

WINONA.

A WHISPER FROM AMONG THE PINES.

The scenery at Trout Lake, Washington, as the many visitors at this pleasing summer resort can truthfully testify, is wildly picturesque. The purple hills which rise fantastically until they touch heaven's blue, west of the lake of which we speak, the old snow peak, Adams, rising to the north, in all majesty, guarding the peaceful valley at his feet. The beautiful mountain stream which goes murmuring over grey stones, making liquid music for the feathery ferns and various members of the family of Flora, as they peep laughingly into the crystal clearness of the water-mirror furnished by nature, the hills south of the lake, covered by tall firs whose spears point untiringly upward; the rude log cabins which nestle cozily among willows and evergreens, all go toward making one of the most beautiful pictures which an artist heart can thoroughly enjoy, or a poet-nature appreciate. A rough hewn bridge crosses the mountain stream, and over the railing, two figures lean—a man and woman; the former is of slight build, fair of face, with pleasant, laughing blue eyes; the latter is of dark, almost southern beauty, eyes and hair of black; the eyes snap viciously if their owner dislikes anything said or done, but if all is pleasant, beam with the same velvety light as that seen in the eyes of a doe. The two are speaking in an undertone, but the rushing little stream heard their words, and told them to me, while I stood listening to the response of the birds.

The sun was sinking into a sea of amber clouds, ere he said good night to his friends, the earth people; the air was soft and balmy; the sound of the tinkling bells of Moll and Bess, Flo and Daisy, as they came slowly down the lane, came to me with a musical chime; the whole world seemed so quiet and restful that it made one feel as though they were at peace with all mankind, tho' they might not be.

The man on the bridge was speaking to the girl in these woods when the expression on his face first attracted the attention of the stream.

"Winona, I do not see why you speak in this manner to me. I try to do just as you would have me do. I try to say just what you would have me say, but with all the efforts to make your life pleasant, you accuse me wrongfully. I repeat it, of paying attention to other girls. I love you with all my heart, but I cannot endure these accusations, and they must cease or we shall part. I shall leave this place, and you, unless you root this foolish jealousy from out your heart."

"Clarence, I saw you the other evening while you and Miss Werter were seated on the log near the camp fire; I saw you smile, oh, such a smile! You never looked at me like that. You played and sang to her and only played and sang at us; one would think that no other creatures existed but you two. I know you are beginning to care more for her than for me, and I shall drown myself in that deep hole at the foot-log, if you don't quit flirting with her; so there!" And Winona leaned far over the railing, and the black eyes sent a thousand arrows flying into the watry depths below.

"Good bye, Winona, I am going now, back to my camp, where I shall begin preparations to leave. I shall go back to Hood River, and when you get over this foolishness, and if you want me, write one word 'come,' and I will fly to you. It is better thus. I will go in the morning before you are up, so good-bye, foolish girl."

"Don't go, Clarence, I didn't mean to hurt you, but I can't get these wicked thoughts out of my mind."

"Well, it is best for me to go. We part as friends, do we not?"

"Yes; and good-bye; but, Clarence, I feel as though something dreadful were about to happen."

"What can happen, only that I go away. I shall be very busy at my books in the store, but when you want me, send for me," and he gave a farewell handclap and was gone.

She watched him as he strode back across the bridge, back to his camp; she knew away down in the depths of her heart that she had no cause for jealousy, but there the worm flourished as a green

day tree every time she saw Clarence and Miss Werter speaking together. Jealousy makes fools of men and women, and Winona's southern nature did not escape the green-eyed monster.

Seated around the camp fire the next evening were Miss Werter and Winona, among other campers who had come to spend the evening at Camp Minnehaha. It was a pleasant social custom among those rustivating at Trout Lake, to all spend the evening first at one camp, and then another. This special occasion all was at Mrs. Werter's camp. Stories were being told as the ruddy flames of the fire leaped and crackled from the huge pine knots that the boys had brought from the woods. The rippling, gurgling, laughing water could be easily heard in the lull of story or conversation. Miss Werter was asked to sing, and as she responded, a strange voice was heard speaking to one of the boys who had gone to a kitchen tent to prepare refreshments for the guests. "Do you know where Mrs. Werter's camp is?" asked the stranger. "This is her camp," replied the boy, "Do you want her? Come right this way," and the boy led him to the camp fire. "Some one to see you, Mrs. Werter," and as the moon had sailed from behind the pines, the stranger's face was plainly seen.

"Oh, it's Jack," cried Miss Werter, and she ran to him with outstretched hands. "Oh, Jack, I am so glad you've come. Willie, take Jack's horse (speaking to her brother) and attend to him well, and Jack come over here and I'll introduce you to our camp friends."

"I'm so dusty, Rene, that I am not presentable."

"Oh, well, that's 'all in the timber,' as the boys say, we expect that," said the girl, laughingly leading him to be introduced. Introductions over, he was taken to the water to rid himself of some of the real estate accumulated on the way out from White Salmon that day. Mrs. Werter flew about to prepare a lunch for him and while this was being done Winona asked Rene who the gentleman was and where he was from and all the questions girls are capable of asking under like circumstances.

