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★ 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

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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.

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The Astor Residences.

Where the present Astor will affix his historic doorplate remains to be seen. At present he lives in a modest house almost under the shadow of the big mansion which he has torn down, and which was not the sort of house that would please a man of taste of today, having nothing but its size to recommend it. It is the custom of every Astor to build a new house upon coming into the family millions. The original John Jacob lived opposite our postoffice, his son lived in Washington square and the late John Jacob lived in the house now just torn down. The regular procession up town should take the present Astor up to the park and his son to Harlem.

A peculiarity of the Astor investments is that these Astor mansions have always been built upon property which when bought was away out of town. The Astor estate now holds several blocks of lots on the Riverside drive, the superb avenue which runs along the bluff on the edge of the Hudson river from Seventy-second street to Harlem. This line will unquestionably be some day the finest place for dwellings in the country, and it would not be surprising if the present Astor were to settle there himself. The view from anywhere along the drive takes in miles and miles of the noble Hudson. Foreigners say that there is nothing in Europe so superbly situated as our Riverside drive, yet because it is a mile away from the fashionable thoroughfare it is deserted.—New York Cor. Charleston News.

Cheap Incandescent Lamps.

It is reported that an English chemist has discovered a practical substitute for platinum in the manufacture of incandescent lamps. If this be true, and the rumor is said by a reliable electrical journal to have substantial foundation, it is a discovery of great importance. At its present price platinum forms one of the most expensive items in the manufacture of the incandescent lamp. In each sixteen candle power lamp there are from four to eight grains of platinum. Assuming an average of six grains per lamp, an ounce will be sufficient for eighty lamps. The demand for sixteen candle power lamps for 1891, based upon reliable data, will be 10,000,000 sixteen candle power lamps, which would give a demand for 125,000 ounces of platinum, which at present price (\$14 to \$17 per ounce) would amount to about \$2,000,000. The probable income from these lamps will not amount to more than \$6,000,000, while the cost of one item alone is one-third the total income. Hence it will be seen that a bona fide substitute for the platinum wire ought to mean a fortune for its discoverer.—New York Telegram.

Feared Being Buried Alive.

Abner L. Dunn, a veteran of the civil war, was buried at Burlington, Ia., the other day. He died several days ago at the age of 56, but in accordance with the request he had made the interment was deferred as long as possible. This was the second time Dunn had died, to all appearances. Several years ago, after a peculiar illness, the doctors pronounced him dead, and his body was placed in a casket. Shortly before the coffin was lowered into the grave Dunn showed signs of life, and in a few days was well and strong. The story of his experience was thrilling. He claimed that he was conscious of what was going on about him; understood the conversation; could even see the faces of his family as they bent over him; but could not speak or move. Afterward he had a dread of being buried alive, and it was for this reason that he made the request for delay.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Moore and His Island.

William J. Moore, a brick mason and contractor, has just received title from the West Jersey board of proprietors to an island which he discovered was without an owner. He values his find at \$5,000. The island is located in the thoroughfare, a stream of water that divides Atlantic City from the mainland, midway between the railroad bridge and the new found fishing grounds. It contains a trifling over fourteen acres. The title, which he now holds by virtue of having located the land and filed a survey with the board of proprietors, is transmitted from the estate of William Morris Cooper.

The cost of establishing his claim to this valuable piece of land was less than \$150.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Hiccoughs Extraordinary.

An inhabitant of Meriden, aged 45, a coach painter by trade, has had an attack of hiccough, the like of which has never been known. It lasted without interruption twelve days and nine hours. The doctors consider it very extraordinary that the man has survived, as in the opinion of Hippocrates—disputed by Galen, but generally accepted by the medical profession—no person can have the hiccough for nine days in succession without giving up the ghost with his last hiccough on the ninth day.—El Bilbaino.

A Peculiar Natural Phenomenon.

