

THINGS YOU CAN DO AT A DINNER.

Ways of Entertaining Your Guests Which Are Not Commplace.

It is very hard to invent anything new that will help to make a dinner pass off well and make it remembered. If one has money enough and brains it is less difficult, but there are always so many people who have more money and quite as generous an allowance of brains who have done the thing before and done it so much better.

The gastronomic part of the dinner is not considered—that is a matter for the cook; but there is much more to a good dinner than food, although some people will deny this and call it absurd. There is a great deal in making the diners at ease with one another if they chance to be strangers, and that cannot be done by substituting Little Neck clams for oysters. But it was done very cleverly the other night in this city where some bright young people of New York were to meet some as clever young people from two other cities.

When they seated themselves they found a large, square envelope at each plate addressed to each of the dinner party, and with mutual bows of the head they opened them with some curiosity and read them with gradually increasing smiles.

Each note began abruptly as follows: "My Dear Miss," or "Mr.," as the case was, "This is to assist you getting along well with the man [or girl] on your right. His full name is —, and he is interested in —, noted for —, talks well on —, and becomes tiresome on his special hobby, which is —." Then followed a warning not to speak of such and such topics, or to refer to this or that political, religious or public question in terms of disrespect.

Of course the notes were at once passed on to the man on the right, and so on around the table, and the ice in consequence was broken at once. It is just as well to remember, however, that the writer of the notes should possess great tact, and not too keen a sense of humor, because the slightest jest which might offend would be fatal.

The opportunities in the way of dinner cards and menu cards are vast. Sometimes they can be made very pleasant reading by clever quotations under the names, which compliment or satirize the diners, and sometimes they can be made very valuable by autographs and sketches by clever artists.

One man in Philadelphia, who is noted for this sort of thing, gave a dinner to a theatre party who were going to see Henry Irving, and had the menu cards made of photographs of the actor, with his and Miss Terry's autograph underneath. At another time he gave a dinner at the Rittenhouse club to a dozen men, on which occasion the menu cards were printed without punctuation and in a solid block of type, something like this: "Little neck clams speasoup whitebait if these ward cannot get whitebait broillets melsalambrebrains," etc. The card ended with, "Cheese and the usual sweet things coffee and large fat expensive cigars."

Some menu cards now have places for the autographs of the diners, and some time during the dinner they are started around the table with stylographic pens, and every one present signs his name to every other person's card until he gets his own back again.—New York Evening Sun.

A London Method.

London is covered with houses which have been huddled together anyhow by the speculative builder, on borrowed money, and without much, if any, regard for the comfort or convenience of the persons who are doomed to inhabit them. How the thing is worked was briefly explained the other day in the bankruptcy court. A receiving order was made against a builder who began business thirty years ago, admittedly without any capital. In due time he became a bankrupt. That, we may assume, did not hurt him very much.

At any rate, we shortly afterward find him carrying on his business again, and then in the course of another nine years he once more found his way into the bankruptcy court. On that occasion there was the cheerful payment of one shilling in the pound—an unusually large dividend under the circumstances. On he went again, more gayly than before. Then he "worked" several building estates with a firm of solicitors, but somehow or other that did not answer, and consequently that enterprising gentleman made his third appearance in the court. Thus do the gods sometimes persecute those whom they love.—London Herald.

Wood Like Steel.

Jarrah wood forms the subject of an interesting article in The Kew Bulletin. This wood, a native of western Australia and a species of eucalyptus, has several valuable properties which fit it for special uses, but it is so hard that it cannot be easily worked with ordinary tools. Were it not for the fact that ships are now mostly built of steel jarrah wood would form a valuable material for their construction, for vessels built of it have after twenty-five years' service been found as sound as when launched, although they have not been sheathed with copper.

The Kew authorities have been in communication with some of the London vestries, and as a result jarrah wood is being tried in the London streets for paving purposes.

Something Like Leather.

Student (from Pontefract, alias Pomfret)—I say, professor, whatever did they make soldiers' shoes of in Caesar's time?

Professor—Of leather, I presume. Was there anything more suitable in those days, do you think?

Student—No; but not the kind we use, you know. 'Ow do you think the h'ides of March would 'ave answered?—Puck.

