

# 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.

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# 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.

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Keeps on hand a full line of  
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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.

**A New Railroad Joint.**  
A piece of metal, weighing about forty pounds, that looked like a nickel plated section of a railroad track, has been exhibited in Pittsburg. It is a model of the Roulson railroad joint. The patent joint consists of three pieces, a solid heavy bottom plate and two sides plated with lugs or flanges fitting into slots in the plate and locking under the projections of the T rail. It is claimed to be a perfect self locking joint, and for all temporary occasions is safe enough, but when put in permanently there are two bolts passing through the rails and the side plates.  
The joint is expected to take the place of the splice bars in use on most of the roads at present. It is claimed for the new joint that it not only makes the rail 60 per cent. stronger at the joint than at any other place, but also that it will prove cheaper than the old splice, as there is less metal used in pieces. The splice bars are made of iron, but the new joints are of soft steel.—New York Telegram.

**Ammonia as a Motive Power.**  
A most successful test has been made of the use of ammonia as a motive power to displace steam. The test was the first that has ever been made on a marine engine, and the trial was most satisfactory. An ammonia engine plant has been fitted out on the tug E. W. Hartley, which made a trip up and down the river, subjecting the new scheme to a practical test. Its workings are novel and interesting, not only to the mechanical and scientific circles, but also to the laymen of the industrial world.  
An ordinary engine can be converted into an ammonia engine simply by the addition of a "generator," which is much like a boiler. Steam is used simply for the purposes of heating the aqua ammonia in the generator. The heated ammonia expels a gas, leaving a weak solution of ammonia in the bottom of this boilerlike affair. When, by raising the temperature of the ammonia, sufficient power is generated, the throttle valve is opened and the gas passes into the cylinder of the engine and propels the piston rod in every way the same as steam.  
It is here exhausted the same as steam, but at this point the gas is cooled and conducted back to the generator. Before it reaches the latter vessel it is carried by a "spray coil" to a point where the gas comes in contact with the ammonia solution which has been rejected from the generator, and here the solution is recharged by absorption and by the natural affinity existing between water and ammonia.  
By this means the same body of ammonia is used constantly, exhausting itself only to be recharged with new life and to be returned to the generator. The same is true of the water used. The steam in the generator imparts its heat to the ammonia and is thereby condensed and carried back to the boiler to be used again. In the ammonia engine there is absolutely no waste.—Philadelphia Record.

**CLEVER PARIS ROGUES.**  
METHODS ADOPTED BY FRENCH THIEVES TO SECURE BOOTY.  
Crooks That Act with Surpassing Skill and Cunning—The Success Which Attends Their Efforts Is Due to Their Wonderful Tact—Some Examples.  
Unless some means can be found for counteracting the ingenuity of the Paris swindler it seems clear that the French capital will quite outdo London and New York as the favorite home of the chevalier d'industrie.  
That the Paris thieves have earned their reputation may be inferred from the fact that their slang is among the most rich in words and phraseology.  
Le bonjourier, for instance, is the man who knocks at your door early in the morning, and if he hears no reply will come in and take the toquante, or "tucker," or whatever else he can find upon your table and mantelshelf. Watches, however, may be stolen at all hours by the bonjourier, and this is only one of his devices to gain possession of your property. A very good story is told of his own expense by one of our judges. He was trying a case in which a witness swore that he could not fix the exact time of a particular event because he had left his watch at home accidentally. The counsel was rather skeptical about this, whereupon the judge said: "There is nothing unusual in that. Why, only this morning I left my watch on the dressing table and did not recollect it till, before entering the court, I wanted to find out the time." When the judge got home he found that a messenger had visited the house, mentioned the judge's forgetfulness, described where the watch was and asked for it to take to the owner. Then the judge remembered what he had said in open court.

