

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.

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—DEALER IN—
SCHOOL BOOKS,
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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 Kref.

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

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.

The Mexican Swell on Horseback.

The Mexican swell rides on a saddle worth a fortune. It is loaded with silver trimmings, and hanging over it is an expensive serape, or Spanish blanket, which adds to the magnificence of the whole. His queer shaped stirrups are redolent of the old mines. His bridle is in like manner adorned with metal in the shape of half a dozen big silver plates, and to his bit is attached a pair of knotted red cord reins, which he holds high up and loose.

He is dressed in a black velvet jacket fringed and embroidered with silver, and a huge and expensive hat perched on his head is tilted over one ear. His legs are incased in dark tight fitting breeches, with silver trimming down the side seams, but cut so as in summer weather to unbutton from the knee down and flap aside. His spurs are silver, big and heavy and costly, and fitted to buckle round his high cut heel. Under his left leg is fastened a broad bladed and beautifully curved sword, with a hilt worthy a prince of the blood.

Victories of an Oarsman.

My first great race was also my first great victory. When I arrived at Philadelphia in 1870, there were assembled all the great oarsmen in the world. I became a laughing stock for them because of my style of rowing and my rigging. The prevailing rigging for sculls then was the 8-inch sliding seat; oars, 10 feet 3 inches long, with blades 5 1/2 inches wide, and footboard having an angle of 20 degs. I went there with 26-inch sliding seat, 9 1/2 foot oars, with 6 1/2-inch blades and an angular foot brace at a 40 deg. angle. When the race came off I won by several lengths.

Since then this rigging has advanced the speed of racing a minute a mile. I then went to England, and they laughed there; but I beat them out of sight. All England then used my rigging. I met Trickett in England and won \$500,000 for my friends on this race. Then I defeated Laycock in the same way. I then went to Australia and was defeated by Beach through a collision with a steamer. The Australian climate undermined my constitution, and I was defeated several times there, but I could never get the Australians to meet me in neutral waters.—Edward Hanlan in Ladies' Home Journal.

For severe hemorrhage from the nose try holding the arms of the patient up over the head for five minutes at a time. A small piece of ice wrapped in muslin and laid directly over the top of the nose will usually give relief.

New York, Paris and Berlin altogether have not so large an area as London.

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 noted 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 408 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 Vegetable 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 50c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

HITCHED TO A CABLE.

The Unique and Startling Experience of a San Francisco Horse.

A sad eyed horse hitched to a two wheeled butcher wagon blinked lazily and whisked flies from himself on Jones street, between O'Farrell and Geary streets. He was an ordinary quadruped with a large head, which he wore in a dejected sort of way, as though he was indulging in melancholy thoughts. Dangling from one of the bit rings was the long hitching rope, which the custodian of the wagon had neglected to fasten to a post.

Suddenly the horse cast his eyes to starboard and slowly wagged his right ear. An abandoned newspaper had drifted down the street and became caught in the cable slot. The horse was interested. He lazily wandered over to the track and examined the paper. The free end of the hitching rope dropped through the cable slot. Suddenly the horse jumped clear off the ground, jerked his head up, plastered his ears close to his head, reared on his hind feet, pawed the air with his fore feet, gave vent to a loud snort and stampeded down Jones street.

It was not his fault that he broke his speed record. This horse was a peaceful animal, with an inclination to the plodding career of a plow horse. But he was compelled to assume a rapid gait because his rope was wound around the cable rope and he was propelled by steam, as it were. On he sped down Jones street, around the corner and into O'Farrell street at a gallop he had never traveled before, while veal cutlets, cuts of beef, porterhouse stakes, kidneys, lamb chops and liver jogged out of the wagon and became the trail which the butcher boy followed frantically in his efforts to catch his beast.

Nothing got in the way of the horse but dogs, and they added to his misery by leaping into the air and snapping at his nose. An enthusiastic procession of urchins raced madly in the wake of the wagon and cheered the animal on to greater efforts of speed.

Down three blocks of O'Farrell street rampaged the equine, creating as large a sensation as would a mouse in a seminary. At Powell street his career ended. The hitching rope came in contact with the cross cable of the Powell Street railroad and was cut in twain. The horse was holding back so hard that the reaction threw him on his haunches, and before he could recover his equilibrium half a hundred citizens were holding him down.

