

UNCLAIMED MILLIONS.

FORTUNES IN THE HANDS OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATORS.

Strange Searches for Heirs to Large Fortunes in Brooklyn—A Strange Disappearance—The Fund in Charge of the State Treasurers Keeps Increasing.

Speaking roughly there is at the present time over \$5,000,000 in hard cash in the hands of the various state treasurers in this country awaiting the claim of legal heirs. This large amount has been deposited with the treasurers from time to time by public administrators. Of this \$5,000,000 the New York state treasurer has about \$350,000, and although he pays out now and then certified claims from the administrative fund it keeps steadily increasing in a ratio with the population of the state.

The public administrator of Brooklyn furnishes the following cases from his record books:

Thomas Wilson sold newspapers in Brooklyn's Twentieth ward for a generation. His route was an aristocratic one, comprising such streets as Clinton and Clermont avenues, in which are the homes of millionaires. He peddled his wares in all sorts of weather, appeared on the streets in rain and shine every day and far into the night, and even made a feeble attempt to brave the fury of the big blizzard of March 12, 1888. He had no friends, no confidants, no associations, and he lodged in the attic of a miserable tenement house. One day in the spring of 1889 his legs refused to carry him along his route, and he went for succor and shelter to the Brooklyn hospital.

Here he was warned that he had but a short time to live and was told to communicate with his friends, if he had any. Old Tom shook his head negatively and died that night without making a sign. Five bank books were found under his pillow, showing three or four thousand dollars to his credit in different institutions. The administrator could learn nothing about him in the banks, where he had told different stories about himself. It is thought he was of Swedish origin and that his real name was Nilsson, not Wilson.

THE CASE OF LANGIER.

Then there was Joseph Langier, a name common enough in the south of France, in Marseilles especially. Langier was also a solitary man, living—or rather, grubbing—in an Atlantic avenue garret. He paid the janitor a dollar a month for his miserable room. He went out and he came in, spoke to nobody and answered questions by shaking or nodding his head. One day he went forth for the last time—staggered and fell at the next corner, was taken into a saloon, thence conveyed in an ambulance to Long Island College hospital, where he died after a few hours.

In the pockets of his coat were found bonds, mortgages and bank books worth \$17,000 to the owner, also a will drawn up in excellent legal phraseology and written in a beautiful hand. His signature was affixed to the will, but it lacked the flames of witnesses. So careful had he been in preparing the instrument that he affixed an explanatory paragraph, underlined in red ink. In a codicil he revoked the will, so that he really died intestate. Rumor says Langier's heir is a nephew living in Marseilles, a sister's son, whom, if the administrator could locate, would inherit \$17,000.

William Cato is another of the great intestate for whose heirs the administrator is looking. Cato was no tramp or news vender. He was a marine in the service of the United States, and had been one for such a length of time that he had only a vague memory of what he had been before. His comrades had an idea that he was Scotch, and that is all they could tell about him. He died suddenly while still in the service, leaving \$1,000 or so he had saved out of his small pay.

Patrick Cresham lived on Third avenue, near Forty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, and was in good circumstances. His wife died in the spring of 1889, and the loss drove him crazy. A week later he committed suicide. He left a good deal of property to which his little 4-year-old daughter was heiress. His brother, a well-to-do New York carriage builder, was the legal guardian of the little girl, but there happened just then to be in the house a sister of the child's mother. She was on a visit from Ireland, and had arrived just in time to see her sister die. The night of the day Cresham committed suicide the aunt took the little girl stealthily out of her bed and out of the house, went over to New York, and on the morning following sailed for Queenstown in the Umbria. Mr. Cresham, the uncle and legal guardian, reported the theft to the police, and they cabled to Queenstown to have the aunt arrested on her arrival in that port. Now, it happened that owing to a great storm the Umbria could not put in at Queenstown, and so went directly on to Liverpool, where no police were waiting for a handsome lady of the name of Miss Crowe and her 4-year-old niece. Miss Crowe and the child are still in Europe, and the legal fight has not yet been decided.—New York Telegram.

An Ugly Habit.

I wonder what saccharine or succulent qualities inhere in wooden toothpicks that so many persons cling so persistently to those unlovely little instruments long after they have performed the service for which they were designed. On any elevated railway train one is sure to see one or two men with toothpicks protruding from their lips, as if to advertise to the world a recent breakfast. Not all of those who make this exhibition are ill dressed or boorish, and one is left to conjecture in vain why a particularly private portion of the toilet is thus thrust upon public attention.—New York Star.

