

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 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.

Fine 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 Krefl.

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, 3d St.

Chas. Stubling,

PROPRIETOR OF THE GERMANIA, New Vogt Block, Second St.

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

Liquor Dealer,

MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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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, The Dalles, Or.

175 Second St.

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. COLIC CURE for Colic, Coughs and Croup, in connection with the Headache Cure, is as near perfect as anything known. THE S. B. KIDNEY, EAR, NOSE, THROAT AND EXTERNAL USE, in Neuralgia, Toothache, Cramp Colic and Cholera Morbus, is unsurpassed. They are all filled wherever known. Manufactured at Dalles, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

EASY IF YOU KNOW HOW

CHAIN THEM UP, TAKE A WHIP AND DON'T SHOW ANY FEAR.

When They Jump at You Hit 'Em, Talk to 'Em, Hit 'Em Again if They Jump at You and Let 'Em Know You're Their Master—That's the Way to Train Tigers.

"So you think there ain't any work done in winter quarters, eh?" said George Conklin, superintendent of Barnum's menagerie, as he chewed a bit of straw by the big stove in the middle of the wild animal room in the quarters at Bridgeport. "No work, eh? You think we just loaf all winter, keep the fires up and feed the animals? Well, that shows how much you know about it. Do you see that den of tigers over there?"

Mr. Conklin and his visitor approached a long cage standing in line with many other cages in a long one-story brick building, which bounded the eastern end of the great inclosure which the big show occupies during the winter season. The cage had five Bengal tigers in it. Four of them were together. The fifth was separated from the others by a temporary iron grating. Two of the four tigers which were in company had thick leather collars round their necks, and stout chains several feet long fastened to them. The tiger in solitary confinement was similarly harnessed.

"Well," said Mr. Conklin, "I'll tell you one thing we do besides feeding these tigers. We train them. Those fellows in there who have chains on them, and are just now spitting and growling at us in such savage style, are new. We have had them only a month or two. The others are old boys who will let me go into the cage and not say a word to me. By the time we go on the road they will all let me go into the cage. I give them a lesson every day. That's one thing we do during the winter."

HOW TO TRAIN TIGERS. "How do you tame them?" asked the visitor.

"It's easily done," said the trainer carelessly. "Every day I have the men catch the ends of the chains which hold the new tigers, and fasten them to the bars so they can only move a certain distance. Then I arm myself with a rawhide whip and a stout club and enter the cage. I take a chair with me and sit down in a corner."

"The minute I get in the untrained tigers spring at me. No doubt they would chew me to shreds if they got at me, but the chains hold them back and they only tumble on the floor. I hit them smartly with the whip and they crouch back and snarl. After a little I shove my chair closer. Then they jump at me again, but again are thrown down by their chains."

"I shove closer and repeat the programme, and finally I get so close that they can touch me with their noses, but not bite me. Here I sit for a long time, talking to them as long as they remain quiet, and switching them with all the force possible when they become fierce. In the course of a few weeks they become used to my entrance, and only cringe and snarl at me. Then I try them, one by one, without a chain."

"I have never so far used the club. Now I hold it ready to deal a mighty blow if necessary, but it is seldom necessary. The tiger is subdued and permits my entrance whenever I choose. I have got these tigers here nearly trained. They snarl yet, you see, but next week I will tackle them without chains. That fellow in the other compartment is tractable enough, but he persists in fighting with the big Bengal, so we have to keep them separate. Do you see that long mark on his belly? He and the big fellow had a particularly hard fight the other day, and that is one result."

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE. "If we hadn't had the big fellow's claws clipped beforehand he'd have ripped open the new one from end to end. So there's another delicate job for me. I've got to get those tigers on good terms."

"Is there any basis of truth in the many stories that are told of the power of the human eye over wild beasts?"

"Not the slightest," said Conklin disdainfully. "Of course it is true that a man who aims to subdue wild beasts must show a fearless front, and no doubt the eye shares with the body generally the task of impressing the beast. But the real requisite is real fearlessness. If a man's heart is sturdy he need not care a rap about his eyes. He can leave them to themselves, just as he leaves the other members of his body. The secret of taming wild beasts is the realization that all wild beasts, however ferocious, are at heart cowards—particularly if they belong to the cat family, as lions, tigers, leopards and panthers do. That granted, a stout heart, a stout arm and a stout whip or club is all that is necessary. I never have known fear."

"Do you always clip the claws of your ferocious animals?"

"Those of the cat tribe always," said the trainer. "It is quite a job, too, and requires a number of men. You've got to get your lion or tiger bound in such a way as to throw him on his side and then reach in through the bars and grab his four feet. These you pull out between the bars and hold tight. This is no small job in the case of a very large lion or tiger."

"They struggle violently, even after they are helpless and while the operation of clipping is going on. I killed a fine panther clipping his claws, or rather he killed himself. After we had him securely down so he could hardly move a muscle, he strained so in his efforts to free himself that he broke a blood vessel and died almost instantly."—New York Sun.

