

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

Health is Wealth!

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.

Phil Willig,

124 UNION ST., THE DALLES, OREGON.

The Dalles Cigar : Factory,

FIRST STREET.

FACTORY NO. 105.

CIGARS of the Best Brands manufactured, and orders from all parts of the country filled on the shortest notice.

The reputation of THE DALLES CIGAR has become firmly established, and the demand for the home manufactured article is increasing every day.

A. ULRICH & SON.

How to Kill the Rose Bug.

The editor of the Rural New Yorker announces that he has just discovered a sure way of killing the rose bug or rose chaffer without injury to foliage. The bug has increased rapidly in the last few years and has devastated thousands of vineyards. The editor says:
Experiments made during the present week prove that this insect cannot survive a temperature of over 120 degs. Fahrenheit. The next step was to ascertain if this method of destruction could be put to an easy, practicable use. Water was heated to 170 degs. and poured into a pail. A small hand forcepump, with eight feet of hose and a half inch iron tube of five feet (thirteen feet in all), terminating with a cyclone nozzle, was then used to force the water upon the rose chafers of the magnolia flowers, in one of which there were not less than 150 of them. The first spray upon the beetles was shown by the thermometer to be 120 degs.
The rose bugs receiving the direct spray were dead in about one minute. The others recovered. The temperature of the water was then raised so that the mercury rose to 140 degs. when the thermometer was placed within two inches of the nozzle. This was sprayed into a partly open magnolia flower containing fifty or more beetles. All were almost instantly killed. Neither foliage nor flowers were injured.

No More Free Paper.

The Western Union Telegraph company has recently adopted a new style of telegraph blanks. The new blank has printing on the back. The saving to the company through this change will be enormous. The old time blanks, with which every one is familiar, had a printed heading, but the back was clear, on which account the public became accustomed to using telegraph blanks for memorandum paper. I have seen men deliberately step into a telegraph office and take a pad of blanks off the counter to carry away for use elsewhere and otherwise than for sending messages. Newspaper reporters and correspondents used large quantities of the blanks for copy. It was smooth faced paper, and the sizing was well adapted to the use of a pen. Hereafter the public will not be accommodated in this respect as the rules of the company are printed on the backs of all blanks, and there is no surface for writing anything but messages.—New York Press.

Cotton in China.

In China previous to the Eleventh century cotton was rare and precious, and a cotton robe was deemed a fitting gift for an emperor. It was grown only in gardens, and Chinese poets sang the beauty of its flowers. It was early known in Arabia, for its name, "cotton," is derived from an Arabic word.—Harper's Young People.

SICK

Head-Aches.

Sick-headaches are the outward indications of derangements of the stomach and bowels. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation of Sarsaparilla, it is seen why it is the only appropriate Sarsaparilla in sick-headaches. It is not only appropriate; it is a positive cure. After a course of it an occasional dose at intervals will forever prevent return.

Wm. M. Cox, of 735 Turk Street, San Francisco, writes: "I have been troubled with attacks of sick-headaches for the last three years from one to three times a week. Some time ago I bought two bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla and have only had one attack since and that was on the second day after I began using it."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood"

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 50c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

The Tradeless People of Paris.

In a great city like Paris there are thousands of persons who have no trade or profession, and who are obliged to resort to all sorts of tricks to get their daily bread. Some manage to accomplish this feat honestly, while others work unscrupulously upon the credulity of their fellows. Vauvilliers and catachists repeatedly exercise their wit at the expense of the unfortunate ones whom necessity forces into strange and improbable callings. Doubtless these wits often exaggerate the reality, but the fact remains that there are quantities of poor wretches here who really get their living by pursuing the queerest and most ingenious occupations.

The Best Lighted City in the World.

Paris is now on the eve of a revolution in her lighting system. Gas lighting was first introduced in England, but Paris followed in good time and with a splendor unequalled elsewhere. In like manner America, Germany and some other countries have been earlier in the use of electric lighting, but the Parisians with their superior taste and skill in all matters of municipal arrangements and appointments, are destined to make by far the most brilliant use of the new illuminant.

Women as Physicians.

