

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.

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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 Spermatorrhea 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.

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 manufactories.

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.

FULL OF PERIL

An Agonizing Adventure in a Gold Mine Shaft That Scared Two Men.

About as tight a place as I ever got into, said a Comstock miner, was some years ago at the old Empire shaft, Gold Hill. Myself and another man were down in the shaft for the purpose of trimming it up, as the swelling ground was squeezing the sides and it was a good deal out of shape.

We were not on a cage, but simply on a platform of planks, with ropes going up from the corners to the main cable, which was of hemp. When we reached a tight place in the shaft we stopped and trimmed out the guides, then went on till another such place was reached.

At one point, having given the signal to lower, we went down some distance, when we finally stuck. We reached for the bell rope to give the signal to stop, but we found that it had wound round a nail some distance above, and we could not use it. The engineer knew nothing of our trouble, and continued to lower away. There was no station near, and on all sides rose the smooth walls of the shaft, leaving us suspended over the horrible chasm.

Down upon us came the heavy cable. We feared every moment that the platform would turn over or would be pressed through the tight place and drop from under us. All we could do was to get hold of the cable and keep the coils of it under our feet as it came down. Should the platform turn over or drop from under us we might be able to save our lives by hanging on to the cable.

We shouted up the shaft till we were hoarse, but no one heard our cries, and steadily down came the cable, causing us great trouble to keep on top of its coils. We felt that the great weight must soon start the platform, when both would most likely be hurled to the bottom of the shaft.

Finally, to our great relief, the cable ceased to descend. For a long time we waited in suspense, not knowing what would be the next move of those above. At last, however, we heard the voice of a man shouting down to us from the nearest station above. We explained our perilous position in a few words, and at length the great cable began to crawl slowly up the shaft again. Still, being afraid the platform would give way, we were obliged to keep hold of the rope and dance about on the coils as they unwound.

It was a tedious business, and was all the time the matter of the toss of a cent whether we got out alive or went to the bottom; but at last the platform tightened up under us and we began to ascend. Our work was over then and we felt safe. On arrival at the surface we found that the engineer had concluded that we were going too far, and halting or stopping his engine had sent a man down to the station to find out if anything had gone wrong.

I may have been in more dangerous places in the mines, but was never in a place where the danger lasted so long, and all the time up to fever heat. It was too long a time for any man's hair to stand on end.—New York World.

Need of Pure Air.

In public halls and vehicles the oppression of foul air is insupportable and amounts to direct poisoning of the feeblest organ. A heart seriously weakened, if kept in pure, warm air, fed with delicate, nourishing food and kept from fatigue and mental strain, will regain strength as naturally as we get rest from sleep. It has great recuperative powers. But a half hour in the mephitic air of a traveling car or a public hall does more to make recovery impossible than almost any other cause mentionable. This is a matter which more than ever deserves to be pressed upon the attention of railway companies, to whom the mass of our people must trust their lives and health for a share of their days quite long enough to injure both.

The risk of accident by train is not half so great as the certainty of imbibing virulent poison from one to two hours daily in unventilated cars. A sanitary commission is needed to set the strict, unbiased facts of the matter before railway managers.—Shirley Dare in New York Herald.

Training the Eye.

Another exercise consists in moving about in curves a goblet filled to within an eighth of an inch of the top with water. Grasp the goblet by the stem and describe figures with the hand and arm very slowly. The eye becomes fixed upon the goblet, and the mind is interested and concentrated. Where there is lack of mental and nerve poise there is a corresponding absence of poise in the eye, and any practice, no matter how simple it may seem, which fixes the attention of the eye has an effect upon the mind and nerves.—Mabel Jenness in Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Waterproof Pasteboard.

A very good waterproof pasteboard may be obtained by giving the pasteboard a thin coating of the following mixture: Four parts of slaked lime, three parts of skimmed milk, with a very little alum. A soft brush should be used in applying the mixture and the pasteboard be left to dry thoroughly before using.—Philadelphia Record.

Hard Lines.

Aspirant—What must I do to succeed in literature?

Great Writer—Make a name for yourself.

Aspirant—But how can I make a name for myself?

Great Writer—By succeeding.—Munsey's Weekly.

This Couldn't Have Happened Last Year.

Mrs. Bingo—I wonder what makes me feel so uncomfortable?

Mr. Bingo—Judging by the fruitless search I made in the bureau drawer this morning, I should say you had on one of my shirts.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Poor Man!

Critic—Consistency is a jewel.

Author—Yes, but I am too poor to have jewels.—Harper's Bazar.

GRACELAND'S GRAVES.

A peaceful city lies over there; There a heartache, never a care; No more longings for brighter days, Nor fruitless strivings for higher ways. Peace with the world, at rest in God; Home once more to the kindly sod. Where roses bloom and the fresh grass waves A glad some vigil o'er Graceland's graves.

