

INSECTS THAT EAT CURIOS.

How the Officers of the Smithsonian Institution Combat Foes.

Bugs are a source of much anxiety and annoyance to the curators of birds and mammals at the Smithsonian institution and in the National museum.

If a stuffed "specimen" is thoroughly poisoned with arsenic when it is prepared there is little or no danger that it will ever be attacked, but the collections in charge of Secretary Langley are gathered together from all parts of the world and very many of the contributions are not properly protected in this respect.

So they are for awhile, and then, the spices having lost their strength, the enemy begins to get in its work.

Three kinds of insects threaten the stuffed collections. One is the familiar moth, which eats the feathers or hair down to the skin and leaves unsightly bald patches.

Of course it is understood that these three bugs do all the damage in the larva stage of their being—that is, while they are yet worms.

The best remedy, or preventive, known is bisulphide of carbon; but it has so horrible a smell that Curator Ridgway will not use it for keeping the birds under his charge.

A great many things besides beasts and birds at the National museum have to be protected from insects; for example, the costumes of all nations and other dry goods of every kind, which afford an agreeable diet for devouring bugs.

We are often asked for a cure for headache. A certain wise physician classes headaches among the ailments which have baffled his profession.

No one could answer yes. The shops contain nostrums enough, but did any one ever find himself more than temporarily relieved by them?

Nature, unaided, sometimes effects a permanent cure by the changes which the system undergoes in the process of time. Persons who have been subject to headache are often more or less fully relieved after about the age of fifty.

"And do they wear them on their thumbs?" "Yes, miss, and they are right pretty, too."

"Certainly," he replied, and stooped low over the pink tipped fingers, slipping on a tiny circlet of pearls.

"It doesn't look so bad, after all," said she. "You see the band is so narrow and the pearls so small that the effect is not awkward, as I expected it would be. I'll take that one."

A Narrow Escape from the Gallows. James Johnston, who murdered his wife and four children at Ballarat, and was condemned to death, was respited by telegram ten minutes before the time of execution on the ground of insanity.

Silly Gossip. Maud—Is it true that you are in love with Mr. Bullion? Clara—Mercy no. I'm only engaged to him.—New York Weekly.

MARRIED BY SQUIRES.

JUSTICES WHO TIE THE KNOT FOR LOVING COUPLES.

Funny Stories Gathered in Justices' Offices—Young People Prefer a Civil Marriage Because It Is Free from Formality and Is Less Expensive.

Hundreds of couples are each year united by the justices of the peace of St. Louis. It is almost surprising to what extent people seek this form of civil marriage.

"What is the reason that so many people prefer a court marriage to a religious one?" was asked Squire Frank Spaulding.

"I think that in the majority of cases it is because it is so free from formality. There is no time lost in making the couple man and wife. The form prescribed by the statute does not take more than half a minute to go through with.

"Do they always have money for the fee?" "In nearly every case. When they haven't I always make it my duty to marry them anyway."

"What do they usually give to the magistrate?" "Oh, it varies. The law prescribes a fee, but people give different prices. Usually it is five dollars.

"When I was with Squire Taft at Eleventh and Franklin avenue, we used to have a great many ludicrous incidents. We had so many marriages there that the place got to be known as the 'marriage corner'.

"As soon as he pronounced them man and wife the young girl threw up her hands and fell into a chair in dismay.

"Do you have many runaway couples call upon you?" "Not as many as the public generally imagine. They are generally from out of the city, and are tired and weary with the journey and excitement when they arrive.

"A minute later they had been pronounced man and wife. The groom laughed merrily over his falling asleep, and at the conclusion of the ceremony said, 'I don't know which refreshed me the most, going to sleep or getting married.'"

"The funniest incident I know of was the groom that forgot his bride's first name. It wasn't long before we had that fixed, however, and they went on their way rejoicing."

"Have you ever followed up the after-lives of couples you have married?" "No; but about half of them follow me up. The general impression of the poorer classes is that a man who can marry them can also unmarry them. I should say that fully five out of every ten couples I marry come around again and want a divorce.

"I remember a couple I married a short time ago. They went off on a bridal trip to Illinois, and had a quarrel about two days after the marriage. The husband left, vowing he was coming back and get the marriage certificate, and by tearing it up break off the marriage. The wife telegraphed to me not to give him the certificate. They made up later, and are now living happily together.

"Squire Taft used to make 'kiss the bride part of the ceremony. One day a young fellow and a woman of about sixty came in, and when, after the ceremony, the squire said, 'Kiss the bride, she revolted. 'I'm too old for that,' she said. The squire insisted that it was part of the ceremony and she was not married unless it was done, so she finally yielded."—St. Louis Republic

A CHILD IN THE LIONS' CAGE.

Awful Ordeal of a Lion Keeper in the Employ of the Khedive of Egypt.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land," said an acquaintance of the potoorious ruler, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day, while walking with his highness in the garden, the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions.

"The khedive and I walked toward the cage to watch the beasts eat. They were hungry, and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the cage, with her hands resting on the bars, was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the enclosure.

"Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?" the khedive asked of the keeper.

"Oh," replied the keeper, "they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her."

