

The Weekly Chronicle.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY. Entered at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon as second-class matter. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, IN ADVANCE.

One year \$1.00 Six months .75 Three months .50 Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

The Daily and Weekly Chronicle may be found on sale at J. C. Nickerson's store, Telephone No. 1.

Mark Twain has discovered that there is a "syndicate of doctors" at foreign health resorts. When one of them gets hold of a good patient they pass him from one to another, until every physician in the combine gets his share of the victim's wealth.

Don't commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail.

He—Your husband is abroad, I am told? She (stockbroker's wife)—Yes; he's traveling in South America. He—Oh, indeed, and do you expect him home shortly? She—Well, I can't exactly tell. You see, these extradition arrangements take up such a lot of time.

If you meet a lady on the street this week and her face shows the signs of distress, you can safely conclude that she has just opened her house and is in search of servants. This is the time for that kind of amusement.—Baltimore American.

"Now, that is what I call an appreciation of the proper thing." "What in the world are you talking about?" "About that South Side grocer's contribution of a barrel of self-rising flour to the orphan asylum.—Indianapolis Journal.

Its mother—Oh, John! John! what shall we do? Baby has swallowed his rattle! Its father—Do? Nothing; now he'll have it with him all the time, and we won't have to be forever hunting it up when he cries.—Tid Bits.

Mrs. Younglove—I purchased some very tender beef today, dear; how do you prefer it? Mr. Younglove—Really, I don't know, love; but where I boarded that sort of beef was always rare.—Syracuse Post.

Hungry Higgins—Wot are you studyin' about so? Weary Watkins—I was jist thinkin' what a pity it is when a feller gets dead drunk he don't know nothin' about how drunk he is.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mrs. Nextdoor sent over that our Fido has dug up a lot of her flowers." Mamma—Well, run and tell her that it won't make any difference; he's to have a bath today anyway.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mistress—Bridget, I don't like your having these men in the kitchen. They are all strangers to me. Bridget (pleasantly)—Stip inside, then, mum, and O'll interjuice you.—Judge.

A Legal Right and an Ethical Duty: A New York court affirms it to be one of the inalienable rights of man to his in a theatre. It is, yes, sometimes it is a duty.—Chicago Tribune.

Tramers—I regard my wife's piano-playing as a joke. You ought to do the same with your wife's. Frames—Tramers, you have never heard my wife play.—Chicago Tribune.

Bildad—Who's the new King of the Swells? Bilkins—Teddie Devlilish. Why I've known him to change his cane as many as half a dozen times in a day.—Town Topics.

Mr. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much. Mr. Sparrerot—Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bill and see.—New York World.

Old Crusty (calling over the stairs)—Maria, let that young man going soon? Maria—I guess he's gone already, pa, from the way he's acting.—The Ardent Wooer.

"What do you think? Dick said I was the prettiest girl at the reception." "Think? Why, the sooner he consults an oculist the better."—Spare Moments.

Lowenstein (despairingly)—Rebecca, I haf failed in peezness. Mrs. L.—Vell, don'd put on dot long face. I vash't one of your greditors.—New York Sun.

Patient—Doctor, I want a sure cure for somnambulism. Doctor—Try insomnia. Two dollars, please.—Detroit Free Press.

Talkerly—Why did Deepdyde get a divorce from his wife? Hardluck—To get revenge on me. He knew I would marry her.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OF HUMAN KIND.

The True Story of a French Convict at Toulon. No criminal is altogether hardened; springs of kindness and feeling for his fellow-beings still exist within his nature, if one could but find them.

Among the free laborers, who work side by side with the prisoners, was an Italian who always treated them with great kindness, and became in consequence very much beloved. One day, however, the Italian seemed to be much depressed, and he confided to his fellow-laborers the fact that he was terribly in want of money.

For a long time the Italian refused to take advantage of the fugitive's self-sacrifice, but at length he yielded and led back the prisoner.

The wife of a well-known journalist was roused one night, when she was alone in the house, by sounds which convinced her that burglars must be below. The courageous old lady rose and went downstairs into the dining-room, where she found a man in the act of rifling the sideboard.

