

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.

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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.

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

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A Manor for a Soap.
William I had a fine sense of what was becoming at a royal table. He was so well pleased at one of his little dinners with a savory soup compounded by his cook, Tezelin, that he sent for him and asked how it was named.
"I call it dillagrout," was the reply.
"A poor name for so good a soup!" cried the king. "Nathless"—everybody said "nathless" in those days—"we bestow upon you the manor of Adding-ton."

This manor, I may add, reverted to the crown. In the reign of Henry III we find it in the hands of the Bardolfs, and held on the tenure of "making pasties in the king's kitchen on the day of his coronation, or providing some one as his deputy to make a dish called grout, and if suet (seym) was added it was called malpigneron."
At James II's coronation the lord of the manor claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout in the royal kitchen, and prayed that the king's cook might be the man. The claim was allowed, and the claimant knighted. But what was this grout? Was it identical with Tezelin's dillagrout and the Bardolf's malpigneron? And was a pottage called Bardolf, of which a Fourteenth century recipe has been printed by the Society of Antiquaries, identical with these? If so, as among the ingredients were almond milk, the brawn of capons, sugar and spice, chicken parboiled and chopped, etc., it was doubtless a dish for a king.—All the Year Round.

Wonderful Campello Dog.
I want to speak of a rather interesting example of animal sagacity I saw on in Campello this week. As the performance was of such a rare nature, and simply demonstrated the affection dogs will sometimes have toward horses, I will speak of the case. A grocerman owns a horse and a remarkably intelligent canine, and every time the horse is hitched to the delivery wagon and it starts the dog is sure to follow in the rear. In the case I refer to I noticed the wagon stop in front of a residence, and as soon as the driver had left the vehicle the dog commenced to crop grass. He got under the horse's head, reared on his hind legs and transferred the grass to the horse's mouth. Wonderful dog, that.—Brocton Dispatch.

Water Cresses.
These thrive admirably on this Coast in all permanent streams of good water. They can be had in abundance after once being started. The plant belongs to the mustard family and may be started from seeds or by cutting the stems up into bits and mixing them with the soil under shallow water. It makes very wholesome greens or appetizer nearly the year round, especially in winter when we need such things.

Moderation in Fishing.
It may be as well once again to remind readers of the necessity for moderation in fishing. Several records of catches glanced over lately show far too many fish killed for the fishermen to honestly lay claim to the title of true sportsmen. Season after season the old disgusting story of the wanton destruction of our game fish is told, while alleged gentlemen anglers and sportsmen keep on destroying fish recklessly, as though they imagined the supply to be inexhaustible. I do not mean to suggest that all anglers are alike guilty. There are plenty of men who know how to kill fish in season, and who know enough to cease casting when they have enjoyed a reasonable amount of sport.

But there are others who appear to measure their pleasure by the number of fish killed, and who think more of being "high hook" than of genuine sportsmanship, and so they take fish as long as fish will rise, though they know that half the victims will never be used. The man who will kill a trout or bass and throw it away to rot among the bushes is no more a true sportsman than is the man who uses dynamite instead of the legitimate tackle.—Outing.

A New Use for Book Plates.
I have a bookish acquaintance who has conceived a new and by no means a bad use for the plates of one of his books. About five years ago he wrote a novel which was quite successful—that is, it sold through three or four editions. Its title would be perfectly familiar to any literary person were I to print it. For the last year the book has ceased to sell, and as quite a number of copies of the novel were on hand any further printing would be improbable.

This summer my friend built a new summer house, and when the builders reached the fireplace in his study an idea struck him. He forthwith opened negotiations with his publishers to sell him the plates of his novel. The deal was consummated, and the author, as he will sit before his fire next autumn, will have the pleasure of seeing his entire fireplace made of the plates of his book, and it is not such a foolish idea, by long odds.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

Penny Bed 250 Years Old.
In the yard of the old Foster homestead is a flaming bed of pennies. The bed has a history. Hundreds of years ago maidens in Germany plucked the gaudy flowers, and in the days when our forefathers were struggling for supremacy with the red men Indians used to beg a flower to stick in their topknots. Mr. N. Foster, who was at work in his garden yesterday afternoon, said, pointing with pride to the big red flowers: "Those pennies were brought from Germany by an ancestor of mine 250 years ago. They were at first planted in the yard of the old Breed house at the corner of South and Summer streets. All the Breed family today have flowers from that stock growing in their gardens. In the early days the Indians used to come to the old Breed homestead and trade a basket of clams for one of the flowers to wear in their hair."—Lynn (Mass.) Press.