A curious phenomenon occurred Monday evening in the upper part of the city. About 10 o'clock the almost perfectly clear atmosphere gave way to a sublime-like fog, which settled down very suddenly in a distinct and seemingly solid stratum. The descent was rapid, and every portion of the cloud of vapor reached the earth at the same instant. The phenomenon continued only about five minutes, when the body lifted and disappeared heavenward as rapidly as it had descended.—Albany Argus.

The Story of a Tin Box.

Henry V. Tucker, of Westfield, Conn., lost a year ago a tin box containing \$15,000 worth of securities. About the same time a farm hand disappeared, and the two events were supposed to bear an intimate relation. The other day Mr. Tucker found the tin box behind a grain bin in his barn, and it is said its contents were intact.—Philadelphia Ledger.

der, an' de big cakes an' de fine doin's, I can't tell you! Maussa gie 'em off land an' bigger, an' some go to plantin' an' some go to lawin', but 'e neber gie me to any 'o 'em, cause me an' him played to-gerrer w'en we was chillen, and one day 'e laff an' say, 'Nuttin' but deff gwine paat me an' you, eh boy? Den I laff back an' say, 'No, maussa, you shet my eyes or I shet yours, dat's de way I want em to be, an' I hope to de Lawd my eyes'll shet 'fore yours is.' Now 'e gone an' I leff! An' 'e bin gone more 'n twenty year! 'Peas like de las' paat 'o' de abenn is heap de longes'.

"Now," drawing a long breath, "cum de grabes longside de way. Fust 'e youngest chile jess married an' gone 'o' de home. So happy an' so good an' eb'rybody dnalin'. 'E husband fair tare 'e hair an' jump in de grabe, dey had to hole 'em back at de burial.

"Den come de wahl an' Mass' Tom, dey shoo 'im at one battle, an' Mass' Henry at anurrer. Miss Lusan husband cum home on 'e crutches, an' Mass' Frank dey tek 'im pris'n'er an' carry 'im fur off. Seem like it was mos' 'as bad for missus not to git no letter for a long time as to yere had news, for she dunno wat happen, an' tink dey all kill any way. Her hair git w'iter an' w'iter, an' she biggin to walk slow an' stoop over same like an' ole ooman.

"Den de raid cum. An' w'en dem Yankees bu'n down de big house an' ole maussa and missus got to lib in de ober-shure house, wid eb'ry single horse an' mule tek way, an' de gin house bu'n up, and nary hog to kill, an' not a blessed rooster lef' to crow for day, an' all de niggers call e'sef free an' gone lef' em, 'ceptin' Juliann an' me, I tink de one 'o' de wurl mus' be comin'. Juliann an' me had been better'n free for a long time. She jess had to boil de pot for de chillen w'en 'e mammies leab 'em dey, w'en 'e gwine to de fiel, an' I cale hog an' gie 'em salt an' ashes, an' bring missus string o' fish now an' den. But atter dis I say, 'Ole ooman, if dem no 'count niggers done tek 'e freedom, less you an' me gin up ours, an' show maussa an' missus we got sum heat in our bodies if dey is black.' Juliann, she straighten up, she did, an' she say, 'Now ye talkin', Hector. I shore I good for ten years o' good wuck ef de Lawd spare me dat long'.

"So I fin' one young steer dat dem Yankees missed in de woods an' I hitch 'em to de little caat an' I hawl wuld wid 'em, much as we could bun all de winter. An' Juliann she jess tek holt like she was a young gal. She cook an' she wash an' she 'on—jess dem two in de family now, you know—an' missus she say, smilin' sorter sickly like an' wid tears in 'e eyes, too. 'W'y, Juliann, ef I'd known how good you could cook maybe I'd 'ad you in de kitchen all dis time.' Juliann she say nuthin, but she shake 'e head an' she twis' 'e mouf an' gone to beatin' biscuit like she was strong nuff to manl rair. An' now, 'ittle missy, de Lombaady poplars are gitting mighty tall and ee years look long betwix 'em.

