

# 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.

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 —DEALERS IN—  
 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  
**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 Krefit.  
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**W. H. NEABECK,**  
 PROPRIETOR OF THE  
**Granger Feed Yard,**  
 THIRD STREET.  
 (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.  
**W. H. NEABECK.**

**S. B.**  
 CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891.  
**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.**

**In the Yourouk Country.**  
 Each tent has its spinning wheel and its loom, a hole for working the pedals of which is dug in the ground, and all the women of the tribe were engaged in making the far famed Karamanian carpets. There is the wooden mortar for grinding the roast coffee berries, the decorated wooden platter in which they cool the same, the wooden water jars made out of the hollowed stems of pine trees. Everything about them is of wood, and gayly decorated with rude patterns, according to their fancy.

When reaping a Yourouk uses wooden gloves to protect his left hand from the sickle. When tending his flock the Yourouk shepherd has a long wooden flute, incased in a carved wooden case made of two bits of wood glued together and strung with ribbons and colored beads across his shoulder, looking for all the world like the African assegai or some other primitive weapon of war. In it he always keeps a long stick, with goat's hair at one end, to clean it, and really the weird music that he produces with this instrument, known as the nai, is very striking and suitable to the surroundings.

In one corner of the tent are the beehives—long trunks of trees hollowed out and the ends stopped with dung cakes. The bees travel with them, wherever they go, on the backs of camels, and their honey resembles cakes of soap, for they boil it, wax and all, before eating it. The Yourouks have not the remotest idea of letters, and carry on their transactions with the outer world by means of wooden tallies—four-sided bits of wood, sometimes gayly carved, sometimes plain.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**Breaking It Gently.**  
 In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story.

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a sad errand, pastor," said Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Henrich's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow!"—Youth's Companion.

California has 2,675 giant trees still left, and of these the largest is 33 feet in diameter.

No fewer than 9,000 works were rejected this year by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy.

The copper wire used in outside electrical work is so comparatively valuable that frequent cases of robbery have occurred.

**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, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrace 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 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1859), 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 Vegetable Sarsaparilla**  
 For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

**A Revelation.**

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial, mineral 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 teas, 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 poor teas to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are prepared to meet the demand by coloring them with black kinks by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, turmeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method 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? 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 in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold 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.

escape was blurred by his influenza-bred tears.

He was riding slowly past the Seventieth Native Infantry (to get to his men he would have to pass all the Sepoys), and he saw Colonel Smith at the head of the regiment with two or three of his officers. He rode up to him.

"Can you lend me such a thing as a handkerchief?" he asked, in his most conciliatory tones. "I have come without mine, and I have got the most infernal cold in my head."

Colonel Smith looked a little surprised at such a strange request.

"I have only one, my dear fellow, and as I have a slight cold also, I really haven't part with it. Have you one, major?" he said, turning to a fellow officer.

"Very sorry, I haven't one to spare."

Colonel Baring's dislike to the staff corps was well known, and none of the men asked felt inclined to make a sacrifice on his behalf; and it would have been a sacrifice to have parted with one's only handkerchief on such a cold morning.

Another and yet another officer was asked, but with no better success.

In the distance the general might be seen approaching. It was time, handkerchief or no handkerchief, that Colonel Baring took up his position, for it was to him that the general would first come. Disheartened by his want of success, and distressed by his constant sneezing, he was passing the Fiftieth without a word. A familiar voice at his elbow cried:

"Good morning, colonel. A happy new year to you! How is your cold?"

"Oh, Hamilton, is that you? Thanks. I'm not at all well. I think I must have the real thing—the real influenza this time. I don't know when I have felt so bad; and, worse luck, I've forgotten my pocket handkerchief. I suppose you couldn't lend me such a thing?"

"There was not much hope in the words as he uttered them. He had been very short and ungracious with the young man over night, even though he was his guest. It was hardly likely that he would feel very good naturedly disposed toward him this morning.

"I can't exactly give it to you, for I have only one. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll share it with you."