A Mind Feeding on Itself. Gus—What's the matter with Johnson? He looks so emaciated.

Ned—Poor fellow, he's reduced to living on his wits.—Kate Field's Washington.

Active Passivity. Primus—Is Hemans useful in the church?

Secundus—Yes—principal object of prayer, I believe.—Epoch.

the revolving wheel and the grinding mill drowned my voice. We couldn't get out. The plank from the mill had fallen in the water when the wheel started, and gone floating down the stream. The water poured through the cracks in the old wheel all over us. The deep hole was full now. There were two feet of water in the bottom of the wheel. Tramp, tramp, tramp through two, now three feet of water. I held Kitty by the hand, and we kept on our tramp. I was praying it might be a small grist. Neighbors often brought a two bushel bag of corn to be ground in a hurry. I thought that if that was the extent of the grist we might stand it. We kept up our march till Kitty gave out. The water and the tramp, tramp had numbed her limbs. Her lips moved, but I could hear nothing she said. I only knew that she was sinking down in the water. I picked her up in my arms, with one hand put her arms around my neck and resumed my tramp in the middle of the wheel.

"I believe I felt happier than I had ever felt in my life. I held Kitty in my arms. Her arms were around my neck, though I did put them there. I could feel her breath on my cheek. I could walk now easier than before, but even with Kitty in my arms I began to tire. My footsteps were more uncertain. My limbs began to feel numb. At least I could die with Kitty. I looked at her face. Her eyes were closed. Had she fainted? I put my lips close to her ear. They touched her face. 'Kitty! Kitty!' Her eyes opened. Our lips met. Her arms drew tighter around my neck. My brain whirled. Was I becoming unconscious? I could feel that I was reeling as I walked. The water from above ceased to fall. The wheel stopped. Some one leaped in. I knew no more.

"When I came to I was lying in bed. Kitty was sitting by my side, my hand in hers. I had been delirious for a week. As my eyes met hers she said, 'Alex, dear Alex,' and she stooped and kissed me. That kiss brought back to my bewildered brain the events that led to it. I did not regret them.

"Uncle Ben had come down to the mill, and not seeing the boat thought, of course, we had gone up the pond. He lifted the floodgate and started the mill to grind a small grist. Finally he chanced to see the boat with the neighbor in it out in the pond. He knew that we sometimes fished from the wheel, and with trembling hands closed the gate, rushed down and into the wheel, to find me reeling and staggering like a drunken man in the water with Kitty in my arms. He got us out, but I fell unconscious.

"The next spring a freshet carried the old dam away, and new mills having been built in Jonesboro we reclaimed the land where the pond had been, and the old mill had gone to decay. Kitty and I were married that fall. Father and mother lived to see our children playing round the ruins of the old mill, and died within a month of each other.

"Now, I've told you the story of the old mill, and if you'll come up to the house and have a cup of coffee before you go back to town I'll show you the wife I won in the old mill wheel, and when you take a look at my daughter Kitty you'll see my wife as she was when we entered it that day. Two years after we were married an uncle of mine died and left me a farm up in Knox county, where we spend part of our time; but there's no place so dear to Kitty and me as the farm on Cedar creek, for its soil carries the remains of dear old Ben and Martha, and here, besides, are the ruins of the old mill."—H. E. Scott in Chicago News.

Modern Furnace and Modern Stove. A little over a century ago Mr. Street, of London, took up the old Roman idea of a hypocaust and made a furnace, which was warranted to warm all parts of the house, to conserve the heat and save the fuel, and to overcome all the objections against stoves and braziers. He must have had a good time fulfilling his guarantees, for the best furnace makers of this later age cannot always accomplish all they desire or all that Mr. Street promised. But in any one of a dozen good furnaces the problem of heating is perhaps as well settled as it ever can be while we get our heat from burning fuel.

But the furnace has by no means driven the older stove out of use. Never was the enterprise of stovemaking carried on to so great extent as now. Never were so many stoves made and sold, never were such skill and art expended in their manufacture, and never were they such things of beauty as now. The modern parlor heater is a triumph no less in art than in utility. To the very greatest possible extent it controls the heat generated, reducing and almost suspending combustion, conveying the gases away perfectly, and even aiding in the work of purifying the atmosphere of the room, and at the same time intense heat can be produced with the minimum of trouble.—Chicago Herald.

Washington's Sword.

When John Brown went to conquer the south with twenty-three men he believed that the less he trusted arms of flesh the more Jehovah might be depended on to unsheath his sword. The only other sword Brown considered worthy to be used by the Almighty was that which Washington was said to have received from Frederick the Great. One of Brown's men (Cook) came as a spy to Bel Air, and was hospitably shown the Washington relics for which he inquired. Brown told Colonel Washington, after taking him prisoner, that he wished to get hold of the sword "because it has been used by two successful generals." The superstition cost him dear. In order to get the sword Brown detached six of his men to go after it—five miles away. He thus lost half a day, and all chance of escape. Seventeen lives were offered as an altar before this mythical sword.—Century.

