

TRUANTS FROM HOME.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS OF RUN-AWAY BOYS IN NEW YORK.

A Plain Matter of Fact Talk from New York's Chief Inspector—Boys Get Their Ideas of the City from Lurid Books—A Few Examples from the Records.

Having already referred in a general way to the evil effects that usually fall to the lot of a boy who is so foolish and headstrong as to run away from home and try his fortunes in the great city, I will cite a few cases of the many with which the records of our police department abound. All teach the same lesson.

In January, a year or two ago, a boy eleven years old left his home in Albany and came to this city, as he afterward said, "to see the sights." As day after day passed and he did not return, his parents, greatly worried, made inquiries for him in many directions. The police of this city were asked to join in the search.

The boy had been absent about three weeks when one day an officer who was patrolling a post in the neighborhood of the docks came upon a boy who staggered as he walked. The officer's first impression was that the boy was intoxicated, but upon making a closer examination and questioning him it turned out that he was not intoxicated, but weak from lack of food and from exposure in the wintry weather.

The policeman took him to headquarters and gave him a good meal. Afterward it was discovered that he was the boy from Albany whose disappearance had caused so much concern.

His parents were promptly communicated with, and he was very glad indeed to go home with his father, who came after him without delay.

A few months after this occurred our police were requested to look for two boys—one fifteen years old, the other thirteen—who had run away from their homes in a New England city. They had good homes and kind parents, but they had tired of going to school.

The idea of wonderful adventures had been put into their heads by the books they had been allowed to read, and they determined to see life for themselves in a larger city than the one where they had been brought up.

They wandered about New York for five days, but found life here a sterner reality than they had supposed. The little money they had was soon spent, and at the end of the five days they were glad to give themselves up to the police, and tearfully asked to be sent back to their homes.

One day a policeman attached to one of the down town precincts saw a boy, evidently a stranger in the city, sitting on the porch of a house, and soon found that he was exhausted from hunger and partially overcome by the heat. The boy was only eleven years of age.

He had come here alone from a town in Massachusetts, first because he wished to see what the great city was like, and also because he had an uncle here, and expected to be hospitably received. He had the address of his uncle, but as he was totally unfamiliar with the city he could not easily find the house.

When at last, after much wandering, he did succeed in getting to the street and number, to which he had been so often directed, he was worse off than if he had not found them. The hope of finding his uncle had been the one thing that cheered him during his journeyings through the labyrinth of streets.

But now his uncle refused to aid or harbor him. Giving him a little bread and butter wrapped in a paper, he turned the boy adrift upon the cheerless streets. Under our law the uncle was arrested for his inhuman conduct, but he was discharged in court on his promise to see that the boy was taken back to his parents.

After the ambition to go west and fight Indians perhaps the desire to go upon the stage is the strongest motive animating boys who take a plunge into the wide world for themselves. More girls than boys are "stage struck," but the girls do not run away as the boys do—at least not when they are so young as most of the runaways of the other sex.

No doubt the experience gained in running away from home is often salutary. The glamour and glitter that are imagined to surround life in a big city are speedily seen to have no existence save in the fancy, and the difficulties in the way of a strange lad in a strange place who is seeking a situation, even of the humblest kind—difficulties which amount practically to an insurmountable obstacle—are soon deeply impressed upon the mind. Fortunately, before the matter has gone much further, in most cases a successful search is made for the missing one and he eagerly seeks his father's door again.

But this experience is not one that rational parents would choose for their growing boys. The stern realities of life will come all soon enough in the natural course of things.

As I have already more than intimated, many years of experience in police work convince me that scarcely anything worse could happen to a boy reared in the country or in a small town than to be thrown upon his own resources in a busy and bustling city like New York. The chances are all against his earning a livelihood, even in an humble way, and all in favor of falling into bad company and leading a worthless, if not a positively wicked, life.

The alluring pictures of city life which are drawn in certain books and papers that are widely circulated have no corresponding reality, and once more I would caution parents to use the utmost care in the selection of their children's reading matter. Here is one avenue of discontent that can easily be closed up, or, rather, never opened.

Moreover, the hard and bitter experiences of boys who have attempted to seek their fortunes in the great city, and the gladness with which they welcome an opportunity to get back within the shadow of the roof tree from which they had lately fled, teach thoroughly the lesson that "to stay at home is best."—Thomas Byrnes in Youth's Companion.

WONDERFUL TROUSERS.

They Not Only Do Not Bag, but Make a Crack in the Seat of the Waist.

I am somewhat of an athlete, and am in the habit of performing various exercises when I have nothing else to do, and yet held a position where it is important that I should present a gentlemanly appearance.

