

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

PERSONAL MENTION

Saturday's Daily
E. S. Olinger is in the city from Hood River today.
M. P. Isenberg of Hood River is visiting in the city.
George Crofton of Centreville is visiting in the city.
Colonel J. Patterson is in the city from Wasco today.
Miss Rose Ricks went to Portland on the Spokane flyer today.
J. A. Douthit, of the Times-Mountain, left on the early morning train for Portland.
J. D. Gibson, county commissioner of Sherman county, is in from his home at Wasco today.
Fred S. Shoemaker of Pendleton came up from Portland Friday morning and is visiting in the city.
Charles Boynton of Kingsley arrived on the boat from Woodburn last night and left this morning for his home in the interior.
D. P. Doer, a former employe of the Pacific Express Company, at this point, and who at present resides at Rufus, is in the city today.
Dr. Hugh Logan went to Portland on the Spokane flyer today. He goes to visit his son, Ray, who is attending medical college in that city.
Victor Schmidt arrived in the city early this morning from Antelope to attend the funeral of his sister, which will take place tomorrow afternoon.
Miss Ina Cooper, of McMinnville, who has been visiting the family of D. J. Cooper in this city during the winter, returned to her home this morning.
Mrs. Thos. Kelly and little daughter, Geraldine, were passengers on the boat this morning for Portland, where they will spend a week with relatives.
Miss May Enright who is at present secretary of the Columbia Southern at Wasco, went through the city on the morning train on her way to Portland.
Monday's Daily.
Mrs. D. Lacey went to Portland today.
A. L. Mackintosh is in from Prineville today.
H. A. Moore, the Moro banker, is in town today.
C. B. Buckley, the Grass Valley sheep man, is in the city today.
Miss Butler went to her home at White Salmon on the boat today.
F. C. Sexton was among the Regulator's passengers to Portland this morning.
P. T. Sharp went to Portland this morning with some horses for that market.
Hon. A. S. Bennett went to Portland on the morning train to attend to some court matters.
R. H. Parsons, manager of the Virtue mine, in Baker county, is down from Baker City today.
Yesterday morning Wm. Hoering went to Portland on business, returning on the midnight train last night.
H. Brash, who, in conjunction with B. Wolfe, represented Bessinger & Co. in the city for some time, and who has traveled for that firm since last here, has returned and will in all probability remain for some time.
Tuesday's Daily.
A. L. Perry of Dufur is in the city today.
D. C. Allard of Boyd is in the city today.
E. Doyle of Endersby is in the city today.
C. C. Roy of Dufur is at the Umatilla House.
Robt. Edmundson of Dufur is in the city today.
William Calk, who was here to attend the anniversary of the K. of P. last night, returned to Portland on the morning train today.
O. B. Hartly and wife of Hood River came up from that city last evening. They are on their way to Union, where Mr. Hartley intends going into the butcher business.
There is no need of little children being tortured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently. Snipes-Kinerey Drug Co.

BORN

In this city, on Monday, February 21st, to the wife of J. Cameron, a daughter.
Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder
You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. Snipes-Kinerey Drug Co.

"A Clincher"

"Of course I don't know much about politics," she said, thoughtfully, "but I should think, John, that you'd sometimes get caught in spite of all your wisdom."
"In one way I do," he replied, "but a man who has been talking politics as long as I have knows how to win a victory even after he's been tripped up."
"But if you find that you're getting the worst of the argument I don't see—"

"Oh, I just run in something about the immutable laws of supply and demand," he interrupted, in his superior way, "and it will prove a clincher for any kind of argument in regard to either the tariff or finance."—Chicago Post.

Try our one pound squares "Queen Brand" butter, at Dalles Commission & Grocery Co.
One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

A SIZZLING SPOT.

Yuma is the Most Torrid Town in the United States.

Temperature Exceeding One Hundred Degrees for Days at a Time—Deserts That Make It Unnecessary to Guard Desperate Convicts.

Eastern people who prate about heated terms and flee to the mountains or seashore upon the approach of a brief period when the temperature is among the 90's should consider the case of a town where the temperature from about the middle of June to early October ranges all the way from 90 to 120 degrees in the shade, and occasionally goes to 123 degrees for a few hours, suggests a Yuma (Ariz.) correspondent. What would they think of a temperature for a full month of not less than 97, or two weeks at a time when the temperature has varied from 108 to 115, and of a week when the thermometer has stood at over 112 in the shade?

