

EDUCATION IN THE COUNTRY.

Towns Need Manual Training and Cooking Schools as Well as Cities.

Practical education is needed in the country as well as in the city. There has been too much brain culture in the past, with too little sense development and manual training.

In these neighborhoods boys who expected to become clerks, and in consequence to leave their homes for city boarding houses, are becoming impressed with the interest as well as value of tools.

Take, for example, two neighborhoods on the Hudson, near New York. In one a library association was started a few years ago by some ladies.

In the other neighborhood practical classes have also started and are all crowded. In this small settlement are now being held three weekly cooking classes for different groups of girls.

Village bands and choruses are valuable. In one place a large group of boys are kept interested by their weekly band practice. A right feeling of pride is aroused when they are called upon to lead local processions.

Interest in surroundings should be roused. The country, with its woods, rocks, trees and plants, should be studied: intimacy with the beautiful variety of animal and insect life should be encouraged.

One Suit for C. B.

Writing in Century Dr. C. B. Gillespie relates this incident of a Sunday in Colorado, Cal., in '49:

A group of half a dozen Indians especially attracted my attention. They were strutting about in all the glory of newly acquired habiliments, but with this distinction—that one suit of clothes was sufficient to dress the whole crowd.

A fourth flaunted a blue swallow tailed coat, bespangled with immense brass buttons. A fifth was decked with a flashy vest, while the sixth had nothing but a red bandana, which was carefully wrapped around his neck.

The Desks in the Berkeley School.

Each pupil in the Berkeley school will have, in the new building, a desk of polished hard wood and a chair upholstered in leather. Whenever a boy is perfect in all of his studies for a whole year he is to have his name neatly carved on the lower side of the lid of his desk.

A Valuable Cat.

S. W. Kimball, of Presque Isle, has a Maltese cat which is valued as much as a horse and buggy. The other day, while Mr. Kimball was away, the cat came in from the barn and went to Mr. Kimball's wife.

Next, have been varied differently. Young Medicus—Of course it will take me a long time to get started. Eminent Physician's daughter—Oh, yes; papa says even the cleverest in the profession are years building up a practice.—New York Times

MEXICAN DISCIPLINE.

HOW A BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER MET A CRIMINAL'S DEATH.

State of a Popular Captain of Cavalry in Mexico—Story of the Execution and the Circumstances That Led Up to the Shooting—A Powerful Picture.

Monterey, in the state of Nuevo Leon, has been the theater of many military tragedies, but the shooting of Savator Estuperron, second lieutenant of the Mexican cavalry, was the saddest that has ever darkened the annals of the state.

Whether these deaths affected the pardoning power or not will never be known, but the finding of the court was approved, and powerful personal appeals by persons intimately associated with President Diaz were unavailing.

THE DEATH SCENE.

The time of the shooting was kept a profound secret. The cathedral clock chimed 4. There was a sharp bugle call, a hurrying of mustering feet, quick commands and rapid evolutions, and in a few moments the garrison fell into line.

"If any man moves in the ranks or gives any expression of sympathy with the prisoner or fault with the sentence he shall be committed to prison from one to five years, depending on the gravity of the offense."

The silence as of death fell upon the soldiers and the few spectators who were allowed to be present. Afar off the church bell tolled the knell for the dying. The early sun just gilded the mountain peaks that rise like giant sentinels around the historic city.

Great white wreaths circled the higher hills. It is now 4:45. From out the gate issued a company of the Thirteenth, at its head a prisoner, and by his side a priest. With a firm tread and a proudly lifted head he marched, never faltering or halting, but with a bright smile upon his face he looked the least concerned of the party.

FACING DEATH BRAVELY.

He halted at a small marked elevation twenty feet from the barracks wall. His company filed past and formed in front, four files deep. Two lines advanced, halted, and one still advanced. There were six men in each line. The firing party thus consisted of six men in the front line within ten feet of the prisoner, and the second line within fifteen feet.

"I have looked too often in the face of death to fear him now." "It shall be as you wish," said the captain as he took his place at the left of the firing party. Taking off his hat the prisoner surveyed the assembled troops, looked once at the sun tipped hills, and said to the firing party: "Shoot straight for my heart, but do not strike my face. Adieu." And bringing his hand to the position of "Attention" he awaited the end.

There was a slight flash of the captain's sword. The guns came to "Ready!" Another flash. "Aim!" The blade drops. Six sheets of flame dart toward the prisoner, who sprang into the air with three bullets in his heart. The surgeon took his wrist. The captain gave a quick command, a soldier stepped from the ranks, and placing his rifle to the prisoner's head, fired. In less than fifty seconds from the drop of the sword Lieutenant Estuperron was dead.

