

THE GATE OF SLEEP.

Lying between the dusk and dawn of night, Upon the borders of the sea of sleep, Lo, oft there cometh in the fading light The break of surges in the eternal deep.

AMERICA'S BEAU BRUMMEL.

Reminiscences of Colonel Richard Hickman, a Famous Character. Washington's most famous character, if selected by popular vote, would be decided to be Colonel Hickman, known the country over as Beau Brummel, the Prince of Bums.

TACT IS THE THING.

How a New York Boy Got a Position When Times Were Different from Today. Tact is one of the first qualifications of a business man, and the following little incident in the history of one of the most successful merchants shows a development of this trait early in his business career.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Germany bricklayers average \$200 a year. To make one pound of honey the bees must visit from 90,000 to 500,000 flowers. Don't try swimming in creeks where the water is two feet deep and the mud six feet.

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. C. NICKELSEN, DEALER IN SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, ORGANS, PIANOS, WATCHES, JEWELRY. Cor. Third and Washington Sts.

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

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.

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 & Kinnersly 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.)

At Hantsholm, on the coast of Jutland, in Denmark, from the lighthouse situated at that place, there is flashed nightly an electric light of 20,000,000 candle power. Mrs. Malaprop sometimes hits the nail on the head. It rained in torrents as she left church on Sunday morning without an umbrella. "How irrigating this is!" she cried. Gold and silver leather for very costly evening shoes, that show a pattern upon the metallic surface in place of the grain of the leather like silver silk, moire, diapering, etc., are worn.

Three Ways of Putting It. Harry came in from his play roaring like a little bull of Bashan. He cries so often and so easily that little anxiety is felt when he is heard screeching his hardest. On this occasion his mother said: "Well, well, Harry, what now?" "Oh, I have skint my knee." "Skint it, Harry?" "Oh, yes, yes! I was walking along and I fell down, and when I got up my knee was all skun up! Just see how it is skinded!"—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effeminate. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla 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.

BEECH'S TEA "Pure As Childhood." Price 50c per pound. For sale by Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

While strolling in the fields near a small hamlet not thirty miles from Rochester I came across an antiquated graveyard overgrown with ivy and mosses, the stones of which bore dates between 1796 and 1820. I scraped the mold from a few of the stones and brought to light these inscriptions. This one is modest: My body to the grave I give, My soul to God I hope is free; When this my children see, You do see, remember me. This, on a child's grave, is not without pathos: This lovely bud so young and fair, Cald hence by early doom, Just caught to show how sweet a flower in Paradise would bloom. This one also preserves the phonetic method: Youth like a morning flower, Cut down and withered in an hour. Notice the unexpected word division in these: To worlds of spirits I am gone, And left my friends behind to mourn. My body lies here in the dust, My soul is stationed with the best. Hark, my gay friends, to you my voice has been, Refrain from folly and forsake your sin; Still from the dead I fain would send my cries, Trust in the Saviour, don't His grace despise. This one is as good as any I have seen: A thousand ways cut short our days, None are exempt from death, A honeybee by stinging me, Did stop my mortal breath. —Rochester Union.

A Whiplasting Drum.

A novel machine called a whiplasting drum has been invented in Rhode Island for unloading lumber and other freight from vessels, and is found to be a great improvement on ordinary methods in the saving of time and labor. The machine has three drums which operate two derricks and a central line which runs to the hold of the vessel; the power is furnished by an electric motor of ten horse power, the capacity of the motor being 500 volts and making 1,600 revolutions to the minute. A belt connects the motor with the shaft which operates the drums, the power being transferred to the drums by what is called a paper friction; each drum is operated by a lever, and can be stopped in an instant. The motor is a self oiling machine, a drop of oil falling on the bearings every thirty seconds. When the lumber is drawn from the vessel, a large hook from the wharf derrick is attached, and the sticks are transferred in the most ready manner to any part of the yard. —New York Sun.

Queer Provisions.

The will of the Earl of Pembroke, of the English civil war notoriety, does not portray a mind exactly in the state it should be when he proceeds to say: "As regards my other horses, I bequeath them to my Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission he may still have some horses to command. Above all, put my body beneath the church porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and would not that I should be interred there where Colonel Pride was born."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Cold Day.

Gentleman (on railway train)—Pardon me, madam; is this seat beside you engaged? Lady (distantly)—I presume I can remove my satchel and bundles and make room; but the three seats behind me are entirely occupied. Gentleman—Yes, madam. Your open window is in front of them.—New York Weekly.

How Expensive Tea Is Selected.

