

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.

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.

THE DALLES.

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and is a thriving, prosperous city.

ITS TERRITORY.

It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped last year.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can and will be more than doubled in the near future.

The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop, more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.

SNIPES & KINERSLY, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

DEALERS IN

Fin Imported, Key West and Domestic

CIGARS.

PAINT

Now is the time to paint your house and if you wish to get the best quality and a fine color use the

Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paint.

For those wishing to see the quality and color of the above paint we call their attention to the residence of S. L. Brooks, Judge Bennett, Smith French and others painted by Paul Kraft.

Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON,

MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

C. E. BAYARD & CO.,

Real Estate,
Insurance,
and Loan

AGENCY.

Opera House Block, 3rd St.

Chas. Stubling,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

GERMANIA,

New Vogt Block, Second St.

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

Liquor :: Dealer,

MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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 Spontaneous Emissions, Neuritis, etc. 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.

YOU NEED BUT ASK



THE S. B. HEADACHE AND LIVER CURE taken according to directions will keep your Blood, Liver and Kidneys in good order. THE S. B. COUGH CURE for Colds, Coughs and Croup, in connection with the Headache Cure, is as best perfect as anything known. THE S. B. ALPHA PAIN CURE for internal and external use, in Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramp Colic and Cholera Morbus, is unsurpassed. They are well liked wherever known. Manufactured at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

membering Snow-white's enjoyment of the dainty. "Will you not try some today? It is nice." And so she would go through the day with a lighter step and a heavier purse than of yore.

But it was Babette who always took care of Snow-white when Felice was away. Babette was a blanchisseuse, and was always washing, washing, washing in the big tubs down in the court. So when Snow-white was old enough and the days grew mild Babette would take her shawl and spreading it out on the warm bricks that paved the court put the baby upon it, shading her little face from the sun by one of Pierre's big straw hats hung upon a stick. The baby grew to love Babette, with her broad, round face and her plump, white arms—grew to love the warm court where there was so much sunlight, and always the splashing of water and the flapping of snowy clothes on the line.

Then there was Sieur Antoine, with his violin, whom Snow-white soon learned to love too. At first he would only pause when he met Felice or Pierre upon the stair, and inquired in his sweet, gentle voice after the little one; but by and by he grew to stopping on his way up to his room to see the lady, all white and soft and clean, tucked away in her little bed. Sieur Antoine spoke but little, but he played, oh, so beautifully, sitting away up stairs by himself. His violin talked for him, he would say. He was always sad and often hungry, Pierre said. So when Snow-white was able to climb the stair without the fear of falling, Felice used sometimes send her up to Sieur Antoine's room with a slice of bread or a bit of meat that he might find it waiting for him on his table.

It was Pere Martin himself who used to come for the little girl when she was old enough to run about, and carry her with him to the church and his own cozy little house with its vine clad porch and its garden of roses behind. He would pluck the heavy headed buds that brushed her cheeks as she passed by them, and take her back home with her apron full of flowers, or her two hands full of the yellow oranges that grew upon the tree beside his window.

"May I not give the Virgin one?" the child would say, as she picked the finest flower of her bunch to lay at Mary's feet as they passed the church. Thus among her good friends grew and prospered the little God given child of Pierre and Felice.

"How white is the snow, maman?" she would say to Felice; "is it so beautiful, that you would have me like it?" "By and by we shall see, Petite," Felice would answer.

But the sweet, warm, sunny weather came and went. There were chilly days now and then; days when Pierre would come home shivering in his big overcoat; when Sieur Antoine's face would look paler and more pinched than ever; when Babette would lift the tubs to her room, and hang the clothes on lines before the fire; when the roses in Pere Martin's garden would be blighted with the cold, but the snow never came.

"How white is the snow, papa?" the child would ask, and Pierre would take a sample of cotton from the pocket of his blouse, and, tearing it into bits, scatter it in flakes about her head.

"Whiter than that," he would say, "but we shall see, Petite."

