

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 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—

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.

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.

G. 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.

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

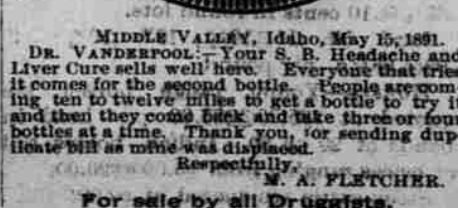
To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,

Prescription Druggists,

175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

YOU NEED BUT ASK



FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

IS LYING NECESSARY?

An Experience in Truth Telling That Wasn't a Gaudy Success.

A great many persons pretend to sadly deplore the fact that society is ever telling a great many little white lies. Frankness is strongly recommended and people are praised for saying just what they think.

Frankness appears very admirable in theory, but it is quite another thing in practice. A certain amount of deception seems really necessary for the welfare of society, and the man or woman who tries to get on wholly without it is likely to have few friends and many enemies.

It is said that the minister of a certain Chicago church became disgusted with the untruthfulness of mankind and preached a vigorous sermon in denunciation of society falsehoods. He declared that lies told out of politeness were just as wicked as those told with deliberate intention of deceiving. In fact, these society lies get folks into the habit of lying, and they readily pick up the other kind.

The sermon made a great impression upon the hearers. Many of the congregation resolved to reform then and there.

Coming out of church Deacon Jones said to Judge Badger, who sat in front of him, "Judge, I hope you didn't mind my putting my feet under your pew?" The judge was about to reply, "Oh, certainly not," but he thought of the sermon and answered:

"I did, though; your old boots took up all the room and were a fearful nuisance."

"Well," said the deacon, "the hair oil you use smells so it nearly forced us to leave the pew."

They glared at each other, and just then Mrs. Badger and Miss Jenkins came along. Miss Jenkins had asked:

"How do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, I thought it just lov—" began Mrs. B., and then she thought of the sermon and continued:

"No, I didn't either. It is a horrid thing, and I wouldn't be seen with it on."

While these honest conversations were going on Mrs. Smith had said to her next door neighbor, Mr. Murray:

"I hope the crying of our baby last night didn't disturb you?"

And Mr. Murray replied:

"No—that is yes, I wanted to brain the brat."

And then Mrs. Smith called him a wretch and wept. Then the minister came out and asked young Symonds how he liked the sermon. Symonds said:

"It was a grand effort—No, pardon, it was blamed nonsense."

"Sir!" said the parson, and he drew himself up very indignantly.

Just then Smith and Murray, after being real frank with each other and telling a few plain truths, clinched, and Deacon Jones was trying to hold Miss Jenkins from scratching Mrs. Badger.

It took tremendous efforts to stop the rows and prevent a scandal, and as it was, every one went away mad with everybody else.

The minister went home and meditated in a gloomy frame of mind for three hours, and finally concluded that society lying was wicked, but he would not preach against it again. It was altogether too handy and necessary a sin to be given up.—Chicago Herald.

A Peculiar Fate.

The supporters of the much disputed theory of spontaneous combustion have received fresh grounds of belief from the case of Milton Hardcastle, of Baltimore, whose remains were found nearly consumed in his shanty on the outskirts of that city.

Hardcastle was an old negro of unknown age, enjoying a small monthly income left him some years ago by his former owner, Colonel Eustace Hardcastle.

It is said that the negro consumed a gallon and a half of whisky a day, and would often buy and drink the pure alcohol in large quantities, often for days at a time partaking of no other nourishment.

He lived alone, being of a singular, taciturn disposition, so that it was some days before he was missed, but his shanty was observed to remain closed, and search being instituted he was found in his bed burned nearly to a crisp, while the mattress and clothes were only slightly scorched.

The room was in perfect order, and no trace of fire was found on the hearth, which was swept clean, and as Hardcastle was known to have been unique among negroes in never smoking the whole affair seemed shrouded in mystery.

Dr. Everhardt was called upon by the authorities to make an investigation, and gave as his opinion that it was a case of spontaneous combustion. In this he has been supported by several other prominent physicians, who agree in declaring the circumstances admit of no other explanation.—Exchange.

A Hint to Teachers.

Don't give up the boy who sits in the back seat and wears his coat collarless, his hair on a la Pompadour, and his finger nails in mourning,—who won't learn his lessons and who will get into mischief. I knew a teacher who had a pupil just like him. She showed interest in him; she visited his parents, and didn't act as if their language and manners made them devoid of all fine feeling. She asked him to help her about some work after school one night, and said: "By the way, John, we know each other pretty well now. I like you and I hope you like me. I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"If I can," was the answer.

