

# 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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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 Krefl.

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**W. H. NEABECK,**  
PROPRIETOR OF THE  
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THIRD STREET.  
(At Grimes' old place of business.)  
Horses fed to Good or Oats at the lowest possible price. Hay 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.

### Where Babies Are Buried in the Snow.

The Swedish child or barn (compare the Yorkshire barn and the Scottish bairn), is swaddled in more complex fashion than the German. It is wound about with six inch wide bandages, sometimes with the arms free and sometimes not, sometimes the legs included in the whole bundle, but usually swathed separately. The bandages are traditionally supposed to make the limbs and figure grow straight. The bandaged barn is then wrapped in a pillow and tied about with ribbons and bows like the German child, except that frequently his arms are free and his legs are shortly and stoutly suggested by the tucking in of the pillow. After that he may be fastened perpendicularly from a supple pole stuck in the wall, so that he looks like a very queer fish indeed, fit to be shown outside the shop of an angling tackle maker.

Like the German, the Swedish child always wears a cap, which is borderless and of special fineness for its first Sunday, when it is christened. Then also it wears beads upon its neck and gorgeous garments with gay bows of ribbon, all of which are provided by the godmother. In the remote parts of both Sweden and Norway it is still the custom every Sunday to carry these swaddled infants to church, which is probably a long way off. They are not taken into church, however, but buried for warmth in the snow, in which a small hole is left for them to breathe through.—Strand Magazine.

### Oddities About Fleas.

Nothing curious about a flea, eh? Let us see. Put one under a strong microscope. What a transformation! It seems to be clothed in armor "from head to foot," formed of brown, overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, with a single black eye on each side, the rays of light scintillating through the tiny optic like sparks of fire. Puget managed to look through the eye of a flea with his powerful glass, finding that its surface diminished objects in size while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars.

From the shape of its head and for other reasons the flea is supposed to use but one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of the little creature is composed of two palpi, or "feelers," two piercers and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this sucker into the flesh, and will eat without intermission if not disturbed.

The flea's manner of breathing is still undetermined, but is thought to be through two small holes at the end of the palpi.—St. Louis Republic.

### Comforting.

"I can't understand your father, Marie. He doesn't like me any better than he did at first, and has always treated me as if I was a blockhead."

"I know, Tom, it's too bad, but it takes poor father such a long time to get over first impressions."—New York Truth.

Men who are constantly going around trying to borrow a quarter should be interested to know that the Bank of England has reduced its discount rates to 3 per cent.

## Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old Sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Sarsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear.

Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded after the modern idea to regulate the bowels and stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimonial to contrast the action of the potash Sarsaparillas and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 409 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla but it actually caused more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a later preparation and acted differently, I tried it and the pimples immediately disappeared."

## Joy's Sarsaparilla

Largest bottle, most effective, same price, For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

### A Necessity.



The consumption of tea largely increases every year in England, Russia, and the principal European tea-drinking countries. But it does not grow in America. And not alone that, but thousands of Europeans who leave Europe ardent lovers of tea, upon arriving in the United States gradually discontinue its use, and finally cease it altogether.

This state of things is due to the fact that the Americans think so much of business and so little of their palates that they permit China and Japan to ship them their cheapest and most worthless teas. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer teas find a ready market. The balance of the crop comes to America. Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for tea does not appreciate?

In view of these facts, is there not an immediate demand for the importation of a brand of tea that is guaranteed to be uncolored, unmanipulated, and of absolute purity? We think there is, and present Beech's Tea. Its purity is guaranteed in every respect. It has, therefore, more inherent strength than the cheap teas you have been drinking. Fully one-third less being required for an infusion. This you will discover the first time you make it. Likewise, the flavor is delightful, being the natural flavor of an unadulterated article. It is a revelation to tea-drinkers. Sold only in packages bearing this mark:

## BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood"

Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

### OUGHT TO SEE HIS PARTNER.

Olsen Well Used Up in a Bear Fight, but Nothing Like the Other Man.

A man who looked as if he had been trying to lug the cylinder of a threshing machine when it was in motion was seen offering a pack of furs to a dealer up town.

"You are rather late getting your furs to market," said a reporter who happened to be present.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I have been laid up and could not get to town before."

"What has been the matter with you?" asked the reporter, who was anxious to know how the man had been so fearfully scratched.

"The matter with me was an attack of 'bear.'"

"You had it bad, judging from your looks."

