

# 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.

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Wholesale and Retail Druggists.  
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Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic  
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**PAINT**  
Now is the time to paint your house and if you wish to get the best quality and a fine color use the

## S. B.

**S. B. Medicine Co.,**  
GENTLEMEN—Your kind favor received, and in reply would say that I am more than pleased with the terms offered me on the last shipment of your medicines. There is nothing like them ever introduced in this country, especially for La-grippe and kindred complaints. I have had no complaints so far, and everyone is ready with a word of praise for their virtues. Yours, etc.,  
M. F. HACKLEY.

**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 Kreff.  
Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.  
**W. H. NEABECK,**  
PROPRIETOR OF THE  
**Granger Feed Yard,**  
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(At Grimes' old place of business.)  
Horses fed to Hay or Oats at the lowest possible prices. Good care given to animals left in my charge, as I have ample stable room. Give me a call, and I will guarantee satisfaction.  
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### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The fifty years ago, dear John, just fifty years ago: Seems like 'twas only yesterday I heard you tell me so: Do I remember sayin' yes? Well, John, we're gettin' old And trimly now, and I ain't sure my memory is so bold: And yet, I s'pose I must a said a thing or two in play: For you were rather sassy, John, a goin' home that day.

Just think! 'tis fifty years, dear John, just fifty years ago, Since you and me stood up afore old Paxon Ganderbowl And said we'd have each other, shorn for better or for worse: Did ever I get sick of it? Now, John, don't make a fuss

'Bout nothin', for I 'low thur's times a bed trade turns to good: When men's wives miss their pationce as Christian people should.

In all these ups and downs, dear John, since fifty years ago We joined our hearts and hands, the Lord alone can fully know What you have been to me, John, or I have been to you: For He sees, though oft we've stumbled, that our poor old hearts are true, And that I will be thinking of you, John, as you will be thinking of me: When our fifty years below have long been lost in eternity.

—Brownie Perriman in Yankee Blade.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

The coffee palaces of Melbourne are said to be the finest in the world. It is said to cost \$10,000 to gild the dome of the state house in Boston.

There has been a steady rise in the average age at which men and women marry ever since 1873.

Germany's production of silver in 1890 was 770,000 pounds, about 9 per cent. of the world's product.

In 1871 the G. A. R. could claim only 30,000 members, but in 1879 it had increased to almost 400,000.

The first dictionary was compiled by Pautshe, a learned Chinaman, who lived in the year 1,100 B. C.

To forgive when we have forgotten is easy; to forgive when we know we can never forget is noble.

Don't rob your wife all her lifetime in order to make some provision for her in case you should be first taken away.

Twenty thousand words have been added to the English language in the department of biology since Darwin's discoveries.

It is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and San Francisco to bring 1,000,000 fans as a single item of its cargo.

The New York end of the Brooklyn bridge proper is founded on bed rock; the Brooklyn end of the bridge proper rests on clay.

Ribbons to hold fans are fastened to the shoulders with a bow, and are long enough to fall nearly to the ground, the fan being carried in the hand.

Sir William Thomson condemns the single wire system of electric lighting on a shipboard, on the ground that, in spite of every care the compasses are affected.

## Just 24.

In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 331 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 128 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early '50s for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1839), and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

## Joy's Sarsaparilla

### A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; natural coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off color" and worthless tea, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of root tea to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green tea, being in its purity especially popular, and in great demand by coloring the tea or black teas by staining or facing with Prussian blue, iron ore, gypsum, and indigo. This sort of tea is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored tea in a tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to, and the black tea.

It draws a delightful aroma of color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial tea, for less of it is required per cup. Sell only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

## BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood"

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at  
**Leslie Butler,**  
THE DALLES, OREGON.

### A Troublesome Question.

The boundary line between the United States and the British possessions in North America once more threatens to become the subject of international dispute, conference and arbitration. A half century ago "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was a campaign cry, and the coming controversy begins at that line, from which President Polk retreated, the once northern boundary of Oregon territory being the southern boundary of our territory of Alaska. The discussion of the ownership of Revillagigedo, Pearse and Wales islands, and of the line of the Portland canal, will rival the contest over San Juan Island and San Rosario or De Haro straits, decided in favor of the United States, by the emperor of Germany as arbitrator, in 1873.