"Then open the door and put her inside," said the khedive.

"My blood froze at the command, for I could not. I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes an appeal for mercy.

"The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest roared and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily the father did not see the beast.

"The khedive alone was unmoved, and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. The lion went up to the child, smelled of her, looked at her for fully half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, and each second I expected them to spring, but they did not.

"The khedive by this time was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled, the keeper caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so, every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"Take out the child," the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm, walked on."

There are 14,000 bakers in London, of whom 5,000 are foreigners, mostly Germans. Foremen bakers get from five dollars to eight dollars a week, second hands from four dollars to five dollars a week, third hands from two dollars to three dollars a week.

The majority of the bakerhouses are miserable underground cellars, overrun with roaches, mice and other vermin. The cellars are so ill ventilated and so unhealthily that the bakers are subject to a number of special diseases, all of which may be communicated to the consumers of the bread they make.

The prescience of fame is very infrequent. The village gazes in wonder at the return of the famous man who was born on the farm under the hill, and whose latent greatness nobody suspected; while the youth who printed verses in the corner of the county paper, and drew the fascinated glances of palpitating maidens in the meeting house, and seemed to the farmers to have associated himself at once with Shakespeare and Tupper and the great literary or "literary folks," never emerges from the poet's department in the paper in which unconsciously and forever he has been cornered.

Francois is an excellent servant, and always sits up for his master. One night Viscount de B—, Francois' master, came home from his club at 3 o'clock in the morning. He found his faithful valet in the bedroom, reclining fast asleep on the sofa near the fire.

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Prof. of Yale has confessed to a superstition. It consists of putting on and taking off his clothes in a regular way. The right shoe, the right leg of his trousers, the right sleeve to shirt or coat, are always put on first, because of a foolish idea that somehow or other mishaps would follow favoring the left shoes, sleeves and legs in such a way.

She Is Turning to Bone.

Mrs. Mollie Hughes, a highly respected widow lady, living near Camerillo, Ida., is afflicted with a unique and most distressing disease.

The disease was first noticed in 1888 when Mrs. Hughes was Miss Duychink, of Canyon Rapids. At that time only a single finger was affected. Within a month after the time when Miss Duychink first noticed the numbness and stiffness of the finger it had been accidentally broken off while she was asleep.

The incident gave the girl no pain, there being neither blood, nerves or flesh left in the diseased member, but it excited the alarm of the family, who called in a physician. The broken stump of the finger was amputated back to where the living flesh set on, and everything was thought to be all right. Soon the flesh, muscles, arteries, veins and nerves on her hands, fingers and arms became as hard and feelingless as the finger had been before it was broken off.

Next the awful malady extended to the elbows, the forearms becoming as white and clear as alabaster. Within the year the toes and the end of the nose and ear tips showed a like color and rigidity. The process of ossification has now been going on nearly five years, and the attending physicians say that it is only a matter of time when the entire body of the poor victim will be a solid bone. It is a rare disease, and the pathology of it is little understood.—St. Louis Republic.

Paraffine from Peat.

A new industry that is flourishing in Brazil is the distillation of paraffine from a peculiar kind of peat, which is found in great beds. This peat is rich in paraffine, and the distilled product is used in the manufacture of candles.

An Augusta (Me.) druggist owns a cat which can tell the difference between a one dollar bill and a five dollar bill, and drinks her milk through a straw.

Memorial Day has been observed with increased impressiveness ever since 1868, and the day is a legal holiday in most of the northern states east of the Mississippi river.

The biggest day's receipts in the history of the Brooklyn bridge was taken on April 30, 1889, the day of the centennial anniversary celebration. They amounted to \$5,018.80.

Luther Holt, of East Exeter, Me., while walking in the woods near his home lay down to rest in the shade of the roots of a large overturned tree. Workmen, not knowing of his presence, chopped the trunk from the roots, which when released flew back into place, imprisoning Holt beneath them. He was dead before he could be released.

The May musical festival at Lincoln, Neb., was by the unanimous request of the Oratorio society conducted by Mrs. V. M. Raymond. For the past five years she has trained all the choruses.

Old People.

J. V. S. is the only Sarsaparilla that old or feeble people should take, as the internal rot which is in every other Sarsaparilla, and which is under certain conditions known to be emanating. J. V. S. on the contrary is purely vegetable and stimulates digestion and creates new blood, the very thing for old, delicate or broken down people. It builds them up and prolongs their lives. A case in point:

Mrs. Belden an estimable and elderly lady of 610 Mason St., S. F. was for months declining so rapidly as to seriously alarm her family. It got so bad that she was finally afflicted with fainting spells. She writes: "While in that dangerous condition I saw some of the testimonials concerning J. V. S. and sent for a bottle. That marked the turning point. I regained my lost flesh and strength and have not felt so well in years."

If you are old or feeble and want to be built up. Ask for Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. Sole Importers, most effective, largest bottle, 60c; price, \$1.00, six for \$5.00. 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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Keeps on hand a full line of MEN'S AND YOUTH'S Ready-Made Clothing.

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R. O. EVANS is now running a steam Ferry between Hood River and White Salmon. Charges reasonable. R. O. Evans, Prop.