

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Lillian Snell arrived on this morning's train, and will visit in the city for a week or two.

Miss Charlotte Roberts, who has been teaching school at Blitzen, Wash., arrived home this morning.

Mr. D. M. French returned home last night, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Berse, who has been attending Stanford University, in California.

J. W. Gage, the Mitchell sheepman, is in the city.

Dr. A. P. Stowell of Vancouver, Wash. came up on the Regulator last night.

Mrs. J. S. Schenck and Mrs. Sheldon were passengers for Portland this morning.

Mr. J. C. Lonegan, the cattle buyer, arrived on the Spokane flyer this morning.

Miss Bertha Burkhardt, who has been visiting Mrs. Liebe for the past two weeks, returned to Portland today.

Miss Effie Harrison of Hay Creek, who has been attending school the past winter in Eugene, returned on last night's train.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Ainsworth left yesterday morning for his home in Kansas. Mr. Ainsworth's health does not improve, and though barely able to stand the trip, he was anxious to get home.

MARRIED.

At the residence of G. W. Fligg, at Endersby, Tuesday, May 25th, John Noyes to Miss Anna Bohan, both of Wasco county, G. W. Fligg, justice of the peace, performing the ceremony.

Destruction By Grasshoppers.

Chas. Chapman, of McKay creek, today informed the East Oregonian that the grasshoppers are eating the crops in his neighborhood. He says they have eaten a 30-acre field of alfalfa for Perry Houser and destroyed crops for others. Upon Stewart creek the damage is quite as serious. Mr. Chapman says also that the grasshoppers are not so large as those he saw in Kansas, but are very small and cannot yet fly. The amount of damage done will be considerable, thinks Mr. Chapman, and a large amount of hay will not be cut, on account of the alfalfa being eaten by the pests.—La Grande Chronicle.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Thought He Could Tell Old Maids from Married Women.

He was still young enough to know everything, and while they waited for a car he was giving her his opinions on various subjects. As for her, she was so interested that she didn't know her feet were cold and forgot that the wind was blowing her hair out of curl.

"Yes," he was saying, "you may talk as you please about your bachelor maids, but I can tell an old maid from a married woman by a glance. How do I manage it? Oh, it's easy enough. I can just tell her by her looks, and I am never mistaken."

"You were always so clever," she murmured. "Now, I am sure I never could do it. To be sure, a married woman usually puts on a bonnet sooner than an old maid does, but then some old maids affect bonnets, and I have seen a grandmother in a sailor hat, so that isn't a sure test."

"Oh, it isn't a matter of headgear with me, I assure you," he replied, in a patronizing tone. "Here, I'll let you see me do it. Look at the two women yonder, now. That tall one is an old maid beyond a doubt. In the aggressive curve of her elbow and the sour droop of her mouth. I know, as well as if I had been acquainted with her for years, that she pretends she has remained single from choice and that she hates all mankind."

"Dear me, how awfully clever you are," she gurgled. "I declare you really alarm me. Why, it's quite like Sherlock Holmes."

"Oh, no, you flatter me. It's really quite simple. Observe the woman who is talking to her—the stout, motherly-looking one. It does not require much perspicuity to know that she is a happy wife. Notice her helpless air and her general appearance of contentment."

"Positively, you are so deep that I am actually afraid of you."

"Oh, not at all. Now, come a little closer, so we can hear their conversation, and you will see that I am right."

"Oh, but I am sure that you are right without that."

Nevertheless, they moved on to a position immediately behind the pair. The tall, aggressive-looking woman was speaking: "Yes," she was saying, "this is the tenth anniversary of my wedding, though it hardly seems possible. I tell you, Mary Ellen, I have the best and the kindest husband in the whole world—and that is saying a great deal!"

Then the stout motherly-looking person responded and there was vinegar in her tones. "Well, when I find a man as sensible as my Maltese cat, as comforting as a cup of tea and as entertaining as my political club I may follow your example, but not till then, Jane, not till then!"

And the very young man! Oh, he cleared his throat violently and asked the girl if she didn't want another campaign button.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin, Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and biters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nervous tonic.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is all this. It feeds the tissues, makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves.

Book about it free for the asking. For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

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LIVING TOO FAST.

The Physical Condition of the American People.

There are two most undesirable things that belong to the physical side of our nation, and one is very largely dependent upon the other if not the outgrowth of it. These are the disease called neurasthenia, better understood if we call it tired-out-ness, and the other the serious defects of vision which we all recognize—indeed the oculists (and they are not responsible for it) are fast transforming us into a spectacle nation.

The rush and bustle of this American life is too much for us. We live too fast, eat, sleep, and die too fast. Our civilization makes us live fast. We are a quick-fortune-making people. Wall street has shown us how fortunes can be made in a day and lost in a day. To acquire the one and avoid the other has made many men of 40 assume the appearance of men of 80. It is safe to say that Wall street and the peculiar kind of fever generated in similar localities affords one of the most serious menaces to the people of this country—and I do not except social vices and the evils of liquor.