The butcher boy gathered up as much of his scattered meat as the dogs had not devoured, and in a few minutes the yellow horse was plodding in the wake of a hay wagon, munching purloined hay.—San Francisco Examiner.

Chivalry in a Bootblack.

On the corner of one of the business streets of the city the other morning a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well dressed and gentle appearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked of the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment and passed on.

Who says the days of chivalry are over.—Detroit Free Press.

A Coroner's Verdict.

A coroner out west recently reasoned out a verdict more sensible than one-half the verdicts usually rendered. It appears that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece; but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off was blown into a million pieces. The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official:

"Can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't 'visitation of God' because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath for he hadn't anything to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—Died for want of common sense."—Green Bag.

Putting It Delicately.

He was a country parson and a good fellow at heart, and he liked to put it delicately; and so he finished up his sermon Sunday:

"And, in conclusion, my friends, we will now take up the collection, and I trust I shall offend none of the cheerful givers who so regularly contribute to, alas! I am afraid, too frequent demands on their charity, if I suggest that I now possess a most ample and varied collection of buttons, and what we chiefly need now is some needles and thread—and a little cloth."—Exchange.

Long Periods.

Miss Prime—Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between twenty-nine and thirty. I know, in my wife's case, ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthdays.—Exchange.

WHERE WOMAN RULES.

SUMATRA ISLAND IS A PLACE WHERE WIVES RUN THINGS.

Customs That Differ from Those of Any Other Christian or Mohammedan People—The Wife Is the Property Holder. She Never Leaves Her Home.

A country where the women own the houses and lands, where gold and silver are common as flowers in the spring, where everybody is happy and nobody does wrong, is the burden of the story that W. J. Shaw brings from far off Sumatra.

W. J. Shaw is one of the men who modeled things in this country when it was young and pliable. He came from New York in 1849, and was about the first man to hang out a lawyer's sign in San Francisco. He won the cases that settled the validity of settlers' titles and resulted in the Van Ness ordinance, and he served as a state senator in 1854, when it was more of an honor to be a legislator than it is now.

"In all my years of travel," he said, "I never found a happier people than those who live in Sumatra, in the middle part of the island. The people all over Sumatra are believers in the Mohammedan religion, but the peculiar customs which make this particular people unique and different from all others are confined to one community.

"It would not be correct to term this branch of the Sumatra people a tribe, for they do not live in tribal relations at all, although there is a chief and under chiefs. These rulers, however, are not despots, and if the people do not like the way in which they manage things they dispose of them very shortly and put other men in their places.

"Although men are the ostensible chieftains, the women are the real rulers. The customs of the country forbid the giving of a man's property to his children after his death. If a man dies the property he owns is given to his father and mother. The woman's property, on the contrary, is given to the children. Probably that is the custom that is responsible for the turning over of all the wealth of the country to the women.

TREATMENT OF THE BOYS AND MEN.

"It is the constant aim of the men to enrich their wives. Each man has but one wife, and each wife one husband, and they live a perfectly moral life. The teachings of Mohammedanism are followed upon the question of divorce. The husband has the right to divorce his wife whenever he chooses, but must allow her to retain the property in her possession. Divorces are not frequent, though, and I believe that, in proportion to the population, divorces in this part of Sumatra are not one in sixteen compared to the number in California.

"The people are happy there—happy as they can be. The children live at home with their mother—the boys until they are thirteen or fourteen, and the girls until they marry.

"When the daughter gets married she does not leave her mother's house. An addition is built on—a new roof, as they call it—and the newly married girl makes her home there, and brings up her children. This custom, of course, results in forming quite large communities where there are many children.

"I knew one of these communities where there were a mother and several daughters living with their children. The original house had grown with each marriage until it spread over a large piece of ground.

"When the boys get old enough to leave home they are taken to a compartment house which is set aside as a home for them until they wish to marry. The girl has the right to choose whom she will wed, a privilege delegated to her in few Mohammedan countries.

"Once married, the husband for the rest of his life is his wife's lover. He lives apart from her and visits his home only in the evening to chat with her and the children. All the money he gets—and there is plenty of money of Dutch coinage there—he turns over to his sweetheart. She dresses herself and the children and shoulders all the petty family cares.