"Yes, I had it bad, and no mistake, but you just ought to see my partner."

"Is he in a worse fix than you?"

"A great deal worse. He had so much meat scratched off one side of him that he has to carry a weight in his jacket pocket to enable him to walk straight."

The sale of the furs having been completed the old trapper was asked for the story of his encounter with the bear.

He said his name was Hans Olsen, that he lived on the edge of the big burn in Clackamas county, and he went out on the headwaters of the Clackamas trapping with Peter Hansen, who lives in the same section. They had good luck for a while, caught many musks, some fishers, and found a swamp and small lake where there were many beaver, and were getting many of them, when deep snow came on and about spoiled their trapping.

After a while the snow became so deep that they could hardly move around, and could not get out of the mountains at all. Then provisions ran short, and they had to rustle and try to kill something to eat. They went out on the lake one day and cut a hole through the ice to see if they could catch some trout, but did not get any.

On their way home toward night, as they were crossing a little ravine on a fallen tree, Olsen slipped and fell near the roots of the tree and came down plump into a bear's den. The bear was very lively for an animal supposed to be asleep, and at once attacked him. He had a knife and a small hatchet in his belt, and he got out the hatchet and began to chop and yell. Hansen, who was behind, had a gun, but he was afraid to fire down in the dark for fear of killing his friend, and at length, drawing his knife, jumped down with him and the bear. There was a lively time there for a while, and the fur and clothing and flesh flew, but finally Hansen, who was the worst used up man of the two, managed to reach a vital spot with his knife.

The bear keeled over and the two trappers keeled over also. They managed to make a little fire with some of the leaves and twigs from the bear's nest, and there was plenty of rags to bandage their wounds, for they were all rags. It was several days before they could crawl to their camp with a hunk of the bear's flesh, which had been their only food during their stay in the den.

Olsen says he intends to go trapping again, but he never wants to meet another bear in his own den again. His partner, Hansen, is able to walk around and go down to the creek and catch a few trout and look after the beehives.—Portland Oregonian.

### Coffee in France.

Thevenot, the French traveler, on his return from the Orient in 1658, treated his guests to after dinner coffee. To Parisians this was merely an eccentricity, that would not have become fashionable but for a similar example set by Soliman Aga, the gallant Turkish ambassador, in 1669. He enlisted the enthusiasm of court ladies in favor of the black and bitter liquor. Philosophers and litterateurs gladly gave in their adhesion. Boileau, La Fontaine, Moliere, Voltaire and the encyclopedists, together with the chess players, found inspiration in the coffee houses, which thenceforward assumed conspicuous position in the social life of Gallic cities. "Racine and coffee will pass," is a prediction of Madame de Sevigne as yet most unlikely of fulfillment.—Richard Wheatley in Harper's Weekly.

### Electric Burnishing Machine.

An interesting application of electricity has been made in the electric burnishing machine for giving a gloss to the bottoms of shoes. The shoes are painted with a dye, after which a cake of specially prepared wax is placed against a rapidly revolving brush, which absorbs just enough to yield a coat of dressing to the shoe bottom. The sole, hitherto a dull black, is speedily polished by a wheel worked by an electric motor. This wheel consists of a rubber cushion inflated with air, covered with cloth and fixed on a grooved pulley. The reduction in the cost of the process is remarkable, as from 600 to 800 pairs of heels or soles can be burnished daily by the new machine.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### A Tragedy in Buttons.

Little Johnny West, of Detroit, is now in good condition to play "Button, button, who's got the button?" His mother gave him half a dozen horn buttons to hold while she threaded, a needle and got ready to sew them on his clothes. Master Johnny swallowed the buttons, one and all, and doesn't know why he did it. As a walking button box he seems to be a complete success.—Detroit Free Press.

### "Oh, My! That Toothache."

Toothache, caused by a cold in the facial nerve, may often be relieved by wringing a soft towel out of cold water and sprinkling it with strong vinegar. This should be laid on the face like a poultice, and will often be followed by a refreshing sleep.—New York Journal.

### Fully Explained.

City Boarder—I notice you keep a big bar of soap outside by the pump. It is for the farm hands, I presume?  
Rural Hostess—Yes; farm hands and faces.—New York Weekly.

## LOCATING THE QUEEN.

### A MAN FROM AWAY BACK FALLS IN WITH A THREE CARD SHARP.

But He Was Not the Green Countryman That He Looked, and He Taught the Professional Swindler a Lesson That the Latter Will Not Soon Forget.

