

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!



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.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over exertion of the brain, self abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, The Dalles, Or. 175 Second St.

Phil Willig, 124 UNION ST., THE DALLES, OR. Keeps on hand a full line of MEN'S AND YOUTH'S Ready-Made Clothing. Pants and Suits MADE TO ORDER On Reasonable Terms. Call and see my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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.

He Didn't Get Any More Shad.

A young man went to dine at the house of a friend. Now this young man does not profess to be a skilled anatomist, and says the only way he can tell whether there are bones in his shad is by getting them into his mouth. And so when the fish came he plunged it into his mouth, without regard to its bony structure. And when a bone revealed its presence in his mouth he took it out. Now, he likes shad very much, and he had set his heart on having a second piece. But he wasn't asked to have any. After dinner was over his hostess came and sat down by him. "Did you want some more of that fish very much?" she asked. "Well, I do like shad very much," he admitted.

"I saw you wanted some more," she said, "but I didn't dare give it to you. I was afraid you'd die on the premises. Really, in courtesy to your hostess, when you go out to dine you must bone your fish before you eat it, and not after. I was cold with horror all the while you were eating your fish, for fear you would choke and die right there, and you see," she added naively, "that would have been a frightful damper on the success of my dinner party."—New York Evening Sun.

The Origin of Three Balls.

Three reasons are given to account for the origin of the pawnbroker's sign. One says that the balls are used because they were the emblem of St. Nicholas, who is said to have given three purses of gold to three virgin sisters to enable them to marry. Another legend attributes the use of the three balls to the members of the Lombard family, the first great money lenders of England. They were druggists before they became capitalists, and used the three golden pills in memory of their old calling. Still another story attributes their original use to the Medici family of France. The Medicis were money lenders, who used the three pills as a pun on their medical sounding name.—St. Louis Republic.

A Way Lords Have.

It would appear that there are lords and lords, as the following dialogue may illustrate: Commoner (approaching peer)—Allow me, my lord, to introduce you to my friend, Lord Tadhurst. Peer (bowing coldly)—Your friend happens to be my nephew, and—taking commoner aside—allow me to give you a piece of advice. When I want to know a fellow peer I can introduce myself, but I don't want to know every one of them.—London Truth.

Benzoine is an excellent polish for the finger nails.

Twenty-two newspapers in Kansas are edited by women.

A man who will deliberately run away from God is not to be trusted anywhere.

There is not now a ship in the British navy without a temperance society on board.

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 an absolute cure. After a course of it an occasional dose at intervals will forever after prevent return. Jno. M. Cox, of 735 Turk Street, San Francisco, writes: "I have been troubled with attacks of sick-headache 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. An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring them with black dyes by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, turmeric, sylvium, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale." It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the planning of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas. It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Solely in pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood."

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

Books to Read in a Hammock.

Some people never take books to the country with them. They either feel no need for the strength or relaxation they might gain from reading, or they rely upon chance for their mental pabulum. Few are the readers who carry with them anything but the lightest of summer novels—books that can be thrown away without regret when finished. Perhaps it is too much to ask that any one not a student should expend much energy in hot weather upon mental improvement. Yet it does seem as though something better might be read than the merely ephemeral novelette. How many of the rising generation are really familiar with the novels of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Cooper, of George Eliot, of Miss Mulock, or with the charming long and short stories by our own American authors?

There was a time when the heavy binding and high cost of standards rendered them undesirable books to read in a hammock, but the recent issue of the works of many of the best English and American writers in paper covers does away with this objection. Good books, in good type, on good paper, at a price that practically puts them within the reach of every one, are to be had on every hand.

In purchasing an outfit for the summer vacation the hammock books should no more be overlooked than the hammock itself, but let both be of a kind that will stand wear. Trashy reading provokes a mental dyspepsia akin to the physical malaise produced by a diet of sweetmeats unaccompanied by substantial. Such a course of treatment unfits either mind or body to do the winter's work, for which strength should be accumulated during a summer vacation.—Harper's Bazar.

The Edelweiss in London.