And Captain Hamilton drew out of his sleeve a large, soft, comforting silk handkerchief, the very sight of which was soothing to the afflicted man.

"Here, be quick, catch hold!" And the smart young adjutant reined his horse close up to Colonel Baring's side.

He drew his sword, and as the colonel clutched the coveted article he sliced it in two, leaving by far the larger share in the hands of the grateful man.

"My good fellow, how shall I ever thank you?" he cried between terrific trumpetlike blasts.

"Ask me in to breakfast this morning," returned George, with unbounded assurance.

The colonel eyed him for a moment, blew his nose again and nipped the last dislocating sneeze in the bud.

"You cheeky young dog, I know what you mean and what I let myself in for when I say yes. You may come, and you may thank yourself lucky to have won her so easily."

He galloped off, and as he went he said to himself:

"He's a smart young fellow that. A man of such resources must come to the fore sooner or later. Not another in the field, including myself and the general, would have thought of halving a pocket handkerchief, and with his sword too! Yes, he shan't be far wrong, though it is not exactly what I wished for Aimee. Pity he belongs to that confounded old staff corps. Why couldn't he have stuck to the regiment?"

The review passed off well. The general was pleased to compliment Colonel Baring on his men, and he also had a few words of praise to bestow on the adjutant of the Fiftieth.

Aimee rode out to the field in time to see the march past.

When the last volley had been fired and the business of the morning was finished, Captain Hamilton managed to get a few words with her.

They shook hands and exchanged the usual New Year greetings.

"Oh, you need not look at your father in that terrified fashion. He has given his consent, and I'm invited to breakfast."

She gave him a startled glance, and then turned away incredulous.

"Don't tease me, George. You know I can't bear it," and her lip actually trembled.

"My darling, I'm not teasing you. It is perfectly true. It was a bargain. Your father sold you to me this morning just before the general came."

"Sold me!"

She began to think that he had taken leave of his senses.

"Yes; sold you for a silk rag—for half a pocket handkerchief. See, here is the other half," and he pulled the remnant out of his sleeve.

Her troubled face cleared a little, but showed no signs of enlightenment.

"I must go now," he exclaimed. "I'll tell you all about it if you will invite me into that snug little morning room of yours after breakfast." And with a happy smile he trotted back to his post, for the men were preparing to march to their lines.

When George wants to tease his wife now he tells her that she isn't worth much, for she was "sold for a silk rag."  
 —London Society.

**Parlor Boxing.**  
 A little group of men gathered in front of a private residence uptown last night about 8 p. m. and witnessed a lively set-to with the gloves between a young lady and gentleman in a parlor. The participants, unconscious that the eyes of a sporting loving public were upon them, were getting in some fine work in true sportsmanlike style amid the frequent applause of their friends. At the end of the fifth round, when the young lady was evidently getting the best of the contest, somebody pulled the curtain down and the free show ended for those outside.—Albany Journal.

His love-making, like his soldiering, was untainted by timidity or faint-heartedness. It was useless for Aimee to doubt or fear; he would listen to nothing. Unable to resist his pleading, she caught something of his hope and enthusiasm, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"A last kiss, and then one turn around the room before that waltz finishes," said George, with a happy sigh.

But it was not to be. Gentle Mrs. Baring approached her daughter with a troubled face.

"Oh, Aimee, I have been looking for you everywhere. Your father says that we must go home. He has managed to take cold, and is already quite choking. It is so trying, because he must be on parade tomorrow morning. The general will be there, and he cannot get off it."

Colonel Baring, who commanded the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, was not the man to shirk his duty. His only anxiety now was to get home and apply the usual remedies, in the earnest hope that the troublesome ailment might be staved off. He was annoyed that the necessity had risen for turning his back on his guests. He would have liked to have seen the ball out. He was also annoyed with the attentions Captain Hamilton had shown his daughter at supper, and the coffee was aggravated by the disappearance of the young couple immediately afterward. This, together with his embryo cold, conducted to bad temper, and made the drive home anything but pleasant for wife and daughter.