This is what the residents of this quaint old town of Yuma experience regularly each summer. So far this season Yuma has had two spells of weather when the mercury climbed up to 117 in the shade every morning for a few successive days, and descended to 96 to 100 at night. From June 10 to June 14 the daily temperature here ranged from 107 to 114. From June 18 to June 21 inclusive, the temperature on each afternoon would go as high as 117 in the shade.
All conditions seem to unite to make Yuma the hot summer spot it is. It is located in a kind of basin on the edge of the lazy, muddy Colorado river, which meanders through desert sands and adobe soil down to the gulf of California. Away to the west, across the river and to the south stretches the Colorado desert, several thousand square miles in area. It is so merciless, ghostly and fierce a desert waste that few dare cross it by wagon or on foot in the summer months, and in winter or early spring travelers are careful to be accompanied by a companion or two and supplied with an abundance of drinking water and food.
Every summer venturesome miners lose their lives in trying to cross the desert by being overtaken by a sand-storm or weakened to death by the dreadful heat. To the north there are vast plains and uplands of barren, sun-baked adobe soil, and a peculiar formation of lava and soft granite, the remains of numerous extinct volcanoes. This area absorbs the sun's heat by day and distributes it by night. To the east are millions of acres that are the next thing to absolute desert, where nothing grows except by irrigation, and then only scantily; where no one lives who can exist elsewhere. For over 100 miles about Yuma not a tree grows naturally, and none of the forest trees that the people of New England or the middle states know can be grown even artificially.

There is not a thing in nature anywhere in the region to add a degree of coolness to the atmosphere. There are no balmy breezes from anywhere, no sea or lake air to come once in awhile as a relief after hours of a steady downpouring of solar heat; not a mountain or brook, a canyon or dell, a grove or bench throughout the whole country to which one may resort for so much as a moment of coolness. One may gaze in any direction from the highest place in Yuma, and the only color in nature to be seen is a dull, reddish brown under a blazing sky. Even the sluggish river takes on the hue of the surrounding territory.
When a wind comes up from off the desert the air is almost shivering, and even the natives of Yuma go into their adobe houses and shut the doors to avoid the air that comes like that from a furnace from a foundry. The glare of the sunshine has a serious effect on the eyes of the people. Green goggles and smoked glasses are commonly worn here by eastern people. There are many cases of blindness among United States soldiers who have been stationed at forts in this region. The fierce sunshine causes inflammation of the eyes. Every one does as much work as possible in the evening or early morning before the sun has got in its best efforts, and there is little or no unnecessary movement about town at midday.
Inland brakemen wear leather mittens so that they may handle coupling pins and links. The china and glassware in the homes and at the little hotel are as warm on any day in summer as if they had just come out of very warm water, and window panes are unbearably hot. When one puts his hands on a wall in a house on a hot day it feels like the walls that surround a baker's oven. All horses and cows here are kept under roofs or sheds at midday when the mercury is ranging high.—N. Y. Sun.

SHE WAS STARTLED.

An Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Partition Upon a Splintered Bed.
"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken possession of by the Newark conference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that denomination recently, "we had little money with which to clear up the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open air pavilion in which the preaching services could be held, we began to cast around for some building where transient guests might be accommodated.
"The structure resulting from this necessity was a long frame building,

which was christened the 'saw-house.' In constructing the house on an economical basis as possible, the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not ceiled.
"I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my first nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had retired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unearthly shriek.
"'Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help!' a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.
"I hustled out into the narrow hall in my night robe and found others in the same attire—both men and women—running around in a distracted way. We all stopped before a door from within which the sounds proceeded.
"'You beast! Help! Help! Murder!' still came the cries.
"Then there was a sound of scuffling from within and suddenly the door opened and a woman, excited, panting, with wild and disheveled looks, appeared at the door clutching a boy, who was more frightened even than was the woman.
" 'One glance settled it. The boy was the son of a woman occupying the adjoining room. The little fellow, out of curiosity, had climbed to the top of the partition and, losing his balance, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster.
" 'The ridiculousness of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and everyone joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished and the old maid left the next day.'—N. Y. Herald.

WAKE AGAIN AFTER 24 YEARS.

Mr. McClelland Knows How Rip Van Winkle Felt When He Woke Up.

