

# 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.

## WHAT DISINFECTION IS.

PEOPLE GENERALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE PROCESS.

Deodorants and Disinfectants Are Commonly Confused—Facts About So Called Harmless Preparations—Simple Rules for the Sick Room.

"There is a common error in the public mind which confounds the idea of odors with that of disinfection," said Mr. Cooper McGinn, chief clerk of the department of public health. "Whenever the question of disinfection arises deodorants and disinfectants should be removed as far as possible from one another in consideration. Disinfection is one thing and deodorizing another."

It is all very well to supply an odor that is agreeable in connection with the use of an agent which accomplishes its purpose as a germicide, but the idea that substituting an odor of carbolic acid, or I might say 'odor of roses,' for any one of the indefinable odors or putrefaction results in the purification of the atmosphere upon which the two are borne is entirely fallacious.

"People do not think of using oil of peppermint, oil of sassafras, or any one of the numerous agents whose pungency acts acutely upon the membranes of the nose, but they take it for granted that the carbolic or pine tar odors accomplish something different. They do not."

"The agents employed in disinfection which accomplish results are generally injurious, and are to be handled with care. Whenever a person tells you that he has a disinfectant which is absolutely harmless, then set it down that he is telling you the truth in every respect. If it cannot harm the human in any way then it certainly won't do any damage to the 'micro-organisms' it is intended to destroy. If you can give it to the children to play with, then the best thing to do with it is to put it in the sewer and look for something that is dangerous to the 'bacteria,' and which you can, under proper instructions and with an intelligence supposed to be superior to that of the infinitesimal enemy you are combating, use to destroy him."

### ABOUT DISINFECTANTS.

"The unquestioned authority in the United States on this subject is Dr. George M. Sternberg, and the information evolved from his research, taken in connection with that of his colleagues of the American Public Health association, forms the text book which is followed by every health officer, health organization and intelligent practitioner in the land."

"He has told us of the misapprehension and the injurious consequences which result from such misapprehension and misuse of the term disinfectant. He cites as an example the use of sulphate of iron, a salt which has been extensively used with the idea that it is a valuable disinfectant, and he informs us that this salt in saturated solution does not destroy the vitality of disease germs or the infective power of material containing them, while, nevertheless, it is very valuable as an antiseptic, and its low price makes it one of the most valuable agents for the arrest of putrefactive decomposition."

"The health officer has issued a circular giving information in extenso regarding the methods to be employed in disinfection of various kinds, and this circular may be obtained upon application; but to give as briefly as possible an idea of what, in the information of the present day, it is proper to use in order to secure results in the work of disinfection, I cannot do better than condense from Sternberg about as follows:

"In the sick room, in case of diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., the sputa of the sick can, and should be, destroyed by fire. Excreta may be disinfected with a solution of chloride of lime, made by dissolving the chloride in the proportion of six ounces to a gallon of water."

### DISINFECTING THE SICK ROOM.

"Clothes can be thoroughly disinfected by boiling for half an hour in water. If the heated water is not at hand, the clothes should be immersed in a solution containing one dram to the gallon of corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), or one ounce to a gallon of pure carbolic acid, care being taken not to place the mercuric chloride solution in metal vessels, but rather in a wooden tub or earthen crock. This method does not apply to clothing or bedding which cannot be washed; this can only be properly disinfected by being subjected to superheated steam in a suitable steam disinfecting apparatus."

"The general plan employed in disinfection of the atmosphere, together with the surroundings in the room, is by means of sulphurous acid gas, secured by the combustion of sulphur. The sulphur, in powder or small fragments, is placed in a shallow iron pan (about three pounds for each 1,000 cubic feet of air space), which, after being moistened with alcohol, is ignited, all measures for thorough closing of every aperture in the room having been previously taken. In order to guard against fire, it is advised that the pan should be set upon a couple of bricks in a tub partly filled with water. After the room has been thoroughly fumigated the walls should then be washed with a disinfecting solution, such as that referred to for use in immersing clothes previously to their being boiled. There are any number of other agents employed in the field of disinfection, but this is about all I should consider it necessary to refer to."

"Prevention, it should be remembered, is better than cure, and cleanliness is certainly better than godliness in warding off disease that comes by means of infection."—Washington Post.

### A Breath of Fresh Air.

Chicago Child (a few years hence)—Ma, mayn't I take a little walk in the suburbs?  
Mother (to nurse)—Jane, dress little Nellie for a suburban walk. The Oklahoma air ship leaves in an hour.—Good News.

much of yo'self; but say, I told the boys over at Shady Grove that you would come back with me, an' I wish you would."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mark, but I don't feel like strollin' today."

