

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wednesday.

Hugh Chrisman is in from his ranch at Bigelow, Or.

The father and mother of the Johnston Bros. of Dufur and Chas. Johnston of this city arrived from Canada last night.

Miss Nellie Butler, who has been ailing for a short time, yesterday developed symptoms of typhoid fever, and on the recommendation of Dr. Sutherland, she was this morning taken to the Good Samaritan hospital at Portland for treatment, going down on the 8:30 train.

Thursday.

Mrs. W. C. Curtis went to Portland this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Porter of Denver are in the city visiting his brother, Lewis Porter.

Mr. David Garrison, who has been very ill of pneumonia, is now able to be out, and called at this office this morning.

Miss Elizabeth Packard arrived on last night's train from Oakland, Cal., and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ebelman.

Miss E. Louise Riddell, who has been attending the grand lodge, I. O. G. T., at Portland for several days, returned on the Regulator last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sichel last night came in from Prineville, where they have resided for several years, and went to Portland this morning. The firm of Sichel & Co. is closing out its business in Crook county and Mr. and Mrs. Sichel expect to remain permanently in Portland.

Friday.

Mr. W. R. West of Hood River is in the city on a business visit.

Miss Nell Michell came down from Columbus this morning, and will leave for Astoria tomorrow, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. B. D. Johnson, before taking her vacation at Gearhart.

George A. Young and son, Fred, the sheepmen from the Kidgeway neighborhood, arrived in the city Wednesday evening. They have finished shearing and have, in round numbers, 70,000 pounds of wool.

MARRIED.

At the Umatilla House parlors, Tuesday evening, June 8th, Mr. D. A. Turner to Mrs. Laura E. Frost, Rev. J. H. Wood performing the ceremony.

The groom is one of Hood River's most thrifty farmers, whose genial disposition and sterling character should make any woman happy, and the bride, while only residing a few years at Hood River, is a universal favorite. We congratulate each of them on their happy choice.

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride's parents, June 7, 1897, by Elder B. F. Bonney, Mr. James Davidson of Wamic, Oregon, to Miss Hattie Morris of Victor, Oregon.

BORN.

In this city, Thursday, June 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Webber, a son.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for June 11, 1897. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:

- Amen, Alonzo; Bates, W F; Bennett, B I; Daily, John J; Day, Miss Belle (2); Douglas, Albert; Gilgenhagen, Miss Gwynn; Jones, W J; Morgan, Dan; McCoy, Miss Mand; Pruney, I B; Smith, O S; Turner, Albert W; Wilkie, J B; Williams, Mrs. J. A. Crossex, P. M.

New Way to Settle Quarrels.

After a San Diego man got a divorce from his wife the other day he went home and found her there. She asked him to sit down to dinner, after which she asked him how he liked the new arrangement. "First rate," he replied, "but I can't understand it." "Oh, that's all right," she said; "we can live this way in contentment. The other way we quarrel. Now, then, suppose you retain me as housekeeper? Twenty dollars per month and board is all I ask." This struck the ex-husband forcibly, and the bargain was closed on the spot. The couple have not had a sign of trouble since, although they were in hot water for thirty-two years, fretting under the marital yoke. They dare not quarrel much now, for fear one will leave the other in the lurch. He must have his meals cooked and she must have a place to stay. Together they are happy now, and the bargain promises to last to the end.

Saturday Afternoon a Legal Holiday.

It is a fact not generally known that under a new law of the state the legal Sunday in Washington begins at 12 o'clock noon Saturday. The law passed the senate March 10th, passed the house March 11th and was approved by the governor March 16th. It is as follows: "An act relating to negotiable paper: Be it enacted by the legislature of the state of Washington: Section 1.—That as to all bills, notes, drafts, checks and other negotiable paper, the time intervening between Saturday at 12 o'clock noon and Sunday at 12 o'clock noon and Sunday at 12 o'clock noon and Sunday at 12 o'clock noon, be and the same is hereby declared to be a legal holiday."—Walla Walla Statesman.

EXCLUSION OF AMERICAN BEEF.

