

ONE GLIMPSE ENOUGH.

Boston Schoolmarms Who Were Disappointed in an Indian War Dance.

When the weather is warm and the nights a little sultry, says the Indianapolis Journal, there are several congenial spirits who cluster about the office of English's hotel, who draw their chairs out on the pavement next to the street and put in the evening very pleasantly relating stories hatched here and there over the world and given an airing for their tellers are well along in years and have had varied experiences.

Dr. —, one of the company, was at one time practicing medicine at an old mission in California, where the Indians used to gather occasionally, loaf around all day and disperse at night. There was one old redskin who would do the tribe's war dances for twenty-five cents, and did do it whenever there were enough curious auditors to contribute that amount.

MEDICINE IN PATAGONIA.

How Sick Children Are Treated in Our Continent's Southern Extremity.

The Boston Globe has learned the medical treatment of sick children in Patagonia. As soon as the doctor arrives he looks at the sick child, and then with much ceremony rolls it up in a piece of skin. He then orders a clay plaster, and by this time the child has ceased crying, soothed by the warmth of the skin, and so renders still more solid his reputation as a wise man.

Yellow clay is brought and made into a thick cream with water, and the child is painted from head to foot, causing him to cry again. "The evil spirit is still here," says the doctor, sagely, and undoes two mysterious packages he carries; one contains rhea sinews and the other a rattle made of stones in a gourd decorated with feathers.

He then fingers the sinews, mutters something for a few minutes, then he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, starting very hard at the crying child, then wraps it in the skin again and it ceases crying. Again it is painted, rattled at, and stared at, and again it cries.

This is done four times, and then the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes away, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as his fee.

Strange to say, the child generally recovers, but if it does not the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine skin tightly round the child, and so let the evil spirit get back again.

This statement may possibly explain the origin of the old nursery song which is printed in all editions of "Mother Goose Melodies," and has probably been sung by every mother in America:

By Baby Buntin, Daddy's gone a huntin', To get a little rabbit skin To wrap up Baby Buntin.

GOOD IDEA FOR SPENDTHRIFTS. A Reporter's Plan Whereby He Managed to Have Money All Week.

A newspaper reporter who has wielded a pencil for various journals in New York for nearly a score of years told an interesting story about himself to a party of congenial friends including a Commercial Advertiser man, the other evening, that will bear repeating. He said that during the earlier portion of his journalistic career he found it almost impossible to lay aside any money, notwithstanding the fact that he was then a single man and earned a first-class salary.

"I managed it in one way and another," said the writer, "but after a time my friends also became tired and I found myself in many embarrassing positions, until I finally hit on a peculiar but altogether satisfactory plan."

"And what was that?" he was asked. "Well, it was simply this: When I got my money Saturday afternoon I went over to the post office, purchased a registered letter, put a portion of my salary in it and addressed it to myself at the office. Of course, the letter was not delivered until Monday, and in that way I managed to get along all right and finally save some money."

Alaska Weather. The spring in Alaska is generally more backward than in more southern latitudes, because the mountains being covered with snow the atmosphere is kept more or less chilled until the snow begins to appreciably disappear.

But the compensation comes in the fall, when the mild weather is extended far beyond its limit in many other places. The center of civilization, vegetation and flowers frequently are found growing in the gardens after the first of September.

It is rare that heavy frosts occur before the month. The summer in Alaska is delightful, never oppressively warm. The thermometer remains around seventy degrees for weeks and perhaps months, while the pleasant daylight remains in the amber sky.

A MILLION ADRIPT.

The Strange Story of a Mississippi River Flood.

How a Poor French Settler Became a Millionaire by Two Fires and Without Being Aware of It.

In the south end of the city, commonly called Carondelet, but which at one time bore the very significant name of Vile Poche (empty pocket), there resides one of the early French settlers, Joe Marshall by name, says the St. Louis Republic. "Old Joe," as he is called by everyone, is one of those unfortunate Frenchmen who settled in Carondelet while it was yet a burg of some six or seven houses. He acquired a great deal of property, as did all the old epoch, and when a more active civilization encroached upon the district and the property began to be worth something, he lost it all through carelessness and bad management.

It may not be generally known that Joe was a millionaire for two whole hours at one time, and the circumstances of his rise and fall are best told in his own words: "It was in the summer of 1859—I was on the river then. The river was bearing and it was unsafe to go out in a small boat. That was in the early steamboat times when everyone traveled by river, and the wharf in St. Louis was lined with boats which stuck their bows so close together in order to get to the wharf at all, that they formed a wall along the river front, and when a fire broke out on one boat the others were so tightly wedged in that escape was impossible. It had been storming all day, and in the evening the river was a raging torrent, ready to tear away its banks or to dash the huge trees that had been uprooted by it in its mad course through the hull of the steamer that ventured from the bank out into mid-stream.

"About nine o'clock that evening a fire broke out on the levee among the boats. There was a panic. Some of the passengers who were spending the night on the boats in order to make sure of their staterooms lost their lives in the panic which followed, and others left their valuables. The loss was immense, both of life and of property. The red glare of the fire was distinctly visible in Vile Poche, and I and my partner sat up and kept watch on the river, expecting to see some of the passengers of the burning boats drift by, and to rescue them if possible. We waited long, but no victims of the fire came. At last as we were about to give up the watch, we saw out in the current a dark object that appeared to be a raft. It shot swiftly into view, and as it passed we could see the white face of a man holding on to a raft which he had constructed of four life preservers, and on which he floated a large chest, which, from the care he had taken to place it in safety at the risk of his own life, we judged to be very valuable. We resolved to save him if possible, and jumping into our skiff, we pulled toward him. At that time the raft was caught in one of the whirlpools below the Elwood street dike and was broken to pieces. The man lost his hold and was swallowed in the vortex, while the chest, too, went down. We roved about the spot to pick up the life preservers, which had been separated, and in picking up the second one found a rope attached to it. My partner wanted to cut it, but I stopped him and told him to save the rope, as it might be useful. He commenced pulling it in, but before he had gotten much of it in the boat he called me to his assistance, and we worked away pulling in the deal weight at the other end of the rope.

