

SOLDIERING IN HAYTI.

HUNGRY PRIVATES SUPPORT THEMSELVES BY BEGGING.

Queer Way the Haytian Authorities Have of Taking Care of Their Convicts and Warriors—They Travel in Pairs and Beg in the Streets Day by Day.

Philip McDowell is an old and well known New Yorker. He was a volunteer fireman once, and all old New Yorkers know what that means. Of late years Mr. McDowell has traveled extensively abroad. He visited Hayti. A day or two ago a reporter asked him what was the most striking thing he saw in the black republic.

"I saw many strange things in Hayti, but the strangest of all was the way the soldiers and prisoners are transformed into beggars and are forced to live on charity. When a prisoner is sentenced to do time there he doesn't have a uniform, he learns no trade and he doesn't get anything to eat from the government. He is allowed to beg, though, for money and grub, and if he won't beg—well, he can starve.

"This begging is a funny kind of business. Take the prison at Jacmel, for instance. Well, every morning they fire the prisoners out to pick up whatever they can get, and each fellow has a soldier along with him to see that he doesn't run away. The two beg together all day and whack up in the evening. Then the soldier brings back his prisoner to jail and goes up to the fort to show that he has his musket all right, and hasn't sold it for drinks or a square meal during the day.

SOLDIERS GET NO PAY. "Bat don't the Haytian soldiers get pay?" "No, they don't. Any money there is in the army goes to the generals, and of them there are enough to command the combined armies of Europe and America. Once in a long while the Haytian soldier gets a dollar, which is worth about seventy cents in our money, but he and the prisoners live by begging. They go in twos from house to house and from store to store. Sometimes they have a good day and make a dollar and sometimes they don't make fifty cents, but whatever it is they must live on it.

"The soldier himself is a scarecrow. He has never been drilled, has no uniform to speak of, and if he hadn't a musket to carry around with him you couldn't tell him from the prisoner he is taking care of. You recollect the old Long Toms we had in our army before the war? Well, that's the kind the Haytian soldiers carry. They are all old cap and ball concerns, as like as not to go off at the wrong end.

"Take a soldier, a sailor or a fireman with us, and they all have a pride in keeping all their tools neat and clean; but military pride isn't in the game that the Haytian soldier plays. When he gets home after a day's begging he pitches his old musket into a corner just as a laborer in the street cleaning department gets rid of his shovel. It may be rusty and honeycombed, but as long as he can show up with it at the fort and satisfy the government that it hasn't gone to the junk shop he's happy."

DRATH OF NO ACCOUNT. "The soldiers and the prisoners must be pretty good chums?" "Well, that's very much as you take it. It's a common sight to see the guard and the prisoner reeling home together if they've made out well.

"I suppose you'd imagine that prisoners would often get away with these kind of guardians, but they don't. Whenever the soldier takes it into his head that the prisoner is going to escape, and if he does he will shoot him. Sure enough, a minute or two after the drunken prisoner staggered into the middle of the street, and the equally drunken soldier ups with his Long Tom and shoots him dead.

"Things are not quite as bad at Port-au-Prince as they are at Jacmel and the smaller towns on the island, but the difference is not worth talking of. Hayti collects plenty of money in duties, but it is all grabbed by a few men, while the mass of the people are left to get on as best they can, and are forced to support out of their pockets as objects of charity soldiers and convicts."—New York Recorder.

Saving a Sparrow. An authentic incident in the career of General Robert E. Lee is told as an evidence of his sweetness of disposition and natural kindness. One day he was inspecting the batteries over the lines before the city of Richmond, and the soldiers had gathered in a group to welcome him. This action drew upon them the fire of the Union guns.

The general faced about and advised the men to go under shelter. But he did not do this himself. Walking on, although in apparent danger, he picked up and replaced an unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest near by. The act was instinctive, but perhaps indicates a really higher endowment than ability to conduct notable campaigns.—Youth's Companion.