Kindred to Esculapian were those first women physicians, Circe and Medea, but while the former is attached to the name of Esculapian, Medea and Circe are regarded with suspicion as enchantresses, dealers in poisonous drugs and using their knowledge of medicine to further their own perverse ends. Instead of following a legitimate business, as men would do, they spent their time mixing love philters and practicing all kinds of sorcery and mischief. There are those who claim that Circe and Medea are the types of women physicians, and that whenever women have engaged in the healing art, whether in ancient or medieval times, they have always abused the privilege and degraded the profession by connecting with it some magic or witchcraft.

The Caves of Corsica.

Travelers and scientists are greatly interested in the recent discovery of wonderful caves on the island of Corsica. A miner who undertook to explore them a few weeks ago found it impossible to do so. He discovered various small caves close together which led to a mammoth cave some distance from the original openings. The roof of the main cave was covered with a sixty and seventy feet high. After traveling underground for some time he came upon an immense lake, which made further progress impossible.

"The Pig of the Bushes."

In Ireland the lizard is called "aire luichair," which, literally translated, means "the pig of the bushes." It is held in great esteem for its curative powers. When caught the person who is anxious to receive the curative power takes the aire luichair in his hand and licks the creature all over—head, feet, belly, legs, sides and tail—and the tongue of the person who thus licks the aire luichair is said to ever afterward possess the power of taking the pain and sting out of a burn.

Killed a Joint Snake.

Linton Richardson, of Eastwell, killed a joint snake recently. It was about two feet long, and had a horn on its tail. Upon handling it after it was killed it became disjointed. The joints were two inches long.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

GIVE GEORGE A CHANCE.

HE WAS A BIG MAN IN HIS DAY EVEN IF HE IS FORGOTTEN.

An Incident in a Building Which Was Once the Headquarters of the Father of His Country—An Example of the Changes That Time Makes.

Away down on Broad street there is a building in which great men used to meet, but which they keep away from now. In it met stately George Clinton, the no less stately General Knox, and there General Hamilton drank wine or coffee with Burr long before they met on the fields above Weehawken. Thomas Jefferson sat and discussed politics in that very house with Robert Morris and Edmund Randolph, and if they did not always agree it did not matter for the moment.

In the same days at odd times a great, dignified figure would sometimes appear in an upper room of this very house. This man had a large head, not all swelled, and large feet, too, for that matter. He stood head and shoulders above the rest, and in staleness surpassed them all. He drank his rum and water with relish or else he took wine that was really good with that enjoyment that is felt by the man who knows the worth of good vintage. A dark looking man was near to attend to every desire of this stately man.

The other habitues of the house treated the dark man with familiarity. They addressed him as "Sam," and called on him from time to time to hotly pursue his boys from the taproom below to the room above with the tankards and the crackers and cheese that were ordered. The stately man was treated with reverence. Hats were off and tongues were still when he spoke, which was seldom. They called him "General," and in his presence contentious minds forgot to dispute.

The HEADQUARTERS TODAY.

For this was General Washington, and the dark attendant was "Black Sam" Frauncees, and the house was "Frauncees' tavern."

The other day a newspaper man who still finds something to admire in Washington visited this old tavern that, until a little over a year ago, still bore on its wall a sign that designated it as "Washington's Headquarters." The sign is not there now. The old wainscoting is gone from the taproom on the lower floor. The stairs that Washington and Jefferson, John Adams, Hamilton and the rest of them used in their day are torn down, and a bar, over which schooners of beer are sold by a stolid German gentleman, stands where it did.

You approach the "long room," sacred to Washington and his officers, by an entrance, on one side of which is a cheap barber shop, on the other signs to the effect that you can get "lodgings for gentlemen only," also liver and bacon, sauerkraut, kidney stew and other dishes of the kind for practically nothing.

These delicacies are served in what was known as the "Long Room," where Washington and his generals met in their day. If Washington and some of the stately men of his day could now visit this room at that hour of the day when kidney stew is most rampant they might be a trifle shocked.

A July Episode.

He stood before the shop window gazing at the display of fireworks, with big, bright eyes. He was a little fellow, about seven or eight years old, and below the usual size for his age. After he had stood there long enough to count all the packs of firecrackers and imagined the grand time he could have with even a dozen of these noisy red sticks, he turned away with a tiny, wistful sigh, and walked up to a fruit stand that was close by.

