

# 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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# 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.

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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 Kretz.

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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.

## COOPER AND SPIRITS.

WAS THE NOVELIST CONVERTED BY THE FOX SISTERS?

A Seance in Dr. Griswold's Office at Which Noted Men Were Present—Answers Through "Spirit Raps" Which Made a Profound Impression.

The statement by one of the "Fox girls," of Rochester rappings fame, declaring that all the spirit sounds and noises were caused by the cracking of her toe joints, leads me to give an account of a remarkable seance with these three girls at the time they paid their first visit to New York. After perusing it I think the reason will be satisfied, whatever of deception may have been practiced, that the toe joint story is an ineffable humbug.

It was in 1850 that the Fox girls came to New York, astounding reports having preceded them of the noisy visitation of the spirits which had literally compelled them to leave their home. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, the author and critic, occupied rooms at that time in Broadway, between Bleeker and Houston streets. These were on the first floor and held his large and valuable library.

He was an unbeliever in regard to the "rappings," not only so far as any spiritual influences prevailed, but with respect to the production of the sounds themselves, which he pronounced "all trick." It was proposed to invite these girls to meet a number of gentlemen at Dr. Griswold's rooms, where it was expected the "spirits" would be present, when we felt confident of exposing the humbug.

An intelligent audience. The invitation was accepted. At the appointed hour the following gentlemen met in Dr. Griswold's apartments: J. Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, W. C. Bryant, the Rev. Dr. Hawkey, Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. E. E. Marcy, John Bigelow and myself. The three Fox girls came promptly. They were seated by a table, but not near enough to touch it. The company made a large circle around it, and we all impatiently waited for the performance to begin. Utter incredulity pervaded our little assembly.

A half hour passed and the spirits made no sign. The girls were repeatedly asked how soon they would begin to demonstrate. They replied gravely that the spirits were not under their control; that they had intimated they would be present—that was all they could say.

At length raps began to be heard, sounding like slight shocks from an electric battery. Questions were at once in order, and Dr. Francis took the floor. His interrogatories were leading ones, and at the end of a few minutes he resigned in favor of Dr. Hawkey, the Fox girls getting the best of it. With Dr. Hawkey, who had been bred a lawyer, things did not flow so smoothly with them, but there were several answers which excited surprise.

I was seated next to Mr. Cooper, and I perceived he exhibited much impatience while the questioning was going on. When Dr. Hawkey finished, Cooper exclaimed, "Let me have hold of them." He began accordingly. Here are the questions and answers: "Some years ago I lost a near relative. Was it a male or a female?" "A female."

"By a natural death or otherwise?" "Otherwise."

"Please rap the number of years since the person died." "INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE. The rappings began. We all listened attentively, counting the number. As it ran from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, we began to hold our breath. The rappings stopped at fifty-eight. There was some discussion whether it was fifty-seven or fifty-eight, and it was rapped over again at fifty-eight."

I had watched Cooper narrowly. As the raps proceeded he became deadly pale. At the conclusion all eyes were turned on him. "Gentlemen," said he, "when I was about two years old my sister was killed by being thrown from her horse. The years since then have been correctly rapped."

I saw that Cooper was profoundly affected. This did not, however, stop the proceedings. Mr. Bancroft suggested that the rappings should be transferred to the door, he being on one side and Bryant on the other. No questions were asked, but the raps came out strong. After some further experiments we adjourned with the feeling that we had not succeeded in "confounding the Fox girls," and we agreed that the least said about it the better.

Fenimore Cooper died about eighteen months after this occurrence. Two or three years later I was dining with Mr. Phinney of the book firm of Iverson & Phinney, and a near connection of Mr. Cooper's. In the course of conversation he asked me if I knew Cooper had become a confirmed spiritualist before his death. I said I did not. He assured me of the fact, but could not account for it. I told him I believed I could account for it, and I repeated to him what I have now recorded here.—Richard B. Kimball in New York Times.

Are We Physically Advancing? Edward Atkinson has examined the records of hundreds of ready-made clothing establishments to discover whether the white man of the United States is deteriorating in size and weight. As the general result it was found that the average height of the New Englander is 5 feet 8 1/2 inches and of the southerner 5 feet 10 inches. The average weight of the American of today is between 155 and 160 pounds. Mr. Atkinson discovered that the average height and weight of men in this country has perceptibly increased since the war of 1861-5, and that we are slowly increasing rather than decreasing in size and strength.—St. Louis Republic.

## FAMINE OF THE FUTURE.

Possibilities of the Extinction of the Human Race by Starvation.

Mr. Ravenstein, a member of the British association for the advancement of science, has been computing the probable increase of the human race on the earth. He arrives at the startling conclusion that in 182 years the density of population upon the globe will be such that the means of subsistence will be inadequate to its support. He estimates the population of the world of the present year at 1,468,000,000. He finds that the average increase every ten years is about 8 per cent.

