

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 Klukital 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 Kreft.

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.

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 \$3.00, 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



DR. VANDEPOOR'S—Your S. B. Headache and Liver Cure sells well here. Everyone that tries it comes for the second bottle. People are coming ten or twelve miles to get a bottle to try it and then they come back and take three or four bottles at a time. Thank you, for sending duplicate bill as mine was misplaced. Respectfully, J. A. VETTER, For sale by all Druggists.

RIDING A WHALE AT SEA

A SEA OTTER HUNTER'S HARD TRIP OFF THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Very Lucrative Business Spoiled by the Perverseness of a Stupid Bull Headed, Humpbacked Whale—An Incredible Story of Hard Luck.

In passing up Front street a reporter's attention was attracted to a singular appearing man who stood in front of a hide and fur store examining a very handsome sea otter skin which hung in the window. His hair was long, and his face covered with a full growth of beard of a rich auburn hue, which hung down on his breast. His clothing was of strange make and material, and his tout ensemble was calculated to give one an idea that "the wild man of Borneo had just come to town." The reporter approached the "wild man" and after pausing a moment said:

"That is a very handsome skin!" "Yes," said the stranger, "it is very fine. There is nothing that produces better fur than the sea otter. I have shot many of them." "Might I ask where?" said the reporter. "The sea otter is a rare animal now. I suppose they are about all killed off by this time on this coast," said the stranger. "It was ten years ago when I was shooting them on the coast of Washington territory, and they were not very numerous then, but in the course of two years I had killed over fifty, besides a good many fur seals, and had saved up over \$5,000 in cash, when I was suddenly broke up in business and taken to a strange country by a very singular accident."

On being pressed for an explanation the stranger told the following remarkable story: "Ten years ago I was hunting sea otters on one of the wildest parts of the coast of Washington, several miles north of the Quillayute Indian reservation, between Destruction Island and Cape Flattery. It is one of the wildest and most out of the way places on the coast. I had been shipwrecked on Destruction Island, and had been rescued by the Quillayute Indians and had been living with them several years, and had married the daughter of one of the head men of the tribe.

A DANGEROUS PERCH. "I was happy and contented, for, after years spent in the fore-castle of a ship, the life I led among the Indians was comparatively pleasant and luxurious. Besides, as I told you, I had saved up several thousand dollars, when in a moment, by the freak of a stupid, bull headed, humpbacked whale, I was torn from my home and family and cast penniless on the shores of a stranger and wilder country than the one I had so unceremoniously left, among people compared to whom my Quillayute friends were civilized and intelligent.

"You know, of course, how sea otters are shot by the hunter having a stand rigged up away out as far from the shore as possible, by setting up three tall poles, so that they cross a few feet from the top, and by building a kind of crow's nest in the top of this frail structure. I had rigged up one of these stands away out at low water mark and made it as comfortable as possible, and sometimes spent two or three days out there, my wife keeping a lookout and securing any otters or seals I shot. I was doing first rate, owing to being so far out, and, although several times badly scared by rough weather and by schools of whales, which came around my lookout, I could not think of giving it up for a place which might be safer, but where I could not kill so many otters.

"The last time I got into my lookout was early one morning. As the weather had been stormy I was expecting that otters and seals would be coming near the shore, so I took along a good supply of provisions and water and plenty of tobacco and ammunition, expecting to stay out two or three days. As soon as it was light and the tide was near the flood, I saw a number of otters lying asleep in the water just beyond range, and while I was waiting for them to drift down toward me along came a school of half a dozen or more of the small whales common on that coast.

OFF TO SEA ON A WHALE. "They came toward my lookout rolling and spouting and playing, and at length I saw one of them making right for the lookout. I was afraid he would upset me, and yelled at him, but, whether by accident or design I knew not, he plunged between two of the poles on which my nest was perched, and striking the other with his nose shoved it away in front of him, and over went my nest, landing on his back, one of the poles sticking straight ahead and the others straddling him as a man does a horse. When I saw I was going I jumped and landed astride the whale's tail, and quicker than a wink with my keen sheath knife I cut the muscles on each side of his tail, which prevented him from going down. I then clambered up to my nest, and there I was afloat on a whale, with provisions for three days and neither sail, nor compass.

"The first thing I did was to cut some loops in the thick hide of the whale and secure my nest by lashing it firmly to his back. He struck out from shore and made the best speed he could with his partially disabled tail. I humped my provisions and water, and as I had some whiskey and plenty of tobacco and was used to living in my nest, I got along very comfortably for a week, when things began to look blue. Fortunately a Russian ship bound for Vladivostok came along and picked me up.

