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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.

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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

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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.

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FRISCO'S FREE BATHS.-

The First Day's Bathing in the Tubs Provided by Millionaire Lick. It was very evident that the public was not unaware of the hour at which the Lick free baths were to be opened, as at 1 o'clock that day large crowds were before the entrance of the building on Tenth street, near Howard. From this time on until the baths were closed at 7 o'clock the attendants had their hands quite full in caring for the patrons and visitors. Men, women, boys and girls were all there, and the respectability of the class of people who benefited by the generosity of the great philanthropist was particularly noticeable.
In less than half an hour after the opening of the baths the men's department was completely filled, and the large waiting room had from thirty to forty in it awaiting their turn, while the corridor leading from this room to the bath rooms was filled as well. The department for the opposite sex was not so well patronized at the start, but was fully filled, and those who did accept of the advantages offered were of the better walks of life. Women came by twos, mothers with their children, nurses with their charges, and many others flocked in to obtain visitors' cards with the evident intention of taking their bearings and coming again.
In the department for males there are forty rooms. These are large and light, with walls of corrugated iron, about 8 feet high and open at the top, for the free circulation of air. The whole interior is painted white, and a more scrupulously clean apartment could not be found. Each room contains a large tub, in which you can have either a hot or cold bath. Each is furnished with a neat table and chair, a mirror, beside which is suspended brush and comb, and at the end of the tub there is a flesh brush and a neat wire crate full of soap. Half an hour is allowed each bather. If a bather comes with his own towel there is no charge for the bath, and a blue ticket of admission is issued to him; if he requires a towel a deposit of five cents is asked, and he is provided with a yellow ticket, while if he must have two towels he is required to deposit ten cents, and a red ticket of admission is given.

The major portion of those patronizing the baths asked for the yellow ticket, which must be returned with the towel. In the men's quarter is an excellent shower bath, but in the women's department there is none. There are just half as many rooms in these as in the men's quarter, and from the attendance this seems to be a wise provision, as the proportion of patronage must have been three or four to one in favor of the males. A great many visitors' tickets were issued, and among those who applied for these were many prominent business men and many ladies who are interested in the welfare of the masses. The baths are open from 1 to 7 p. m. on every day except Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday they open at 1 and close at 8, while on Sunday they are open in the morning from 7 to 10.
The baths are supplied with water from an artesian well 200 feet deep with a capacity of 5,000 gallons an hour.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Greasing Trolley Wires.
A somewhat singular outcome of the necessities of certain conditions of electric traction has just made its appearance. In frosty weather the firm contact between the trolley wheel and the wire of an electric railroad is interfered with seriously by the formation of a coat of ice on the wire, and the weight of the wire is thus so increased as to militate against the safety of the overhead work. To overcome this difficulty an apparatus has been designed for greasing the wire, and thus preventing the adhesion of any considerable amount of moisture. A frame is made to support a pan. Inside the receptacle is a wheel or roller for taking up the grease and spreading it on the conductor. This greased wheel is made of wood or hard rubber, and is covered with thick felt, so as to be perfectly adapted to carry up and smear upon the wire the contents of the pan. Where a semi-liquid substance is used for coating the conductor an endless belt or chain may be passed over the wheel for the purpose of carrying the grease.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dudish Parson.
A sick man sent for the nearest spiritual adviser. It so happened that the minister was a new fledgling just emerging from the seminary. He was dudish in the extreme. His coat was cut in true clerical style, and his face bore the expression of affected literary culture. Going to the poor man's house he sat on the edge of a chair, toying with his hat and stroking his downy mustache. Said he to the dying man, after a long spell of silence painful to all:
"What induced you to send for me?"
"You will have to speak louder," faintly replied the sufferer: "I'm dull of hearing."
"What induced you to send for me?" reiterated the clergyman.
"No use, can't hear. What does he say, Mary?" turning to his wife.
And then in a loud, shrill and stentorian voice the woman replied:
"He says what in the deuce did you send for him for."—Insurance Journal.

Millions Spent for Chewing Gum.
Drop a penny in the slot, and out comes a tiny bit of chewing gum neatly wrapped in colored paper. Are you hungry or thirsty? Then treat yourself to this one cent lunch or drink and be happy.
A penny for a stick of gum is a small item, but the 20,000,000 pennies spent every month make a pretty big item. Think of \$2,500,000 for chewing gum! That is what Americans pay every year. Think of one city using 5,000 boxes a day, each box containing 100 sticks. That is what New Yorkers consume every twenty-four hours. It is no exaggeration to place the output of chewing-gum pounds in the United States at 3,500,000 pounds per annum, representing a total value of \$2,500,000.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

dies away only with the funeral knell of many—for to them it says:
"Fall in—fall in—to the arms of death!"