The section of the country still open to colonization comprises parts of Africa, North and South America, Australia, some outlying islands, the steppes and deserts. The total area of all the habitable lands in the world is over 46,000,000 of square miles. Of this area the fertile or comparatively fertile lands are over 28,000,000 of square miles, the bare grass lands or steppes 14,000,000, and the bare deserts 4,000,180 square miles.

To the steppes he allocates a population of ten to the square mile, and to the desert regions one to the square mile. The bulk of the population would, therefore, have to subsist on the 28,000,000 square miles of fertile lands. Comparing the density of population—in India 175 to the square mile, in China 295 to the square mile and in Japan 364 to the square mile—he arrives at the conclusion that a world population of 207 to the square mile in the cultivable regions would be a fair estimate.

This 207 persons to the square mile will be reached in 182 years at the present rate of increase, when the total population of the cultivable area would be 5,850,700,000, and the total number the earth would feed 5,994,000,000.

Any further increase of population must either be provided for by a diminution of subsistence to each individual or by some improved mode of production, or by keeping down the future birth rate below the death rate. Mr. Ravenstein's statistics do not concern us of the present generation very vitally. We can leave the solution to our great-grandchildren. We have increased and multiplied very comfortably in spite of the lugubrious warnings of Mr. Malthus, and perhaps they also will multiply and increase in spite of Mr. Ravenstein.

If any race must go to the wall, it may be confidently predicted it will not be the white race. There will be a Darwinian survival of the fittest. The weaker races will disappear before the stronger. The Indian will ultimately vanish from this continent, and the African in his native land bids fair to be decimated.

The tendency of population to the cities must also be taken into account in any comparison of people to areas of reasonable subsistence. Concentration in large towns always tends to increased production within a wide circuit around them, especially in the line of fruits and vegetables. Two hundred years hence the desert lands which Mr. Ravenstein regards as incapable of cultivation may blossom as the rose. Already irrigation is working wonders in the unpromising soil in some of our western states. Modern science will teach many ways of increasing the food supply.

Mr. Ravenstein's speculations are plausible and his statistics suggestive enough, but the figures of today may be utterly falsified by the figures of 200 years hence. Many things may intervene in the meantime to keep down population or increase the food supply. The extinction of the race by starvation is a very remote contingency indeed, and Mr. Ravenstein's 182 years bid fair to stretch out indefinitely before that contingency occurs.—Baltimore Sun.

## Oil from the Porpoise.

The porpoises killed in winter are the fattest and produce most oil. The largest size measure about seven feet in length, five feet in girth and weigh about 800 pounds. Such a porpoise yields from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber of a big porpoise weighs about 100 pounds and is one and a half inches thick in summer and two in winter.

The jaws of the porpoise yield a superior quality of oil. When hung up in the sun it readily drips away into cans provided for the purpose, the quantity of oil thus procured, however, being not more than half a pint to the jaw. The oil from the blubber gives an excellent light and is in demand along the coast for lighthouse use. It has no offensive odor.

Porpoise shooting is followed at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. On a calm summer's day the porpoise may be heard blowing a mile or two away. If you would a porpoise, and there are any sharks around, the shark is very apt to share your booty with you even if he doesn't devour it in toto.—New York Recorder.

## A Sweeping Charge.

Nine men out of every ten one meets, if the possessor of a watch, can safely be put down as carrying a cheap, unreliable combination of works and case some unprincipled tradesman has palmed off on him as a good watch and timekeeper. The tenth man, if he has purchased a really good watch and timekeeper from some reliable jeweler, has paid about 500 per cent. more for it than he should have done, and this is the very reason why the other nine men carry such remarkably bad timepieces. They cannot afford to buy the extra 500 per cent. heretofore necessary to secure good works and a warranted case, and are therefore swindled.—New York Truth.

## If Your Shoes Are Wet.

When you come home with wet feet, don't throw aside your boots to get hard and moldy. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relief of the days when no railroads existed, and traveling was done under difficulties and in weather the present generation has no conception of.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Found in the Stomach of an Arab.

The London Lancet has just recorded a remarkable case, which adds one more to the list of those which have been placed on record to show what a man will eat in order to satisfy the cravings of his stomach and the pain he suffers when he is starving.

The body of an Arab, who was a stow-away on a ship which had just arrived, was found in the hold, and was conveyed to the Seaman's hospital at Greenwich, where a post mortem was made. The physicians noticed that the body was greatly emaciated, and on opening it several hard bodies were observed in the intestines. The alimentary canal was thereupon opened, and in it they found the following objects, which practically turned the man's intestines into a sort of museum.

The articles were: Twenty trowsers buttons, three cog wheels, apparently portions of a watch; a 2-inch screw, which was bent double; a 1-inch screw, six pieces of a lock, the largest being half an inch long and half an inch broad; a circular piece of brass, several pieces of iron ware, some bits of brass and lead and two key lobbies on a ring an inch long. The weight of these various articles in mass amounted to exactly half a pound.

