

IN THE RANKS.

With steady steps he passes down the street. Wearing a gown whose folds cannot conceal the massive strength and grace of every limb. And, looking in the clear-cut face, you feel the power of mind. The lips are set by fate, deep eyes are steady gray, and wild and free. You think of him, swathed in the battle's mist. Setting the stars of brute-won victory.

In sacred offices no sign he makes. That in his veins the fires of passion glow. That love or hate or leadership of men. Have any place beneath his stole of snow. Down quiet aisles of the cathedral vast. Vexed in the light of sacred censers dim. He slowly leads the clear voiced choristers. Chanting, in ringing tones, the evening hymn.

And then, when silence falls, his voice alone. Lifts up, as if some long lost day to greet. Sad sorrow, sin, or love, with careless eyes. Touch him to sing with voice so true and sweet? Who knows the heart of man? The passing day. Flashes a gleam of glory ere it dies. Above the singer is a golden ray. That seems to bear his voice beyond the skies.

With banners and with lights he passes on. The pagan faded, another voice is there. Calling for peace and grace on all the world. In echoes sweet you miss the earnest prayer. Filled with the mystery of passing life. The song still lingers with you, soft and low. Willing the strife that mags the tattered heart. With absolute from its deepest woe.

He hears no organ here, says that one song. Yet labors faint all time and place defies. You see upon his head the crown of bays. The leader lives within his pleading eyes. Perchance he long ago laid down the sword. Content to leave the path ambition trod. And in the army of the holy cross. He strives in peace to lead lost souls to God. Samuel Williams Cooper in Philadelphia Penn.

Overhead Rights.

Although any one may extend an overhead wire across or along a street, it does not seem generally known that no wire may pass over a house without the permission of the proprietor, even though the wire be in no way connected with the house. The owner may, if he pleases, take them all down, for his frehold extends from the center of the earth up to the sky. This is a principle that is not generally understood, but occasionally a householder is found who knows his rights and will not allow them to be infringed. Such a person was the land-lord of a large boarding house on Beacon Hill, who made the electric light company provide bulbs for the lighting of his dining room in return for the privilege of stringing wires upon his roof. Few persons are so well posted in the law as to know what their rights are, and it is an object with large corporations to keep them in ignorance. Boston Courier.

Street Car Officials Want No Nicks.

"We have boycotted the nickel," says a Chicago street railway official. "We refuse to permit street car conductors to turn in more than four nickels apiece at the end of their day's work. About half of the passengers pay their fares in nickels, and if these coins were turned in to the company's coffers we would be hopelessly deluged with them, and a few days would practically retire the nickel from local circulation. And how could we handle the bushels and bushels of coin? In special deposit held for safe keeping. In short, the only way we can handle the nickel is to follow the example of the Irishman with the hot potato—drop it. So we refuse to accept nickels from our employees, and it is their duty to unload upon the passengers all the nickels that are paid in for fares." New York Tribune.

Dr. Crosby's Convict.

A story is told of Dr. Crosby in The Evangelist which that gentleman used to relate himself. His horse was once entered by a burglar, whom the doctor himself captured, and who was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment. But for three years the minister kept up a correspondence with the convict, converted him, secured his pardon, and later had the satisfaction of seeing him become a prominent and respected citizen in a distant town and blessed with a wife and child.

Rosamond's Conundrum.

Five-year-old Rosamond, whose father is very clever, at making charades, was seated at dinner one day when several guests were present. They were all giving conundrums when the little girl quietly said, "Papa, I have one." "Well, my child, what is it?" "Why is the bark of a tree like a dead kitten?" The answer: "Because it can't mew." was greeted with roars of laughter. New York Tribune.

Bread must not be broken into the soup, nor the soup plate tipped, as the last mouthful must not be devoured. Soup must be taken from the side of the spoon, not from the end. A whole slice of bread or biscuit or muffin should not be buttered at once. It should not be cut, but should be broken off in small pieces, and a bit of butter put on as they are eaten, one by one.

The best way to examine the color of a sample of water is to place the liquid in a long tube closed at each end by a plate of glass. While one extremity of the tube is directed to the source of light, the color is noted at the other. By using the same tube for a series of water samples, it will be possible thus to get properly comparable results.

Old sight—presbyopia—begins at about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper further off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whenever the ocular defect, the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

There are few intelligent men and women of our day who are not connected with some charitable or reformatory or other philanthropic institution as managers or trustees or members of committees, or who are not active workers in some organized form of benevolence.

Dickens' home, Gad's Hill place, is a great object of interest to Americans in London. It is now the property of Francis Law Latham, and remains just as it was when the novelist died.

MINING IN 1849.

How "Rocker" Separating Was Carried on in Pioneer Days, California.