A second staff officer had been sent back to "hurry up the infantry." The noble fellows were coming. You could hear the deep, muffled hum of their footsteps as the double quickening hurried them onward. As they came up I heard the short, quick command: "Move out by the right flank! Into line! Steady, men; steady! I expect every man to do his duty now!"
Move out, and move on, my dear comrades! Alas! many moved on into that column which passed on, never to return. Their first battle was their last. There was a lull in the firing in front, but out to the leftward volley after volley poured, out upon the morning air—the sun just rising over the hills to our right. I had followed at the gallop the general, who was hurrying to the front. He was more silent than I had ever known him. Suddenly he halted and turned to see who all were about him.
"What troops are those?" I asked him doubtfully, as I saw a long line of infantry men double quickening behind a high rail fence distant not 150 yards away. I could not distinguish the uniform, and I was not aware of the direction from which all our riflemen were to enter the battle.
"My God!" said the general, "that is the enemy!"
We were upon them before we were aware of their close proximity. They discovered us, too, at once, and were preparing for the greeting.
"Get out of the road!" shouted the general. There was a clump of trees on either side of the highway upon which he had thus far advanced.
"Get out of the road!" Don't you see they are bringing the battery to bear upon us from the hill yonder?"
I looked, and a white puff of smoke greeted my vision, and the same instant—whiz-z—whur-r-r—chee-ee-ee—went a shell right between the general and his staff, and it bounded down the road, exploding in our rear.

The general addressed me again:
"Get out of the road, and gallop back and have the cavalry moved on the flank of that line yonder in the field."
Another shell came in the mean time, and made the air resonant with the flying fragments.
Then there was a volley of rifles and a faint cheer near to our flanks—for our infantry were now moving out of the skirt of the woods and opening the battle in earnest.
Capt. Hart, too, had come, and he unlimbered his guns on the battery on the hill in our front, though he soon turned his aim to the infantry line that was nearer, and I heard the shots rattling upon the rails behind which the enemy had fallen.

"Thank God, the infantry are here," said one. They are the men whose shoulders move the wheels on to victory. I heard the commanding general shout as the long line came hurrying on just as the men emerged from the skirt of woods, "Move on that line behind you fence!"
A red and white and blue line of fire answered from the enemy.
"Fall down and fire!" I heard an officer shout.
Alas! many had already fallen—fallen to rise no more.
Half a hundred men of a regiment stood up, and their irregular fire rattled mockingly along the fence.
It was the work of but a moment, for a whole brigade in our front answered the fire of the little band. The battery rained grape and canister and shrapnel against the brigade, and now the battle had joined in a yful earnestness all along the line.

Battery replied to battery, hostile brigade replied to hostile brigade, with sheets of iron and leaden fire. There were in the terrific din the hurting shot, the screaming, screeching shell, and whistling whirr of the deadly minnie. Amid the roar were the shouts of command, the wailing shriek of the wounded and the moans of the dying. The hours were passing, the musketry was roaring with an unbroken note, the batteries were following at each other, when suddenly there was a deep, dull thud—a mighty force which at once shook the whole battlefield. Two heavily laden caissons were blown up simultaneously. Then there was another sound which could not be mistaken. There was a lull in the firing on our right, and the whole earth seemed to be laboring and groaning. Thousands stood listening amid the horrid hell!
Oh, it was the charge of the cavalry! "Charge! charge!" shouted the throats of a dozen officers, and the bugle blasts, ringing out faintly in the din, mingled and died away in the fierce shouting of the squadrons.
Boom! boom! boom! went the artillery bosses!
Clang! clang! clang! rang out the glittering sabers as they leaped from the scabbard.
It was, however, but an instant of awful chorus when the wailing cry of Waterloo, *saue qui peut!*—save himself who can!—went up before the onrushing squadron of furious horsemen, who broke out in the wild shout of victory that deafened the guns along the whole line—and troops on the right—troops on the left—troops in the center—all caught the notes, and there was one long and terrific thunder note of victory! The cheers of infantry men greeted the shouts of cavalry men—while the little squad about the artillery—brave fellows, with bands of red upon their uniforms, cried out, as the defeated were seen flying in stricken masses in front.
"Hurra for our battery!"
And well might the living victors shout!

And well may the dead rest—friend and foe in "one red burial blent."—M. V. Moore in Atlanta Constitution.
He Was Hit Hard.
Teacher—What is a famine?
Small Boy (who has been in the country)—Miles an' miles of apple trees and acuttin' on 'em.—Good News.

