

The Weekly Chronicle.

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The News in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The Russian minister was profoundly moved by the announcement of the emperor's death. When the official announcement is received, the legation will be closed until after the funeral, and the minister and secretaries will wear mourning for one year.

Conspiracy Against the Czar.

LONDON, Nov.—According to a special dispatch from St. Petersburg a conspiracy against the life of the czar has been discovered. For several days the police have been arresting nihilists. Among those arrested are several students.

Desired to Die in Russia.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—According to dispatches from Berlin, the Emperor William has received a dispatch from General von Werder, German ambassador to Russia, now at Lividia, saying the czar refused to go to Corfu, as he desired to die in Russia.

Marriage May Be Postponed.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—From remarks dropped at the Russian legation when the minister was informed of the death of the emperor it will cause a postponement of the marriage of czarvitch and Princess Alix one year.

We have made arrangements with the San Francisco Examiner to furnish it in connection with THE CHRONICLE. Having a clubbing rate with the Oregonian and N. Y. Tribune for our republican patrons, we have made this arrangement for the accommodation of the democratic members of THE CHRONICLE family.

The regular subscription price of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE is \$1.50 and the regular price of the WEEKLY OREGONIAN is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for THE CHRONICLE and paying for one year in advance can get both THE CHRONICLE and the WEEKLY OREGONIAN for \$2.00.

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.

Jags—I say, old fellow, can't you lend me ten for a month? Naggs—Sorry but I haven't anything except a fifty. Got any change? Jags (after a season of thought)—No, but say, just make it fifty for five months; that will do as well.—Detroit Free Press.

Mother—Where were you during that thunder storm? Boy—Over in that field with the big tree in it. "But I have told you distinctly, many, many times, never to stand under a tree during a thunder storm." "I didn't. I sat down."—Good News.

Cholly—Goodkewit—Who was that round-shouldered, ill-dressed little old I saw you with this morning? Ethel (freezing)—That, sir, was my fiancé. Cholly—Good Gawd! You don't say. What a magnificent contrast you will make.—The Diplomat.

Bagley—Where did you get this cigar? Brace—One you gave me yesterday. Bagley—You don't say; a friend of mine bought four of them for a dollar.—New York World.

She—Mr. Spooner, I have told you for the last time that I will not be your wife. He—Thank you; I'm going to propose once more, so, of course, your answer will be yes.—Harpers Bazar.

Miss Prudeleigh—Sir, how dare you? Mr. Rattler (who has stolen a kiss)—Excuse me, I never would have done it if my sober senses, Miss Prudeleigh—Oh, indeed!—The Malaprop.

Teacher (to Bainbridge street boy)—Now, if you have a meal at 12 o'clock, what do you call it? "Luck," said the boy.—Philadelphia Record.

"Quite a change in the weather isn't it?" "Yes," replied the popular with a grin. "Greatest season for flops I ever saw!"—Washington Star.

About the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at a joke he has heard before.—Texas Siftings.

THE VALUE OF BEAUTY.

It is Lessened by the Growing Respect for Education.

Plain Girls Are Pleasant But When They Are Clever Their Plainness Is Not So Much Noticed by Intelligent Men.

Ugly girls! Happily they are rare. Plain girls they are in plenty; and perhaps, on the whole, it is better for the peace of mankind that they should be in the majority. But absolute downright ugliness is seldom met with. Irregularity, insignificance or want of harmony in the features is not sufficient to constitute ugliness. A high forehead is nowadays universally considered a misfortune, says the New York Advertiser. Our great-grandfathers considered it quite the reverse. A pasty complexion is, no doubt, a calamity; so is the long upper lip, and so is the large chin. But a girl's face may have one of these characteristics, it may even possess them all, without being positively ugly. An intelligent mind and a gentle spirit may do wonders in transforming a pale face, and making it, if not beautiful, at least attractive. And the proof of this is the often-noted fact that many plain, and even ugly, girls are led to the altar, while their handsomer sisters inspire admiration without winning love. It is when plain or badly-formed features are the home of stupidity, when they are unilluminated by a spark of sense or a ray of generous feeling, that they form a truly ugly face. Such faces there are, and there are also faces cast by nature in so bad a mold that nothing will render them attractive, any more than a deformed figure can be rendered comely; but such ugliness is almost as rare as beauty itself.

