

THE PHYSICIAN AS A DESPOT.

We know the Doctor is Fallible, Yet We Trust Him Implicitly.

Without any pretense of faith in any doctor who is not regular, and without prejudice to a sincere intention of calling in a thoroughly instructed and expert practitioner whenever occasion demands, it is still permissible to smile amiably at the professional jealousy of quacks. The successful physician, with exceptions which happily are much more numerous than they were, is the most intolerant despot on earth. And we encourage him to be so.

We are vaguely aware of the limitations of his knowledge; we know that he has to guess first what is the matter with us, and next what will do us good, and that though there are facts his acquaintance with which helps him to guess right, many theories that regulate his professional action are still hypothetical, and may or may not be correct. We know that he has discovered that many of the methods his father used were unwise and deleterious, and that the doses his grandfather gave often hastened the result they were intended to prevent and hindered what they were designed to induce.

We know not only that he is a man, and therefore fallible, but that his professional science, like his father's and grandfather's, is progressive, and is still very far from being exact. Nevertheless, when anything ails us, in spite of all we know of his limitations, we fly to him as though he were all wise, and do as nearly what he tells us as our flesh and our pockets permit. For we believe that, erring and inadequate as he is, he knows more than we do, and that his knowledge is, on the whole, the best that is at our command.

The childlike trust in our physicians is a phenomenon which is creditable to us and to our doctors, and from which we both get benefit. Undoubtedly our physicians do us good, and indeed they ought to, even if they knew less and guessed less fortunately than they do, else were faith a much less potent virtue than it is declared to be.

But it is one thing for us to flock of our own accord to the doctors, and quite another thing for those professional gentlemen to hold that we shall come to them and to none else, and that we may neither be legitimately born, nor die legally, except with the concurrence of the learned faculty.—Scribner's.

Pastimes of City Boys.

A singular game has for its foundation an ash barrel. Across the top of this is placed a board two or three inches in width, which projects about the same distance over the rim of the barrel. On one of these projecting ends a ball is balanced; the batsman then takes his bat and with all his strength strikes the other end of the board. The ball flies up and away in a before-unknown direction, and the batsman, should he not be caught out, attempts to run to a base and return before the ball can be fielded "home."

Look above you at the telegraph wires. Sooner or later they become the natural end of every kite flown in this street, and the tattered fragments with which the wires are adorned bear witness that kite flying is a popular pastime, even if disastrous to the kites. In this sport country boys may fairly claim superiority. Comparatively few city boys know how to fly a kite; they never seem able to manage the tail. Kites in the city can only be successfully flown from the housetops.

Marbles we see of every kind, "miggles" and "alleys," "taws" and "agates." Generally the games are played in a ring drawn with chalk on the sidewalk, for holes are not made or found here so easily as they are in a country playground.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

Trifling Things in Court.

Very trifling things sometimes go very far in the courts. The supreme court of the United States has ended a costly and long controversy by ruling upon the question, "Is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?" About \$30,000 has been expended in the celebrated "Jones country calf case," in Iowa, in which the ownership of a calf valued at fifteen dollars is involved. A Mediana county (O.) farmer a few years ago refused to pay taxes on four moolleys on the ground that the law provided for the taxation of "all horned cattle of whatsoever kind," whereas the four cows had no horns. This case was ended in the circuit court after the costs had eaten up the value of the defendant's farm. A suit for taxes in which the Standard Oil company is involved to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars in Pennsylvania and Ohio hangs upon the insertion of a comma in an Ohio statute.—Chicago Mail.

A Machine That Makes and Cooks Sausages

One of the novelties at the St. Pancras exhibition in London, England, was a sausage machine, driven by electric motor. In conjunction with this machine it has been proposed to employ an electric heating attachment, whereby the savory dish can be delivered cooked and smoking hot to the purchaser. It begins to look as if the shrewd individual who conceived the idea of a universal pig utilizing machine, into which the animal could be put at one end, to emerge at the other as cured hams and blacking brushes, was no visionary, but only a prophet a little in advance of his times.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Masher Mashed.