Each year that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia remains in question increases the difficulty of determining it. Each year settlements are increasing in numbers, more private interests are involved, and the region in dispute becomes more valuable to each claimant. There is great indifference to the question on our side of the line, but in the Dominion it is well understood, and parliament and public opinion have taken their stand. Canadian maps now differ from the United States maps of that northwestern region, and this boundary question promises to provoke more international bitterness than the present Behring sea dispute.—Century.

### Returned After Thirty Years.

The return to Milwaukee of Kyrie A. Sidley after an absence of forty-one years is to his relatives almost as if the dead had come to life. The father of Mr. Sidley was a physician and druggist in Milwaukee in the forties. Kyrie Sidley spent most of his youth in the east, but was in Milwaukee during the year 1849. The next year he went east and shipped as a sailor.

In 1861 Mr. Sidley went to Australia. For some time his relatives heard from him regularly. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and for thirty years he was mourned as dead. As was afterward learned, Mr. Sidley lost everything by fire, the addresses of his relatives being destroyed. The families had moved and his letters did not reach their proper destination. Likewise Mr. Sidley had moved and the letters sent by his family failed to reach him.

Three years ago he employed a lawyer to find his relatives, and after a few months he was in communication with them. This year Mr. Sidley, now sixty-two years of age, decided to visit his relatives in Milwaukee, and he arrived there this week from Australia. He found two of his sisters living there, and a brother came from New York to meet him. After his visit Mr. Sidley will return to Australia.—Chicago Tribune.

### Mosquitoes in Paris.

Mosquitoes are, I venture to say, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a plague of many parts of Paris. The danger of the spring is said to be the reason why they nightly buzz, bite and leave faces and hands covered with hard, red blotches. But I believe the true cause is the wholesale destruction of Seine fish when the ice floes in that river were being dynamited last winter.

I never suffered so much in warm weather in any part of the south of France from mosquitoes as I have done this week. If one sits by a lamp near an open window along many of the boulevards a swarm of them assails one. The mosquito bednet not being used in Paris, one lies down at night unprotected, and is liable to rise in the morning with a disfigured face in a state of painful febricity.—Paris Cor. London News.

### Home is Where the Heart Is.

A small family, consisting of man, wife and baby, is living in a big dry goods box in an open field just off Mountain street, near the division line between Worcester and Holden. The woman is twenty-one years of age and her babe seven weeks. She says about a year and a half ago she married Joseph Pitts, a farm laborer, at Greenfield. The baby was born in a boarding house, and she and Pitts have been living, together with the infant, in the dry goods box for two or three weeks. Pitts hires the land, and the woman says he intends to put up a better shelter. She has a brick fireplace outside the box, where she does cooking. Joseph Pitts, the husband, is a cripple and walks with two canes. The marshal says there is no call for police interference. The woman is satisfied with her lot, and the baby seems healthy.—Worcester Spy.

### A Queer Ocean Chase.

The ocean tug Britannia is engaged in a chase after a Maine vessel that is floating on the ocean with \$30,000 worth of mahogany in her hold. That vessel is the Wyr G. Sargent, owned by William G. Gowen of Seabrook, and abandoned in a storm last March, when about eighty miles off Hatteras. Since then she has drifted over 2,000 miles, crossing the gulf stream three times. At one period of her wild cruise she went 500 miles in twenty-two days. When last sighted, June 19, a part at least of the cargo was yet on board.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war in action is to be adopted by the navy department—a wire webbing made of intertwining spirals remarkably flexible and strong. It resembles somewhat the old fashioned chain armor of the Crusaders' time, and curtains of this material will be used to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells.

The Chilian war has had a very serious effect on the English hatmakers who supply the majority of Chilians. The latter have been so busy fighting that they have had no time to attend to their sombreros.

A fly-wheel weighing over twenty tons, and twenty feet in diameter, with a 42-inch face, is a casting of no mean measurement. Such a one was recently cast in Massachusetts.

## WHERE BEAVERS LIVE.

### KILGORE'S BIG FARM INHABITED BY BEAVERS FOR MARKET.

### One Man Who Hopes to Grow Rich Out of the Scarcity of Sealskins—A Queer Kind of Live Stock to Raise—Beavers Are as Social as Pigs.

