

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



How to Relieve Icy or Other Vine Poisoning.

Apply soft soap freely, without removing it with water. With some people a weak tincture of belladonna relieves the poisoning quickly.

How to Pack a Trunk.

To pack a trunk properly requires a plan. If one is going on a trip and proposes to live in the trunk, so to speak, then the plan should be made with reference to easily getting at those things most frequently in demand. If, however, the trunk is packed merely to move clothing from one place to another, where the trunk will be unpacked, then the plan should call for a folding of all garments in as large folds as the size of the trunk admits of. As each layer is made all the spaces at the sides and ends and in the corners should be filled with small articles. It is a bad plan to put in a lot of garments one on top of the other and then when the pile has reached the top of the trunk try to fill in these vacant places. Besides musing things up you will lose valuable space by such a method. The proper way is to build layer on top of layer, making each one complete as you go along. The result will be that you can get a great deal more in a trunk, and the compactness of packing prevents the clothing from getting creased and mused. It is said that no woman ever thoroughly mastered the art of trunk packing.

How to Cool Inflamed or Heated Eyes.

A little contrivance called an eye cap can be bought for fifteen or twenty cents at drug stores, of which few people know of. It is like a tiny goblet of thick glass, whose bowl is slightly elliptical in shape, and whose top edge is curved downward, so it will fit closely over the hollow in which the eye is set. This filled with cold water, with a few grains of salt, is held to the eye bent over to meet it. When the head is lifted the eye can be open and shut many times in the liquid, of which not a drop need escape. Any eye wash or cooling lotion can be applied by this means.

How to Address Letters.

If you are addressing a business letter, send it to Mr. John Smith or to Messrs. John Smith & Co. If the letter be a social communication, address it to John Smith, Esq. The English rule is to address tradesmen as "mister" and gentlemen and professional men as "esquire." But this rule won't work for obvious reasons in America. Address a letter to "General Smith" or to "Dr. Smith," but never under any circumstances to "Mrs. General Smith" or "Mrs. Dr. Smith." If such an identification be essential to a correct delivery, use an extra line and address to "Mrs. Smith, in the care of General Smith." If the letter be to a widow and her identity be obscure without the title of her husband, then the obsolete form might be used of "Mrs. Mary Smith, widow of General John Smith." But such is not an imaginable case. There is no use of putting "for" or "to" before the name of a person addressed. In addressing a note to unmarried sisters the grammatical rule is to write, when the given names are not mentioned, "The Miss Smiths," and when the names are mentioned, "The Misses Mary and Sarah Smith." But "The Misses Smith" has been adopted by general consent and will do. To a man to whom the title of honorable is due the article should be used and he should be addressed as "The Hon. John Smith." But no man in America except the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts is entitled by law to such a mark of distinction. We accord it, however, very liberally, and maybe we are right. "His Excellency" is only given by law to the governor of Massachusetts. The president of the United States should be addressed in so many words, and the beginning of a letter to him should be simply "Mr. President," or "To the President of the United States, Sir."

How to Make Ice That Will Not Harden Soon.

Stir the sugar into the unbeaten white of the egg. This will keep soft sometimes a week or more.

How to See Under Water.

If there is good ice, cut a hole just large enough for the face, get down to it and cover the head and hole with a blanket so as to exclude the sunlight. If there is no ice, a raft with a hole in the center will answer the same purpose. By excluding the light thoroughly you will be able to see with surprising clearness to the bottom of water several feet deep. Lost articles of any marked color can be seen on the bottom almost as easily as if there were no water.

How to Suspend One's Skirts in Wet Weather.

Make a belt large enough to button around the waist outside of dress. To this fasten at regular intervals four tapes, perhaps eight or ten inches long, and on the end of each tape place a large safety pin. The contrivance may be carried always in a waterproof or mackintosh pocket, and with its aid a dress can easily be lifted and as high as desired. If black tapes and belt are used they will not look bad even if no waterproof is worn.

How to Make a Chicken Coop.