"I want some nice little thing for my wife—something that'll please her," said Masham. "Perhaps you could suggest something." "Yes," said the saleslady. "I think a telegram saying a house has fallen on you ought to please her."—New York Herald.

Failure to Some One.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the youth. "Yes, to Alice Ponsonby," answered the maid as she grazed down at the ring which Horace Fleegely had given her.—Jewellers' Circular.

DREARY PRISON LIFE.

MULTIFARIOUS TRICKS OF THE CONVICTS TO KILL TIME.

Tragedies, Behind the Bars—Men Who Liberately Maim Themselves in Order to Evade the Regular Routine of Prison Life—Men Who Sham Sickness.

There are many incidents in the prison life of convicts that are out of the ordinary, and may be said to form part of their pleasures, although some are weird and tragic enough in themselves to be classed as anything but pleasures. I recollect on one occasion that I was appointed a special "trustee" over a tall, lank, dark featured young southerner who, in a moment of hopeless desperation, had cut his throat.

Teddy, as we will call him, had been a headstrong boy, and his parents could not control him, and after a youthful vagabondage he had enlisted in the regular army, where he was always in trouble. When under my care in the special hospital ward to which he had been sent he related much of his past life to me, and I learned that he had attempted to take his life when he was a soldier in the same manner as he had done in state prison.

He was not a bad sort of fellow, but being of a sensitive nature, as well as unreasonably, he allowed his gloomy thoughts to master him, and this would result in periods of depression and subsequent desperation, and he cared not what he said or did. In fact, he was inclined to emotional insanity.

One night, while my fellow trustee and I were engaged in conversation, he lay on his cot pondering over his gloomy fate, when something we said aroused him, and he flew into a rage, got up and grappled me in a desperate manner.

I quickly flung him back on his cot and pinioned him, telling my fellow trustee—a mere boy—to ring up the guard.

It was a terrible struggle to keep him in subjection until the guard arrived, for his frenzy gave him almost superhuman strength. He quieted down as soon as the guard arrived and said he was a fool for getting into such a temper, and as he feared, the straitjacket he promised to behave himself in the future.

He, however, in another of his frenzied attacks attempted to tear open the wound in his throat, and it was by no means an easy matter to prevent him doing so. But a reasonable and sympathetic talk generally conquered his excitability. He finally was sent to the insane asylum.

One morning as prayer was being said in the prison chapel one of the convicts set up a howl and began barking like a dog, after which he clapped his hands—once, two, three; once, two, three—and this caused a general murmur of mixed merriment and expectation.

Two guards immediately passed to the end of the form on which he was sitting and were hustling him out of the chapel when he flew into a rage, struggled with them and hurled horrible curses at them as well as at the officiating chaplain, who was a particularly obnoxious man to the prisoners. Whether the fellow was insane or not I cannot say. The prison authorities thought he was not, and he was roundly punished for his escapade.

On another occasion as we were marching into the hall for supper one of the convicts gave a howl, threw up his arms and dropped dead on the floor—a fellow convict had stabbed him. There was some enmity between the two, and it resulted in the death of both.

I was hospital trustee, and a long line of prisoners were being attended to by the doctor for real or imaginary ills. One of the prisoners on this particular occasion had nearly served his term of sentence, and he was to have been examined in order that the medical officer could report on his condition.

I was preparing a dose of common stuff for the prisoner standing next but one to him when he fell forward on the floor and blood gushed from his mouth in a stream. He had ruptured a blood vessel, and in spite of the doctor's efforts the poor fellow died.

Malingering is a very general method among prisoners to shirk the monotony or the labor consequent on their imprisonment. Anything that will relieve the tediousness and is at hand is brought into action. One here in the quarry will mash his finger in order that he may be sent to the hospital.

Another there will—quite accidentally of course—fall down the corridor steps and sustain such injuries as to insure a quiet time of convalescence on a hospital diet, and so forth; but the prison doctor is an fait with all classes of malingerers, and uses his experience in treating such as come before him. Consequently the good times often anticipated never materialize.