A Woman's Hot Day Lunch.
Nobody will deny that it was a very hot day. It was so hot at noon that men dispensed with their coats and hats and carried fans. Few persons cared to eat, and the average luncheon served in the down town eating resorts was very light. Barrels of iced tea and iced coffee were drunk. A perverse woman, however, stepped into a "quick lunch" place in Nassau street and calmly ordered hot coffee—and ice cream. She took a spoonful of each alternately. The man who sat next to her moved to another seat, because he said he could not stand the steam from that cup of coffee.—New York Times.

Near Lamar, Colo., a little girl of four years wandered to the platform of an express train and was blown off while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A locomotive was sent back, and the searchers found the child at midnight sitting unhurt in a clump of weeds and keeping very still for fear the Indians would get her.

Too much care cannot be exercised in striking a match. A Bridgeton (N. J.) girl was engaged in the act when the match head flew off, and, going into a basket of paper flowers, ignited them and some curtains that were near by. From these the flames spread to the girl's clothing and she was severely burned.

A wealthy Londoner recently purchased some Ceylon tea at the rate of \$26.80 per pound. The tea was of a fine chop and had come overland through Russia, avoiding the supposed deleterious effects of a sea voyage.

Mr. Quinn's Ghost.
John Quinn, an old man, died at his residence on Bowman avenue, Danville, Ills., about two weeks ago. After his death the family vacated the house, which was soon occupied by another family.
Yesterday afternoon, after locking all the doors, the family left for a few hours' visit with some friends in another part of the city. On their return home about dusk they were startled to see Mr. Quinn, dressed in his ordinary wearing apparel, walking up and down the floor of his former sleeping room.
Several neighbors were called to witness the strange spectacle, among whom were Wilber Walker, Mary Wilmer and Mrs. Henry Kirby. Mr. Quinn's ghost came twice to the window, bowed to people gathered in the street and then sat down in the window.
Suddenly every trace of him disappeared. Mr. Spreht and Miss Wilmer mustered up courage enough to enter the house and found that not a lamp in the house would burn. Lights were obtained from the neighbors and search was made throughout the house. Everything was found securely locked, and there was no trace of any one having entered. The neighborhood is greatly excited over the occurrence.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Didn't Know It Wasn't Loaded.
A well dressed man made a bold attempt to commit suicide at Briggs' gun store, in Chester. He asked to be shown a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver. The stranger examined it intently, and then questioned Mr. Briggs as to the method of loading it. He appeared to be ignorant of the manner of using firearms. The modus operandi was explained to him.
The stranger insisted that a cartridge be placed in the revolver, but a certain look in the man's face excited Mr. Briggs' suspicion, and pretending to charge a chamber he handed over the empty revolver. In a flash the stranger placed the muzzle to his breast and pulled the trigger. Bitter disappointment swept over his face when there was only a harmless click.
"You can't harm yourself, friend," remarked Mr. Briggs, "the revolver is empty. Give me the pistol." The intended instrument of death was returned, when the stranger said: "I intended to commit suicide, and my mind was fully made up when I entered your store. I had no revolver of my own, and I thought I could get a chance to shoot myself by pretending to make a purchase. I have had trouble more than I thought I could bear, but the last straw was laid on last night. If you had loaded that revolver I would have been a dead man now." The stranger hurriedly left.—Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Two Skeletons.
While extending and repairing the old buildings of the late Royal Naval school at New Cross, S. E., which is shortly to be opened by the Goldsmiths' company as their Technical and Recreative institute, it became necessary to remove the floor of the old gymnasium. In doing so the workmen discovered the skeleton of a cat in close juxtaposition to that of a rat. The bodies of the animals were not quite two inches apart in a sort of a wedged shaped cul de sac, which was wider at the top than the bottom, and so preventing the cat from quite reaching the rat. When found, the entrance to the hole or passage was filled up with dust and rubbish, and there was nothing to prevent egress of the animals by the way they had entered except the disinclination of the cat to leave its prey.
The skeletons when found were more than half covered with dust from the floor above them, and have probably been many years in the position they were found, in which position Mr. Redmayne, secretary of the Goldsmiths' institute, has had them carefully mounted and photographed. A curious coincidence is that exactly the same discovery of the skeletons of a cat and rat together under a floor occurred while pulling down some old buildings to construct the People's palace, which is the immediate predecessor of the Goldsmiths' institute.—Pall Mall Budget.