He did not dislike Captain Hamilton personally. On the contrary, the colonel recognized in him an unusually smart soldier, but he loathed the Indian staff corps. Its higher pay and richer plumes lured the young subalterns from the queen's regiments, and in his time he had seen a dozen youngsters go from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth alone. They had no business, in his opinion, to leave the regiment. It was only debt or love which made them do it. Why couldn't the staff corps be properly recruited without having to steal men from British regiments just as they are beginning to know their work?

Poor Aimee had to listen to a tirade on the subject as they drove home to their bungalow. She knew only too well what it all meant, and unsupported by her lover she was thrown back into the old despair. How could George overcome such prejudices? It would be impossible. She knew her father better than he did. It would need nothing short of a miracle to accomplish it.

Colonel Baring put his feet in hot mustard and water, and tried all the well known old household remedies, so fraudulent, so futile in most cases. The sleepy servants were roused from their warm blankets and sent flying in different directions, one for hot water, another for the whisky bottle, a third for the traveling rugs, a fourth for sweet spirits of niter.

In their anxiety to please the somewhat imperious master they brought remedies—enough to have treated the whole company of men with influenza.

Mrs. Baring and Aimee administered patiently and gently to their wheezing patient until—fortunately for all parties concerned—he fell asleep among his blankets and was at peace—at least except for the portentous snore that shook his frame.

Very early in the morning, before it was light, the ayah crept to the door of the bedroom with the tea tray.

"I am afraid your master is no better. His breathing is very thick," said Mrs. Baring in answer to the ayah's inquiring look. "However, he must go on parade. I hope his uniform is laid out ready, and tell the butler to see that the horse is saddled in good time."

Mrs. Baring returned to the bedside and found her husband awake. He was already firing off his feu de joie on proclamation morning in a volley of sneezes.

"Oh, confound this cold! Get me out some old soft silk-handkerchiefs. I feel as if my head would burst," he cried as soon as he could speak.

Dressing this morning was no easy matter. Never had a man a worse or more weeping cold. Every now and again a fit of sneezing held him speechless in its grip. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got himself into his uniform, drank his tea and buckled on his sword. He was convinced, in spite of all his wife could say to the contrary, that he was late. He hustled out of the house, mounted his charger and galloped to the parade ground.

The English troops were drawn up in line on the opposite side, and on their left the native regiments were in position. All was ready for the eagle eye of the general.

Colonel Baring pulled up as he reached the ground. The general had not yet arrived. It was a relief and a respite, for it would give him time to blow that much afflicted nose of his once more. The morning air was sharp, for the sun was only just touching the horizon, and, confound it all, here was another fit of sneezing coming on!

Where was his handkerchief? Now, where had he put it in the bustle of dressing?

He felt in the cuff of each sleeve. It was not there. He stuck his fingers in the breast of his tunic. Of course it was not there. He never carried it in such a place. He looked around at his horse-keeper. No; he did not remember having given it to him to hold.

Horror of horrors, he had come without it! What was he to do?

The knowledge that he had no handkerchief seemed to increase his cold, bad as it already was. The sneezing became more frequent, and, dash it all, his nose began to run!

What would the general say? Never did there exist a sharper eye for appearance than his. The slightest speck would be detected, and the scarlet uniform would show every spot.

It was most distressing, absurd though it may seem. Each moment the value of handkerchiefs rose in his eyes. There is no telling what sum he would not have given for one at that moment. His eyes were affected now, and the land-

**LITTLE THINGS.**  
 A goodby kiss is a little thing.  
 With your hand on the door to go,  
 But it takes the venom out of the sting  
 Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
 That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare.  
 After the toll of the day,  
 But it smooths the furrows out of the care  
 And lines on the forehead you once called  
 fair  
 In the years that have flown away

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind."  
 "I love you, my dear," each night,  
 But it sends a thrill through the heart, I  
 find.

