

# 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.

**I. G. NICKELSEN,** DEALER IN—  
SCHOOL BOOKS,  
STATIONERY,  
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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 Krefl.

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 all stock. Let us 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 Atmosphere and Mainsprings.**  
"Your mainspring is broke," was the positive declaration of a jeweler to a young man as he entered and walked up to the counter, meanwhile probing for his watch. The young man hadn't said a word, so it is easy to imagine that he was astonished at having the cause of his being there thus promptly and positively foretold.  
"How did you guess it?" he asked when he recovered from his amazement. "Didn't guess it; I knew it," was the jeweler's reply—"that is, I could almost have sworn to it when I saw you feeling for your watch. I guessed then that something was the matter with that article, and having guessed that I was ready to bet twenty-five dollars to one dollar that it was the mainspring that was broke, and I'll tell you why: There's a certain time of the year when if I have two or three persons come to me with broken mainsprings I can make up my mind that I'll have twenty or thirty more of the same kind of customers within a very short time.  
"Now, it's just a week and a day ago that a man came to have a job of this kind done, and up to today I've had no less than twenty mainsprings to put in. They break voluntarily; atmospheric condition has something to do with it. Now, I'll put a new spring in your watch which I guarantee for a year. It may last two or three years, and, again, it may not last two days, one day, or an hour. You can't tell; they're liable to break any time, no matter how good quality they are. I've had new springs break right after I have put them in."—Buffalo Express.

**Attacked by a Rabid Coyote.**  
Alvino Alaniz, a Mexican ranchman of Rio Grande City, Tex., has undergone a fearful experience that will probably cost him his life. He was riding after cattle, and camped at night by a little creek that runs through a tangle of mesquite. He tethered his horse, cooked his supper, and was squatted by the fire smoking the inevitable cigarette when a mad coyote sprang upon him from the dark.

The little beast, with every hair standing on end and his jaws dropping foam, struck him full in the face and fastened its teeth in his nose. The animal tore Alaniz backward and he sprang at full length. He endeavored to defend himself with his hands, but to no avail. The coyote snapped his teeth through the skin in a half dozen places, and the face of the man was covered with blood. As he struggled to his feet, frenzied with terror, his assailant disappeared. The ranchman reached Rio Grande City the next morning and was treated, but extremely prostrated, and will probably die of hydrophobia.

Mad wolves and coyotes in southwestern Texas at this season are by no means uncommon. Three years ago G. C. Chamberlain, a son-in-law of the millionaire ranchman, Richard King, was attacked while on horseback by a mad wolf. He went to Paris as fast as steam could take him, was treated by Pasteur, and has not suffered any inconvenience.—Cor. Fort Worth Gazette.

Figures put forth by the superintendent of the census show that three-fourths of the people of the United States inhabit the districts where the annual rainfall is between thirty and fifty inches.

## Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. But the old Sarsaparilla contains 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 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 tea. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer tea 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 40c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

All ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine: events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the current of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy, and you notice the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and corset is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

**BEAUTY OF FEMALE INDUSTRY.**  
Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread through the reapers, or eating the parched corn under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the cross; Naomi had such one in Ruth, who cried out, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

**FROM DARKNESS TO DAY.**  
Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judea! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi, but here in my text is the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh! how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered and devils tormented and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pronounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy, you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry as the voice of God addressed you, saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered. A very dark evening in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!"

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to edge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have to be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle, but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use. But when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

**THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.**  
Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha: were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rocks, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell.

But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up to his feet like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

That song of love, now low and far. Ere long shall swell from star to star. That light, the breaking day which tips the golden spired Apocalypse.  
Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judea? Can you imagine anything more trifling than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet

plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity. But of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judea, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers. But I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are ways asleep when the sun goes down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Us; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

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**THE VALUE OF TROUBLE.**  
I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man. "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first strains of his keys. Misfortune and trials are great educators.

A young doctor comes into a sickroom where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question, but the years roll on and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sickroom, and with tearful eyes he looks at the dying child and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Greecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse, Pegasus, and often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. He crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom.

It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the pope's bull, and the cardinal's curse, and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim fathers—

When amid the storms they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea  
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood  
Rang to the anthems of the free.  
It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign despots that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates oppression, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

**THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP.**  
Again, I see in my text the beauty of un-faltering friendship. I suppose there were

## WE ARE ALL GLEANERS.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE MEETING OF BOAZ AND RUTH.

A Discourse Especially Appropriate to the Season of the Harvest Time—It Includes an Exhortation to All Regarding the Duty of Life.

GLENWOOD, Colo., Aug. 2.—A sermon, redolent with the breath of the vast harvest fields of the west, indicates that Dr. Talmage has found in the scenes through which he has been traveling and in his present surroundings, suggestions of Gospel lessons. His text is taken from Ruth ii, 3: "And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

Within a few weeks I have been in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and they are one great harvest field, and no season can be more enchanting in any country than the season of harvest.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the old custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up; that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to stoop to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and journeyed through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

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