Fit a window sash closely into a large dry goods box or board frame made for the purpose, leaving a space of four or six inches above the sash for a ventilator. Have a slope of five or six inches to the roof. In the rear end partition off a foot or more space in which to feed. Place the entrance at the side and keep the coop cool and clean. When the sash is no longer needed, it can be removed and sash put in its place.

The Way It Blew on the Lake.

A party of yachtsmen were becalmed on Lake Ontario Sunday afternoon, and while waiting for a breeze the time was occupied in spinning yarns. There were two or three old salts on board, and they did all the spinning, while the younger and less experienced tars sat and smoked and listened. Finally one of the old salts took his pipe from between his teeth long enough to draw breath, and said:

"You fellows give me a pain talking about big storms. Why, I was out in a storm in the summer of '89 that was so much bigger than any that you have ever seen that they are like cat's paws compared to it."

Then he stopped and began industriously to draw upon his pipe again.

"Tell us about it," said the young fellows in chorus.

"It was in the month of July in the year 1869, and I was out on the lake in a yacht of mine," he said, after pausing long enough to fill his pipe afresh and light it, "and the wind began to get pretty fresh. I paid but little attention to it, but it kept blowing fresher and fresher, and one of my crew asked if we had not better shorten sail. I thought that there was no danger and said that there was time enough. All of a sudden the wind began to blow harder than I ever saw it in this latitude, and we all began to get badly scared."

"I gave orders to take in sail, but before the men could lay hands on a rope a big puff came and away went the sails into ribbons. There we were out in the middle of the lake with no sails, and the situation began to look desperate. How we were going to get in I did not know, but the very storm itself furnished us a way and we rode safely to shore."

Here he stopped and began to smoke.

"How did you get in?" asked the youngest sailor of the lot.

"Why," said the old salt, "the wind blew so hard that it blew the ropes out flat and they served for sails."—Rochester Democrat.

A Memorable Christmas Dinner.

The misery endured during those four months at Donner lake in our little dark cabins under the snow would fill pages and make the coldest heart ache. Christmas was near, but to the starving its memory gave no comfort. It came and passed without observance, but my mother had determined weeks before that her children should have a treat on this one day. She had laid away a few dried apples, some beans, a bit of tripe, and a small piece of bacon.

When this hoarded store was brought out the delight of the little ones knew no bounds. The cooking was watched carefully, and when we sat down to our Christmas dinner mother said, "Children, eat slowly, for this one day you can have all you wish." So bitter was the misery relieved by that one bright day, that I have never since sat down to a Christmas dinner without my thoughts going back to Donner lake.

The storms often would last ten days at a time, and we would have to cut chips from the logs inside which formed our cabin in order to start a fire. We could scarcely walk, and the men had hardly strength to procure wood. We would drag ourselves through the snow from one cabin to another, and some mornings snow would have to be shoveled out of the fireplace before a fire could be made. Poor little children were crying with hunger, and mothers were crying because they had so little to give their children. We seldom thought of bread, we had been without it so long. Four months of such suffering would fill the bravest hearts with despair.—Cor. Century.

A Victim of Science.

The frog has been called "the victim of science" because he is always being dissected for the purpose of seeing how he can get along without his most essential organs, how his blood circulates and how his nervous system acts. He is selected for such ends not, as is commonly imagined, because his structure is at all humanlike, but for the reason that he will endure being chopped up to such a remarkable extent and still retain life.

You can remove his brain and he will get along fairly well without it, swallowing whatever is put into his mouth, and otherwise behaving as usual, though in an automatic fashion. In fact the animal will live indefinitely under such conditions, as experiment has shown. If you cut out his lungs he will not die for a long time, because he can breathe very well through his skin. Human beings breathe through the skin all over the body in a small degree, the blood in the superficial vessel taking up a certain amount of oxygen, but the function is exercised more satisfactorily by the frog.