"Ole maussa an' missus couldn't stan' de big trouble dat cum on 'em. All de res' sum cripple an' all po'. 'E say one day, 'Hector, I done lib my life, my chillen can staat ober an' git along maybe, but a ole tree wot's cut down to a stump ain't gwine mek timber no mo'. My haat trimble, like leaf w'en de win' blow 'em. I tink, 'Oh, ef maussa die wot 'il cum o' me? Well, shure nuff, de time want fur off, but w'en it cum it cum de rite way. Maussa git weaker an' weaker tell 'e tek to 'e bed. Den seems like missus was jess waitin' for de sign, case de bery next day she gie up, too, and dey de lay an' git weaker an' weaker tell dey chillen didn't know wich would die fust.

"De Sunday 'fore dey died ole missus say, 'Tek me to 'em.' So dey tote her in turrer room and put her on de bed 'longside 'o' maussa. 'ittle missy, I can't tell you all dey said. Mass Bob been dere, an' he kin tell you. But missus said something like 'Jined in dey lives in lubbin each udder an' de Lawd, an' dey would soon be togerer forever,' an' maussa 'e say, 'Yes, bless Gawd,' an' all de chillen cry out loud, while missus' eyes shine like two stars, an' she look straight up like she was seein' de angels.

"Maussa 'e die dat night, and missus nex' day, an' w'en eb'rybody cum to de fun'ral an' see bouf lookin' so nat'ral an' lovin' side by side in de two coffins dey dead 'twas a sin to cry, 'case dey knew dey was happy in heab'n.

"Now 'ittle missy, since den I walk mitty slow dis een 'o' de Poplar ab'n'n. I feel like I mos' got to de las' tree, close to de big gate, an' seems to me like dat big gate gwine open soon an' let po' ole Hector go into glory an' jine 'e dear ole maussa and missus. Sometimes at night I tink I hear sump'n go swish, swish, swish, same like de sea water 'useter go outside de big ship w'en I was a chile comin' fum Afrika, an' I tank Gawd I did cum ober yere w'ere I larn 'bout de blessed Jesus, an' yere all dem sweet songs you sing to me. Den I tink, maybe, dat swish, swish is de angel's wings a-rustin' ober me, while dey are waitin' fo' de Lawd to say, 'Bring 'em 'long to me now, 'e so ole 'e dun got to be chile gone; bring 'em 'long to me now, for ob such is de kingdom of heab'n.'—Atlanta Constitution.

Even Handed Justice.

Justice—You are charged with committing an assault on this man and blacking his eye. What have you to say, sir?
Gentleman—Your honor, my wife lost a pet dog, and I caught this fellow bringing it back.
Justice—You are discharged; but as for you, you miserable scallawag with a black eye, the next time you steal a lady's dog and don't keep it I'll send you up for six months.—New York Weekly.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

Eyes of gray—a sudden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer veers to sea
In a parting storm of cheers,
Sing, for faith and hope are high;
None so true as you and I.
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night,
Cross that rules the southern sky,
Stare that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June;
Flying hoof and tightened rein;
Hearts that beat the old, old tune,
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
Eyes of blue—the Simla hills
Silvered with the moonlight hour;
Fleeting of the waits that thrill,
Diss and echoes round Benmore,
"Mabel," "Odours," "Good-by,"
Glamour, wine and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity
"Love like ours can never die!"
Maidens, of your charity
Pity my most luckless state,
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate,
Yet despite this evil case,
An amulet showed me grace,
Four and forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
—New York Herald.

OLD HECTOR'S VISTA.

A large picture hung upon the wall. The frame was handsome and massive, the painting one of Sully's best; portraits of a gentleman and lady in middle life. They sat side by side, husband and wife. The former possessed a face of much power, thought and firmness, blending with kindness of expression. The features of the latter were still handsome, wherein a gentle dignity combined with intellect to attract a study of the sweet face by all who saw it. A very old negro sat on a low stool before it. His head was white with the snows of many winters. His frame had dwindled from its manhood's stature because of extreme age and feebleness. He gazed long and earnestly upon the faces enframed before him, as a devotee at saintly shrine might gaze and worship. It was not the first time he had so sat. Indeed, it was his frequent pleasure to slowly come on fine days from his humble cabin to "Miss Bob's" to hear "ittle missy" play on her organ, and sing to him the sweet gospel hymns; to gaze, as if entranced, by the hour on the revered faces of "old maussa an' missus," which were the greatest enjoyments of his fading life.

