

A STORY FROM PARIS.

AN INTERESTING ROMANCE OF A THOUGHTLESS PAINTER.

The Widow Who Came to Dispossess the Negligent Artist Staid to Accept His Love, and Later His Hand and Heart. A Little Child Led Them.

There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting. Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment in July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country.

He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day. But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruche-Cassee," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street exposed to the gaze of indiscreet passersby. She even threatened to send for the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more beautiful by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, supple figure, and her pretty nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden haired fairy. "What!" continued the irate lady, "you are not going away until 5 o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!" It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The concierge alone was available, but the newcomer was so terrible, so aggressive and so threatening that Cerberus was tamed and ran away, leaving his broom behind him.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.
Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too, but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain de Saxe that adorned one end of the chimney piece. "Should you like it?" "Oh, yes, it is so pretty!" "Take it," "Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything." "If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the wall in order to keep her countenance. "Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter. "Yes," answered the child. "And your papa—where is he?" "He died two years ago." "And mamma is a widow?" "Yes, monsieur."

Then turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room and that he would go and help her get her furniture in. Soon the wardrobe, the mirror, the bookcase. "Oh, madame, without knowing you, as I look at these books I can read your mind. Balzac, Hugo, Lamartine—" "Ta, ta, ta," cried the irate lady, "you would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!" "I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have put that console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror opposite the window." "Oh, it is no use; you cannot make peace with me!"

WRATH TURNED TO LOVE.

There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming today or tomorrow—your men?" she asked angrily as she came back into the room; but she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair and Durand was painting her portrait. "Mamma," said the little one suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a pate in the big basket." "Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother. Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. "Mamma has something to ask you." "What?" "She does not dare." "What she wants to turn me out?" "No." "What then?" "Mamma would like to know if you—if you would like a piece of pate." This happened on July 15, and when the concierge arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with his mother and dandling the child on his knees.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once. "Leave your palette, your easel and your pictures," said Jeanne; "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my picture." He left them. He only came into possession of them on Jan. 15, when he brought all his furniture back into his own room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.

And Still We Have Dyspepsia.
Scientists assure us that upward of 5,000,000 minute glands are constantly at work in our stomachs secreting gastric juice.—New York Journal.

A Swell Boston Shoemaker.

For several years there has been a colored shoemaker on School street. He has owned his little shop, which is big enough for about four people to stand in without noticeable discomfort. He is a good looking young fellow, and there isn't anything remarkable about him at first sight. He has a very good trade for a small place, and his income is sufficient to enable him to live comfortably. If you go into his shop any time of the day between 7 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon you will find him seated on a little stool with a leather apron on. His sleeves will be rolled up, and he will be pegging away for dear life.

If you go into the place at 5 o'clock and wait a few minutes, you will presently behold a novel spectacle as may be witnessed in the city anywhere. You will see that a gorgeous light overcoat has been hanging on a peg in the wall in a corner of the shop, and that a pair of flashing patent leather shoes have been reposing in the same corner on the floor, and that near by a big silver knobbed walking stick has been standing, while on a little shelf has been resting a glossy silk hat. When this young man's work is done in the evening he doffs his leather apron and attires himself in his swell apparel.

He may be seen on Washington street in the neighborhood of the Adams House an hour later, silk hat, patent leathers, spring overcoat, silver knobbed cane and all. He goes to his shop in the dress in the morning and leaves it similarly garmented in the evening. He moves in the swellest colored society of the city, and is looked on by his acquaintances as a person of quality. Yet he makes no disguise of his business.—Boston Cor.



In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 5 Terrace Court, S. F., writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized it at once as an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1859, and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

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Democratic State Convention.

A democratic state convention will be held in the city of Portland, Or., April 19, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination two candidates for congress, one supreme judge, one candidate in each judicial district for circuit judge and prosecuting attorney, to be voted for at the coming June election, and such other business as may properly come before said convention. The various counties are entitled to representation in said convention as follows:

Baker	7	Linn	16
Benton	9	Malheur	2
Clatsop	11	Marion	15
Columbia	8	Morrow	5
Cook	5	Multnomah	6
Curry	7	Polk	9
Douglas	11	Sherman	2
Gilliam	4	Tillamook	3
Grant	3	Union	15
Harney	4	Wallowa	4
Jackson	11	Washington	8
Josephine	5	Wasco	8
Klamath	3	Yamhill	8
Lane	3	Total	265

It is recommended, unless otherwise ordered by the local committees, that the primaries in the various counties be held on Saturday, the 9th day of April, and the county conventions on Thursday, April 14, 1892.