Mr. F. K. Andrews writes to the London Times: "It may be interesting to some of your readers to know how the tea sold at almost fabulous prices is selected. Every chest of very fine Ceylon tea contains a great quantity of 'flowery Pekoe,' i. e., small golden tipped, undeveloped leaves. A tea of this description is usually sold at about four shillings a pound. A handful of such tea is spread on a piece of satin about 24 inches by 6 inches, the satin is then lightly folded and the tea lightly shaken to and fro half a dozen times, which process causes the fluffy tips to become entangled in the silk; the heavier black leaves are then shaken out. The flowery Pekoe thus obtained still has mixed with it some of the coarser leaves, so the process is repeated again and again until the product is quite golden and flossy. About half a pound may thus be obtained out of every chest of choice Ceylon tea.

Newspaper Enterprise Unappreciated.

You may talk about the necessity of newspaper enterprise, but what good comes of trying to originate something grateful and pleasing to the public when such a protest as the following meets the effort of a well known journal to print a more convenient sheet as well as a handsomer one? "Please use those large sheets again," writes a subscriber, "because they were so handy to do up bundles in. Mother and I quite miss them when we go to put away our winter cloaks and other clothing. Of course, I know they were a little harder to read, because they had to be turned, but just think how handy they were when it came to doing up bundles."—Macon Telegraph.

When Women Did the Grinding.

While women were milling they usually relieved the monotony of their work by singing songs of a lively and cheerful character. Ordinarily they prepared as much meal in the morning as would be required for the day. On this account Hebrew members associated the noise of the morning mill with prosperity and happiness. If, on the contrary, this work was performed in the evening, they imagined there was the sound of adversity and sadness in the notes of the song.—Detroit Free Press.

The causes of headache are many.

Some grave headaches are due to cerebral disease—meningitis, tumor, abscess, softening of the brain. In these cases there will be other symptoms pointing to the cause. Other causes are overfulness of the blood vessels, caused by the condition of the heart; a plethoric condition of the body; mental excitement. Such cases are marked by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beating in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

It is imagination, rather than reason, that distinguishes man from brute; and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

No age is so old fashioned as childhood. That childhood was happy may be one of the illusions which is fostered, if not engendered, by lapse of time. Of the happiness of second childhood there can be no question.

Humboldt calculated the mean level of North America to be 748 feet above the sea, and he found that in 4,500,000 years the whole of North America might be worn down to the sea level.

The young careworn of Russia has been a most industrious student, and is now one of the best informed men of his age in Eastern Europe. He is especially well versed in the higher sciences.

A Bull Fight with Fun in It.

In ordinary accounts of bull fights you hear of the sickening sight of disembowelled horses and bleeding men and butchered bulls. This went on with ever changing fun, shouts and laughter, but no one was either hurt or got the coarctates. Whoever thinks it is merely a joke to go down into one of these enormous arenas and smatch the tiny rossete from between the horns of a beast who has been trained all his life to keep him from getting it, will find that he has a large piece of work cut out for him. For fun a Provencal bull fight beats a pantomime.

For danger and expertness it is far ahead of anything I ever saw. As it goes on every Sunday in the summer time all over Provence, Frenchmen regard it as too common an affair to be worth description. Foreigners, never going there at the proper season—the summer and autumn—never or scarcely ever see it. And even down in La Camargue, on the banks of the Rhone, in little towns, all of which save Aigues-Mortes are unknown, the courses, like baseball matches, are held every fete day. They are the sport of the people, and have much more character in the small towns.—Joseph Pennell in Century.

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Self Possession Is a Strong Trait.

There is nothing like self possession in all emergencies. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a handsome board in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she assumed the liquid to be a sauce piquante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts.

In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been. The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then, with a little air of not having everything quite to her liking, she looked up and down the table and signaled the waitress: "The lime juice, please," she said nonchalantly, as if salad without lime juice were an unobtainable dish. This bit of address, at once set her in a niche among the company as an epicure of occult and unquestioned knowledge.—Her Points of View in New York Times.

Pretty Stingy. The Augusta Journal tells of a deaf man there who is too stingy to buy an ear trumpet or much of anything else and is notorious for his niggardly traits. The other day he went into a meat room and wanted to know how much he could purchase a certain soup bone for. The proprietor is a generous fellow and replied, "Oh, I'll give you this." Then the old man with his hand on his ear exclaimed, "Can't you take a little off from that?" Poor old fellow, he hadn't heard, and the dealer taking pity on him said, "Yes, call it ten cents."

He Was a Specialist. Miss Mabel (to young M. D.)—And what particular branch of the profession do you practice chiefly, Dr. Shinyseam? Dr. Shinyseam (a little sadly)—At present, Miss Mabel, I am making a specialty of vaccination cases.—New York Times.