Besides, his nervous system affords an interesting study under ingenious torture by the anatomist, and the corpuscles in his blood being remarkably large, that fluid serves admirably for the instruction of the seeker after medical knowledge.—Interview in Washington Star

The Wheel Is Thousands of Years Old.

The earliest mention of wheels in the Bible is in Exodus xiv, 25, when the chariot wheels of the Egyptians were taken off by the Lord; but chariots are mentioned in Genesis xii, 43. But there were older nations than the Egyptians. The Chaldeans used chariots; the Greeks—Homer's poems date from about 900 B. C.—had chariots at the siege of Troy, 1,500 B. C. Probably in reality the wheel is about as early a piece of machinery as any now existing. Of course it has been developed, but the bicycle wheel of today is a lineal descendant of the wheel of a log of wood used by the agricultural peoples thousands of years ago.—New York Sun.

Mr. Clews' Costly Bathroom.

Henry Clews, of New York, devotes a great deal of time and money to beautifying his house. He is particularly well pleased with any one who expresses a desire to go through it, and one of the first rooms he will take a visitor into is his bathroom. He is said to have expended \$40,000 on this room. The walls, door, bath, in fact, every part of the room, is of ivory.—Updelters

He Knows Now.

Mr. and Mrs. Wings were reading the evening paper.

"Peculiar ways the Japanese have," said Mrs. Wings casually; "they read up instead of down, and from right to left. What do you suppose they do that for, Mr. Wings?"

"How should I know, Mrs. Wings? What questions you women do ask!"

Then there was silence, until suddenly Wings threw down the paper with a remark and began poking the fire viciously.

"What is the matter, Mr. Wings?" asked his wife.

"Matter? Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I only read a half column of thrilling narrative before I found that it would up with a patent medicine ad."

Again there was silence. Then Mrs. Wings, who had been pondering something deeply, said, "I know now why the Japanese read up instead of down."

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, why?"

"So as to see the patent medicine ad. before reading the article."—London Tit-Bits.

When Men Wore Earrings.

Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. The immortal Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl earrings, which he bequeathed to his daughter the day before he was executed.

In the South Sea islands the females and males alike adopt this style of personal adornment, and even in the wilds of Africa they are worn by the untutored savages of both sexes.

At the present day the only civilized persons of the male sex who ornament their ears in this manner are the gypsies, the Italians, the French, a few sailors of other foreign nations, and occasionally a German, but as a master of course precious few females the world over will be found without them.—Detroit Free Press.

Bronze and Other Turkeys.

The bronze turkey is truly a grand bird but has one serious fault, namely, its inclination to roam far and wide. They get lost, run wild and are shot by pot hunters. One farmer once raised 120 and eighty-two of them roamed clean out of the neighborhood. Others had the same trouble and all gave them up. The little old barnyard turkey is good enough. The White Holland is the best of all turkeys and very nearly as large as the bronze. Bronze toms have been known to weigh 32 pounds live weight. The largest wild gobbler heard of weighed 34 pounds.

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, Druggist, Wick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werber, 321 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 1852) 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, tumeric, 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 creamy 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"

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Write for our name. The name of Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

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Engineer Jenkins' Presentiment.

Charley Jenkins was an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio for many years, and he had many hairbreadth escapes. His run was between Garrett, Ind., and Chicago Junction, O., and nearly everybody along the route came to know him personally. His friends could tell his engine every time by the peculiar "toot," and whenever the engine was in sight there would be a wave of the hand as a recognition of friendship. His engine, the 730, was the best on the division, and if a fast run was to be made Jenkins and the 730 were sure to be on the call board for it.

One day the old engineer was taken ill, and for weeks he lingered on his bed, when it seemed that only a thread held him on to life. He was sadly missed along the route, and the peculiar "toot" of the whistle was heard no more, for, although old 730 was kept running, there were other hands at the throttle.

The crisis of his illness came. The family surrounded the bed and watched with breathless eagerness for any sign of a change.

The stillness of the room was oppressive. Nothing could be heard save the regular, heavy breathing of the sick engineer.