"Sorry to hear that, for I told the boys that I'd have you in jail by 12 o'clock today."

"I wish you hadn't told them, Mark, an' you oughter done it, fur you didn't know how busy I mount be."

"Yes, maybe I done wrong," said the sheriff, "but I didn't know after all that you couldn't fling aside your business and come along with me. The boys air all expectin' you."

"Yes, the boys up the river expected General Jackson once, but he didn't come."

"So I hear'n," said the sheriff; "an' you air not comin' with me?"

"That's what I ain't."

"I'll bet you fifteen dollars, Bill, that you do."

"I'll take that bet, but in the meantime if you don't take yo' arms off that fence I'll drop you right in yo' tracks."

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk, Bill. Say, last night the jailer and his two sons went 'possum huntin'." They called up the dogs—and they have got some of the finest hounds you ever saw—and here they came with brightness in their eyes an' deep music in their voices. You ought to have heard them 'oink, oink, oink. Well, they went out, an' about midnight they came back with two of the biggest and fattest 'possums you ever saw. Well, they dressed them right that an' then, an' put them out on the top of the house so the frost could fall on them, an' this mornin' they took them down an' began to bake them along with some sweet potatoes. Then the jailer's son he says, says he, 'Pop, we ain't got no regular wildcat licker to go with these here 'possums.' So the old man, havin' a mighty eye for art, gave a jug to the young feller an' told him to go up in the mountains."

"The young feller went, but he couldn't find no licker, an' at last he seen a ole feller drivin' a wagin, an' when he asked the ole feller if he could git any licker he swore that he didn't know nothin' about it; 'but,' says he, 'if you will take a jug up the hillside an' put a dollar under it I don't know what mount happen, but when you come back I don't be 've the dollar will be there.' Wall, he went up on the mountain side an' put a dollar under a jug an' went away, but bless yo' life when he came back the dollar was gone, but the jug was filled with the best licker that had passed its teens. An' so at dinner today they are goin' to have them 'possums an' sweet potatoes an' that old licker that's got a bead on it like a dewdrop; an' say, the jailer says that you may share the feast."

"Look here, Mark, you ain't tryin' to trifle with my feelin's, air you?"

"No, I'm tellin' the Lord's truth; an' say, that ain't all. The Perdue boys caught a big bear down in the bottoms, an' after dinner they air goin' to set the dogs on him in the jail yard right in full view of yo' cell. Think of that."

"Look here, Mark, I am about converted, an' I'll go with you if you'll let me take my rifle along."

"No, can't do that, Bill, an' besides I'll have to handcuff you. 'Possum, sweet potatoes, licker with a bead on it like a dewdrop an' a bear fight in full view of yo' cell."

"Mark," said Bill, as he put down his rifle, "fetch on yo' handcuffs. Blamed if I ain't with you."—Opie P. Read in New York World.

### One Kind of Teaching.

A good story is told by Mr. Montagu Williams concerning an argument that took place as to whether or not a certain boy of very tender years was old enough to be sworn as a witness. At the suggestion of one of the counsel engaged in the case he was interrogated by the judge, when the following colloquy took place:

"Now, my little man," said the judge, "do you know what will become of you if you tell an untruth?"

"Hell fire," said the boy, without moving.

"Well, and what will become of you," continued his lordship, "if you play truant and do not go to school?"

"Hell fire," said the boy.

"What if you don't like your brothers and sisters?"

"Hell fire," again said the boy.

"What if you stay out late when your mother sends you on an errand?"

"Hell fire."

"What if you spill the milk?"

"Hell fire."

His lordship ran through a long list of faults, some of them of a very slight description, but the penalty was always the same—"hell fire."

At the end of the examination the learned counsel said:

"My lord, I hardly think this little boy sufficiently intelligent or instructed for his evidence to be admissible."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the judge. "Well, now I entirely differ with you. He seems a very good little boy, and if he grows up in his present belief, and thinks the direct punishment will be visited upon him for every fault he may commit, he will probably make a much better man than you or I."

The boy was sworn.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### A Man Who Has Worked Hard.

Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, commenced to earn his own living when a child nine years of age, and he has been a hard worker from then till now. He never went to school for more than three months in his life, and from the age of nine he has been entirely dependent on his own efforts. He arrived in Australia a young man without friends, without money, and with no letter of introduction to any one, and lived in the country for nearly two years without seeing a human face that he had seen before coming out. Now he has been premier of New South Wales about ten years. He does not believe there is a man in all Australia who has worked harder than he has at manual and other labor. He is close upon seventy-five years of age.—London Tit-Bits.