A Great Walker. Heinrich Ibsen is a methodical walker. So fond is he of his daily walk that he takes it rain or shine, and a cotton umbrella which he always carries has become a part of his individuality. His favorite time for walking is an hour before twilight. He writes incessantly all day and adopts this method of resting his tired brain and body. His well knit, muscular frame attests his good health, and he can stand any amount of literary work. It is said of Ibsen that he writes one year and walks the next.—Washington Star.

Mr. Miller's Farm Strangely Disappearing. The farm of John H. Miller, who lives eighteen miles southeast of Sedalia, Mo., is slowly being swallowed up in what seems to be a huge river flowing beneath the surface of the earth. The phenomenon was observed first Saturday, when Mr. Miller's family heard a rumbling noise in the orchard. Investigation revealed a hole in the ground about six feet in diameter and several feet deep, with water at the bottom. The rumblings continued, and the hole has been constantly enlarging since that time.

F. P. Clayton visited the spot and made a thorough investigation of what he terms the most wonderful thing he has ever seen. He reports that the cavity is nearly circular in form, sixteen feet in diameter at the top and tapering to ten feet at the water line, which is twenty-six feet from the surface. The water is twenty-five feet deep and seems to be a flowing river, as sticks thrown into it are carried rapidly away by the current. The opening is in prairie land, not near any spring or body of water. Several years ago a farmer in that immediate neighborhood was driving a well, when the tools became detached and lost, but it was thought to be merely a pocket, and no attention was paid to it.

The cavity is gradually enlarging, and as Mr. Miller's residence is only sixty feet distant he is greatly alarmed for the safety of his home and family.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Brothers' Death Strangely Coincident. One of the most remarkable coincidences that it has ever been the province of a newspaper to record comes from the lower end of the county. Henry Trumbauer of Ross township, a few miles west of Shickshinny, a farmer, forty-five years old, retired at an early hour on Sunday night in his usual good health, and to all outward appearances never felt better in his life. The next morning his wife was horrified by the discovery of his dead body in bed. He had passed quietly away in the night without a struggle.

On the same night his brother William, living in Hunlock township, about ten miles away, retired hale and hearty. He, too, showed no symptoms of illness. Nothing in his demeanor gave the slightest warning of impending dissolution. His daughter, not seeing her father come down as usual, called, but received no answer. She went up stairs, when she was horror stricken to find him dead on the bed.

The occurrence has created not a little excitement in the neighborhood, as the men were well known in the community. No marks of violence could be found on their bodies, and the general belief is that death was due to natural causes. Both men were married and each leaves a wife and family.—Wilkes-barre Record.

Vicious Martyrdom. The grip is depopulating the Indian wigwams of Alaska and Vancouver's Island. The malignity of the disease seems, indeed, proportioned to the innocence of its victims—a phenomenon which might be explained on the theory that epidemics prove especially fatal to individuals of an unprepared race. A native of the Allegheny highlands may be almost killed by a catarrh contracted by a night's lodging in a bedroom filled with an atmosphere which the habits of the city sinner could breathe with comparative impunity, and the chronicler of Captain Cook's voyages relates that a community of South Sea Islanders was affected with an alarming influenza, in consequence of a few minutes' conversation with sailors who had passed the nights of a long voyage in a stuffy cockpit.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

Whistling in Germany. One has to be careful how and what he whistles in Germany. The other day a peasant at Diedenhofen, Lorraine, was arrested and brought before the magistrate on the charge of showing disrespect to the German authorities by whistling the "Marseillaise." The man contended that the march he had whistled was one he had learned when he was serving in the Brunswick Hussars. The court made the policeman who had arrested the prisoner whistle the "Marseillaise" to see if he knew the famous hymn. Then the prisoner was ordered to whistle the march he claimed to have heard in the Hussars. It proved to be suspiciously similar to the "Marseillaise," and the unlucky whistler was fined fifteen marks for his indiscretion. The policeman was not fined for whistling the air.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Well Full of Snakes. Connecticut evidently is bent on giving Georgia a tussle for the position of chief center for the distribution of snake stories. This one comes from Norwich: A man here the other day took the stone cover off an old dry well in his pasture and saw at the bottom of it a ball of braided black snakes bigger than a lager beer keg. He ran to the house and got his revolver and a box of cartridges. He blew in all his cartridges, and the well was boiling over with escaping snakes when he got through with them. He got eighteen dead snakes in the well, and more than three times that number got away. The biggest snake bagged was over seven feet long and the smallest one more than four feet.