"I suppose you have been driven to these evil courses by want," she said; "but why add cowardly violence to your crime? You see I am an old woman—old enough to be your mother. Is your mother still alive? Do you remember her? What would you say or do to a man who struck her in the face and knocked her down?"

Her words had a marked effect on the housebreaker. He was evidently moved to the heart.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "and I'm ashamed of what I'm doing. I won't take anything belonging to you except this five-pound note. But I really am in desperate straits, and I want money badly."

He emptied his pockets of the silver he had taken, but with the full consent of the old lady made off with the five pounds. Some time afterward an envelope reached her, addressed in a strange hand, and in it was a five-pound note.

MAKING POETRY.

There is Often Hard Work as Well as Inspiration.

There are yet some persons left who fancy that poetry is the product of a fine frenzy; that the poet of genius awakes from a sublimated cataleptic trance to fill page after page with effortless beauties. A number of manuscript sheets of Longfellow's "Excelsior," which may be found in Harvard, should not only explode this theory, writes a Boston correspondent, but give hope to many a discouraged amateur.

The shades of night were falling fast As through an Alpine village passed A youth who, as the peasants sung, Responded in an unknown tongue.

This was manifestly weak, as the only obvious reason why the Alpine peasants sang was that they might afford a rhyme for the youth's response in an unknown tongue. A second trial at the verse, however, not only failed to improve it, but arranged it in such form that it is difficult to believe Longfellow guilty of the fault. The two last lines of the verse were made to read:

A youth who bore a pearl of price, A banner with the strange device.

There are not many, even among the magazine poets of to-day, who would consent to refer to a banner as a "pearl of price." But the poet had by this time three lines to his liking, and the substitution of "a youth who bore 'mid snow and ice'" completed the verse as it has been read and spoken throughout the length and breadth of the land. All of which goes to show that the genius of the poet is in the conception, and that the production of the poem, being quite another matter, lies solely in the direction of patient labor.

TOLD BY THEIR DRESS.

The Women of Different Nationalities Easily Distinguished.

You can tell at a glance the French woman from the American, the latter from the English woman, and yet, says the Paris-New York Herald, each woman is a perfect type.

The well-dressed Frenchwoman wears a very large hat or exquisite toque; her chiffon blouse has short sleeves, and is made with turndown collar; her gloves are very long, reaching far above the elbow, and, although white, are perfectly clean and fresh. She has a waist at whatever sacrifice, also hips. She wears a white veil, which she never puts on, under her hat, and when she walks, which is seldom, it is on the tips of her toes.

The well-dressed English woman wears in the morning a man's colored shirt, with white collar, a man's necktie, a tailor-made white drill or holland jacket and skirt, a pretty hat with flowers, with veil plastered over the face to keep the fringe in curl.

She has a good figure and is very tall, does not wear high heels and uses her whole foot when walking. The American woman is a combination of these two. With great care she selects the best points of each, but you would never take her for anybody but herself. She is rather inclined to the enormous hats of the French, but she does not wear short sleeves and low necks with them.

She is always appropriately dressed and has a costume for every occasion which always seems the very best thing that she could have chosen. She seems to have calculated all weathers and all occurrences with an eye to her dress—hence her success.



S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 120 pounds; I now can brag of 150 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see the before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

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

Do you want THE CHRONICLE and San Francisco Examiner for a year? If so send us \$2.25 and you can have them, 156 papers for \$2.25 or less than a cent and a half a piece. If you would rather have the New York World, we will send you that and the SEMI-WEEKLY CHRONICLE one year for \$2.25. The World is also a semi-weekly so you will get 208 papers for \$2.25.

Interviewer—To what do you attribute your uniform prosperity? Moneybags—To the fact that I never was rich enough to keep a yacht.—Town Topics.

De Caverly—Wasn't Cholby Knockeese boasting last night that he was solid with Miss Gofast? Van Clove—Yes. De Caverly—Well, it was true I saw her petrify him with a look.—Town Topics.

Mr. Heardard—How your heart throbs, darling! You do love me, then? Miss Filpleigh—Nonsense! That is father taking a pull at the jug in the next room.—The Gurgler.

Willie—Maw, we're going to have a little masquerade party over at Tom Stapleford's. How'd I better fix up so they won't know me? His mother—Wash your face, dear.