It may be interesting to some to hear that the Edelweiss can be cultivated in London. Last August a friend who lives near Belfast gave me a small plant with one bloom, raised by himself from seed. The directions given with it were: "Leave it in the corner of your garden; it requires no special care."

Unhappily, London gardens are the hunting grounds for innumerable cats, so I placed my treasure, for such I deemed it, on the sill of my drawing room window, aspect southeast, and there, through the dismal sunless window, now buried deep in snow, now frozen hard, the Alpine stranger remained, always reported dead by all who saw it, but toward the end of March life showed itself, and now it is a large healthy plant, with five lovely blooms, the admiration of all who see it.

Surely, if this fair flower from the lovely mountain air of Switzerland can thrive in the smoky, sooty atmosphere of London, our climate is not so bad as some would say.—Cor. London Standard.

"Too Many Red Shoes."

"I make from two to three dolla' day," said an Italian bootblack with two chairs under the Elevated stairs. "Bisna no good. No good lasta yeah. Foa I make tree, fo', fiva and sometimes sixa dolla' day." "What's the reason business is not so good now?" "Harda times, reda shoes and pata leatha shoes; too many mena in bisna. My besta custana no mor blacka shoes. Weara reda an' pata leatha shoes. See? Lasta yea, dis yea, same. I paya man dolla' day helpa, an' boarda him. 'Maka no mou'."

"What did you do before you came to this country?" "I farma. My man he farma, my son he farma. Farma no good, Italy. I maka dolla' week. Sacre!"—New York Herald.

Policemen Losing in Height.

The first batch of twenty policemen have been examined under the order recently issued by the mayor. Of the twenty men examined but one has retained the same proportions throughout. This man is Officer Jim Eggleston, of the First district. He is exactly the same height as when he was examined for appointment under this administration, and weighs not an ounce more or less. Of the others one was almost an inch taller than when he went on, but the rest had fallen away. One was found to be more than an inch shorter than when appointed. All were over weight except Officer Eggleston.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Modification Extraordinary.

The hen of a farmer who lives near Tionesta and a wild pheasant have both been laying eggs in the same nest. After the nest was full with about an equal number of both kinds of eggs both fowls began to set. They occupied the nest at the same time and there was a constant struggle going on. The farmer concluded that neither could accomplish anything at the rate they were quarreling, and he thought to solve the difficulty by removing the hen's eggs from the nest. This only served to make matters worse, and now both fowls are trying to hatch young pheasants.—Philadelphia Times.

A Youthful Idea.

A bright little fellow, hearing his grandfather talk of the almshouse, pondered in his youthful and inquisitive mind what that might be. Aunt Alice, a young lady of the household, was the other day made the confidant of his conclusions. "I know," said he, "the almshouse's where all the girls wears dresses 'thout any sleeves in 'em."—Hartford Post.

Four boys of Birdseye, Ind., found an old coat near the railroad and began tossing it about and beating each other with it. A bank note slipped from beneath one of the patches. The boys ripped the coat to pieces and it panned out \$1.71.

The other morning while making repairs to a residence in Monlton township, O., carpenters came upon a nest of bats in a window casing. They killed 250 of the animals, which ranged in size from an inch to seven inches in length.

PLEA FOR THE CUR DOG.

ONE OF LOW DEGREE THAT IS A GENTLEMAN AMONG DOGS.

A New Yorker Who Loves Dogs Because They Are Dogs Tells Why He Does Not Take the Word of a Dog Fancier in Making a Choice of a Pet for Himself.

"I wonder," said a New York gentleman whose love for dogs of all kinds, but chiefly for those that nobody else seems to care for, makes him rather unpopular in his neighborhood, "what constitutes a well bred dog? I don't mean from the fancier's and breeder's point of view. We all know that the long haired, silky Skye, the smooth, bright eyed black and tan and the aesthetic Yorkshire are supposed to be 'born in the purple' and have nothing in common with the yellow and white creature with a black badge of demerit over one eye—the animal we call a cur.

"But what would the dogs themselves have to say about it if they could speak? They ought to be the best judges, and their opinions, so far as I can gather them by watching their actions and bearing toward each other, do not corroborate human sporting sentiment in the matter at all. The question I want to hear fairly answered is: Which is the gentleman and which is the blackguard among dogs?"

