. "Sister Ber nardine," repeated the lady, "a Sister of St. John the Baptist." "Well, I should rather think not," responded the man

The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics, which are rarer but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower, which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting np its petals. For this reason, if for no other, it deserves encouragement, and would appropriately take the place of some of the ugly tulips and other imported flowers now so popular,—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Invention of the Fire Engine.

Toward the close of the Seventeenth century M. Duperrier in France, Herr Leupold in Germany and Mr. Newsham in England introduced almost simultaneously fire engines having an air chamber, which rendered the stream of water continuous and uniform. In addition to this these engines were equipped with flexible leather hose, in-vented by Jan Van der Heide and his brother, and which was first put into practical use in Amsterdam in the year 1672. - Detroit Free Press.

One Way of Putting a Spell on Enemies It was a custom in the time of Catharine de Medici to make figures of wax but it was only in the background of his and melt them slowly before the fire or thoughts, which were filled with the stab them with needles, in order to bring memory of a woman's face. How could suffering to enemies. This operation he leave the man Rose leved to die was called putting a spell upon them.—

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A Severe Law.



The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are

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

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriourly adulterated articles of commerce. Not sione are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for ten leaves are used to swell the built of cheap ten at min, 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 chesp teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confisently ut but no ten is too poor for u-, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those onsumed in America.

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