By order of the democratic state central committee.

B. GOLDSMITH, Chairman, A. NOLTING, Secretary.

NOTICE.

Parties holding claims against W. S. Cram are notified to present them to him at once, at the Columbia Candy Factory, and all those indebted are requested to settle at the same place, as I have sold out my business and want to close up my accounts. Respectfully,
W. S. CRAM.

Disolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the partnership heretofore existing between E. M. Wingate and E. Wingate, under the firm name of E. Wingate & Co., at Dalles City, Or., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. By order, E. WINGATE & CO.
Dated April 1st, 1892. 4-2-d6t

NOTICE.

R. E. French has for sale a number of improved ranches and unimproved lands in the Grass Valley neighborhood in Sherman county. They will be sold very cheap and on reasonable terms. Mr. French can locate settlers on some good unsettled claims in the same neighborhood. His address is Grass Valley, Sherman county, Oregon.

City Board of Equalization.

Notice is hereby given that the city board of equalization will meet at the Recorder's office, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1892, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue in session until 4 o'clock p. m. of said day. All persons desiring any change in their assessment, as returned by the city assessor for the year 1892, are required to appear before said board on said day.
By order of the Common Council,
FRANK MENEFEE,
Recorder of Dalles City.
Dated this 5th day of April, 1892. 4-6d14t

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SOCIETIES.

ASSEMBLY NO. 4827, K. OF L.—Meets in K. of P. Hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WASCO LODGE, NO. 15, A. F. & A. M.—Meets first and third Monday of each month at 7 P. M.

DALLES ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER NO. 6—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each month at 7 P. M.

MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Mt. Hood Camp No. 59, Meets Tuesday evening of each week in the K. of P. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in K. of P. Hall, corner Second and Court streets. Sojourning brothers are welcome.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 9, K. of P.—Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Schaefer's building, corner of Court and Second streets. Sojourning members are cordially invited.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION will meet every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the reading room. All are invited.

TEMPLE LODGE NO. 3, A. O. U. W.—Meets at K. of P. Hall, Corner Second and Court Streets, Thursday evenings at 7:30.

JAS. NESMITH POST, NO. 32, G. A. R.—Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M., in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. E.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the K. of P. Hall.

GESANG VEREIN—Meets every Sunday evening in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. F. DIVISION, NO. 167—Meets in the K. of P. Hall the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 P. M.

THE CHURCHES.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BROOKS, Pastor. Low Mass every Sunday at 7 A. M. High Mass at 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 7 P. M.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. J. A. Orchard, pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite 5th. Rev. E. D. Satchell, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Evening Prayer on Friday at 7:30.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. O. D. TAYLOR, Pastor. Morning services every Sabbath at the academy at 11 A. M. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Prayer meeting Friday evening at Pastor's residence. Union services in the court house at 7 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. W. C. CURTIS, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school after morning service. Strangers cordially invited. Seats free.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. A. C. SPENCER, pastor. Services every Sunday morning. Sunday School at 12:30 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation is extended by both pastor and people to all.

NOTICE.

All Dalles City warrants registered prior to September 1, 1890, will be paid if presented at my office. Interest ceases from and after this date.

Dated February 8th, 1892.
O. KINERSLY,
Treas. Dalles City.

A Necessity.

The consumption of tea largely increases every year in England, Russia, and the principal European tea-drinking countries. But it does not grow in America. And not alone that, but thousands of Europeans who leave Europe ardent lovers of tea, upon arriving in the United States gradually discontinue its use, and finally, cease it altogether.

This state of things is due to the fact that the Americans think so much of business and so little of their palates that they permit China and Japan to ship them their cheapest and most worthless teas. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer teas find a ready market. The balance of the crop comes to America. Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for tea does not appreciate?

In view of these facts, is there not an immediate demand for the importation of a brand of tea that is guaranteed to be uncolored, unmanipulated, and of absolute purity? We think there is, and present Beech's Tea. Its purity is guaranteed in every respect. It has, therefore, more inherent strength than the cheap teas you have been drinking, fully one third less being required for an infusion. This you will discover the first time you make it. Likewise, the flavor is delightful, being the natural flavor of an unadulterated article. It is a revelation to tea-drinkers. Sold only in packages bearing this mark:

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Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fulfill the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right.

Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

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