The most expensive instrument of the early miner was the rocker which, though simple in construction, cost in the mines from fifty to a hundred dollars. In general appearance it was unlike a baby's cradle as used by our grandmothers and as still seen on the frontier. It consisted of a flat bottom with two sides that flared outward, and an end board at the head, while the foot was open save a riffle about an inch and a half high at the bottom to catch the gold that might pass another riffle across the bottom near the middle. At the head of the cradle was a hopper about eighteen inches square, with a perforated sheet iron bottom or wire screen. Under this was an apron or board sloping downward toward the head. Two substantial rockers under the whole completed the simple machine which gave to the world millions of dollars.

The modus operandi may be described as follows: Two sticks of wood hewn on the upper side were imbedded at the river's brink, one four inches lower than the other, on which the rockers were rested, thus securing a grade in the machine to facilitate the outward flow of the water and sand. Two miners usually worked together as partners. One shoveled the earth into the rocker, while the other, seated on a boulder or block of wood, dipped the water from the river and poured it upon the earth in the hopper with one hand, all the time rocking with the other. When the earth was thoroughly washed, he rose, lifted the hopper from its place, threw out the stones and gravel, replaced it, and thus the work went on. As the ground about the rocker became exhausted to the bedrock, recourse was had to the bucket, and the earth was carried sometimes a few rods, making laborious work for the miner.

To keep the rocker going another hand would be employed to carry earth, and each would carry two buckets at a time. Hard work of this kind suggested improvements in mining. At noon the gold and black sand collected above the riffles were taken up on a scraper and thrown into the pan, which was carried to the river and carefully washed to remove as far as possible all but the gold. The yield of the forenoon was carried to the camp, dried over a blaze, the dry sand blown out, and the gold weighed in scales or guessed at, and poured into the partnership purse and deposited under the bed or anywhere else out of sight. Century.

Riders in the Time of Alexander.

One of the most precious relics of the past is a bronze statuette dug up at Heracleum in 1761, and thought to be a copy of the equestrian statue known to have been made of Alexander the Great by Lysippus, after the battle of the Granicus, when statues of all the brave who fell in this initial victory were made by the famous sculptor. If it is truly a copy of Lysippus' work we can judge from it how the Macedonians managed their horses in a hand-to-hand conflict. The king is shown sitting on a blanket firmly held in place by a breast strap and girth. Without dropping the reins from his bridle hand he grasps this substitute for a saddle at the withers, and turning full half way to the right and looking backward, gives a swinging cut with his sword to the rear, covering as big an arc of the circle as the best swordsmen who ever sat in a saddle. The statue is full of life and natural to a degree. If not Lysippus' work it is that of a consummate artist. The position shows great freedom of movement on the horse, and a seat strong and elastic. That the Macedonians kept their heels well away from the horse's flanks or rather that they did not rely on their heels to cling to him, is shown by their commonly wearing spurs, a thing the Indian usually avoids, and the same habit shows clearly in this piece of art. Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Care of the Hair.

The hair, like every other portion of the human frame, if uncared for will go to waste and eventually drop out. This is due to a splitting of the ends of the hair, so that the interior oil duct which nourishes the hair is exposed, and the natural nourishment of the hair runs to waste, overflows upon the head, forming dandruff, which impedes the growth of the hair just as much as the tares among wheat. The best means to prevent this is a strengthening of the hair, and this can easily be accomplished by frequent cutting and the use of salt water and vaseline.

Have you ever noticed what bushy hair-searing men have? Did you ever see a bald sailor? It is because their hair is in constant contact with the invigorating salt air, and is often wet with salt water. A good tonic of salt water should contain a teaspoonful of salt to a tumbler of water, and should be applied to the hair two or three times a week. The effect at the end of a month will be surprising. American Spectator.

Where Gold Comes From.

The gold taken from the river bars was mostly in the form of scales resembling cucumber seeds, and of varying size. It was most plentiful on the bed rock and in a few inches of soil above it, though sometimes five or four feet of drift would pay to wash. Where the bed rock was hard the drift contains a few shovelful of dirt, which contains a few dollars in small particles. Where the bed rock was soft shale or slate, on edge the miner picked away an inch or so and washed it, as frequently the scales were found to be driven quite thickly into the crevices. When the ground was very rich the rocker was cleaned of gold every hour or so. E. J. Waite in Century.

His Rockless Extravagance.

Harassed Father—My boy, your tastes will be your ruin. Nothing seems too expensive for you. This thing has got to stop.

Wayward Son (tonguing)—Can't do it, governor, must keep right on. Going to marry the dearest girl in the world. Pittsburgh Bulletin.

HATS OF MONEY KINGS.