**THE SNUFFBOX TRICK.**  
The sans chagrin, or "griffless one," goes into a shop and has brought out before him a quantity of different articles. He then feigns epilepsy, and with the aid of a bit of soap he foams at the mouth. He has for accomplices a learned Aesculapius, who comes in, accompanied by a friend. During the fit of epilepsy the friend and the Aesculapius are ransacking the till or otherwise earning their livelihood.  
The coup de la tabatiere, or snuffbox trick, is still occasionally resorted to, but that ingenious race of traders, the French female shopkeepers, are exceedingly suspicious of gentlemen who are addicted to the practice of "taking a pinch" in their presence. One of them has recently been victimized in an artistic style by a swindler of this sort. He was accoutered in garments suitable to the age and character of a person devoted to snuffing, and had all the appearance of having attained at least his sixtieth year. He called for watches and chains, and spoke incidentally of his granddaughter, for whom he purposed on a future occasion to buy a wedding present at the same shop. He then selected one of the watches and one of the chains—not a very costly one—put them on and inspected himself in the looking glass at the other end of the shop.  
Returning to the counter he expressed his satisfaction to the merchant, and taking out his snuffbox further testified to his feelings of gratification by indulging in a good pinch. While the box was in his hands it seemed polite to offer it to the lady, who did not, however, happen to be an admirer of the brown dust. She had hardly declined the offer when the whole contents of the box were thrown in her eyes, and before she could recover from the shock the would be sexagenarian was careering along the street at a pace which would have done honor to a Paris gamin or street boy.

**A Narrow Escape.**  
One morning as the accommodation rushed into Macoupin station, Macoupin county, on the Chicago and Alton, the engineer saw at a distance what he supposed was a white dog on the track, but when nearly on it what was his horror to discover that it was a little child about four years old playing in the center of the track. Reversing his engine and putting on the airbrakes, he endeavored to stop in time to save the little one. In the meantime the child, who was apparently down on its hands and knees, looked up and saw the huge monster almost upon it. Terrified, the little one did the best it could. Instead of attempting to rise and run it crouched down flat and hid its head close to the ground. The engine and one car passed over it before the train was stopped, and on taking the child out it was found that with the exception of three fingers of one hand being cut off at the ends it was otherwise uninjured. The engineer, Barker, was so unstrung by the accident that he retired to a car while his fireman was running the train as it passed through Brighton.—Hillsboro (Ill.) Journal.

**Hail Knocks a Mule's Eye Out.**  
It is a very ordinary thing to hear of hailstones breaking window glass and stripping trees and plants, but it isn't every hailstone that can knock out a mule's eye. A colored man named Ed Johnson, who farms about five miles north of the city, was in town with a lot of produce. His wagon was drawn by a mule, and one of the mule's eyes was knocked out. A stream of water constantly trickling from the socket indicated that the injury was of recent occurrence. Johnson said that one day the eye was knocked out by a hailstone. He was plowing in a field when a sudden storm came up. He unhitched the mule so as to hurry to shelter and gave the horse a jerk. The mule threw up its head, and as it did so a big hailstone plunked it in the eye and destroyed the eyeball.—Charlotte (N. C.) News.

**A Strong Electric Shock.**  
A startling electrical display occurred in front of a store on Pearl street, Albany, one evening. A boy caught hold of the iron hoisting bar of the awning and tried to raise himself up in order to look into the window. There is an electric light in front, and the iron frame of the awning became connected with it. In an instant flashes of electricity flew out of the boy's feet with detonations like a pack of crackers. He was completely charged with the fluid and could not let go his hold. A bystander caught hold of him and pulled him away, but in doing so received a shock himself and was knocked into the street. The boy was dazed and stunned, but was soon restored, and walked to his home apparently uninjured. The voltage which passed through him was about 2,500.—Chicago Herald.

**The Tallest Man in Illinois Dead.**  
John Lohman, the tallest man in the state, died in Tazewell county recently after a brief sickness, aged seventy-five years. Mr. Lohman was raised in North Carolina, and "had to stand on his toes to see the sun shine over the great hills there in the morning." This is what he used to tell inquisitive people who asked what made him so tall, he being 6 ft. 9 in. in his stockings.—Carthage (Ills.) Record.

**A Close Call.**  
Thirty-six freight cars passed over five-year-old Eddie Quinther at East Buffalo, but, strange to say, his only injury is a slight cut on the head. He was standing on the track and was struck by the train, which was drawn by a switch engine. It having no towcatcher, he was pushed beneath the standing board and lay in the center of the track while the entire train passed over him.—Buffalo Times.

**A Dear Bite.**  
An attempt was recently made at San Francisco to smuggle \$50,000 worth of opium through the custom house, concealed inside of bananas. A custom house officer saw a particularly fine looking bunch and thought he would try one, when he discovered, at the first bite, the trick that put \$25,000 into his pocket.—Journal do Comercio.