"Finally the task was finished, and, as a reward, instead of the body of the man whom we had just seen drown before our eyes, we found the chest which he valued more than his life. We hauled it ashore with many misgivings, and I did not open it, but put it carefully before my shanty.

"The next day I had plenty to do picking up wreckage and watching for the bodies of those who had perished on the boats. About five o'clock in the evening a gentleman drove down to the shanty. He seemed greatly excited. He was accompanied by a constable. They asked me if I had seen a chest floating down the river. Well, to make a long story short, the man was the owner of the chest, which contained his whole fortune—more than a million. The man who was drowned was his brother, who had locked him in his stateroom to perish and tried to make off with the treasure in the way described.

"I told him of his brother's death, and he remarked: 'Poor fellow, I forgive him and shall not tell father of his attempted crime.' He was a member of one of the best families of the city at the time, and after taking me to the nearest saloon, where we had the best in the house, he gave me five thousand dollars to keep the whole affair quiet and not let his name be known. What did I do with the five thousand dollars? I lived like a gentleman on it for a year.

"Did I ever see the gentleman again? Yes, quite often. He is one of the leading men of St. Louis to-day."

sublime Assurance.

The merriest man in America has been discovered. He is a tramp, and about last week was discovered around a corner in Topeka, Kan., one day lately. He had entered a restaurant and had ordered an elaborate meal. After eating it with great relish he took his check, walked to the cashier's desk and coolly informed him that he had no money. The cashier put his hand to a shelf under the desk, produced a pistol and ordered the man to pay. "What's that?" the tramp asked, pointing to the pistol. "That, sir," answered the other, "is a revolver." An expression of relief came over the man's face as he replied: "Oh, I don't care a straw for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach pump. Good afternoon." And he walked out before the astonished cashier could rattle the man's surprise.

Virginia Daisies.

Before the war there was no such flower as the daisy in Virginia. The hardy flower was a curiosity. Now the fields just around Richmond are white with them. This is especially so of the late battlefields about the Chickahominy river and wherever the federals had encampments. An investigation shows that the seeds of the prolific daisy were brought there in the bales of hay brought by the union soldiers in Virginia when they were camped near the city. An old battery west of Richmond is the spot from which the daisy began to spread.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BIRKS, the well-known Druggist, 207 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

MOVING! MOVING! PEASE & MAYS. ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. SHERIFF'S SALE. IF YOU WANT Government, State, or Dalles Military Road Lands, CALL ON THOMAS A. HUDSON, Successor to Thornbury & Hudson, 83 Washington St., THE DALLES, OR.

FOR SALE OR TRADE A FINE IMPORTED French Percheron Stallion, Weight in good flesh 1,500 pounds, and fine head. Will sell for cash or notes with approved security, or will trade for horses or cattle. Address: Kerr & Buckley, Grass Valley, Or.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., May 11, 1894. Complaint having been entered at this office by Johann G. Fischer against the heirs at law of William M. Murphy, deceased, for abandoning his Homestead Entry, No. 4771, dated October 12, 1892, upon the N 1/2 Sec. 2, T. 1 N., R. 10 E., in Wasco county, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of July, 1894, at 9 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

THE COLUMBIA PACKING CO., PACKERS OF Pork and Beef. MANUFACTURERS OF Fine Lard and Sausages. Curers of BRAND Hams and Bacon, Dried Beef, Etc.

W. H. YOUNG, Blacksmith & Wagon Shop. General Blacksmithing and Work done promptly, and all work Guaranteed. Horse Shoeing a Speciality. Third Street, opp. Liebe's old stand.

THE DALLES LUMBERING CO., INCORPORATED 1886. No. 67 WASHINGTON STREET, THE DALLES. Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Building Material and Dimension Timber, Doors, Windows, Moldings, House Furnishings, Etc. Special Attention given to the Manufacture of Fruit and Fish Boxes and Packing Cases. Factory and Lumber Yard at Old Ft. Dalles. DRY Pine, Fir, Oak and Slab WOOD Delivered to any part of the city.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., June 16, 1894. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on July 25, 1894, viz:

Ferdinand Westerman, He No. 497, for the SW 1/4, SW 1/4, sec. 32, T. 2 S., R. 12 E., and SW 1/4, NW 1/4, sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Geo. Meloy, B. D. Pitscher, Henry Zwiidler, Thomas Jefferys, Tygh Valley, John W. Lewis, Register.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that, by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco county, made and entered into the 13th day of June, 1894, in the matter of the estate of William H. Wilson, deceased, Monday, July 16, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., was fixed as the time and the County Court Room of said county as the place for the hearing of the final account of the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased; all persons having any objections to said final account and to the settlement of said estate are directed to appear at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why said final account should not be approved and said estate settled.

Wasco Warehouse Co.,

Receives Goods on Storage, and Forwards same to their destination. Receives Consignments For Sale on Commission. Rates Reasonable.

W. W. Co.

THE DALLES, OR

WANTED—Fishing Canvasser of good address. Liberal salary and expenses paid weekly. Permanent position. BROWN BROS. D., Notarymen, Portland, Or. daw1732.