"Come to school tomorrow with a collar, comb your hair nicely and pare your finger nails. You see I like you as you are now, but I want other people to like you too, and they won't if you are careless about your appearance."

"Do you think the boy hated her? No. He was never seen untidy after that evening. He graduated from the high school with honors, and is today filling a responsible position in society. He swears by that teacher. She made a man of him.—Lucy Agnes Hayes in Journal of Education.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A Boston Preacher Who Has Gained Wide Fame.

Boston is particularly well provided with clergymen who are celebrated in their profession, or literature, or the cause of education. No one sect or denomination can claim them, for they vary in faith from Episcopal to Unitarian. Some of them have written books that have become famous, and have started more than one train of thought toward the uplifting of the race.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale is probably one of the most famous of Boston clergymen. His fame is by no means local, and his name is respected over a wide range of territory. He was born in Boston, April 8, 1822. He is sprung from an old New England family that have figured largely in the history of the country. An ancestor of his was the martyred Captain Nathan Hale, whose last words were a wish that he had more lives to offer on his country's altar.

The early education of Mr. Hale was under the most favorable circumstances. From the Boston Latin school he went to Harvard, and graduated from that celebrated university in 1839. He then became an usher in the Latin school. During this time he read theology and church history, and in 1842 he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. His first regular charge was the Church of the Unity, in Worcester. He remained pastor of this church from 1846 to 1856, when he became pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) church, in Boston, where he still remains.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

During his pastoral work in Boston he has been identified with many charitable bodies and movements. A book published by him in 1870, "Ten Times One Is Ten," led to a movement which now exists in a club or series of clubs with over 50,000 members. Another society due to his efforts, the Look Up Legion, numbers some 5,000 members. Several magazines are under his charge. He is a thorough newspaper man, having served in every capacity on the Boston Daily Advertiser from reporter to editor-in-chief.

ALEXANDER E. SWEET'S HUMOR.

A Man Who Began to Write Jokes When a Child.

Alexander E. Sweet, who edits Texas Sittings, and who is prolific as a humorist, has been described as "a typical hayseed, with his loose, rough looking clothes, heavy movements, full uncultured beard and rich complexion. On that human nature, in conversation he says funny things that deserve places in print with a countenance marked by ineffable solemnity." Mr. Sweet is a modest gentleman of mild manners, with a kindly face. He lives in New York city with his family. He was born in Canada in 1841, but when he was a mere child his parents moved to San Antonio, Tex., and settled there. At sixteen he went to school at Poughkeepsie, after which he visited Germany and was a student at Carlruhe, Baden, for several years. He returned to Texas in 1863 and joined the Thirty-third Texas cavalry as a private, and served until the war ended.

"After the war," says Mr. Sweet, "I practiced law, but not with any bewildering degree of success. I drifted into journalism, and for several years furnished a column of San Antonio sittings for the Galveston News. These items were much copied, and I started Texas Sittings in 1881 in Austin. My life has been comparatively blameless, except for a short time when I was learning to play on the flute." In regard to his methods of work Mr. Sweet once remarked:

"Unlike other alleged humorists, I can not recall my first downward step. I began going down from my cradle, I believe. The propensity to write funny things was contemporaneous with my first successful struggle with the alphabet, and has accompanied me through life, bringing with it all the misfortunes which have blighted my career and made me the pensive creature you behold. How do I build my jokes? I think my jokes build themselves. They even get into my business correspondence. Of the different styles of humorous writing the brief paragraph is the most difficult. A column of such paragraphs daily would put any man under the sod in twelve months, whereas humorous sketches, especially if they are in a series, are the easiest work a professional humorist can do. I can write a couple of columns of sketches without any great mental wear and tear, but a half column of paragraphs makes me long to be a popular preacher."

Floriculture in the United States.

A recent bulletin issued by the census bureau gives some timely statistics regarding floriculture, which has been carried on as a business for upward of a century, and which in the last twenty-five years has assumed large proportions. Out of a total of 4,650 establishments, 2,795 were started between 1870 and 1890, and of these 1,797 between 1880 and 1890. There are 312 commercial floriculture establishments owned and managed by women. These 4,650 establishments had in 1890 the census year 38,833,247 square feet of glass, covering a space of more than 891 acres of ground. The establishments, including fixtures and heating apparatus, were valued at \$38,855,730.33; tools and implements, \$1,587,003.93; and gave employment to 10,347 men and 1,998 women, who earned in the year \$8,483,387. Fuel for heating cost \$1,160,152.60. The products for the year were 40,056,253 rose bushes, 28,887,292 hardy plants and shrubs, 1,846,416 white plants amounting to 192,825,293, reaching a total value of \$12,098,477.76 for plants. Cut flowers brought an additional income of \$14,175,288.61.