## Persuading Sparrows.

The time of one housekeeper has been pretty well occupied this season trying to break up the business of a pair of sparrows who have determined that they are going to raise a family in a particular spot under the roof of her side piazza. The first nest was removed, and some wire screen drawn across the opening, but the birds picked and pulled away enough of it to wriggle their little bodies through sideways, and built again. She swished them out this time with the garden hose, but in a little while another nest was located and four eggs deposited in it.

The drowning out scheme was tried once more, but the birds didn't seem to mind, and investigation showed that they had roofed the nest over so that it shed rain like an umbrella, and only a little hole was left under one side for them to crawl into. With the perseverance of her sex the lady pulled the nest down for the third time, and this week the birds began cheerfully on nest No. 4. It is pretty hard work to discourage an English sparrow.—Springfield Home-Steak.

The jewels of that ill fated queen, Marie Antoinette, whose tragic death glorifies a frivolous life, are now on sale in London. The price of a single pair of earrings is \$65,000, but the stones are of wonderful brilliancy. A large pointed drop, cut in facets like the pendants of chandeliers, is suspended from a large circular diamond by a tiny silver pin, diamond headed.

## 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, results pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear. Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla 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. E., 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.

## HOW THEY VOTE IN JAPAN.

Polls That Present a Striking Contrast to Ours in This Country.

The polls had opened at 8 o'clock, and one by one the farmers had come straggling in from the surrounding country. The greater number gathered in the small meeting hall just outside the polling room, whence arose a quiet buzzing. It was a reminder of the gathering in the churchyard on Sunday, in old times, between the morning and the afternoon services.

There was little laughter, less loud argument and no angry disputing. Every now and then, like bees leaving a hive, a figure was seen to separate from the rest and move off toward the polling room, and anon another returned. One saw among them here and there the modern Japanese, with his imitation of foreign garments, in appearance seldom elegant, often awkward, and generally out of harmony with the surroundings. But chiefly there came the old-fashioned rustic, in his best silk robes, with square shaven crown and short queue caught up and tied—perhaps wearing the hakama, or divided skirt, of the old samurai. A gentleman in every act, he bows as he enters to the official at the door, carefully writes his ballot and affixes his seal, then with great deliberation folds it and places it in the oblong official envelope. For some of the voters it is necessary to seek the assistance of a special clerk in writing their ballots. It is not that they cannot write; for everybody knows the plebeian kana or syllabic writing. They prefer to see their ballots inscribed with the more elegant Chinese characters; and then, too, the kana is sometimes ambiguous (for some words have a dozen different meanings), and there is a natural perturbation and a desire to have their meaning clearly and correctly conveyed. When the writing is finished the long sleeved voter walks over to the tachiianin, or inspectors. Here further effusions of politeness take place, while the voter gives his name, number and address, and is checked off on the register. Then, with another gesture of courtesy, he turns to the ballot box, and with a bow, perhaps in duplicate, to the kind old mayor, who sits behind the box, he carefully deposits his ballot and quietly retires by another door.—J. H. Wigmore in Scribner's.

## Used to Being Married That Way.

A wedding ceremony occurred some years ago at a United States senator, who, a widower twice over, had for the third time succumbed to Cupid's wiles. At his first and second marriage the ceremony had been performed by an Episcopal clergyman, and hence the senator was quite familiar with the Episcopal marriage form.

But the beautiful woman who had captured his affections the third time was a devout Presbyterian, and naturally wished the connubial knot to be tied by a minister of her own church, and according to its simple service. To this the statesman lover made no objection. The character of the service was of small account to him so long as it served to unite him to the object of his adoration, and the thought that he might blunder in the course of it never disturbed for a moment the serenity of his mind.

But, standing beside his bride to be, stage fright, as it might be called, seized him. In the excitement he began to marry himself, as it were, by the Episcopal service, repeating glibly: "I, do take thee, to be my wedded wife," and he would probably have gone on to the end if the astonished Presbyterian minister, who immediately appreciated the situation, had not interposed, and, interrupting the bridegroom, performed the ceremony with the brevity of the Presbyterian form.

At the point where the perturbed groom seemed bent on doing the business for himself a distinguished brother senator present drew near to a lady, another guest, a close friend of his own and of the bridal pair, and whispered in a pitying tone:

"Poor —. He's used to being married by the other service."—Washington Post.

## Fallacy of Fish and Brain.

One popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed, namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion. A man might eat a large portion of fish every day of his life, and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches.

Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Near are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fishermen are remarkable for genius, or even what is called common sense, their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition, which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through.

No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, philosophers, warriors and physicians—have emanated, in Scotland at any rate, from all classes except the fishing class.—Temple Bar.

## Wasting His Breath.

Out at the ball grounds a small boy who occupied a pew in the bleachers said a funny thing. One of the Albany players was at the bat, and after a couple of balls and a strike had been called on him he hit a long foul to right field. He at once started for first base, and with head down plunged along in the same way that a steer is supposed to run through the corn. The small boy over in the bleachers watched him for a minute and then yelled out at the top of a very shrill and squeaky voice: "Say, cully, come back. You're working overtime."—Rochester Democrat.