I know one ignorant, soft headed fellow who became really ill by eating the soap he was allowed with which to perform his daily ablutions. Often had cases come before me where soap eating had put men into a feeble state of health and lent a sickly aspect to their countenances, but this fellow was sick, and no mistake.

After a course of treatment which was in itself as bad as the cause for it he was, however, restored and sent into solitary confinement as a further punishment. He never ate soap again, but, I may remark, he was subsequently poisoned by eating some of the vegetable growths around where he, with his fellows, was wont to labor.

All things considered, the malingeringer comes out only second best, but it must be a terrible punishment that causes men to resort to it in order to lighten their burdens.

The two most notable cases I have ever met of this kind were where a man boldly put his foot under a falling mass of stone in the quarry, causing it to be terribly crushed and to be eventually amputated, and, in the second case, where a man feigned rheumatism and underwent every conceivable torture at the hands of the prison physician, who knew the fellow was shamming.—New York Herald.

ONE MAN'S SNAKE RECORD.

True History of a Georgian Who Does Not Wish to Pose as a Munchausen.

There is a citizen of Voldosta who has had some startling experiences with poisonous snakes during his life. He is entirely responsible, does not like notoriety and seldom talks of his adventures with reptiles, because he fears his recital of them would not be believed, and he does not care to figure as a Munchausen among snake story tellers.

Some time ago he was attracted by the laughing of a child who was at play in the front yard. Looking through the window he discovered to his horror that the child was playing with a great live rattlesnake, which sprang its warning rattle just as the child was rescued from what would have been certain death.

At another time recently, while wading in a branch, he stepped on a large water moccasin, and narrowly escaped being bitten, as he had crushed the body of the reptile and aroused its wrath. It did show fight, however, chasing him to dry land.

"On still another occasion," says this hero of many battles with snakes, "I had cause to tramp all day with some companions in a swamp, and it was during snake time of the year. During that day I had the misfortune to step on as many as three live and wriggling moccasins at different times, but had the good luck, as usual, to get off without having their poisonous fangs struck into my flesh. No other one of the party had any such close calls. It all fell to my lot."

"At another time, while I was pushing my way through a thick and boggy swamp, one of my feet broke through the moss covered mud, and it threw me forward. I caught at a tussock just by me, and threw my hand on a large moccasin. It flinched, but did not move. I was stuck in the mud. Its forked tongue flashed in my face! I could not get up without a struggle, and I was afraid to make the effort, fearing that a movement on my part would bring a strike in the face. I held my breath, while my hand went to my belt, and I drew therefrom a pistol. In an instant I got in the first blow, and the snake's head went off. A friend stood on a tussock five feet away watching the tragedy—in one act."

"Recently I was hunting cows in the pine woods. I rode a mule. I was going at a slowlope. Suddenly the beast threw its head down with a snort, and plowed the earth with both fore hoofs in a desperate effort to take up. I went over the horn of the saddle and astride of the mule's neck, and would have pitched over my head on the spot had I not seized the animal's ears, one in each hand, as I struggled wildly to prevent a fall. My head and chest went full over its head, but my grip on the long ears and my feet locked around its neck saved me for the time."

"Thus poised in a ridiculous attitude, my beast regained its footing, and then began backing and slamming me about against brush and sapling, until I rolled off on the ground. When I gained my feet I discovered a large rattlesnake in coil under a palmetto bush, just in front of the spot where the mule made the desperate effort to stop, and if I had gone over the animal's head I would have fallen head foremost upon the deadly reptile."

"More wonderful to relate, a little toddler who was burdened with my name came across a rattler one day and picked it up, and went around playing with it until an older brother discovered the child's peril and jerked it away from the snake."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hitting the Nail.

The travel of thousands of human beings up and down the tiled corridors of the postoffice has so worn the tiles that it is like walking over plowed ground. An old man and his wife, evidently strangers on a visit, were inspecting the interior of the building the other day, when she noticed the roughness and called his attention to it, and added: "Samuel, I didn't know that such a floor as this ever warped."

