

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!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Pits, 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 Spermatorrhoea 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.

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 Llagrippe 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.

175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

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 you purchase 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.



Bicycle Tragedies.

Bicycle statistics prove a constantly increasing demand for improved models, and there is no doubt that the capacity of the existing varieties have been considerably overrated. Upgrades and gravel roads are still obstacles which the best inventive will have failed to overcome, and every now and then the rivalry in the attempt of new feats leads to fatal results. A few weeks ago the champion bicyclist of northern Germany was astonishing the natives of Hadersleben, in the province of Schleswig, but was in his turn surprised to find that a local youngster seemed able to imitate his most daring evolutions.

Resolved to discourage the competition of amateurs, the professional then turned into a street with a steep down grade, and dashed along at a rate of speed which made it impossible to check himself in time, when he suddenly came across a flight of stone steps leading to the Unterstadt, or riverside suburb of the little town. For the first five or six steps the daring rider actually kept his seat, but in the next moment his machine jumped the track and dashed him down headlong against the stone balustrade of the steep terrace. The witnesses of the accident rushed for a doctor, but might have saved themselves the trouble. The champion's skull had been broken into splinters.—Philadelphia Times.

At the Wedding in Spirit.

A very novel mock wedding ceremony was performed in Columbus, Ind., at 9:30 a. m., June 7, at the residence of Henry Lang, a wealthy and influential German.

At the time mentioned a number of the friends of Mr. Lang and family met to celebrate on this side of the globe the matrimonial union of Mr. Lang's nephew, Ernest Feldman, with Emma Kleb, in the far distant city of Hellenbach, Westphalia, Prussia. Mr. Lang's daughter Emma, who sailed some weeks ago on board the Fries Bismarck, for Hamburg, acted as the first bridesmaid in the real wedding, while Miss Ella Martin and Mr. Gus Kuenneke personated the happy couple in this city.

The ceremonies, by a careful calculation of the difference in longitude, were performed at the same moment of time. The happy young couple will establish their home in the old Prussian home-land, where Mr. Lang was born sixty-eight years ago. At the mock wedding here a very happy hour was spent. The refreshment served was wine from Mr. Lang's own vintage. A case of the same wine was shipped some time ago to Prussia, and it was drunk at the real wedding at the same hour it was drunk here.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

A Sidewalk of Pins.

Ansonia, Conn., will have almost a unique pavement, if one of her citizens carries his ideas into execution. He is president of a brass pin company, and intends rebuilding the sidewalk in front of his home with pins. He has at the company's shop some twenty barrels of odd and imperfect pins, the accumulation of years, and these he will utilize.

On the corner of Broad and Pine streets, some years ago, several barrels of pin scraps were placed. The necessary factor in this style of sidewalks, corrosion, accomplished the rest, and now there exists a walk of solid iron. The hardness of the walk was tested recently, when the telephone men attempted to set a pole on that corner. By dint of much hard work, drilling and blasting with dynamite, they succeeded in penetrating the three or four inches of pins and corrosion and set the pole. The walk will last forever, after once being laid, and neither travel nor storms will affect it.—Ansonia Sentinel.

John Rogers' Useful Horse.

The Pennsylvania law in regard to fences requires them to be "horse high, bull strong and pig tight," but John S. Rogers, one of the big farmers of Delaware county and leading light in politics, has a jumping horse that no five rail fence will keep in his grazing ground. Between the duties of his occupation as a tiller of the soil and scouring the country two or three times a week for a lost horse, Mr. Rogers is a busy man.

Everybody knows the horse, but Rogers has to call for him all the same at the horse's visiting places, so that counting lost time he is the most expensive animal in Rogers' collection. His owner would sell him but for his prospective campaign for the shrievalty, in which the horse is already a potent factor, having introduced his owner to more men than Rogers could count in a single month by constant application, and country folks are beginning to understand why Rogers keeps this high jumping horse.—Philadelphia Record.

The Young Man Fainted.