A curious change has come over the minds of men in respect to the beauty of women; they seem to value it less than they did; and this in spite of the fact that beauty has of late years become rarer than ever. In the last century women would imperil their lives cheerfully for the mere privilege of being considered beauty's champion. Men do not least reigning belles now; there are no reigning belles to toast. Where are the love songs? Herriek and Burns and Heine have no modern competitors. The chief reason for the decline in the value men put upon beauty is, no doubt, the superior education of the nineteenth century girl. Men have, by slow degrees, learned to take pleasure in the society of women who are mentally their equals, whether they are fair to look upon or not. Many clever women really do not seem to care two straws whether they are good looking or ill looking. Their lives do not tend even to the preservation of such traces of comeliness as nature may have bestowed upon them. They study, and turn heavy eyed and sallow; or they devote themselves to some trade and profession and acquire the strenuous, thin-lipped visage by which the worker is known; or perhaps they adopt the physical as well as mental development, and lose all grace of form by violent exercise, and all delicacy of complexion by exposure to the weather. In a word, they become ugly girls, and they do not mind it.

We do not know that the plain girl, who can carry off her ugliness under a rattle of words and a constant flow of good spirits, is very much to be pitied. But there are some ill-favored damsels who really deserve commiseration—those, namely, who are too painfully aware of their deficiency in good looks to forget it for a moment. Strange as the observation may sound to male ears, it is yet a fact that there are plenty of girls who, so far from feeling vain of their personal appearance, would not complain if fashion ordained that they should sell their faces after the manner of the east. Very likely their mothers, from a mistaken notion of guarding them against feelings of vanity, have spoken so often in a disparaging way of their looks that they have actually conceived a dislike for their own personal appearance. They are perfectly convinced that they present an unpleasing, if not disagreeable, spectacle to their fellow-men; their highest ambition is to render themselves as little repulsive as possible. It is not an easy thing to imagine what agonies a shy and ugly girl may have to endure, or how sweet to her are the marks of respect and courtesy which are too often monopolized by the pretty girls of a party. It is undoubtedly one of the distinctive marks of the gentleman that he pays a woman all the little attentions that the usages of society require of him, whether she is young or old, handsome or ugly.

Men often excuse themselves for attendance on plain young women on the ground that they are not only ill-looking, but ill-tempered. There is too much truth in the charge. But the ugly girl is not without excuse. The consciousness that no man or woman cares to look at her face a second time, joined to the sensitiveness she has acquired, is apt to sour her temper; and this, in its turn, tends to increase her ugliness. Yet it is a singular fact that if a man, for any reason, pays marked attention to a plain girl, she is apt to hold her chin half an inch higher in the air than a good-looking girl would do under the same circumstances. It would be futile to inquire into the reasons of this tendency on the part of ugly girls to give themselves airs; but the fact is patent to all men.

American Idolators. The Yuma Indians of Arizona are the true American idolators. The tribe is an exclusive one, and every member is proud of his people. They were the objects of much attention from the Jesuit fathers when they opened their missions, but the work of converting them was never very successful. They had their idols and still cling to them, making them out of clay. Their pottery is well and curiously made, and is their chief source of income. Pottery idols are their pride as well as the objects of their worship.

Attention

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences.



Indigestion, constipation, headache, nervousness, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of my headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

No Better Medicine, and have induced many to use it.