Julian Hawthorne Outwitted.
A small party of Philadelphia and New York newspaper men and authors spent Sunday at the Delaware Water Gap as the guest of Mr. George W. Childs, who entertained them with his customary lavish hospitality. Paul B. du Chaillu, Joseph M. Stoddard, H. B. Gross, Henry C. Walsh and Melville Phillips went from this city, and Julian Hawthorne, John Habberton and Nugent Robinson came on from New York.
An interesting feature of the jaunt was a boat race late on Saturday afternoon in which all the guests participated with a rather extraordinary result. Julian Hawthorne, with all his biceps, came in last, a good two lengths in the rear of John Habberton. It was a neck-to-neck contest for several hundred yards between Paul du Chaillu and Henry C. Walsh, the African hero, however, a conspicuous object in his white flannels, winning by a powerful spurt.—Philadelphia Press.

Work That Never Stops.
Upper Broadway presents a weird scene these summer nights. The flare of torches, the chink, chink, chink of the drill, and the swinging lanterns above the workmen in the trenches greet returning amusement seekers. This labor goes on all night and continues all day, the day being punctuated by dull reverberations of the dynamites that make the contiguous buildings tremble. All this is the forerunner of Colonel Dan Lamont's cable railway.

In the lower city other night workmen are sinking test holes in anticipation of the rapid transit tunnels. There is always a little knot of more or less belated people gathered about these busy fellows in the pits. They pause for a moment and then trudge along homeward. Everything else but the streets is shut up. Broadway is open all night.—New York Herald.

Jirikshas for Chicago.
There were taken out of the Chicago custom house a few days ago a lot of queer looking packing cases, bearing upon their exterior some peculiar hieroglyphics that were undecipherable to Uncle Sam's clerks. The boxes were claimed by Isaac Woolf, the west side merchant, to whom they were consigned from Japan. They contained the parts of two of those Japanese vehicles known as jirikshas, which are to be used in the west side parks for the amusement of the little folks. Mr. and Mrs. Woolf while traveling in Japan became so impressed with this kind of vehicle that they decided to bring two of them to Chicago and two Japanese runners to draw them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tired of Being a Freak.
"Darky Sam," the county infirmary character who has been posing as a prince of the royal blood of Fiji with the collection of freaks and curiosities in a small traveling circus, returned to the poorhouse recently, content to retire to private life. To heighten the outlandishness of Sam's natural appearance his exhibitors had shaved his head, with the exception of a strip extending from forehead to occiput, resembling the roached mane of a mule. He was worn out by the hard labor with the canvas gang, and is willing to remain in the infirmary.—Warren (Pa.) Ledger.

Edison's First Marriage.
The story of Edison's first marriage shows how completely he is dominated by the experimenting fever. He had never thought of getting married, but when some of his friends urged upon him the advisability of taking a wife he assented and said that if they would find a nice girl he would marry her. He finally picked out a pleasant faced girl from his factory and asked her to marry him. She consented, and Edison agreed to leave his beloved laboratory for a day's wedding trip. On the way from the chapel in which they were married to the railway station the carriage passed the laboratory.