"He is bothered only to earn the money to pay for the things they eat and wear.

SAM.

"Seemed like about the roughest, toughest job I ever had. Was a payin' for a license to get married," said my dad.

"After that hit weren't so tryin', for I'd call upon Elviry. When my calculations stumblin', and the road of life got miry; So hit weren't so very long before we had five hundred dollar— Lord, weren't I proud! Says I to her, 'a thousand's sure to follow.'"

"The thousand came. Says I, 'By Jingo! for fear we git in trouble, We'll rustle 'nd we'll tussle, tel our bank account is double. And so we buckled to agin from airly morn tel night. Until we had it salted down where intruss was all right. But then Elviry she got skeered, and low'd we hadn't enuff."

"To live and raise the children up," said she, "will still be tough."

"Down to it then we got onest more, and slaved and pinched and saved, But seemed to me the more we made, the more we allus craved. And when it come to spendin' here and there an extra dime, We never could say yes, though workin' harder all the time. Then Elviry, she grew feeble with the rheumatiz and ager. While I was laid up half the time with phthisis and lungber."

"And now we're old and feeble, it seems right hard to me. That the poorhouse only's left us; but Elviry says, says she: 'Ef we laid thought of others more, and less of savin' gold. And I'd bet our boys to love us, as we both on us got old. We would not be left helpless here, with no one round to care.' And I guess Elviry's hit it 'bout ez close ez truth will bear."

"What's me and her a goin' to do? I' traps you're the one can tell. What you young bucks think you don't know these days hain't much. Oh, well! Hit ain't no reason you should laugh, kase two old folks is down— Hey now—yore Sam? Well, well! I want. So you've got rich in town. Come to take keer of us? Lord, how Elviry'll cry for joy!"

Wal, Sam, 'twixt us, I allus thought I'd raised up one good boy."
—Browne Perriman in Yankee Blade.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.

It is the opinion of experts that much of the money which is spent by factories, mills and stores on the introduction of pipes and valves for fire extinction might be saved by the adoption of a much simpler and more efficient method. Both sulphur and ammonia are well adapted for extinguishing fire. Sulphur absorbs oxygen and forms sulphuric acid, the fumes of which are much heavier than air. The quantity required would be small, since seventy grammes of sulphur can make one hundred cubic meters of air inimical to combustion. An effective sulphur extinguishing apparatus can be made of a large iron box of moderate depth and open at the top.

It should be hinged at one end or side to a protected ceiling, and kept close thereto by a cord or wire connected with a wire or strap formed chiefly of cadmium fusible at 144 degs. Fahrenheit. Inside the box is placed a considerable quantity of cotton wadding, well saturated with powdered sulphur. On the heat of an incipient fire melting the wire or strip, the box drops a short distance; by a simple device the cotton wadding is ignited at the same moment, and a strong cloud of sulphurous acid gas is instantly evolved, which extinguishes the fire by rendering the air unfit for combustion.—New York Telegram.

Cunning Siberian Natives.

When compelled to travel all night, the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to go to sleep. They argue that if the dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining, he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest, and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One or even two hours' stop at any other time is perfectly useless, as the dogs will be uncontrollable from that time forward until they are permitted to take what they think a full allowance of sleep.—St. Louis Republic.

Strawberries.

Why are they called "straw"berries? Smart men differ on that. Some say it is on account of their hollow, strawlike stems. Others think it is because they have to be covered with straw or similar protecting material in winter. The most classical explanation that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers used to raise them and they gave them this name because the berries are generally on the ground, that is, "strawed" or "strawed" around.—Exchange.

Acres of ground around Sandringham, the Prince of Wales' country seat, are devoted to the cultivation of lilies of the valley, the sweet scented and ever popular spring blossom. In the little village near there is little else except a remarkably fine ruin of a little church, and hundreds of thousands of the pure bell shaped blossoms are sent up to London every year.

A man named Green, who, with others, was wrecked fifty-five years ago on a remote island in the South Atlantic has resided there, living a Robinson Crusoe life, ever since. Green is the chief of a colony which now consists of eighty persons.

Although cookery is proverbially a French art, Paris had no school of cookery worthy the name until very recently. Lectures are now given in the Rue Bonaparte, with practical demonstrations by professors skilled in the noble art.

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