"You see this dog beside me, and no doubt you wonder, as all my friends do, why I keep such a cur' in the house. Well, I keep him because I believe him to be a canine gentleman. Appearances are certainly against him, but I have seen gentlemen with ugly faces and ungainly figures, shabbily clothed, before now.

"Can he fight? you ask. So far as his own personal inclinations are concerned he would rather run ten miles than fight for ten seconds, but if an ability and a willingness to fight are necessary qualifications for a gentleman, then John I. Sullivan's name should stand high on Ward McAllister's scroll of social fame.

THE BUTCHER'S DOG. "Can he hunt rats? I allowed one to escape from a trap under his nose a few days ago, and he wanted to play with it. He will harm no living thing, and in that sweetness of disposition, I hold, lies his chief claim to the rank of gentleman.

"Of course, I don't expect sporting men to agree with me, but that all the dogs in the neighborhood share my opinion about him is plainly indicated by his extreme popularity among his kind. Being utterly unsuspicious, he is frankly fearless of them all, and only once have I seen his trust betrayed. That was when the butcher's bulldog (an animal that is called well bred, though he is brutal in appearance and disposition) seized him, without a particle of provocation, and would have killed him if the butcher had not interfered with the cleaver.

"Do you suppose that Lazarus (that is my dog's name) harbored any malice against that ugly, vicious beast? Not an atom. As soon as the first soreness of the attack had, in some measure, abated, he trotted back to the big dog without the slightest appearance of distrust, and, I suppose, in his guileless way, reasoned with him. His gentle nature prevailed, and he has, in a great measure, refined that rough savage character.

"They are good friends now, and the bulldog shows a certain subservency toward Lazarus, and when he is present will refrain from exercising his great teeth upon the flesh of any other dog.

TWO DOGS COMPARED. "I have no doubt at all that he recognized the true canine gentleman instinctively and bowed before him. That he did not detect it before it was almost too late was due to the well known intellectual dullness of the bulldog, whose small modicum of brains is usually carried in his fangs. All the other dogs defer to him at the first meeting, and though, marketably speaking, he is 'a cur of low degree,' he has become the guide, philosopher and friend of every animal around us whose friendship is worth having. And if you imagine for a moment that they have been mistaken in choosing such a leader you know very little about canine intelligence.

"Now, look at that self satisfied fellow taking a sun bath in the garden. He is said to be a pure Dandy Dimont, though he is a little too large to have been what the dealers call 'finely bred,' but even from their point of view he is none the worse for that. That dog cost seventy-five dollars when he was a pup, and I have been told he is worth \$250 now. But, though I won't sell him, I have no affection for him, because he is not a gentleman. He is quarrelsome, without much power to fight his own battles, and he is intensely greedy and selfish. He growls all the time he is eating a meal, just with the general principle of deterring any animal within the sound of his voice from trying to share it with him.

"Why, if the cat wants to eat off the plate with Lazarus, she is always welcome to a share of the food, or even to all of it if she is in a particularly grasping mood. Now, which of those two dogs is the blackguard and which the gentleman? Let the dogs speak and the dealers hold their tongues."—New York Recorder.

How to Imitate a Singing Bird.

According to La Nature, with any glass tube whatever it is possible to easily reproduce the song of a bird. It suffices to rub the tube lengthwise with a piece of wet cork. In order to imitate the song of a bird, the cork must be moved with a varying rapidity, now slowly, now rapidly, and abrupt stoppages must intervene. The experiment can be made more simply by rubbing an ordinary bottle with a piece of cork.

Bjones Speaks.

Bjones—Our baby said his first word today. Mrs. De Gush came in, and the minute she saw him exclaimed, "What a perfect image of his papa!" Bjinks—What did the baby say? Bjones—"Chestnut!"—Harper's Bazar.

Does Not Return to Dust.

Many strange things have been told concerning the secrets of the grave. Within the past few months discoveries have been made in Missouri and Iowa that people have been buried alive, but the strangest discovery was made in Colchester a few days ago, viz., that, after having been buried twenty-one years, the body of Miss Flora Hume is in as perfect a condition as the day she died.