"I was so uncomfortable on board that as we were making the Koori islands I stole a boat and got ashore, and after spending about six days there with the wild natives, succeeded in getting across to Japan and finally in a ship to South America, and arrived here a day or two since. On a ship like this now bound for Chilean ports, I was one who has come back in my nest, with twenty dollar pieces and when I went away—Faded Oregonian.

Senses try to Sleep in Definite Order.

According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that in beginning to sleep the senses do not uniformly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling.

The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight, and the taste and smelling awake the last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping toward the center of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm, and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

—Chambers' Miscellany.

Senator Hearst's Men in Buckram.

One day while the late Senator Hearst was a young man and yet had his fortune to make he and a few companions were on a prospecting tour. Along in the afternoon they sighted a band of Indians, and, as in those days all Indians were hostile, Mr. Hearst and his friends naturally wanted to get away from there. All the prospectors, except the future senator, were mounted on horses. He was on a retired army mule, and soon found himself left in the rear. The Indians were on his trail and things began to look serious, when he called out to his rapidly disappearing companions: "Hold on, boys; there's only a few of them. We needn't be afraid."

Just then the mule scented the approaching Indians, and with a wild snort started out at a gallop that soon left the horsemen far behind. When Hearst was about a quarter of a mile in advance he turned in his saddle and yelled at the top of his voice: "Hurry up, boys; you'll get scalped. There's more'n a hundred of them."—Chicago Post.

Wyoming's Woman Miner.

Mrs. Shane, a widow with two children, came to Wyoming two years ago and took up her residence in Jawbone gulch, Silver Crown mining district, where she took a claim and with her own hands has kept up the assessment work. The claim promises to be a paying one, and already she has uncovered a body of rich gold quartz, with indications of richer ore as depth is gained.

Mrs. Shane is a soldier's widow, and is a lady of fine education. Her cabin in Jawbone gulch bears evidence of refinement, and while it is in one of the most out of the way places in the camp she has a number of visitors, among whom will be found the best people of Silver Crown and the surrounding country.

To judge from appearances she is about thirty-five years old. She has brown hair, blue eyes and fair and intellectual face. For the past year she has been teaching the Silver Crown public school, by which means she has made her living while waiting for her mine to reach pay.—Cor. Denver Republican.

Doctors Are Safe.

When the devil was sick his eagerness to become a monk is historical. A small New Yorker has been finding in the same way that altered conditions have a pronounced effect upon one's ambition. He is the son of a lawyer, and his admiration for his father has led him to announce frequently that when he became a man he intended to be in "just the same business as papa." He fell ill, however, and the services of the family physician were sought with prompt and fortuitous effect. Convalescence is apt to engender reflection, and the small Robert became thoughtful the other afternoon, with this result: "I guess, mamma," he said, apropos of nothing, "I will not be in papa's business when I grow up. I would rather be a doctor, because, you see, he can't die."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Facts About a Venerable Goose.

John Ray, an old and respected resident of Croton Landing, and formerly of Putnam county, says that while residing in Putnam county he purchased a goose of one Isaac Hill, and that the goose was 52 years old when he purchased her for seventy-five cents. He kept her for three years. Each year the goose laid over fifty eggs, and the first year raised eleven goslings, which fell over a high wall in the creek and were drowned. The second year she raised twenty-two goslings, and the third year forty goslings. He then sold her at the end of the third year to one Amos Austin for \$100. Mr. Ray says to the best of his knowledge and belief the goose is still alive, making her 85 years old.—Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

An Old Story with a Modern Hero.

One day when Dr. Brooks was calling at the house of a parishioner a little boy of the family, who had been under the awe of Dr. Brooks as long as he could remember, ventured to ask the great man, "Oh, Dr. Brooks, were you in the ark?" His mother endeavored to hush him up, but the boy went on, "Oh, I guess you wasn't, 'cause the animals was all in pairs, and if there was another like you it would be missed the ark."—Boston Transcript.

Following the Fashion. "Fairbanks is getting awfully fat." "That's only a tendency of the times." "How so?" "He is packing himself into a corset."—New York Herald.

OLD WILLIE'S QUEST.

A Bowery Character, Whose Experience Demonstrates Bowery Sympathy.

"There's a character," said the clerk of a twenty-five cent Bowery hotel, indicating a shabbily dressed old man who stood with his back to the stove. "Willie, come over here a minute."