Protests Against It to Be Made to European Governments.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The administration has outlined an important policy to end, if possible, the controversy between this government and Great Britain, Germany and Belgium, regarding the exclusion of American cattle and dressed beef.

This policy contemplates the submission of an earnest joint protest by the diplomatic representatives of the United States at London, Berlin, Paris and Brussels, aiming at the revocation of the discriminatory regulations which these nations have imposed on American cattle and beef. Before their departure to their respective posts, Ambassadors Hay, Porter and White received instructions to confer with each other and with William Storr, the new minister to Brussels, for the purpose of taking action in the matter.

Mr. Storr was at the state department yesterday receiving his final instructions before he sails on Wednesday next for his post in Belgium. Mr. Storr's instructions contemplate the recommencement of negotiations with the Belgian government, with a view to securing a removal of restrictions now imposed upon American cattle and beef.

In case the protests made by the four diplomats named are not effective, retaliatory measures may be adopted by the United States in the cases of all the governments named.

A Good Run and Fine Fish.

A dispatch from Astoria Monday, says:

The last week has seen a radical change for the better in the run of salmon. Today the deliveries of fish have been remarkably large, even for this time of the year. The canneries are all running at full capacity. Not only are the fish unusually numerous, but the run as to quality is extraordinarily fine. As an example, a fisherman this morning, after a few hours' work, turned into one of the lower town canneries thirty chinook salmon, which averaged by actual weight more than fifty pounds apiece.

Accident at Baker.

R. L. Lincoln, one of the La Grande running team, met with a serious accident about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. With his team he was practicing on the track, the team being tangled up at the start-off, and Mr. Lincoln was thrown to the ground, the cart passing over him. His left ear was nearly severed and his nose was broken. He was put into good surgical hands, and it is hoped by all the firmen that the injuries will be so carefully attended to that the La Grande team will not be handicapped in the races by the absence of one of its best men.—Democrat.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY.

Ready Wit of a Young Woman Loosens the Tongue of a Modest Peer.

Here is a story of love and courtship, told by Walter Besant in the London Queen. There was a young lover who was a compound—very rare—of high rank and great abilities, with sweetness, great modesty and shyness. Most noble lords know their own value, and behave accordingly. This noble lord, however, was modest. He thought himself so far—so very far—below the worth of the young lady whom he loved that he was afraid to speak. Some women do not understand this modesty. Believe me, ladies, "tis a sure and certain sign of a noble character, because only a lofty soul can conceive the existence of a goddess; we measure others, you see, by ourselves. It is also a sure sign of love, because such a man can only love a woman whom he deeply respects. Encourage this modesty, my daughters; above all, do not laugh at it. This young man, therefore, was afraid to speak, and the delay, which is at first, I am told, pleasing and exciting, began to grow monotonous. One day they were playing cards for money, after the fashion of their generation. The lady won; the loser paid. "It is," he said, "half a crown. I wish, indeed, it were a crown." "At least," replied the lady, "your lordship can give me a crownet." And behold a miracle! For his tongue was loosened, and his eyes glowed and his lips spake. They lived happily, one may say, though it is an unusual ending to a story, ever afterward.

WOMEN AS SHOEBLACKS.

They Are Numerous in France and Some Have Married Rich Customers. A custom is rapidly gaining ground in France, and especially in Toulon and certain other towns, which, it may safely be prophesied, will not find much imitation in this country. This is the employment of women as street shoeblacks.

The French women shoeblacks are most coquettishly gotten up, and as to their caps and frills have somewhat the appearance of hospital nurses, and it is surprising that though their occupation is a tolerably dirty one, they always seem clean and tidy; some of them are doing the polishing in gauntlet gloves.

In the towns in which they are employed they certainly are a success pecuniarily, especially where English and American visitors, who generally seem to treat the whole affair as a good joke, are numerous. It is said that one reason for the occupation being a popular one among women of a certain grade in life is that many of the fair polishers have married opulent customers who have been impressed by their shining qualities.

ABOUT THE "SLOPPER."