The performance in Forepaugh's circus tent had just ended. Within the side-show tents the hand organs set up their loudest and liveliest music and the loud-voiced fakir outside redoubled his oratorical exertions as the great crowd surged past his grand aggregation of wonders. At the southern end of the lake front, away from the noise and hurly burly of the big show, sat two tired looking individuals, whose every appearance indicated that they had left their work upon the farm to enjoy a day with Forepaugh, and had done it so thoroughly that they were half dead with fatigue. A three card monte sharp's eagle eye caught the rustics and he swooped down upon his prey like a young rooster after a potato bug.

"Pretty hot, isn't it?" he began. "You haven't seen a man around here, have you, with a long white linen duster on, tall white hat and plaid suit? No? Well, I'm looking for him. Friend of mine. Left me about an hour ago. He's going to have some fellows arrested down there in one of the little tents. Darned fool, I tell him. You see, he was swindled by a couple of men—three card monte—what is it? Oh, yes, three card Monte Carlo. Taken into camp just as sick as grease. Lost a couple of hundred on it in less than a minute. Robbery, nothing else; but a man's a blamed fool to bet his money on another fellow's game. Served him right, I say."

"Cleaned him out, eh?" drawled one of the rustics. "Well, that game is as old as the hills, and a feller that hasn't more sense than to try to beat it ought to be turned out to pasture for a while."

### PRETTY GOOD BAIT.

"Looks simple enough," continued the fakir. "I saw the whole thing. Of course I wouldn't bet—not a cent—but blamed if I wouldn't have put my money just where my friend did. Darned sharp, these show fellows. Sleight-of-hand trick, I guess. They mix up the cards some way when they throw them down. That is the only explanation of it I can give."

The farmers laughed. "Well, you've guessed it," said one of them after a hearty burst of merriment.

"Oh, laugh away—seems funny enough now; but it isn't so darned funny to the poor fool who loses his money. It isn't an easy thing to do, let me tell you. I can't throw the cards just as those fellows did, but they took three cards, just like this, and threw them down, like that; and then bet that my friend couldn't pick out the queen."

"Straight three card monte, as sure as you're born," said one of the rural visitors. "I've read all about it a hundred times. Never saw the thing done though."

"Well, this is all there is to it—the showman did nothing more than this. See? Simple enough, ain't it?"

"Why, I should say so! I don't see how your friend lost his money."

"He picked out the wrong card, that's all."

"Couldn't have been watching very sharp, I guess."

"Well, don't you fool yourself. It ain't such an easy trick to pick out the right card. Do you think you can do it?"

"I could if the other fellow didn't do better work than you do."

"Bet you a quarter you can't pick out the queen, just as the cards lie there now."

For an answer the farmer turned over one of the cards, showing the smiling face of the queen.

### THE SWINDLER CAUGHT.

"Well, by jingo, you did it the first time. There's your money. Now, then, watch the cards closely. There! Pick out the queen. I'll bet you a dollar you can't do it, or \$5 or \$10 or \$25 or \$100."

"Well, put up your money if you want to walk home with your fool friend. I've just \$100 left and it's going to win \$100 more for me right here and now."

A moment later one of the grangers held in his hand \$200, while the other bent over the cards preparatory to picking out the royal winner.

"Hurry up! Locate the queen and the money's yours; if not, it's mine." And the professional hungrily eyed the staker. But his victim was inclined to move rather leisurely.

"Let's see," he said meditatively, "you stood here just like this, and you held the three cards in your hand like this, with the queen on top. Then you gave your arm a swing like this and"—

"Well!" the queen, dropped the nine spot in its place, and shoved the queen up your right coat sleeve, where it is now. A very bad job, too, partner, because it's dead crooked and so easy that any schoolboy might catch you dead to rights and shoot you full of holes before you could square yourself.

"I shall always remember the last time I worked that lay myself," he continued, as he stowed away the roll of bills. "It was in the summer of 1886. I was doing outside work with Barnum's show that season, and when we struck Louisville I caught a sleepy young fellow with more money than brains and tried to work the 'switch' on him—just as you do it, precisely. I had not finished the experiment before I made a rather startling discovery."

"I found that my left lung was inhaling air through a large hole near the fifth rib. For the next two seasons I did not take an active interest in the circus business. But I eventually took to the road again, and I've been with Sells Brothers ever since up to a week ago, when Joe and I came here to wait for Forepaugh. How are they coming, partner?"—Chicago Mail.