Ella Merton, "ittle missy," turned to look at the old man as he sat. For ten minutes he had not moved.

"Uncle Hector," she said, "I wish you would tell me what you think of when you sit still so long and look at grand-father's and grandmother's pictures."
"Oh, 'ittle missy, I dunno ef I kin tell you. Seems like lookin' down dem Lombaady poplar abenus useter be in Libby county 'fore you was born. I look down an' I look down, an' 'pears like I can see eb'ry ting eber happen to me in all life, an' all I 'member, too."

"Do tell me about it. What is the first thing you see?"
"Why, down yander way de trees so 'ittle dey look like dey touch an' meet de sky. I see a great big sign. It is so far off I can't see it plain, but I hear de water on de outside go swish, swish, swish, an' I know I am dar wid lots o' folks, and it's awful hot, an' heap o' dem die, an' seems like de water neber gwine stop goin' swish, swish, swish on de outside o' dat vessel. Den I see de quarter at de old plantation in Libby county, an' I go to playin' wid sum buckra chillen. Dey is de fust w'ite chillen I eber see, an' yer grandpa up dar is one o' de 'littles ones, an' 'e so good to 'ittle Af'can nigger, an' so pooty, dat I lub 'em straight off, an' I lub 'em till yet."

"Go on, Uncle Hector."
"Well, den we git de big boys, an' yer grandpa, ma 'e let me tek 'em wid me a-fishin', an' I mek 'em wistles, an' gun for shoot chiny berry, an' we mek rabbit trap an' bud trap, an' go in a-washin', an' bring up de cows, an' swing on to calf tail, and go 'possum huntin' till I git bigger an' go to pickin' cotton an' hoein' corn an' all dat yer."

"Look down your avenue again, uncle, and tell me what you see."
"I see de big weddin' w'en yer grandpa 'e marry yer grandma an' cut out lots o' rich men wot useter court her, case she shorly was de poottiest lady de sun eber lite on. Den 'e went to 'e own plantation an' tek me an' a gang near, tell 'e mek up 'e min' to move near Columbus w'ere de Injuns was. Den 'e buy lan' fum dem Injuns an' pay 'em all in gol' an' silber money, an' dey call 'em de hon'es' man wot eber lib, an' tink de sun pure rise an' set in 'em."

"Yer grandpa 'e plant 'e corn plum up to Injun door, case dey neber move de fust year, an' dis de truf I tell you, de neber teef de fust roastin' year, nary one. Atter wile de buckra and Injun gwine fite, an' dey all move off 'twixt dark an' daylight, an' tek all dere things wid 'em, neber leab a mortar, nor pestle, nor bread tray, nor piggin, clean to de bary calabash, an' fore de Lawd dey neber tek a chicken nor nuttin wot b'longs to ole maussa. Dat shows de way Injuns will 'ave w'en wite men treat 'em right like yer grandpa did. Well, 'e treat eb'rybody rite. Nigger knew 'e had to wuk, for true, but 'e gib 'em plenty to eat, and tuk good care of 'em w'en 'e sick an' git ole. An' de fun we useter hab at Christ-mas an' Fort o' July! an' de barbecue! an' w'en we lay by de crap, an' de corn shuckin's. Nigger don't hab de fun an' de frolio like dey useter in slab'ry times. no mon, dat dey don't."

"Now 'pears like Lombaady poplars growin' bigger, an' I kin see de daylight 'twix 'em, same like Christmas mark off one year from amirrer.
"All de chillen now growin' up, de gals dey gwine off to school, an' de boys to college. An' w'en dey cum home for hol'day, missus gin 'em more parties! An' den dey git married, one after annd-