The village of Graysville has developed a strange case as viewed from a medical standpoint—that of a man who had lain upon his bed for 24 years, during a great part of which time he was blind and speechless, and sometimes unable to hear, but can now walk about with the aid of crutches, and his eyesight, voice and hearing all restored. This man is Asa McClelland. He was a soldier in the late war, being a member of company C, Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, and will be remembered by many of his old comrades.
In the early part of the '70s he was taken ill and became bedfast. He lost the use of his body, and finally sank into a half-conscious state, during which he lost both eyesight and power to speak, and for a time could not hear. Some time before his illness his mind became temporarily affected, and he attempted to take his life by shooting. The ball struck him near the base of the brain, but failed to penetrate the skull. But little injury was done, apparently, by the wound, and he went about for several months afterward. After he became ill his case baffled the aid of physicians.
Much of the time he would lie upon his bed with his head and entire body under covers. He would show no sign of recognition, and his food was frequently pushed under the covers within his reach, and thus he ate enough to sustain life. This lasted during a period of 24 years. After the first few years old acquaintances ceased their visits, and he almost dropped out of their remembrance. He now relates the following strange story:
A short time ago he felt strength suddenly return to his body, and had an impulse to rise. He tried to do so and found that he could get up. About the same time he found his eyesight restored. He had not uttered a sound for years, but the thought occurred to him to speak, and he found his voice restored.
His first attempt to walk was by resting his hands upon the back of a chair and pushing it along, but he now uses crutches. He had forgotten many words, and those were taught him just as a little child is instructed. In the same way he was taught to read again. Everything was new to him. He, however, remembered the names and faces of former acquaintances. An old acquaintance who had not seen him for many years met him at the store at Graysville, and was quickly recognized by McClelland. The latter refers to the period of his life prior to his illness as one who has been away in another part of the country for many years and has just returned. He speaks of places about the village as "when I was here before they looked so and so." He says there were but two or three houses in Graysville when he was there then.
Like Rip Van Winkle, he seems to have awakened from a long dream. He says that during his illness he was many times able to hear what was said, but had not the power to whisper even a reply. He has an interest in a piece of land, and draws a small pension, and says he now is able to conduct his own business. Mr. McClelland is 54 years old, and formerly worked at the painting trade.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Humanity Always Seeking Equality.

Perhaps it is because we know society to be merely a make-believe in its equality that so many society people regard a real equality as impossible, and are content to remain in the make-believe. But even the pretense of equality is precious, and it has more honesty in it than the pretense of inequality. There is nothing so essentially false as that; and the superior, when he takes thought, is as distinctly aware of the fact as the inferior. Humanity is always seeking equality. The patrician wishes to be with his equals because his inferiors make him uneasy; the plebeian wishes to be with his equals because his superiors make him unhappy. This fact accounts for inequality itself, for classes. Inferiority and superiority were intolerable to men, and so they formed themselves into classes, that inside of these classes they might have the peace, the comfort, of equality; and each kept himself to his own class for that reason.—W. D. Howells, in Century.

THEY WON'T BE SHOT.

American Quail That Are Troubling Canadian Sportsmen.

The Birds Are So Swift of Wing That the Hunters Are Unable to Bag Them—Some Objections to the Yankee Invaders.

Two years ago quail became very scarce in this part of the province of Ontario, says the New York Sun, and some enthusiastic sportsmen imported a couple of birds from the southern states and turned them loose. This year they are reaping their reward, though it is not the kind they expected. That live quail are plentiful everyone agrees, but up to date very few dead birds have gladdened the hearts of the hunters. Whether the feathered colonists have acquired new habits since coming under the British flag or have simply brought with them the spirit of independence peculiar to the republic no one knows, but they are certainly well able to take care of themselves. They are wild and wary and unlike the native Canadian quail are easily flushed. When flushed they fly straight to get at them. They think nothing of flying half a mile to reach a thicket, and often instead of alighting on the ground they perch in the trees where no dogs can find them. The other day the sportsman who had most to do with bringing in the foreigners tramped about from sunrise till sunset, and, on being asked the customary question, "What luck?" replied:
"I am a sinful man, but not a liar. I didn't get a feather. I never saw such birds. They invariably flushed before the dogs got within fifty yards of them, and made for the woods, where it seemed impossible to find them."
After dinner he lit a cigar and gave his friends the benefit of his observations.
"I don't believe there are more than a dozen flocks of these imported quail in the county," he said, "but they travel around so much they are seen everywhere, and in that way give the impression that the fields are full of them. I asked every farmer I met if there were any quail about. The answer always was: 'Plenty of them. I saw a big flock yesterday or the day before.' Now, I feel sure that many of these farmers saw the same flock. When the little native quails were plentiful they didn't travel about much. A flock would make its home in a cornfield where there was plenty of food and could be found there or in a neighboring field at any time. The dogs could get within a couple of yards of them before they would rise, and I never knew them to fly further than forty or fifty rods. Besides, they never flew except when disturbed, and when the dogs struck a trail they could find the flock by following it. When hunted the birds would fly back and forth in a couple of fields, and it was easy to kill a whole bevy in an afternoon. Of course that was why the native quail got killed off.
" 'But these new fellows seem to do a lot of their traveling on the wing. If a feeding ground doesn't suit them, they fly to another. Half a dozen times a day my dogs trailed a flock over a farm only to find that the birds had flown. I believe each flock now has a beat of a dozen or more farms over which it travels, and as the birds are seen at different times on all the farms, each farmer thinks he has a flock lying with him just as in the past, and that is the cause of the opinion that quail are plentiful.'
The sportsman who brings home a bag of half a dozen birds this year does well, though it was by no means unusual for a good shot five or six years ago to make a bag of twenty or thirty. The men who imported the quail are satisfied with the result, even though they haven't killed many yet, for they say that such wary birds can take good care of themselves and will in time become very plentiful. But some are dubious of this and say that an old-fashioned hard winter will kill off the strangers. The last couple of winters have been very mild. Besides they have noticed that the birds are rather stupid and easily killed in cold weather—in fact, there is very little use hunting them on fine days. But though there are some doubters among the sportsmen they all approve of the attempt to restock the county with game. Col. Denison, of Toronto, however, strongly disapproves of it. He is a descendant of the United Empire Loyalists, and so "truly loyal" that he thinks there should be a law passed to keep rebellious American game out of the country. He sees in this attempt to colonize the fields and wood with Yankee quail an effort to foment annexation.

HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE

I have sixteen head of 3 and 4-year mules (broken) for sale. I also have horses, mares and geldings for sale, weighing from 900 to 1400 pounds. Any-one wanting work stock or stock for Klondike, here is the place to get them cheap for cash. JAMES BROWN, 223-1m-1 Victor, Or.

Notice of Executor's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Maximilian Meyer, deceased, will, from and after the 1st day of March, 1893, sell at private sale, upon the premises, the following described real property belonging to said estate and situated in Wasco county, Oregon, to-wit: Lot two (2) in block eight (8) in what is known as Thompson's Addition to Dalles City. Said sale is made in accordance with an order of the County Court rendered and entered the 3d day of January, 1893, and such sale will be subject to confirmation by said court, the terms of said sale to be cash or credit, or both. ANDREW KELLER, Executor of the estate of Maximilian Meyer, deceased. Jan 22-1893.

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INDEPENDENCE PASSENGER. Express train Daily (except Sunday). 4:50 p. m. (Lv. Portland... Ar. 8:25 a. m. 7:30 p. m. (Ar. McMinnville... Lv. 5:50 a. m. 8:30 p. m. (Ar. Independence... Lv. 4:50 a. m. Daily, except Sunday.

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YAMHILL DIVISION. Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson street. Leave for OSWEGO, daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a. m.; 12:30, 1:45, 5:15, 6:25, \*8:05 p. m. (and 11:30 p. m. on Saturdays only, and 10:05 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. on Sundays only). Arrive at Portland daily at \*6:40 and 8:30 a. m.; and 1:35, 5:15, 6:40 and 7:30 p. m. (and 10:05 a. m. & 3:15-5:10 p. m. on Sundays only).

Leave for Sheridan, week days, at 4:30 p. m. Arrive at Portland, 9:30 a. m. Leave for AIRLIE on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:40 a. m. Arrive at Portland, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:05 p. m. \*Except Sunday. \*\*Except Saturday.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. G. H. MARKHAM, Asst. G. F. & Pass. Agt.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Wasco: In the matter of the estate of W. J. Meins, deceased, citation: To James Meins, Carrie McDonald, Ida Hubert and to all unknown heirs of W. J. Meins, deceased, greeting: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Wasco at the court room thereof, at Dalles City, in the County of Wasco, on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exist, why an order, to be made authorizing and directing J. C. Meins, as administrator of said estate, to sell the real property belonging to the estate of W. J. Meins, deceased, for the purpose of paying the charges, expenses and claims against the estate, which said property is described as follows, to-wit: The north half of the northwest quarter, the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter, the south half of the southeast quarter, and the south half of the southwest quarter, all in section 12, T. 1 S., R. 12 E., W. M. Witness the Hon. Robert Mays, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Wasco, with the seal of said court affixed, this 14th day of January, A. D. 1893. Attest: A. K. ELSAY, Clerk. Jan 16-1893.

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Cash in Your Checks. All county warrants registered prior to Nov. 22, 1893, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after Feb. 16th, 1893. C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.

FRED W. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, THE DALLES, OREGON Office over First Nat. Bank.

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TIME CARD. No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 5:25 p. m., leaves at 5:30 p. m. No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 12:45 p. m., departs at 12:50 p. m.

No. 5, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 6:30 a. m., departs at 6:35 a. m. No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 3:20 a. m., departs at 3:30 a. m.

No. 23 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 23 arrives at 5 p. m., departs at 1:45 p. m. Passengers for Heppner take No. 2, leaving here at 11:45 p. m. W. H. HURLBURT, Gen. Pass. Agt. Portland, Oregon

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