It Is Hard.

"Why don't you shave yourself and save time and money?"
"Because I can't bear to cut an old acquaintance."—Life.

A Parlor Car Porter's Experience.

Thaddeus Rich, the former valet of John L. Sullivan, when that gentleman was sporting editor of The Illustrated News, had five years' experience on the Chicago trains of the New York Central. "I did fairly well with the company," said Thaddeus; "I had only \$15 a month salary, but my tips made it up to about \$50. I made a good many friends. I was treated with especial kindness by the Vanderbilts. Mr. Armour, of Chicago; Col. Harker, police commissioner of Cincinnati, and I don't know how many others. The most liberal traveler I ever met was Mrs. Williams, of Cambridge, Mass. I mean Mrs. Williams, the sister of George Lewis, the Lewis who is celebrated for giving diamonds away. This lady not only tips the porter but tips the driver, the guard, the fireman, the cook, the waiter, and every servant on the train, not with paltry nickels or a dollar, but with \$5 bills and sometimes tens.

"Speaking of liberal people I mustn't forget to mention John L. Sullivan. He never gave me less than \$5 for blacking his boots on the cars. He often gave me more. Especially one morning when he had jumped on me. You see he was talking in his sleep and rolling about restlessly. I went toward him and tried to make him comfortable. The moment I touched him, however, he leaped up and we both fell of a heap on the floor, and with such a racket that everybody wakened up. John L. woke up, too, and was much disgusted when he surveyed the circus, as the bedclothes had come with him from the top berth. I gathered myself together the best way I could and crept to a corner, while John L. got back into bed and was soon sleeping again. In the morning when he left the car he handed me a \$20 bill."—New York World.

Took Away the Harvard Man's Breath. Two men were walking down town to business the other day. One of them was a Harvard man. The other was graduated at a most venerable and yet somewhat formidable rival of that university whose motto is "Lux et Veritas." They had arrived at City Hall park, and were picking their doubtful way through the crowd which was surging between the elevated station and Frankfort street. Suddenly the Yale man exclaimed: "Hold on a minute, old fellow! I want to speak to a friend."

The Harvard man turned and saw his friend in the act of shaking hands with a fine looking, middle aged man who wore a long silken beard, and whose sun-browned face and powerful frame showed the good effect of many vacation moons spent upon the wave and in the depths of the forest. The Yale man continued in earnest conversation with the handsome looking man for a few moments, and then, after a leave taking which was almost brotherly on both sides, joined his comrade, who said: "Who was that man?"

"Who?" said his friend; "didn't you recognize him? Why, we sat near him and his family on the grand stand at the football championship game up at New Haven in 1880. That was the famous 'Professor B. W.' He was my division officer once, and is one of the most popular instructors at Yale."

"Well, that is just like you fellows," said the other; "but," continued he, "I should just like to see what would happen to a Harvard man if he were to stop as a professor of that university in a crowd as you did Professor W.—that's all."—New York Tribune.

Ambulatory Rails. A St. Louis civil engineer says the rails on the St. Louis bridge were never stationary, but constantly crept to the east; that is, in the direction of the heaviest travel. The rate of progress, he said, was about 260 feet in the year, or would be if the rails were permitted to creep as they pleased, which, of course, they are not permitted to do.

It reminded him of a hill in southwest Missouri, over which a turnpike road was constructed, and, do what they would, the people could not keep the road up and down the sides of that hill in good condition. The stones would creep to the bottom, and in six months the road would be as bad as ever. They finally had to take up the gravel and macadam and replace them with good sized blocks of rough stone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pennsylvania Stogies.

Their origin is worth recording. It appears that in the old days the drivers of the Conestoga wagons, so common years ago on our national pike, used to buy very cheap cigars. To meet this demand a small cigar manufacturer in Washington, Pa., whose name is lost to fame, started in to make a cheap "roll up" for them at four for a cent. These became very popular with the drivers and were at first called Conestoga cigars, since, by usage, corrupted into "stogies" and "tobies." It is now estimated that Pennsylvania and West Virginia produce about 200,000,000 stogies yearly, probably all for home consumption.—New York Telegram.

Wonders of Science.