THE DAILY PROCESSION OF TILES WORN IN WALL STREET.

Silk Hats in Greatest Numbers—Few Straw Hats Worn—Peculiar Headgear of Well Known Financiers—Jay Gould Wears Derby Hats Altogether.

The procession of hats in Wall street is worth viewing. Everybody must needs visit Wall street at one time or another, so more kinds of hats are seen there perhaps than anywhere else. It is, however, to the hats worn by men famed in finance that the most interest attaches. The hat never makes the man, but it often betrays the characteristics of a man. As a rule the money kings are less particular about the hats they wear than are their clerks. They have more important things to think about. Hats good enough for them in one season are good enough for them in another. The consequence is some millionaires wear decidedly antiquated and rusty tiles.

Jay Gould used to be very precise in his dress. His clothes, while of modest pattern, were made by a fashionable tailor, and were always correct in fit and finish. In the cold months Mr. Gould wore a high silk hat, and in the hot months a high white hat. Of late years Mr. Gould has been less particular about his dress. He has worn dark clothes entirely, and he has worn them out too. He has ceased wearing high hats altogether. In the summer his head covering is a light derby and in other seasons of the year a black derby.

There was a time when in the hottest spells Mr. Gould affected a Panama hat. Although this kind of hat was probably the most comfortable one he could find for the dog days he gave it up for some reason for the derby. Mr. Gould does not change his hats with the styles, but makes them do service as long as they will. It is said that when Mr. Gould was a young man he was almost a fop. He is still neat in his attire. His shirt front is always immaculate and he is always carefully brushed, but he is relaxed into staid and conventional ways of dressing.

MOSTLY SILK TILES.

George J. Gould, the eldest son of Jay Gould, is plain, but particular in his attire. He is a young man of athletic build, and is a reputation of the saying that clothes make the man. Most of the time he wears a derby like his father. Occasionally he is seen with a silk hat. In the hot spells he puts on a straw hat. Russell Sage wears a high silk hat or a high white hat according to the season. In rainy weather or when he is going for a drive he dons a derby. He generally carries a silk handkerchief in his pocket, with which he brushes his silk hat whenever he puts it on. Mr. Sage is very exact in his dress. Both on leaving his house and his office he carefully brushes himself. He has a shoe brush in one of the desks at his office, and he gives his shoes a smart rubbing at the conclusion of business each day.

Cyrus W. Field's tall form is made to look taller by a high silk hat, which, however, is discarded for a straw hat in the heated term. Mr. Field is particular to see that the nap of his silk hat is brushed the right way, but he is rather near sighted, and rarely goes to a meeting without picking up somebody else's hat in place of his own. Once in a while he gets the best of the bargain, but as a rule, he says, he is the loser.

Collis P. Huntington is one of the few men who wear head coverings both indoors and out. At home as well as in his office he wears a silk cap. The practice is more from force of habit than anything else. Mr. Huntington has little to fear from draughts, because he has a splendid head of hair, and furthermore is a powerfully built man and has scarcely known a day of sickness in his life. In the street Mr. Huntington wears a silk hat, except on rainy days, when he puts on a derby.

D. O. Mills is a clerical looking man, and he accentuates his ministerial mien by wearing a silk hat of severe shape. In the summer he wears a tall white hat.

Sidney Dillon, the president of the Union Pacific railroad, wears a derby with a broad black band, which he occasionally, in the evening or on Sunday exchanges for a high silk hat. Mr. Dillon is a very tall man, and a silk hat makes him look a giant in comparison with the average man.

J. Pierpont Morgan wears both a silk hat and a derby, and one about as much as the other. He buys his hats in London, and they always attract attention by their contrast to American shapes. Mr. Morgan does not let his hats get rusty.

Addison Cammack, the bear leader in Wall street, generally wears a high silk hat in winter and a high white hat in summer.

DEACON WHITE'S HAT.

Deacon S. V. White wears a straw hat in summer, but the rest of the year a soft black hat covers his head. The memory of Wall street runneth not back to the time when Deacon-White was ever seen in any other kind of hat than those named. If he were to possess a silk hat he would probably from habit try to do with it up and put it in his pocket. He sits on his straw hats the same as on his soft hats. New York Recorder.

It has been noticed that platinum, when placed in an electrical current, is heated to a dull redness. This fact is the basis of the invention of an electrical saw which will cut quickly and neatly the hardest wood.

The device is made of steel wire, upon which is deposited metallic platinum. By connecting this modified wire with the terminals of four Bunsen batteries the platinum is heated to a bright redness, and the saw is ready for business. New York Journal.

A Stroke of Luck.

Mrs. Portly Pompos—Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase. Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it. Texas Siftings.

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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.

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