"Whiter than this," Babette would tell her, taking the frothy suds from her tub and throwing it about the child's head in the air, whence it fell in little water bits upon the pavement.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

To have met but once, but once, And swept forever apart On the world's dark tide that rushes on And sunders many a heart To have looked on eyes like yours, To have touched such a rose leaf hand And never, never again to meet, But in Memory's dreamy land!

PIERRE'S FOUNDLING.

It was Pierre who first called her that, and Pierre was a creole, and Felice, his wife, was a creole, and so they both said, "Snow white," but then they meant "Snow white," and everybody called her that. And very white she did look to Pierre that morning in the early spring, many years ago now, when he found her lying on the doorstep, a fleecy white shawl all around her, and only her little, round, baby blue eyes showing out of the whiteness.

"See what the good God has sent me, Felice," said Pierre, taking the little, soft, white bundle in his big, brown hands and carrying it in to his wife, "a little snow white baby."

And Felice turned back the shawl from the baby's head, and there, pinned to her little dress, was a card, and as Pierre bent down to see he read, "For Pierre and Felice."

"Did I not say, Felice," he cried, "See, it is for us—the good God has sent it." When Felice bent down to kiss the rosy lips that cooed and smiled up at her she smelt the perfume on the little baby's clothes, and then she thought of the sweet, pale, gentle lady whose hair she had dressed a few nights before, and of the tall, dark man whom the lady had not called her husband, but her "friend."

But she did not tell Pierre all this. What she did tell him was that they would take their new treasure and show it to the priest, and Pierre—good, simple hearted Pierre—went along very close beside Felice, wishing mightily that he could take the little white, soft bundle in his own arms.

And Pere Martin, when he looked into the little baby's eyes, remembered the slight, graceful woman who had knelt so long at vespers the evening before, and the sweet, gentle voice in which, when the service was over, she had questioned him about the coiffure, Felice, and Pierre, her husband, who lived in a room in the crumbling gray house beyond the church. He remembered also that the hand that dropped him into his heavy purse of gold, telling him it was to be given to this same Felice and Pierre, if they should need it, had no ring upon the third finger, and Pere Martin sighed as he looked into the baby's face and murmured, "Another lamb into the fold." But he, too, did not speak of what he remembered. Instead, he told them he would himself go with them to the office of the old notaire on the corner and that all would be arranged, and that the next day after mass they might bring the child to be christened.

And so they did and gave her the name of Snow-white. No other name would have suited her half so well. Snow white she was when they found her, and snow white Felice always tried to keep her. She was never too busy to get a few dainty tucks in baby's little white slip, or to wash her face or to curl her golden locks. And Pierre never came up stairs without stopping to wash his hands at the big tub down in the court so that he might not soil the baby's dress when he took her in his arms, and when he kissed her he always looked to see that he had not left the impress of his lips on hers. It was marvelous to see what a change the baby's coming made in the lives of the two, Pierre and Felice. Somehow Pierre's step grew lighter and his laugh grew cheerier. His fellow workers noticed it down at the big warehouse where he hauled cotton on the dray, turning and pulling the bales with his sharp hook.

"Oh, I must not be so rough," he said to them, "since there is now a little one I may disturb with my big stepping." And Felice's songs were gayer as she tripped about at her tidy housework, and her fingers were defter as she did her hair dressing, and her coiffures were more elaborate and graceful than ever before.

"It makes a difference, is it not so, madame?" she said as she was dressing the hair of a fond young mother, who sat the while gently swinging the cradle of her first born; "it makes a difference that there is now a little heart for your big one to hold. I know. It is all changed with me, now that the good God has sent us a little one. It does not matter so much now that I must go up and down the stair, that I must bring the water from the cistern in the court, that I must be forever crimping and curling and sticking in hairpins."

"Surely, surely," answered Pierre; "God is good." "Will you not take your violin, Sieur Antoine, and tell me how the snow looks?" said Snow-white.