The temptation was too much. Edison stopped the carriage and, telling the bride that he would follow her to the station in time to catch the train, he plunged into some experiment that had occurred to him during the church services. Hour after hour passed. The poor bride waited all the afternoon in the station and was then driven back to the house. It was 11 o'clock at night before his assistants could get Edison away from his laboratory and get him home.

When he is at work Edison loses all count of time. He will keep the whole establishment on a rush for hours at a stretch, and seems astonished when any one hints that it might be well to get something to eat. He is capable of working all day and night without showing fatigue.—Chicago Journal.

Speed and Form in Ships.
The primary condition for high speed is fineness of form, so that the water at the bow of the vessel may be separated and thrown to one side and brought to rest again at the stern and behind the vessel with the least possible disturbance, and the measure of efficiency of form for the maximum speed intended is inversely at the height of the waves of disturbance.

A ship that has been designed to attain a speed of fifteen knots will, when moving at twelve knots, show a very slight disturbance indeed, and in one designed for eighteen knots, when moving at this lower speed, it will be scarcely observable; but however fine the lines of a ship may be, she must at every speed produce some disturbance, although it may be very slight, as the water displaced by her must be raised above the normal level and replaced at the normal level; hence, at or near the bow of a ship there is always the crest of a wave, and at or near the stern the hollow of one.

When a vessel is going at its maximum speed, and is properly designed for that speed, the wave should not be very high, nor should it extend beyond the immediate neighborhood of the bow; likewise the wave of replacement should be the same at or near the stern of a ship, and the "wake" or disturbance of water left behind in the track of the ship should be narrow.—A. E. Seaton in Scribner's.

Coats in Theaters.
What ought one to do with one's coat, hat and umbrella on entering a restaurant or other place of entertainment? What one ought not to do is to hang them on the nearest peg. However inviting the conveniences may offer themselves, it is at your own risk that you intrust your property to their keeping. You have no remedy if (as will sometimes happen even in the best regulated restaurants) somebody makes off with them, leaving a very inferior assortment of articles behind. If, however, a polite waiter offers to help one off with one's coat, all is well. If he takes your property and hangs it up for you he does so as an agent of his employers, and you can recover from them if it disappears.

This principle has been asserted for theatrical cloak rooms by a decision against Mr. Augustus Harris in the Westminster county court. A gentleman had left his coat and hat with Mr. Harris—that is, in Mr. Harris' cloak room—on the occasion of one of the fancy dress balls at Covent Garden. They disappeared. He had to leave without his property, and has only lately and partially got some of it back. His honor said (we are glad to see) it was monstrous to say that merely nominal damages were sufficient.—Pall Mall Budget.

Why Called "Omnibus."
The father of the popular name "omnibus," according to Richard Kaufmann's story of "The Omnibus in Paris," was a certain M. Baudry, of Nantes, at the beginning of our century. The Pascal coaches, which obtained a monopoly from the king in 1662 for carrying his subjects at five sous a head, along three different routes in Paris, were first used by the bourgeoisie. But after a few years gentlemen and ladies of high birth and courtly breeding ruled that it was not vulgar to ride in a Pascal chariot or "five sous coach."

The use of these public conveyances by the "quality" was noted as an important event in the journals of the time; but it resulted in the exclusion of the common people from them, and the virtual appropriation of these privileged coaches by the aristocrats. The favor of "the classes" ruined the monopoly, however, which only paid so long as its coaches were crowded by the masses, or "omnes." So the Pascal chariot disappeared from the streets of Paris because it had ceased to be omnibus, or a democratic vehicle.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How Hair is Bleached.
It will be observed that, if the papilla is obstructed or incrustated with deposits from the sweat glands, such as sodium chloride or organic salts, the sebaceous secretion not being able to reach the papilla the hair is deprived of its coloring material. This we believe to be one of the most common causes of bleaching of the hair. The skin eliminates a small quantity of salts, a little carbonic acid and a large quantity of water. The average amount of solids, according to Foster, in the fluid perspiration or sweat, is about 1.81 per cent., consisting of common salt and organic salts generally.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

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