"Give me one yer bestest oranges an a peach," he said. The Italian looked at him; first at the dirty little face, then down at the bare feet, blue from the cold pavement and blackened with mud. The little fellow felt the contempt in the look given him, and drawing himself up with all the dignity worthy of a perfectly dressed gentleman, extended a silver ten cent piece and said: "I got the money. Come, hurry up, now; my time's valuable."

He received the orange and peach, which he tucked into the pockets of his ragged trousers without taking a bite. Just then another small street arab came on the scene.

"What's yer been gotten—firecrackers?" he asked in eager tones.

"Naw," replied the other. "Me little sister's sick, an' the dispensary doctor says she ain't a-goin' ter see no Fourth, so I thought I'd give 'er a kinder s'prise picnic afore th' Fourth comes."

"An' yer not goin' ter have no firecrackers?" ejaculated the other boy.

"Course not," was the reply, and the noble little fellow marched off whistling "Comrades" in a trembling key, which betrayed that the victory over self indulgence had been a hard won battle.—New York Advertiser.

A Secularist "Christening."

On Sunday evening, at the Hall of Science in London, G. W. Foote, president of the National Secular Society, performed a ceremony which has of late become almost obsolete among Free-thinkers—"the naming of infants," to wit: The parents appeared on the platform with their child, a baby of three months. Mr. Foote briefly explained that the custom of publicly naming children, which had been frequently observed by Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant and other Secularist lecturers, was in no sense intended to be a travesty of any religious function. If parents desired their offspring to be publicly identified with the Free-thought party, there was no reason why this should not be done.

Then Mr. Foote, having kissed the baby with due solemnity, named it "Carlisle Bradlaugh Owen Golding." The first of this portentous string of "given names" is derived from Richard Carlisle, who suffered ten years of imprisonment early in this century for asserting the right of free publication. Mr. Foote expressed a hope that, when the child became old enough to understand the significance of the names he bears, he may prove worthy of them.—Cor. Public Opinion.

Coal in a River.

During the several freshets which have occurred in the Susquehanna river the past spring a vast amount of "culm" from the anthracite coal fields floated down the river with the debris coming out of the North Branch and its tributaries. Large quantities of this culm or coal dirt, which was washed from the huge banks of that material at the coal breakers, lodged at the heads of the several islands opposite and above the city, and recently parties have secured tons of it by digging it out of the sand and screening it, producing a good quality of pea and chestnut coal for boiler use.

A Dog's Sympathy.

Saturday afternoon a case of remarkable sympathy on the part of a dog was witnessed on Church street, near the postoffice. A small dog strayed out into the street and was run over by a passing vehicle. He was not permanently crippled, but appeared hurt across the back, and at first lay howling and squirming in the street. Another dog of an entirely different breed was standing on the sidewalk when the accident occurred. Promptly he went to the assistance of his injured companion, and by pushing him with his nose aided him in rising, and then escorted him to the sidewalk with every possible demonstration of sympathetic interest, and stood by him until the partly paralyzed animal was able to hobble off. Persons who witnessed it expressed astonishment at the unusual spectacle.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

To Keep Insects Off from Trees.

The tying of a piece of wool round a tree stem to keep down the bugs and vermin is a poor idea, because it is based on the supposition that all these nuisances ascend from the ground, whereas, in most instances, the eggs are laid in the foliage above the supposed guard. The only actual preventive involves a delicate operation, which, however, can be successfully performed by a man with a steady hand. It consists in boring a small hole in the tree near the ground and filling it with sulphur. The sap carries this over the tree and there will be few insects settle or crawl on any part of it. The spring is the best time to do this, but with a strong healthy tree it can be done now with perfect safety.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seats a Hundred Francs.

Three hundred seats at a hundred francs per seat, and all of them filled! This, briefly, was the result of the recent ultra fashionable charity performances given by the Duchesse d'Uze. The great feature of the entertainment was a magic lantern display by a noble amateur, whose highly original slides are still the talk of aristocratic Paris.—London Figaro.