His Researches in the Garbage Receptacles and His Finds.

"That man is a slopper," remarked a police officer to a Washington Star writer a few mornings since, "and he and his class give us any amount of trouble. If he stole we could reach him by law, but as he only finds we cannot easily reach him." In further explanation he said: "A slopper is a man who searches through the garbage cans in the alleys in the rear of hotels, boarding houses and private houses. Some search for spoons, knives and forks that are thrown into the garbage receptacles by careless servants, for it is a fact that there are more silver spoons and knives and forks thrown away with the garbage than are stolen by servants, though the contrary is generally believed. The slopper is generally an hour or so ahead of the garbage collector and he is often more regular and careful in his rounds than the garbage man.

"By industry we thrive," as the line in the copy-books used to contain, and by industry on a good west end route, especially one which takes in a number of boarding houses or hotels, a slopper can find enough tableware to pay the expenses of his tour. Often he makes a rich find. Very frequently he has permission to 'slop' the can from the owners of the house themselves, for he tells them he is on the lookout for stray pieces of meat, etc., which he sells to those who have dogs to feed. Some sloppers are honest enough to return any silverware they may find for the dog-meat privilege, but it is a terrible temptation to many and one they cannot or do not at times withstand."

THE "WAGO OWANHAN."

A Mysterious Light That Hangs in West Virginia Canyon.

An old-time West Virginia wonder is again causing quite a discussion among the reading and thinking people of Wyoming and adjoining counties. The "wonder" referred to is the mysterious light which has been known since times almost prehistoric as the "Wago Owanhan."

This phenomenal light, says the St. Louis Republic, appears to emanate from a certain spot on the precipitous sides of the great Pat Wess canyon. It casts its ghostly sheen across the waters of the river, lighting the surroundings not with a "sickly, pale, white light," but with a phosphorescent glow of sufficient brightness to make the reading of a newspaper or a book possible on the darkest night. According to some investigators of the "Wago Owanhan" the light does not emanate from any spot on the canyon's side, but hangs over the river, like a luminous cloud or fog. This appears to have been the case at the time when Prof. Tohlure and Mr. J. E. Christian—the latter of Oceana, W. Va.—visited the spot. On the 15th and 16th of last February an expedition, headed by Mr. Christian, again visited the "Wago Owanhan." Snow was falling rapidly at the time, and Mr. Christian says that every flake, when it reached a height of about 200 feet above the water, "would blaze out with dazzling brightness" and remain luminous until it reached the surface. A scientific investigation of the phenomenon will be made.

SETTLED IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Colonial Americans Who Early Made Their Homes in Canada.

Many loyalists, particularly from New England, had fled to Nova Scotia before the close of the war, and settled on the spot where the city of St. John now stands. This gave one objective point, at any rate, says Macmillan's Magazine, to the much larger band of exiles who at the peace were forced to seek new homes at short notice; and in a single year the new settlements grew to some 13,000 souls. Men of all classes flocked there, officers and soldiers, clergymen and lawyers, farmers, mechanics and merchants. They were naturally much above the average of ordinary emigrants, both in character, education and intelligence; but all, or nearly all, were equally destitute and forced to begin the battle of life afresh. A year later New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia, endowed with a council and home assembly, and the capital moved to the present site at Fredericton.

The first council included many well-known New England names, such as Putnam, Winslow, Allen and Willard. It included, also, a late judge of the supreme court of New York, another distinguished lawyer of that colony, and several officers of the loyal regiments. Both the New York and the Virginia branch of the Robinsons, one of the wealthiest and most influential families in colonial America, were here represented, and to this day are conspicuous in upper Canada.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Blakeley and Houghton, druggists.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

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.

A VERY OLD TUB.

Roman Bucket That Dates Back Sixteen Hundred Years.