Orange culture in southern California is making wonderful progress. Fifteen years ago the first shipment of oranges was made from Riverside, San Bernardino county, while this season the shipments from the Riverside district will amount to 1,800 carloads, or 400,000 boxes. The total shipments from southern California will probably reach 3,400 or 3,500 carloads.

Both Mr. Irving's sons will become actors. The elder, Harry, who is very much like his father, will leave Oxford very soon, and Lawrence, who has been studying diplomacy in St. Petersburg, will give that up for the stage. Both have shown talent in private theatricals.

TO BE RID OF VERMIN.

A PROFESSIONAL INSECT DESTROYER TELLS WHAT TO DO.

The Chief Weapons Are Constant Vigilance and Cleanliness—Benzine, if Judiciously Applied, Is a Terror to the Loathsome Bedbug.

If you will walk over to the east side some day, up one of the crooked streets that lead out of the City Hall park, you will come presently to a small, swinging sign that reads, "Rat Exterminator and Insect Destroyer," and, entering, you will find, in place of a small, dingy shop and a queer, little, grimy faced, long haired old man that you may have imagined to yourself, a bright, airy office, a window full of singing birds, a young girl with some crochet work in her hands and a pleasant looking middle aged woman in a tastefully made black gown.

"You would like to know something about our business?" asked the woman. "Oh, yes! A great many people come in to inquire. Take a chair and I will tell you what I can about it. Mr. Catcher has been in the business for a long time. We have our regular customers, and employ seven men to visit them at stated intervals and keep their houses free from vermin. They go, generally, two or three times a week.

"You see, it is work that must be kept up all the time, like sweeping or dish washing, and if you leave it to servants they are apt to neglect it after a little. Sometimes people think they can get along without us, and have their porters or other man servants do the work. They do very well for a week or two; then they grow careless and their employers have to send for us again.

"Who are our customers? All sorts of people. We send men to stores and warehouses, hotels, flats and private homes. Mr. Catcher has worked for some of his customers for years. They employ him generally by the year, or for six months at a time. He has to be very careful about his men. They must be honest and have good characters, or he would not dare to send them into people's houses.

HOW HE WORKS. "How does he do his work? If he is hunting roaches or croton bugs he first sprays all of the cracks in the floors and woodwork of a room with a liquid preparation that he has, and then sprinkles around very thoroughly a white powder, and in a day or two he goes and cleans up the dead bugs. He does not attempt to rid houses of bedbugs when they are in the furniture. That is out of his line. But sometimes people send for him to have him clear them out of the walls of houses before they move in, and then he goes to work just as he does against the roaches.

"For rats and mice he sets traps, often twenty or thirty at a time, and when he gets them the next day he generally finds them full. He has them baited here, and then sets them around in the places where the creatures are in the habit of coming out, and after they are emptied they are all thoroughly cleaned before being used again.

"Yes, indeed, he has ants to fight against, and they are worse than anything else to get rid of. "People send for him all the time. They write or telegraph to him. The rats are getting so thick that they are running away with us. Have you forgotten about us? 'The mice are eating up everything in the house: come and help us.' "In keeping a house free from vermin remember that 'eternal vigilance is the price of freedom' from bugs and other predatory household foes of all kinds.

CLEANLINESS IS IMPORTANT. "Do not allow bits of food to stand around uncovered on your tables or pantry shelves; allow no scraps or crumbs to collect in or out of the way corners; keep your sinks and drain pipes clean and free from grease—this you can do by scalding them out once or twice a week with hot water in which you have dissolved a large lump of sal soda; wash your shelves occasionally with hot borax water, and sprinkle around the edges of them and around the sides of your kitchen floor a mixture of equal parts of powdered borax and sugar.