Some summer morning when skies are bright, Some night in winter when snows are white; It matters little the time or when We shall have done with the cares of men; Gone the way where our fathers led, Into the mystery of the dead; Seeking the peace the spirit craves, Choosing a home 'midst Graceland's graves.

None can know the burdens borne, Nor the cruel weight of yokes we've worn; The broken idols were all our own, The lips would smile when the heart would moan; Bravely acting each one his part, Hiding the dead hopes in the heart; We come to the stilling of the waves, And sunset leaves us at Graceland's graves.

And when we're gone from the haunts of men, Will the world have less of sunshine then? Will mother, sister, sweetheart, wife Love more of eternity, less of life? Are we building a monument high and grand, Or a dingy hovel upon the sand? So we ask our hearts as the mind o'erstrays To the peaceful city of Graceland's graves. —Chicago Post.

Wouldn't Be "Scooped" Even in Death.

There is, there ever has been, and most likely always will be a feeling of antagonism between morning and evening papers, and it is a fact that, even when both papers are the property of one person or company, the forces employed will exert themselves to their utmost to get a "scoop" on each other. The news was received one day that the editor of a great morning daily had committed suicide. The report came in such a manner that the city editor of an afternoon sheet felt it advisable to send a reporter and get at the truth of the matter. The reporter learned, of course, on his arrival at the morning paper office that he was working on a false rumor, but he thought it would be a good scheme to interview the editor and see what he had to say regarding the report.

He entered his room and saw the supposed suicide seated at his desk. When he had explained his mission the editor snapped out vehemently, "Well, do I look like a man who has committed suicide?" The reporter was obliged to declare that he looked very little like a dead man, whereupon the editor roared out, "And if I had committed suicide do you think I would be fool enough to do it in time for an evening paper?"—Chicago Herald.

He Changed His Diet.

A vegetarian of this city has become a flesh eater since he discovered a scientific law that he had not previously been aware of. He changed his mind upon the diet question, and got convinced that meats were among the proper edibles for mankind after he had been assured by a professor of chemistry that beef, mutton and pork were merely "transformed grass, vegetables and grain." After pondering upon this interesting law of chemical transformation he came to the conclusion that vegetarianism is a doctrine of narrow scope, and he adopted a new dietetic policy, under which he now enjoys tenderloin steaks, lamb chops and fried bacon, not to speak of stewed kidney, pigs' feet and tete de veau.—New York Sun.

A Cute Little Jap.

I saw on the street a little Jap toddling along by the side of a stout old Jap, whom I took to be his father. The youngster wore a tunic, or whatever it should be called, of brilliant blue and knickerbockers green as grass. But this gaudy did not extend beyond his clothes. The weight of ages seemed to rest upon his infantile brow—he could not have been more than 4 years old—and it is certain that his infantile legs had bent beneath the burden. He was an object of conscious pride on the part of his father, of lively curiosity on the part of people in the street, and was much more foreign in appearance than any other human creature that I have ever seen.—Boston Post.

How to Kill English Badgers.

Practically, it is said, the only way to kill the English badgers is to stop their "earths" in the covers along the hillside while they are out on their midnight foraging expeditions, and then hunt them away with the hounds; for the badger is one of the craftiest of animals, and often outwits the dogs. He will not touch a poisoned bait, and an old badger, it is said, will "throw" a hundred traps with impunity. To dislodge the animals from their retreats, if they once gain the earth, is next to an impossibility. They are most expert and rapid burrowers.—Youth's Companion.

An Illuminated Fountain.

The apparatus employed in the electric fountain in Lincoln park, Chicago, is quite simple. A number of arc lamps with horizontal carbons and each provided with a parabolic reflector are located in a vault or cavern beneath the fountain pool. Openings covered by plate glass and inclosed by brick spots, permit of the upward projection of the light into the streams of water and spray. By means of colored glass slides interposed between the lamp and the lower openings in the spouts a great variety of beautiful combination effects are secured.—Western Electrician.

when the weather is fine. When it isn't she puts on the gloves or practices with the foils. This is, indeed, a new era of womankind. A gentle, ladylike girl earning her own living at a desk and riding a bicycle, boxing and fencing after hours, will strike an old fogey as the forerunner of a race of Amazons. But matrimony, marketing for a family and periodical housecleaning will subdue, if they do not quench, her robust spirit.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The inventor of the galling gun, Dr. Galling, of Hartford, Conn., is constantly busy with plans and new inventions, though he is now quite an old man. He has a handsome residence on Charter Oak Hill, and there is a large workshop on his grounds where he spends a part of nearly every day with his diagrams and