

### HELPING OUT NATURE.

ALL PARTS OF THE BODY SUPPLIED EXCEPT VITAL ORGANS.

How a So Called Total Wreck May Be Benefited by the Advanced Processes and Inventions of These Days—Medical Science Stops at Nothing.

When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a haycutter or an arm in a buzzsaw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate, and that he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of smallpox and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his eyes attended to. A rabbit is selected whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transfereuse. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

GETTING LIMBS, ETC. His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs. If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. His lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many merely lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought.

He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive, and so far as appearance goes look quite as well as nature's own production. The writer of these lines has shared a room with the wearer of such a wig for several days and was not aware that his companion's Hyperion locks were not the proper growth of the head they adorned until in a burst of confidence the truth was revealed.

HOW THE VICTIM MAY APPEAR. The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrosis" and then gets to work on the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method.

He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance. This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensate for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversation.

Thus while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.—New York World.

### Curious Weather Vanes.

There is a tiny village in New Hampshire which takes special pride in its weather vanes, and it certainly can boast a great variety of ingeniously contrived and weather and wind proof specimens of these useful articles.

They were evidently designed not only for use, but for ornament, and there is scarcely a barn of any size which is not decorated with a weather vane of a more or less complicated workmanship.

Most of these vanes were made many years ago by an old man who took great delight in carving the queer figures and planning their arrangement so they would go through various motions. It is said that he was in the habit of "trying" a figure, when he had completed it, on his own barn, and then when he became satisfied that it worked properly he would carry it with great pride to the farmer who had ordered it.

There is one which still stands guard over a barn that has long since been deserted by its owners, who have left the lonely farm to seek their fortunes at the west. It is the figure of a soldier, whose uniform is greatly faded from years of exposure, but whose gun still indicates the quarter from which the wind is blowing by its position. Its evolutions when the wind is, as the weatherwise farmers say, "backing or hauling," are quite interesting.

The are animals of different kinds, such as cows, horses, pigs and bears, which are used as vane figures, and point with their heads, legs or tails, as the case may be. One figure of a horse, which has long since left its best days behind it, presents a startling effect from the fact that a horsehair tail has been inserted in the place of the old wooden one, and being of a length quite out of proportion to the horse's size, it sometimes in a high wind lashes the poor animal's head in a most uncanny way.—Youth's Companion.

### The Padrone System.

If there is any one so deluded as to imagine that the padrone has no existence in New York he should note the maneuvers of a big, burly, coarse featured man who watches the "chesanuttas" and flower gang which pre-empt the walks in West Fourteenth street. I stood at the corner of that thoroughfare and Sixth avenue one morning. It was 8 o'clock, and the gang, numbering twenty-one men, came trooping up the avenue. The padrone, or the padrone's agent, was there in waiting. Each received a small amount of money, and started off for his accustomed place.

The padrone, or the agent, hovered in the vicinity, and kept a close surveillance over the men, and at the same time was on the lookout for approaching policemen.

Two precincts join on Fourteenth street, so the padrone has no time to shirk his duty. If a policeman passes along the lower side the signal is passed, and the Italians cross to the opposite side. When a bluecoat disappears around a corner they return. At 7 o'clock at night Fourteenth street is clear of these pests. They meet the padrone again and turn over to him the receipts of the day. Then they drag their bent figures down the avenue and take a short cut for some Mulberry street attic. Seven days in the week this routine is gone through with, cold or stormy weather not interfering in the least.—New York Star.

### Specialists Increasing.

"People demand more from a doctor nowadays," said a physician who is thinking of retiring on his fortune, "than they did when I began to build up my practice. That is, they demand more in some ways and not so much in others. Not many years ago it would have been as much as a doctor's reputation was worth to say to a patient: 'Now, look here, my dear sir, I know what's the matter with you, but I would rather not treat you myself. There is Dr. B—' across the way, who makes a specialty of the disorder you have contracted, and he can treat you better than I can for that reason. He may not cure you, of course, but in any case you will then feel that you have had the best advice available.' Now, fortunately, I can give such advice, and do every week of my life, without being thought any less skillful a physician by my patients. But at the same time the profession is running toward specialists, in the cities anyway, and for a doctor who began as I had to do to cover the whole field of ills that flesh is heir to, the amount of skill and experience and special training that people require from their physicians is felt to be a trifle burdensome."—New York Tribune.

### An Eagle's Big Contract.

John Bettorf, of Crawford county, Mo., heard a terrible cackling among his geese, and on going to ascertain the cause discovered that an immense gray eagle had buried its talons in a large gander which with others was swimming on a pond in the field. The eagle was unable to rise with its prey, while the gander struggled hard to escape. Bettorf ran to the edge of the pond, and the gander at once swam to his master's feet, who caught the eagle by the neck and legs and held it under water until it was nearly drowned. He then removed its talons from the back of the gander and conveyed it to a coop, where it soon recovered and became as active and as well as ever. The gander, however, was so severely injured that it died a few days after. The eagle measured nearly seven feet from tip to tip of wings.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Chapman's Pointer Cat.