And yet every college gymnasium in the country, every Young Men's Christian association, is at work measuring and testing its members, and the results of these measurements and tests will return to us much of value. From them we shall learn what we have of physical value in certain classes of our population. True, they come from selected classes and do not by any means cover the whole ground, and yet they are most important to the student of anthropology. Our police records, too, are becoming of more value in that from them we learn more of the physical make-up of the criminal class.

In many of our large cities, pursuant to a plan adopted in France and Belgium and other continental countries, exact measurements as well as photographs of all criminals are made. While this is done largely as a means of identifying later, still it is giving to us certain physical characteristics which can almost be called constants of the criminal class.—Prof. E. Hitchcock, Jr., M. D., in Chautauquan.

BUYING LAND.

It Requires Time to Buy Timber Land in the Mountains.

It requires time and tact to buy mountain land. The following is a typical experience as related to a Star reporter by a timber land buyer:

"I was riding along Tug river, in Kentucky, when I saw a tract of land upon which I concluded it would pay to erect a small sawmill. I hunted up the owner, finding him seated on a log fishing.

"Do you own this land?"

"Sh, stranger—just bite I've had," he answered, in a stage whisper. In about a minute he caught a fish, and I repeated my question.

"Got any baccer?" he asked. I gave him a chew, and in a few minutes he said: "Which land?"

"That along the road for a mile back."

"Yaas."

"How much have you?"

"Whar yo' frum?"

"Chicago. How much land have you?"

"Five thousand acres."

"What do you ask for it?"

"Waal, it's worth \$20 an acre, but fer cash I'll swap fer \$10 an acre. Kain't talk about it now. Hev ter ketch fish fer supper."

"I sat on the log beside him for three hours, neither of us saying a word, until he rose and started for home, while I mounted my horse and followed.

"That night I got so far as to see his deed for the land and get a description.

"It may be a leetle short," he said, 'an' I reckon I'd take \$40,000 fer it without surveyin'."

"No inducement would move him from that figure, so I went on to the next tract, which I did not want, the timber being too thin.

"How much does Phillips want for his land?" I asked.

"Thousan' dollars."

"How much is there of it?"

"Thousin' acres."

"Can you buy it for me?"

"I reckon."

"Two weeks later I received a deed, paid \$1,000, and when surveyed the tract measured 980 acres."—Washington Star.

AN AMUSING HAT STORY.

It Resulted in Heating the Head Instead of Cooling.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and among those which this hot weather has called into existence chapeaux a glace are perhaps the most ingenious and extraordinary. This new article is neither more nor less than a top hat fitted with an inner apartment for the reception of a fair-sized lump of ice, which freshens the layer of air about the head, and is yet so thoroughly waterproof that you may wear it for hours after the ice is thawed without experiencing the slightest discomfort. An individual who, wise in his generation, was provided with one of these head-refreshers took his seat outside a cafe on one of the boulevards the other afternoon, shortly after the dinner hour. The seats on the sidewalk were almost all taken, and he was about to retire in disgust, when the waiter espied a free table and invited him to take it. After he had freely indulged in a glass of Munich beer, it occurred to him that now was the time to renew the ice in his hat. No sooner thought than done. He poured out the water from the receptacle, and then noticed that there was no ice about, whereupon he replaced his hat on the ground and called out to the waiter, who usually takes a good deal of calling at that busy hour of the day. Meanwhile another individual, whose curiosity was moved by the strange spectacle of water issuing from a silk hat, surreptitiously took the headgear in his hand, inspected it, and put it back, but not, as it chanced, in exactly the same place. Now, there were many top hats on the ground at the moment, for the heat was excessive, and the bulk of the visitors had indulged in abundant dining, and were eager to be refreshed. When at last the ice came, the gentleman for whom it was intended was busy conversing with a friend who had just arrived, so he took the ice in his hand, and, without looking under the table, temporarily placed it, as he thought, in the watertight receptacle of his patent topper, intending to arrange it properly later on.

But the conversation was long and interesting, and might not have ended as abruptly as it did but for an unforeseen accident. A neighbor of the possessor of the patent hat, having paid the waiter, leisurely donned his own silk headgear, rose up, stretched himself, and then exclaimed hurriedly to a friend: "Ties! it is killing hot this evening. The perspiration is coming off my head in torrents!" "Ah, yes; it's enough to make a man melt where he stands and leave nought but a stagnant pool to mark the place he occupied," replied the friend. "Do you know what it is, mon ami?" said the other, in a sepulchral tone, as he slowly resumed his seat. "I am seriously ill. That accursed fever that I contracted in Greece is on me again, and I feel as if— Good heavens, look at that!" he exclaimed, as little streamlets of icy cold water flowed rapidly over his eyes, nose and chin on to his white pique waistcoat. His companion looked in sheer amazement at the horror-stricken face of his friend, which was as pale as a sheet. Then he said: "We had better drive home at once. Whatever have you been eating for dinner? Not mushrooms, I hope? But first take off your hat and unbutton your vest."