"If you have been unfortunate enough to move into a house where there are bedbugs benzine used daily with patience and perseverance will exterminate them. Apply with a feather or an atomizer to every crack and crevice that may possibly harbor the smallest bug, and be sure that the fumes have all evaporated before you light the gas in the room.

"If you want to put away your clothes so that the moths will not eat them up wrap them well in newspapers and place them between layers of other newspapers thoroughly saturated with turpentine. Moths rather enjoy camphor gum and actually grow fat on red pepper, but from turpentine they will keep at a respectful distance.

"And, last of all, understand that whether your enemies creep or fly or run, if you would wage a successful warfare against them, your chief weapons must be constant vigilance and cleanliness! cleanliness! cleanliness!" —New York World.

How the Junkman Thrives. The other day an artist who had accumulated in his room a varied assortment of bottles, old rags, papers, paint tubes, etc., made a desperate effort to get rid of them. The janitor declined to take the stuff away for what it was worth. In his dilemma the energetic knight of the brush finally scoured the streets for a junkman with a push cart. He was felicitating himself upon having made a good bargain when he discovered that the rag and bottle man had wrapped up his brand new coat with the other things. By that time the itinerant had disappeared. This by the way of illustrating a favorite mode of operation on the part of the street gentry. They affect simplicity. If caught they make a mistake; if not, the other fellow made a mistake. See?—New York Herald.

The Question Asking Habit. Like most other things, curiosity may be either a virtue or a vice. With its proper use we have no present concern. We are only to consider one of its most disagreeable manifestations.

The English have an old proverb to the effect that those who ask no questions will be told no lies. It would be well to bear this surly old proverb ever in mind when tempted to make idle inquiries. There are so many reasons why reticence is wise and right, and the knowledge of the truth might be harmful, that the temptation to evade or deny the truth is very strong to those whose politeness makes it difficult for them to refuse to answer even an impertinent question.

We may have no bad motives when asking Mrs. A. how she became acquainted with Mrs. B.; we may not, in fact, care much about the matter; but it has occurred to us to wonder how, why and where a lady of such elegance and fashion as Mrs. A. should have become so intimate with the humble and unattractive Mrs. B. that the one can rarely be met without the other.

So far no harm has been done. As we have asked no questions, no mischievous surmises have been set afloat and no rudeness has been committed. It may be that neither woman would object to making known the origin of their friendship; but it may also be that to tell it would be to unfold a long story of sorrow or misfortune.

Every one detests the scandal monger, but his occupation would be gone without the aid of the questioner. The latter's motives may be innocent, but the results of his vulgar impertinence are often disastrous. Every one who feels in himself a rising inquiry in regard to the private affairs of others should crush it. Parents should use every effort to divert the natural curiosity of their children into useful and elevating channels.—Harper's Bazar.

Fifteen Bears in One Tree. A McCloud river woodsman, while making shakes at Black Cox mountain, cut down a big five-foot sugar pine, which proved to be hollow for forty-five feet and full of hibernating bears. There were five black, seven cinnamon and three grizzly bears in the hollow tree, and the man nailed slabs over the open end of the log and started it down the mountain toward town, where it arrived safe and sound and is now on exhibition.—McCloud Pioneer.

The children of the late Senora Lilanos, the only sister of John Keats, have presented to the British Museum forty-two letters from the poet to their mother. The period these letters cover extends from 1817 to 1820. They have been published in a collected edition of Keats' writings, but the originals have a value all their own.

Diamonds have been found in British Guiana, where a gold mine owner recently collected 688 stones. An expert in London declared 688 of the specimens to be diamonds of the purest water.

CONSTIPATION.

Afflict half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Portland; E. S. Wain, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. Most modest, most effective, largest bottle. Name price, 10c; six for \$5.00. 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 tea, 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 cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, green, 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 placing 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 tea.

BEECH'S TEA. Pure As Childhood. Leslie Butler, THE DALLES, OREGON. If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Please see you yourself. Write to Leslie Butler, THE DALLES, OREGON. Get and see my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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. DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hypertension, 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.

The Dalles Cigar Factory. 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. 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.