My thoughts, when I was at the ruins of Silchester recently, were that hundreds of antiquarians all over the country would have given gold to anyone who should have told them of the great "find" that was there and then to be safely brought to hand, says a letter in London Truth. A friend and myself strolled over from Aldermaston to view the ruins and as many of the "finds" as were still to be seen. Mr. Davis, F. S. A., at present superintending the operations, explained to us how, when digging out an old well, he made the lucky discovery of a tunnel which conducted him to an ancient gate, the existence of which had not been before suspected. A windlass had been fitted up over a well 18 feet deep, and men were digging out ballfuls of earth which were being diligently hauled up. For two weeks the work at this point had been going on, and within the last week it had been discovered that this was an old Roman tub-well. The wood seemed somewhat rotten, as might be expected after 1,600 years, so that the raising of the tub caused the greatest anxiety. The tub had been ingeniously fitted by Mr. Davis with two wooden shelves running all round it—one at the top and the other at the bottom, both of which served to protect it from any strain during the preparation for hoisting it, and also relieved the tub of its own weight during the process of hoisting. After one unsuccessful attempt to bring it up, during which a small portion of it was knocked off, it was triumphantly raised to light in a comparatively perfect state of preservation. We expect that the tub will shortly be on view at the Reading museum, where there is already a beautiful collection of Silchester relics.

RED TURTLES.

They Live and Breed in a Spring Whose Temperature Is 226 Degrees.

That portion of southern or lower California called Hell's Half-Acre appears to be situated directly over a substratum of fire, which causes the mud and water to boil as if in a caldron, says the St. Louis Republic. At one place on the Hell-Acre there are over 100 boiling springs and hot mud geysers on a plot of ground that is not of greater extent than a common city square. The chief spring in this queer aggregation of boiling and spouting jets of mud and water is called the fountain of the Boiled Turtles on account of its curious habit of occasionally ejecting numbers of small red turtles. The temperature of this spring is 226 degrees, 14 degrees higher than the temperature required to boil water under ordinary atmospheric pressure. Notwithstanding the fact that the temperature is sufficient to boil meat perfectly within a few minutes, the small red turtles spoken of live and breed there just as the ordinary variety does in waters of common lakes, rivers and other streams. The spring is called the fountain of Boiled Turtles because the queer, hard-shelled creatures of being cooked perfectly done.

SURE CURE FOR SHIPWRECK.

What a Sunday School Pupil Would Do to Calm the Ocean.

A certain young woman on the North side teaches a class in a mission Sunday school. She had a difficult task, says the Chicago Times-Herald, imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils: "What do the high priests do?" And received the reply: "They burned insects before the people," by which the youngster, of course, meant incense.

But one of the funniest experiences, which well shows the queer ideas which the children receive in their lessons, was given when, after a discussion of shipwreck which followed a lesson three or four weeks previously on the well-known story of Jonah and the whale, she happened to ask: "Suppose a big storm arose at sea and it looked as though you were going to be drowned, what would you do?" "I would throw a man overboard for a whale to swallow," was the reply.

An Indian's Ticket-of-Leave.

When Young Chief, a prominent member of the Umatilla tribe, in Oregon, goes away for his annual vacation, he is granted the freedom of the state by the following notice to whom it may concern: "Young Chief has permission to visit Wallows and surrounding country, with various other Indians, to be away 60 days. He is a good, law-abiding man, and very friendly toward whites. If any of his crowd are boisterous or violate any law, if reported to me, I will have the matter rectified. Any favor shown him will be appreciated. He respects the whites and asks that they respect him."

The New Time Card.

The O. R. & N. has made another change in its time table, which went into effect June 1st. It is as follows: No. 1, west-bound, arrives 3:55 a. m. and departs at 4; No. 3, west-bound, arrives 8:25, departs 8:30; No. 2, east-bound, arrives 1 a. m., departs 1:05; No. 4, east-bound, arrives 5:55 evening, departs at 6. All trains except No. 4 stop at Umatilla House. Train No. 1 now runs via Walla Walla.

A special rate of \$3 for round trip tickets to Portland, with two days' limit, has been made, going into effect today. These tickets are also good going Saturday and returning Monday. The company has also made the very low rate of \$5 first-class and \$2.50 second-class from Portland to San Francisco, which rate includes berth and meals. j1-2w-daw

ACROSS THE SEA.