Twenty-one years ago the lady died in St. Paul of pneumonia and the body was brought to Colchester and buried in the Argyle cemetery. That cemetery has long since fallen into disuse, and recently it was laid out in nicely improved grounds. The few graves in it were removed, and among the dead was the body of Miss Flora Hume. It was inclosed in a metallic case. This was covered with a heavy coat of rust. When the cover was removed there lay the body perfectly intact. The features were readily recognized by relatives, and the clothing looked perfectly fresh. Even a ribbon of delicate tint about the neck was as bright and fresh as when it had been first put on.

The face was not in the least discolored, and the body was full and round. In fact, the corpse looked as though it might have been buried only a few hours.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

In a Miser's Hut.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: "Uncle Billy Bost, an eccentric character of Cabarrus county, N. C., is dead. He was a bachelor, about eighty years old. His only companions were two dogs and an old negro. His real estate consisted of 1,800 acres of land, which he left to his nephews. He had a safe which was thought to hold thousands of dollars, but when it was opened the only money found was a nickel. However, in bureau drawers, in old cupboards, in pitchers and jars, in old clothes closets, in old stockings and in cracks in his miserable house was found \$10,000 in gold, besides a large quantity of gold dust and bullion and a few hundred dollars in greenbacks.

"In the search a package from a Charlotte bank was found containing \$700 that had never been opened. This was received by him in 1880. He had corn and bacon on hand four years old, and some hay that had been stacked for twenty-five years. He made his will only three weeks ago, and there is much talk of contesting it, for some of his kin have been left without anything."

Choked by a Cow's Tail.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred recently to the seven-year-old son of Mr. Trammel Carter, who lives four miles north of town. The little fellow was in the habit of driving the cows to pasture every morning, and one morning after he had eaten his breakfast he started off with his cows as usual. About an hour later a member of the family went in search of him, and was horrified to see a cow dragging the almost lifeless body over the field. The boy had tied the cow's tail around his neck, and the cow, a gentle one, had become frightened and ran off, dragging the little fellow with her. The little fellow was released only by cutting the cow's tail, and was barely alive.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Tough Mule.

The vitality of the mule is little short of amazing. In Memphis one fell twenty-five feet down an opening in the street. It landed on his head and, the hole being narrow, it was unable to change its position. It was supposed that the beast had broken its neck, as a sharp, clicking noise was heard when it struck bottom. After half an hour the mule was hoisted out by the heels and laid on the ground. It showed no signs of life, but, notwithstanding, it was given brandy liberally, and in a little while, to the surprise of the thousand spectators who had collected, the mule rose to its feet and walked off as though nothing unusual had happened.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Summer Revenge.

Tradesman (to old gentleman who has purchased a lawn mower)—Yes, sir, I'll oil it and send it over imm— Customer (imperatively)—No, no, no!—it mustn't be oiled! I won't have it oiled! Mind that! I want noise! And look here—pick me out a nice rusty one. My neighbor's children hood and yell till 10 o'clock every night, so (viciously) I mean to cut my grass from 4 till 6 every morning!—Exchange.

City Lighting from Small Stations.

The city of Glasgow is considering the establishment of an electric lighting system, by which private buildings and the public streets shall be lighted. In this connection the gas companies in the city have made a unique suggestion in proposing that small electric substations operated by gas motors shall be placed at numerous points.—New York Telegram.

Not in the Wood.

Summer Boarder—I think, considering the price I pay and the poor accommodations you have, you might at least treat me with respect. Mrs. Hayfork—Well, mum, to tell th' truth, I can't feel much respect for people what pays the big prices I charge for the sort of accommodations I give.—New York Weekly.

An old Irish woman, Mrs. Hurley, has recently died in California, at the age of one hundred and eight, who always prided herself upon the fact that as a child she had been kissed by the patriot Robert Emmet. She could distinctly remember the Irish rising, under the French general, Hoche, in 1798.

Seven of the fine justices of the supreme court now occupy their own houses in Washington, and the other two, the new Justices Brown and Brewer, will soon be similarly situated.

When in the country you may imagine that you help the haymakers by jabbing the horses with the pitchfork and getting tangled up in the reins, but you do not, and they will probably tell you so.