The Non-Comprehension of a Word.

The Head Waiter—Isn't yo' gwine to tip me, sah?

Mr. Hayborn—Lord, no! I won't touch yer. You ain't been very 'entive, but I don't lay it up agin yer 'nough to lay hands on yer.—Judge.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.

The Hospitals in New York City Which Fit Men and Women for Nursing.

The Bellevue Training School for Nurses was started on May 1, 1873, with a superintendent and five nurses, having five wards under their care.

In 1890 the school had 62 pupils and had graduated 345, while as a direct outgrowth of that modest beginning there are three other great schools in New York alone. These are the New York City, which has 64 pupils and has graduated 263; the New York hospital, with 48 pupils and 192 graduates, and Mount Sinai, with 50 pupils and 111 graduates.

There are also smaller schools in the city, but great or small, Bellevue must always be honored as the pioneer. Her graduates are at the head of most of the important schools and hospitals in the country, and have even gone so far afield as England, Italy and China.

The next school to be established was the New York city, which was started by the commissioners of charities and correction in 1877, and is entirely supported by the city. Until 1889 it was known as the Charity Hospital school, because it began there, but as it grew its work spread, until the old name was misleading and had to be changed.

It is now the largest and in some respects the most important of all the schools, as it nurses five different hospitals—Charity and Maternity on Blackwell's Island, the Infants' hospital on Randall's Island, Gouverneur, at Gouverneur Slip, and Harlem, at the foot of East One Hundred and Twentieth street, the two last being accident or emergency hospitals, while at Charity the cases are largely chronic. Besides the pupils of the school there are thirty-two permanent trained nurses at Charity and Randall's Island, making nearly a hundred in all, for whom the superintendent is directly responsible, and over whom she has full authority. The other schools in the city are supported from the funds of the hospitals which they nurse.—Mrs. Frederick Rhineland Jones in Scribner's.

Fish with Brass Labels.

If any one engaged in sea fishing should capture fish with brass labels tied to their tails with aluminum wire or a black silk cord an explanation will no doubt be somewhat eagerly desired. There are hundreds of fish so treated in the sea, and it need not be concluded that practical jokers have been at work. The brass label is an indication that the fish wearing it has been in the hands of the grave men of science who are investigating the habits, the food and the growth conditions of fish in Scottish waters. Two objects are served by the label attachment.

In the event of the fish being recaptured by any one who will give information to the scientific cruisers of the Scottish fishery board on the Garland there will be something known about its migratory habits. Its rate of growth in a state of freedom may also be investigated. It might be thought that the chance of meeting with these labeled fish again would be very small, but it appears that the Garland cruisers themselves have recaptured 2 1/2 per cent. of the plaice and 18 per cent. of the cod wearing their medals. But only plaice, cod and skate were recaptured. The experiments are to be continued on a large scale. They do not interfere with the health of the fish, which when recaptured are plump and in good condition.—London Illustrated News.

John Is the Older.

Among a certain coterie in this city more or less speculation was a short time since going on concerning the relative ages of Senator Charles B. Farwell and his brother John V., the merchant prince. It was of no use to consult the public records, for they differed and were not reliable. And as John V. simply shook his head and smiled in answer to inquiries on the subject, and the senator when in Washington declined to express himself in writing, the individuals interested were compelled to let their thirst for knowledge continue unslaked until the latter should return. When he did return he was ill, but that was no obstacle, and upon gaining his presence the committee put the question to him. The senator looked at them for a moment, raised himself on his elbow and replied in feeble tones: "I was Mrn first, but John is the older."

Then he lay down on his pillow, turned over, and the committee, bursting with a plethora of information, withdrew.—Chicago Herald.

Wealthy.

A prominent citizen of St. Paul was in Minneapolis and met a former acquaintance whose ordinary condition was what is known as impecunious. This time, however, his face was fairly beaming.

"How are you?" he asked in a cheerful bass voice as he extended his hand to the man from St. Paul.

"First rate. How are you?" "Splendid! Do you know?"—here he dropped his voice to a confidential key—"I've been given the use for life of a half million dollar estate over on Nicollet avenue?"

"You have?" asked the other man in astonishment.