The problem of how to prevent trousers from bagging has for a long time recurred to my mind and pressed for solution. I have tried the various devices advertised for cure or for prevention. I have consulted my fashionable friends, and even the tailors, fondly hoping they could be induced to give themselves away.

Some of my friends have solved the problem by hanging up in their wardrobes 1,095 pairs of trousers, which maneuver enables them to put on a fresh pair morning, noon and night.

Now, my friends and employers estimate my brain power and business qualifications very nearly as highly as I do. Unfortunately, they do not attribute to them a very high exchangeable cash value.

The important thing, therefore, for me seemed to be to discover a way of making one pair of trousers last 365 days without bagging.

Fortunately, I have a practical knowledge of mechanics, and am of an inventive turn of mind. I have spent the savings of all my past life in patenting car couplers, motors a la Keely, and flying machines which very nearly succeeded in flying. My necessity hatched a new invention.

I went to one of the most skillful and artistic tailors on the Bowery and told him what I wanted, and at the same time warned him that I had a patent on my idea.

My idea was to get some of the cement which enables a broken plate to support a ton of cobble stones and a sheet of the genuine, old fashioned gum—such as the old fashioned gun shoes were made of—and paste back of the knee an oblong piece, wide enough and long enough to cover all that part of the trousers which generally bags. The tailor entered into my idea enthusiastically. He offered to buy the patent outright for twenty dollars, and to give me a royalty of five cents a pair on the first hundred pairs which should be sold. I refused his magnanimous offer, and am "holding for a rise."

He thought that if a little elasticity was a good thing a great deal more would be better. I think he must have pasted inside those trousers the soles of his grandmother's gun shoes.

The first time I went out with those trousers on strangers accosted me, and said they should not have known that I had no legs from my walk if they had not been informed that I was a Grand Army man and had had both legs shot off at the battle of Antietam. The cause of their delusion was that as I lifted each foot from the ground the leg from the knee suddenly snapped forward.

On the way home from business I went into the M. A. C. gymnasium. I had no time to put on my gymnasium tights, and contented myself with taking off coat, vest, collar and cuffs. I started in for a run. My friends and the director thought I showed poor judgment in starting at such a pace. Some of the crack runners were on the track, and at the outset I almost equaled their fastest spurts.

But, great Scott, how they were dumfounded when I spurred! They said I got around the track at such a rate of speed that I was only visible as a continuous curve, diabolic rather than parabolic. I felt that if I ran my fastest again I should need a pedometer with an air brake attachment. The swift way in which my feet glided forward and the extent of their reach were especially admired. A crack oarsman's "recovery," they said, was nothing in comparison.

I jumped the high jump. In fact, if I stooped down suddenly, I felt obliged to jump up straight into the air several feet. I broke the records and left the pieces far behind me in "high" and "broad" jumping. I smashed the lifting machine, and in short did astonishing feats in all that grade of work where the action of the knees comes into play. I was heralded far and wide as a new and marvelous sprinter and jumper.

And, best of all, my trousers now never bag. They keep their virgin form as long as they hold together.—New York Herald.

How He Got Off.

One night Brown came home very late and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a Caudle lecture. Instead of going to bed he took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees, seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Smith, poor fellow!"

Mrs. Brown, moved by curiosity, said sharply, "What's the matter with Smith?"

"Ah," said Brown, "his wife is giving him fits just now."

Mrs. Brown let her husband off that time.—Exchange.

Reptiles With 2,000 Teeth.

Many herbivorous reptiles of the mesozoic period had enormously long hind legs, on which they were able to wade far out into the deep water after sea weeds and other food. These creatures were particularly extraordinary in point of their dental equipment, inasmuch as each of them had about 2,000 grinders to chew with, arranged in magazines of 500 each like cartridges.—Interview in Washington Star.

The Points of a Boarhound.

The boarhound is, like many other dogs, of high temper and courage, but quiet when its natural game is out of view. It is obedient enough when properly trained, but has unflinching courage, and when attacked does not know when it is beaten. It is not a dog to keep in town.—English Mechanic.

Not a Warning.

"Your time is up," remarked the contractor to the sexton, having just finished fitting the church steeple with a brand new clock.—American Grocer.

KNOWN BY THEIR TICKS.

CHARACTER READING THROUGH MANY MILES OF WIRES.

Telegraph Operators Know the Dispositions of Each Other from the Way Messages Are Sent from One City to Another—Some of the Freaks.

The telegraph operators of this city are noted the world over as experts. Not only are they masters of their art as a class, but many of them have developed the wonderful faculty of reading character by the sharp ticks that emanate from the little brass instruments. For instance, any old time operator who ranks as first rate can tell by the tick of the machine in Philadelphia what manner of man is at the other end of the wire, no matter whether he be in Chicago, New York or any other distant city. Just as the bank cashiers recognize the signatures of old customers, so do telegraphers identify friends by their "sending" or writing.