A ROSE.

I found a rose on the stones today— This midwinter day, with its low ring sky And milky streaks, yet the white rose lay In its whiteness, starting to meet my eye. And wherefore, O Rose, with your faint breath sweet. And your fairness, lying 'neath careless feet?

Dropped from the breast of a bride, my fair, As they brought her home from the holy shrine?

The bridal music haunting the air, Deep thrilling the soul with a rhythm divine, Till her full heart throbb'd with a new joy sweet.

And you left its warmth for the wintry street?

Dropped from the bier of the blessed dead, Do your folded leaves hold the dew of tears? In your fragrance prayer, soft murmured By some pleading soul for the finishing rest? Was the sullen chill of the crossing stone Less cold than that pulseless heart, my own?

How'er it be, O thou white, white Rose, I will lay you down on a girlish breast That has never thrilled 'neath bridal nook, Nor yearned for the peace of unbroken rest. You shall linger there till your bright, brief day

Of beauty and bloom breathes itself away. —S. Edgar Benet in Kate Field's Washington.

Wide Streets as Health Promoters.

Dr. Anders has been investigating the influence of the width of streets in cities on the mortality from phthisis, and as the results of examining into the localization of 1,500 deaths he has arrived at the conclusion that the number of deaths from phthisis is smaller in proportion to the population in the wide than in the narrow ones, and that in narrow streets the mortality is greatest where they are long or where they form a cul-de-sac. In other words, complete movement of air about dwellings is a point of prime importance in connection with the question of pulmonary phthisis.

It is on this principle that all modern bylaws as to open space about houses are based, and it is as important to have wide open spaces behind houses as in front, so as to secure a proper through current of air. The existing tendency to put up an undue limit on the needed area behind dwelling houses is strongly condemned, as constituting a distinct violation of one of the most vital essentials to the promotion of health and prevention of a certain class of diseases.—New York Telegram.

New York Horses.

"Do you know what I consider the most remarkable thing in New York?" asked a man from the west who had been spending a week in the city.

His metropolitan friend suggested the Brooklyn bridge, the hurrying crowds on Broadway, the Stock exchange, the German opera and other stock marvels, but each time the countryman shook his head.

"No," he said finally, "you haven't hit what I mean, though you see it—or could see it if you looked—a hundred times every day. To me, now, the most amazing thing in the whole big town is the wonderful indifference the horses show to the elevated trains. Why, if one of those things should go roaring over the heads of my plow horses they'd simply have hysterics. As for my little mare Kitty, she wouldn't stop running till she got into the next state. Your horses, however, don't even look up when a train passes. I really can't understand it."—New York Times.

Eloquents in London.

A careful newspaper reader, resident in London, who has given much attention to elopement statistics, states that on an average four elopements take place in London every week. This would give a total for the year in round numbers of 200 in a population of something like 5,000,000. Presuming that the number of elopements all over the country is in the same proportion we have a total elopement list of about 1,500 per year.

Now that a Gretna Green marriage is a thing of the past elopements seem to be on the wane. It is stated that at Gretna Green toll house alone 200 couples were sometimes united in a year.—London Tit-Bits.

A New Way to Shell Eggs.

At a meeting of the Royal Meteorological society Mr. R. H. Scott, F. R. S., drew attention to a curious case of lightning stroke which had occurred at Ballyglass, County Mayo. The eggs were in a basket on the floor of a room when the house was struck by the discharge. It was found that their shells fell off when they were put into hot water, leaving the inner membrane unbroken. On being cooked they tasted quite well.—Cassell's Magazine.

The sun spot periodicity is subject of universal interest, and little has been sounded of its unfathomable depths. It is known that the cycle is completed in about eleven years, containing a maximum of activity and a minimum of quiescence; that the spots are cavities in the solar photosphere, filled with gases or vapors cooler than the surrounding portions; that the spots move with a varying velocity, and that the spot producing activity has a direct influence on the magnetism and electricity of the earth.

Purse thefts seem to be the common thief's special weakness, more than 10 per cent. of the larcenies, etc., brought before the courts being for thefts of purses. Watches stand second favorites. More than three-fourths of the purses stolen are the property of ladies, the thieves seeming to find ladies' pockets more suitable for picking than men's.

The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers and a little over 20,000 private soldiers, exclusive of those performing civilian duties; thus one-tenth of the force consists of its officers.

A new method of preparing wood pulp composition for moldings is described, in which the wood pulp is mixed with bronze powders, aniline or metallic colors, so as to give a uniform color of any desired shade to the pulp.

The brownish discoloration of ceilings where gas is used is caused by dust carried against them by the heated air currents produced by the gas.