For love is tender, as love is blind.  
 As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress.  
 We take, but we do not give.  
 It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
 But we dole love grudgingly, less and less.  
 'Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.  
 —Union Signal.

## SOLD FOR A SILK RAG.

It was New Year's eve at one of the gay military stations of the Central provinces, India. The ball, given by the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth was in full swing. The large dining room of the mess bungalow had been turned out and decorated as a ballroom.

Supper was laid in a tent hard by, and now, at 11:45, the guests were assembled round the well supplied tables.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth always did things well, but tonight they surpassed themselves, for the general of the division was present. He was a favorite with them all, and they delighted to do him honor. He very rarely gave them the benefit of his company in holiday time, but this was a special occasion—necessity had obliged him to make a tour of inspection at this season.

"Isn't it, rather rash of us choosing this night of all others for keeping late hours?" whispered a pretty girl to her partner, as she drew off her long white gloves preparatory to tasting the savory mock turtle.

"It won't matter for once in a way," he replied: "you need not get up till you please."

"Indeed! And do you suppose for a moment that I could let our regiment parade on New Year's morning without being present? You must have a poor opinion of my esprit de corps! Of course I shall get up. Six o'clock, isn't it?"

"A quarter past."

The handsome young fellow by her side looked down into her eyes, and whispered something which brought the color to her cheeks. His manner, too, was suggestive of happy appropriation, and a stranger would have guessed at the existence of a stronger bond between the two than friendship.

They were not engaged, though they were both desperately in love with each other.

Alas! the course of true love did not run smooth in their case. A stern father barred the road to bliss and caused poor Aimee many heartaches and tears.

But Captain Hamilton was an audacious lover. Such a trifle as the opposition of a stern parent troubled his mind but little. Truth to say, it rather added to the zest of his courtship. Even at this moment the eye of the unsympathetic colonel was upon the young couple with strong disapproval.

The murmur of voices round the supper table increased. Under the cover of the noise Aimee said:

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that; you know it is of no use."

"I know nothing of the sort," he replied quickly. "Did you ever meet a soldier who was frightened off the field in love or war? Your father will not be able to subdue me with a stare."

"He is looking so annoyed."

"My little darling you need not be so alarmed. Eat a good supper and drink your champagne, then you will be better prepared to listen to all I have to say tonight—and I have a great deal to say," he concluded impressively.

She gave him a quick, apprehensive glance.

"Oh, George," she protested.

"You heard the good news this morning—that I have got my step? Here, try some of this pate de foie gras aspic; it looks uncommonly good."

He helped her as he spoke. He was a most self-possessed man, this Captain Hamilton—quite capable of making a good supper and love at the same time.

"Yes, I was told, and I am very glad. I congratulate you. It will compensate a little for your having left the regiment to go into the staff corps. I wonder why father hates the staff corps so?"

"Because it robs him of his most promising youngsters. How bitterly opposed he was to my going; and all because he thought that in the far, far distance I might make a good adjutant to the regiment. I have been adjutant of the Fiftieth N. I. for the last two years, and now I have got my step."

"Yes, I suppose that in a pecuniary way you have done well," and she sighed.

He lowered his voice and said impressively:

"Aimee, I can afford to keep a wife now."

But the girl looked distressed at his words, and the suspicion of a tear dimmed her eye.

"Oh, George, my father will never give his consent. You know that he never will."

"He shall give his consent; I intend to make him. See if I don't, you poor frightened little darling! Do you think stern fathers are never conquered? Only you must have patience. Here, have some more champagne, and some of this trifle. There's nothing like a good meal to build up one's courage. Hello! what are they doing now? Oh, 12 o'clock, is it? Silence for the C. O. and the general."

Glasses were filled, speeches were made and the gong tolled out the hour. Then each turned to his neighbor and good wishes were exchanged. The usher of voices recommenced with the abating of the new year.

Very shortly afterward Captain Hamilton was plotting his companion from the tent to a dimly lighted little ante-room. There, wholly hidden by a large group of crotons, he had his say

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