Lady—Do you take instantaneous photographs?
Photographer—Yes, madam; I can photograph a humming bird on the wing or a swallow in its flight.
Lady—I want my baby's picture taken.
Photographer—Yes, madam. Get the little fellow ready, and I will prepare the chloroform.—New York Weekly.

Catching Rats with a Decoy.

A mechanical decoy rat has reached the patent office. It is made to resemble a rat with a piece of cheese stuck on a little spear, which projects just beyond its nose. When a real rat nibbles the cheese the spear darts forward about six inches and the animal is impaled.—London Tit-Bits.

A Close Approach.

Wife—You look worried; harried, in fact.
Husband—Well, I've not been harrowed exactly, but I've been shaved by a poor barber.—Good News.

North Dalles to the Front.

The sale of lots continue to increase each day as contracts are closed out for improvements. In a few days active work will begin towards erecting several fine dwellings. Several prominent gentlemen of The Dalles and Portland will erect residences at North Dalles.

Mr. O. D. Taylor, President & General Manager of the Interstate Investment Co., with Mr. S. L. Skeels will leave for the east in a few days with a view of meeting capitalists and closing out for manufacturing.

Two railroads are now headed for North Dalles and the coming spring will make the Real Estate market in North Dalles lots lively.

You will never again get lots as cheap as you can for the next few days, for the demands and the company will advance them soon. We would like to see every one of our citizens make money in lots at North Dalles.

Many letters continue to arrive from the Sound making inquiries and in most cases purchasing.

We confidently expect to see not less than fifty houses underway by the beginning of the new year. Mark what we say. Lots will advance rapidly at North Dalles.

For further information address O. D. Taylor, President & General Manager of the Interstate Investment Co., The Dalles, Or.

Charles E. Dunham,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines,

CHEMICALS,
Fine Toilet Soaps,
Brushes, Combs,
Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles.
In Great Variety.

Pure Brandy, Wines and
Liquors for Medicinal
Purposes.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately
Compounded.

Cor. Union and Second Sts., The Dalles.

—THE—
Old Germania
BEER HALL.

FRANK ROACH, Propr.

The place to get the Best Brands of
WINES, LIQUORS
AND CIGARS.

NEXT DOOR TO THE
Washington Market, Second St.

Don't Forget the

EAST END SALOON,
MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
ALWAYS ON HAND.

O. K. Restaurant!

Next to Passenger Depot.

Day and Monthly Boarders.

LUNCH COUNTER AT NIGHT.

MEALS 25 CENTS.

Misses. N. & N. BUTS.

H. STONEMAN,
Next door to Columbia Candy Factory.
Boots and Shoes
Made to Order, and
REPAIRED.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Quick Work.
Prices Reasonable.

H. C. NIELSEN,
Clothier and Tailor,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats and Caps, Trunks, Valises,
Boots and Shoes, Etc.
CORNER OF SECOND AND WASHINGTON STS., THE DALLES, OREGON.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters,
Real Estate and
Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concerning Land Titles on Short Notice.

Land for Sale and Houses to Rent.

Parties Looking for Houses in
COUNTRY OR CITY,

OR IN SEARCH OF

Business Locations,

Should Call on or Write to us.

Agents for a Full Line of

Leading Fire Insurance Companies,

And Will Write Insurance for

ANY AMOUNT,

on all

DESIRABLE RISKS.

Correspondence Solicited. All Letters

Promptly Answered. Call on or

Address,

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Opera House Block, The Dalles, Or.

—THE—
"SAMPLE ROOMS,"

Corner Second and Union Streets.

CHRIS BILLS, Prop.

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars
ALWAYS ON SALE.

Mr. Bills will aim to supply his customers with the best in his line, both of imported and domestic goods.

JAMES WHITE,

Has Opened a

Lunch Counter,

In Connection With his Fruit Stand

and Will Serve

Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwich, Pigs' Feet,

and Fresh Oysters.

Convenient to the Passenger

Depot.

On Second St., near corner of Madison.

Also a

Branch Bakery, California

Orange Cider, and the

Best Apple Cider.

If you want a good lunch, give me a call.

Open all Night

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in Insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spontaneous Emission caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES TO cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,
Prescription Druggists,
175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeiters and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by

THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,
Prescription Druggists,
175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

For the benefit of our advertisers we shall print the first issue about 2,000 copies for free distribution, and shall print from time to time extra editions, so that the paper will reach every citizen of Wasco and adjacent counties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.