While a young man and young lady of this place were gathering plums the young lady stepped on the head of a blacksnake. Her first intimation of the situation was the presence of the snake's coil around her ankle. She shrieked and swooned.

The young man flew to the rescue, but the reptile was moving slowly away when the excited youth assailed him. The snake showed fight, and striking with his full force fastened his fangs in the man's waistband. The horror of his predicament overcame him, and fainting he in turn fell to the ground. The young lady was first to recover, and when her beau returned to consciousness the snake had disappeared.—Abbeville Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

In one of London's fashionable churches the preacher made an appeal to the effect that a certain baronet was, through no fault of his own, in debt to the amount of sixty pounds, and had no means of paying. Consequently the congregation were called upon to provide the amount required.

Five trunks full of important papers were left by the late Prince Napoleon, and it will be the endeavor of Mr. Frederick Mason to edit them, as to make from them a history rather than a memoir.

Shoes Find Their Mates.

A very remarkable shoe story has been brought to light. About four years ago Dossor Bros. bought a stock of shoes from Ziegler Bros., in Philadelphia, and some time after the shoes had arrived they discovered a box that contained two shoes that were both for the same foot. They supposed that some one had got the wrong shoes and would find it out and return them and correct the mistake, but this was not done, and the shoes were marked odd and put back on the shelf, where they remained for a long time.

About two years ago Mrs. S. S. Luttrell came to this place from Washington, bringing with her a pair of Ziegler shoes purchased in that place. On her arrival she discovered that she had two shoes for the same foot, and the distance being too great for her to send them back she left them with R. M. May, of this place. The odd shoes had been in Mr. May's store for about two years when last week his wife decided that she would try to wear them, and finding she could not use them gave them to Mrs. A. J. Patterson, who brought them to Dossor Bros., thinking they might send them to the factory and have them mated. They examined the shoes and recognized them as being the identical pattern of the odd shoes they had in stock, when a further investigation proved that they were the same lot, number, and corresponded in every particular.

These shoes had been manufactured in Philadelphia—one lot shipped to Washington city, the other to Jonesboro, and after four years' time the shoes were mated, having been shipped in different directions and about 500 miles apart.—Jonesboro (Tenn.) Herald.

A Big Stick of Timber.

Colonel D. Soper, a member of a Chicago lumber firm, was sent out to this coast about four weeks ago by a prominent brewing company to obtain, if possible, a stick of timber over 100 feet long and 4 feet square. After spending some little time in prospecting, he finally found a tree in Shoquamee valley, in Washington, which filled the bill. The job of cutting down the tree and trimming and loading it on the cars was let to a contractor, who successfully did the work. A half mile of railroad track had to be laid to the spot where the tree stood in order to load it on the cars.

The stick from this tree is 111 feet long. It is cut square, each side being 4 feet. It was loaded on three 34-foot flat cars, its weight being 90,000 pounds. The cost of getting out this stick of timber has been so far \$1,300. The cost of moving it to the cars was \$100 and the tarpaulin to cover it cost \$100. It will be placed in a big beer hall, in which it is to be used for a counter. It will be polished up in the highest style of art.—Portland Oregonian.

A Clock's Long Strike.

There was a remarkable clock in the Union depot Tuesday evening. It was quite a large one, and was done up in a package which a young man had placed upon the flat back of a depot settee while he waited for a train. The remarkable thing about the clock was that it struck and struck, evidently for a better position, and did not stop striking until its demand was complied with. People came in, heard the musical chime, looked around for the clock and saw it not.

Some passed by with evident surprise at not being able to see the cause of the sound. Others, after looking up and down and all around, located the sound in the package lying on the back of the settee. The owner of the clock said to a companion that the clock began striking when he was coming down Asylum street and had kept it up ever since. It lay on its side on the settee until finally some one tipped it up into its proper position, when it promptly ceased to strike.—Hartford Courant.

Connecticut's Share of Barnum's Estate.