Suddenly he arose on his elbow. He stared wildly around, and his eyes looked like a madman's. Then he sat up in bed, clutched an imaginary sheet of paper, and gasped:

"Tiffin; train five; engine seven-twenty; prepare to meet thy God."

He sank back exhausted and fell into a quiet, easy sleep. When he awoke he was on a fair way to recovery, but by that time the news had reached the place that a terrible accident had happened; that No. 5 had collided with a freight; that engine 730 was a wreck, and that the engineer and fireman were dead.

Charley Jenkins insists that he had a presentiment from heaven.—Cleveland World.

Where an Englishman Is Honored.

Speaking of Englishmen in New York suggests the recent plaint of a very well to do Britisher of the female sex now in this city. "You know there are no no distinctive resorts for English people abroad," said she. "We used to go to Scotland, but the rich Americans overran the country and gobbled up every available estate. Then we tried Brighton; but, bless you, the hotel people there now won't look at an Englishman where he conflicts with an American. They next drove us out of every fashionable resort on the continent, lastly the Riviera, our especial stronghold. We have no longer the exclusive social sway anywhere outside of England."

"It used to be that the Swiss and German watering place hotels were run chiefly in the interests of the English traveler. Now the American has it all his own way. There are now more Americans living in villas about Florence, Como, Rome, Dresden, Lucerne and the German spas than Englishmen. Even Paris is getting to be dominated by your countrymen. Now, I put it to you, what are we going to do?"

"Come to America," said I.

"Here, at least, the American is 'small potatoes' and few in a hill. Here Anglomania rages worse than the pleuro-pneumonia. Come to America, unhappy, outlawed, detested people of an effete civilization, and come with confidence and cash—especially cash. Here you'll find a newer growth in New York to fall down and worship you."—New York Herald.

How Dogs Are Stolen in Paris.

Dog stealers in Paris have two principal means of getting hold of the animal they want. First of all they find out the dog's habits, the liberty he is allowed, the hours that he takes an airing either alone or with a servant, and make their arrangements accordingly. They sometimes prowl around a house for a week before obtaining all the information they need. When they learn where they can meet the animal, they attract him by some sort of bait, or make him follow a bitch, which they lead with a string.

In a narrow street it is easy to approach the dog and pat him. If he is not very savage, the offer of something to eat renders him confiding; the thief, who has a slipnose ready, passes it around the dog's neck, and the game is bagged. On the boulevards and in the public parks, where dogs usually follow their masters or mistresses without being held by a cord, the thieves always use a second animal, and as soon as the dog comes near enough to the decoy brute the lasso is thrown and the gallant captured.—Cor. New York Epoch.

Not Afraid to Empire.

"They tell me, parson, that you've consented to umpire the ball game this afternoon between the Squash Hollow Baptists and the Zion Brotherhood. Is that so?"

"Dat's de Gospel trufe, sah!"

"It strikes me that's rather a precarious position for one of your calling, isn't it?"

"Now, looker yer, Mister Man! I hain't no prime fighter, ter be sho', needer I hain't nuyver wukked in no quarry an' got mix' up wid a blas'; but a gentleman or my perfession dat's rumpired foot-teez chu'ob' lections, whar de ar was dat bris'lin' wid razors dat de vey wuds dat go' done sponserly got chop up into stipulate fo' dey git half out de modif, insume tell yo' dat kind of chop hain't gwine tremble 'bout rumpirin' ober dese yer sphyday baseball acts'n's. 'Deed he hain't, sah!"—Boston Courier.

Taking Lessons from Papa.

A New York father, who in common with most of the men of today settles a great many of the trifling affairs of life by tossing up a cent, received a rather sharp rebuke Sunday morning. The day was inclement, and his wife and young daughter of the tender age of eight were undecided on the matter of churchgoing. "Oh," said Miss Edith, after the discussion had lasted two or three minutes without a definite conclusion, "let's do as papa does, flip a copper and settle it, heads we go, tails we don't, and say no more about it."—New York Times.