**Car Horses Branded on the Hoof.**  
A young man who has just written a successful play was leaning on his cane in company with an actor—an English importation—watching the passing show on the Broadway side of the Morton House when, after a silence of several minutes, the playwright said:  
"Do you see anything peculiar about the Broadway car horses?"  
"Nay, nay! Would'st try to guy me?" said the actor.  
"Look at their hoofs and tell me if they are not branded."

The actor sized the animals up, and a reporter, who was standing near enough to hear the conversation, did the same, and discovered the number 369 on the forward left foot of one of the horses. The figures were about half an inch long and had evidently been just burned into the hoof.  
Superintendent Newell of the Broadway line, who was seen at his office in the barns at Fifth street and Seventh avenue later in the day, said in relation to the reporter's question concerning the branding of the hoofs of the horses:  
"Yes, we have been doing this for some time now. The idea occurred to me several years ago, and we find it very satisfactory."

"What was your object in branding them?"  
"Simply to keep track of what each horse was doing. We keep the accounts of each horse now the same as we do of any man in our employ. It benefits us in a thousand ways. We know just how many days a horse works, how many days it has been sick and, in short, everything it does. It enables us to keep such a minute knowledge of their work that we know just what condition they are in, and if they are not all right we keep them in the barn."  
"Couldn't you do that if you gave them names instead of numbers?"  
"We have 2,000 horses in our employ," was the reply, "and there is a limit to names, unless you go back into ancient history.—New York Advertiser."

**The Dog on the Farm.**  
A farmer once told the Listener that there was nothing in the world that would keep crows out of a field of young corn except a living man or good sized boy with a gun. He had tried all manner of scarecrows that ever were invented, and hung strings about in all sorts of ways, and the wise birds came in and pulled up the corn just the same. There was once a time, when people first thought about it, when a white string around a field would keep out crows—they thought it was a trap. But it took the whole tribe only a year or two to see through this device.  
A dead crow hung up by the feet will scare away some crows—no doubt females, of a superstitious turn of mind—but it won't keep off the canny old agnostics among them. A farmer whom the Listener knows once had a shepherd dog who, at the command "Go down and keep the crows out of the cornfield," would take charge of the field and keep away every bird of them effectually. Dogs, especially collies, might be trained easily to perform this duty, though occasionally, no doubt, the crows would divide their forces and give the dog more work than he could do. Few of our farmers, by the way, realize the amount of help in their work that they can get out of a good dog.—Boston Transcript.

**The Secret of His Power.**  
In a recent book of memoirs we find this entertaining glimpse of Lord Normanby and his theory of the influence of the splendors of masculine dress upon the female sex: "Meeting him one day at dinner at Fulham the subject of women's appreciation of aristocratic simplicity came up. The ladies of course declared that there was nothing they admired so much. After listening for some time, Lord Normanby said: 'I totally disagree with you. I believe that women have no appreciation of simplicity in dress, nor in anything else. I believe that the more a man bedizens himself with velvet, satin, gold chains, rings on his fingers and varnished boots, the more they admire him.'  
"For example, for seven years I carried a cane which I felt was a degradation to me. It was a brown cane; the poire (upper part) was made entirely of turquoises; it was a most disreputable cane. It was given to me. So long as I carried that cane I was all powerful. Every woman succumbed the moment she saw that cane they felt there was wealth, splendor etc. I lost it. From that hour my power ceased, and I have never regained it."

**Commend the Good Points.**  
There was a girl a few months ago who seemed to be made a new person by just changing her school, although the school she left was, upon the whole, a very good one, but her old teacher, a strict and conscientious lady, could not be at all indulgent toward the faults and defects of this particular girl.  
The new teacher bore with them easily, and thus soon discovered the good qualities hitherto concealed. From being constantly reproved, the girl found herself valued, liked, commended, and it made a new girl of her. Like the man of Frederick Douglass, whose boots were blacked, she felt that she must avoid her disagreeable ways.  
Almost any observant and experienced teacher can call to mind similar instances, where the acquisition of a reasonable self love seemed to lift an unpleasant character out of the mire of low propensities and offensive habits.—Youth's Companion.

**An Orchestra of Five Hundred.**  
Five hundred was the strength of the orchestra on the occasion of the Handel festival at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham in 1888. The festival is held at the palace triennially. The first festival in commemoration of this composer was held in Westminster Abbey on the 26th of May, 1784, on which occasion 268 persons composed the chorus, while the orchestra numbered 245 performers. In 1888 the chorus consisted of 3,000 voices and the performers in the orchestra numbered 700.—London Tit-Bits.