## A SMALL WISH.

If I might do one deed of good,  
One little deed before I die,  
Or think one noble thought, that should  
Hereafter not forgotten lie,  
I would not murmur, though I must  
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed  
Upon the careless wind to earth,  
Of its short life has only need  
To find the germ its place for birth;  
For one swift moment of delight  
It whirls, then whittens out of sight.  
—F. W. Bourdillon.

## BILL KINNY, OF DRY FORK

Bill Kinny, of Dry Fork, killed a prominent man of the community, and the authorities, after some little meditation, decided that he ought to be arrested. But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies and so painfully wounded the other two that they strolled back to the Shady Grove court house. Several days later, while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and lazily placed his arms on the top rail. Bill reached back and took up his rifle.

"Good mornin', Bill."

"Hi, Mark."

"Had a good bit of frost last night."

"Yes, ruther. Which way you travelin', Mark?"

"Oh, no way in particular. 'Lowed you must be lonesome, an' I thought I'd drap over and talk with you a while. Don't make no difference how lively a feller is he's apt to get lonesome once in a while, 'specially this time of the year."

"I reckon that's true," Bill replied. "Some fellers come out here the other day, and one of them got so lonesome that he just natchally had to lay down."

"So I hear'n," said the sheriff. "By the way," he added, "them fellers that you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?"

"Yas, they 'lowed that a judge down thar wanted to make my acquaintance."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the sheriff. "W'y, the judge is a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him, Bill."

"I would, but you see I ain't in society this year."

"Sorter retired, air you?"

"Yas, thought I was a-gettin' a leetle too old for the bright foolishness an' yaller trimmings of this here life."

"Yes, that mount be," the sheriff replied. "A feller does withdraw mightily as he gets along in age; but say, the judge is a friend of mine an' I want you to meet him."

"No, I'm obliged to you, I never hanker'd after these here fellers that pride themselves on their book larnin'."

"I don't exactly crave them," the sheriff rejoined, "wallopin' his tobacco about in his mouth, 'but still I think we ought to meet them once in a while. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to meet."

"Who is he?"

"Sam Powers."

"He's the jailer, ain't he?"

"Yes, an' the best one you ever seen."

"So they say," Bill replied, fondling his rifle. "In fact, them fellers that was here the other day wanted me to meet him."

"So I hear'n," said the sheriff; "but I 'lowed that mebbe they didn't extend the invitation in a soft and gentle enough way."

"Oh, I didn't have no fault to find with the invitation. I jest didn't wantergo, an' sorter pulled back a little, an' then one of them let down an' the other two limped mightily."

"So I hear'n," said the sheriff. "Still I thought there mount be a easier an' smoother way of puttin' the invitation. Gentleness always pays. You can sometimes lead a man with a string of beads when you couldn't drive him with a hoop pole. You recollect ole Wash Bowles, that was once the sheriff of this county, don't you?"

"Mighty well."

"Ah, ha! Well, that ole feller had more gentleness and consideration for the feelin's of other folks than any man I ever seen. One time he had to hang a feller named Brice, an' Brice sorter kicked against it, bein' a feller that was hard to please anyhow, so Wash, in that soft way of hisn, stepped up to put on the rope, an' says, 'Brice, you'll please excuse me, but I'll not detain you but a moment.' So I thought that if I'd come here today with strong consideration an' smooth gentleness you mount accept the jailer's invitation to come an' spend a while with him."

"No, I'm obliged to you, I don't care about goin' today. I've got to go over the ridge an' whip a feller tomorrow, an' if I don't do it I'm afeared he mount be disappointed. Well, now, Mark," he added, "ef you ain't got no further business with me I reckon you'd better be shovin' along."

"But I have got some further business with you, Bill. I want you to go with me an' see the jailer."

"Wall, I ain't goin'."

"I 'lowed you would, Bill."

"You don't say so."

"Yas, an' I want you to go with me."

"How many men did you bring with you?"

"None at all, but you air a-go'in'."

"Mebbe; after all these here cartridges is shot off."

"No, I thought you would go with me without having to waste any of the cartridges. You know the price of brass an' powder havin' riz mighty of late."

"Oh, now here, Mark, I don't care nothin' for expenses. I don't mind shootin' a few balls into a feller that wants to put me in jail and afterward hang me."

"I am glad you ain't stingy, Bill. Some of the boys over at the store said that you was mighty economical, but I'm glad to see you ain't. It hurts a man mightily, you know, to have it noated around that he is close."

"I know that, Mark, and I'm allus tryin' hard to keep that charge from bein' flung agin my reputation."

"I'm pleased to know you think so

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