The Deserted Wife Won the Race by Four Hours.

A race across 2,000 miles of water for a wife was recently ended at Ellis Island. The race was between Mrs. Franz Molineux, a deserted wife, and a young girl, Bertha Neibling, the husband's sweetheart.

The wife won the race by four hours and, incidentally, the erring husband. Molineux had been wealthy in Berlin. He had married the daughter of a rich grain merchant. When he failed in business he quarreled with his wife, for she made some remark about his poverty which angered him. He left her, saying that he would go to America and begin life over again. They were proud and she permitted him to go alone, although in her heart she loved him.

The man came over here and by hard work established himself and was in receipt of a good salary. He thought sometimes of the woman over in Berlin. She was living with her wealthy father, who was very fond of her. In a spirit of pique the husband sent across the sea for another woman to share the home he had made here at 1860 Lexington avenue.

Mrs. Molineux heard of the other woman and embarked in all haste on the steamer Lahn, bound for New York.

The other one, Bertha Neibling, was a steerage passenger on the Venetia from Hamburg. The Venetia sailed first, yet the fast steamer Lahn beat her into port by four hours, with Mrs. Molineux in the first cabin.

She had little difficulty in interesting the authorities in her case. Detective Peter Groden found her husband and informed him that a woman was at Ellis Island waiting to see him. Molineux was taken there and the commissioner of immigration asked some very searching questions. Then he dismissed him to another room and talked to Mrs. Molineux. Neither husband nor wife knew of the presence of the other on the island.

They were brought into the same room. The wife at the sight of her husband threw her arms around his neck and fainted. She recovered opportunely and told him how cruelly she had misunderstood him and that she would willingly share poverty and a crust of bread with him.

No man could resist talk like that. Molineux kissed her on the forehead and vowed he would be true to her to the end of time. So they went to 1860 Lexington avenue together, where they will dwell.

The other woman? The story is practically finished as far as she is concerned. The immigration authorities came to the conclusion that as she had no friends here now and was likely to become a public charge the best thing they could do would be to send her back to Germany.—Chicago Record.

TOO LATE.

The Fortune Which Came at Last to a Wasted Life.

Nothing is more pathetic in this world than the fate which brings the fulfillment of ardent hopes only "when the grasshopper has become a burden and desire hath failed." Such a commentary on the vanity of human anticipations occurred not long ago to one of the toilers of Babylon, who, longing beyond everything for the good things of this world, had, like Tantalus, reached out ever in vain for the cakes and ale of existence. They always seemed just beyond his grasp, until finally they were within touch, when they dropped from the nerveless, tired fingers that were too weak to hold them.

Born to expectations which were never realized, and rendered discontented thereby with her contrasted surroundings, Miss A.—'s life was one long, unskillful dream. Instead of making the best of the present, she spent her time continually in making plans for the future. Everything was sacrificed to the elusive hope of the possible riches which would, she imagined, once obtained, make life so delightful and desirable. She might have been a happy wife and mother and a useful woman in her generation; if it had not been for the mirage of wealth ever before her longing eyes—a dream which made her commonplace surroundings insupportable.

So the years wore on: youth and beauty took flight, friends grew fewer and fewer, until in the midst of a joyless and purposeless middle age Miss A.— fell ill with a long, incurable illness. Then, and then only, when the world, as far as she was concerned, had narrowed itself down to the confines of a small room, and even that grew dimmer and more unreal day by day, came the consummation of her hopes. An aged relative died and left her the fortune for which she had so longed.

"Oh, take them away!" she cried, with exceeding bitterness, when they brought her the papers that represented so much and yet so little—for truly "man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heareth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."—N. Y. Tribune.

Large and Small Soldiers.

The emperor of Germany has just placed upon the wall of his study a large photograph of which he is very proud. It is a portrait, half life size, of the biggest and the smallest soldier of the Prussian army standing side by side. The former is Private Pritzeban, of the first regiment of the Prussian guard. He stands 6 feet 7 3/4 inches in his boots, and when he presented himself as Dusseldorf for examination a special apparatus had to be provided with which to take his waist measure. His breadth is in proper proportion to his height. "The smallest soldier is the hereditary prince. The picture is a unique one, showing a veritable giant, quite equal to any that figures in "Grimm's Tales," or other books of fables, and by his side a soldierly Lilliputian.