The fast, jerky sender, who stops every few minutes to tighten this screw or loosen that spring, or to talk with his desk mate easily tells the receiver that he is a nervous, irresponsible young man of little experience and less judgment; he warns the receiver to be on constant watch for errors, for which he will shirk any responsibility. Without having definite reason to say so, the receiver will not hesitate to assert that such a sender would lie himself out of any difficulty that might arise.

The fearless, manly telegrapher is the man who sends even, well spaced Morse—fast, of course, but steady withal, and sends "all the time." This man seldom has "cases." He impresses the receiver at once that he is invariably correct. He never stops for bad copy, because he always reads a message ahead of the one he is sending, and returns any he cannot decipher to the clerks before starting it.

This sort of man has a friend in every office. All the students and operators in way stations know him. They recognize his sending and appeal to him as would a child to an older brother. This man's character is well known to every one with whom he works.

SKAKS, JOKES AND DUDES.

The sneak is quickly discovered and promptly "roasted." He sends slowly, and with an aggravating drag. He never swears on the wire, which, by the way, is certain to be rewarded by dismissal if reported, although a majority of operators are more or less profane. While this man may not have been in the business at the time of any strike, he is certain to be called a "scab" by all the rest of town men, with whom he has frequent spats.

Practical jokers and witty men are generally indifferent operators, but usually have a reputation, reaching from San Francisco to Boston, which always secures them work at good salaries. Their characteristics are denoted by the small amount of business they handle, notwithstanding the fact that they seem to work every minute. They make all sorts of blunders and worry the receiver sick, depending upon their good humor and new stories to square matters.

Dude operators, like their funny brethren, are poor artists, but they are not fortunate in the way of acquiring "reputation." They never need tell the receiver that they love dress and think of little else. Their frequent stops and silly chatter between messages tell it for them. After six months' working with an operator of this sort the receiver could describe him almost to a positive exactness without ever having seen him or heard him described.

FEMALES AND TRAMPS.

Surly, morose and tramp operators are alike as to ability. They are all fine telegraphers. Their characters are well defined by silence, and they are distinguished one from the other by bits of information regarding their cities dropped from day to day by the tramps. They tell their story when they correct errors discovered in the addresses of messages relayed from one city to another, and by suggesting some word to take the place of one badly written by some newspaper man whose "copy" they had "handled."

Lady operators are identified by the lightness of their sending, few of them being able to work on long distance wires. On this account "Clara" is a favorite name for light senders of either sex, and their character as well as their sex is revealed by their constant anxiety and ever faithfulness, as well as by their disposition to talk.

Few people understand why telegraphers use so much and such a variety of slang. This is easily accounted for. The men in New York and San Francisco communicate all the latest phrases to Chicago, from which point Galveston, Denver, New Orleans and Ogden receive the "new talk," and the forces at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Richmond and Boston acquire their stock from New York. In this way a bright saying heard by an operator in New York is repeated the world over the same day, as the cable operators are quite as slangy as the rest of the craft.—Philadelphia Record.

Where Every Man Is a Fire Alarm.

An original mode of sounding a fire alarm is adopted in a town in Colorado. In that region the revolver is considered an indispensable article of daily wear, and affords the quickest means of announcing to the rest of the community the impending danger. Whenever a fire is discovered a rapid and promiscuous discharge of this firearm spreads the news through the town. This method, though crude, is found to work fairly well. It has, however, one drawback in that the fire department, as well as the public, is often uncertain whether a fire or a fight is in progress, and whatever the truth may turn out to be somebody is sure to be disappointed.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—I am going to marry for love. Maud—Certainly, dear, but what do you expect your prospective husband to marry for? You are not rich.—Munsey's Weekly.

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 Kretz.

Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

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 Spermatoceria 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

BLAKELLEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, The Dalles, Or., 175 Second St.

I. C. NICKELSEN,

DEALER IN SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, ORGANS, PIANOS, WATCHES, JEWELRY.

Cor. Third and Washington Sts.

G. E. BAYARD & CO.,

Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan AGENCY.

Opera House Block, 3d St.

HURRAH!

FOR

The 4th of July!

If you get Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoea or the Cholera Morbus the S. B. Pain Cure is a sure cure.

If you need the Blood and Liver cleaned you will find the S. B. Headache and Liver Cure a perfect remedy. For sale by all druggists.

Chas. Stubling,

PROPRIETOR OF THE GERMANIA,

New Vogt Block, Second St.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Liquor Dealer,

MILWAUKEE BEER ON DRAUGHT.

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.