The old man by the stove evidently answered to the diminutive name, for he glanced up to see who called, and then shuffled quickly over to the desk. "Tell the gentleman about yourself, Willie," said the clerk.

Willie took off his dilapidated hat to the stranger, and said: "Twenty-five years ago I had a daughter. One day she went away and left me. She was mighty pretty, and not more'n fifteen years old. Where had she gone? No one could say. I began my search one night in March, twenty-five years ago. I hunted for ten years and never found her. Then one night in winter I saw a man and a woman crossing this very Bowery. I looked closer, and there was my child. I called, 'Julia! Julia!'"

She turned her head and looked at me. I was hurrying up to take her hands, when I saw that she was leaving me. She and the man went fast through the crowd, and I followed, calling, 'Julia! Julia!' A policeman stopped me, and when they all laughed, I had lost her again. That was fifteen years ago. I've never seen her since, but I'm still looking, and I'll find her yet."

"Well, life has gone hard with you, hasn't it?" said the stranger. "You look cold."

"Thank you, I'm not so very cold. The trouble is my kind friends give me a thin coat to wear in the winter and a thick one to wear in the summer. That's the way it was with the Italian that keeps the fruit stand 'out on the corner here. He gave this little blue coat to me, and I pawned the old thick one that the cigar man gave me, because it had the most holes in it."

"Are you very poor?" "Not as long as I stay right in this neighborhood. The cigar man lets me sleep on the floor in his shop, and this good young man lets me have the use of the hotel office."

"Where do you get your food?" "It comes to me from various directions. I have the same trouble with that, though, that I do with my coats. I get a piece of sweet rice pudding for breakfast as a rule, and buckwheat cakes for dinner, when, of course, the order should be reversed. It is left over in that way."

"Well, you expect to find your daughter some day?" "Yes, I'm seventy-six now, and I think I will live ten years longer. In that time I shall meet her again. I am always on the street, except when I step in here or at the cigar store to get warm. I will bid you good-day, sir, and start out again on my hunt."

The old man hurried out into the Bowery and disappeared in the crowd. "The worst of it is," remarked the hotel clerk after he had gone, "Old Willie's daughter has been dead for ten years and he's never been told of it."—New York Sun.

Woman's Power Without the Ballot.

No earnest woman can embark in any humane work without having the truth borne in upon her of the helpless condition of a citizen without a vote. Put a single profligate qualified male voter in one scale, and a score of conscientious, disfranchised women in the other, and we know which scale will kick the beam. So every struggle for the uplifting of the race which enlists the support of woman is a sure preparatory school for her comprehension of equal rights.

There is a fable of a company of beavers who consoled themselves on parting because they would all meet again in the latter's shop. And the unthinking women who deride the thought of voting and still interest themselves in social reform will be certain to find themselves some fine morning in the camp of woman suffrage, but with a wholeness which the beavers lacked.—William Lloyd Garrison.

The Superior Cape Cod Poke.

"What are you givin' us?" yelled a down town grocer in an excited way to an Auburn friend who had just slung his hat down on his head and whirled him around so violently that he fell on a potato barrel and skinned his elbow.

"I'm takin' boxin' lessons," said his friend, "and that's the marine swing."

"That's it, is it?" said the grocer, as he grabbed the Auburn man, jammed him under a meat bench, kicked the visible portion of his anatomy and hit him hard with a broom. "How do you like that? That's the Cape Cod poke, otherwise known as pot luck. Next time you come round with your new tricks just remember that there's a few of us old ones left who knew a twist or two when we were young."

Both men were flushed and both were mad and both smiled.—Lewiston Journal.

Mr. Everts' Famous Pun.

Probably some readers remember the beautiful pun that Mr. Everts made at a dinner at Delmonico's some years ago. In all the constellation of his famous puns this is the brightest star. The dinner taking place about Thanksgiving time Mr. Everts when he arose to speak began in this way:

"Friends, you have just been having a turkey stuffed full of sage; now I present you with a sage stuffed full of turkey." It made no difference what he said after that; the best thing he could have said would have been nothing at all.—Washington Star.

A Happy Retort.

When the revenues of King Louis XV were at so low an ebb that even the servants at court could not draw their wages at the regular time, the king's minister presented a petition to the prime minister asking for the payment of their arrears of salary.

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "we will first satisfy those who weep, it will then be the turn of those who sing."—Blanchard's Chronicle.

THE DALLES