"You have never heard of Dick Kilgore's beaver farm? That's queer." The speaker was old "Mud Cat" Williams, who has been a fisherman in the southeast Georgia streams for forty years.

"Dick's going to make a pile of money," he continued.

"You see, Dick has about 200 beavers, young and old, but there are not more than twenty to be killed for their skins this year. It's a new industry, an experiment with him, and he don't want to kill any except the surplus males for the present. But suppose you go out with me and see the farm."

A drive of ten miles through the swamps along Briar creek and the Kilgore place, or Beaver Dam Hollow, was reached.

"Now, here's the farm," said Williams, pointing to the creek, across which every few yards were rough dams, and above them, in the almost still water, were mounds of earth, rocks and sticks coming out a few feet above the surface of the water.

"You know beavers don't show themselves much in the day. They do their work at night. Dick owns about 1,000 acres running up and down the creek. He has the land posted and keeps everybody off, but it is not fenced. Fences would not keep the beavers in, but there is no danger of them going off, for this is a natural home for them, and every beaver here knows old Dick. He feeds them every night, and they come, when he calls, like hogs."

Kilgore has been a farmer down here for years, and beavers have been in the creek for all time, but it was not until recently that he began to protect and care for them with a view to making beaver raising a regular business. It will be a profitable business, for the scarcity of sealskins has increased the value of beaver skins, and they will continue to increase year by year. A few years ago beaver skins sold as low as four dollars per skin, but they should now bring at least ten dollars each.

### VALUE OF BEAVER SKINS.

Beaver skins sent to London and properly dyed a seal brown are splendid imitations of the seal. The seal fur, you know, is naturally a gray. The reason I say send beaver skins to London is because that is the only place in the world, it seems, that furs can be properly dyed. However, the fur of the beaver is naturally a reddish brown, and is a beautiful fur.

The beaver is a queer little animal. When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. Its hind legs are its principal propellers, both when in and out of the water. The hind feet are webbed and the front ones have claws, which are about as convenient to the beaver as a monkey's hands are to him. They can carry stones and sticks about in them with ease. In the water especially a beaver can carry a quantity of freight, for he swims with his hind feet and carries his load in his mouth.

Just after dark Mr. Kilgore went down to the edge of the stream to feed the beavers.

"I don't often feed them in the summer," he said, "for they get all they want along the banks of the stream. They eat bark off the trees, and at this season there is an abundance of fresh, tender bark and grasses and roots. In the winter they lay up a supply of food for themselves along the banks and in their holes in the dams, which they build of roots and sticks and stones. I feed them nearly all the time in winter, when they flock together and unite in building dams, but in summer they scatter—every fellow for himself—and I only call them up occasionally, just enough to keep them tame. As they are scattered off for miles around, but few will come to a call for food."

### HOW THE BEAVER WORKS.

But there were a dozen romping about in the stream then, and in a few minutes quite a number had gathered. Among them were a score or more little fellows born only a month ago. The females have from two to six young each annually, and as a consequence the families increase very rapidly.

A mixture of green food and a little grain was thrown out on the ground to the herd of little animals, and they scampered around and picked it up like so many hogs. Some of them would gather up an ear of corn or a young corn-stalk and dive off with it into the stream. They were tame, but like hogs, would scamper off if you tried to catch one.

A beaver seems to be almost human in intelligence. They actually gnaw down young trees, drag them into a stream and let them float down, swimming with them to the place they want to build a dam. Then they will drag stones and roots and sticks and grasses, and indeed everything used to dam a stream, until they have practically as substantial a dam as a man could construct. They do this to make the water above deep enough to sport in and placid enough to build their homes of sticks and mud in, which are very warm and comfortable in winter and large enough for a family of eight or ten.

The beaver's principal tool in building these homes is his tail. The tail is a scaly, trowel shaped appendage about ten inches long and four or five inches broad. The beaver's main strength is in the tail. He can take up soft mud on it, place it against the sticks and stones used to build his home, and pat it down with the tail as firmly and as well as a man could do the work with a trowel. Besides its fur, which is the main revenue from the beaver, it furnishes castoreum, a product used in medicines, and its flesh is a food that when properly prepared is delicious.—Bascam (Ga.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## DOUBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

### Methods of Making a Figure Appear in Different Positions on One Plate.

The making of double pictures on one negative plate has been practiced by photographers for some time. It has been supposed that they were made by using reflections from mirrors to double the object to be photographed. Doubles may be made that way, but the reflection of the glass always shows, while the figures are invariably distorted. The most common way of making successful doubles is to extend the reach of the lens with a small box of the same depth of the focal depth of the lens. The inside of the box should be smooth and blackened a dead black, to prevent its appearance in the picture.