And Sieur Antoine played. Those who knew felt the inaudible falling of the flakes, thicker and thicker, but gently as the drawing of a shroud. Sieur Antoine kept his eyes upon the little face, and he saw her waiting, listening. Suddenly a twang of the strings and the twist of his bow sent out as on the crisp air the jingle of sleigh bells, the sound of merry voices, and the child's face was glad. But Sieur Antoine had forgotten; with the sounds of gladness there came always for him the after note of sorrow, and he played on and on in the minor chords till the tears stood in the little one's eyes, and Felice put out her hand to stay him.

All during the night that followed there sounded in Snow-white's dreams the merry "snow music," and then the sorrow that came after it. "Will it be like that—and that?" she asked herself. While it was yet dark she heard below in the street the muffled rumble of a cart, and the cartman was singing. What was it he said? As he came nearer she heard in the man's deep voice, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." She knew not what the words meant—how could she? But over and over again she kept saying the words to herself till morning broke and daylight shone between the curtains, pale and strange. Something, she knew not what, sent a thrill through the little weak frame and eagerly she peered across the room to the streak of light that showed.

"Maman," she called by and by very softly. But Felice was by her side in a moment. She said nothing, but pointed with one hand toward the window. "Ach, Pierre, Pierre, the snow, the snow!" shouted Felice, in her excitement forgetting the little sufferer on the couch, who leaned upon her elbow trying to see the street below.

"Did I not say?" said Pierre, springing to his feet. "Surely God is good." Together they lifted the little one's bed to the window that she might see, and she, with full heart, could not speak for joy; only her lips parted and her eyes overran with tears.

Marta and Babette were not long in coming to see the little one's joy, and Sieur Antoine too, only he did not tarry, but looked into the child's eyes and went away to Pere Martin. They came together by and by, shaking the white flakes from their coats and treading very softly in the hall.

"See, the snow has come, father," said Pierre, "and she knew, the little one, without seeing it, that it was come." The little eyes were bent only on the window, where without the snow lay white and soft o'er street and housetop, far as the vision went, but the priest, kneeling down beside the bed, took one little cold hand in his, saying: "She is very near to God now; he told her."

"The snow has come," said the child's voice. "I knew it would, God told me." Aye, God told her, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, for with her last breath the pale lips faltered out the words she had not understood. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The snow was soon gone and with it the little one, but to the white vault that bears her name come often Pierre and Felice, burdened with the grief of their empty hearts. Marie still sells her candy on the street, but in her tray is found no longer the dainty bits for the "little one." Alone in the court Babette still scrubs and scrubs, but now, as never of yore, the tears run down her round cheeks and drop into her snowy suds. The roses bloom and wither in Pere Martin's little garden, and the orange blossoms fade, and the fruit falls upon the ground. Up stairs in his garret Sieur Antoine plays ever of the little snowflakes that glistened in his way of the spirit that is "whiter than snow."—Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times.

Early Electric Phenomena. An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them and was astonished by the crackling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk stockings out of the woolen ones the electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one another when held more than a foot apart. It happened that the silk stockings were black and the woolen ones of light color, but when he tried the experiment with both stockings of the same color there was no electrical appearance. This stocking experiment soon got to be the fashionable "fad" in England. Leyden jars were charged by the stocking process, and great fun was had by giving light shocks to persons and domestic animals.—Exchange.

The German Emperor and Speechmaking. The following anecdote is related of the German emperor during his journey in the iceboat to Stettin. During the dinner on the Haff, Herr Haker, councillor of commerce, rose, and was about to thank the emperor in the name of the merchants of Stettin for the interest which he had shown by his journey in the trade and communications of Stettin. The emperor noticed the intention and forestalled him by saying: "Dear councillor, let us leave this for today, otherwise I shall have to reply, and we are just now so jolly. Your health!" Of course the speech remained unspoken.—London Tit-Bits.

Big Collections in New York Churches. A collection taken up at the church which Cornelius Vanderbilt attends one Sunday morning yielded \$11,500, although it was not an unusual occasion, and no special requests for large amounts had been made. At some of our churches the Sunday collection runs frequently as high as \$3,000 or \$4,000, and at Grace and Trinity there are occasional collections as large as \$10,000. This one, however, is believed to be the largest collection ever taken up on an occasion not extraordinary.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.