Teacher—What can you tell me about Julius Caesar? Pupil—He wrote books for the lower forms in classics.—Familienblatt. A Far Sighted Youth. "Can you afford to marry?" "I think so. I have a clergyman friend who'll do it cheap."—New York Epoch.

GOULD'S READY MONEY.

He Can Create a Panic Any Time by Withdrawing \$12,000,000.

How much is Jay Gould worth? His contemporaries, associates and critics put him down at about \$150,000,000. I suppose it is not much exaggerated.

Almost any time he can withdraw from the market \$12,000,000, or can keep it loaned. Now, the bank surplus is only \$10,000,000. So you see the prodigious power that money has in the mere ebb and flow of it.

His property is always earning money in cash. If he resolves to purchase some costly piece of property, like the Union Pacific railroad, he may put his money out to let interest accumulate upon it.

A friend of mine not long ago borrowed \$1,000,000 from him in the midst of the panic. This man did not conceal his temporary necessity, but said to Mr. Gould, or rather wrote to him, that whatever interest he was minded to ask would be satisfactory.

Climbing the Alps.

The street between the wall and the hotel was called the club room of Zermatt, and it was there that my feelings of respect for the cliffs and precipices of the Matterhorn perished. For there I heard the story of the fat German hauled like a log up the peak by four guides, the rope tied around his waist and fastened to his feet with a slip knot, and he swinging from rock to rock, suspended thousands of feet in the air and they never bothering to look at him; and of the Italian count who made the ascent with seven guides in front, seven behind, and one man to keep his legs straight against the rocks; and of the boy of fourteen following in the train of the conqueror; and of the woman reaching the top, and then, as the guides literally ran her down, quietly sleeping all the way back from the lower hut until the bells of the little church in Zermatt awoke her.

And yet even the cynics who laughed at these tales could bestir into a show of enthusiasm, and more than once were we roused from our first sleep by the ringing cheers with which the men at the Monte Rosa greeted the return of the last hero of the Matterhorn. And, after all, there are certain perils which the exploiters of the Alps cannot wholly counteract.—Century.

Ostentation at Funerals.

It is a sad commentary on a Christian community, which takes that distinctive title from a religion whose founder is called the Consoler because his word plucks the sting from death, that it surrounds death with every circumstance of vice and gloom. The distinctive ministry of the faith seems to fail at the very point to which it is especially addressed.

The Christian thought in that hour should instinctively dwell upon the soul, not upon the body, and the simplest and most unostentatious rite of burial would seem to be the most truly Christian. But the ostentation of Christian funerals has become so great that burial reform associations are formed, both in this country and in England, to relieve the poor of the painful and needless cost which, from mistake or respect for the dead, they will not spare so long as ostentation is the custom.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

The Large National Cemeteries.

The biggest of the eighty-two national cemeteries are at Andersonville, Ga., with 13,703 dead; Arlington, Va., with 16,350; Chalmerte, La., with 12,620; Chattanooga, Tenn., with 13,033; Fredericksburg, Va., with 15,273; Jefferson Barracks, Mo., with 11,647; Antietam, Md., with 12,139; Marietta, La., with 13,982; Nashville, Tenn., with 16,537; Salisbury, N. C., with 12,132; and Vicksburg, Miss., with 16,630. Of the 27,179 interred, 178,325 are known and 148,954 unidentified. About 9,300 of the entire number are Confederates.—Washington Star.

Diplomacy.

He—I didn't get your last letter. She—(pouting)—And I sent you a kiss in it. He—How unbusinesslike you are! Don't you know that letters containing valuables should be registered? He—Was allowed to kiss away the post.—Exchange.

A Real Summer Danger.

To talk of guarding against cold in summer seems absurd, and yet it is as necessary as in winter. Where the climate is changeable a hot day is often followed by a cool evening, or a sudden rain storm chills the air, or a cold wind springs up, grateful after the heat, but dangerous to those who are thinly clad unless they are protected from it by proper covering.

Finished His Story.

On Jan. 15 two laborers were at work on a railroad running into Indianapolis. One was telling a story, and while bending over he was accidentally struck on the head with a hammer by his companion and his skull was fractured.

Hair Turned by Lightning.

A curious instance of the blanching of the hair was recently reported by the Philadelphia Times. At Petersburg, in the course of a thunder storm, a laundress named Ellen Barnes stood watching the storm from the door of her house, when she was struck by the lightning and knocked senseless.

Furniture, 50 Cents; Dogs, \$11.

One of the assessors relates an odd experience in Bucktown, near Indianapolis. He called at the house of an old woman whose furniture was valued at fifty cents. Under the law he had to place the value at one dollar, which would make her tax a fraction over one 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 ingredient, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Sarsaparillas than Joy's.

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.

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 market, 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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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 Kaler Krett.

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.