Chapman Vanlunavee is fond of shooting English sparrows with a small caliber rifle. He has a handsome gray cat that always accompanies him in the capacity of a retriever. When Mr. Vanlunavee halts beneath a tree and elevates his rifle, the cat always locates the game, and generally nabs his sparrow the moment the bird touches the ground. Another peculiar trait in the animal's nature is that he will not touch any other variety of bird, having cultivated an exclusive taste for English sparrows.—Doylestown Democrat.

### DIDN'T KEEP A DIRECTORY.

A Druggist, Whose Store Adjoins a Large Dry Goods House, Has No Picnic.

"I would like to look at your directory, please," said I, the other day, on entering a drug store on Sixth avenue, near Nineteenth street.

The man behind the counter looked up with a weary expression and quietly shook his head. "What's the matter," I asked. "Don't you keep a directory here?"

Again the head shake was repeated, and then I sought for an explanation. "You see," said the druggist, "we are right in among all these large dry goods stores, and as their customers are mostly ladies of more or less leisure, our place would be fairly overrun with women all day long if we had a directory there in the window."

"Yes," he went on, "we did keep a directory once, but it got to be such an intolerable nuisance that we either had to stop it or close out our business. I believe," said the druggist, "that some women like to go into a drug store and look over the directory. Not, mind you, because they really wish to find out any addresses, but simply from pure cussedness. Maybe they think it looks businesslike. And then, you know, a drug store is a great place of rendezvous for the ladies who do shopping, and studying over a directory helps them to kill time if the other party is late."

"You have no idea," he went on, "of the number of women who stop in here every day and ask foolish questions. Why, sometimes when I tell them we don't keep a directory they ask me whether I know where so-and-so lives, and a thousand and one questions besides that might be answered in the directory, but which they never stop to consider. And then these women come in here and want to leave their bundles while they do their shopping elsewhere. They hold regular conversation bees, and interfere with customers passing in and out, and fairly worry my life out with their petty questions and annoyances."

"Stamps, did you say, miss?" he added, turning to address a young lady who had just entered. "No, miss; we do not keep stamps."

"I'd have to keep a branch postoffice up here," said the druggist as the young lady went out, and then he turned to some score or more of ladies who were waiting to receive attention.—New York Herald.

### The Vice of Idleness.

It is exceedingly difficult to understand the cause of this vice, or of its reported increase, but we incline to believe that while it is in a few sort of disease, it is in the majority nothing but a low form of selfishness, curable only by punishment, whether the natural punishment of starvation or an artificial one. The man hates the self-suppression involved in work just as a savage does, and invariably does choose, if for any reason he passes under the terrible though avoidable discipline of a convict prison. The compulsion which usually falls upon the idle takes the form of bad food, bad lodging and want of tobacco, and it is not sufficient.

Such wants are all horrible things, but they are none of them so horrible as steady work, which presses and tortures and almost maddens the really idle, just as civilization, which is its essence, is a multitude of small restraints, does the savage. They will not put up with the suffering for the time necessary to teach them that it is endurable, and will rather break away into the desert, often a street, where there are only bread to eat and water to drink and no shelter, but where there also is no work to do.—London Spectator.

### Cabbage Palm Trunks for Submarine Use.

One hundred thousand running feet of palmetto logs will be shipped right away from Brunswick to Santiago, Cuba. This is a new article of export from this state, and bids fair to become an important factor in increasing Brunswick's already enormous timber and lumber trade.

Mr. W. F. Carnegie, the millionaire iron man, is largely interested in an iron mine near Santiago, and the order was made by his company. A great part of the timber is to be used in the construction of cribs to inclose a harbor near the mines in which ships can load. The rest will be converted into piles for building a railroad across quite a large body of water.

A gentleman well informed in such matters said that this material would last an indefinite length of time under water, but could not very well stand exposure to the air. It is almost proof against the attack of worms, and is entirely free from barnacles. And while it will no doubt finally succumb to these two destroying agencies, yet there can be no doubt of its lasting at least twice as long under water as any other kind of wood.—Brunswick Times.

### 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 Homes 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.

### 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

G. N. THORNBURY, T. A. HUDSON, Late Rec. U. S. Land Office. Notary Public.

### THORNBURY & HUDSON,

ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING, Postoffice Box 325.

THE DALLES, OR.

### Filings, Contests,

And all other Business in the U. S. Land Office Promptly Attended to.

We have ordered Blanks for Filings, Entries and the purchase of Railroad Lands under the recent Forfeiture Act, which we will have, and advise the public at the earliest date when such entries can be made. Look for advertisement in this paper.

Thornbury & Hudson.

### 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.

### THE

Opera Exchange,

No. 114 Washington Street.

BILLS & WHYERS, Proprietors.

The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON SALE.

They will aim to supply their customers with the best in their line, both of imported and domestic goods.

# 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.