LIFE IN GREAT CITIES.

It Is Less Enervating Than That in Isolated Communities.

"And as to the tendency of the growth of great cities to enervate nations, there is no proof of it at all, unless we identify the life of great cities with the passion for idleness and pleasure and self-indulgence which sometimes, but by no means universally, accompanies their growth, says the London Spectator. When you get a large proletariat, living, as that of ancient Rome and possibly of Nineveh and Babylon did, on the alms of the rich and powerful, then no doubt you have the conditions of a thoroughly unnatural and unhealthy life, and no one can wonder at the rapid decay of such cities and of the nations which gloried in them. But where the honest working class far outnumber the proletariat, where the middle classes of distributors and manufacturers and professional men are laborious and energetic, and even the class that lives on its accumulated wealth contains a considerable sprinkling of serious and disinterested workers, we do not believe that there is the smallest evidence of any greater danger in the life of the agricultural village or the pastoral tribe. Indeed, we should regard Olive Schreiner's picture of the life of the modern Boers as indicating a condition of things more prolific of morbid elements, with its almost complete absence of any stirring or active intelligence, than any kind of modern life that is honestly laborious at all. The Boer life is too sleepy, too destitute of stirring thought or effort, to be altogether natural. It needs at least the old element of danger and necessary vigilance to render it even bracing.

A GREAT DINNER.

Because Enjoyed by a Great Quartette—They Are Still Alive.

The greatest dinner that I ever sat down to, says Watterson in the Courier Journal, consisted of a leg of mutton, dressed with mustard, a bit of hot wheat bread, and some fresh butter, with half a jug of fine whisky to wash it down. It was in front of New Hope church in the summer of '64. Some one had sent Eustis a leg of mutton. Some one had sent Yeatman a large oil box of butter. Bragg, Gen. Polk's cook, had some flour. Eustis and Yeatman invited Gov. Harris and myself. The governor happened to have a key which fitted Gen. Polk's medicine case. All of us united in making the robbery of a vial of Irish whisky, the general himself being absent, and that was the dinner! Glorious dinner!

Please God, the quartette still survive to tell the tale, which they do whenever they meet and can get an audience. Eustis is in Paris, ambassador; the same cool, self-possessed man in diplomacy he used to be under fire; able, brave and lazy. Harris—touching the eighties—is the dashing, brilliant, impetuous boy he was 32 years ago—and, silver or gold, or neither, I look toward him as I write! Yeatman, obtrusive only in his courage on the battlefield, lives the life of cultivated leisure and unambitious rusticity which delighted him most when he was both younger and richer than he is, though he still has his ancestral acres. That was a dinner.



When my little girl was one month old she had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading until she was completely covered from head to foot. Then she had measles. She had forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. When six months old she did not weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less than at birth. Then her skin started to dry up and got so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep, but lay with them half open. About this time, I started using CUTICURA. Rubbing, and in one month she was completely cured. The doctor and drug bills were over one hundred dollars, the CUTICURA bill was not more than five dollars. My child is now strong, healthy, and large as any child of her age (see photo), and it is all owing to CUTICURA. Yours with a Mother's Blessing.

Mrs. GEO. H. TUCKER, JR., 632 Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis.

SPRINKLE CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle application of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier). Free. How to Cure Every Skin Disease, free. Sold throughout the world. FORRETT DRUGS & CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A.

Backache

Instant Relief in a single Colliaria ANTI-Plaster.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, by an order dated the 3d 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 10, 1897. m323-H

TAKEN UP. Came to my place about a year ago last April, a red steer, 3 years old past; little white in right flank; marked two underbits in right ear; brand is almost undiscernible, but looks something like an A. Owner can have same by paying charges and advertising. WILLIARD TAYLOR, 15-Mile creek, Dufur, P. O.