Not a Physical Impossibility. Aleck—Good heavens! Can't that fellow hold his tongue?

Joe—No reason why he shouldn't. His mouth is big enough to get both hands in, if necessary.—Kate Field's Washington.

BRAVE LOVE.

Had nothing but his violin. I'd nothing but my song. But we were woe when skies were blue. And summer days were long. And when we rested by the hedge. The robins came and told. How they had dared to woo and win. When early spring was cold. We sometimes sipped on dewberries. Or slept among the hay. But oft the farmers' wives at eve. Came out to hear us play. The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes. We could not starve for long. While my man had his violin. And I my sweet love song.

THE OLD MILL.

"Do I know anything about the ruins of this old mill? Well, yes, stranger, I should say I did, if any one does. It belongs to me, or rather to my wife, what there is of it. Tell you I owe much to this old mill."

The speaker was dressed in homespun, and appeared to be a thrifty farmer of forty-five. I had taken a walk before breakfast one morning as an appetizer out from Jonesboro, where I was attending court, and was standing by the ruins of the old mill when he came up. The roof had fallen in, windows and doors disappeared. The old water wheel had crumbled to decay and green ivy covered the ruins. The dam was now leveled to a road, and a cabbage patch had taken the place of the mill pond.

We took a seat on a moss grown log by the side of the ruin, and he continued: "I was with Stonewall during the war, and had some pretty tough times, some narrow escapes and some hard tramps, but the close call and hard tramp that this old mill once caused me made all of my war experience seem, at least for a time, like a pleasure trip. This was the first mill built on Cedar creek, and was built many years ago by old man Ben White, who lies up yonder on the hill.

"After the surrender our army was disbanded, and the most on us was pretty close run. We had nothing, and no way to get anything. I was only about twenty-one then. I was strolling round looking for something to do, and I happened along this road one morning. Well, that morning the wheel was in action. The gate was histed and the water was skurrying through. Old Ben White was standing in the door. I says: 'Morning, sir. Can I get a job here?' He took off his spectacles, wiped 'em, put 'em back on and looked at me.

"'Soldier?' says he. "'I was,' says I, 'till the surrender.' "'Luckier than my boys,' says he. 'One of them staid behind down at Stone river. The other's lying up on the hill—shot in front of Richmond and come home to die,' and the old man took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. 'Did you ever work in a mill?' "'No.' "'Well, that don't make much difference,' said he: 'business is picking up and you can stay. I'm getting old. I'll pay you what I can afford to. We can tell better in a week or two. Have you been to breakfast?' "'I have not,' I said.

"'Well, go to the house,' said he. 'Tell Kitty (that's my daughter, the only one the Yanks didn't kill) to give you breakfast, and come back; you can work on the dam to-day. There's some leaks that need stopping.

"So I went over the hill to the house. I still had my Confederate uniform on, and Mrs. White met me on the piazza. I saw tears on her cheeks, and I suppose the uniform reminded her of her own boys. I told her I was going to work for Mr. White, and that he sent me over for breakfast. So we went in, and she called Kitty, who soon had my breakfast on the table. Kitty was about four years younger than I, the picture of health, cheeks as red as roses. Her sparkling eyes kindled a spark in my heart that has never gone out. After breakfast I went back, and Kitty went with me to tend the mill while her father went to breakfast. He showed me the leaks in the dam before he went.

"In fact, I worked a week patching up the old dam, and after that I worked in the mill and on the farm and in the garden; drove the produce to town, and became more and more attached to the place and to Ben and Martha White and to Kitty. How I did love that girl! I was never so happy as when listening to the music of her voice. I shall never forget the evenings spent in the big front room before the open fireplace when I was Ben White's hired man—Ben and Martha, and Kitty and I. I used to crack hickory nuts and butternuts on an old flat iron, and Kitty popped corn, while the winter wind was whistling outside.

"In summer Kitty and I used to go fishing. Sometimes we would go up the pond in the boat, and sometimes when the mill was not running we'd go down there and get inside the big wheel and fish in the deep hole. There's where we generally got the finest fish. One day we had just got our fishing tackle out of the mill, and was hesitating whether to go up the pond or down in the wheel, when a neighbor came over and asked us to lend him the boat. He took it, and we went down in the wheel. We'd been fishing probably an hour, and caught some fine ones, when all of a sudden down poured the water from the flood-gate above, and the wheel commenced turning. The sudden start threw us both down. I got on my feet in an instant, and helped Kitty up, and we commenced to tramp in the direction opposite to the way the wheel was moving. We had to in order to keep our feet. It was calling as loud as I could, but it was of no use. "The noise made by the falling water,