### The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Now, how old would you suppose me to be?  
Maud—I shouldn't like to say.—Life.

### A FLIRTATION.

I've been flirting today with a baby in the window right over the way. And the neighbors are gossiping may be. But I don't care a bit what they say.

He's a dear little curly lashed fellow. With eyes that are laughing and sweet. His hair was like grain, golden yellow. He'd blue shoes—for he showed me his feet.

He glanced at me, pleasantly smiling. As though saying, "I wish you'd remain." Then he tapped on the window bequilling. And fastened his nose 'gainst the pane.

He threw me a kiss for a greeting. He showed me the lace on his dress; But, ah! why are moments so fleeting? The time came for luncheon, I guess.

Then I waved him goodbye—oh, the saddest. And smiled to him over the way. And he looked, of all babies, the saddest. When the nurse came and took him away.

But sometimes he will peck thro' the curtain. And hold the lace edges apart. So I'll watch every day, for I'm certain That baby has broken my heart!

—Kate Masteron in Once a Week.

### Where a Reporter Gets the Worst of It.

I sometimes think that the newspaper reporter has a little more to contend with than almost any other man in business. Take the commercial drummer, for instance. He goes into a town to sell goods. If he finds his man out of sorts all he has to do is to move on to some other town and try another, or he can wait for his customer to get in the proper mood. If the deal between two speculators is of any moment the man who is engineering the deal can maneuver it according to circumstances. He may wait until he gets his man down to a dinner where the wine is flowing freely.

But the newspaper reporter must tackle his man wherever he can find him. The man may have had some terrible misfortune, trouble, or a death in his family, or he may have just had an all-fired poor dinner. But that is none of the reporter's business. He goes at the man with questions. He must tackle him where he finds him. If the man has had a smooth day of it, all right and well. But if he hasn't the reporter must get at him in some way. In doing so he runs the risk of making an enemy for life and losing his reputation as an interviewer. The commercial man has the time to work his customer to the proper pitch. The reporter must get his man instanter no matter what obstacles are in the way.—Chicago Tribune.

### Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Says a literary man of some note: "It took me a long time to appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare's sonnets. On the first reading I found little in them to attract, but on the advice of a friend I kept on reading them. After a score of readings I began to see new meanings, and soon I became fascinated. I procured a small 'vest pocket' edition and carried it with me wherever I went, reading the sonnets in the street cars or wherever I happened to have a few minutes leisure. They are really wonderful.

"Some of them I have read hundreds of times, and have made them my own so far as memory can appropriate the thoughts of another. Now I can understand the enthusiasm of my friend, who says that if he had to give up either Shakespeare's sonnets or Shakespeare's plays, it would be the plays that would have to go. I can think of no literature in so small a compass that so well repays reading and studying."—New York Tribune.

### A Curious Name Combination.

"What is in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them differently and observe the result. For an instance, place them thuswise:

H A M L I N  
L I N C O L N

Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again:

A B R A - H A M L I N - C O L N.

Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do?—St. Louis Republic.

### A Mohammedan Marriage in England.

The first Mohammedan marriage ever celebrated in England took place at the Moslems' meeting place in Liverpool, the only mosque in England. The bride, an English lady, not being a Moslem, the ordinary marriage service was previously gone through in an Episcopal church in Camberwell. The bridegroom was of the son of a Nawab of India.—London Tit-Bits.

If the cover of the kettle is lifted, the boiling water seems to be covered by a cloud of white steam, but this cloud did not exist before the cover was raised; it has been formed by the sudden cooling of the vapor. In a glass boiler which is either completely sealed or provided with only a narrow outlet for the vapor, the space above the water is perfectly transparent and apparently empty.

The Daughters of Israel is a society recently organized in Baltimore, modeled after the Kings' Daughters. Several hundred young ladies have been formed into bands of ten for the purpose of "doing little deeds of kindness" at home and in the neighborhood. Each member will wear a medallion or decoration with "Love thy neighbor as thyself" inscribed in Hebrew letters.

At only five points can we just touch each other, and all that is—and that only by the function of our poor senses—from the outside. In vain we rack them that we may get a little closer to the best beloved and most implicitly trusted; ever in vain, from the cradle to the grave.

Nitrate of soda has again been tried as a fertilizer of tomatoes. The result was a very marked increase of crop in every case, the most profitable increase coming from the use of nitrate alone.