COUNSEL.

A journey round the world begun by taking but one pace:
Be not too eager, little man,
In entering the race.
The miles increase, be not disturbed;
Plan wisely, delve and dig;
The oak your arms no longer gird
Grew from a slender twig.
Toll bravely on; in patience wait,
And by the moment live;
Choose rather to be good than great,
And gain that you may give.
—George Bancroft Griffith in Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

The memory of the soldier's first battle will never be forgotten by him. The impressions were burned so deeply into the brain and spirit that a century of peace would not efface or even dim them. Twenty-nine years have passed since I went through the first "baptism of fire," and yet the scenes and events are as fresh and as vivid in the soul vision as in the storm of yesterday eve.
I want to tell you something about it. I shall not name the time nor the place—the living who were with me will remember the facts—for the record I give is historic, is real, not ideal or fanciful, and I wish to have the record so worded that any man in the world can read it without a feeling of bitterness in any known direction. The picture I give is not for the man who wore this or that uniform. I want a cameo that will outlast the passion that produced the bloody struggle.
I do not pretend to give a history of an entire battle; no one man can do this unless he draws upon the experience and observation of others, for each actor in any great battle sees the struggle differently from what it appears to others. I shall relate my own individual experience and observation—what I personally saw and heard of one fiercely fought battle—one memorable in the history of the war—my first passing into and through its flame of fire.
A soldier's first battle in war does not always come at the appointed look for hour. Many of the volunteers went to the front, expecting to whip out the fight the next morning after arrival—either before or after breakfast—then to return home crowned with immortal honors. But with thousands many weary months elapsed before the opportunity of meeting the foe came in real earnest, and when it did come countless thousands were not expecting it. After my enlistment as a soldier I had not long to wait the coming of the fight.

Night had enveloped the camp, and I was dreaming of sunny fields, of smiling meadows, of a happy home—of mother, and all that was near and dear to a human heart. But the destroying angel came, and all vanished into the realm of sweetened shadow.
For a comrade stood beside me with his hand on my bosom. As he leaned over toward my ear I heard him say tremulously—the man's heart in a flutter of emotion:
"Wake up! They are advancing!"
Was there the hue on his lips that made me think instantaneously of the line:
Whispering with white lips, "The foe—they come! they come!"

The first beams of the full morning were penciling the orient sky, and the rays fell upon a group of half a dozen anxious faces gathered around the adjutant's tent. Two horses were there—one with drooping head and limb at rest; another was panting heavily and reeking with smoke as the courier still sat on him. The commanding officer was reading a note, hastily scratched in pencil, under starlight alone.

The officer was en dishabile. Yet I heard him speak hurriedly and anxiously to the bugler just called up:
"Sound reveille at once, and boots and saddles immediately afterward." Turning around he added, addressing his servant, "Saddle my horse at once, William."
Strange it is what a magnetic influence, as it were, that will pervade a mass of men in the hour of danger and duty. Three minutes had not elapsed after the sounds of the last bugle blow had thrilled the camp till the squadrons were forming.
"Move the column down the road, captain," said the commanding officer. "I will gallop on and ascertain the real situation."
We passed another and another courier, and then we came to a body of men holding horses behind a clump of trees.
Just then there seemed to be an awful stillness in the morning air, suddenly broken by a noise that sounded strange to me.
"What is that?" I asked.
"It is the rumbling of their artillery," said Gen. S. Then he turned around, looking us all squarely in the face, and added in a confident tone, "Yes, they are advancing, and in force."

There was no mistaking the sound that next greeted the ears, there was a clear, ringing report that punctuated the stillness, then there was another and another and the rifle cracks died away. They were the prelude of the battle soon to begin in earnest.
The clattering of horses' hoofs signaled another courier who dashed up, mentioning in tones of feeling:
"General, our dismounted men are skirmishing with them." We had heard the rifle shots half a mile away.
"Captain, gallop back, and hurry up the infantry. Tell Capt. Hart we need the artillery at once. He, too, is coming."

Then there was another and another ring of the clear voiced rifle, then a terrific volley and a double shot or two, and then the guns were hushed for a moment. Men were seen hurrying from the direction of the sound. They were the dismounted skirmishers who were being driven back by the strong advance in front. The men rallied with our column.
"Fall in, men," cried a sergeant near me. "Fall in, men! fall in promptly. Fall in here!"
Oh, this terrible tongue of war! Fall in here! Fall in! This is the most awful appeal that greets the soldier's ears. Fall in. It is a tocsin that