"Of course it don't," he replied, as he stopped to look.

"Then it's settled or sprung."

"Can't be. Stone floors can't spring. Lemme take a look."

He went out doors and peered around for two or three minutes, and then rejoined her to say: "Can't see any place where he got under, but I know what's the matter. Some stray hog's got under there and riz part of the floor up with his back. Don't you remember how they used to crawl under our kitchen and almost lift the hull house up?"—New York World.

The Cost of Feasts in the Past.

In 1633 the opening of Inigo Jones' new theater was celebrated by an elaborate banquet, attended by the lords of the council, and the bill amounted to £34 5s. 4d., exclusive of wine. Glass and plate were hired, and some of the former was broken and had to be paid for. We have the details of three dinners in 1676. A leg of mutton costs 3s. 4d.; a sirloin of beef, 9s.; 3 chickens and 3 rabbits, 5s. 6d.; 8 artichokes, 1s., and 4 cauliflowers, 1s. 3d. For buttered ale, the ingredients of which were a hundred eggs, 8 gallons of ale, 2 pounds of butter, 8 pounds of sugar and 1 ounce of nutmegs, the charge was 10s. 11d.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Silver, Not Honor, Wanted.

Theodore de Banville, the poet, could not be persuaded to seek a place in the French Academy. One day Francois Coppee vainly tried all his arts to overcome the prejudice of De Banville. "But," he cried at last, "what will you do if we bring you the notification of your election on a silver plate?" De Banville answered quickly, "I shall certainly accept the silver plate."—Paris Figaro.

Proof.

"Sweets are said to be bad for the teeth." "They are, very. My wife made a pie the other day, and I broke five of my front ones, trying to bite through it."—Harper's Bazar.

LITTLE JOKELETS.

Character is to intellect what a locomotive is to a train of cars.

A sugar exchange has opened at Prague, Bohemia, and the dealings are large.

It is officially stated that Porte will not permit the Jews to immigrate into Jerusalem.

Smile at the world and it will smile back at you. Let it see you weep and it will laugh at you.

A good man is a man who is good to us, and a bad man is a man who doesn't do what we want him to do.

The friend who cries with you finds out a great many things you will regret when your eyes are dried.

One trouble about unpleasant people is that it generally seems impossible for them to get out of the way.

How much more detestable a fault appears when we can trace it to some one whose station in life we envy.

Eduaction is all right, just so it does not make the victim too smart to work and not smart enough to get a long without working.

Rurgalar—What would you say if I were to blow your head off for not telling me where your money is? Mr. Joker—Not a word sir, not a word.—Lowell Citizen.

An Austrian professor says many ladies who keep lapdogs suffer from an affection of the liver, occasioned by a small parasite which is peculiar to the dog's liver.

Attorney (to witness)—You know this man? Witness—Yes, sir. Attorney—What is his reputation for truth and veracity? Witness—Well, he writes obituary verses.—Epoch.

"Oh, by the way, dear," began the "society post" correspondent. "What is it?" asks the patient spouse. "I wish to speak to you of Miss Figg, who vacated here last Spring. Should I say that she sprung here or that she sprunged here?"—Chicago Times.

The Brighton Beach Music hall programme says of the Schubert B-minor (unfinished) symphony: "The finale is a fitting climax in its resistless rush and the ending closes with an immense crescendo, fiery in its energy, and spreading over 164 measures before coming to the final rest."

Crowded Out—"I like this dress very much" said Ethel. "It's just two delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?" "Here they are," said the dressmaker, handing her two small silk-en bags. You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them."—Harpers Bazar.

Living skeleton (only one in America at dime museum)—These folks make me tired. Sympathetic Visitors—In what way? "Here I am earning \$500 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in and day out, one old woman after another stops an' chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they got 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 healthy 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 400 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 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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

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PROPRIETOR OF THE Granger Feed Yard, THIRD STREET. (At Grimes' old place of business.) Horses fed to Hay or Oats at the lowest possible price. 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.