"That is my future husband," said Rene. "Why, what's the matter, Winona?" asked the girl as Winona, swayed and almost fell from the log, "the heat from the fire, I think," replied Winona, "I am not feeling well tonight. Will you excuse me and I'll return to camp."

"Charlie, will you kindly see Miss Winona to her camp? Good night, dear, I hope morning will find you quite yourself," and the girls parted.

A few days later, a dusty bicyclist came slowly along the road leading a wheel; he looked tired, as he evidently was.

A girl was at the gate leading to the highway, looking for some one. Soon "some one" came over the hill. It was Clarence. Winona opened the gate, and then the meeting of two "hearts that beat as one" — we've all heard of such — occurred.

That evening as all the campers met at Mrs. Miller's camp, and enjoying the friendly spirit and social intercourse, and the pleasant chatter, Winona slipped up behind Rene and whispered that "my future husband came this afternoon."

"Who is it, any one I know?" asked Rene.

"It's Clarence," and he comes now.

"Do you know, I thought there was something between you two." "There was," demurely said Winona. "Good evening, everybody" a merry voice rang out, and Clarence came in and joined the circle about the camp fire.

Two months later, a church in Portland, a double wedding, happy people. So ends a chapter from life.

HERBE MARINE.

FRANK IRVINE DUNBAR.

The republican candidate for secretary of state of Oregon, was born at sea under the American flag on board the ship Mattapan of which his father was master, while en route from the East Indies to Boston, on the 14th of September, 1860.

His early days were spent on Cape Cod and while still young he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he attended school until he was fourteen years of age, and having lost his father, with an

invalid mother, he left school for good to battle with the realities of life.

His first position was with George W. Bruce, one of the oldest hardware importing establishments of that day, in the city of New York, where he remained for a period of eight years, and severing his connection started for the other verge of the American continent, locating in Astoria in 1882, where he had some distant relatives.

His first engagement in that city was with A. V. Allen, who was then, as he is now, one of the leading grocers of Astoria. He continued with Mr. Allen eight years as clerk and book-keeper, when he left his position in 1890, to fill the office of recorder of conveyances, to which he had just been elected, an office which had just been created at that time by the state legislature for Clatsop county.

In 1892 Mr. Dunbar was re-elected and served in that position until July, 1894, when he was elected county clerk of the same county and re-elected in 1896.

As an indication of Mr. Dunbar's popularity as an officer, each time that he was before the people for their votes he was elected by increased majorities.

As a public officer Mr. Dunbar is painstaking, manly, courteous and obliging. Should he be elected secretary of state the same disposition will prevail in all the departments of that office. A gentleman by birth and education, methodical in his office accounts and records, conscientious in his dealings, he will be a valuable officer to the state.

ROBERT KELLY.

The subject of this sketch, who has been honored by the republican party of Wasco county with the nomination for sheriff, is an Irishman by birth, having been born in Dublin 45 years ago. He graduated from Drogheda, Lathia county, and while still a young man, came to America, locating first in Chicago, where he engaged in merchandizing for three years. For the benefit of his wife's health he came west. Arriving in Oregon, he was attracted to the fertile prairies of Wasco county, and secured a farm near Kingsly, which he tilled for a number of years, also devoted his attention to merchandizing in the town of Kingsly. In connection with his farm Mr. Kelly engaged extensively in horse raising, and imported some of the highest grade draft horses ever brought to the coast.

For nearly four years Mr. Kelly has served in the capacity of deputy sheriff of Wasco county, and his work in that capacity stands as his recommendation for the position he now seeks. He has been accurate in his accounts with the county, obliging to those whom his duty called him to serve, attentive to business, always having been found at his desk during office hours, active in disposing of the business entrusted to him; in short, an officer in whom none could find a fault, and his nomination by the republican party was a fitting recognition of the faithfulness of a public servant.

HARRISON R. KINCAID.

Few men are better known to the people of Oregon than the subject of this sketch, who is the union nominee for secretary of state. He was born in Fall Creek, Ind., Jan. 3, 1836, and came with his parents to Oregon when 17 years of age. In 1860 he entered a printing office in Eugene, where he learned the printing trade, and on March 12, 1864, issued the first number of the Oregon State Journal, of which he has been editor and proprietor ever since. From 1868 to 1879 he was clerk of the United States senate. Mr. Kincaid had always affiliated with the republican party until 1896, and was elected on the republican ticket in 1894. But he being an advocate of the free coinage of silver, refused to stand with the party on the St. Louis platform.

C. M. DONALDSON.

The union convention, held in Portland last March, nominated Hon. C. M. Donaldson, of Baker City, for congressman in the second Oregon district, that office having been awarded to the silver republicans, and Mr. Donaldson being the choice of that party, was endorsed by the democratic and populist conventions.

Mr. Donaldson was born on a farm in New York, but at an early age engaged in business in the city, and has led an active business life. For a number of years past he has been connected with some of the great mines of the West, and for ten years has been engaged in mining in Baker county.

He is a ready speaker, forcible debater, and is at all times able to defend his principles in private conversation or public discussion. He has been a republican all his life, but left the regular party organization when the national platform of 1896 was promulgated.

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