The front of the box is then divided equally by two small doors or flaps. In making the exposure open one flap, draw the slide from your plate holders and expose the plate. Then replace the slide, close the door that was open, let the person being photographed change position, open the door that was closed on the first exposure, leaving the other one closed, focus the object, draw the slide again and expose the plate again, and you have the same person in two different attitudes in the same negative, without any line of demarcation showing in the background.

Captain John N. Riker goes further than making doubles. He makes triples, quadruples or any number wanted, in the most grotesque and ghastly forms, on one plate. His system of making doubles on the same plate is more complicated than the one described. It is done by placing a kit or shutter over the plate in the holder and exposing a part at a time.

The kit is hinged in sections, the upper corners opening like little doors to the side. Decapitated heads are taken by opening the doors and just exposing the part of the plate directly behind, on which the head has been focused. After these exposures have been made the doors are closed and the subject is focused with outstretched hands. After proper focusing, the kit, except the upper corners, is drawn away and a full exposure made.

A few days ago Captain Riker walked into the house and tossed an envelope into Mrs. Riker's hands. On opening it she found a picture of the headless body standing upright with arms outstretched, and in each hand a platter on which lay a ghastly head—his own.

Captain Riker said that while he had known for many years the secret of making the pictures, he now desired to show simply what really is behind the making of alleged spook and spirit pictures. The secret of making the pictures has been known for many years also by Professor George R. Cromwell.—New York Sun.

### An Improvement in Tunneling.

The frequent and serious difficulty experienced in the operations of tunneling, namely, the subsidence of the surface after the completion of the work, has lately been found to be preventable by a simple system resorted to by a London contractor, by the use of which no ground outside the actual section of the subway in hand need be disturbed. The system in question comprises a series of steel bars placed side by side with the excavation so as to form a complete temporary lining and support to the roof, and within this series of bars the permanent brick arch of the tunnel is built.

The bars used in this work are ten feet long, six inches wide, and two inches thick, being provided at their edges with longitudinal grooves, by means of which each is linked to the next one in such a way as to admit of separate longitudinal motion, and yet to prevent lateral separation. The bars are inserted in the same manner, as well as supported, as ordinary tunnel bars, the ground being excavated only the exact section of the tunnel, plus the trifling thickness of the bars.

After the brickwork has been built within them the bars are separately pushed forward by jackscrews as the earth is excavated for the succeeding length. The bars are provided with longitudinal tubular cavities, through which grouting or other filling material may be introduced from time to time to fill the space left vacant by the advancing bars between the top of the lining arch and the earth above and around, this preventing any subsidence.—New York Sun.

### Maine's Female Tramp.

A city female tramp of giant stature is annoying some of our western Maine towns. She comes to the farmhouses, generally after dark, and begs to be allowed to stay all night. Her request is generally granted, though unwillingly, for her person is very repulsive. She always carries several large bundles covered with a waterproof. In one of them are a clean dress and whole shoes which she saves to put on in Boston. They are too good for tramping in Maine.

To all appearance she hasn't a relative in the world, and prefers this roving life to any kind of labor, for she is frequently offered a chance to do housework at farmhouses, but always declines. Once she did work for a day or two, but declared she'd rather walk and beg. She expects to go to the porchouse, but not until she can no longer travel. It is said that to hear her talk without looking at her one would imagine her a lady, so correct is her language.—Lewiston Journal.

### Proving an Old Proverb.

Ancus, king of the Leleges in Samos (an island in the Grecian archipelago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily did he oppress his slaves that one of them, it is said, prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine thereof. When the wine was made he sent for his slave and said, "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave made answer, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The words were scarcely uttered when Ancus was informed that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was laying it waste. Ancus, setting down the cup unasked, hastened to attack and drive out the boar, but he was killed in the encounter.—Detroit Free Press.