Under the collateral inheritance law of Connecticut, 5 per cent. of all the personal estate over \$1,000 goes into the treasury of the state. The personal estate of the late P. T. Barnum inventories \$1,283,599, and 5 per cent. of that sum less the \$1,000 limit amounts to \$64,229.95, which the state will get as its share of the sum total.

The extensive property holdings of the late Mr. Barnum at Denver were bequeathed by him to Mrs. Buchtelle, his daughter, previous to his death. Their value is fully \$2,000,000.

The fee of Judge Beardsly for merely receiving the inventory is \$743.91.—Bridgeport Standard.

Saved a Girl and Himself Also.

A remarkable display of courage and quick thinking was given at Westbury, L. I., Thursday, by Robert Burgess. A young woman fell from the railroad station in front of an express train that was about 200 yards distant. Burgess quickly rolled the imperiled woman off the tracks under the platform, leaving himself with insufficient time to get up and out of the way. He realized his danger instantly, and throwing himself full length between the tracks the train passed without harming him in the least.—Exchange.

Notice.

The following notice appears in the Leominster letter in the Fitchburg Mail, the signature there printed being omitted:

To the Leominster liars: If the parties or party who wish to lie in the manner that they have and are doing do not stop it, they will be stopped in a manner which they will not like, as I shall make them prove their statements.

Possible Postal Improvements.

Postmaster Hart's idea of attaching letter boxes to the suburban street cars is a good one. Why not suburban steam cars also? When a person is riding home at the close of business the sudden remembrance that he has forgotten to post an important letter gives such poignant grief almost to overbalance the happiness caused by thoughts of a well spent day.—Boston Advertiser.

A Dooryard Discovery.

Funny, isn't it, what queer things old winter will leave in your dooryard when he yanks off his white sheet. Of course every one had opportunity to hunt up and throw over the fence into a neighbor's lot the usual assortment of old tin cans, pails, bus—dress improvers, ashes and dismantled household utensils. But a man up Dexterway found a find in his dooryard last spring that caused a lively flutter in his peaceful family for a while. He was putting about in his yard, making various discoveries along the edge of vanishing snowdrifts, when he suddenly found something that surprised him. It was a 20-foot well. He went to the bottom in ten feet of water and had an opportunity of thoroughly exploring his new possession before the neighbors came up with a ladder. The same neighbors got the water out of him after a course of rolling and punching.

Some early settlers had dug that well and had boarded and sodded it over. When the covering rotted away our friend found himself "one well in."—Lewiston Journal.

Wheat Growing From a Boy's Head.

A grain of wheat has sprouted in the forehead of a five-year-old boy.

On May 15 little Thomas Stretch, the son of miller Reeve A. Stretch, of Lower Alloway Creek township, was quite seriously injured by being caught in a belt at the mill, and would have been killed but for the promptness of his father in stopping the machinery. He has now almost recovered from the effects of the accident, but a few days ago a dark spot was noticed over his eye. It was carefully opened with a lance and was found to be a grain of wheat which was sprouted.

The grain was probably forced under the skin when his head struck a bin while he was being whirled around the shaft.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Mongol Mechanics.

A few months ago the foreign residents of Foochow, in the Chinese province of Fo-Kien, were treated to the curious spectacle of a wheelbarrow apotheosis. Hundreds of almond eyed admirers gathered about the novel monocyte, turned it over and over, trundled it along amid shouts of exultation and surrounded its proprietor with the liveliest demonstrations of approval. That enthusiastic appreciation of mechanical achievements seems not easy to reconcile with the fact that four or five new China railways were demolished by an excited mob, but the truth seems to be that the mechanism of a locomotive passes the comprehension of the average Mongol, and that the motion of a steam engine is apt to be ascribed to witchcraft.—Philadelphia Times.



Just 24.

In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Rema Wick House, S. E.; Geo. A. Werner, 831 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 126 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1839) and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

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 cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, turmeric, gypsum, 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.

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. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

BEECH'S TEA

"Pure As Childhood." Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.