Mr. Gusher—I declare that handsome Miss Porkchoppe is a perfect poem, doncherknow? Miss Manhattan—All but the feet!—The Envious One.

Miss Bay—Do you believe in high-sounding names for girls? Mrs. Ray—Up to thirty; after that age take anything you can get.—Town Topics.

Fitz Sappy—That handsome girl that just passed actually smiled at me, by Jove. De Cynique—You do look funny, that's a fact.—Town Topics.

Strayed. From the fair grounds, one black mare, white hind foot, small white spot in forehead, and one light sorrel horse, white hind foot, small white strip in face and saddle marked, both branded A on left side. Horse also branded A on the right hind leg. A liberal reward will be paid for information which will lead to their recovery, by the undersigned. A. S. MACALLISTER.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon, for Wasco county, administratrix of the estate of Charles E. Haight, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to me at my residence in Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 15th day of October, 1894. PHOEBE J. HAIGHT, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles E. Haight, deceased. Oct 20-17 17

Wasco Warehouse Co.,

Receives Goods on Storage, and Forwards same to their destination.

Receives Consignments For Sale on Commission.

Rates Reasonable. MARK GOODS. W. W. Co. THE DALLES, OR.

OUR SPECIAL SALE. Saturday, Oct. 27th. Remnants Remnants Cheap Cheap Cheap. Remnants Dress Goods, Remnants Embroideries, Remnants Linens, Remnants Towels, Remnants Laces, Remnants Underwear, Remnants Silks, Remnants Hosiery, Remnants Flannels. We have accumulated quantities of short lengths of our New Goods, and we are going to clear our stock of them at great reductions in prices. It will pay you to call. Agents' STANDARD PATTERNS. CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST. ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. PEASE & MAYS.

A. A. Brown, Staple and Fancy Groceries, and Provisions. Keeps a full assortment of which he offers at low figures. SPECIAL PRICES to Cash Buyers. Highest Cash Prices for Eggs and other Produce. 170 SECOND STREET.

The Columbia Packing Co., PACKERS OF Pork and Beef. MANUFACTURERS OF Fine Lard and Sausages. Curers of ★ BRAND Hams and Bacon, Dried Beef, Etc.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., October 23, 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 of the U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Or., on December 1, 1894, viz: Jacob A. Wagner, Hd. E. No. 369, for the S. 1/4 NE 1/4 and N 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 11 E., W. 3.

Do you want a Fruit and Hop Farm? K. N. STAEHR, of BAKE OVENS, has got some splendid Farms and good paying Town Property in the Willa-ette Valley for sale very cheap and on easy terms. Some of the farms to exchange for Eastern Oregon property. Write for list and terms.

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

IF YOU WANT Government, State, or Dalles Military Road Lands, CALL ON THOMAS A. HUDSON, Successor to Thorburn & Hudson, 83 Washington St., THE DALLES, OR. If you want information concerning Government lands, or the laws relating thereto, you can consult him free of charge. He has made a specialty of this business, and has practiced before the United States Land Office for over ten years. He is Agent for the Eastern Oregon Land Company, and can sell you Grazing, or Improved Agricultural Lands to any quantity desired, and will send a Pamphlet describing these lands to anyone applying to him for it. He is Agent for sale of lots in THOMPSON'S ADDITION to The Dalles. This Addition is laid off in acre lots, and destined to be the principal residence part of the city. Only 20 minutes' walk from Courthouse; 10 minutes from R. R. Depot. Settlers Located on Government Lands. If you want to Borrow Money, on Long or Short time, he can accommodate you. Writes Fire, Life, and Accident Insurance. If you cannot call, write, and your letters will be promptly answered.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune." The poet unquestionably had reference to the Closing-Out Sale of Furniture & Carpets AT CRANDALL & BURGET'S, Who are selling these goods out at greatly-reduced rates. MICHAELBACH BEICK, UNION ST.

Farley & Frank, (Successors to L. D. Frank, deceased.) OF ALL KINDS OF Harnesses! A General Line of Horse Furnishing Goods. REPAIRING PROMPTLY and NEATLY DONE. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Harness, Bridles, Whips, Horse Blankets, Etc. Full Assortment of Mexican Saddlery Plain or Stamped. SECOND STREET, THE DALLES, OR.

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.