"Yes; the public library."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Wait Whitman's Humor.

Wait Whitman is popularly thought to have no sense of humor, but one day a young man dropped in upon him at his humble home in Camden, N. J., introduced himself as a poet, and begged to be allowed permission to read selections from a bundle of manuscripts which he carried. "No, thank you," said Whitman, courteously but firmly, "I have been paralyzed twice."—San Francisco Argonaut.

To Lubricate His Words.

Miss De Gimp (looking through the samples of a drummer for a material house)—What do you carry this little oil can for?

Drummer—I wear that under my tongue when I tackle a rough customer.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Repudiating His Own Mother.

The recent death in Canada of Mrs. Sterling, mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown, O. for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution. His mother came from Maxwell, Can., and though he had left home when but a lad with maternal intuition she recognized him. When brought to his cell Sterling without the quiver of a muscle said:

"You are mistaken, madam, I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken. To his counsel Sterling said:

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence.

"It was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed," said Mr. Anderson. "I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be—Cincinnati Enquirer.

From Slavery to Affluence.

The will of the late Roswell J. Jeffries has been admitted to probate by Surrogate Adlington. The deceased was a slave before the war, and often related in the prayer meetings which he attended some of his experiences and the incidents of his conversion to Christianity in his early life. Upon obtaining his freedom he came to this city and bought a small farm upon what was then the outskirts of the city, and which has since been built up into the fine residence section now bounded by Park avenue, Brighton avenue, Meigs and Rowley streets. Although real estate speculators reaped some of the benefit of the tremendous increase in the value of this property, Mr. Jeffries was at his death a rich man. He lived to the advanced age of 90 years. His wife and four children survive him. The exact value of his estate is not known, but it is certainly over \$50,000.—Rochester Post-Express.

Buried in Perfume.

Passing throngs gazed curiously at a strange plant that sprang up in the windows of the Chinese laundries. People without poetry in their souls darkly hinted that the almond eyed Mongolians were raising onions. The emperor's subjects were innocent of the base charge. The essence of human emotions was clustered in the white and yellow petals of the flower.

The plant is called a Chinese Lily, and Chinamen at this season of the year import it from their native land. They place it in a vessel filled with pebbles and water and the flower is in full bloom till Christmas, when it imparts a beautiful odor that fills a room with perfume. The grateful foreigners have presented their friends in this city with pretty specimens as a token of their gratitude for kindness shown them.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Small Bonnets for the Theatre.

The men in town are looking forward to a delightful winter for playgoing. It is all on account of the ladies' bonnets. A year ago they were only comparable to cart wheels and steeples, but now they are the most modest, low and snug little hats. As for the bonnets, at the opening night of a new play at the Bijou two well known bankers and the president of a trunk line railroad escorted their wives to front seats, and all the men in the house felt like breaking out with applause. This was because these wealthy men's wives wore bonnets that just covered the tops of their heads—little confections of lace that looked pretty and stole no one's view of the stage.—New York Sun.

Electricity in the French Navy.

The French minister of marine has decided that every military port shall send to Paris two foremen and two working electricians to study the various systems of electric lighting. A further evidence of the extent to which the government of France is recognizing the importance of providing its navy with the fullest possible instruction in electrical matters is afforded by the fact that lectures on the theory and use of electricity and its employment for naval purposes are being given at the Brest observatory, and they will be continued for four months.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The German Postoffice Officials have been experimenting with the North sea cable, seventy-five kilometers long, between Heligoland and Cuxhaven, to test the possibility of using submarine cables of considerable length for telephonic purposes. The results have been very favorable, distinct communication having been obtained at both ends.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made in Denmark in felling trees with gun cotton. For felling a tree twenty-five inches in girth it took two men only a quarter of an hour to make the preparations, the rule followed being to make one bore hole for each foot of circumference.

A pleasant cure for hoarseness is to bake a lemon for fifteen minutes in a slow oven, cut off one end and remove the pulp, and sweeten to taste. This simple medicine will often take away the tightness in the chest which so often accompanies a severe cold.

A French doctor has recently been collecting statistics with regard to those of his patients who complain of nervous affections, with the result that he has come to the conclusion that the prime cause of all the evil is the practice of reading in the train.

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