The moment the hat was removed a large chunk of bluish ice dropped into the wineglass on the table, knocking it on to the ground, where it smashed with a loud crash that aroused the attention of the public. "Mille tonnerres!" cried the white vested individual; "what mauvais drole has been trying to play his practical jokes on me? What the — is this?" he continued, looking at the patent headgear, and then, in a fit of passion, heaving in the unoffending crown against his humid knee. "Nom d'une pipe," shouted the owner of the chapeau a glace, "how dare you treat my property in that unceremonious fashion? I will teach you manners!" and with that he seized upon a hat that lay near the offender, and reduced it to a shapeless pulp. "Mais, mon Dieu! that's my property," exclaimed a third individual, putting his face provokingly up beside that of the other. "What right have you, monsieur —?" "He is a madman, who carries beer and soups in his hat and pockets," exclaimed another. "Then he should be sent to Charenton," remarked a bystander. "No, Francois; no fighting," whispered one man to his friend, the hero of the hat. "It was with extreme difficulty that a free fight was avoided, but the gentlemen duly exchanged cards, and having nearly lost their heads, went home hatless and cooled to bed.—London Telegraph.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind., "Sun," writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2025 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed strength. Prices 50 cents and \$1.00. Get a Bottle at Blakeley and Houghton's Drug Store.

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FORTIFYING BOSTON.

Heavy Guns to Be Planted on Long Island Head.

Other Points That Will Be Supplied with Large Cannon—To Be Prepared for Possible International Differences.

Active preparations are now being made by the representatives of the war department in Boston for the defense of Boston. The appropriation for this work, which was passed by the last congress, is now available, and work has begun in fortifying the different harbors throughout the country. Boston will receive a portion of this appropriation, and Lieut. Col. Mansfield, who is in charge of this district, has received orders from the department at Washington to provide placements for three ten-inch rifles and two five-inch rapid-fire guns. The fact that these guns were to be placed in the harbor was learned from the war department the other morning, and the expense of them is to come out of the new appropriation of \$11,000,000.

These guns are to be placed on what is commonly known as Long Island Head, situated on the eastern end of Long Island. The department has appointed Lieut. Meriwether L. Walker to assist Lieut. Col. Mansfield in placing the guns in position, and to aid generally in carrying out the plans as far as the fortifying of the harbor is concerned. For some time it has been contemplated to put guns on Long Island Head. During the early part of this year work was already begun in making the preliminary arrangements for it, and the excavating has almost been completed. There is no doubt but that the department intends to push the work as rapidly as possible, now that the necessary appropriation is available.

The carriage for the first ten-inch gun is being built at the Watertown arsenal, and will be ready in the near future for shipment to Long Island. Lieut. Col. Mansfield has advertised for proposals for cement, sand and stone for the battery at that place, and they will be opened at his office in the post office building at noon on August 13. From present indications the work will be completed on or about December 1.

It is stated that there is the same activity displayed in other cities as well as in Boston; and at the present time all the government stations where guns and carriages can be manufactured are in full operation. A large number of contracts have also been made with private firms in different parts of the country for the manufacture of both guns and carriages. There is no doubt in the minds of the officials that the slight controversies that the United States government has had with foreign countries has awakened an interest in the matter of strengthening the different harbors for defense, and it is assigned as one reason why there is so much haste in fortifying them with modern guns.

In the last six months, it is stated on excellent authority, the Watertown arsenal has shipped about 50 gun-carriages to various harbors in the United States. Among these are the six or eight that were placed in position at Fort Warren in Boston harbor a few weeks ago. Others were sent to San Francisco, New York, Rhode Island and other places. There is other evidence that the department is desirous of having the harbors fortified as soon as possible, especially those of New York and Boston. Previous to the beginning of the fiscal year on July 1, the war department notified Lieut. Col. Mansfield to clean up the work at Fort Winthrop so that the place is now in excellent condition and ready for service at any time. The guns to be put on Long Island Head are of the disappearing pattern, and will cost the government about \$50,000 each. There is a possibility that all the guns will not be erected at that point, but distributed at one or two other places.—Boston Transcript.

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E. J. CHENEY & Co. Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, by an order dated the 24 day of April, 1897, duly appointed the undersigned administrator of the estate of Andrew V. Anderson, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, properly verified, to the undersigned at French & Co.'s bank in Dalles City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dalles City, Oregon, May 19, 1897.

my22-11 J. C. HOBSTETLER, Administrator.

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