"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, when medicines were sold, the proprietor asked my weak and sickly appearance, and asked a few questions as to my health, recommending me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and buy a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 30 years old, but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 4 boxes every year, which make 20 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—H. T. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Every Dose Effective

Tommy—Pa, teacher wants us to tell what is the difference between "speak" and "talk." Mr. Figg—Um—lemme see. Generally when I get into an argument with your mother she is outspoken and I am out-talked.—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—Now, Willie, if you and your little sister buy ten peaches, and six of them are bad, how many are left? Willie—Two. Teacher—Two? Willie—Yes'm; me and my little sister.—New York Telegram.

The dude who said that something was preying on his mind was advised not to worry, as it would probably die of starvation.—Lowell Courier.

"The mikado is beating the emperor of China with ease." "Yes?" "Yes; with Japanese."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Woman—You're the first tramp I've seen about here this summer. Tramp—Yes, ma'am, I always was noted for my enterprise and push.—Harlem Life.

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 stifle. 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. MACALESTER.

Wanted. The undersigned desires to rent a farm of 100 to 150 acres grain land, same amount of pasture, must have good water, house and barn. Address, Farmer, care CHRONICLE.

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, administrator 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. FREDERICK BAIGUT, Administrator of the Estate of Charles E. Haight, deceased.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Wasco, duly made and entered on the 1st day of November, 1894, the undersigned was appointed administrator of the estate of Julius Cobleigh, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers therefor, to me at the office of Huntington & Wilson, The Dalles, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated The Dalles, Oregon, Nov. 2, 1894. B. S. HUNTINGTON, Administrator of the Estate of Julius Cobleigh, Deceased.

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.

Advertisement for Solid Oak Bedroom Set and Boys' and Girls' High-Grade Safety bicycles. Includes text: 'Solid Oak Bedroom Set Given Away. Value, \$45.00. Set on Exhibition in our Window.' and 'Boys' and Girls' High-Grade Safety with Morgan & Wright's Pneumatic Tires. Given Away. Value, \$45.00. Bicycle on Exhibition in our Window.'

Advertisement for A. A. Brown, Staple and Fancy Groceries, and Provisions. Includes text: 'A. A. Brown, Staple and Fancy Groceries, and Provisions. SPECIAL PRICES to Cash Buyers. Highest Cash Prices for Eggs and other Produce. 170 SECOND STREET.'

Advertisement for The Columbia Packing Co., Packers of Pork and Beef, Fine Lard and Sausages. Includes text: 'The Columbia Packing Co., PACKERS OF Pork and Beef, Fine Lard and Sausages. Curers of BRAND Hams and Bacon, Dried Beef, Etc.'

Advertisement for Wasco Warehouse Co., Fruit and Hop Farm. Includes text: 'Do you want a Fruit and Hop Farm? K. N. STAEHR, of BAKE OVEN, has got some splendid Farms and good paying Town Property in the Willamette Valley for sale very cheap and on easy terms.'

Advertisement for French Percheron Stallion. Includes text: 'FOR SALE OR TRADE A FINE IMPORTED French Percheron Stallion, Weight in good flesh 1,500 pounds, and sure-footed. Will sell for cash or notes with approved security, or will trade for horses or colts. Address, Kerr & Buckley, Grass Valley, Or.'

Advertisement for Thomas A. Hudson, Government, State, or Dalles Military Road Lands. Includes text: 'THOMAS A. HUDSON, Successor to Thornbury & 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.'

Advertisement for Sinnott & Fish, Prop's, Umatilla House. Includes text: 'New - Umatilla - House, THE DALLES, OREGON. SINNOTT & FISH, PROP'S. Ticket and Baggage Office of the U. P. R. R. Company, and office of the Western Union Telegraph Office are in the Hotel. Fire-Proof Safe for the Safety of all Valuables. LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL IN OREGON.'

Advertisement for Farley & Frank, Horse Furnishing Goods. Includes text: '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.'

Advertisement for The Dalles Lumbering Co., Building Material and Dimension Timber. Includes text: '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, Mouldings, 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.'